

The Gallipolian

The Journal of the Gallipoli Association

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THE GALLIPOLIAN

The Journal of the Gallipoli Association
founded by Major E. H. W. Banner in 1969 on the Campaign of 1915

The Gallipoli Association

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This edition's cover features a detail from *The battle of Chunuk Bair, 8 August 1915* by Major Ion George Brown; courtesy of the Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, New Zealand. The full painting appears on page 36.

"It had not been intended to effect an immediate relief of the garrison. But when about midnight the Otago infantry and Wellington Mounted Rifles manned the front line, the assumption of the worn-out troops was that they were being relieved. None of the newcomers dreamed of gainsaying it; and the Wellington infantry, with a remnant of the 7th Gloucester and 8th Welch, were withdrawn.

Of the 760 of the Wellington Battalion who had captured the height that morning, there came out only 70 unwounded or slightly wounded men. Throughout that day not one had dreamed of leaving his post. Their uniforms were torn, their knees broken. They had had no water since the morning; they could talk only in whispers; their eyes were sunken; their knees trembled; some broke down and cried like children."

ANZAC / GALLIPOLI DAY - WEDNESDAY 25 APRIL 2018 CEREMONIES IN LONDON

Dawn Service

A Dawn Service will be held at the New Zealand Memorial, Hyde Park Corner at 5.00am where the main service will be held - please arrive in good time; entry points will be posted on both High Commission websites. The service will be followed by wreath-laying at the Australian and New Zealand memorials. The service is expected to end at 5.45am. Tickets are not required, however you will need to show photographic identification and undergo security checks on entry.

St Paul's Cathedral

A short service and wreath laying ceremony will take place at the Gallipoli memorial in the crypt of St Paul's Cathedral at 9.30am (please arrive by 9.15). Wreaths will be laid by a representative of Her Majesty's Government, by senior representatives of the Royal Navy, the Army and by the High Commissioners of Australia and New Zealand, and other high-ranking officials from France, the Irish Republic, and Turkey. Tickets are not required for this event but you may need to show photographic identification and undergo security checks before entry.

Members are encouraged to attend this service which is arranged by the Association. It concludes in time to travel to the Cenotaph.

The Cenotaph

Two minutes silence will be observed at 11.00am during a service at the Cenotaph in Whitehall. A wreath will be laid on behalf of the Association. Security measures will be in place in and around Westminster and only members and guests with named tickets will be allowed access to the west side of Whitehall. Access details will be given on the tickets. Those taking part in the Parade are asked to assemble in King Charles Street, close to the entrance to Whitehall, by 10.25am.

Members who expressed interest in attending the Cenotaph service and completed the form enclosed with the Winter issue of The Gallipolian have been noted and their names etc. were submitted to the High Commission on 2 March.

The deadline set by the High Commission for ticket applications is now closed. We expect tickets to be issued by mid-April.

Westminster Abbey

As in previous years, we have been invited to join the 'Anzacs' at Westminster Abbey for a Service of Thanksgiving and Commemoration, which will commence at 12.00 noon. Members should be seated by 11.45am. Members who expressed interest in attending the service and completed the form enclosed with the Winter issue of The Gallipolian have been noted and their names etc. were submitted to the High Commission on 2 March.

The deadline set by the High Commission for ticket applications is now closed. We expect tickets to be issued by mid-April.

Medals should be worn at St Paul's, The Cenotaph, and at Westminster Abbey.

Gallipoli Day Lunch

The Gallipoli Day lunch will be held at The Admiralty PH, 66 Trafalgar Square, London, WC2N 5D (on the southern edge of Trafalgar Square).

Members will be seated in the dining area on the mezzanine floor. Lunch will comprise two courses including wine (or soft drink option) at a cost of £35 per head. Those who expressed interest in attending the Gallipoli Day lunch and completed the form enclosed with the Winter issue of *The Gallipolian* have been contacted about booking/payment arrangements (or will be contacted shortly).

It may be possible to accommodate late requests to attend the lunch. Please get in touch with the Hon. Secretary if you wish to be placed on the reserve list in the event of cancellations and places becoming available, but you must do this by 1 April.

OTHER ANZAC/GALLIPOLI DAY CEREMONIES

Details of 'local' Anzac/Gallipoli Day ceremonies and events can be found on the Association website. Those without Internet access can obtain details from the Hon. Secretary but please enclose a stamped (A5 size) and addressed envelope.

We ask that members unable to join with the Association in London make every effort to attend their nearest ceremony. **The Editor is always pleased to receive reports and photographs of these ceremonies.**

MAJOR GENERAL'S REVIEW: SATURDAY 26 MAY

In previous years, the Association received a small allocation of tickets for the Major General's Review (Trooping the Colour) which were made available to members for a small charge. These arrangements are no longer available but members can purchase tickets by following the link: <https://qbp.army.mod.uk/majorgeneralsreview>

COLLINGWOOD MEMORIAL PARADE

The parade and service at the Collingwood Memorial on the Downs, east of Pimperne, Dorset will take place at 3.00pm on Friday 1 June. For further information contact James Watson Smith (address inside front cover) or the organiser, Stuart Adam, email stu.adam@outlook.com or telephone 01823 432 076.

TREASURER VACANCY

The Trustees of the Gallipoli Association are looking to fill the position of Treasurer which is expected to fall vacant at the Annual General Meeting in October 2018.

This is a voluntary position and the person appointed will be a Trustee of the Association and will serve on its Board of Management. The Gallipoli Association is continuing to grow and currently has a membership of about 950.

The Treasurer is a key post within the charity which has an operational budget in the region of £30,000. The person appointed will work with the Chairman in controlling and safeguarding the finances of the charity. The Treasurer is also required to report regularly to the Trustees, to the membership at the AGM and to prepare annual financial statements for consideration and approval by the independent examiner.

This is an important and responsible position as the post holder will be a bank signatory and will undertake and be responsible for all the financial functions of the Association. The applicant should be a member of the Gallipoli Association, or be willing to become a member. Ideally, he or she should have a professional accountancy qualification, or have experience serving as a Treasurer in a charity of a similar size, or have held a similar position in the public or private sector.

The position provides great opportunity for the incumbent to be part of important and high profile commemorative events, while at the same time contributing to an enjoyable and worthwhile charity.

A job specification description is available from the Hon. Secretary at the address given inside the front cover of *The Gallipolian*. Alternatively, anyone interested in the vacancy should contact the current Treasurer, Vicki Genrich, at treasurer@gallipoli-association.org should they wish to discuss any aspects of the post.

REQUIEM CONCERT TO MARK THE END OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR

A Requiem concert is to be held at the **Holy Trinity Church**, Sloane Street, Belgravia, London SW1X 9BZ on **9 June 2018** to commemorate the end of the First World War.

The event will premiere a newly-composed Requiem by Alex Woolf – with text by the National Poet of Wales, Gillian Clarke – for cello, choir and organ, featuring the BBC's 'Young Musician of the Year' Laura van der Heijden. The concert will also include some of the most moving and beautiful choral music written in the 100 years since the First World War and will feature some of London's best professional singers alongside Laura at the cello.

The Gallipoli Association has made a donation to support the event and this will be recognised in the concert programme. Tickets cost £12 which can be obtained from alexwoolfmusic@gmail.com. The organisers have also made a small number of complimentary tickets available to the Association; if you wish to apply for one of these please contact the Hon. Secretary at the address given inside the front cover of *The Gallipolian*. If applying by post, please do not send applications to the Mailbox 630 address.

THE FOUR BOLTON BROTHERS

From Gallipoli to the Western Front: a story of four brothers serving in World War I

Michael Crane

Early in 2017, whilst researching a book on the 1/9th Manchester Regiment's service at Helles, I noticed several references within contemporary accounts and unit war diaries to the death of a Captain Harry Hargreaves Bolton of the 1/5th East Lancashire Regiment. Captain Bolton was killed on the morning of 24 May 1915, during operations carried out to advance the line in preparation for the Third Battle of Krithia, and although he received a battlefield burial, the location of his grave was lost in the years between the evacuation and the armistice, and he is listed as missing.

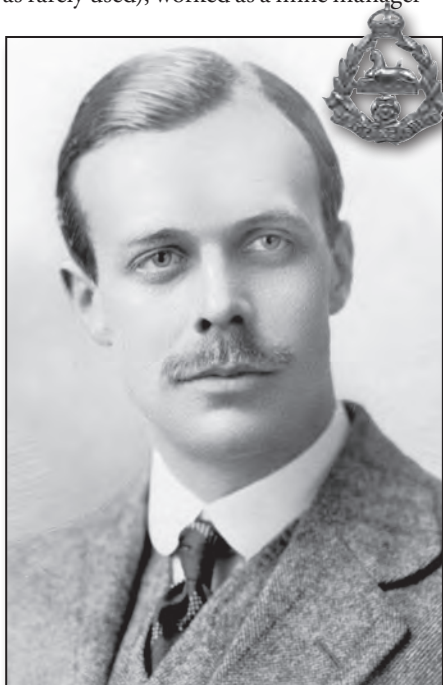
In May 2017 the information contained in these references, combined with the application of GPS technology and Google Earth imagery led me to the location of what I believe to be Captain Bolton's unmarked grave.

Drawing on this information revealed the remarkable and tragic story of the four Bolton brothers; Captain Harry Hargreaves Bolton, Lieutenant John Bolton, Captain Maurice B Bolton and 2nd Lieutenant (later Lieutenant Colonel) Geoffrey G H Bolton. They would all serve with distinction in the same battalion. Three were together at Gallipoli and two went on to be awarded the Military Cross, but only one would survive the war.

In civilian life Hargreaves (his first Christian name was rarely used), worked as a mine manager in the family collieries of Messrs George Hargreaves & Co, which were managed by his father. He had a great interest in the techniques of underground rescue, training for his certificate of competence with the Accrington Colliery rescue team, and in 1910 led a team of men underground following a 'great explosion at Hulton Colliery'.¹ Hargreaves' other great interest was the Volunteer Force (later the Territorial Force), originally joining the 1st Volunteer Battalion Manchester Regiment in 1905. Transferring to the 1/5th East Lancs Regiment on moving to Accrington, he was promoted to captain on 25 July 1911.

In mid-August 1914 the 1/5th East Lancs Battalion had, almost to man, volunteered for overseas service. By the end of September the battalion, as part of the East Lancashire Division, served in Egypt until the division sailed for Gallipoli at the beginning of May 1915. For the voyage, the battalion was divided into two transports. Hargreaves and John landed at 'V' beach, Helles, on the afternoon of 9 May 1915 with 'A', 'B', and 'D' companies but Geoffrey in 'C' company did not arrive until 13 May.

Hargreaves' and John's first spell in the front line came on the night of 11 May when 126 (East Lancs)



Captain Harry Hargreaves Bolton

Brigade relieved 2 Naval Brigade on the extreme right of the British line, taking over a 600-yard-long section of line stretching from the Achi Baba Nullah on the left to the new French boundary of the 'Telegraph line' on the right. The 1/5th East Lancs (with Geoffrey's company still at sea) and two Companies of 1/10th Manchesters took over the right-hand half of the brigade firing line, about 800 yards in front of the 'White House'.

The following night around 10pm Turkish small arms fire suddenly increased, and the brigade became involved in a prolonged and heavy exchange of fire.² The inexperienced Territorials were soon running short of ammunition. Accordingly John led a party, under enemy fire, to resupply the firing line and was later commended for his actions by General Douglas, the division's commander.

After spending six days in the line, 126 Brigade was relieved in the early hours of 18 May and went into reserve. The brigade's new bivouac, soon to be named 'Shell Bivouac', was in a shallow valley mid-way between Skew Bridge and 'X' Beach and in full view of the Turks on Achi Baba. Within minutes of the brigade arriving the Turkish guns opened fire and in a few hours managed to double the number of casualties the brigade had incurred to date.

On the night of 21 May 126 Brigade went back into the line, relieving 127 (Manchester) Brigade and taking over the division's 1,500-yard long section of firing line, then the 'Redoubt Line'. For Association members not familiar with this part of the battlefield, the 'Redoubt Line' ran around 100 yards north of, and roughly parallel to, the modern-day track to Redoubt Cemetery. It stretched from the boundary with the 29th Division near the eastern edge of Fir Tree Wood, to the RN Division boundary of the Achi Baba Nullah on the right. The closest Turkish trenches (not yet a continuous firing line), were between 450 and 650 yards away, and apart from the steep banks and approaches to the Krithia Nullah the ground between the opposing trenches was fairly flat and with little cover. The 1/5th East Lancs section of the 'Redoubt Line' ran from the Achi Baba Nullah to a point about 50 yards to the left of the Krithia Road with the ground in front still littered with unburied bloated corpses, casualties of the Second Battle of Krithia which had ended two weeks earlier.³

Since mid-May small advances had been made across the entire Allied line with the goal of getting within assaulting distance of the enemy trenches. 126 Brigade had been ordered to make such an advance on the night of the relief but this order was rescinded on the advice of the (temporary) brigade commander, Lieutenant Colonel Lord Rochdale who argued with 42nd Division H.Q. 'that it was not practicable to carry this out, owing to the enfilading effect of the enemy's machine guns'.⁴ The advance was postponed until the night of 23 May when all three battalions in the Redoubt Line; the 1/10th Manchesters, 1/9th Manchesters and 1/5th East Lancs, (from left to right respectively), were to advance simultaneously.

