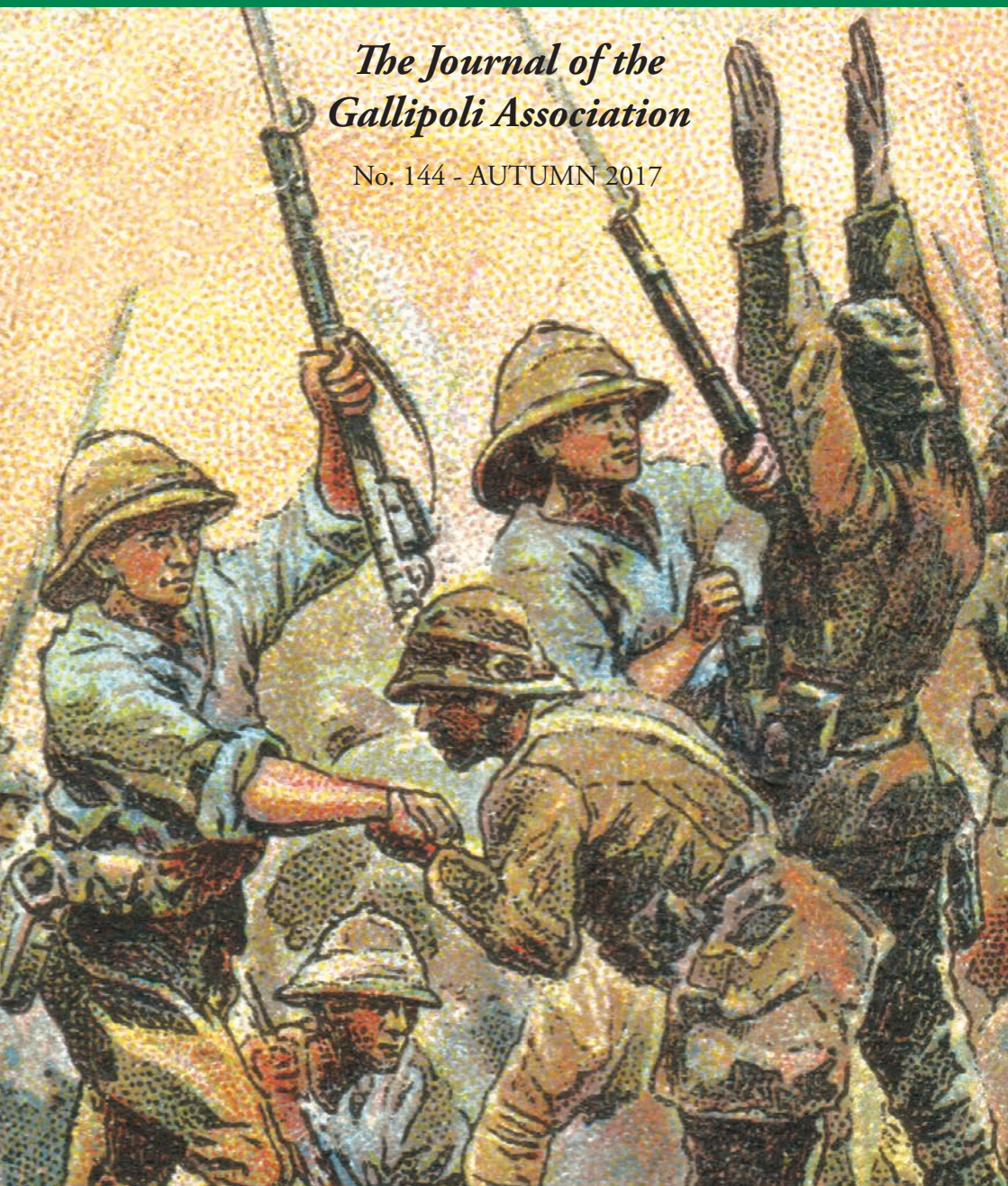


The Gallipolian

*The Journal of the
Gallipoli Association*

No. 144 - AUTUMN 2017



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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4th (Otago)
Company



8th (Southland)
Company



10th (North Otago)
Company



14th (South Otago)
Company

This edition's cover features detail from a cigarette card in the W D and H O Wills 'War Incidents' series. Card 21 of 50 is entitled 'Otagos at Work' and refers to the Otago Battalion, New Zealand Expeditionary Force, the badges of the constituent companies of which are shown above.

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION CONFERENCE, AGM & DINNER

The Association's 2017 Conference will be held on Saturday 4 November 2017 at the Lords Knights Suite, Tally Ho Conference & Banqueting Centre, Pershore Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham from 09.30 until 1600 hrs. Details of the conference and the associated events referred to below are given on the booking form enclosed with this edition of *The Gallipolian*.

The Association's Annual General Meeting (AGM) will be held at the same venue immediately after the conference at 1600 hrs. Further information about the AGM will be notified to all members on or before 15 October. There is no charge for attendance at the AGM.

An Association Dinner will be held in the Lords Knights Suite at 1900 hrs. **This will replace the Autumn Lunch which is normally held in October.**

Assuming sufficient members wish to take part, it is hoped to arrange a visit to the National Memorial Arboretum on Sunday 5 November.

Those wishing to attend any of the above events (including the AGM) should complete and return the Booking Form enclosed with this edition of *The Gallipolian*.

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/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 is expected to take place on the morning of Thursday 9 November. If you wish to apply for a ticket, please indicate this on the leaflet referred to above and **send it to the Hon. Secretary at the address given in the leaflet**, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope. Tickets are limited and will be issued on a 'first come – first served' basis.

CENOTAPH PARADE - REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY, 12 NOVEMBER 2017

The Association hopes to be invited to participate as one of the marching contingents in the Cenotaph Parade on Remembrance Sunday. This is now a significant and memorable event in the Association's calendar; our involvement highlights the significance of the Gallipoli campaign and recognises and remembers all those who took part in the campaign.

Members wishing to apply for tickets to take part in the parade should **complete the enclosed form and return it to the Hon. Secretary at the address given inside the front cover of the journal as soon as possible and no later than 9 September.** 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 COMMEMORATIVE SERVICES

The editor is grateful to all those who provided reports on services on or around 25 April 2017.

London

Anzac / Gallipoli Day began as usual with the dawn service where some of our members were among the large crowd which assembled for the service at the Australian war memorial, Hyde Park Corner. The service was attended by HRH The Duke of York. Professor Tom Frame, former bishop to the Australian Defence Force, delivered the prayer of remembrance. Wreaths were also laid at the nearby New Zealand war memorial.

The Association's wreath laying ceremony at the Gallipoli memorial in the crypt of St Paul's Cathedral took place at 9.30am. The short but moving service was conducted by the Revd. Canon Michael Hampel, Precentor Canon in Residence, during which wreaths were laid at the foot of the memorial by representatives of HM Government and the armed services, by High Commissioners for Australia and New Zealand, the French Defence Attaché and by the Turkish and Irish ambassadors. Our president, Captain Christopher Fagan, laid the Association's wreath.

The Exhortation was delivered by Mr James Watson Smith whose great-uncle, Colonel E P Smith, was killed at Gallipoli on 1 May 1915 while commanding 17th Brigade, Royal Field Artillery. The words of Kemal Ataturk were then recited by the Turkish ambassador H.E. Mr Abdurrahman Bilgiç. The Last Post and Reveille were sounded by Drummer Durie, Nijmegen Company Grenadier Guards and the Lament played by L/Cpl. R Spence, Drums and Pipes, RHQ Irish Guards. After a short Silence, the Lesson was read by our Chairman Brigadier James Stopford CBE. [Photographs can be found on pages 29 -30.]

At 10.40 am we joined the 'Anzacs' for the service at the Cenotaph where some 30 members of the Association formed one of the contingents on parade while other members watched from the spectators' enclosure. The service began with a short requiem read by the Revd. Jennifer Peterson, Minor Canon and Chaplain at Westminster Abbey, followed by wreath-laying shortly after 11.00am. At the conclusion of the wreath laying, the Revd. Peterson recited the lines from 'The Fallen' by Laurence Binyon and a trumpeter from the band of the Irish Guards sounded the Last Post. Silence was then kept. The service continued after reveille with prayers and readings and concluded with the national anthems of Australia, New Zealand and Great Britain.

Later, at the invitation of the High Commissions for Australia and New Zealand, Association members were able to participate in the Service of Commemoration and Thanksgiving at Westminster Abbey. The Association's Anzac Day lunch was held at the Union Jack Club which provided a pleasant opportunity for members to meet in relaxed surroundings and renew acquaintances and make new friends. It was particularly nice to welcome Nadejda James who has recently joined the Association and had travelled from her home in Spain to take part in the commemorations. Nadejda's mother (Rosaleen James) was the adopted daughter of Sir Ian and Lady Hamilton.

Foster Summerson

Harefield

The annual service of commemoration and thanksgiving was held at St Mary's Parish Church, Harefield at 3.00pm on Anzac Day. The churchyard contains 120 war graves from both world wars; of these 111 are Australian soldiers and one nurse who died at the No. 1 Australian Auxiliary Hospital at Harefield Park during the First World War. The graves are in a separate plot, known as the 'Anzac Cemetery' and earlier, at 9.45am, children from the Harefield Infants' School continued the tradition of laying flowers on the graves.

Uniquely, the graves in the Anzac Cemetery are marked by scroll-shaped headstones, chosen by the staff and patients at the hospital. In the centre of the plot stands a memorial obelisk which records that it was erected in 1921 by 'Sir Francis Newdegate KCMG, late Governor of Tasmania and of Western Australia and Honorary Colonel of the 11th Bn., Commonwealth Military Forces and Mr. Charles Arthur Moresby Billyard-Leake, of Harefield Park'.

Before the service I walked around the cemetery; most of the casualties buried there died in 1917 and 1918, many of sickness, but there are graves of two men (Ptes. Kelly and Wake who may have succumbed to wounds or sickness contracted at Gallipoli, the headstones being inscribed 'Anzac'. Some of those who died later may also have served at Gallipoli.

The church was full to capacity for the service which was conducted by the Revd. Martin Davies and followed the usual format with the national anthems of Australia, New Zealand and the UK followed by prayers and readings; the latter given by Father Jim Mulligan of the St Paul's Roman Catholic Church and The Revd. Ruth Gooksey of the Harefield Baptist Church. The children of Harefield Junior School then sang 'Believe' which was rightly given a round of applause by the congregation. The sermon was preached by Lieut. Cmdr. John Walker of the Maritime Operations Centre, Northwood who drew on accounts from those who served at Gallipoli. After the service the congregation accompanied by the standards of local branches of the Royal British Legion progressed to the cemetery where prayers were said and wreaths laid by the official guests and others. Following this, Brownies, Guides and Cubs laid their flowers on the graves. See photograph on page 33.

Foster Summerson

Brockenhurst

The annual Commemoration Service for the 94 Anzacs who lie at rest in the Commonwealth War Graves cemetery in St Nicholas' churchyard, Brockenhurst, took place at 2.45 pm on Sunday 23 April. The Vicar, Revd. Neil Smart, conducted the service and the New Zealand Deputy High Commissioner, Mr David Evans, was the principal guest. Flight Lieutenant Lachie Johnston RNZAF and Lieutenant Matt Hudson RAN represented their respective New Zealand and Australian defence forces. Mr Les Kibble, Regional Coordinator for the South East, represented the Commonwealth War Graves Commission. 2017 is the Commission's centenary year.

This year for the first time a wreath was laid on behalf of the QARANC Association acknowledging the role that the hospital nurses played a century ago. Posies were placed on all the graves by uniformed youth groups from the village aided by the RBL President's granddaughter, Paige, and the three youngest members of the visiting Holdaway family, Kieran, Liam and Lola. Their mother Alita is a New Zealander and her great grandfather, Percy Meek, lies at rest in St Nicholas' churchyard. This year the vicar told the tales of three of those who died of wounds received during the battle of Passchendaele in 1917 and who now lie buried in this War Graves cemetery.

During Tea in the Tile Barn Centre's Anzac Room the RBL Chairman presented the four principal guests each with a copy of Clare Church's authoritative history of the Anzac graves – the book from which the vicar chooses the names to include in his address each year.

Captain Mike Matthews RN, Chairman, Brockenhurst Royal British Legion

Aberdeen

The annual Anzac Day service was held St Machar's Cathedral, Aberdeen. This year it was complemented by a display about the Gallipoli campaign assembled by Gallipoli Association member Roger Jagger. There were three panels with an overview of the campaign at the centre. On a table covered by a Royal Stewart tartan, there were diaries and a copy of a supplement to Naval News 1915 on loan from the Gallipoli Association. Other material included photographs of soldiers and ships of allied nations, and the regimental badges at Fovant and the Kiwi at Bulford. There were also information sheets about the Anzac memorial in Weymouth, one of the locations where the troops were sent for rest and recreation. The display attracted a lot of interest and several copies of The Gallipolitan donated by the Association were taken away.

The service was conducted by Revd. Barry Dunsmore and Revd. Bill Smith with bible readings by Ereti Mitchell, President of the New Zealand Society, Scotland and Fraser Cowie, a pupil at Robert Gordon's College, this year's Otaki Scholar. The pipe band from the Combined Cadet Force of the College played before the service and Pipe Major Jason Sumner played a lament written for Gallipoli. Dr Lynden Miles, a senior lecturer at Aberdeen University gave a brief reflection on the significance of Anzac Day for New Zealanders today. Sir Neil McIntosh CBE, the honorary consul for New Zealand in Scotland, laid a wreath on behalf of the Government and people of New Zealand and Commander Thomas Doherty laid a wreath on behalf of the Australian Defence Staff and Lt. Col. (Retd.) Roger Jagger laid a wreath on behalf of the Gallipoli Association. There was a retiring offering which will be divided between charities serving returned servicemen and their families in Australia, New Zealand and the UK.

Those who attended found the service moving and a fitting tribute to the men and women of all nations who served at Gallipoli and since.

Alan Fenwick

Chepstow, Gwent

At the request of the Trustees of the Gallipoli Association, I attended and laid a wreath at the ceremony held in Chepstow remember Able Seaman William Williams VC; the annual commemoration being organised by the Chepstow & District Branch of the Royal Naval Association. The branch was aware of my presence which was acknowledged during the ceremony.

The chairman Chepstow & district branch gave a short resume of the events that took place that day 102 years ago, concentrating on the part played by Able Seaman Williams VC, a local hero whose family still live in the town and attend the commemorations. Readers will recall that Williams assisted Commander Unwin and Midshipman Drewry in securing two lighters in position so that troops from the *River Clyde* could get ashore to 'V' Beach. Sadly, Williams was killed while acting as anchor for the mooring lines. All three men were awarded the Victoria Cross. After the Chairman's introduction, the vicar read prayers and then wreaths were laid by the gun from a German submarine which had been presented to the town by HRH King George V as a memorial to Able Seaman Williams VC.

The gathering in Chepstow was simple and appropriate to the occasion. Refreshments

were served afterwards and I left feeling that everything that morning had been done as the Association would have wished. The local RNA has every intention of continuing this annual commemoration.

Lieutenant-Commander Arthur J D Coxon RN

Jerusalem

A service was held on 25th April at Mount Scopus Commonwealth War Graves Cemetery, Jerusalem, Israel. See photograph p34.

Sutton Veny

An Anzac service to commemorate the 144 Australians buried in the cemetery of the Church of St John the Evangelist, Sutton Veny, was held on Sunday 23 April 2017.

The Revd Alison Morley presided and the service was attended by Air Commodore Brian Edwards, head of the Australian Defence Staff, Andrew Stillman, Operations Manager for the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, Major-General Christopher Elliot of Sutton Veny and others including the Gallipoli Association chairman, Brigadier James Stopford CBE. See photograph on page 33.

Portsmouth South

The Royal British Legion Anzac service on 23rd April was again well attended with the deputy Lord Mayor in attendance. Various associations as well as members of the public paid their respects.

Lisa Clifford



Cadets marching during the Royal British Legion Anzac service, Portsmouth South, 23 April.
Photograph courtesy of Lisa Clifford.

THE ANZAC MEMORIAL IN WEYMOUTH

Alan Fenwick

Beginning in 1915, Australian and New Zealand troops were sent to Weymouth for rest and recuperation. Eventually there were four camps in Weymouth and Portland. The Anzacs were made welcome in the town with concerts and teas and this was reciprocated. There were 50 marriages. Not all men returned to the front and sadly there were 86 burials in local cemeteries. A newspaper called *The Australian at Weymouth* was published from 1918 until June 1919.

At the end of the war, the Anzac troops were embarked at Weymouth for the voyage home. In all 120,000 men passed through the port.

The memorial: After an appeal organised by the Weymouth and Portland Residents' Association, which lasted several years, a memorial was unveiled in 2005 on the 90th anniversary of the Anzacs' arrival in Weymouth on 1 June 1915. The memorial, in Portland stone and inscribed by a local stonemason, stands on the sea front opposite a local hotel which was once used as a hospital. A service is held every year on 25 April - see the report in the Autumn 2014 issue of *The Gallipolitan* (No. 135).

Editor's Note: This article was kindly made available by Association member Alan Fenwick and was featured in the display about the Gallipoli campaign assembled by another member, Roger Jagger, at St Machar's Cathedral, Aberdeen, which is featured on page 5 of this issue.

29TH DIVISION COMMEMORATION

David Mason

I attended the annual service of commemoration at the 29th Division Memorial, Stretton-on-Dunsmore, Warwickshire on 12 March. The service, which is held annually, commemorates the inspection of the division by H.R.H. King George V on that date in 1915 prior to its departure for Gallipoli. See photographs on page 32.

The day began dreadfully with strong rain on my journey up the M1. However, when I reached Northampton the rain abated. On the way to Stretton-on-Dunsmore, I stopped at the village of Wollaston where another ceremony was taking place to commemorate the villagers who died in the First World War. A 'living history' group (who later attended the service at the 29th Division memorial) were in attendance together with a bugler who played The Last Post and Reveille. Wreaths were laid during the short but moving service.

I then made my way to the commemoration at the 29th Division memorial. This was better supported than last year with members of the Gallipoli Association and Western Front Association present together with Royal British Legion standard bearers, the Sea Cadets and the living history group referred to above - nearly 30 people in all.