The war diary of the 1/5th East Lancs gives a good description of the tactics used in the advance and it is probable that both the 1/9th and 1/10th Manchesters adopted similar methods. The troops selected to make the advance were divided in two groups; the first to go out would be a platoon-strength covering party provided by 'C' Company as a protective screen to the main party which was comprised of one officer and 15 men each from 'A', 'B' and 'D' Companies.⁵ The advance was originally scheduled after the nearly-full moon had dimmed, but just before 10pm instructions were telephoned through to 'carry out the movement at once'⁶ The 1/5th war diary describes what followed next:

They moved forward into the fire trench & took up position in the saps & at a stated time they climbed out into the open & after a pause rushed forward about 150 yards & lay down. At the first movement the enemy opened fire but receiving no reply soon

ceased. The digging party then moved forward & began to dig in, the enemy eventually becoming suspicious opened a heavy rifle fire which continued all night. One man reported missing. 3 men wounded. ⁷

The digging party had advanced about 70 yards with each man carrying a full sandbag to be used as cover. The men lay down behind their sandbags and scraped at the ground as they began to form a line of two-man foxholes, these to be connected laterally once they were of sufficient depth. They dug on through the night with Captain Bolton going between the firing line and the new line to check on their welfare.⁸ He eventually returned to the new line and by dawn had got 'safely dug in', but around 7am, as he searched for snipers through his periscope 'he must have exposed his head too much' ⁹ and was hit by a bullet in the left temple, immediately losing consciousness.

His brother John asked permission to bring him in but was told by his commanding officer, "one catastrophe was enough".¹⁰ John himself stopped Hargreaves' servant, Private John Proctor, from going to Hargreaves as by now it was apparent little could be done.¹¹ However, such was the bond between Captain Bolton and his men that several men did go to him, regardless of their own safety, in what was now broad daylight. Lieutenant Arthur Behrend (1/4th East Lancs), was in the firing line supervising a fatigue party and later wrote in his outstanding memoir *Make Me a Soldier*;

a few minutes before our arrival Bolton was hit in the head. By looking through a periscope I could see him in his shallow hole, and I watched a brave man run out to him with a water-bottle. He got there un-injured, but Bolton could not be moved because there was no cover.' ¹²

The battalion medical officer assessed Hargreaves' wound (presumably by periscope) and concluded there was little hope, and at 10am the news reached battalion HQ that Captain Bolton had died.¹³

In addition to Behrend's account I came across a reference to Captain Bolton in the diary of the man who buried him, Padre Kenneth Best, whose diary entry for 25 May reads;

Back 2 pm. Changed boots and socks, swallowed some bully beef and stewed tea and off to bury Captain H. Bolton of 5th East Lancs, nephew of Miss Allen of Lytham. His two brothers present, both of the same battalion. He was buried between two oak trees, near a drinking water spring. Lovely spot. No salute at his burial. The Turks did that firing a regular salvo over our heads.' ¹⁴

After re-reading this passage I checked the CWGC website to find that Captain Bolton is listed as missing, and I began to think that with such a specific description of the burial location, referencing a pair of oak trees (mature oak trees being few at Helles), next to a drinking-water spring, it should be possible to locate his grave if these features still existed.

Weeks of walking the Helles battlefield have made me closely familiar with the Redoubt area. From systematic research I have produced a table of dispositions which shows the locations of all the 126 Brigade units on any given day, so I knew which part of the line the 1/5th East Lancs were holding on 24 May 1915. Further, since 2015 I have made novel use of 'Google Earth' imagery of the Peninsula, overlaid by trench maps (the 1929 Ordnance Survey map is the most reliable). This makes it possible to print highly accurate 'custom maps' whilst allowing me to upload the maps onto a hand-held GPS device. Combining both makes it possible to locate, with high probability, any trench or fixed point to within a few metres.

I searched for probable locations on Google Earth, specifically to the rear of the position held by 1/5th East Lancs on 25 May, and carried out an extensive review of all the relevant maps.¹⁵ I reasoned that Hargreaves' burial site would have needed to be far enough back from the front to be out of direct fire, but with the 1/5th East Lancs still manning the firing line, close enough to enable the burial party to get back reasonably quickly. The only spot meeting all the criteria was Romanos Well, which on 25 May 1915 was some 1500 yards (as the crow flies) behind the 1/5th East Lancs firing line.

I next visited the peninsula in May 2017. On 11 May I was at Romanos Well, now enclosed in a concrete structure and used for irrigation. Standing in a thicket across a track from the well stood two mature oaks and the meadows around were carpeted in wild flowers; it was indeed a 'lovely spot'. In that moment I realised it was 102 years to the day that the 1/5th East Lancs had first marched past Romanos Well on its way to the front and I felt profoundly moved that Captain Bolton had walked past his future resting place then, and again on 18 May after the 1/5th was relieved.

With trip companion Arthur Armstrong, I walked into the centre of the thicket, and we searched the dense undergrowth for any sign of a grave marker but alas found none. I measured the girth of the trees at one metre above ground. Both were over two metres in circumference, which given the relatively slow growth rate of the species on the peninsula, led me to believe the trees could have been there in 1915. The next day we revisited the site and on Arthur's suggestion we moved a large flat stone to the centre of the two oaks. I placed an inscribed Memorial Cross in front of it (see photo page 30) and we both spent a few moments in silent contemplation.

A day or so later a chance meeting in an Eceabat bar with Association historian Steve Chambers together with other Association stalwarts Michael Robson, Tom Iredale and Bill Sellars gave me the chance to explain my hypothesis about the burial site. With their encouragement I resolved to trace any living relatives of Captain Bolton should they exist and to pass on my findings.

I turned to my sister Norma Wallworth who, using her expertise in genealogy, researched the Bolton family and after painstaking work, delivered a dossier containing the Bolton family tree, contemporary newspaper articles on the brothers and, more critically, details of a living relative. This turned out to be Lord David Hacking, the grandson of Margery Hacking (nee Bolton), the brothers' sister.

I contacted Lord Hacking by email and received a very positive response. We exchanged further emails and from the material Lord Hacking forwarded and the responses of other family members a fuller story emerged. It became clear that the story did not end with Captain Bolton's death, and that the memory of all four brothers was still cherished by the family.

In October 2017 I met Lord Hacking with David Bolton (grandson of Geoffrey), and Charles Richards (great-great-nephew of all the brothers). Shortly after the meeting, Ethel Du Plessis, great-niece of the Bolton brothers and keeper of the family archive letters, provided me with copies. Several of these letters are over ten pages in length and provide many profound insights about the family and the brothers' military service both on and off the peninsula. One letter, written by John dated 26 May 1915, described the funeral preparations and the burial site;

Yesterday the 25th we sewed him up in his blanket and a great many willing volunteers carried him about 1½ miles back from the firing line and we that is Geoff and I and the carrying party all that could be spared from the front line buried him between an oak tree and another tree I don't know what. It was a very peaceful spot and will be easy to find anytime. Mr Best the Lytham curate read the service over him very nicely

whilst shells from the enemy were screaming over head as the enemy where shelling the base the whole time a fit end for so gallant a soldier.¹⁶

This was John's last letter to the family which ended with his poignant declaration:

I personally have no regrets I am out here.

The next letter the family received was from the Rev B Dennis Jones, the padre who buried John, who wrote to John's father on 5 June to break the news that John had died on the 4 June. This news, coming just ten days after Hargreaves' death, must have caused unimaginable grief to the family.

The 127 (Manchester) Brigade's famous advance on 4 June is well known, though less well known is the role played by the battalions of 126 (East Lancs) Brigade.

At the end of May 1915 all four battalions were temporarily attached to units of the 29th Division by order of General Hunter Weston (who at the time had little faith in the soldiering abilities of the Territorials), '*in order that the men and officers might learn their work*'.¹⁷ The 1/9th Manchesters returned to the 42nd Division after a few days, but the other three battalions remained with the 29th Division for the duration of the 4 June battle.

For the battle, the 1/5th East Lancs were split equally between the 1st Lancs Fusiliers and the 1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and both of these battalions had been temporarily attached to the Indian Brigade. 'A' and 'B' Companies were attached to the 1st Lancs Fusiliers then occupying the firing line in the centre of Gully Spur and were part of the '1st advance'. The '2nd advance' was to be made by the 1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, with 'C' (Geoffrey's) company and 'D' (John's) company attached. These troops occupied the second line directly behind the 1st Lancs Fusiliers.

The plan required the '1st advance' to capture trench J.10, which was between 150 and 200 yards from the British firing line, then to quickly move on and take trench J.11 a further 200 yards away. The '2nd advance' would then pass over J.11, going on to take its objective, roughly in line with J.13 a further 500 yards away.

At 12 noon on 4 June, the 1st advance went forward but faltered in the face of a withering rifle and machine gun fire and soon the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers and the East Lancs men were back in the firing line. The 2nd advance had been scheduled for 12.15pm.¹⁸ but as a consequence of the failure of the 1st advance to get forward, 'D' company 1/5th and the Inniskillings were still waiting in the second line at 1pm, when a shell burst inside the trench. Another 1/5th officer, Captain Welch, was nearest the explosion which smashed his arm, and John was hit by a 6-inch piece of shell casing which shattered his left arm and crashed into the left side of his abdomen. Seriously wounded, John was stretchered to the 87th Field Ambulance, Section 'B' forward dressing station at 'Y' Beach, and died around six hours later after bearing his



Lieutenant John Bolton

wounds with great bravery.

Geoffrey was some distance away when John was struck and at 1.30pm his company moved to support an attack by the 6th Gurkhas on the western end of J.10. Consequently Geoffrey was unaware that John had been wounded and only received the news of John's death the following morning.



Lieutenant John Bolton's headstone, Twelve Tree Copse cemetery

Geoffrey wrote to his parents on 8 June 1915 and described in frank terms the circumstances of John's death;

Tuesday June 8th 1915

My dear Mother & Father,

I am sorry I have not had time to write before to tell you about poor John's death. It is a terrible thing for you all at home, so soon after Hargreaves. I have not had time to send you a private cable about it but trust that the War Office notification came to you before you would see it in the casualty list. We had a big advance which I expect you will have seen about in the papers on Friday June 4th. It was during the bombardment by both artillery before we commenced the advance that he was seriously wounded, from accounts that I have got hold of a shell burst in the trench. Welch who was in front of John was hit first in the arm and a big piece of shell casing about 6 inches long caught John in the side and his arm was shattered. He was got out of the trench and carried down on a stretcher to the first dressing station where he lived for about 6 hours. Fitzgerald said that he saw when he was being carried down from the trench that it was only the case of a few hours, the Padre was with him most of the time and I think has written to father. He told me that John was simply marvellous he struggled to live till about the last hour when he said he was quite ready to go. I only wish I could have seen him but I was a fair way from where he was and I never found out till Saturday morning. He was wounded about 1 o'clock on Friday afternoon and passed away about 7 o'clock in the evening...' ¹⁸

John now rests in Twelve Tree Copse cemetery after being re-interred during the concentration

of cemeteries, but the location of his initial burial is open to speculation. The padre, the Rev B Dennis Jones (to whom Geoffery referred), wrote in his letter of 5 June to John's father that he had buried John saying;

*He now rests quietly by the sea, here on West Beach among the sandhills where I placed him.*¹⁹

The Manchester University 'Roll of Honour' (John graduated in engineering and mining), gives Gurkha Bluff as his first resting place, which as any who have visited know lacks sand hills, and on 5 June would have surely been too 'hot' a location to bury anyone. The official report of John's death,²⁰ however, gives his place of burial as "S.W. Gurkha Bluff", which may be a reference to the dead ground at the head of 'Y' Ravine that is indeed south west of Gurkha Bluff, and a more practical location for a battlefield cemetery.

Geoffrey was given little time to grieve and two hours after John's committal he was crossing the battlefield on a rather risky reconnaissance:

I was responsible for leading the battalion across having been over the ground the night before to the place we had to go to. I had set out on the evening of June 5th, about 9 pm. two hours after we had buried dear John, with a guide to find the way across, we didn't have an exactly pleasant journey owing to stray bullets knocking round, however I had to report to General Frith (Fusiliers Brigade) I found Kenyon (Myles Caffrey Kenyon's brother) who is staff Captain of the Fusilier Brigade and he showed me the dug outs we had to occupy, I returned to where our Battalion was on the beach on the left about 2 am. June 6th, we were supposed to move off at 4 am. but didn't get off till 6 am. It was a rather putting the 'cart before the horse' to send one by night to find the best way to lead a Battalion over in the daytime. Consequently, as soon as we left the beach we were in full view for their gunners who gave it us very hot. Then when we got to the place I had been shown by Kenyon I found some of the Naval Brigade had already got in our place and our men were left in the open whilst we found some old trenches to put our men in. I felt very thankful when we got all the men under cover. I must say we were all pretty badly knocked up after June 4th, 5th and 6th.²¹

Geoffrey and the 1/5th East Lancs spent the rest of June between the firing, support and reserve lines and on 1 July, Geoffrey wrote a letter of consolation to sister Margery, addressing it from the 'reserve trenches':

My dear Margery,

I received your very nice letter on Thursday which I must thank you very much for I was awfully pleased to hear from you, but only too sorry that John wasn't here to receive it. However, we know that it has pleased God to call both Hargreaves and John away from this earthy life of turmoil and strife to another life of bliss and happiness. Some of John's last words were that he couldn't understand this life of turmoil and strife and he felt quite ready to be called away to another world. I was sorry I couldn't see him after he was wounded owing to being so far away but perhaps it was as well as he must have been in pain although they said he never showed any signs of pain. I saw him next morning and he had a wonderfully peaceful and happy look on his face and looked very like Hargreaves. I was not far from Hargreaves' grave on Tuesday afternoon so had a walk down to look at it there is a very nice cross which a man out of his company painted and it looked very nice. I haven't been able to get near John's as we were transferred to another part of the line the day after we buried him Saturday June 5th, so I wasn't able to see a cross put up but I am certain the Padre will have seen to it.²²

On 11 July Geoffrey left the peninsula with his battalion for Mudros and did not return until 25 July, when the 1/5th East Lancs went into trenches astride the Krithia Nullah near Clapham Junction. The 1/5th were still at Clapham Junction on 3 August when Geoffrey wrote again to Margery, describing his daily routine in the reserve trenches:

My dear Margery,

Thank you very much indeed for your welcome letter again, at least I say again as I fancy I sent you a P.C. from our rest camp. We arrived back here a week last Sunday and have quite settled down again. We have not got into the firing line yet but we are working our way back and we are at present in the Reserve trenches about 800 yards behind. It is still extremely hot and the flies do not diminish at all. Everything is very quiet except for the Artillery which fire a few rounds per diem to show they are awake. The Turks seem to have adopted a wait and see attitude and have given up the idea of trying to drive us off the Peninsula. We seem to be also playing the same game except that I think there is some game on elsewhere which we are not acquainted with in the trenches. However, we are passing the time away very well digging new communication trenches, rifle inspections, censoring letters, inoculation against Cholera which has to be entered up in the men's pay books and trying to find time to write a letter myself. Also, I forgot Bomb throwing which I am supposed to know a fair amount about, (but don't) so I have to take Bomb throwing classes. Censoring letters is a very uninteresting job and takes up rather a long time but otherwise I enjoy the life, in a way the rest we had did me a lot of good but I am sorry to say had the opposite effect on quite a number...

The letter continues to name growing numbers of officers as sick, and two days after writing Geoffrey contracted dysentery and was evacuated from the peninsula on his birthday, 5 August. He arrived at Alexandria on 10 August and after a prolonged convalescence returned to the peninsula on 20 October to re-join his battalion, and shortly afterwards took up the role of acting adjutant.

In a long letter dated 30 October 1915, Geoffrey writes that the 1/5th officers '*seem to have been collaring all Divisional and Brigade jobs*' and goes on to list the officers and their appointments. One stands out in particular: '*Smith is Brigade Bombing officer*'. This was a reference to Lieutenant Alfred Victor Smith who would on 23 December 1915 become the recipient of the last Victoria Cross to be awarded on the peninsula. Lieutenant Smith's VC citation reads:

For most conspicuous bravery. He was in the act of throwing a grenade when it slipped from his hand and fell to the bottom of the trench, close to several of our officers and men. He immediately shouted out a warning and himself jumped clear and into safety, but seeing that the officers and men were unable to get to cover, and knowing well that the grenade was due to explode, he returned without any hesitation and flung himself down on it. He was instantly killed by the explosion. His magnificent act of self-sacrifice undoubtedly saved many lives.

Geoffrey was still Acting Adjutant when the 1/5th East Lancs were evacuated from the Peninsula on 28 December 1915. For his service at Gallipoli he was awarded the Military Cross (gazetted 3 June 1916), and also received an MiD in Munro's Gallipoli dispatch. After the evacuation he served in Egypt, where he received a second MiD, and later on the Western Front.

The fourth brother, Captain Maurice Baldwin Bolton, did not serve at Gallipoli but on the Western Front from March 1917. He was awarded the MC for his actions on 22 November 1917 when he fought a fire at an ammunition dump for 40 minutes whilst under shell fire,

'dragging out flaming boxes of Very Lights and smoke bombs from the dump and preventing the Stokes Mortar S.A.A. and other ammunition on the dump from exploding.' Maurice was wounded in the fighting at Le Cateau and died in a German hospital on 26 March 1918.

Soon after Maurice's death, Geoffrey's parents petitioned the War Office for his release from the army, this appeal based not on compassionate grounds but on the need for Geoffrey to survive and to run the family collieries.

The War Office granted the family's request and Geoffrey returned home *'with great reluctance and strongly felt he had been deprived of the War to its end.'*

²³ When the armistice arrived Geoffrey could not cope with the celebrating crowds and walked alone through the night from Burnley to his parents' home at Newchurch-in-Rossendale.

The dreadful cost to the Bolton family is hard to contemplate and its legacy remains. When Geoffrey's son, Maurice Bolton (now in his nineties), was shown the document in which I had detailed the brothers' service at Gallipoli, he could not bear to look at it because *'WWI memories, and shadows, in the homes where he was brought up were still too raw and etched in his psyche'*. The Bolton brother's sister, Margery, wept so much over the death of her three brothers that she lost the ability to cry thereafter. When her grandson (Lord Hacking) went to break the news of her eldest son's death (his father's) in 1971, 'she paled but shed not a tear'. ²⁴



Captain Maurice Baldwin Bolton

After the war Geoffrey remained in the Territorial Army, rising to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. His life was one of high achievement in local public service. In 1920 he succeeded his father as president of the St John Ambulance Brigade, Accrington Branch; he was prominent in the scouting movement and he became president of both Accrington Cricket Club and Accrington Stanley Football Club. He was a JP and was awarded the MBE for 'outstanding service to the community'. In 1962 he was appointed High Sheriff of Lancashire. In business he became joint managing director of Hargreaves Collieries Ltd and after nationalisation was later appointed chairman of the North-West Coal Board.

In reflecting on Geoffrey's achievements, it is impossible not to sense that here was a man driven by immense focus, energy and commitment to his community, and speculate on what a transformational contribution would have been made to business and the wider community of East Lancashire had his three brothers survived the war. There is compelling evidence of exceptional generosity, compassion, duty and humanity in the character of each brother which lies beyond the scope and purpose of this article. A brother officer of the 1/5th provided the last word in an epitaph for Captain Harry Hargreaves Bolton which resonates as powerfully now as a century ago:

Almost every man in Captain Bolton's company would have gone out to him had they been permitted, they loved him so. He was always doing something to help them – a man slow to anger, of mature judgement, a man who not only made the best of things, but thought the best of everyone. ²⁵

Endnotes.

1. de Ruvigny Vol 1 p101.
2. War diary 1/4th East Lancs Regt. – entry for 12 May 1915: ‘Firing trenches were in action with TURKS between 10 pm. and midnight.’
3. Behrend p101.
4. 42nd (East Lancs Division) war diary - Reports on Operations: 21 May 1915
5. 1/5th East Lancs Regiment – 23 May 1915
6. *ibid* - 23 May 1915
7. *ibid* - 23 May 1915
8. *The Manchester Guardian* 5 July 1915 p12. Also Bigwood p115
(Note: the new line became known as Burnley Road, a reference to the 1/5th East Lancs home town)
9. *ibid*
10. *ibid*
11. Letter from Pte John Procter to his sister 2 July 1915
12. Behrend p101
13. Letter from Lt. John Bolton to his sister 26 May 1915
14. Roynon p128.
15. ‘Helles The Opposing Trenches January 1916’, Ordnance Survey 1929. ‘Plan of Helles Area’ showing cemeteries and wells (IWGC, undated). ‘Diagram of Advanced Trenches and Communications’ 23 July RN Division HQ.
16. Letter from Lt. John Bolton to his sister 26 May 1915
17. Letter from 2nd Lt. John Bolton to his parents 8 June 1915
18. *29th Division General Staff war diary – 25 May 1915*
19. Letter to Henry Hargreaves Bolton from Rev B Dennis Jones 5 June 1915. “I had the honour of spending the last few hours with your son John Bolton, 1/5th East Lancs, attached to the Inniskillings.”
20. ‘Field Service Report of the Death of an Officer’ [Army Form B.2090 A.] 2nd Lieutenant John Bolton. 3rd Echelon, GHQ, MEF, 7 June 1915. - National Archives WO 374/7439.
21. Letter from Geoffrey to his sister Margery dated 3 August 1915. (Note, over the period 4, 5 and 6 June the battalion lost a third of its officers and around 90 other ranks killed, wounded and missing).
22. Letter from Geoffrey to his sister Margery dated 1 July 1915
23. *The Four Bolton Brothers*
24. *ibid*
25. *The Manchester Guardian* 5 July 1915 p12. Also Bigwood p115.

Sources

- Behrend, Arthur. *Make Me A Soldier. A Platoon Commander in Gallipoli*, London, Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1961
- Bigwood, George. *The Lancashire Fighting Territorials*, London, ‘Country Life’, 1916
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- Roynon, Gavin (ed) *A Chaplain at Gallipoli. The Great War Diaries of Kenneth Best*, London, Simon & Schuster UK in association with the Imperial War Museum, 2011

War Diaries:

- 1/4th East Lancs Regiment – May to December 1915.
 1/5th East Lancs Regiment – May to December 1915.
 126th (East Lancs) Brigade H.Q. – May to December 1915.
 42nd (East Lancs) Division H.Q. – May to December 1915.
29th Division General Staff war diary – May to September 1915
 87th Field Ambulance war diary - 1 June to 31 June 1915 (Volume No. 4)

Unpublished works:

'The Four Bolton Brothers' a resume of Bolton brother's civilian life and war service

– Lord David Hacking dated 30.11.2016

Collected Bolton family letters kept by Ethel Du Plessis.

YOUTH DEFIES TURKS.

He was a youthful British soldier, and the only one of his regiment remaining to oppose the horde of Turks in the trench opposite. And right nobly did he defend the position his comrades, now lying dead or wounded about him, had fought and fallen to retain. The result of his own valour he will never know, for he is dead, the enemy's rain of fire claiming him just at the moment when the help came which completed with victory the work the youth had carried on single-handed. The story of that gallant deed might never have been known but for one, Sergeant Reid, of the Chatham Battalion, R.M.L.I., who, as he lay dying, related it to Corporal Walter Puzey, of the 8th Battery, Australian Field Artillery.

"Imagine," the corporal writes, "a small sector of trench of an advanced post three or four days after the landing at Gaba Tepe in the Gallipoli Peninsula. In it a boy of eighteen and a grizzled old sergeant, the only two left able to fight, the trench full of dead and wounded. Presently the sergeant is wounded in the leg, later in the arm. Still they fight on. Suddenly the sergeant goes down, again hit. The boy fires on like a fury. The Turks, twenty yards away, have evidently been waiting for a fresh supply of hand grenades. These arrive, and they commence to bombard the lonely trench.

The sergeant says that while lying wounded he saw this noble boy catch and return to the enemy, thirty-five of these bombs. The thirty-sixth exploded and blew him to pieces. Immediately afterwards the relief (some Australians) arrived, and the gallant old sergeant was carried away, only to die later on, of pneumonia. He did not know the boy's name, but believed he belonged to the R.N.V.R. Perhaps someone who sees this may know Sergeant Reid, or one of the wounded men who were in the trench, and may recognise the episode from my poor description."

(*Clunes Guardian and Gazette* (Victoria), 30 Nov 1915 p3).

Editor's note: It appears that this incident concerns actions in what are referred to in the Australian *Official History* as the 'battle outposts'; originally isolated and unconnected rifle pits, dug in Wire Gully, in front of the main firing line, at Anzac. The marines arrived in this part of the line on 28th April. Charles Bean returned to Gallipoli in 1919 and noted:

Both "trenches" were straight and terribly open to fire from the other side of the ravine, and the northern one was full of the skeletons and uniforms of the dead - chiefly of marines in the lower part and valley-bed, and of Australians and Turks farther up. The remains, sometimes of several men together, lay in the little pits like rags poked into drawers. In the "pozzies" [rifle pits] along the washaway on the southern side the only relic was the sun helmet of a marine, but the washaway next behind it was littered with these helmets ... A gutter nearer to the Turkish trenches was littered even more thickly with the remains of Turks. It was clear that the trenches and gutters... had been used as graves in the armistice on May 24th.

MURRAY CHAMBERLAIN GERVASE MATHEW

THE 14th K.G.O. SIKHS

David Saunders

With additional research by Simon & Rosemary Cadenhead

The 'In Memoriam - Their Name Liveth for Ever More' column of The Daily Telegraph rarely includes reference to a Gallipoli casualty so I was thrilled on 11 Nov 2015 to see this entry:

Mathew. – Murray C.G. 'Mustapha' of Dovercourt, Lieutenant 28th Punjabis attached to 14th Sikhs, who died at Alexandria on 4th July 1915 of wounds received at the Third Battle of Krithia, the Dardanelles, on 4th June 1915.

Doubly thrilled as over thirty years ago I found a tiny photograph in the India Office archives of this young officer taken at Gallipoli. Living in Pembrokeshire and with a lifetime interest in ornithology I knew that here was a nephew of the Reverend Murray Mathew, author of the first *Birds of Pembrokeshire* published in 1894, someone of whom he had for many years hoped to find a photograph.

Contact was made via *The Daily Telegraph* with the person who had placed the In Memoriam notice, Mrs Rosemary Cadenhead, who is a great grand-daughter of the young man's father, Gervase Frederick Mathew, one of the Reverend's younger brothers who had risen to become Paymaster-in-Chief of the Royal Navy, and throughout his life an eminent lepidopterist.

Murray Mathew, eldest son of the eight children of Gervase Mathew, was born in India in 1888. He was very close to his sister Gwennie who was close to him in age and would speak of him with great fondness. Another of his sisters, Doris, kept many of the family papers including precious family letters and photographs. This has enabled us to know a little more concerning her brother.

He left for India while she was still at school and sadly she never saw him again.