James Watson Smith, whose Great Uncle Col. E P Smith was killed at Gallipoli while commanding 17th Bde. Royal Field Artillery, usually attends the commemoration and lays the Association wreath but unfortunately he was unwell and asked me to lay the wreath, which I was pleased to do. I also laid an Essex Regiment wreath in memory of my uncle, L/Cpl. Charles Lyon MM, who served with the 1st Bn. Essex Regiment at Gallipoli. I understand

that he was one of those who paraded before King George V during his inspection of the 29th Division on 12th March 1915. Sadly, my uncle was killed on the Western Front in October 1916. Altogether six wreaths (including one by the Western Front Association) were placed at the foot of the memorial. Chris Holland, the author of *Before Gallipoli - The 29th Division in Warwickshire and North Oxfordshire December 1914 – March 1915* gave another excellent address. Chris is keen to mark two more important anniversaries – the disbandment of the division in 1919 and the centenary of the dedication of the memorial which took place on 24 May 1921. He hopes that these commemorations will help to ensure that the memory of those who served with the division will not fade away.

Several of those present at the ceremony also commented on the deterioration in the memorial's appearance; I understand that this was last addressed in 2001 and no doubt funding could be a problem but it is perhaps something which should be kept in mind for the future.

THE LOST PHOTOGRAPHS OF LEMNOS

Sister Evelyn Hutt's Collection

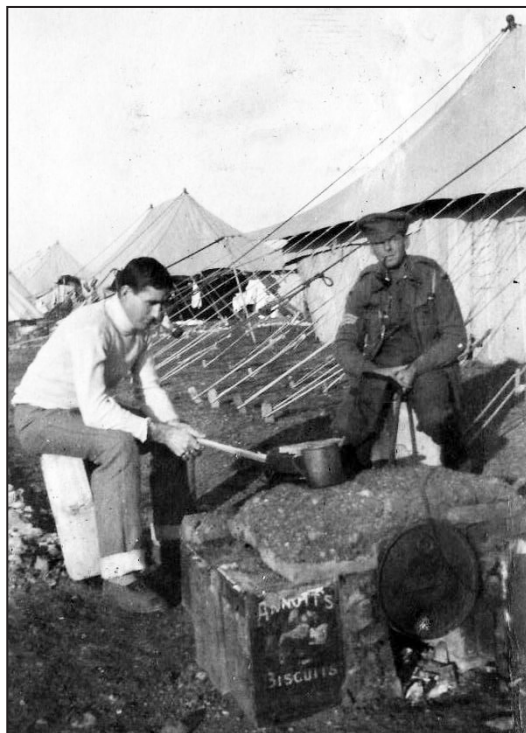
Jim Claven

I have been researching the story of Lemnos' role in Australia's Gallipoli story for many years now. One of the aspects of that story that sparked my interest was the huge archive of thousands of photographs – as well as diaries and letters – vividly recording the experience of the thousands of Anzac soldiers and nurses who came to this northern Aegean Island in 1915. And my sadness is that they have been largely ignored by historians and have effectively remained hidden from a wider audience – both here and in Greece.



Australian nurses aboard a transit ship, possibly in Mudros Bay, most likely on their arrival on Lemnos, 1915.
Evelyn Hutt Collection.

So imagine my excitement when I was contacted by the family of Australian Nursing Sister Evelyn Hutt and shown a large collection photographs never before seen by the public.



Soldiers outside 3rd Australian General Hospital tents,
Turks Head Peninsula, Lemnos, 1915.
Note the Arnotts Biscuit tin. Evelyn Hutt Collection.

Evelyn's daughter, Ms Judith Gunnarsson, and Ms Deb Stewart, Evelyn's granddaughter, revealed a wealth of photographs and postcards – over 330 – as well as important memorabilia from Evelyn's years as an Australian nurse in the First World War. Sitting with Judith in her apartment in Melbourne's Caulfield, I listened to the stories told to Judith by her mother.

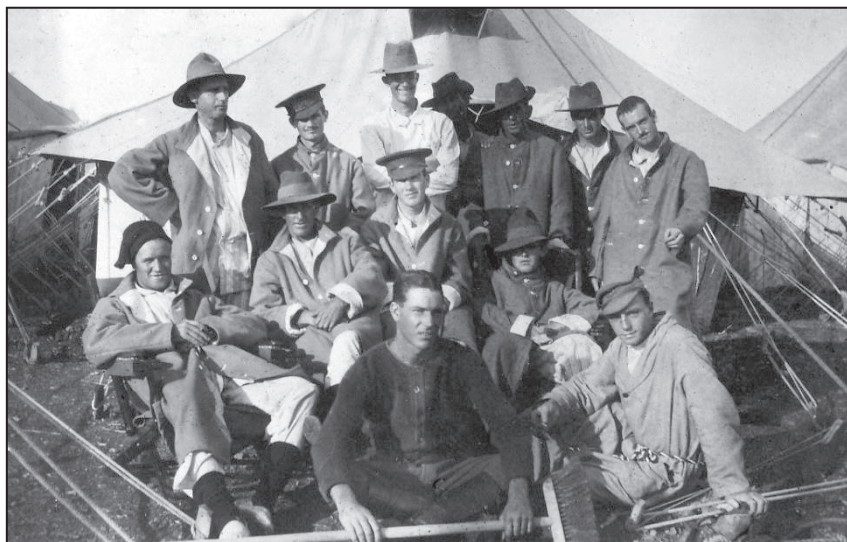
As I turned the pages of Evelyn's albums, I saw an amazing collection of images recording the Hellenic link to Anzac. The photographs in Evelyn's collection reflect many of the aspects of the story of the Anzacs on Lemnos in 1915.

As members of the Gallipoli Association will know, Lemnos played a critical role in the Gallipoli campaign, and was part of the Allied soldiers and nurse's experience of that disastrous campaign. Its great protected bay at Mudros, with its surrounding shores and proximity to the Dardanelles, ensured its selection as the Allies forward base for the campaign.

From the arrival of the first troops in February 1915 until the departure of the Allied invasion force in January 1916, Lemnos was home to tens of thousands Allied troops, medical and other support personnel. On its shores the Anzacs practiced their landing routines. Lemnos was home to major medical facilities including Australian field hospitals and the town of Sarpi, which was home to the great Anzac rest camp to which the battle-weary Anzacs returned in September and October. And it was to Lemnos that the Allied troops were evacuated after the end of the Gallipoli campaign.

27-year-old Evelyn arrived on Lemnos on 8th August 1915 with the other nurses of the 3rd Australian General Hospital. She had sailed from Melbourne's Princes Pier aboard the RMS *Mooltan*. Born in Bagdad in Tasmania, she was tall and looks confident in the portrait shots taken of her prior to her departure. In fact the Matron of the Hobart General Hospital, where she underwent her nursing training, commended Evelyn's work as 'excellent' and wrote that she could 'be entirely depended upon in an emergency'.

Evelyn and the other nurses were thrown into an emergency from the day they arrived. With the field hospital barely constructed on the rise above the Turks Head Peninsula, 200 patients arrived at the hospital before breakfast on the 9th August. These were the first of hundreds of casualties flowing from the bitter fighting of the offensive that began on 6th August. By the 13th August, Evelyn and her fellow nurses were treating 900 patients.



Australian and New Zealand patients of A1 Ward, 3rd Australian General Hospital, Turks Head Peninsula, Lemnos, 1915. Evelyn Hutt Collection.

The Australian nurses endured summer heat and winter gales, all exposed on the peninsula jutting into the huge bay. Initially lacking basic medical equipment, the nurses and the other medical staff performed miracles in treating the sick and wounded. In the end, the nurses' efforts would be singled out for commendation by the medical authorities.

Thousands of diggers and other Allied soldiers owed their lives to the care of Matron Grace Wilson and her nurses. Judith remembers Evelyn speaking of her enormous respect for Matron Wilson.

One of the 148 diggers who did not survive was Private Alfred Edwards of the Australian 12th Battalion. We don't know if Evelyn cared for him but he was a blacksmith from her home town of Bagdad in Tasmania. Only 19 years old, he died of wounds and was buried in the growing military cemetery established at Portianou.

We do know that Evelyn was touched by the diggers in her care. One dying digger with no

sweetheart at home gave Evelyn a token to remind her of him. It was a Peruvian coin. Evelyn had it made into a brooch and Judith tells us that she treasured the brooch and never forgot about this young digger on Lemnos all those years before.

While on Lemnos, Evelyn was given two other gifts by diggers. One was an Ottoman soldier's Koran and the other a hand-stitched Ottoman flag. [See photograph on page 34]. The Koran records that it was taken from a Turkish soldier on 7th August 1915 – presumed killed at Lone Pine on the peninsula – by Sergeant Robert Alexander Murdoch of the 4th Battalion, from Kyneton in Victoria, Australia. Evelyn would most likely have met Robert when he was admitted to her hospital in October suffering from dysentery. He recovered, returned to Gallipoli and finally came again to Lemnos in December. He survived the war.

Evelyn's photographic collection captures the life of the Anzacs on Lemnos, from the nurses arriving in Mudros Bay, to rudimentary accommodation on the slopes of the peninsula, to the smart rows of tents that signaled the improved conditions at the hospitals on Lemnos. One is of two presumably Australian soldiers outside their tents, a box of Arnotts biscuits at their feet – a reminder of home.

There is one photograph of young Australian soldiers, now patients in the A1 ward of Evelyn's hospital on Lemnos. They stare into the camera, a few smiling and others more difficult to read. I wonder what suffering and horror they had witnessed and endured.

The collection also includes photographs of moments of relaxation. There is one of an Army band marching through the hospital, entertaining the nurses and soldiers. Another shows a group of diggers acting up at the Anzac Rest Camp at Sarpi, across the bay from the hospitals, and often visited by the Australian nurses.

But for me some of the most important images are those featuring the interaction between the Allied soldiers and nurses and the local Lemnian community on the Island. During the



Two Anzac soldiers – Private Oscar Keyte and Campbell (forename indecipherable) with hired donkeys, Lemnos, 1915. Evelyn Hutt Collection.

months that they stayed on Lemnos, they spread out across the island, visiting its villages, kafenion and natural springs. Evelyn's collection adds to the evidence of this experience.

We see a photograph of the Australian 4th Battalion's Private Oscar Keyte, a dentist from NSW, and another soldier standing with their hired donkeys, a village and the distinctive windmills of Lemnos behind them. There is one of a group of Anzacs, some on their donkeys, guided by local Lemnian children, most likely on their way to Therma and its natural hot springs.

Evelyn and many other Anzacs visited Portianou, one of the main villages on Lemnos. Her photographs show the village houses and lanes. One shows Australian nurses and soldiers with local women and children, entitled 'sisters – a day out.' Another is of a group of local village women and children at their work in the village.

The touching image below shows a local woman with her child talking to an Australian nurse and soldier beside a windmill above Mudros town. Despite the language barriers, the locals and their visitors were obviously able to communicate.



Australian nurse and soldier with local villager and child, at a windmill at Mudros, Lemnos, 1915.
Evelyn Hutt Collection.

Lemnos was a rural island, with villagers grinding a living from its earth. Images reveal the hard life of the Island – a farmer with his over-burdened donkey in a field, another ploughing a field and women washing in a local water source.

Yet there are others of the villagers at rest, a group of local men sitting in conversation, their

dog at their feet, at the end of a day's work. Evelyn's collection also shows the religious life of Lemnos in an image of the highly decorated screen in one of the local Greek Orthodox churches. These images are one hundred years old and yet are timeless.

After the evacuation of the peninsula, Evelyn and the other Australian nurses departed Lemnos in January 1916 on their way to Egypt and beyond. When she pasted the last photographs of Lemnos into her album she wrote, 'Good-bye LEMNOS Island.'

Evelyn would go on to serve in Egypt, France, England and in Italy, her service at the latter earning her the Royal Red Cross, 2nd Class. But she also records the streets and shops of the large and then cosmopolitan cities of Egypt. Her collection includes photographs of life in Egypt, its grand hotels and cafes, like Groppi's, as well as the Nile and the pyramids. Many of these will resonate with those Greek Australians with connections to Egypt and its former Greek community.



Anzac soldiers on hired donkeys travelling on Lemnos, probably on the road from the Anzac Rest Camp at Sarpi to Therma and the island's capital, Kastro (modern day Myrina), 1915. Evelyn Hutt Collection.

Evelyn returned to Australia and was discharged in December 1919. But she never forgot Lemnos and the soldiers she cared for. She wore the brooch given to her by the young dying digger and always remembered Matron Wilson.

Evelyn's memorabilia and photographs are a great addition to the Australian archive of Greece's connection to the Anzac story. Along with the collections of photographs of A.W. Savage held in the State Library of NSW and University of Queensland, as well as the thousands of images held in the Australian War Memorial, Evelyn's collection emphasises the important impact that Lemnos had on the thousands of Australian soldiers and nurses who went there over one hundred years ago.

The State Library of Victoria intends to digitize the collection at high resolution and make it



"Sisters – A Day Out" – Australian nurses with local villagers, most probably Portianou, Lemnos, 1915. Evelyn Hutt Collection.

available through its website in coming months. This will be a welcome news to researchers and descendants across the world, including in the United Kingdom.

The donation of this collection underscores the need to save these collections from loss or deterioration. I urge all Gallipoli Association members to encourage individuals with similar collections to donate them to suitable public institutions so these important historical records of the Gallipoli campaign are preserved and made available for future generations.



Sister Evelyn Hutt,
Australian Army Nursing Service

Jim Claven is a historian, holding Bachelor and Masters degrees from Australia's Monash University. He is also a freelance writer and has conducted field research into the Gallipoli campaign on Lemnos across the northern Aegean. Secretary of the Lemnos Gallipoli Commemorative Committee, he worked to have erected the new Lemnos Gallipoli Memorial in Melbourne, Australia. He is currently preparing a new commemorative publication telling the story of Lemnos' link to the Gallipoli campaign in the words and photographs of the Anzacs themselves. The photographs of Evelyn Hutt will feature in this publication.

He acknowledges the assistance of Evelyn's daughter, Ms Judith Gunnarsson, and granddaughter, Ms Deb Stewart, in researching this story.

THE SEARCH FOR ROBERT BELL

Catherine Davies

This is the story of Robert Bell - a missing granddad who was, amazingly, eventually found in Gallipoli. I say 'missing' because Valerie, the wife of my cousin, Brian, had been trying for many years to find out what had happened to her paternal grandfather, but had been unable to do so. When the quest finished successfully, Valerie's sister Margaret told me that Valerie's 'endless longing' to find Robert had been fulfilled.

My part in the search began in the summer of 2014, when Brian and Valerie travelled from their home in County Durham to my home town of Liverpool. I hadn't been aware of Valerie's search until then, but Valerie brought with her a file packed with her research with the aim of (hopefully) finding her granddad. She knew that I enjoy family history study and that I particularly like helping others with their research. The outreach is wonderful and very bonding!

So, what did Valerie know about Granddad Robert Bell? Her granny, Ann Bell (nee Shaw), had been widowed for some time, but Valerie didn't know when Robert had died. The only clues were that there had been a medal in the family that had gone missing long ago, and that Granddad had been 'buried at sea.' Valerie purchased copies of several death certificates relating to men named Robert Bell around the time of World War One, hoping that one would be for her granddad, but they never were. She found details of men involved in the war on a memorial in Dudley, Northumberland, and a Robert Bell was included, but was it him? 'Our' Robert was born in Seghill, Northumberland, in 1883, the son of Isaac Bell and Jane Bell, nee Hedley. A breakthrough came when an attestation paper for a Robert Bell was found on ancestry.co.uk in 2012, and this appeared to be granddad! The document was dated July 1908 and gave details of a Robert Bell, a married man aged 24 years and 6 months, who was a miner at the Seghill Coal Company. Robert was a volunteer in the Tynemouth Royal Garrison Artillery.

No further documents, either in the run-up to the Great War or during the war have ever been discovered. One important point is that Robert Bell's signature on this attestation paper from 1908 is very distinctive and would be immediately obvious if further documents did ever come to light.

Valerie was very disappointed to have apparently reached a standstill in her quest to find granddad, but a discovery by another member of the family helped with the sadness regarding Robert. Valerie was looking at a forum involving the north east of England, and - unbelievably - she found a posting by the daughter of Valerie's father's sister, who was not believed to have survived. An emotional meeting was arranged! But still, where was granddad? There was another reason to find him, not just for Valerie and her sisters, but also for this newly-found cousin!

The years came and went, and in 2014 I was asked to come on board with the search. As I have said, I was delighted to be involved. Somehow, together we would crack this conundrum. I searched for months on the genealogy sites ancestry.co.uk and findmypast.co.uk and kept thinking I had made a breakthrough, but nothing transpired. Valerie and I were thinking, if Robert had been killed in World War One, where in northern Europe would this have been? How did the 'died at sea' and 'buried at sea' family story fit? Eventually during 2015

the search petered out and with great sadness we put aside the mountains of paperwork. I'm sure Valerie thought the same but it was always in the back of my mind as to the answer. I've carried out so many pieces of family history research that I know it's always there, waiting to be picked up again.

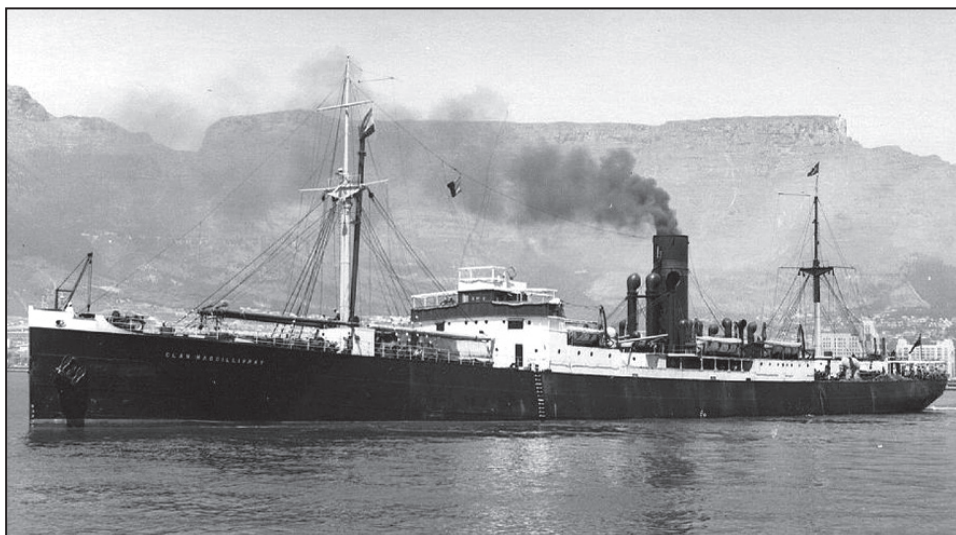
Around summer 2015, I began to think again about Robert Bell and wondered what had happened to him. I felt a new determination to find out. Some articles from old newspapers started appearing on the genealogy websites. I found various people named Robert Bell in these, and tried to research those named, but nothing conclusive seemed to be appearing. Out of the blue Valerie phoned to say that she had been looking at these same newspaper articles, and that she had found a Robert Bell, who was the son of Isaac and Jane Bell, of Dudley, Northumberland, and who had died at Gallipoli in 1915! As I listened to Valerie's excitement on the phone, I remembered the full details of Robert, and the fact that he was the son of Isaac! How do you begin to take in a bit of news like this?

Dudley Soldier's Death from Wounds.

News came to hand on Saturday of the death of Private Robert Bell, son of Mr and Mrs Isaac Bell, of Dudley, Northumberland, who died from wounds received in action in the Dardanelles. Mrs Bell has other three sons serving with the colours.

The Newcastle Daily Journal
Monday, 6 September 1915, p6.

When we had both calmed down - slightly - we began discussing the fact that the 'death at sea' or 'burial at sea' story might link in with this news. As Valerie has said, she feels sure her granddad wanted to be found! Now, how do we go about finding out more about Robert's death



HMAT A46, *Clan Macgillivray*.

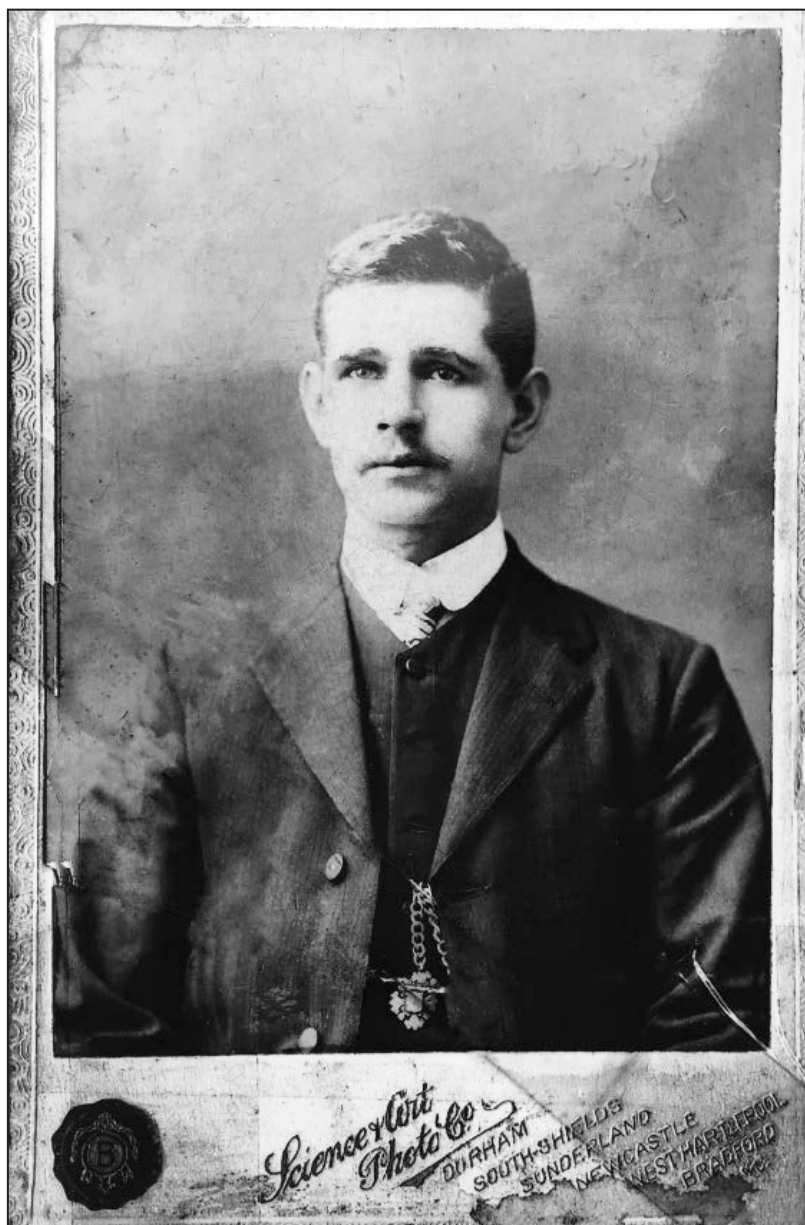
Robert Bell was evacuated from Suvla and died aboard this ship at, or *en route* to, the island of Imbros, 17 miles to the west.

at Gallipoli? I joined the Gallipoli Association, and, amazingly, Keith and Lyn Edmonds, who were actually in Gallipoli at the time, were able to locate the grave of a Robert Bell in the Lancashire Landing Cemetery. Keith and Lyn were more than helpful in suggesting avenues to search, and we found that the Robert Bell was indeed ‘our man.’



Robert Bell's grave, Lancashire Landing Cemetery, Helles.

Robert was in the 8th Battalion of the Northumberland Fusiliers, regimental number 4052, and died on 11th August 1915. Valerie and I found a document, as did Keith and Lyn, stating that Robert Bell had died of wounds aboard the temporary hospital ship *HMAT Clan MacGillivray* at Imbros. It was suggested that we could purchase a copy of Robert's death certificate from military sources, which we did. I'll never forget opening the envelope and looking at the



Private Robert Bell
 4052, 8th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.
 Wounded at Suvla between 7 and 11 August 1915.
 Died of wounds aboard HMAT *Clan MacGillivray* on 11 August 1915, aged 31.
 Originally buried Imbros. Re-interred in Lancashire Landing Cemetery, Helles, after the war.

details on the certificate. The age in years and months corresponded exactly with Valerie's granddad's age. The only thing that didn't seem to ring true was the birthplace, which was given as 'Byker, Northumberland.' Our Robert was born some distance from Byker, but he was actually living in Byker (Janet Street) around the time of the Great War. Robert left a wife and three children to grieve for him. We had found - just before the big discovery - that Robert and Ann had had another little boy, and that he'd died just before the war, so they'd had this sadness to contend with already.

Valerie and I would still like to know the details of when Robert was wounded and how long he might have spent on the hospital ship. Perhaps some day these questions might be answered in some form of documentation. It would complete Robert's story and finally end the firm belief in Valerie's mind that the search for her granddad was 'mission impossible'!

Stephen Chambers, our wonderful Gallipoli Association historian, has been with us every step of the way. Valerie asked if he could put a wreath on Robert's grave during the next tour of the battlefields. During the tour of 7th - 12th May - just a few weeks ago [at the time of writing this] - Stephen put a wreath on the memorial at the Lancashire Landing Cemetery as well as a cross with an inscription on Robert's grave, after which a minute's silence was observed. Valerie and I followed the events of the tour on the internet, and felt so pleased that this marvellous and moving ceremony took place on Monday, 8th May. A first batch of photographs appeared, and then a second group. We feel we have been to Gallipoli, and were with the members of the party and with Stephen throughout that unforgettable few days. Valerie feels that her granddad has been remembered and honoured in a very special way, after a whole century has passed. She wrote a very moving and emotional eulogy for the occasion, and spoke for her sisters and her cousin when she said, 'You are our Granddad, and we love you.'

Here is the heartfelt eulogy which Valerie wrote and which Stephen read at the wreath-laying ceremony in Lancashire Landing Cemetery, Cape Helles, Gallipoli, on 8th May 2017:

Granddaughters Cathy, Margaret, Anna and Valerie remember their grandfather Private Robert Bell (4052) who fought in the 8th Battalion of The Northumberland Fusiliers. Robert died of wounds received in action in the Dardanelles Campaign on 11 August 1915 aged 31 years 9 months on the hospital ship HMS *Clan Macgillivray* on the way to (or at) Imbros and later re-interred in The Lancashire Landing Cemetery in Gallipoli

Robert died leaving his wife Ann and three children, Benjamin aged 7 years, John 6 years and Mary 5 years. Benjamin, the eldest child, had no memories of his father other than the story handed down that he had been 'buried at sea', never knowing anything about how or where he had died.

Robert would often come into our thoughts. We found it difficult to believe that a human being could be put into the sea and not leave any trace. Searching for any evidence was frustrating and around every corner were brick walls and it all turned into 'Mission Impossible.' Robert's attestation service records were amongst the burnt records, destroyed in the Second World War. It's difficult to look back but the more research you do the more painful it becomes...

Until one day, purely by chance discovering a newspaper article dated 1915, told of the demise of Robert Bell, son of Mr & Mrs Isaac and Jane Bell, of Dudley, Northumberland. The Gallipoli Association who were by coincidence on a visit at the time to the peninsula in 2015 investigated and discovered Robert Bell was buried in the Lancashire Landing Cemetery.

(Thank you so much to the Gallipoli Association; we are forever in your debt). We are thrilled, and further research revealed we had our man. Our grandfather sacrificed his life, mortally wounded, at what would have been a chaotic and significant battle in August 1915, when many thousands died fighting on the peninsula. The conditions on Gallipoli defy description. His family left behind were far from unique in the dire consequences when many, many thousands did not return from the war.

Robert ... we now know you were not after all buried at sea ... you died at sea ... and we find solace Robert to find you are here at the Lancashire Landing Cemetery.

1915-2015. It's amazing - 'a hundred years'! It is a poignant moment for us and I wonder what our grandmother and our parents would have thought had they known this. It's sad we never had the opportunity to get to know you, granddad. All we have is a photo in a frame. Your granddaughters Cathy, Margaret, Anna and Valerie want to tell 'Our Granddad' we are proud of him and we are so pleased we eventually found you - we believe you wanted to be found. You can now rest in peace... you will live in our hearts forever

... You are our granddad and we love you.



DEATH 18 YEARS AFTER WOUND

Barton Victim of Gallipoli

Yet another tragedy of the battle of Gallipoli in 1915 was revealed at the inquest to-day on Mr. George William James (52), retired farmer, of Errisbeg House, Barton-under-Needwood, who died at his home yesterday.

The Burton coroner, Mr. J. L. Auden, returned a verdict that death was "directly due to war wounds received in 1915."

Mr. Henry Hollier James, also a retired farmer, of Hamswell, Lincoln, said that his brother was hit by shrapnel in the battles of Gallipoli in 1915. He had been more or less an invalid ever since, gradually growing worse.

Suffered From Paralysis

Dr. Thomas Dixon, of Barton, said that he had been attending Mr. James practically since he came home after being wounded. He had been suffering from paralysis on the left side, and he also suffered from epileptic fits which were directly caused by his war wounds. Mr. Dixon said that there was a shrapnel bullet in Mr. James's head. He had been operated on, but it had been impossible to remove the bullet.

The doctor added that death was due to septicaemia following general infection from bed sores. (*Derby Daily Telegraph* Saturday, 13 January 1934 p8).

A DARDANELLES REUNION

This article originally appeared in the March 1916 edition of Past and Present, the magazine of the Past and Present (Old Boys') Association of Brighton Hove and Sussex Grammar School.

We have often recorded in these pages not only the official Reunions of the Old Boys' Association in Brighton or in London, but others of a less formal character and in other parts of the world. None of these, however, will ever exceed in interest a Reunion which was held on October 26th by a party of Old Boys serving with the troops in the Dardanelles campaign. There were seven taking part, while two or three others were kept away by military duties or by distance. The banqueting hall was a dug-out, lit by a tallow candle (which, by the way, most inopportunately went out before the proceedings terminated). The President, as befitted his dignity, sat down at the back and the others squeezed in all round, but the occasional retirement of one or other to the outside conducted to the physical comfort of those remaining. A happy thought came into someone's mind that those present should sign their names and send the record to the School. No paper was available save the wrapper of a packet of Greek chocolate which formed part of the dessert, and this has recently come into the Head Master's possession, thanks to the help of Sergeant E. F. Beal. For its better preservation it has been mounted between glass, and will be one of the School's most cherished relics.

Here is the menu as written out by the organiser of the meeting, Bernard Dutton Briant, who had a special vote of thanks in the course of the proceedings, and in responding proposed the sending of a Christmas greeting to the parent Association and to Mr. and Mrs. Read.

MENU

Inaugural Banquet of the Dardanelles Branch

of B.G.S. Old Boys' Association,

At 6.30, on 26th Oct., 1915.

Soup-Desaca d'Edouard.

Fish-Sardines dans le "tin." Herrings with Tomato Sauce.

Salmon - "Butterfly" Brand in tins. Beef - Guaranteed best Army Bully.

Strawberry a la Preserve.

Creme de Nestle.

Figs. Walnuts. Chocolate.

Dutch Cheese.

Rum? Eau, Tea, Lime Juice, Bovril.

We have also received the Hon. Treasurer's "Statement of Accounts" with regard to the cost of the feast. It works out as follows:-

Soup 4d., Sardines 8d., Salmon 11d., Herrings 11d., Lime Juice 7d., Cheese 1s. 1d.,
Strawberry Jam 11d., Tin of Cream 1s., Chocolate 10d., Biscuits (kindly provided by

a grateful Government) *nil*. Illumination (half a candle, which had to be returned when finished with !) 2d. - Total 7s. 5d.

This amount did not readily divide between the seven "diners," and so it was decided to pay a rent of 2d. to the owner of the dug-out, and a receipt was duly made out for that amount.

On this menu, one or two quotations from letters are to the point:-

"Bernard had had a piece of luck and got into the canteen, and we had the following menu There was great variety and the quality was all right, but the quantity was - well the less said about it the better."

"We had to have the 'soup' last, as the water would not boil.

"For drinks, lime juice cordial. I might say all the eatables were tinned, and as we had not sufficient mess tins, or the convenience for washing them between courses, we got over the difficulty by two or three sharing the same mess tin or lid for each course."

"First touch' of cheese on the Peninsula. . . . The President, being Q.M.S., generously went without his dinner in order to provide the owner of the dug-out with rent (but being Q.M.S. had probably had his dinner before !)."

A toast list in the same handwriting and with this introduction :-

Toasts drunk in lime juice, of which liquid there being only a limited quantity, proposer only will drink, the company quenching their thirst with suitable remarks, which will be accepted as the response.

	Proposer
"The King"	- The President, S.Q.M.S. HURST
"Our Branch"	- Sergeant E. F. BEAL
"B.G.S.O.B. A."	- Trooper B. D. BRIANT
"Our Comrades in Gallipoli"	- Trooper W. J. L. JORDAN
"Our Comrades in France"	- Corporal P.H. DAVIES
"All serving in H.M.'s Forces"	- Trooper W. O. COLLIS
"Our Sick Pals"	- The President
"Our own Regiment"	- Trooper B. D. BRIANT

With reference to the last toast it may be mentioned that all present were men of the Sussex Yeomany, and it had been hoped that three others of the same unit, viz.: Troopers Broad, Dancy and Galloway, would have been there. Stanley West and Douglas Warren, who belonged to other units, are put down, however, as members of the Branch.

The introductory note states that the supply of lime juice to say the least was not generous, and further evidence of this is given by a warning note that, as the President had two toasts to give, the loyal sentiments should be pledged by "a small drink."

No record of the speeches has reached us, except that in one letter it is written, "very eloquent speeches were also made," but as a heavy note of exclamation follows the word "eloquent," it is feared that it is written sarcastically.

When the President explained the rule that the proposer only drank, the proposer of the second toast expressed his willingness to propose all the toasts, but this offer was indignantly scouted by the rest.

There was evidently a very happy time spent, and indeed it was decided to have meetings on

Friday evenings as often as possible. A Branch with proper officers was formerly constituted, with Hurst as President, Beal as Chairman, Briant as Secretary and Treasurer, and F. E. Hunt as Editorial Secretary. Of this Dardanelles Branch, however, the story begins and ends with the "banquet," for within a few weeks Lance-Corporal Davies and Trooper Briant were sent home sick, while, as our pages elsewhere record, three of its members, Troopers Hunt, Jordan and Warren, had given their lives for their country.

It has been suggested that this account may be painful to the relatives of those who have fallen, but we feel sure that those others are right who urge that the details of the meeting, merry as it was, will be a happy memory to those who mourn for their dead. The School, proud as it is of all its hundreds who are taking their part bravely in this crisis in the world's history, is especially proud that under such conditions as had to be endured in the Gallipoli Peninsula men of ours should feel drawn together to recall in happy reunion their old School days.

PAST AND PRESENT

In Memoriam

Private HERBERT STEWART VINALL, 26th Service Batt. Royal Fusiliers,
Died of pneumonia, December 2nd, aged 26.

Trooper REGINALD DOUGLAS WARREN, East Kent Mounted Rifles,
Killed in Gallipoli, December 7th, aged 20.

Trooper FRANK ERNEST HUNT, Sussex Yeomanry,
Killed in Gallipoli, December 17th, aged 23.

Trooper WALTER JOHN JORDAN, Sussex Yeomanry,
Died of wounds in Gallipoli, December 20th, aged 24.

H. S. VINALL (1904-6) was one of our Lewes boys, and his military life was of the briefest. Never very robust, he had not joined up in the earlier months of the war, but in the service of Messrs. Barclay & Co. he had been doing more than one man's work for a long time. He joined the Bankers' Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, and was in camp at Essex, but, being quite out of condition, contracted pneumonia in a few days and succumbed. Before his illness the Head Master had a letter from him, telling of his experiences, and in less than a week of his writing this letter he was dead. We sincerely sympathise with his parents bereaved of their only child.

R. D. WARREN (1910-11) was not long in the School, coming to us from Berkhamstead, but he will be remembered for himself and as a good sportsman. On leaving School he also passed into Bank service, but joined the East Kent Mounted Rifles early in the war, and, after training, was sent to Gallipoli. He was on duty in the trenches, and in a momentary exposure was caught by a sniper, and killed instantly, shot through the head. With his parents and the other members of his family we desire to express the School's sympathy. His younger brother (V. A.), it will be remembered, passed into the Indian Army last summer, and is training at Wellington.

F. E. HUNT (1900-1909) was the second son of an Old Boy, Mr. Simeon Hunt, whose family has been closely associated with the School for more than a generation. He passed through the School with credit to himself, and obtaining whilst with us one of the Town Scholarships at the Municipal Technical College, he followed the engineering course there for some years. A nervous breakdown caused great anxiety, and it was with more than uneasiness that his

friends knew of his joining the Sussex Yeomanry soon after war broke out. It proved, however, to be unquestionably a good thing for him physically and mentally. In our Old Boy Jottings we hope presently to give some extracts from his letters home. They leave no doubt, at any rate, that he felt as he says, "wonderfully fit." He was present at the Old Boys' Reunion recorded on another page and, though it is characteristic of him that he was not one of the speakers, he accepted the post of Editorial Secretary, and it was to him we were to look for an official report. This, however, never came, for on December 17th, when his regiment was actually in reserve some distance from the firing line, he was hit by a Turkish dropping bullet as he stood outside his "dug-out" emptying sandbags. Immediate medical attendance was forthcoming, but the bullet, which passed through his chest and out at the back, had inflicted such injury that his case was hopeless, and he died within half-an-hour. His major, his troop officer, and Sergeant Beal of the same regiment have written to the parents giving details, and speaking highly of his qualities as a man and as a soldier. From a letter written by Captain Earl Winterton to Hunt's special friend in the regiment, we notice that the funeral service was conducted by the chaplain of Warren's regiment, the East Kent Mounted Rifles. One of Hunt's brothers (Seymour) has been since April last a prisoner in German hands. We assure the parents and the brothers and sisters that the School shares their sorrow.