Murray Mathew went to Sandhurst. A second lieutenant on 8th September 1908, he was promoted to lieutenant on the 9th December 1910 serving with the 28th Punjabi Regiment which, at the start of the First World War, was stationed on garrison duties in Ceylon. Doris recalled how he was afraid of missing the war and agitated so much that he managed to be attached to the 14th Sikhs or to give their full name from 1910 the 14th King George's Own Ferozepore Sikhs.



Lieutenant Murray C G Mathew

Two letters by Murray to his parents report his involvement and action in Sinai. The first, dated **30 January 1915**:

Dearest Mother and Father,

I am still at the same place. I've had lots of excitement since my last letter and have been in

action twice.

About six days ago our cavalry patrols brought in news that the Turks had arrived within seven miles of this place and so a small force was sent out to watch them. I was not in it. That night we got orders that a force composed of about one battalion, one battery mountain artillery Bikaner 'Camel' corps, and Patiala Lancers would go out and if they met the enemy would engage him. Well we marched out about 5 miles halting continuously and with our cavalry out when suddenly the enemy opened fire on us with shrapnel. They were falling short of where I was with the double company and neither they nor the officer commanding my double coy realised that they were the enemy's shells. I made the company get under cover as quickly as possible.

The other regiment was meanwhile advancing in extended order at the double and our guns were just getting into action. Just then the General arrived and almost immediately the regiment in front started to retire; we were ordered forward to cover their retirement and then came under fire. There were some trenches dug there which we occupied and we sat there till the evening being shelled at intervals by the enemy's shrapnel. They were only small guns 15 pounders. They only succeeded in wounding 3 Ghurkhas and killing one machine-gun mule.

Well my next experience was much more thrilling. It happened two nights ago now. My company was on out post duty and we occupied two piquets of the outpost line, and our Scouts were about a mile and half in front. It was a beautiful moonlight night, but there was a cold wind. There was another fellow in the same piquet as me – Capt. Channer and he was commanding the outpost line. There were about 40 men altogether with us in the piquet and a distance of about 400 yards between us and the piquets on either flank. We tried to get to sleep at about 8 pm but it was beastly cold and I could not sleep. Channer went and looked for a better spot. Eventually I got up and found an entrenching tool and dug myself a hole and slept beautifully in that until awakened by a Sepoy saying there was a lot of firing in front. Well I got up and went into the trench and had a look round. There was no firing going on there but Channer said there had been a good lot.

About 2.30 Lieutenant Meade, the Scout Officer, came in with his scout and said the enemy, about 200, were following him about a mile behind. I didn't even then believe they would be coming and lit my pipe and tried to get as comfy as possible, keeping a look out.

The trench was about 25 yds long and in front there was a low barbed wire entanglement, a very rotten affair about 20 yds. or less in front. I was telling a bugler where he could find my blanket which I wanted him to roll up and have ready to take away in the morning when I looked up and saw a long line of dark figures advancing on us at a distance of about 150 yds.

I told the men near me to be ready, and then waited for the word to fire to be given. They were quite close when we opened fire and of course they lay down at once and replied to it.

I was on the left of the trench and Channer and Meade were at the other end. Our men were shooting very high and wildly. I was trying to get them to take better aim and shoot low. The enemy advanced to about 6 or 7 yards from the barbed wire and seemed to be working round our right flank. I was wearing a topee and whenever I looked over to observe where they were, about 3 bullets would whizz past my head. I soon realised that my hat must be drawing their fire and so discarded it. Our orders were to hold on until we got orders to retire. Channer reported to HQ by telephone that we were being attacked by an enemy who was apparently trying to cut us off and that we were not in touch with the piquets on our right flank, and was told that reinforcements would be sent out at 5.30! it was then about 4 o'clock and our ammunition was running out! The Turks tried to charge at one time, they got up and made

a feeble cheer and their officers seemed to be encouraging them, but they got no further.

Eventually at about 4.30 the fire began to die away, but I saw no-one leave. There were one or two of them actually lying up against the barbed wire and whenever one looked over to look at them they loosed off. We had a native officer and one man both killed, shot in the head, and next morning we picked up three of their dead and could see the marks where others apparently corpses had been dragged off.

Apparently the rest had crawled away until they got under cover and then bolted, as we could see in the sand next morning marks of their having squirmed along on their stomachs. One of the men killed was an officer (Turkish) and his pockets were full of note books. They looked well fed and clothed and carried a Mainlicher (?) Rifle beautifully sighted and magazine loaded. A wounded man was found on the road further off and is now in hospital. Afterward we heard that ours was the only picket attacked – if we had known this at the time or if there had been a British officer in the picket next to ours he could have taken them in the flank with the bayonet and we should have bagged the lot.

The “Swiftsure” was lying in the canal to our left and she turned on her search lights but it was too late and they had cleared. The search light from our own camp was turned on too, but shone into our backs and showed our heads up fully for the Turks to fire at. I must say I didn’t feel any different when the firing was at its fiercest than I do on manoeuvres and acted much the same as I do then, of course I kept my head down as much as I could but the trench had no means of seeing the enemy without exposing one’s head and most of one’s shoulders. 3 or 4 bullets struck the parapet just beside me, but I think the majority went high. I had a young lot of soldiers near me and I think they were a bit nervous at one time. Yesterday we were on day out-posts and could see the Turks digging trenches and grazing camels.

Our aeroplanes bring us in lots of news. I think the main Turkish forces are massing between Ismailia and Suez.

I forgot to say that on the first day the reason we started retiring was that the G.O.C. commanding the canal defences had just sent strict orders that we were on no account to advance beyond a certain hill and as we were then well in advance we had to extricate ourselves under fire as best we could.

Hope all are well and flourishing at home. It’s a great pity David is having such rotten weather. Much love to all, Yr affect. Son Murray C. G. Mathew.

P.S. I’ve been trying to analyse my feelings when under fire the other night. I hadn’t that sort of funky feeling I used to have at school when I had been misbehaving and was due to be beaten, the feeling one gets before starting off for a “point to point” race or before singing before an audience.

I must say on further consideration that we were in a tight corner, as we had no lateral communication with our pickets, and for all we knew the enemy might have been strong enough to get in between them and thus force their way to camp, and the only way we could stop that and save the whole outpost line was to retire in order to our flanks. However we had been told that we should get orders when to retire, but the only reply Channer got when he told them what was happening, was that a force was to march out at 5.30 a.m., which was probably what would have happened if the enemy had attacked or not, and came in the ordinary routine of things.

As a matter of fact reinforcements arrived at about 4.45 a.m.

At the point when he was attacking the enemy the enemy was stronger than us in the

proportion of about 5 to 1 and if they had pushed on their attack with any vigour they ought to have rushed our picket.



Lt Wreford (wounded); Capt Channer (wounded); Lt Cursetjee IMS (wounded); Lt Mathew (killed)
14th King George's Own Ferozepore Sikhs

The second dated **12 February**:

Dearest Mother and Father,

I suppose you've read in the papers about all the fighting here and we are not supposed to write any more than appears in them. For me personally it was not so exciting as the last little show. They started an attack on our outpost line at about 4.30 a.m. on the 3rd. I was sleeping in my tent at the time and was woken by the sound of the firing. At first I took no notice of it and started going to sleep again and then suddenly remembered it was war and not peace time and if there was firing it meant "enemy" so got up and started to dress, which I did very carefully as I knew the outposts would hold them if they had come in great force, for some time.

When dressed I joined my D.C. on the perimeter, the bullets were whistling overhead and out in front I could now and then see the enemy's flare signals the key to which we had picked up on one of the enemy's dead officers on the night they attacked my piquet. The firing got heavier and reinforcements and ammunition were sent out to the outpost line. My D.C. had previously received orders to parade at 7.30 unless otherwise ordered. The fighting continued after dawn and at about 6.30 I went off to get some breakfast and at 7.30 paraded outside the perimeter but under cover. Previous to this one of our D.C.s had been sent out to reinforce the outposts and drive the enemy off.

At about 7.15 the enemy started to attack the detached post of ours at a place called Tel El Ahmar which is a small mound in which are some ruins and which we have fortified, it is

about three quarters of a mile in advance of our unit's front line to the right of it (I am now writing in it). This attack which came from our right i.e. S.E. was I presume intended to come off at the same time as that on our outposts, but owing to bad staff work, or accidents came off just at the time the latter had been pushed back and was retiring. We didn't start advancing until nearly 8 a.m. The "Swiftsure" from the canal had dropped some big shells from her 7.5's into the wretched Turks as they retired and caused them more casualties. I myself found a patch of three killed and one mortally wounded, the result of the shell burst and goodness knows how many men must have been carried away. The enemy's guns fired on us as we advanced but caused no casualties. We were merely pushed into a sort of day outpost line and had no intention of engaging the enemy unless they advanced, so just sat down and watched them when we had got to a point about a mile on front of the outpost line. They shell us intermittently and the "Swiftsure" stopped an advance of theirs with two shells. It was bitterly cold with a strong wind and dust storm. All day we could hear very heavy firing from the south but couldn't tell what was happening there. At last we were retired at 3.30. I had to take the rear line and was very surprised they did not try and tickle our tail as we returned to camp. Apparently they have suffered very heavily all along the line. I must say I'm sorry for the wretched Turks as they have been so immensely deceived by the German and Turkish officers. Four deserters (Syrians) came in here the other day one was a scavenger one a batman and one a professor in Arabic. They had been given a rifle each and some ammunition and told they were soldiers. The regulars however seem a well fed, well clothed lot and their arms are quite good and when they are attacking they seem to do so in the right spirit.

At present all is quiet and I don't think there are any Turks within 50 miles but you never can tell what they will do next. It has been very cold and windy here and we have had some rain. Of course all our food is full of sand. I don't know what we shall do now if the Turks don't come on again. If we have to stop here all the summer I think I shall try and get with the other expedition in the Euphrates as my Persian would be useful there. On the other hand we may be sent to France or East Africa or Constantinople or any old place.

Much love to all Yr Affec. son Murray

An extract from a letter dated Easter Sunday (postmarked **4th April 1915**)

Dearest Mother and Father,

The second threatened attack of the Turks has proved to be nothing at all and I don't suppose they have any intention of coming here now at all. I think there is every chance of us making a move north in a short time. There has been a good lot going on here but I'm afraid I cannot write about it.

The weather changes very little here. Egypt is now very invaded by swarms of locusts from the Sinai Peninsula and I have seen millions flying overhead at a height of about 200 feet, funnily enough the only place they settled on in Cairo on their way was the office of the Minister of agriculture when they covered the entire building!

Murray's next letter, dated **30 April 1915**.

We are just nearing the mouth of the Dardanelles and can see the Allied fleet in action off Cape Hellas where we are going to land in a few hours. It is beautifully fine and calm and the scenery is lovely. In the distance we can see Mount Olympus. Please tell Aunt Kitty I have only just discovered her letter which had slipped in between two sheets of paper. Well au revoir (?) I will write whenever I get the chance. Love to all. Your affec. son Murray.

Lieutenant General Sir Reginald Savory in 'Gallipoli Memories' published in *The Gallipolian* describes how the 14th Sikhs, in which he was a lieutenant, sailed from Port Said on 27 April 1915 in the *Dunluce Castle* 'under sealed orders, but there was no secrecy as 'we had been issued with £1 and 10s notes superscribed in Turkish.' They were to land at V Beach at dawn on 1 May.

Only two days were spent by the Sikhs in the front line during the first fortnight on the peninsula but nevertheless seventy-eight sepoys and three British officers were killed. Charles Bruce, later of Mount Everest fame, noted that the Sikhs serving alongside his Gurkhas being tall had a harder time, their turbans making them even more conspicuous to the Turks. Taking over from the Gurkhas after their seizure of what is now known as Gurkha Bluff, among the Sikh's casualties was Major George Swinley, a member of an old Indian Army family.

Murray's letter to his parents dated **11th May 1915**:

I don't know whether you have received my letters I wrote you before I left Egypt and on the ship as I believe the censoring has been very strict. Anyhow, I am in the place where poor old Basil was killed. Isn't it awfully sad. (Murray's close friend Captain Basil Ward serving with the Essex Regiment had been killed at the landings on 25 April.) I heard his regiment was here when we landed and got into their lines as soon as I could only to hear that he had been killed a few days before. If only I had known that he was at Alexandria I should have made a point of going. I know you will do all you can to keep up his mother and father's spirits but it must be a big blow for them. The landing here cost us a very big price in killed and wounded. The German officers taken said they thought it was impregnable.

We landed on May 1st and since then have been in reserve but nevertheless have suffered about 50 casualties. At present we are about 400 yards in rear of the firing line which is about 700 from the enemy. We are going up into the firing line tomorrow. (censored word) are here and made a name for themselves in landing at the cost of half the regiment.

Firing goes on continuously all day and all night along the trenches. Since we landed we have advanced our line about a mile or perhaps a bit more. The sea is simply full of battleships and is a fine sight. The country here is very beautiful lovely flowers and quite different to Egypt. The enemy goes in almost entirely for night attacks. They are also quite useful at sniping and individuals get behind the lines and snipe people in the rear, their great trick is to sham dead and to get left behind.

I should not be a bit surprised if David (Murray's brother) was sent out here as I should think we shall want all the troops we can get for this job. I am fairly fit except for a bad throat – caused I believe by the stench which in some places (not so much just here), is horrible. I've been put in charge of the regimental machine guns (11 lines censored).

Murray's letter to his parents dated **24th May 1915**:

Dearest Mother and Father,

I've received two lots of letters from you since I got here. I've been in the firing line now for 11 days and during that time we have been up every night on the look out for the Turks. They always fire all night and snipe all day so one gets no peace.