WALTER JOHN L. JORDAN (1901-1906) was the third of whose loss in Gallipoli the end of the year brought us the sad tidings. Few details have come to his relatives at present, but it is known that he was wounded in action and died of his wounds on December 20th. Jordan was a motor engineer by occupation and a fine runner, winning a Sussex half-mile championship. Though he had been married only a short time, he offered himself for service and went out to the Dardanelles with his regiment, the Sussex Yeomanry. He, like Hunt, was one of those present at the Reunion, and his references to it in his letters home show that he had enjoyed the experience. With his widow, and his mother and sisters, we can only express our deep sympathy.

The editor wishes to thank Association member Diane Theis, who recognised the potential interest to members of this article and who corresponded with and sent the article to me. Also her husband, Raymond, an Old Boy of the school, who contacted the school, and the current Past and Present editor, Mark Gillingham, for permission to reproduce the article.

Reginald Douglas Warren, 2058, Private, Royal East Kent Yeomanry. Died 7 December 1915, aged 20. Buried Twelve Tree Copse Cemetery, Helles. Son of E. G. Warren and Elizabeth Warren, of 19, Frith Rd., Hove, Brighton.

Frank Ernest Hunt, 2057, Private, 1/1st Sussex Yeomanry. Died 17 December 1915, aged 23. Buried Twelve Tree Copse Cemetery, Helles.

Son of Simeon and Charlotte Hunt, of 5, Lancaster Rd., Brighton. Student of London University, having passed Intermediate Science (Faculty of Engineering).

Walter John Laverne ("Toby") Jordan, 2254, Private, 1/1st Sussex Yeomanry. Died aboard HMHS *Assaye* on 20 December 1915, aged 24. No known grave. Name inscribed on the Helles memorial.

ASSOCIATION CHRISTMAS CARD

The Association is again producing a Christmas card. This year the card will feature *Mule Gully 1915*, one of Major L F S Hore's 'Gallipoli Sketches'. Major Hore served in the 8th Light Horse Regiment on the peninsula. An order form is enclosed in this issue of *The Gallipolian*.

CAPTAIN ERIC LOCKHART HUME HENDERSON

1st Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers

Adrian Foley

Eric Lockhart Hume Henderson was born in Dublin on 31 July 1881 and was the son of Colonel W. Hume Henderson of the Indian Medical Service and Jane Lousia (nee Gordon) of London. He was also the grandson of Dr. Samuel Gordon, of 13 Hume Street, Dublin, who died just weeks prior to Eric's birth. He was educated at Loretto School from 1891 to 1895 and at The King's School in Canterbury from 1895 to 1898. In 1898 he was part of the 1st XV Rugby team.

Henderson entered into the Royal Military College at Sandhurst in 1900 and was commissioned into the 1st Battalion, Royal Munster Fusiliers, in 1901 as a 2nd Lieutenant. He served through part of the Boer war arriving in 1901 when he took part in actions in the Transvaal and Cape Colony. His service in Africa entitled him to wear the Queen's South Africa Medal with two clasps. The greater part of his service was spent in India and Burma. While serving in India he was promoted to lieutenant on 13 March 1905. Eight years later, on 23 July 1913, he was promoted to captain and was appointed adjutant of the 1st Battalion. Military matters were not the only thing to occupy Henderson's mind at this time. He also found time for love and on 5 January 1914 he married Mabel Alice Paske at St. Mary Abbots Church in Kensington, London.

On 4 August 1914, while Henderson was serving in Rangoon in Burma where the 1st Battalion had been since 1911, Britain declared war on Germany. As a result of this the 1st Battalion was ordered back to Britain. It left Rangoon for England in December and landed at Avonmouth on 10 January 1915. The battalion spent most of their stay in Coventry preparing to go to war and on 15 March 1915 it departed for the Mediterranean where it was to take part in the operation to capture the Gallipoli peninsula.

Early on the morning of 25 April the SS *River Clyde* arrived at V Beach on Cape Helles carrying hundreds of men from the 1st Battalion with captain Henderson in command of Z Company. The men of Z Company were ordered to disembark from the starboard side of the ship. Their objective was to secure the beach and then go on to capture the fort at Sedd el Bahr which was occupied by Turkish forces. However, as soon as they started leaving the ship, they came under intense fire from the fort. Many members of Henderson's company were killed instantly; others were badly wounded and more drowned under the weight of their equipment when they jumped in the water, which was almost up to their necks.

Though badly wounded in the arm, Captain Henderson was one of the first to reach the shore. Notwithstanding his shattered arm, Henderson was determined to fight on. However, while he was trying to rally his men he was hit again in the side and fell to the ground. The wound left him unable to command his men and Captain R. Lane took over the company. Lane left this description of the landing at V Beach:

Henderson led his company out ordering me to follow at the end of the first platoon. One by one the men came out, and then came my turn. All the way down the side of the ship, bullets crashed against the side. On reaching the first barge I found some of the men had collected and were firing. I mistrusted the second barge and the track to the shore so I led them over the side; the water came nearly up to our shoulders. However, none of us were hit and we gained the bank. There I found Henderson

badly hit, and heaps of wounded. Any man who put his head up for an instant was shot dead. Then came Lee (Lieutenant Joseph Bagnall Lee - KIA 8/8/1915 at Suvla) with his platoons and formed up on the left of mine. The bank we were under had a small nulla (sic) running up towards the barbed wire. I worked my way up under the right-hand wall and then tried to cross it, running as fast as I could; a sniper at the top let fly at me, the bullet went through my right ankle and carried on sideways, smashing my left leg to bits. One of the men from my platoon then came out very pluckily and pulled me into safety. I had only been on the beach five minutes and never saw a Turk.

Captain Henderson was later evacuated to a hospital ship and he was subsequently moved to the Deaconess Hospital in Alexandria. He died there from his wounds on 20 May 1915 is buried in Alexandria's Chatby Military Cemetery.

He was Mentioned in Dispatches for his part in the landings at V Beach.

Editor's note: the Lt Joseph Bagnall Lee mentioned above was the subject of an article, which included photographs, entitled *The Lee Brothers in the Great War*, in the Autumn 2014 issue of *The Gallipolian*.

My thanks to Foster Summerson for this information.

CAPTAIN EDWARD CRUMP DORMAN

1st Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers

Adrian Foley

Edward Crump Dorman was born in the coastal town of Kinsale in Co. Cork on 15 January 1885. His parents were John William Dorman and Marion Isabelle from Rafeen near Kinsale. On 2 November 1905, at the age of 20, he enlisted in the 21st Lancers, which were then based in the Depot Barracks at Hounslow in West London. Edward moved quickly up the ranks and by October 1908, having served less than three years, he had reached the rank of lance-sergeant.

Soon after his promotion, Edward was offered a commission. On 14 November 1908 he was commissioned into the Royal Munster Fusiliers with the rank of 2nd lieutenant. In 1910 he was promoted to lieutenant and a short time later he set sail for India to join the 1st Battalion who were then stationed in the Murree Hills in the north of the country. In December 1911 the battalion left Nowshera in the North West Frontier by train for Karachi. It arrived in Karachi on Christmas Day and remained there until March 1912 when it left for service in Rangoon, Burma.

While stationed in Rangoon Edward was part of a four man rowing team who, though they had little or no experience between them, went on to beat the Ancient Mariners (Old Cambridge Oarsmen) and win the Monsoon Regatta in July 1913. Five of the 1st Battalion's eight companies were stationed at Rangoon and Edward was company commander of a Vickers machine gun company. In October 1914 after the outbreak of the war, the battalion adopted a four company structure. Due to the delay in providing relief in the form of territorial battalions, the 1st Munsters remained in Burma until November 1914. On the 21st they left to return to England and during the journey Edward was promoted to captain. During the battalion's stay in England, Edward married Miss Hilda Penn Bowen from Conna, Co. Cork, on 19 January 1915. It is sad to think that Hilda would be a widow in less than four months.

Edward left Coventry with the 1st Battalion on 15 March 1915 and ultimately landed at V Beach

on 25 April. He was part of W Company commanded by Captain Williams and, unlike hundreds of other members of the battalion, he managed to reach the shore unscathed. Following three days of fighting the Munsters reached the trenches close to the village of Krithia. On the night of 1 May the Turks mounted a major counter-attack but they were beaten back at each attempt. The Munsters were reinforced by the 1st Essex Regiment and they eventually forced the Turks to pull back. It was during this battle that Captain Edward Dorman was killed. His body was never recovered and today he is commemorated on the Helles Memorial with over 21,000 other casualties. Edwards's wife gave birth to their son also called Edward on 22 November 1915.

CAPTAIN GUY WARNEFORD NIGHTINGALE

1st Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers

Adrian Foley

Guy Nightingale was born in India in 1892 while his father was employed as an engineer there. His mother, Maude Warneford, was born around 1864 and came from a long established County Berkshire family. Nightingale was educated at Rugby College and later entered Sandhurst Military Academy.

In the summer of 1910 he was commissioned into the 1st Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers as a 2nd lieutenant. The first years of his service were spent serving with the regiment in India and Burma. It was here that Guy Nightingale was to befriend many of the officers who would later perish at Gallipoli.

Nightingale experienced firsthand the horrors of the V Beach landing at Cape Helles on Gallipoli. By 16 May 1915, he and Captains Geddes and Williams were the only officers left who had made the initial landing at V Beach on the 25th April. He was the only officer who remained unwounded throughout the entire campaign and his views on warfare changed radically due to the scenes he witnessed at both Gallipoli and the Western Front.

Nightingale was very critical of the way the press reported on the Gallipoli conflict, and when on the Western Front, was even more incensed at the treatment of Irish soldiers he witnesses in the aftermath of the 1916 Rising. In his many letters home to his mother, he explained in graphic detail the carnage he witnessed on an almost daily basis. He mentioned that he had no problem in shooting prisoners and had little compassion for the wounded, even in his own regiment.

Captain Guy Nightingale's letters to his family are unusual in addressing so directly the problem of dead and decomposing bodies. Most of these accounts were written to his mother and sister, while his father got political commentary on the botched conduct of the invasion:

On April 25, the Munsters came ashore and got most awfully badly mauled in doing so. The heaps of dead are awful and the beach where we landed was an extraordinary sight the morning we buried them.

Writing to his mother on 10 May, he described being sent on a night attack to a place where more than 2,000 unburied corpses:

were still lying there highly decomposed. The stench was awful and in the dark they kept treading on them. When it was light, I found I had dug in next to the remains of an officer in the KOSBs [King's Own Scottish Borderers], I had last seen at the opera at Malta and had spent a most jolly evening with.

As a professional officer, Nightingale was resentful of his over-promoted and inexperienced volunteer colleagues. Writing of some who served at Gallipoli he noted scornfully that:

... three of them have already collapsed from nerves and weak hearts, after five days on the peninsula.

The letters refer constantly to the smell of the dead and decomposing bodies lying between the trenches, their efforts to throw lime over them. Digging for a new HQ Mess, he says brightly that they,

... started on four different places before we were able to procure a spot free from dead Turks.

Although Guy Nightingale survived unscathed throughout the war, the carnage he witnessed would have a lasting effect on him for the rest of his life. After the war he served in the 46th Regiment against the Bolsheviks in Russia and later joined his old unit in Silesia. He found life difficult after his beloved Munsters were disbanded in 1922 but continued to serve in the army. He later retired as a major on half-pay and never fully adjusted to civilian life.

Guy Nightingale was awarded the Military Cross on 14 January 1916 and the Legion D' Honneur, which was conferred by the French Government on 24 February 1916. He died in 1935 in Somerset at the young age of forty-three, apparently from the effects of alcoholism.

Editor's note: The articles on Captains Henderson, Dorman and Nightingale originally appeared in *The Bengal Tiger*, the journal of the Royal Munster Fusiliers Association, and appear here courtesy of the editor, Mr Gerry White.

LAST POST

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

Mr Thomas S Chamberlayne-Macdonald (Membership No. 6247) who died on 4 February 2017.

Mr Bernard Campbell (Membership No 6732) died on 11 March 2017. Bernard was a valued member of the Association. His uncle, Sub Lieut. (Adjutant) Willoughby John HENRY served with the Anson Battalion of the Royal Naval Division (RND) and was killed on 4 June during the Third Battle of Krithia.

Wreath-layers, St. Paul's Cathedral (photograph opposite), left to right:

The Rt Hon Mr Mike Penning MP, Minister of State for the Armed Forces, Captain Christopher Fagan MBE (back to camera), H.E. The Hon Sir Jerry Mateparae, GNZM, QSO, KStJ, High Commissioner for New Zealand, H.E. Mr. Abdurrahman Bilgiç, Turkish Ambassador, Major General Ivan Jones, Chief of Staff Field Army, H.E. Mr Daniel Mulhall, Ambassador of Ireland, H.E. The Hon Mr. Alexander Downer, AC, High Commissioner for Australia, Admiral Patrick Chevallereau, Defence Attaché, France

Wreath-laying ceremony, Gallipoli memorial, crypt of St Paul's Cathedral, 25 April 2017



Air Commodore Brian Edwards, Head of Australian Defence Staff (in front) and Brigadier Evan Williams, New Zealand Defence adviser. See page 3.

Photographs on this page courtesy of Graham Lacdao of St Paul's Cathedral.



Association President, Captain Fagan, rehearsing the wreath-layers - names on foot of previous page. See page 3.

Wreath-laying ceremony, Gallipoli memorial, crypt of St Paul's Cathedral, 25 April 2017



Piper LCpl Spence, Irish Guards, plays the Lament. Drummer Durie, Grenadier Guards, on right. James Watson-Smith and Association president Captain Christopher Fagan stand on the left. See page 3.



Association Chairman Brigadier James Stopford performing the reading. See page 3.
Photographs on this page courtesy of Graham Lacdao of St Paul's Cathedral.



Gallipoli Association contingent leaves King Charles Street for the parade to the Cenotaph.
Photograph by Foster Summerson. See page 3.



The contingent approaching the Cenotaph on Anzac / Gallipoli Day.
Photograph by Foster Summerson. See page 3.



Ceremony at the 29th Division memorial, Stretton-on-Dunsmore, Warwickshire, 12 March 2017.
Photograph by David Mason. See pages 7- 8.



Commemoration ceremony in Wollaston, Northamptonshire, 12 May 2017.
Photograph by David Mason. See pages 7 - 8.



Anzac Day ceremony, St Mary's Parish Church, Harefield, 25 April 2017.
Photograph by Foster Summerson. See page 4.



Anzac Day ceremony at the Church of St John the Evangelist, Sutton Veny, Sunday 23 April 2017.
Photograph by James Stopford. See page 7.



Member Michael Robson lays the Association wreath during the Anzac Day service at Mount Scopus CWGC Cemetery, Jerusalem. See page 6. Photograph by Barry Levinson.



Memorabilia belonging to Sister Evelyn Hutt, Australian Army Nursing Service. See pages 8 - 14. Photograph by Jim Claven.



The Association wreath laid at Lancashire Landing Cemetery in remembrance of Private Robert Bell, Northumberland Fusiliers. Photographs by Stephen Chambers. See pages 15 - 20.



Stephen Chambers, Association Historian, at Robert Bell's grave, Lancashire Landing Cemetery. See pages 15 - 20.



Gallipoli Association Battlefield Tour 2017.

Rory Stephens describing life in the trenches, opposite Johnston's Jolly, Anzac. Photograph by Peter Biles.
See pages 58 - 61.



Gallipoli Association Battlefield Tour 2017. Skew Bridge Cemetery, Helles.

Peter Biles pays tribute to his grandfather, Assistant Paymaster Harry Biles. Photograph by Peter Biles.
See pages 58 - 61.

COMPASS LOST AT GALLIPOLI POINTS OUT ENGLAND MORE THAN A CENTURY LATER

Murat Soylemez

A British captain, Percy David Castle, served in the Gallipoli Campaign.

He survived the campaign, but lost his compass. It was found years later and was eventually handed to his granddaughter, Susan Mertens.

The Gallipoli Campaign not only changed the course of the 20th century, world political history and the destiny of many countries; it also designated the future of people living in this land and all around the world.

A vast amount of international literature is a heritage of the campaign, comprising priceless books, photos, documents and images. On the other side, at the very centre of memories, families, items recovered from the war, and the recounted stories, there is the human factor. When we say 'Gallipoli', or think or hear about the things that happened in Gallipoli, the first word that comes to our minds is 'sacrifice'. And at the highest level of this sacrifice is the Turkish soldier. This is a kind of spiritual enlightenment that we can only try to explain, but never be able to understand completely.

Hundreds and thousands of human stories remain, some of them are written and most of them unknown.

My story of Gallipoli started in 1978 when I was only five. That day, in the village of Alçıtepe (Krithia), a handful of uniform buttons and shrapnel given to the little boy who was visiting the peninsula with his family, remained a trace in his soul which would never be wiped out.

Gallipoli came into my life inevitably and never left. The reality of there being a different story in every piece of shrapnel, or bullet, or piece of ceramic found on the battlefield; the forgotten tragedy of the soldiers in this fascinating atmosphere, the desire for protecting, saving and keeping their memory alive for the future, never desisted.

At the beginning of this year, my dear friend who, like me, is fascinated by Gallipoli, told me that he had bought a profound item from a web site. This object, sold first in public auction, then bought by Ozgur, and finally given to me, was a brass compass.

I had never seen such a sample before. There was writing on the compass probably engraved by - or for - the owner.

P. D. CASTLE 6TH BATT. ESSEX REGT.

I didn't know who P. D. Castle was, but I got as excited as anyone who had read about the 6th Battalion, Essex Regiment, and the landing at Suvla Bay from sources written in English.

Probably the compass belonged to an officer who fought in Gallipoli but this claim needed to



Lieut. Col. Percy David Castle

be investigated and verified. This compass shouldn't be left around as a simple antique object; one needed to solve its mystery.

In addition to the writing on its cover, the compass also had some other extraordinary features. First, it was still serviceable, and its indicator was showing the north precisely. The second speciality of the compass was more interesting. When close attention was paid, it could be seen that a plate had been painstakingly affixed to the dial of the compass. There were symbols, written in Ottoman Turkish, on this plate.

Despite not knowing this alphabet, the meaning of the signs were obvious because, to show the southeast, a symbol had been scraped off, and it was quite certain that the Ottoman symbol that replaced it indicated 'Kiblah' (the direction of Mekkah).

The main parts of the story could be deduced, more or less. The compass had belonged to a British officer who fought with the Essex Regiment in Gallipoli. It was lost somehow in the battlefield then found by a Turkish officer or brought to him. He wrote the directions on it in Ottoman Turkish with special care. Perhaps it was inherited by his children, given as a present, or had had some other adventure, before it was finally sold online and came to me.

The compass had no name or sign to indicate who the second owner had been. This unknown soldier was doubtless a man who respected history and artefacts as he did not erase the original owner's name. Unfortunately, to track him down was nearly impossible. However, the name on this brass compass could be tracked, and would become incredibly meaningful as time passed.

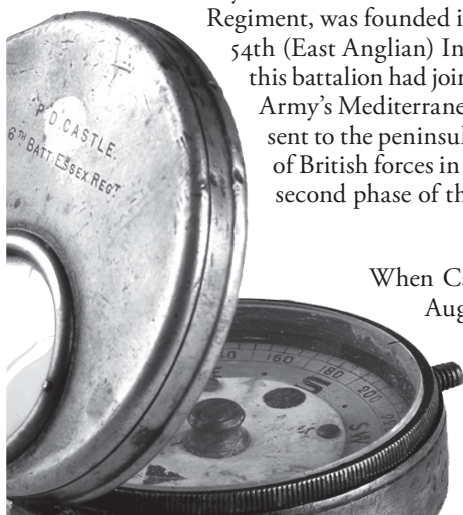
The compass had come to me via the internet and appropriately the internet would become the basis for my research. The first piece of information to go on was the brand inscribed on the interior of the cover, *Short & Mason Ltd*. The manufacturer was founded in London in 1875 and up to the end of the First World War they had produced measurement devices such as barometers, anemometers and compasses, and had afterwards shut down.

First, the P. D. of Castle was found; Percy David, then his rank: Captain. And as I had previously guessed, he had indeed fought in Gallipoli.

Initially I found information about his battalion. The 6th Battalion, Essex Regiment, was founded in August 1914 as a part of the 161st Brigade of the 54th (East Anglian) Infantry Division. After a few months of training, this battalion had joined the Gallipoli Campaign as a part of the British Army's Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. Captain Castle was also sent to the peninsula with his unit during the second biggest landing of British forces in the 6th of August 1915, which was accepted as the second phase of the campaign.

Offensive of 11 August

When Captain Castle's unit disembarked on the 11th of August 1915, the destiny of the Suvla landing was about to become perceptible. The initiative of Mustafa Kemal, the 10 August counter-attack on Chunuk Bair, poor execution from British commanders and their slow response had turned the newly-opened front in favour of Turkish forces. The 6th Essex Battalion had



fought mainly in the line on Kireçtepe, against the Gelibolu Gendarmerie battalion and its incredible commander, martyr Captain Kadri Bey. Their only success were to establish a shelter line between Aslantepe and Sivritepe (Jephson's Post) on the 18th of August.

Captain Castle was lucky. He not only survived these violent skirmishes but also was released from the peninsula because of an illness on the 16th of October 1915. The war was over for him. He would live to continue his military profession and survive the First World War. He would lose companions and his treasured compass. During my continuing research, I obtained many documents and photos about Captain Castle. The first photograph I found was of the officers of the 6th Essex, in which P. D. Castle was also present, taken before the Gallipoli Campaign. The soldiers on the photo had posed with honour without knowing whether the war would bring them an easily gained triumph or a painful end. Most of them would not return home.



Lieutenant-Colonel P D Castle TD (centre) and fellow soldiers of the Essex Regiment taken in 1924, the year before his retirement.

In any case, the Essex Battalion could be considered a lucky one, because during the ensuing battles nearly half of them were repatriated due to typhus or dysentery, so those illnesses saved their lives.

Percy David Castle was born in 1872, in Hertford, England. He had lived in West Ham, London, having belonged to an area which was a part of Essex before the war,. He married one Mary Claus in June 1909. According to archives, Castle passed away on 21st November 1948 and was survived by his wife Mary, who herself lived until 1971, and their only child David Castle, who was born on the 22nd of July 1911, who married and probably had children.

In issues of the *London Gazette* published during the Great War, I found several promotions and medal index card regarding P. D. Castle. His retirement from the military profession took place on 17th of February 1924 with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

The name P. D. Castle is mentioned in publications, including *Essex Units in the War* by John

Burrows, 1932, which has detailed information about the Essex Regiment, and Ray Westlake's *British Regiments at Gallipoli*, 1996.

I tried to reach a living individual from Castle's lineage but couldn't. My intention was to return the compass to the family because it is not an ordinary object; it is a family heirloom, and the owner's name was looking at me after long years.

The story developed as a chain of coincidences. With the mediation of Turkey's NTV History Magazine journalists, British researcher John Sheppard started a second search to find the family. Initially, some names were found but they weren't easy to reach. Soon after that, Susan Mertens was contacted. The grandchild of P. D. Castle, Susan had just around that time entered the extensive network of www.ancestry.com and written about her genealogical lineage and had included her address.

So researcher Sheppard reached her and we invited her to Turkey. She was both surprised and happy. After returning the compass to her more than a century on, incredible moments passed that are difficult to put down in writing.

The compass is now in Susan's home in Sussex and sits in front of the photos and medals of her grandfather and her father, who served in the Essex Regiment during the Second World War. Myself, I am flying towards new and uncharted stories about the person.



Murat Soylemez with Sue Mertens, prior to her return flight to London.

Murat Soylemez was born in Ankara in 1973. He has published numerous articles on the Gallipoli Campaign and World War I in various history magazines, and was instrumental in the establishment of the Gallipoli War Museum. He is currently working as a captain pilot in Turkish Airlines' A330 fleet.

PADDY TOBIN'S STORY

Paul G J Murphy

When my son sits down in Paradise, I pray that the Turk who killed him may sit down beside him.

So said the father of Capt. Paddy Tobin, Dr Richard Francis Tobin, in 1915.

Introduction

This story started for me in 1990 when my mother sent me an article that Kevin Myers had written in *The Irish Times* recounting a visit to Suvla Bay and featuring both a photo and reference to her uncle, Paddy Tobin, and the Pals 'D' Company of the 7th Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers. I had known vaguely about Paddy Tobin, my grandmother's beloved only brother, who had been killed in the Gallipoli campaign. I never heard my grandmother speak about what happened, though my mother later told me that she never did - to anyone, having been utterly devastated at the loss of her only sibling.

Today, understanding more about our country's difficult path to self-determination and more particularly, the way huge elements of our past were effectively removed from both the history books and acceptable discussion, I think I have a better appreciation of my grandmother's reticence to express more. I just wish I had taken an interest sooner.

As I learnt more about Paddy's story, I often wonder how she must have felt when both her own children, Patrick and Biddy, got on a train to Belfast in early 1940, aged just 21 and 19 respectively, in order to enlist in the British army at the outbreak of World War Two. Paddy had been a twenty-year-old medical student when he joined the army in 1914.

In 2009, I received a copy of *The Pals at Suvla Bay* by Henry Hanna. This book was such an engrossing and revealing read, I was determined that I would finally find out more. In passing, I noticed that Paddy and his sister Sheelagh's father, Dr Richard Tobin, were Committee members behind the establishment of the RDF Pals Battalion.

There are a few remarkable letters written in August 1915 from Suvla Bay before Paddy's death. Extracts from his last letter home (held in the RDF archives) have featured widely in various books and most recently have been quoted at the Commonwealth commemoration at Gallipoli which was attended by President Higgins and Prince Charles in April 2015.

Early years

Paddy was born on 6 August 1894 in Wicklow and I think spent many of his early years in the locality of Greystones. The family home however was at 60 Merrion Square, Dublin, adjacent to the old St Vincent's Hospital, where Richard Francis Tobin was head surgeon. He was born in 1843 in Waterford and qualified as a doctor with the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland (RCSI). He joined the British army in 1866 and served as field surgeon on the Suakin expedition to the Sudan in 1878. He published several papers in medical journals on his experiences. When he left the army after twenty years, he held the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Paddy studied medicine at Trinity College Dublin. He played rugby for Lansdowne RFC where a number of other future RDF Pals were also members. Having entered Trinity in 1912, for the 1913/14 season, Paddy switched to playing there. He was hon. secretary of the Dublin University Dramatic Society (DRAMSOC) and in February 1914 performed in George Bernard Shaw's *You Never Can Tell* presented at the Gaiety Theatre in Dublin.

Paddy, who had been in the Officers Training Corps in Trinity, was one of the early recruits to Frank Browning's Pals Company of the 7th RDF. Hanna's book makes the following reference to Paddy at this time, quoting Colonel Downing:¹

Captain Paddy Tobin, his (Captain Harrison's) second in command was one of the most splendid young officers I have ever known. His work seemed to come to him naturally and he was brave and fearless to a degree. The Pals Company set sail from Exeter for Gallipoli on 10 July 1915, stopping in Valetta, Alexandria and then Myteline, from where Paddy wrote to Sheelagh on 6 August 1915.²

My dear Sheelagh,

Last night we had a great dinner on board HMS. -----, Eight of us were the official guests of the ship. We dined on the quarter-deck which was all lit up with fairy lights and decorated with flags. This of course is a great honour, and has only been done a few times in the ship's history. I celebrated my 21st birthday consequently in great form.

Well, we're of now to do the real work, and have in about two hours to get into trawlers to pull us up to the shore. Everyone is in a great state of excitement and fuss, but all are delighted to get away from here. My next letter will probably be from the trenches - please God it will anyhow. I'm still keeping as fit as fiddle.

Give my love to everyone.

Your loving brother,

Paddy.

On 7 August 1915, the Pals disembarked at Suvla Bay. They instantly went from what had until then been like a *Boy's Own* adventure, into the most horrendous and terrifying killing zone. On top of this, one can only begin to imagine the hardships associated with intense August sun, insects, bowel ailments and severe dehydration due to lack of water. It was during this first engagement that Paddy played a critical role in the taking of Chocolate Hill. Paddy's own letter refers as follows:³

On Monday I had my most trying experience so far. Our forces were attacking another hill, about 600 yards from here and of the same height and had just got to the top then they were driven back. I had to take 34 boxes of ammunition up to the firing line with 60 of D. Company. This time I was out from 6 a.m. till 9 p.m. I got up into the firing line under a hail of bullets and dumped along the ammunition but not without losing 6 more of the Company.

It is particularly poignant to also read this message to his father in the same letter:

Of course when I get back with the help of my maps, and this - if you'll keep it - I will be able to explain the whole thing to you, as if you were there.

This letter to his father (post censorship) is reasonably candid. In contrast, the tone adopted in a letter the next day to his mother⁴ is full of good cheer:

My Dearest Mother,

I sent Daddy pages yesterday so this is just an answer to all your letters received today. We are having a great time here, a hot sun, but a delightful breeze and no flies. We expect to be here till tomorrow when we go up to the firing line to relieve some other regiment. Our happiness was complete when after a good night's sleep and a bath, our

first mail (18 letters for me) came in.

I am going to a general confession and Holy Communion in the morning - I'll send you another long letter in a week.

Best love to all.

Your loving son,

Paddy.

Even at just twenty one, the maturity and sensitivity to reassure an extremely anxious mother, while immersed in such a cauldron of human carnage, is remarkable. On 15 August, the 10th (Irish) Division attempted to take the strategic ridge of Kiretch Tepe Sirt (also known as Kizlar Dag). It was here that Paddy lost his life. The letter of Ernest Hamilton, a fellow Trinity medical student, to Paddy's father, best explains the circumstances:⁵

Rest Camp -19th August 1915

From Ernest Hamilton, D. Company 7th Batt., R.D.F.

Dear Mr Tobin,

Since our battalion arrived here, I have been fighting side by side with your noble son. I have witnessed his gallantry, which no one could excel, and saddest of all, I stood fighting by his side when he fell.

Well we - 'D' Company - occupied the highest knoll of the hill against which the enemy made his main attack. They brought up a huge supply of bombs, and throwing them over amongst us caused huge damage. We were then ordered to charge - which we did. Alas, the enemy were in an inaccessible position and few of us came back. We lost Major Harrison, Captain Hickman, and nearly all the men who took part in the charge.

Your son now took command of the Company. Our men at this time were getting badly knocked down. Paddy and I took up a position on the top of the knoll from there he controlled the fire and steadied the men. Such gallantry and coolness I have never witnessed. We fought like demons against three times our numbers and held on too. Our knoll came in for at least six attacks. During one of these your son was killed, shot through the head. He caught me by the shoulder, and when I turned he had passed away. I carried him back some distance, and placed him under shelter, but had to get back to my position and try and follow his magnificent example.

His death affected the men so much that I thought all was finished, but spurred by his example they fought for another hour as they have never fought before.

Captain C B Hoey, acting C.O., wrote to Paddy's father on 20 August as follows:⁶

It would be impossible to describe the gallantry displayed by the officers and men of the Battalion ... Hamilton was beside Paddy when he fell; he was shot through the brain and died instantaneously. He died as he lived, a gallant Irish gentleman. A hero, if ever there was one.

... The Colonel sent both their names in for gallantry in the field. D Company, who have been splendid throughout, are stunned at the loss of both their Captains. They would have followed Paddy anywhere.

The aftermath

Paddy's death took a huge toll on his parents. His mother, Frances, literally never recovered. She had not been in good health and apparently just relinquished any attempt to live, passing away in 1916. Richard Tobin, like many men, channelled his grief into his work and also by determining to see the positive. His attitude is best illustrated in this moving poem, published by Katharine Tynan in 1916:⁷

The Father

Captain Patrick Tobin, R.D.F. Suvla, August 15th, 1915

Ever his eyes are fixed on a glorious sight.
A boy is leading, calls his men to come on:
Light as a deer he leaps, slender and bright,
Up the hill, irresistible: it is won!

Ever he sees the boy against the sky,
A slender Victory, light on his golden head.
Hardly the down on his lip he hath leaped so high,
His name is writ among the undying Dead.

Captain at one-and-twenty! Much was to come,
Great things yet to be done, heights to be scaled;
Love and comradeship, all fruition of bloom.
He has attained to the highest. Not he who failed!

The mother weeps her boy who comes not again.
The Father sees him, splendid and laughing still,
Leaping like a young deer, calling his men.
The glory dazzles! The boy's keeping the hill!

Richard (or Dick) Tobin was by all accounts not only an excellent surgeon, but also quite an outspoken and engaging character. Although he had spent twenty years in the British army and was a supporter of the Union with Britain, he also held Irish nationalist sentiments. Like many of his contemporaries, Dick believed that the 1916 Rising was wrong and a betrayal of those who had gone to war. There was however a further dimension to him only six months after Paddy was killed, when James Connolly was assigned to his care following incarceration. Although holding very different political views, Tobin formed a positive relationship with Connolly. It seems that the respect was reciprocated as the following extract from a biography of Connolly notes: ⁸

After some time, a military doctor and a civilian entered the room. The white-haired elderly man asked Connolly how he was. 'As usual, Surgeon Tobin', he replied. Surgeon Tobin drew the military officer and an army officer who had been seated in the room into the conversation. Nora Connolly saw the twinkle come back into her father's eyes and heard him laugh. As Surgeon Tobin prepared to leave the room her father remarked: 'Wonderful Man. Wonderful Man. Never met his like.'

Some final reflections and a visit to Gallipoli.

Gordon (my son) and I visited the Gallipoli Peninsula on 14 and 15 August 2015 to mark the centenary of Paddy's death. As Kevin Myers said back in that original piece he wrote in *An Irishman's Diary*: 'Gallipoli is a sobering place, particularly around Suvla Bay'.⁹ It certainly

was where we were, alone when we visited on the morning of 15 August. We also visited the Helles Memorial where Paddy's name is inscribed, along with thousands of others who have no known graves. It was I think very fitting that on the very day I was in Gallipoli on Paddy's centenary, an Irish rugby team was in action at Lansdowne Road. I leave the last word to Mr Tom Burke, Chairman of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers Association, who in an article in *The Irish Times* published on the day, wrote:¹⁰

When we sing Ireland's Call, standing shoulder to shoulder, in a spirit of reconciliation, could we spare a thought for Paddy Tobin, Jasper Brett and the hundreds of young Turkish men who died defending their homeland in a war that should never have happened.

I conclude with two quotations. The first was spoken in 1915 by my Great Grandfather about Paddy:

'When my son sits down in Paradise I pray that the Turk who killed him may sit down beside him.'

The second is the now very well-known statement attributed to Mustafa Kemal Atatürk in 1934, who had commanded the Turkish troops defending Gallipoli.

Those heroes who shed their blood and lost their lives on this land!

You are now lying in the soil of a friendly country.

Therefore rest in peace.

There is no difference between the Johnnies and the Mehments to us where they lie side by side now here in this country.

You the mothers who sent your 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.

While uttered many years apart, there is nice harmony in these two sentiments and this is also something that resonates on visiting the peninsula and seeing how the two sides have remembered their fallen. It took me a long time to get there, but I am very glad that I eventually did.

Acknowledgements

Many people have assisted me in various ways and I would particularly like to thank the following: Kevin Myers, Myles Dungan, Ciaran O'Mara (Lansdowne FC), Sean Connolly (RDF Association), Tom Burke (RDF Association) Liam O'Callaghan (Liverpool Hope University), James Durney, (historian, Naas) and Mary Clark (city archivist, Dublin City Library, Pearse St).

Endnotes

1. Hanna, Henry, *The Pals at Suvla* (Dublin: E. Ponsonby Ltd, 1916). p23.
2. Tobin, Capt. Paddy 'D' Co. 7th RDF. (Dublin: RDF A Archive).
3. *ibid.*
4. *ibid.*
5. *ibid.*
6. *ibid.*
7. Tynan, Katherine. *The Holy War* (London: Sidgwick & Jackson Ltd, 1916).
8. Nevin, Donal, *James Connolly, a Full Life* (Dublin: Gill and Macmillan, 2005), chapter 36.
9. Editor, *The Irish Times*. 22 August 1990. Article by Kevin Myers.
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50TH ANNIVERSARY VISIT

Andy Taylor

There has been, and continues to be much attention paid to World War One centenaries, but what of the 50th anniversaries, when the young men of 1914-18 would have been fairly recently retired, many of them in their late 60s and early 70s, still relatively fit? Overseas travel was less daunting and perhaps attitudes and finances had led to an environment when visits to the more distant battlefields had become possible.