Since we have been here we have advanced our line about 2 miles. We have had 2 officers killed and one wounded up to date. I think I told you that I had been given charge of the machine guns well funnily enough I've been with my old regiment the Lancashire Fusiliers for the last four or five days. The day before yesterday the Turks suddenly attacked our left at 2 pm, a most unusual time as they usually attack at night. I had to take one of my

machine guns along to take the place of one of those of the regiment on the left and although I could not play a very large part in the fight I saw most of it. They apparently rushed two of our advanced trenches but we eventually retook them and slayed a large number of them including 3 German officers. I had a p.c. from David the other day and I am writing to him now. I claim to have knocked out one of the enemy machine guns and helped to knock out another. Can you arrange with the Stores for them to send me one of Fortnum and Masons tinned plum cakes once a week. We only get the ordinary A.J.C. ration which though quite good does not contain much beyond the staff of life and meat etc. I expect you have had all the pictures about this show which appear in the daily liars. They make rather amusing reading out here on the spot.

Well much love to all. Your affect. Son M.G. Mathew

P.S. I could make this letter more interesting if it was not for the Censor

Reginald Savory remembered how from mid-May some three weeks were spent digging, deepening the trenches by day, at night moving forward into No-Man's Land to commence a new trench so gradually inching towards the Turks.

Once or twice, we found the Turks had occupied our new trenches and had to turn them out with the bayonet; but these were small affairs and, as were usually successful, they helped our morale. Then came a series of visits by red-tabbed staff officers. We knew what that meant. There was an attack in the offing. On 3rd June we received our orders. There would be a general assault next day all along the line.

Murray's letter to his parents dated **2nd June 1915** with **4th June** postscript – his last letter.

Dearest Mother and Father,

All's well here so far. In my capacity of machine gun officer I have been in the firing line every night since the 13th May. The rest of the bde get three nights on and three nights off but machine guns are very important so we stay on. I've no grouse as I really prefer it, it is more interesting and unless they attack in force and throw bombs it is not more dangerous. Where I am the enemies' trenches are about 100 yards away and appear to be sapping hard towards us. Of course all work is done at night. One thing we have to be thankful for here and that is fine weather. We have only had rain on one day and then the place was soon made very uncomfortable?

I've had two p.c.s from D. We have one or two casualties every day from snipers but if one is careful there is no reason why one should be hit. They have managed to bring up some heavy guns during the last day or two. I am predicting the war will be over in six weeks time. Our artillery and aircraft have both gained superiority over the enemy.

I had no idea that G (sister Gwennie) was on her way to getting engaged and she had never mentioned Mr Gregory-Jones in any of her letters as far as I remember. I quite agree with you about it. Please thank Kathleen and Margie and Ruby (three more sisters) very much for their letters.

I suppose that by now you have read the accounts of the landing here and at Gaba Tepe. It is one of the finest things that has ever been accomplished. Both the 29th Div. and the Australians were magnificent. We have only got to get a hill called Achi Baba in front of us a place the Turks and Germans say is impregnable and we shall practically have the narrows at our mercy I believe.

Well much love to all. Your affectionate son Murray

Your parcel not yet received but many thanks

P.S. June 4th

We are going to start an attack on the enemy's line in a few minutes. I hope for the best.

Love to all Murray

Thus the Third Battle of Krithia, the Sikhs in two waves some fifteen minutes apart, attacked along Gully Ravine as the bombardment ceased at 1200. Savory again.

Blow the whistle... Scramble over the top... Off you go. I waited a second to see the men up, looked for Fowle, but could not see him, and then popped up myself. From that moment I lost all control of the fighting. The roar of musketry was so intense as to drown all other sound, except that of the guns. To try to give an order was useless. The nearest man to me was a yard away, and even then I could not see him.

Compton Mackenzie describes how the day went badly for the Sikhs.

The Sixth Gurkhas on their left had failed to carry the first line of Turkish trenches and their web of barbed wire which the guns from the ships had left untouched. Relieved from the anxiety from the Gurkhas the enemy was free to concentrate a violent fire on the attack up the Saghir Dere. Machine guns opened up on them from both sides at the moment they came out of their trenches. Four British officers and a quarter of the rank and file fell at once.

That morning the Fourteenth (King George's Own) Sikhs moved out to the attack with fifteen British officers, fourteen Indian officers and five hundred and fourteen men. On the morning after, three British officers, three Indian officers, and one hundred and thirty four men were left. No ground was given; no man turned his back; no man lingered on his way.

That ghastly day the 14th Sikhs suffered casualties of 82 per cent, among them Lieutenant Mathew, serving as the battalion machine-gun officer. Talbot (Regimental History) describes:

On hearing that one of his guns, though undamaged, had perforce been abandoned, Mathew led out a party to retrieve it. It was a forlorn hope. Though with great heroism Mathew and his men succeeded in reaching the gun, they could not bring it in. As each man carrying the gun was hit, another took his place. Finally Mathew alone was left unhurt. He picked up the gun and struggled with it a few yards until he too fell, hit in seven places.

Badly wounded, Murray Mathew was evacuated to Egypt. *The Times* of 9 July 1915 under the heading, 'The Fighting in the Dardanelles', reported his death:

Lieutenant Murray Chamberlain Gervase Mathew, 28th Punjabis, who died at Alexandria on July 4th from wounds received at the Dardanelles on June 4th was the eldest son of Gervase F Mathew RN, of Lee House, Dovercourt and great grandson of Major William J. Mathew who was at one time A.D.C. to the Marquis of Hastings, Governor General of India. After serving five and a half years in India and eight months in Ceylon he went to Egypt last December, and was attached to the 14th (King George's Own) Sikhs. He took part in various actions near the Suez Canal in January and February, and then proceeded to the Dardanelles, landing there on May 1st.

From Alexandria Major P E Knapp serving with the 51st Sikhs (later killed in 'the action of the Wadi' on 13 January 1916 during the unsuccessful attempt to relieve Kut), writing on 8

July 1915 to R Maurice Bayley, Assistant Paymaster RN, c/o Naval C in C East Indies:

You asked me to let you know what Mathew had told me as to how he had been wounded. His account was somewhat as follows:

“It was the morning after the fight in which the 14 Sikhs lost so heavily. One of my maxim detachment (I think he said an N.C.O.) was wounded and somewhere out in front overnight, so I crawled out of my trench in the morning to find him and bring him in. I had got a little way out, when to my horror I found the Turks were concentrating their fire on me and I got three bullets in the chest. I turned to get back and got hit again in the back, so knew no more”

R Maurice Bayley writing to Murray's father on **14 July 1915**:

I am writing to you a few lines just to offer you and your family my most sincere and heartfelt sympathy. I was up at Alexandria with Captain Burrows (Captain H. M. Burrows, with whom Murray served in the 28th Punjabis) when your son died and as he has probably told you we were with him an hour before he died.

We were great pals in Ceylon as we were up in camp there when the 28th were there last summer and of course we saw a good deal of each other here when he was attached to the 14th Sikhs before they went to the Dardanelles.

I saw him first on the Friday afternoon the 2nd July and he had been in hospital there since the 17th June. He had two bullets in the right leg, one in the left, two in the right side and one through the right lung. Unfortunately, owing to exposure and delay in dressing, the big wound was very septic but the doctors told me that provided no complications set in there was reasonable hope of his recovering. Naturally he was very weak owing to being able to eat practically nothing but he was able to talk quite well.

It appears that he had been in charge of the machine gun section and was under fire for six days and nights without relief. He was wounded on the morning of the 5th June on the second day of the advance. Unfortunately, the 14th Sikhs had a great deal of barbed wire in front of them which had been untouched by previous bombardment and naturally they suffered more heavily than any one else.

On the Friday he was just holding his own and seemed fairly cheery although of course his nerves were rather in pieces and he had very little strength to fight against his wounds. I left him about 7 pm and went back the next afternoon just after he had had his wound dressed. Unfortunately, a little bronchitis had set in on his only sound lung which made his breathing very difficult and he had several bad spasms after that dressing. We gave him oxygen and morphia and later about 7.30 he got quieter. Burrows had arrived in the meantime and we then went away. We came back about 10.30 on Sunday and found he had passed a bad night and had had much trouble in breathing. They had just given him a second injection of morphia and he said he was going to sleep so we thought we could do no good by staying so we went away. He died at about noon on Sunday the 4th July. We went back at once to the hospital and it was evident from the expression on his face and from what the nurse said that he had died quietly and without any struggle, thank God.

In a further letter to Murray's father on **19 August 1915**:

I don't know what hospital ship he came down in. He was admitted on the 17th June and progressed quite favourably until the 3rd July when he got worse and contracted bronchitis in the other lung. The doctors certainly up to that date were quite hopeful of his recovery

so the telegrams you received were not misleading. In fact as I told you the first day I saw him they were still quite optimistic. It is useless to disguise the fact however that he never would have been fit again for active service and it is doubtful whether he would not have been almost an invalid all his life.

So perhaps it was the best really - and nothing can efface the fact that it was a great sacrifice and a magnificent death - I know- that his Colonel and his brother officers, and lastly but not least, his friends, are unmeasurably proud of him, proud to have been his brother officers and proud to have been one of his pals.

I am very much afraid we shall never have an eyewitness's account of his death. Naturally being in charge of the machine gun section he was quite detached from the remainder of the regiment and quite on his own. Also I should think it is doubtful whether there are any survivors of the section. - the total survivors of the regiment only number something like a 100 or 150, I am afraid. Anyhow, I am trying to find this out but I fear that my efforts in this direction will be unsuccessful. As regards your not hearing from anyone in the regiment, as I say there are so few left now who went through that attack that I don't suppose any of them saw it, particularly as he was detached. I know he never told any of the hospital people anything as I questioned them all. Of course the great trouble - i.e. the wound being septic, was caused by the delay in being brought in but that would be accounted for by the extraordinary close quarters at which they fought - at one point only 15 yards separated the two lines of trenches. You can imagine that the whole affair was a veritable hell.

Murray Mathew was buried in Chatby Military and War Memorial cemetery, Alexandria, Maurice Bayley in his letter of **14 July** reporting:

Apparently they make no special arrangements for officers' funerals so we asked them to leave the matter in our hands and next morning managed to get a gun carriage and team of horses from the Field Artillery at Alexandria. The wreath was inscribed "Colonel Chichester and the Officers of the 28th Punjabis"

Two other officers besides Burrows and myself attended the funeral and there was a firing party at the Cemetery. I am only thankful that some of us who knew him well and had been his pals were privileged to pay him that last honour which he deserved so well.

Captain Burrows I believe is leaving Suez but I shall probably remain here some time so if there is anything in any way that I can do for you, I should consider it a privilege to do so as I am here on the spot and can get anything done that you may wish.

A letter dated **13 September 1915** from Mrs Agnes Chichester, wife of Lieutenant Colonel Alfred Chichester of the 28th Punjabis, to Murray's mother:

Many thanks for your letter. We have had no further details of your son's death etc. but my husband has written to Col. Palin of 14th Sikhs to find out more about him as we all think he deserves the V.C. but unless someone actually saw him rescuing the man it will be difficult to prove his brave deed altho' we all know it is just what he would do. When he went to Egypt and did so well there everyone in the regiment (28th) said "It will be death or a V.C. for Mathew"

Be sure to write either to my husband or me if we can do anything for you in connection with your son's death, we shall be only too pleased to be of any use to you. The regiment (28th Punjabis) are going to have a tombstone put upon his grave in due time and if I can manage it I will have it photographed for you.

This indeed took place and Murray Mathew's grave was subsequently marked with a fine marble cross (below). Sadly in recent years this was seriously vandalised and has subsequently been replaced with a Commonwealth War Graves Commission headstone (see page 32).



Lieutenant Mathews' original headstone.

This article commenced with reference to a newspaper announcement so it seems appropriate to conclude with another:

THE LATE LIEUTENANT GERVASE C. G. MATHEW

Paymaster-in-Chief Gervase F Mathew, Lee House, Dovercourt, has received the following communication from the Assistant Military Secretary, War Office, dated 13th June, 1917.

I have it in command from His Majesty the King to inform you, as next-of-kin of the late Lieutenant Murray Gervase Chamberlain Mathew, of the 28th Punjabis, attached to the 14th Sikhs (Indian Army) that this officer was mentioned in a despatch from General Sir Ian Hamilton, dated 22nd September, 1915, and published in the Fifth Supplement to the 'London Gazette' of 16th dated 17th March, 1917 for gallant and distinguished service in the field.

I am to express to you the King's high appreciation of these services, and to add that His Majesty trusts that their public acknowledgement may be of some consolation in your bereavement.

References

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 Talbot, F E G, 1937 *The 14th King George's Own Sikhs*, RUSI London.

Acknowledgements

Thanks to Foster Summerson I made contact with Doug Rowe who so very speedily provided splendid photographs of the Dovercourt War Memorials where Murray is among those listed. Thanks are also due to the Commonwealth War Graves Commission who so very kindly provided a photograph of Murray's headstone in the Chatby War Memorial cemetery (see page 32).

QUARTERMASTER'S STORES

The following items are available from the 'Stores'. All postage costs are shown separately from the cost of the item and the relevant amount indicated should be added when ordering.

Silk Ties – silk, non-crease ties in the Gallipoli Association colours - green bands for the land of Gallipoli and blue-grey for the waters of the Dardanelles, with narrow stripes of navy-blue and scarlet for the services - are available at £16.90 plus postage [Cost including postage - UK £17.83. Europe £20.10. World Zone 1 £20.70. World Zone 2 £20.90.]