Such was the case in April 1965, the 50th anniversary of the landings when 3 former members of The Herefordshire Regiment, who had landed at Suvla Bay on 8 August 1915, undertook a visit to Gallipoli. The 3 were led by Harold Slaymaker (72), who had been detached from the Battalion at Gallipoli as a Staff Clerk with HQ 160 Bde, and he was later to work for the Foreign Service in many embassies throughout Europe and I suspect he may have been the inspiration behind the tour. John (Jack) Davies and Thomas (Tommy) Fletcher both 71 had



'Setting Off', Hereford Railway Station.

L to R: Lt Col Carr, Harry Slaymaker, Col McClean, John Davies, Thomas Fletcher

landed on the beaches on the morning of 8 August, and both were evacuated suffering from wounds and dysentery.

The three left Hereford Railway Station and were seen off by The Lord Lieutenant, Colonel J F McClean and Lt-Col P M Carr - the honorary colonel and CO of The Herefordshire Light Infantry respectively – the successor regiment to The Herefords. The intrepid three travelled by train and coach via London, Brussels, Munich, Maribor, Zagreb, Belgrade and Sofia before arriving at Istanbul. There is no indication of how long the journey took, but pre-motorway,

‘free’ border crossing and coaches with ‘air-con’, it must have been quite a journey!

These were also the days before common public international phone communication and Harold Slaymaker regularly reported back by telegram.

They attended a reception held by The British Legion (pre ‘Royal’ days), and appear to have met up with a reporter who was recording a piece to be broadcast on the radio programme *From Our Own Correspondent*. The ‘script’ for the programme appears below.

I suspect for two of the three this was only the second time they had travelled overseas, the first being 50 years earlier! I have been so far unable to find an account of their visit – although I know Harold Slaymaker wrote one – or to locate any photographs – tasks to pursue which may lead to another article!

Editor’s note: The following article, *Radio Transcript 1965*, was supplied by Andy Taylor, honorary curator of The Herefordshire Light Infantry Museum and author of ‘50th Anniversary Visit’.

RADIO TRANSCRIPT 1965

Istanbul

Commissioned for ‘From Our Own Correspondent’ 24 Apr 65.

Tape recorded in Istanbul on 22 Apr 65 and received in Foreign News on 23 Apr 65

Cue Material: The 50th anniversary of the Gallipoli landings – the Allies’ operation of 1915 designed to force the straits guarding Constantinople and to open communications with armies of the Czar of Russia. Peter Flinn reports from Istanbul – in those days Constantinople.

Constantinople – the luxurious metropolis of the Ottoman Empire: hot baths, rich food, women – it was the dream of the men on the beaches and the rocky hills of the Gallipoli Peninsula, where in 9 months the losses on both sides totalled half a million, of whom more than a hundred thousand were dead.

Today in a new Constantinople - modern Istanbul, Private Tommy Fletcher of the 1st Battalion The Herefordshire Regiment, Territorial Army, looked round from his armchair and said - well I never would’ve believed it. We never saw above four miles of Turkey, and most of the time then we had our heads sown. We landed in Suvla Bay in August; November the rain came, then we had 17O of frost; I got a bit of shrapnel in the leg, they had to cut the boots off me’.

Three tough seventy-year-olds from Hereford, backed by their county, made their way here independently, and with Drummer Jack Davis map reading, with his schoolmate Private Fletcher and Harold Slaymaker handling the administration, they made their way to Suvla Bay. Unknown to them heading for the same destination from Newfoundland was the Prime Minister, Mr Joseph Smallwood and a party of 6. From Germany came serving soldiers; Sergeant Brooks and 2 others from the Royal Horse Artillery organised a lift with the American Air Force. Captain Kelly and his 5 drove a minibus from Germany to represent the Hampshire Regiment. A French Gallipoli Commander, General Lehr brought his men by chartered aircraft, the Germans chartered a ship – The High Command on the Turkish side was held by the German Field Marshal Liman von Sanders. But the major operation was organised by the Australians and New Zealanders, over 300 of them in their chartered Turkish ship cruised along the Mediterranean coast, also visiting Tobruk and El Alamein and cruised

calmly and peacefully through those straits which had meant so much 50 years ago, and tied up here in the heart of the city to a most extraordinary reception. As leathery tough 70 year old Australians came down the gangway, a quiver ran through the ranks of equally tough and broad 70 year old Turkish veterans. Tears came to the Turks eyes, they sighed with relief, as their leader General Selshaddin Selishik broke the emotion and broke ranks to embrace an Australian opposite number whom he seemed to recognise 50 years on.

In part the congratulations on each side have been on the sheer achievement of living through it all. For, after that strange truce after the first month's fighting when each side met on the battlefield to bury their dead, the hatred disappeared. In the long days between battles, each side would throw gifts across – food or cigarettes. One Australian said an old Turk used to come across and collect washing on his sector – the Turks had water, the Anzacs hardly any. It is certainly true that occasionally individual marksmen, one Australian and one Turk, would stand up in the hushed trenches and blaze away at each other until one fell.

It was another world. On the beaches today and in the rocky hills are stone memorials and cemeteries – the graves wonderfully green with the spring rains. But the war reminders are there. The bulldozers, cutting a road down to Anzac Cove tuned up dozens of hand grenades. One relic changes hands this anniversary: a Turkish bugle, captured by The Hampshires, goes back to the Turks by the hand of the serving soldiers of The Hampshire Regiment.

The old soldiers are proud of their past, but they do not live in it. Fifty years ago they existed somehow for months on Turkish soil, when as they say, all they knew of the Turks was, if you saw one, you either chucked a tin of bully beef at him or blew his head off. Today the Anzacs see ordinary Turks catching buses, going shopping, looking forward to the introduction of television; and, 70 years old or not, the old soldiers are quite capable of making the most of the present wonder; that they should be alive and in Constantinople.

THE DARDANELLES CUP

Bernard de Broglio

During the long-drawn days of October and November, as they held the line at Helles, the men of VIII Corps took on a new fight, for a unique honour – the Dardanelles Cup.

I found a game of football in full swing behind our lines at Gallipoli, and saw, as I approached, a man knocked out by a Turkish shell. He was carried off the field on a stretcher, and the game proceeded with a fine disregard of danger. The lad was not seriously hurt. When I spoke to him, his one annoyance was that the Turks had “copped” him just as he was in the act of kicking a goal for his side!

Rev Dr William Ewing, chaplain, 4th Royal Scots¹

Teams of the 42nd (East Lancashire) Division, 52nd (Lowland) Division, Royal Naval Division and ‘Other Units’ played off in four groups – A, B, C and D – the winners of each group meeting in the semi-finals.

Preparations began in the autumn.

2nd RM Battalion Football Team, Cape Helles 20/9/15.

It is proposed to form a Battalion Football team for the coming winter. Platoon Commanders please render, names of NCOs and men desirous of playing below.

28 names – each with their position on the field – were put forward.²

Saturday 2 October. We had a meeting re Dardanelles Football Cup in evening – resolved to get up a team and have a shot at the Cup.

Saturday 9 October. Two teams of the Detachment played this afternoon for selection. Ellis overdid it and got flopped; we're all frightfully weak, I suppose; though, as we're all in the same condition we don't notice it.

Richard Harry Walker, Army Ordnance Corps³

The 'medicos' of the 42nd Division also held trials, the efforts of 1/1st East Lancashire Field Ambulance reported in their trench journal "Y" News on 1 November.

Our worthy comrades turned out with smiling faces (after making a tour of dugouts borrowing shorts) and many were the sarcastic remarks levelled at them in feeble endeavours at humour, but away they went nothing daunted to prove their metal on the Field of – Football.

Their comrades at "Y" Beach eagerly awaited their return (duty not permitting them to watch the tussle) and just before 5 they were seen coming round the bend, their heads held high, although defeated, prepared for the chaff and critical remarks they would be called upon to bear. They instantly made their defeat public and upon hearing the result one of our cooks who was busy stirring the stew immediately began to sing 'What a team we've got Oi Oi,' much to the amusement of the dashing forwards. I had the pleasure of interviewing one of the players and he had the usual football field excuses. He said that they had a professional forward against them and the goal their opponents scored was miles above the hands of our lean and lanky goaler, but, however, I am convinced that our lads did their best and would have won if they had not met a team better than themselves.⁴

The men picked to represent the East Lancs Field Ambulances would play in Group A against other units of the 42nd Division. Their first round opponent was an Army Service Corps team, the match played on the ground of 14th Siege Battery, Royal Garrison Artillery.

RAMC. Bracewell, Stephens (Cpl), Stephens (Pte), Basnett, Finlay, Harding, Wilson, Whatmough, Capt Gibson, Roberts, Anderton. ASC. Dentith (Cpl), Leight, Emblem, Hyatt, Gunn, Dentith (Dvr), Gamble, Mills, Warden, Gibson, Sharkey. Referee – Pte Street.

The RAMC won the toss and the ASC kicked off with the wind and sun in their faces. The opening exchanges were fast and furious but the forwards on both sides were somewhat dominated by the half backs. The RAMC scored in 7 minutes. From a free kick Roberts received and tricking both the full back and the goaler (who ran out to meet him) scored with a beautiful rising shot. Resuming, the ASC tried desperately to equalise and sent in one shot which crashed against the upright. Near thing for the Medicals. Bracewell next brought off a magnificent save, clearing with the utmost coolness a terrific grounder by Warden.

The ASC had all the play hereabouts and twice nearly scored. Warden and Mills both sending in good shots. The second goal was a gift to the RAMC. The ball was put forward and Leigh completely mis-kicked. Whatmough who had followed up scored with a high shot which completely deceived Dentith. The ASC now two goals in arrears now doubled their energies and some rather rough play ensued, which was immediately

checked by the capable referee. Capt Gibson was injured through colliding with Gunn but soon recovered. Some rather wild kicking by the RAMC ensued hereabouts and half time arrived with the RAMC 2 ASC 0.

On resuming some rather good passing by the ASC forwards almost led to a goal for them, Sharkey just failing to gather a pass, and Stephens cleared. Capt Gibson and Roberts' play were outstanding features in the RAMC forward line and another movement commenced by them led to the third goal. From a throw in near the corner Basnett with good judgement threw the ball just in front of goal and Roberts headed the third and his second goal.

Whatmough had a narrow escape just immediately afterwards, Emblem clearing with a huge kick and just missing the inside left's head by inches. Warden was playing very well hereabouts. Cpl Dentith brought off a magnificent save from Capt Gibson and was cheered by all the spectators which included Staff Officers and men. The ball was in midfield when the whistle blew.⁵

The final score was RAMC 3 ASC 0. The medicos won their next two ties, one a 4-3 defeat of the 1/6th Lancashire Fusiliers, to reach the semi-final of Group A.

On the other side of that group was the 127th (Manchester) Brigade who took advantage of a short stay in Corps Reserve at Gully Beach to play two ties.

On 17 November, the 1/7th Battalion of the Manchester Regiment played the 1/6th Manchesters.

The 6th got the quickest into their stride, and early on in the first half established a very useful lead of 2 goals to nil.

This however was levelled to 2-2 at half-time, and the teams changed round with the Seventh showing the best form. They quickly put the issue beyond doubt by the rapid registering of two additional goals, finally winning 4 goals to 2, goal scorers being Hancock 2, Pearson 1, Wheelton 1.

The match demonstrated that the Battalion had quite a useful team and might go far.⁶

Herbert (Bertie) Nidd of the 7th Manchesters watched the game.

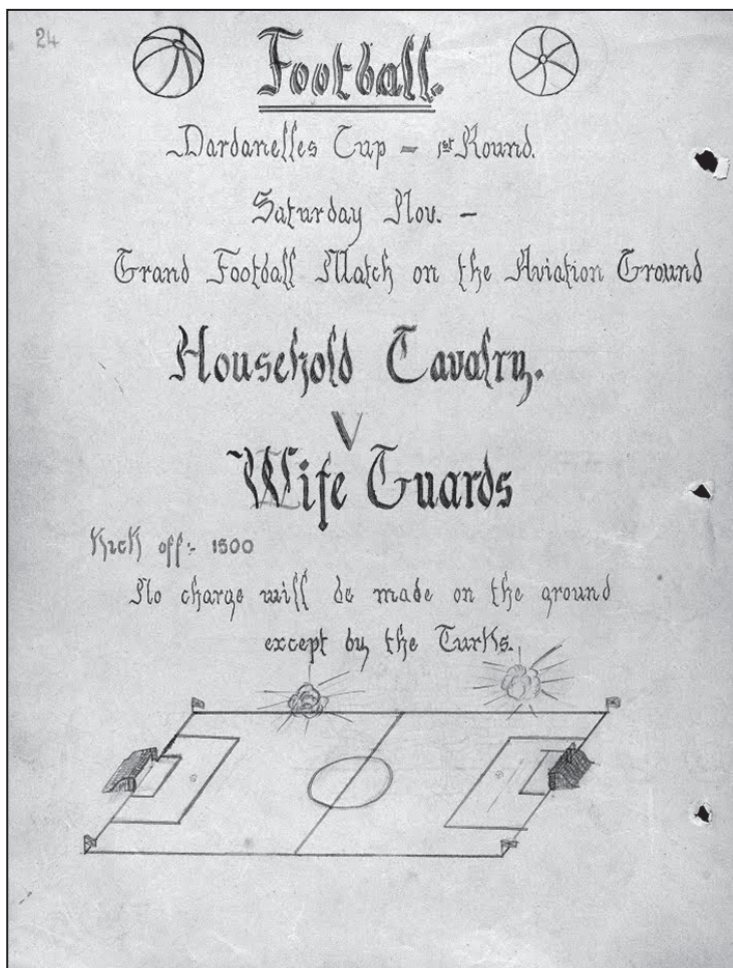
Wednesday our men played football (under fire) for the 'Gallipoli cup'. We did jolly well, beating the 6th Manchesters by 4 to 2. We were not stopped by shells as they only came fairly near to us.⁷

The following day the 7th took on the Ardwick men of the 1/8th Manchesters.

The 8th scored early on, but this did not dishearten the boys who played much better than previously. Hancock equalised before half time, at the change of ends we stood 1 goal each. In the second half we had much the better of the play and Wheelton scored twice, thus winning 3 goals to 1.

After this match the Battalion moved forward into the firing line and no football could be indulged in during our stay there.⁸ This stay was a very trying period for us but the team was fortunate enough to escape casualties, though a good many were mixed up with a mine explosion, a very nerve racking experience. As soon as we moved back from the trenches into Y Ravine [10 December] we were turned out unexpectedly to meet the RAMC.⁹

These were the medical men of the East Lancashire Field Ambulance, "a well advertised team and strong favourite to win the cup outright."



The Dardanelles Cup was good fodder for "Y" News, the trench newspaper of the 1/1st East Lancs Field Ambulance. This poster for a game on the Aviation Ground (near Hunter-Weston Hill) advises that 'no charge will be made on the ground except by the Turks.' In another edition, the editors noted that 'all seats in the Grand Stand upon the occasion of the final for the Dardanelles Cup have been secured by Enver Pasha. Apply personally to him.'

This game was one of the best ever seen on the artillery ground and the "Meds" no doubt played well, but an early goal by Wheelton could never be overtaken, despite many a great rally by the "Meds". We finally ran out winners 1-0.

Not much rest was allowed us and the next day we turned out to meet the 10th Manchesters.¹⁰

The 10th Manchesters had reached the 42nd Divisional Final with wins over the 1/5th East Lancs 3-2, 1/9th Manchesters 4-3 and East Kent Yeomanry 3-1.

Before we could proceed with the game we had to await the Turks until they had

finished shelling the ground. Shells actually dropped right into the centre of the playing pitch and even through the goals.

We had plenty of misfortune hereabouts hitting the goalposts but could not score, although much better than our opponents. They scored a rather tame goal from a bouncing ball over the head of [the goalkeeper] Moores, who at the moment could have done with a few more inches in height.

This goal proved sufficient to put us out of the match and the competition. The long spell in the trenches just previously to these matches was probably a contributing cause to this defeat. This match was fated to be the last in which our brilliant centre forward Hancock was to appear. He was one of the last men of our battalion to be killed, just before our departure from the Peninsula.¹¹

The 1/10th Manchesters, winners of the 42nd Divisional Final, would be presented with their medals at a battalion parade in Egypt in August 1916.¹²

The 7th's prolific scorer, Wheelton, is described in the battalion's journal as 'good for at least a yard in front of the "referee"', while centre half Private A Clavering – 'a very brilliant Glossop player' – 'proved a good "General" and placed the ball with great control thus making good openings.'

The games in Group A were probably played on the 'Football Field' at Geoghagan's Bluff astride Gully Ravine. Described here is an early round contested by the yeomanry of Sussex and West Kent.

The game could not be played where the ground was nice and level on the top as being a little too much in view of Achi Baba and the Turkish guns, but makeshifts were found and our great and only appearance took place against the Sussex on the famous ground at Geoghagan's Bluff on a Sunday in Nov 1915. This place was one of the spots where we were supposed to rest (fatigues day and night included). A horseshoe of small hills hid us from the trenches and provided holes for dug-outs until the wash-out came and messed them up. There we could sit and watch the traffic up and down the muddy Gully, the graveyard below with its occasional ceremony and the glorious sunsets. From here, too, we could watch the great match.

The ground was too short and too narrow and sloped considerably, but it might have been worse. The Turks were kind and either did not shell at all or directed their attention elsewhere and nobody seemed to have the wind up that afternoon. As everybody's kit had been covered in mud by wash-out or mining the game was a bit slow, but contested with great spirit. The Sussex finally won by 1-0.¹³

Group B was contested by units of the 52nd (Lowland) Division.

In an early round, on a ground 'towards Morto Bay,' the 1/5th Argyll And Sutherland Highlanders met the 1/6th Highland Light Infantry.

The game was being played not a hundred yards from a French battery, which at the time was shelling and being shelled by the Turks. A shell burst rather near one of the goals, so the spectators moved to the other end of the field, but the game went on. After a few more shells in different places, one struck a gun epaulement and the gunners deemed it wise to leave. The Frenchmen walked past the end of the field, glanced at the game still going on, and then at each other with expressions that said very clearly, "All that we have heard is quite true. The British are completely mad." The game went

on and in due course was finished.¹⁴

The result is not recorded but we know the 1/5th A&SH suffered a 5-0 reverse on 20 November, beaten by the eventual winners of the group, the 1/5th HLI.

On 24 November, in a clash between teams of the 156th (Scottish Rifles) Brigade, the 1/7th Royal Scots beat the regiment's 4th Battalion 4-1. In the next round, the 1/7th Royal Scots met the 1/5th HLI with the same scoreline resulting, this time in favour of the HLI.

Few fixtures in this group are recorded, but the war diary of the 1/2nd Lowland Field Ambulance notes a match on 15 December against the 1/1st Lanarkshire Yeomanry, 156th Brigade, with Corps commander General Davies among the spectators.