Standard Ties - in Association colours are available price £7.70 plus postage [Cost including postage - UK £8.63. Europe £10.90. World Zone 1 £11.50 World Zone 2 £11.70]

Blazer Badges – hand embroidered wire and silk blazer badges are available at £7.70 plus postage [Cost including postage - UK £8.63 Europe £10.90. World Zone 1 £11.50. World Zone 2 £11.70.]

Lapel Badges in the Association colours are available, price £6.20 plus postage. [Cost including postage - UK £7.13. Europe £9.40. World Zone 1 £10.00 World Zone 2 £10.20.]

Binders, which hold 6 copies of *The Gallipolitan* are available, finished in attractive simulated leather, coloured maroon, with the title blocked in gold on the spine. Price per Binder is £6.45 plus postage [Cost including postage - UK £8.10. Europe £11.60. World Zone 1 £13.90. World Zone 2 £14.35]

We also feature a new item - an Association Scarf (see photograph on page 35 of the Winter 2017 edition of *The Gallipolitan*), pure wool, hand-made, in association colours measures approx. 140x 23cms. Price £28.00 plus postage. [Cost including postage - UK £31.70. Europe £32.40. World Zone 1 £33.45. World Zone 2 £33.90.] As this is a new item and only a small stock is held, please check with the Quartermaster regarding availability'

Orders with payment, cheques and postal orders made out to 'The Gallipoli Association', to the Secretary, James Watson Smith Chelsea Lodge, Coopers Hill Lane, Englefield Green, Surrey TW20 0JX. E-Mail: events@gallipoli-association.org

LIEUTENANT MAULE'S GRAVE

"Up on the edge of a moorland, with clumps of heather similar to our Highland purple, is Pink Farm Cemetery, where the son of Sir Robert Maule is buried, along with another dozen who have sealed their patriotism with their blood. Above the boy lieutenant's grave is a lovely drooping fruit tree ; some of the fruits, in their immature state have fallen upon his grave, and lie withering — withering before they got a chance to ripen to maturity.

Coming back by the edge of the cliff we come upon several big guns so cunningly concealed that we were almost past before we observed what they were. On the cliff-edge, looking down on Gully Beach and across the sparkling blue of the Gulf of Saros, with the faint grey outlines of distant war and transport vessels just showing against the purple background of the far-away mainland, we stood drinking in the beauty of it all, when a motor launch filled with Red Cross nurses attracted our attention.

They waved handkerchiefs to us, and we enthusiastically waved our helmets in the air until they were out of clear vision.

The first English women we had seen for four months, they were worth a long look. They are representatives of all we fight for, and we adventurers made our way downwards, tired but more cheerful than before."

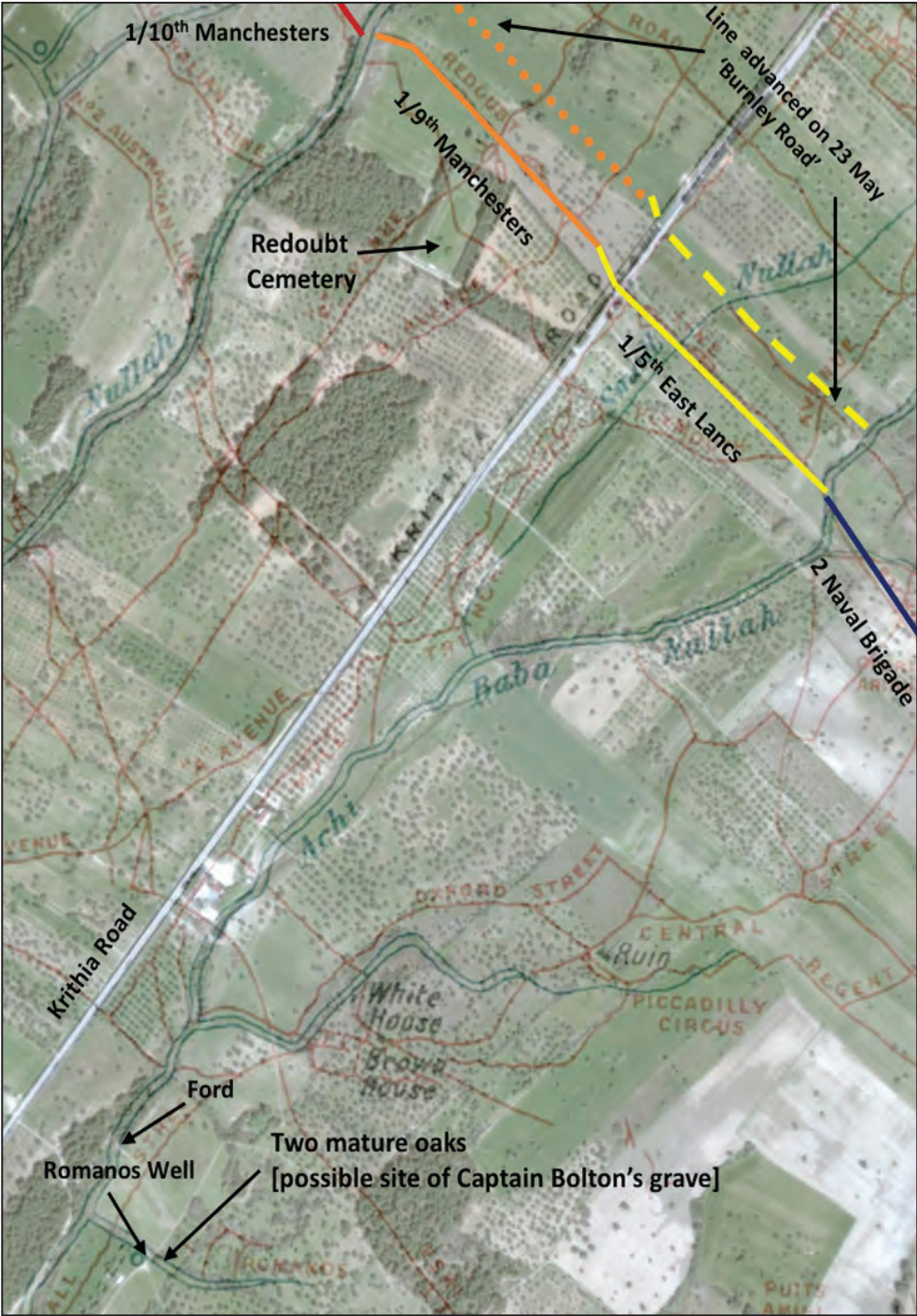
- *West Wimmera Mail and Natimuk Advertiser* (Victoria, Australia), 31 March 1916 p5.

Editor's note: Lieutenant Robert Maule, 1/5th Bn. T.F. The Royal Scots. Killed in action (shrapnel) 27th May 1915, aged 21.



ARTICLES FOR THE GALLIPOLIAN

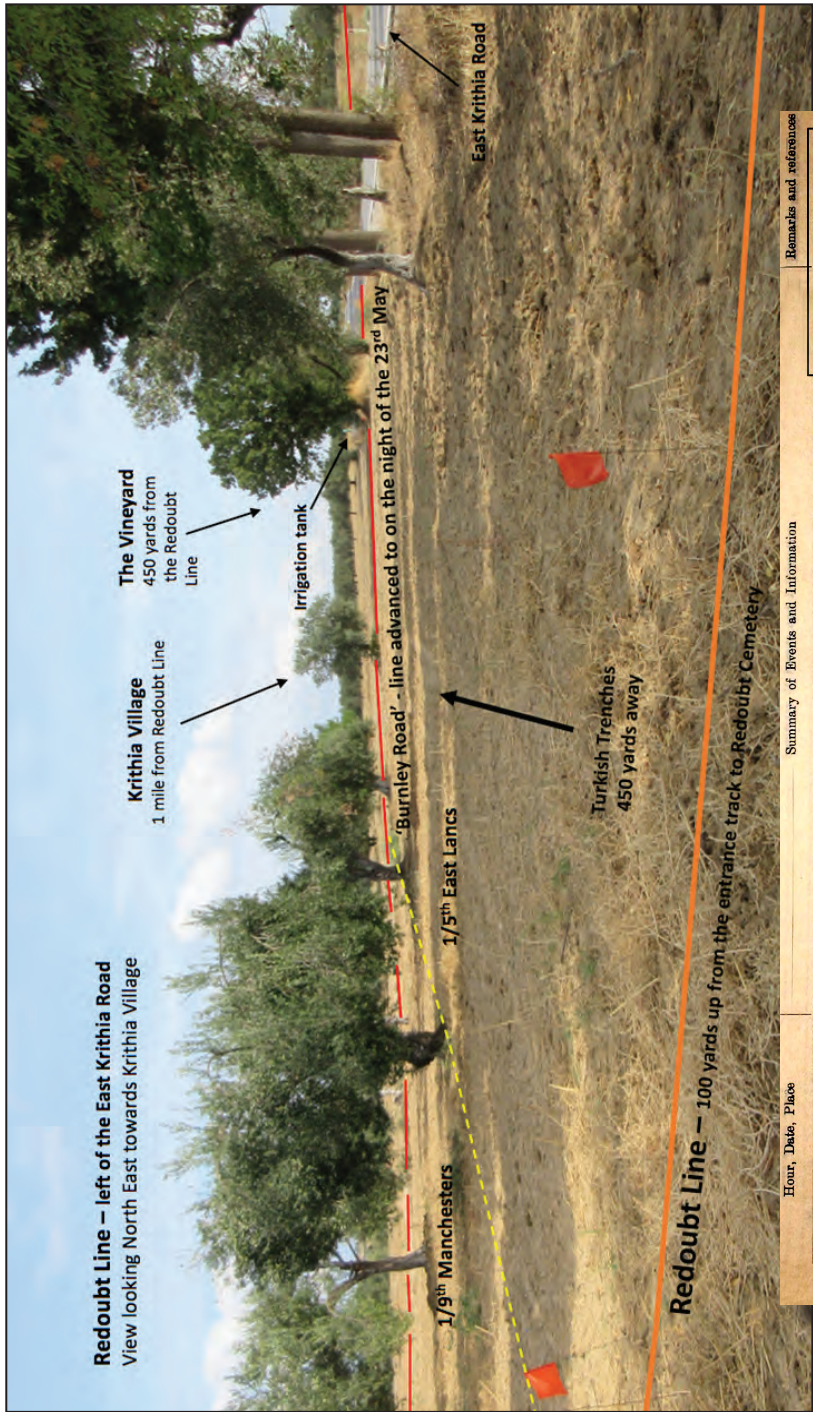
Articles and items of interest about any aspect of the Gallipoli campaign are always welcome. These should be submitted direct to the editor, preferably as an e-mail attachment, at the email address shown on the inside front cover. For those considering the submission of articles the editor can provide notes for the guidance of contributors on request.



Possible location of Captain H H Bolton's grave, Helles. See pages 5 - 15



The Two Oaks and Romanos Well, Helles, Possible location of Captain H H Bolton's grave with marker laid by author, Michael Crane. See pages 5 - 15.



Hour, Date, Place	Summary of Events and Information	Remarks and references
24/11/15- Salapote	A quiet morning	1/5th East Lancers war diary
8 AM	Two occurred that Cap-H.H. BOLTON was shot through the head & severely wounded	
10 AM	Infantryman received Cap-H.H. BOLTON dead.	



CWGC headstone, Lieutenant Murray Mathew, Chatby War Memorial cemetery, Alexandria, Egypt. Photograph courtesy Commonwealth War Craves Commission. See pages 16 - 27.



Dovercourt war memorial, Essex, on which Murray Mathew is listed. See pages 16 - 27. Photograph courtesy Doug Rowe.



Below:
View from the end of the Australian Pier, Mudros Harbour, Lemnos, back towards land. The chapel indicated on the map on page 52, and identified below as 'Ekklesia Agios Pavlos' appears far left.

Above:
View along the Australian Pier across Mudros Bay, Lemnos.

Photographs by Jim Claven.
See pages 50 - 53.





'Fame! - Grave of unknown comrade, 14 Dec 1915' Sketch by Captain Leslie Hore, 8th Light Horse Regiment. In the distance, an aeroplane over Suvla is chased by anti-aircraft artillery. See pages 37 -49.
Mitchell Library, State Library of NSW, PXE 702.



Sergeant Louis Garsonnin's Maurice Farman MF.11 No. 505 of Escadrille MF 98 T.
Illustration by David Méchin. See pages 37 - 49.

Bronze steam whistle, SS 'River Clyde', Cape Helles landing

Item held in the collection of the Australian War Memorial

(AWM RELAWM00316)

Description

Thick-walled bronze tube, capped with a domed fitting at one end, and with an internal screw thread at the other. A pair of rectangular cut-outs are sited at the lower part of the tube; a valve plate, slotted at the sides, is bolted within this space, sitting level with the bottom of the cut outs.

History / Summary

Bronze steam whistle salvaged from the British transport SS River Clyde. The River Clyde, a 4,000 ton collier built in Glasgow in 1904, formed part of the British landing strategy for Cape Helles, at the southern end of the Gallipoli Peninsula on the morning of 25 April 1915. The plan was to run it ashore under the guns of the Turkish fort, Sedd el Bahr castle at V Beach (so designated by the British), then disembark over 2,000 men from the Royal Munster Fusiliers and Royal Dublin Fusiliers through 'sally ports' cut into both sides of the ship's hull, where they planned to assault down gangways and onto a walkway of small pontoon boats linking it to the shore.

Editor's note: no dimensions for the whistle are given, but from a photograph of the display in which it appears, it seems to be no more than approximately 30 cm in height.

See pages 61 - 62.



The battle of Chunuk Bair, 8 August 1915



Major Ion G Brown, *The battle of Chunuk Bair, 8 August 1915*.

The sesquicentennial gift to the nation from the New Zealand Defence Force, 1990.

Ref: D-001-035. Courtesy Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, New Zealand.

The Wellington Battalion NZEF in close combat with Turkish forces on Chunuk Bair, with Mal Tepe (dark conical hill) and the Dardanelles beyond. Ion Brown was official artist to the New Zealand Defence Force from 1987 to 1997; oil (232 x 116 mm) held in the New Zealand Parliament, commissioned to commemorate New Zealand's sesquicentennial and the 75th anniversary of the Gallipoli campaign.

CAME DOWN SUVLA

Bernard de Broglio

In the fighting at Suvla in 1915, a number of Allied aircraft were forced to improvise a landing within the confines of that northern bridgehead. Although these incidents are recorded in war diaries, personal accounts and photographs, the evidence is fragmentary and frustratingly incomplete. How many aeroplanes came down? And where? Members of the Great War Forum have exhausted two threads on the topic!¹ This article attempts to identify the men and machines who put down at Suvla between the landing of 6/7 August and its evacuation on 20 December.

Ahead of the August offensive, the Royal Naval Air Service (RNAS) had moved No. 3 Wing, commanded by Charles Rumney Samson, from Tenedos (Bozcaada) to a new airfield on Imbros (Gökçeada). This halved the distance to Anzac and Suvla, now each just over 15 miles (25 km) distant. From here the British airmen reconnoitred the peninsula and straits, directed artillery and naval gunfire, and bombed enemy camps and supply lines. In late August they were reinforced at Imbros by 2 Wing RNAS. Also operating over the peninsula was Escadrille MF 98 T, a French squadron based some 31 miles (50 km) south of Suvla at Tenedos.

The main types flown over this front were the Maurice Farman MF.11, Henry Farman F.27 and Voisin III LAS. These somewhat archaic ‘pushers’ – so called because the engine and propeller sat behind the pilot and observer – proved the workhorses of the campaign. Also in theatre were tractor biplanes like the BE2c, Nieuport 10, Bristol Scout type C, Morane-Saulnier L and Avro 504B with a smattering of other landplanes like 3 Wing’s solitary Breguet. The Short, Sopwith and Wight seaplanes of *Ark Royal* and *Ben-my-Chree* complete the picture.²

Up against the Allied airmen was the Ottoman flying squadron *inci Tayyare Bölük* (1st aircraft company) based at Galata, about 17 miles (27½ km) across the peninsula from Suvla, and a seaplane group³ on the Asian side of the straits at Kusa Burnu, between Çanakkale and Nara Burnu. Until they received armed aircraft – the Albatros C.I in mid-September, then the Gotha WD.2 in October – Ottoman flyers generally avoided aerial combat.

More menacing were the artillery pieces especially detailed by the Ottoman army for anti-aircraft defence.⁴ These were field and naval guns on improvised mountings, firing mostly shrapnel but some high explosive, and generally sited in pairs. During the Gallipoli campaign, six aircraft were brought down by anti-aircraft fire with the loss of five aeroplanes.⁵

Of the 35 anti-aircraft guns, 21 were ranged across the Anzac and Suvla zones. They are almost certainly protagonists in the story to follow. Four 7.5 cm field guns protected the harbours of Kilia Liman (Kilye Koyu) and Ak Bashi Liman (Akbaş Limanı), eight 7.5 cm and two 7.6 cm field guns were sited between Boghali (Bigalı) and Anafarta Saghır (Küçük Anafarta) and four machine guns guarded the divisional camp at Osjamak Dere inland of Anafarta Saghır. A pair of mountain guns at Hill 141 (Kartal Tepe) and a single field gun at Hill 190 were placed north-east of the salt lake, near Ejelmer Bay (Ece Limanı).

For airmen operating landplanes over the Gallipoli peninsula, engine failure – through mechanical mishap or hostile fire – meant falling into the sea or putting down behind Allied lines. Only Cape Helles in the south and Suvla in the north offered possible landing places. An intriguing note in Commander Samson’s standing orders (emphasis mine) tells of a map that may, one day, surface from the archives.

If you alight at Suvla or Helles (**alight if possible on places marked on chart in Wing Commander's Office**) remember fire will be opened on aeroplane *immediately*. Leave the neighbourhood of the aeroplane at once, and wait until the fire ceases. Then remove the instruments and wireless gear. Immediately after landing, the observer is to telephone or signal to Wing Headquarters stating the damage if known, and the safety or otherwise of the crew.⁶

Samson is a key source in this story. Especially useful is his log book that details daily flights by 3 Wing.⁷ Immediately post-war, as part of a committee headed by Commodore Francis Mitchell, he documented the Gallipoli air war in "Attacks delivered on and the Enemy Defences of the Dardanelles Straits." Known as the Mitchell report, it notes three forced landings at Suvla.

The Mitchell report states that forced landings were made at Suvla on three occasions.

1. Alongside Lala Baba on the eastern side.
2. On the Salt Lake.
3. On a roadway to the west of the Salt Lake.

On occasions 1 and 2, the aeroplanes were hit and wrecked by shell fire after alighting; but the engines were salvaged on both occasions.⁸

This is consistent with, and probably derived from, a report by Samson on 3 Wing operations dated 23 November 1915.

Of three aeroplanes which have landed at Suvla up to date only one has been saved.⁹

Samson's log book also records three forced landings at Suvla, but in addition notes a crash into the sea off C Beach.

These incidents all involved aeroplanes belonging to 3 Wing. I have no evidence of forced landings at Suvla for 2 Wing. For the French squadron, I am relying on the website authored by Denis Albin that features research by David Méchin.¹⁰ It describes one French aeroplane down at Suvla.

Based on this evidence, at least four machines made forced landings at Suvla and one, possibly two, fell into the sea just off its beaches:

- 19 August – Samson and Jopp, 3 Wing RNAS, Henry Farman, 'alongside Lala Baba on the eastern side'
- 31 August – Garsonnin and Allier, Escadrille MF 98 T, Maurice Farman, CBeach
- 28 September – Marix, 3 Wing RNAS, Maurice Farman, 'on a roadway to the west of the salt lake'
- 13 October – Newton-Clare and Walser, 3 Wing RNAS, Maurice Farman, 'on the salt lake'
- 6 November – Barnato and Annesley, 3 Wing RNAS, Henry Farman, off CBeach.

The evidence for each follows:

19 August – Samson and Jopp

At 9 o'clock on this late summer morning, a 130 horsepower¹¹ Henry Farman biplane numbered HF24 rose from the improvised aerodrome atop Kephalo Point, Imbros, and banked towards the Gallipoli peninsula. Seated in the nacelle were Commander Samson and his observer, the Australian army captain Arthur Harold Keith Jopp.

The flight, noted Samson's log book, lasted one hour.

Came down Suvla.

Samson tells the story in his 1930 memoir *Fights and Flights*.

I set off with Jopp on a Henri Farman to carry out a reconnaissance over the Suvla area. We hadn't been over there for more than half an hour when we got hit in the engine by a piece of shrapnel, which stopped it completely. I had to make a landing on the only patch of good ground I could discover, just south of the Salt Lake, and well within our lines. The ground was fairly steep, and as soon as we came to rest the aeroplane ran backwards downhill again; but finally came to rest quite undamaged. On examination I found that the magneto was completely smashed up.

Within two minutes of our landing the enemy guns started on us, and Jopp and I had to make for cover in a small gully.

After about ten minutes' bombardment they ceased fire, and we went back to see what the damage was. It was surprisingly little considering the number of shells that had burst all round her; but she was certainly out of action for some time, especially the engine, which had two cylinders hit by fragments.¹²

Where did they land? The Mitchell Report lists three locations. We can discount the salt lake (the forced landing of 13 October by Newton-Clare and Walser) and the roadway west of the salt lake (Marix, 28 September) which leaves 'alongside Lala Baba on the eastern side.'

The location is not inconsistent with Samson's memoir – 'just south of the Salt Lake' – and it fits with his description of the ground as 'fairly steep... as soon as we came to rest the aeroplane ran backwards downhill again.'

In his *Gallipoli Diary*, John Gillam, then a captain in the Army Service Corps (ASC), 29th Division, tells of seeing an aeroplane in this general area two days later, on 21 August.

As I stroll across "C" Beach I notice a damaged aeroplane, around which men are clustering, inspecting it with curiosity. A Naval Lieutenant comes up and clears them away, saying to me that if only a few men collect together in a bunch they are very soon shelled by a Turkish 6-inch gun on Sari Bair, which commands the beach.¹³

C Beach is about 1 kilometre from the eastern side of Lala Baba, and a relatively flat walk. The aeroplane might have been moved to C Beach for loading onto a lighter or to remove an obvious target for enemy artillery from the Lala Baba trenches and dugouts.

HF24 appears again in Samson's log book a month later when it flies two spotting and reconnaissance missions from Imbros on 21 September. Was it recovered from Suvla? Samson's memoir – 'she was certainly out of action for some time' – suggests the aeroplane was recovered and repaired.¹⁴

A tragic consequence of Samson's forced landing at Suvla was the death of his good friend Charles Collet.¹⁵ "August 19th," wrote Samson, "was a black day." As Collet took off over Kephala harbour with a replacement magneto for Samson's machine, his engine failed. On turning to try to regain land, he lost flying speed and the aeroplane fell to the ground. Trapped in the wreckage, Collet was badly burned.

The Commander [Samson] got back just at dinner time on a destroyer. He knew nothing about Collet's death. He and Collet were like brothers and have fought side by side since the first days of the war. He never shows his feelings but I know he is heartbroken.¹⁶

31 August – Garsonnin and Allier

Evidence for the second forced landing at Suvla comes from the web page for Escadrille MF 98 T published by Denis Albin. It records the following incident on 31 August involving a Maurice Farman aeroplane piloted by *Sergent* Louis Garsonnin with *Sous-Lieutenant* Jean Allier in the observer's seat.

Out of fuel their MF11 made an emergency landing at Suvla. On the ground, the aeroplane was hit by Turkish artillery. The pilot was wounded by shrapnel but the observer was unharmed.¹⁷

The war diary of 9th Corps headquarters confirms the date and completes the story.

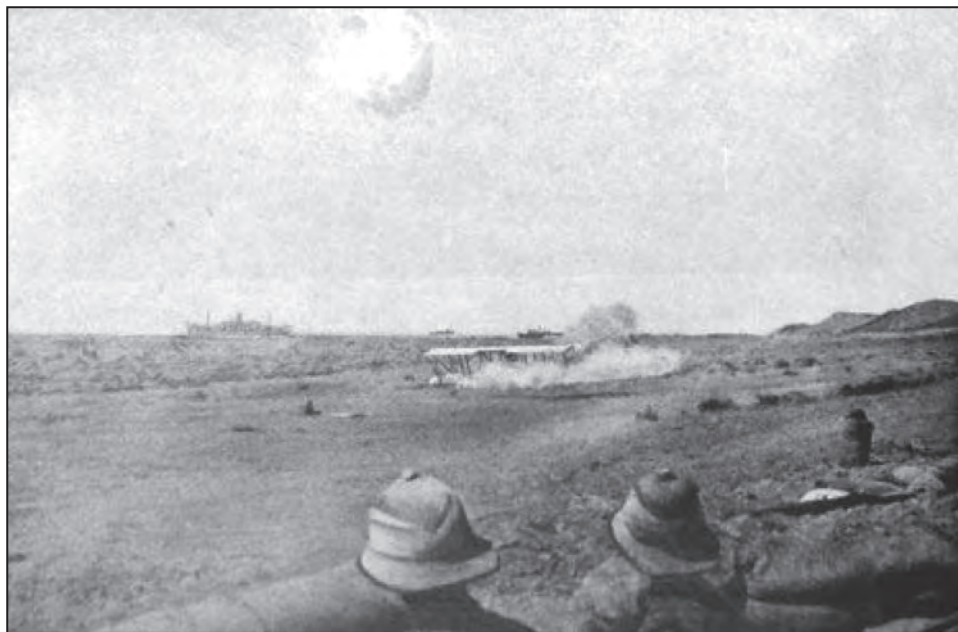
The French aeroplane which came down through engine trouble behind our lines at 103.U.6. on the 31st ult. was safely removed during the night to LALA BABA, apparently not seriously damaged although the Turkish Artillery fired over two hundred rounds at it before dark. The aviators were uninjured.¹⁸

The map reference places the forced landing south of Lala Baba Cemetery where today the unsealed road skirts the high ground to reach C Beach at Nibrunesi Point.

Remarkably, no fewer than five photographs of this incident are extant.

The first shows the Maurice Farman where it landed. The image accompanied a 1937 article written by Garsonnin for the French military aviation journal *Revue de l'armée de l'air*.¹⁹ The photograph is credited to the author's collection.

I walked this area with Bill Sellars in September 2017. The distinctive hills (far right in the photograph previous page) are clearly identifiable, but their profile didn't match Garsonnin's photo when standing on C Beach or its immediate hinterland. The photograph was taken, we



'An aeroplane of MF 98 T, hit by anti-aircraft fire, forced to land at Suvla between the British and Turkish lines (August 1915). It had hardly come to a stop when the enemy fired on it. A shell can be seen exploding over the aeroplane, the shrapnel raising a cloud of dust.'²⁰ *Revue de l'armée de l'air*.

found, from the southern slope of Nibrunesi Point, looking west. The Farman is landing roughly where today's unsealed road goes out to the point, a very close match to the map coordinates given in the war diary of 9th Corps headquarters.