In late December, the 1/5th HLI triumphed 3-2 over the 1/4th Royal Scots Fusiliers to win Group B.

In connection with this tournament an incident occurred on the 19th December, during the Battalion's attack. Captain Campbell had charge of the football arrangements. In the middle of the battle, while sitting more or less triumphantly in a captured Turkish trench, he received by special messenger word from the Division that the Battalion team must play the 5th RSF the following day or be struck out of the tournament. A triumph of departmental work.¹⁵

Group C featured teams of the Royal Naval Division.

Ahead of the football season, the RND Engineers sent fatigue parties to prepare a football ground. 'St James Park' was opened on 8 October, General Sir Archibald Paris kicking off in a match between the RMLI battalions. General Davies was present.¹⁶

On 11th October, the Plymouth Battalion [2/RMLI] relate that they started to prepare the dug-outs for the winter, and in the afternoon played their league football match with the Howe Battalion, which they lost by four goals to one, the game having to be stopped twice, owing to shells falling on the pitch.¹⁷

Private Thomas Henry (Harry) Baker¹⁸ turned out for the 1st Royal Marine Light Infantry.

There was a piece of land where the teams used to play football and I think the Turks used to watch with their field glasses. That was before football was very well known in Turkey. There was not one shell hole on that piece of ground, not one. It was absolutely flat. It was hard and sandy somewhat, and you could play good football on there... They'd got goal posts made up of bits of trees, they looked a bit raw, but they were standard size. No nets, just the posts. They marked out along the side by marking in the sand the lines, no whitewash or anything like that. We stripped right down, one side wore shirts and the other side didn't wear any so it was no trouble for the referee to sort them out.

I played left back for the battalion, the ruins of the battalion I should say. We played the Hood Battalion in the Dardanelles Cup and we drew one each. The football was quite good. We'd got two professionals in our team, Moore and Carter.¹⁹

James Starkie, 2nd Field Company, RND Engineers, saw a game here on 5 November.

The Engineers playing the City of London Fusiliers [2/2nd London Regiment] in the first round for the Gallipoli Cup. A very impressive match with a 1-1 finish. The ground is in full view of Achi Baba and Krithia. There was a crowd of spectators, who

watched some good play. One fellow is an amateur international, who previously played for Crystal Palace. The ground is called St James Park and belongs to the RND. We won.²⁰

Lance Corporal Charles Atkin of the RNDE also saw the game.

Draw 1-1. A good match.²¹

The engineers won the replay 4-0 but were knocked out in the next round 3-1 by the Hood Battalion. This side of the draw featured teams of the 1st Royal Naval Brigade. CPO Robert Findlay, RSM of Hawke Battalion, noted Hawke's progress in his diary.²²

23 November

Football match against Marines [1/RMLI] in Dardanelles Cup. Game uninterrupted by shell fire. Hawke 5 Marines nil.

24 November

Another match against Nelson. Hawke 5 Nelson nil. Camp badly shelled.

29 November

Semi-final of Dardanelles Cup [Group C]. Exciting game between Hawke and Hood. Beaten by 3 to 2 after extra time.

30 November

Back to trenches. New sector taken over from Manchesters.

Late November, it will be remembered, was a time of torrential rain, flood and blizzard on the peninsula. Football commentator Andy Gray once questioned if Barcelona's superstars could perform in adverse conditions. Clearly the RND could do it on a 'cold, wet Wednesday night at Stoke.'

On the other side of the draw in Group C, Anson and Howe dominated, Anson accounting for the 2/RMLI 9-0 while Howe edged past the Royal Marines Medical Unit 3-2. The medicos had knocked out the 2/4th London Regiment in the first round 2-1. In the match for 2nd Brigade honours, Anson beat Howe 3-1 to set up a divisional final against Hood.

The battle between the brigade champions was a high-scoring affair, the match ending 5-5. In the replay at St James Park on 13 December, Anson again put 5 goals past Hood, this time unanswered, to win Group C and progress to the first semi-final of the Dardanelles Cup.

In Group D – 'Other Units' in VIII Corps routine orders – the draw is much less clear. The 29th Division is well represented but few ties are recorded in war diaries and memoirs, and perhaps only this one snippet of reportage.

The great change for the better in the weather after the last blizzard had an excellent effect on the physique of the men. They were, on the whole, looking very fit and well. They were full of life and spirits. When relieved from more serious duty, they played football with tremendous enthusiasm, and without regard to consequences. Even the padres are unable to resist the fascination of the game. I had one as a patient with an injury to his knee, sustained when bravely struggling goalward with the ball!²³

That thrusting padre may be Reverend D G Evans, attached 29th DA from 20 October to 3 December 1915, when he was admitted to hospital from injuries received at football.²⁴

In the first round, on 26 October, a hard fought game saw the 15th Heavy Battery RGA beat 147th Brigade, Royal Field Artillery, 2-1. On 4 November, the 1st Royal Inniskilling

Fusiliers beat the 1st King's Own Scottish Borderers 1-0 after extra time.

In the second round in early December, No. 5 Siege Company, Royal Monmouth Royal Engineers, blasted VIII Corps Headquarters 4-0 before being knocked out by 29th Divisional Train 2-1. The 15th Brigade, Royal Horse Artillery, beat the Army Veterinary Corps 5-0.

On 23 December in cold and windy conditions, in what may have been the final of Group D, an Army Service Corps team defeated 15th Brigade RHA 3-1.

Running concurrently was a tournament contested by teams of the 29th Divisional Artillery. The final of the Stockdale Cup, played on a clear Christmas day, was won 3-1 by the 90th Heavy Battery RGA. The 8cm silver cup²⁵ was presented by their commanding officer, Brigadier-General Herbert Edward Stockdale. Beaten finalists were 'B' Battery RHA.²⁶

On 16 December, as endeavours at Helles were coming to a head, VIII Corps headquarters announced the draw for the semi-finals.

NOTICE. "DARDANELLES CUP"

Draw for semi-finals:-

42nd Division v R.N. Division.

52nd Division v "Other Units"

Units playing in the semi finals will arrange mutually the day on which they will play off their match which must be done between now and December 25th.

The final to be played off on Boxing Day December 26th.

Both semi finals and final will be played off on the Corps football ground near Hunter Weston Hill.

Divisions will notify the AQMG 8th Corps the date and hour on which the semi finals will be played.

Units will provide their own linesmen. Lieut McRae, Black Watch will referee in the match between 42nd Division and RND.

Lieut McLellan, No 17 Casualty Clearing Station in the match between 52nd Division and Other Units, and either Lieut McRae or Lieut McLellan in the Final.²⁷

At 2pm on Monday 20 December, in the first semi-final, winners of Group A and C met at the Corps Ground. The RND came out on top, the Anson Battalion beating the 1/10th Manchesters 2-0.

The scheduling of the other semi-final – between the 52nd Division and 'Other Units' – must have been affected by the planned relief of VIII Corps by IX Corps, then the order for evacuation. It is not clear if the tie was played. Perhaps the 1/5th HLI were given a bye²⁸ as they turned out against Anson for the final of the Dardanelles Cup.

Originally scheduled for Boxing Day, the evacuation of Helles caused the final to be postponed until 13 January 1916. Instead of being played at the Corps Ground, giving the Ottoman army a grandstand view, the teams met at Mudros on the island of Lemnos, 'birthplace of all winds.'²⁹

The 5th HLI history has the team sheet for the Scottish battalion: E Hammil, J B Smith, A Jardine, Sgt D Smith, J M'Cann, Sgt J Logan, J Laird, T Knight, Sgt D Calder, Cpl E Stevenson and Sgt A Bain. The RND team is not listed. The referee was Maurice George Kiddy, 1/1st Suffolk Yeomanry, of Finchley, London.³⁰

The day was an unfortunate one as it was blowing hard, with the result that the football was not of a very high order... it was a hard game and there is no doubt the better team won.³¹

To the Anson Battalion, by the commander of the corps, Lieutenant-General Sir Francis Davies KCB, was presented the Dardanelles Cup.

Details of the final at Mudros are scanty. The score is not known and the trophy win is recorded in spare, single sentences in two extant RND war diaries.³² The retreat from the peninsula must have been tinged with shame and regret, the final perhaps an anti-climax.

Of the 13 or so professional footballers killed at Gallipoli,³³ only 2/Lt Archibald McLardie, 1/5th A&SH, of Dumbarton, Johnstone, St Mirren and Vale of Leven, is likely to have played in the Dardanelles Cup. No doubt there were others who served at Gallipoli and survived the Dardanelles campaign. The 7th Manchesters had 'famous footballers in Sergeants Pearson and Bamber' and the RMLI 'two professionals... Moore and Carter.'

In 1975, Edward Harris, 1st Border Regiment, 29th Division, returned to Gully Ravine with a party of some 23 veterans led by George Horridge.³⁴

About halfway we came to a wide part of the Gully where (George told us) was the only place on the Peninsula the lads could have a game of football. Whilst the rest of the party did a reccy for some particular point of interest, I sat in the shade of a tree and drank a coca cola kindly given me by Duckworth, and imagined the game in progress. It reminded me of a poem by Proust, the last verse of which reads

And — while you live and I — shall last

Its tale of seasons with us yet

Who cherish, in the undying past,

The men we never can forget.

Endnotes

1. William Ewing, *From Gallipoli to Baghdad* (London, Hodder and Stoughton, 1917): 300.
2. Jack Marshall, email to the author. Transcribed from a handwritten sheet of paper from the Royal Marines Museum.
3. 'Dardanelles Cup', Great War Forum, accessed 4 June 2017, <http://1914-1918.invisionzone.com/forums/index.php?/topic/3662-dardanelles-cup/>.
4. 'Our Defeated Footballers', 'Y' News, the Journal of the 1st/1st East Lancashire Field Ambulance, 1 November 1915, Number 6, Wellcome Library, <http://wellcomelibrary.org/item/b19003687>.
5. 'Dardanelles Cup 1st Round', 'Y' News, the Journal of the 1st/1st East Lancashire Field Ambulance, 8 November 1915, Number 7, Wellcome Library, <http://wellcomelibrary.org/item/b19003687>.
6. 'Football News.: By Battn. Sgt. Major Hartnett.', The Seventh Manchester Sentry: 'We Never Sleep', no. 3 (1 March 1916): 3. The team sheet for the 1/7th was: goal Moores, backs Cpl Gleeson, Sgt Shields, halves Cpl Tabron, Clavering, Walton, forwards Cpl Pearson, Lieut Bell, Hancock, Wheelton, McCarthy.
7. Gallipoli: Amazing Diaries Reveal the Horror and Reality of Mancunians on the Frontline 100 Years on', *Manchester Evening News*, 24 July 2015, <http://www.manchestereveningnews.co.uk/news/gallipoli-amazing-diaries-reveal-horror-9717201>.
8. The war diary of the 1/6th Manchesters records further matches on 24 Nov, a cold, windy day. The 7th beat the 6th and the 8th beat the 5th. It may be that the 127th (Manchester) Brigade played a round robin rather than a knock-out competition to determine the brigade's representative in the divisional semi-finals. The 7th Manchesters had already beaten the 8th on 18 Nov.
9. 'Football News.: By Battn. Sgt. Major Hartnett.', The Seventh Manchester Sentry: 'We Never Sleep', no. 3 (1 March 1916): 3.

10. Op. cit.
11. Op. cit.
12. Jacqui, 'Dardanelles Cup Final Helles 1915', 2 January 2007, <http://www.rootschat.com/forum/index.php?topic=203067.18>.
13. 'Athletic Recollections (Part. II.) Abroad.', *Chronicles of the White Horse, Queen's Own, Royal West Kent Regiment*, no. 1 (1 January 1917): 10. The West Kent Yeomanry were represented by L/Sgt Letherby, L/Cpl Kingwell, Longhurst, Davidson, Miles, Hill, Dixon, Betties, E T Legge, Cosham Dinnis and Upton.
14. M.C Thompson R. R. and J. B Ramsey, *The Fifty-Second (Lowland) Division, 1914-1918* (Glasgow [Strathclyde] : MacLehose, Jackson and Co., 1923).
15. Officers of the Fifth Battalion Highland Light Infantry, *The Fifth Battalion Highland Light Infantry in the War, 1914-1918*. -- (MacLehose, Jackson and Co, 1921), <http://archive.org/details/5thbattalionHL100fiftuoft>.
16. 'Piece 4291: Royal Naval Division: Divisional Signal Company (1915 Apr-1916 Feb)', Ancestry.com - UK, WWI War Diaries (Gallipoli and Dardanelles), 1914-1916.
17. Sir H. E. Blumberg, *Britain's Sea Soldiers : A Record of the Royal Marines during the War 1914-1919* (Devonport : Swiss & Co, 1927).
18. A Company, 1/RMLI. Evacuated with jaundice from Helles on 17 October 1915.
19. 'Baker, Thomas Henry (IWM Interview)', <http://www.iwm.org.uk/collections/item/object/80008517>.
20. R.N.D. no. 24 (Leigh-on-Sea, editor and publisher, Len Sellers, March 2003): 2379.
21. Diary, Fleet Air Arm Museum. Quoted in email to author.
22. 'Papers of Robert Findlay', Library/Archive Brotherton Library, University of Leeds.
23. William Ewing, *From Gallipoli to Baghdad*: 167.
24. R. M. Johnson, *29th Divisional Artillery, War Record and Honours Book, 1915-1918* (Woolwich: Royal Artillery, 1921): 139.
25. '90th Heavy Battery RGA at Cape Helles 1915', Great War Forum, accessed 5 June 2017, <http://1914-1918.invisionzone.com/forums/index.php?topic/175701-90th-heavy-battery-rga-at-cape-helles-1915/>.
26. 'B' Battery RHA were to play bridesmaid throughout the Great War. Although appearing in every final of every football competition organised by the 29th Divisional Artillery, they recorded their first win only in 1919. See Johnson, 29th Divisional Artillery War Record and Honours Book 1915-1918, page 232.
27. 'Piece 4275: 8th Corps: Adjutant and Quarter-Master General (1915 Aug-1916 Jan)', Ancestry.com - UK, WWI War Diaries (Gallipoli and Dardanelles), 1914-1916.
28. "Y" News advertised 'Manchester Mudlarkers v Scotch Roarers' for Christmas Day, so it is possible the 1/10 Manchesters had a second shot at the final.
29. Rear-Admiral Wemyss, then Governor of Mudros, quoted in John North, *Gallipoli : The Fading Vision* (London : Faber and Faber, 1936), p.53.
30. Ernest Fiander Etchells, 'The New Secretary', *The Journal of The Concrete Institute XII*, no. 1 (January 1922): 5.
31. Officers of the Fifth Battalion Highland Light Infantry, *The Fifth Battalion Highland Light Infantry in the War, 1914-1918*.
32. Royal Naval Division war diary (1916 Jan-May, ADM/3084) and Royal Naval Division: Divisional Signal Company war diary (1915 Apr-1916 Feb).
33. 'Footballers Killed in the First World War - Roll of Honour', Football and the First World War, accessed 5 June 2017, <http://www.footballandthefirstworldwar.org/footballers-killed-first-world-war/>.
34. Edward Harris, 'A Visit to Gully Ravine', *The Gallipolian*, The Journal of the Gallipoli Association, no. 19 (1975).

With thanks to Alan Riley, Jack Marshall and Roy Swales.

Disclaimer

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

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION BATTLEFIELD TOUR 2017

Peter Biles

The actions of the Royal Naval Division in the Helles sector provided a central theme of the Spring 2017 Gallipoli battlefield tour. Several members of our 18-strong walking party had a family connection with the RND, but as ever, there was fascination with all aspects of the campaign during our six-day visit to Turkey. The tour was led by Battle Honours, with the renowned guides Clive Harris, Steve Chambers and Rory Stephens, assisted by two Turkish guides, Adem Biçer and Kenan Çelik.

First though, as we quickly discovered, there is no more dramatic way to begin a tour of Gallipoli than to take an early morning ferry across the Dardanelles from Çanakkale on the Asian side of the strait to Kilitbahir on the peninsula. The sailing takes about fifteen minutes, but there is just enough time to take a few photographs from the upper deck of the ferry as we negotiate a passage across this busy international waterway, barely a mile wide at 'The Narrows'. The old Ottoman forts are dominant, and a reminder of what happened on 18 March 1915 when the British and French fleets launched an ill-fated naval attack in the Dardanelles, and lost three battleships in the process, sunk by mines. These days there is the constant traffic in commercial ships, but the importance of this strategic channel leading to the Sea of Marmara, Istanbul and the Black Sea beyond, offers a powerful sense of location for all of us.

Having crossed the Dardanelles, exploring the Gallipoli battlefield is best done on foot and our starting point is the Helles sector. At the Lancashire Landing Cemetery, Steve Chambers leads a wreath-laying ceremony on behalf of the relatives of Private Robert Bell, Northumberland Fusiliers, who died in August 1915. [*See the article in this issue pp 15-20*].

From the cemetery, we make our way down to W Beach. This is one of the five beaches where British forces met strong Turkish opposition during the initial landings. And it was here that the Lancashire Fusiliers won six Victoria Crosses, before breakfast, it is said, on the first day, 25 April 1915. But Clive Harris is keen to put us straight on the facts. "They did have their breakfast before landing," he insists.

A beautiful uphill walk through the cornfields, over Hunter Weston Hill (named after the commander of the British Army's 29th Division), brings us to the iconic Helles Memorial where more than 20,000 men on the Allied side, without a known grave, are each remembered. It is good to spend some time here, reflecting on what was a catastrophic loss of life. The view overlooking the entrance to the Dardanelles is breathtaking, but hard to reconcile with the scene that would have been unfolding in this corner of the Aegean in April 1915 in the build-up to war. Overlooking V Beach, we hear the story of the merchant ship, *River Clyde*, which was run aground to facilitate a rapid landing of British troops.

Close by lies the lone grave of Lieutenant Colonel Charles Doughty-Wylie of the Royal Welch Fusiliers who was awarded a posthumous VC for the attempt to capture Sedd el Bahr. He was shot and killed at the moment of victory on 26 April 1915, along with fellow officer Captain Garth Walford. Mystery surrounds the sighting of a female visitor to the grave shortly before the end of the conflict in November 1915. Was it Doughty-Wylie's wife, Lilian, a nurse with British troops in France, or his lover, Gertrude Bell, the explorer, writer and Arabist? Either way, no other woman landed at Gallipoli during the fighting.

The remainder of our first afternoon is spent walking the inhospitable Gully Ravine to Fusilier Bluff, now very much more overgrown than it was a century ago. This was the scene of fighting from June 28 until 5 July 1915 and the trek leads us to our first sighting of the old front-line trenches. It is hard to picture how men lived, fought and died here. When the front lines were consolidated, this was the furthest the Allies would advance in the Helles sector.

Our second day of exploration takes us into the Anzac sector, starting at the Lone Pine Memorial. It stands on the site of the fiercest fighting at Lone Pine and overlooks the whole front line of May 1915. Nearly 5,000 Australian and New Zealand soldiers died in the Anzac area, and are commemorated here. We walk up the road to Johnston's Jolly where guide, Rory Stephens, then leads us into a network of trenches. He delivers an absorbing portrait of daily life in the trenches and reminds us that so wretched were conditions on the firing line that soldiers often preferred to volunteer for latrine duties.

A visit to the Turkish 57th Regiment Cemetery gives us a Turkish perspective on the Gallipoli campaign. Local guide, Kenan Çelik, offers a bottom line to the narrative. "The Allies seriously under-estimated the Turkish military capability and the ground they were fighting on," he says.

Our next stop is at The Nek, a key ridge defended vigorously by both sides. A futile 'breakout' attack by the Australians on 7 August 1915 cost the lives of 300 men in an area not much bigger than a couple of football pitches. The nearby Ariburnu cliffs look intimidating, but we are reminded that on the first day of the Anzac landings in April 1915, the Aussies scaled these cliffs in just 30 minutes.

The sleepy little port of Gaba Tepe is the embarkation point for ferry crossings to Gökçeada, the Turkish island previously known as Imbros where General Sir Ian Hamilton had his headquarters. However, we are hiring a boat to take us along the coast from Gaba Tepe, to see exactly where the ANZAC came ashore in 1915. Looking into the clear waters, we glimpse the wreck of the SS *Milo*, sunk deliberately by the Allies in October 1915 to create a breakwater and protect the Anzac harbour on North Beach. From the boat there are fine views of the coastline, and of the Sphinx behind Anzac Cove. It generates plenty of discussion about the initial landing and whether the confusion that ensued actually worked to the Allies' advantage.

On our way back to the Grand Anzac Hotel in Çanakkale, Steve Chambers takes us to the Çanak Consular Cemetery. Located in one of the town's back streets, the cemetery is normally locked, but a key can be obtained from the nearby CWGC office. Over the course of half an hour, Steve presents a collection of curious vignettes. There is the life of Tasman Millington, an Australian soldier and war graves curator who doubled as a secret agent. Basil Wood Bourne, a Gallipoli veteran from Tasmania who died while on a pilgrimage to the 50th anniversary events at Anzac Cove in 1965. And Ros Webb, a New Zealand nurse, killed with her friend Jean Walker in a road accident in Çanakkale, also in 1965, on her way to visit her grandfather's grave.

Day three begins at Twelve Tree Copse Cemetery where we hear the distressing story of Sergeant John Robins, Wiltshire Regiment, who was executed for disobeying orders in January 1916, shortly before the Allied evacuation of Gallipoli. Sergeant Robins had been ordered to proceed on patrol, but refused, saying "I am not well, I will not go". He was court-martialled and shot on the beach near the mouth of Gully Ravine. As his grave stone

reflects, he was also demoted to the rank of Private.

We return to the Helles sector to follow in the footsteps of the Royal Naval Division, south of Krithia. By chance, this 2017 tour has brought together four of us with links to the RND. Robert Guinness and his sister, Deirdre Skipwith, are tracing the story of their father, Sub Lieutenant Richard Smythe Guinness, Anson Battalion. Tom Iredale from Germany is researching the death of his grandfather, Petty Officer Peter Iredale, Anson Battalion. Meanwhile, I am remembering my grandfather, Assistant Paymaster Harry Biles, 2nd Naval Brigade HQ. It is strange to think these three RND men may well have known one another in 1915, not least because they all sailed together from England on the HMT *Grantully Castle* when it departed for the Dardanelles on 28 February 1915.

So we begin our RND walk at Skew Bridge Cemetery, where Harry Biles is buried. He was shot by a Turkish sniper near the place known as 'Backhouse Post' (named after Commodore Oliver Backhouse, 2nd Naval Brigade RND), on 13 July 1915, originally buried at the RND Cemetery, but moved to Skew Bridge after the armistice. He was 36.

We proceed along one of the communications routes of the RND sector, known on the old trench maps as Sauchiehall Street. No-one is quite sure about the exact location of Backhouse Post, where the RND had their bivouacs, but we pause in the shade to listen to Tom Iredale describe how his grandfather, too, was killed by a sniper. Peter Iredale has no known grave and his name is on the Helles Memorial. Tom reads a poignant letter written to his grandfather's widow by the Rev H. C. Foster, Chaplain to the 2nd Brigade RND. It symbolises so much about the Gallipoli narrative.

It is my painful duty to tell you that your good husband was killed here on Friday May 28th, about 10-30 in the morning. He had been sent out with a companion to ascertain the whereabouts of some graves and had stooped down to look at one of them, when he raised his head and a bullet struck him in the temple on left side, killing him instantaneously. He died without saying a word. He was a great favourite here with all the officers and men and they will never forget him. His Platoon officer Mr Crowe, his brother from the Drake Batt and several of his mates went up with me in the moonlight to where he lay and we buried him close to where he was killed. They dug a beautiful grave and buried him devoutly and tenderly and I said the last prayers of the Church over him. I was struck with one thing that was said by his chums: 'We shall never get another Peter Iredale!'

The wild flowers are at their most spectacular in the surrounding fields as our walk takes us on to the 'White House', our third site of RND interest. Here in early May 1915, during the 2nd Battle for Krithia, Sub Lt Richard Smythe Guinness was in action near White House Farm when he put up his arm to shield his eyes from the sun and it was hit by a sniper's bullet, saving his life. He was evacuated from the peninsula and admitted to hospital in Malta on 18 May 1915.

In the afternoon, we head for Chunuk Bair, the site of the key battle involving New Zealand troops who captured the high ground in August 1915, only then to lose it. Our walk down Rhododendron Ridge to the sea is one of the highlights of the week, although not for the faint-hearted.

The focus of the last day is on the ill-fated Suvla campaign in early August 1915. At the Lala Baba Cemetery, situated on a low hill facing the sea between Suvla Bay and Salt Lake, Clive

Harris tells us about the Allied effort to break the deadlock. The higher of the two hills at Lala Baba was stormed by Allied troops but failures of command and general confusion meant that few of the Allied objectives at Suvla were achieved.

Once again, it is the individual stories which keep us enthralled. Clive recounts the tale of 14 officers and men of the 5th Battalion, Norfolk Regiment who were killed on 12 August 1915. Among them was his great uncle, George Stanley Miller, who served in the battalion as part of the Yarmouth Company. But the Norfolks did not, as myth suggests, advance into a cloud of mist and simply ‘vanish’.

Our tour ends at Suvla Point with Steve Chambers’ final critique of the military leadership. Not many of the Allied generals left Gallipoli with their careers unblemished. The week has yielded tales of courage, sacrifice and slaughter, and our guides, with their superlative story-telling, have succeeded in painting a picture of a military campaign that remains fresh and utterly compelling.

BOOK REVIEWS

Theirs is the Glory: Arnhem, Hurst and Conflict on Film

Authors: David Truesdale & Allan Esler Smith. Publisher: Helion & Company 2016.

Hardback. 355 pages with numerous photographs and magazine/poster covers.

Price £35.00. ISBN: 978-1-911096-63-4

Although the title appears to have nothing to do with Gallipoli there is a link in that the subject of the book, Brian Desmond Hurst, served at Gallipoli with the 6th Bn. The Royal Irish Rifles [the ‘Rifles’]. Sadly, there are only snippets about Hurst’s service on the peninsula and later at Salonika which led to him being declared medically unfit and being transferred to the Labour Corps. Disliking his duties with the latter and being independently minded, he deserted in 1917 (or in his words ‘transferred myself’), joining the Army Service Corps (MT) soon after under another name.

The authors contend that the ‘Rifles’ role in the Gallipoli campaign has been ‘airbrushed from history.’ With the intention of remedying this, the Gallipoli chapter contains a brief history of the 6th battalion from its formation in August 1914 to the time it sailed for Egypt in July 1915 and from there to Gallipoli, landing at Anzac Cove at the beginning of August. A few days later it took part in the attack on Chunuk Bair on 9/10 August suffering some 350 casualties. The Rifles’ stay on the peninsula was short, being embarked for Mudros on 29 September prior to its move to Salonika. Perhaps the relatively short period of front line service at Gallipoli was a factor in the lack of recognition at the time although this was to a degree redressed in a Supplementary Despatch by General Hamilton published in March 1916. The Gallipoli chapter also includes details of Hurst’s comrades in the Rifles who died on the peninsula.

Hurst was to become a well-known and respected film director both in the UK and in the US with over 30 films to his credit; these are too numerous to list here but conflict was frequently an important theme. Films included *Theirs is the Glory* (1946) from which the book takes its title. The making of the film is dealt with in considerable detail, occupying about half the book including details of the script, Hurst’s visits to Arnhem and his insistence that those appearing in the film should be those who had taken part in the battle. Earlier films

included *Ourselves Alone* (1936), which ironically for someone brought up in the working class and loyalist community in Belfast, was banned in Northern Ireland for many years! Other films included *The Lion has Wings* (1939); he also directed a number of films for the Ministry of Information during the war years. Post-war saw *The Malta Story* (1953) with his final film being *The Playboy of the Western World* in 1963.

Although the main focus and content of the book is on Hurst's film career, with only a small part being devoted to Gallipoli, I am sure this in-depth look at Hurst's work will be enjoyed by those who are interested in film as a medium and its portrayal of conflict in particular.

Foster Summerson

KIPPER VC : The Life and Times of Rear Admiral Eric Robinson VC

Author: Carl Clayton. Privately published 2017. Softback. 42 pages (includes 4 pages of b/w illustrations/photographs). £5.50 available from the author: email: cclayton@hotmail.co.uk

This booklet, originally written for the Robinson family and based in part on the family archives, puts the Admiral's life and naval career, which began in 1897 and extended until 1944, into historical context.

One chapter deals with his service in the Dardanelles where, in February 1915, 'Kipper' (the origin of the nickname being unknown) led a raiding party to destroy guns on the Asiatic shore – a task he accomplished alone under heavy fire. His bravery here and on another operation in March when he commanded a trawler engaged in minesweeping operations under heavy and sustained enemy fire led to the award of the VC. The following month Robinson was involved in an even more hazardous duty - to destroy the submarine *E15* in order to prevent it falling into German hands. Some thought this merited a further award but it was not to be although he received promotion to the rank of Commander. He was badly wounded during the Suvla landings in August.

Although only four pages of this booklet are devoted to the Dardanelles there is much of interest in this account of a remarkable but modest man.

Foster Summerson

The Wooden Horse of Gallipoli

Author: Stephen Snelling, Publisher: Frontline Books 2017. Hardback. 408 pages, 56 illustrations, 5 maps and drawings, £25.

The 'Wooden Horse' being the SS *River Clyde*; the vessel which means so much to members of the Association as images in one form or another have appeared on the cover of *The Gallipolian* for most of its now almost one hundred and fifty editions. The author is a long time member of the Gallipoli Association, while Stephen Chambers, our Historian, provides the foreword.

A massive book of impressive detail about this one ship and her principal role in the landings at V Beach, and a part almost by accident for Edward Unwin who had exchanged his Merchant Navy appointment for a Royal Navy commission and eventually to HMS *Hussar*, a venerable gunboat and so to Mudros in charge of lighters for the Gallipoli landings. Concerned at the dangers of landing troops using ordinary service boats, he had at a planning meeting in mid-April suggested using a specially prepared ship which would ground directly on the beach. A proposal met largely with a stunned silence, though

fortunately not by Rear-Admiral 'Rosy' Wemyss, described as an 'incurable optimist' who was attracted by an idea 'reminiscent of the wooden horse of Troy.'

Purchased on 12 April, the landings barely two weeks away, the *River Clyde*, a workaday tramp steamer, was pressed into service. 'The dirtiest ship I've ever seen' was how Midshipman George Drewry described her; in five years at sea he had never seen one in a worse state and add to this she stank to high heaven, her last cargo having been mules. Unwin's aim was to get the men almost onto the beach which they would access through holes in the ship's sides and down ramps to reach shallow draught lighters serving as bridges to the shore.

The story of the landings - the heroism, the sacrifice, the amazing fortitude of those who reached the shore from the *River Clyde* on 25 and 26 April 1915 and who eventually secured the beachhead is brilliantly recounted. Also the poignant later years when efforts were made, first in 1919 and 1920, to purchase her as 'a national relic.' Instead, purchased by Spanish ship-owners she survived the Civil War and the Second World War continuing her largely coasting voyages until 1965 when a newly formed River Clyde Presentation Trust found the asking price of £42,500 beyond them. She was broken up in March 1966 in the author's words 'Her strangely heroic and Homeric odyssey had passed into legend,' a story to treasure, a book deserving a prominent place in every member's library.

David Saunders

Churchill and the Dardanelles

Author: Christopher M. Bell, Publisher: Oxford University Press 2017. Hardback. 439 pages, 20 illustrations, 4 maps, £25.

'The Dardanelles haunted him for the rest of his life,' words by Clementine Churchill to Martin Gilbert, biographer of Winston Churchill. She continued, 'He always believed in it. When he left the Admiralty he thought he was finished ... I thought he would never get over the Dardanelles; I thought he would die of grief.'

Now a fresh, and one can be pretty sure not the last reassessment, of Churchill's role in the naval offensive in March 1915 to force a passage through the Dardanelles. A failure followed just a few weeks later by the landings on the Gallipoli Peninsula which also proved disastrous, a campaign characterised as being 'too little, too late' as members of the Association are well aware. The high hopes of knocking Turkey out of the war while at the same time opening a sea route so bolstering hard-pressed Russia on the Eastern Front, dashed.

Despite the wishes and advice of many, Churchill had in October 1914 persuaded Prime Minister Asquith to appoint the mercurial Lord Fisher as First Sea Lord. Relations between Churchill and Fisher, an arch intriguer as turbulent as a North Sea gale, broke down completely as plans for naval action at the Dardanelles were pressed forward.

Fisher did not speak, for or against, on 13 January when the War Council listened to Churchill's briefing. Maurice Hankey, Secretary to the War Committee, recorded how 'The idea caught on at once. The whole atmosphere changed. Fatigue was forgotten'. They 'turned eagerly from the dreary vistas of a 'slogging match' on the Western Front to brighter prospects, as they seemed, in the Mediterranean.'

At one moment silent, Fisher, well-known for his vindictive streak, would next be briefing and conspiring behind Churchill's back, his actions becoming increasingly eccentric. None

more so than in mid-May 1915 when he deserted the Admiralty and briefly disappeared before resigning. The resulting crisis resulted in the formation of a coalition government, the Conservative opposition demanding Churchill's head as the price for co-operation, forced his demotion to the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster and for the first time in seven years no longer with executive power.

Churchill and the Dardanelles well described as 'a riddle wrapped in myths inside a legend' by Christopher Bell, professor of history at Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia who brilliantly provides this first full account of Churchill's tireless efforts after 1915 to refute his critics. How fortunate for the free world that the legacy of 1915 did not inhibit his return to power in 1940.

David Saunders

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Emails and letters are always welcome.

Major Mike Tickner writes:

I greatly enjoyed John Howell's article *Gallipoli Revisited, 1924* [Spring 2017 issue], although there was one minor error. The author is correct that Australia should be proud that her forces during the Great War were all volunteers, however Australia was not the only nation that could boast such an achievement. India had 1.3 million men under arms in the Great War (either Indian Army or Imperial Service troops) and 2.5 million during the Second World War. Every man was a volunteer.

Michael Robson writes:

Re your article on Bendyshe [*The Gallipolian* Spring 2016 pp53-57]: I am attaching a scan of page 201 from S M Holloway's book 'From Trench and Turret' (Constable, London, 2006). It's a second hand account, but it may well be reliable as it was recorded by Major Norman Ormsby Burge RMLI.

Holloway gives the reference as Royal Marines Museum Archive 11/13/163.

Maj. Burge RMLI, Cyclist Coy RND, 1 June 1915

Heard the true story of how Bendyshe was killed - it ought to be more widely known as there are such a lot of rumours about. It appears that one Coy of the Deal Battn were holding a bit of very awkward trench. They had lost [Major] Muller that afternoon and most of their NCOs - leaving mostly raw lads who had had a dreadful doing. Also they had been warned that the Turks were largely using Australian uniforms for their spies - which was quite true.

Anyway they were jumpy. It appears that they were to be relieved by Australians that night and Bendyshe was showing the Australian Major round the lines. Just at dusk an Australian Private and Major, followed by Bendyshe, suddenly jumped into the trench - the men round about state they challenged but got no answer - so they fired, poor B dropping - they made for the Australian Major with their bayonets - he warding them off with his hands and getting wounded of course in doing so. They

were quite convinced they had shot one and taken another one prisoner, both spies, and as the Australian Major was naturally very excited and doubtless a bit incoherent, they handcuffed and blindfolded him and sent him down to the beach under escort.

Tupman, who was on the beach, heard, by some mysterious rumour, that B had been killed and came along to this trench to see if it was true. The men in this trench said of course they knew nothing about their Col. and hadn't seen him, but that they had shot a spy. Tupman found the body and the men would hardly believe even then what had happened.

The Australian Pte, an orderly, had managed to hide himself away somehow - but was able to explain later. The men were naturally horrified - as B was dearly loved by all of them - but the general impression seems to have been that it would not have happened if B had come into the trench first, instead of the strange Australian. It is very regrettable but quite understandable.

Simon Fielding writes:

Delighted to read about William Balfour Forbes in the Winter 2016 journal [*The Navy's Oldest Salt* by Michael D Robson]. I encountered him when researching a man who served on the *Tiger / Merrion*. His son, Arthur, was lost in particularly tragic circumstances on submarine *H5*:

Arthur Walter Forbes was born on the 5th May 1892, the son of Captain William Balfour Forbes and Helen Arabella Persse. He served as a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, where he was described as 'Zealous ... hard working ... keen and capable'. An experienced submariner since October 1913, he was decorated with the DSO in 1917 for his part in the sinking of German submarine *UB68*: his submarine *C7* had in fact engaged *UB10*, which survived the encounter.

He died on 2nd March 1918 at age 25, serving in HMS *H5*, which was a British *H*-class submarine. She was sunk after being rammed by the British merchantman *Rutherglen*, having been mistaken for a German U-boat. All on board perished.

The crew are commemorated on Panel 29 at Royal Navy Submarine Museum. Also on board was US Navy Lieutenant E W F Childs, who became the first US Navy casualty of the First World War.

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 shown on the inside 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 notes for the guidance of contributors on request.



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 - 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 evacuations in December 1915 and early January 1916 were masterly operations – one of the great feats of military history.