The diary's reference to 'removing the machine to Lala Baba' is especially helpful. It ties this particular incident to a series of panoramic images – Q 25125, Q 25141, Q 25133 and Q 25134²¹ – in the Imperial War Museum (IWM) collection. They were taken by the Admiralty's official photographer, Lieutenant Ernest Brooks, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

Although the captions are not consistent as to location – Q 25125 is 'near Chocolate Hill' while Q 25133, Q 25134 and Q 25141 say Lala Baba – they were clearly taken at the same time and place. That place – Lala Baba – was confirmed in September 2017 by walking the ground and matching the contours of the landscape against the 1915 photographs.²²

The captions for Q 25133, Q 25134 and Q 25141 – 'Panoramic view of soldiers of the 13th Battalion, Black Watch (Scottish Horse) bivouacking on the beach near Lala Baba, Suvla Bay, after the landing, 3 September 1915' – give us a date, which is confirmed by the war diary for Headquarters, 1/1 Scottish Horse Mounted Brigade. They assembled at Lala Baba from 1 to 3 September.

Why couldn't this be Samson and Jopp's machine? The French markings are not conclusive.



Detail, Q 25125, Imperial War Museum. Photographed by Lieutenant Ernest Brooks.

The British squadron exchanged aeroplanes, informally, with their Gallic counterparts. The aeroplane's number – 505 – is not one of the French serial numbers²³ listed on Denis Albin's website. The answer is simply that Samson was piloting a Henry Farman and pictured here is a Maurice Farman.



Detail, Q 25133, Imperial War Museum. Photographed by Lieutenant Ernest Brooks.

28 September 1915 – Marix

Reggie Marix, later Air Vice Marshal Reginald Leonard George Marix CB DSO, was one of the stalwarts of Samson's squadron.

Not only was he one of the finest pilots that there ever was; but he combined this skill with the most conspicuous gallantry and grim determination.²⁴

On this warm and sunny day, Marix had flown BE50 to the aerodrome at Tenedos, perhaps to ferry equipment or stores. On his return to Imbros, he took Maurice Farman MF2 and set off solo for the enemy's aerodrome with a dozen 20 pound bombs.

Samson's log book records a flight of 1 hour 10 minutes.

Bomb attack. (Landed Suvla. Engine trouble.)

The RNAS report for the week ending 5 October has more detail.

On September 28th a pilot returning late in the evening after dropping bombs on Galata aerodrome was forced to descend on the coast N. end of the Salt Lake (Sq. 116). He returned before dawn on the 19th inst. thus avoiding the enemy's artillery.²⁵

Square 116 on the 1:20,000 scale map of Anafarta Sagir comprises the northern half of Suvla Bay. It would have Marix landing in the bay itself or towards A Beach, but a loose interpretation is consistent with the Mitchell report 'on a roadway to the west of the salt lake' and the RNAS description 'on the coast N. end of the Salt Lake.' A road did indeed follow the bay, bridging The Cut to connect Lala Baba with A Beach.

The forced landing is surprisingly absent from the daily summary and intelligence reports of corps headquarters.

According to Samson's log book, Marix was back in the air on 1 October, his machine MF2 on 6 October, suggesting neither man nor machine was much affected by their stopover at Suvla.

For drama, we can look to the next incident.

13 October – Newton-Clare & Walser

This autumn day dawned fine and clear but a strong, cold wind blew down the peninsula. At 2.30pm Flight Lieutenant Walter Shackfield Newton-Clare and observer Captain André (Andrew) Adolphus Walser departed Kephalo Point aerodrome in Maurice Farman M4²⁶ to direct the fire of the 57th (Howitzer) Brigade, Royal Field Artillery.

[W]e had an unpleasant experience – I remember it well. Newton Clare and I were flying over a place called Teursten Keui [Turchen Keui, a large Ottoman camp a few miles south of Ejelmar Bay, today Beşyol] when suddenly our Maurice Farman began to spin, lateral control being entirely lost. Something had locked or destroyed the aileron control. We came down in a slow flat spin and eventually crashed on the Salt Lake without damage to ourselves. The Salt Lake is almost dry and hard in summer, and even at this time it was only slightly boggy; but it lay in front of our lines. Soon after we touched the ground, the Turkish batteries opened fire from all directions, but probably owing to the fact that they were all firing from a semi-circle simultaneously, and were thus unable to spot their own shots accurately, they made very poor shooting. We did not, however, know this as we moved laboriously through the mud towards our trenches. I never worked so hard in my life, and when we fell exhausted into our trenches both Wally Newton-Clare and I were violently sick.²⁷

The 9th Corps 'summary of events' for 13 October tells us that the forced landing took place at 3.15pm and that there was a pause before the stricken machine was shelled.

The enemy did not open fire on it until 15 minutes after landing. The aviators, who walked across to Lala Baba, were consequently clear before the shelling began.²⁸

The high ground, from Anzac to Kiretch Tepe, overlooks the salt lake at Suvla, giving both sides a front-row seat. They recorded the event in war diaries and later in memoirs.

On Karakol Dagħ (Karakol Dağı), the 57th (Howitzer) Brigade RFA saw enemy artillery knock out their observation platform.

Supposed to shoot with aeroplane but the machine descended on the salt lake through engine trouble or because it was hit. The Turks fired on it with percussion shrapnel and hit the right wing smashing it to pieces and put one round through the left wing.²⁹

The ASC captain, Gillam, had a similar vantage point from the left of the British line,

As we are up at Brigade H.Q., we notice one of our aeroplanes swoop down on to the Salt Lake, obviously having to make a forced landing. A short pause, during which we notice the pilot and observer climb out, when suddenly shrapnel bursts over the machine and very near. It is quickly followed by another and another, and later high explosive shells, when the pilot and the observer scurry away pretty quickly.

They are wise, for the Turkish artillery are now well on to the machine, which is rapidly becoming a helpless wreck. I should think they put a hundred shells on that machine before they stopped.³⁰

At Chocolate Hill, after several listless days in reserve, the forced landing could not escape the attention of the Middlesex Yeomanry.

Our growing boredom was temporarily relieved one day by the fall of an aeroplane which descended from a great height into the Salt Lake behind Chocolate Hill in full

view of the Turkish gunners on the Anafarta Ridge. The aviators escaped at once, but the Turks solemnly took on the job of destroying the huge helpless object sprawling in the mud.³¹

The Ottoman army report of 15 October, published in Germany, claimed for their gunners the victory over the Farman.

On the Dardanelles front near Anafarta our [artillery] fire damaged a hostile aeroplane on 13 October. The hostile aeroplane fell east of the salt lake and was finally destroyed by our artillery.³²

Eyewitness reports³³ generally agree that the shelling lasted about 45 minutes and Ottoman artillery expended some 75 shells.

Was the engine recovered? This question was debated by the Great War Forum, those in the negative pointing to the difficulty of removing an engine from its airframe at night, then transporting it across boggy ground. The evidence suggests these difficulties were overcome.



On the salt lake at Suvla, summer 1919. IWM Q 14317.

The machine was brought under cover at Lala Baba by night. The engine is intact, but the remainder of the aeroplane is apparently so damaged as to be valueless.³⁴

The 9th Corps Headquarters war diary, from which the preceding paragraph was taken, explains how the wings and body were wrecked but the engine recoverable.

[M]ost of the damage to the machine, the wings of which were smashed, was done by shrapnel, the ground being so soft that H.E. [heavy explosive] and percussion shell buried themselves before exploding. It is believed that the engine was not damaged.³⁴

The Mitchell report also says both machines ‘wrecked by shell fire’ at Suvla had their engines salvaged.

Walser, who spent a couple of days on the peninsula after the crash, is less explicit. He says, “we were able to get some of the instruments and gun off the wrecked machine at night.”

The cockpit-mounted watch is still extant and went to auction recently. Mounted on a circular

wooden base, it sports a silver plaque that reads ‘Salved [sic] From a British Aeroplane Shot Down By The Turks, Salt Lake. Suvla Bay, Gallipoli. October 1915.’³⁶

6 November – Barnato & Annesley

In addition to the three incidents recorded in the Mitchell report, Samson’s log book reveals a forced landing by H6, a 130 horsepower Henry Farman ex 2 Wing³⁷ piloted by Flight Sub-Lieutenant Isaac (Jack) Henry Woolf Barnato, with observer Lieutenant William Robert Bathurst Annesley, Royal Engineers. The pair did not make dry land.

Fell into sea near Suvla, machine wrecked.

The Henry Farman came down just off C Beach, near the 14th Casualty Clearing Station.

An aeroplane was brought down in the sea in front of this hospital and was beached.

The airmen were taken to HS *Leticia*. The hospital was shelled for a couple of hours.

Two of the tents were somewhat damaged but there was no loss of life.³⁷

Not so lucky was the 1/1 Highland Mounted Brigade Field Ambulance who had an orderly killed and several wounded.

About 1230 o’clock, a British aeroplane fell into the sea near the 14th Casualty Clearing Station, about 50 yards from the shore. The Turks opened fire on it with shrapnel and percussion shell. As our hospital was in the line of fire, 8 shells dropping short landed in our camp area.³⁹

We are fortunate to have a detailed eyewitness account from an officer aboard *Leticia*, the hospital ship that picked up Barnato and Annesley.

On the morning of November 6th, as we lay at anchor opposite the hospital tents on the beach below Suvla Bay taking in the wounded, we had a very exciting experience. One of the British biplanes had been flying over us and round over the Turkish positions, while shells were bursting high up in the sky, aimed at it, and looking just like innocent puffs of fleecy cotton-wool.

Shortly before 1 o’clock we noticed that the aeroplane was descending with great rapidity, and, after executing a sharp *vol plané*, it came down with a rush into the sea between us and the shore, the two occupants being thrown out into the water.

Lieutenant Roberts, R.N.R., in command of the launch which had been conveying the wounded to us, immediately sprang down into the little vessel and shouted to his engineer to ‘give her hell.’ With a few turns of the propeller the launch was soon hurling itself through the water towards the wrecked airplane. Meantime, another launch was also racing towards the spot, but unfortunately it ran into shoal water and stranded, its crew being obliged to abandon it.

Lieutenant Roberts now jumped into the water to help one of the aviators who was in difficulties and could not be caught with the boat-hook. By this time the enemy on the heights to the south had trained his guns on the spot, and amidst a salvo of bursting shells the rescuing launch returned to us without any casualties. The aviators were given a hot bath (a luxury unknown for many weeks), a change of clothing and a good lunch, and were none the worse for their adventure. They had had trouble with their machine before, but did not know the reason for the stopping of their engine. No doubt the Germans will publish a report that the machine was brought down by one of the shells that had been bursting round it within a radius of a quarter of a mile!

No sooner had the intrepid Lieut. Roberts brought the rescued officers to our care than he was off again to try and tow the stranded launch out of reach of the shells that were being dropped every minute in its vicinity. The task was, however, impossible, and he and his jovial men returned to us through the bursting shells unscathed. We should have liked to give them a rousing cheer, but the Navy is rather touchy in some ways, and we were afraid of giving offence, so we tried to look as unconcerned as the heroes themselves.

That night under cover of darkness the salvage of the stranded launch and the biplane was safely effected, and the cost of the adventure may be calculated as fairly divided between the Turks and ourselves — the waste of some 50 heavy shells balancing the bill of repairs to the aeroplane.

In justice to the Turks it must be added that not once did they aim at our ship, though some of their shots fell within 300 yards, and one or two burst among the hospital tents just beyond the scene.”⁴⁰

In a communiqué issued three days later, Constantinople did indeed claim the victory:

On November 6th, an enemy aeroplane, damaged by fire, fell in the sea near Kuchuk-Kemikli [Küçük Kemikli Burnu, Nibrunesi Point], and our artillery again damaged the machine. It was then towed by the enemy to the bank near our hospital ships.⁴¹



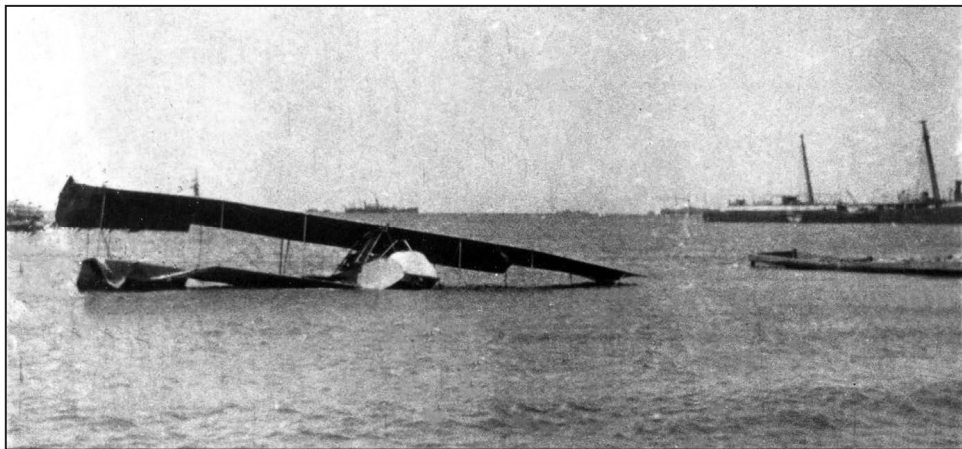
This photograph of an aeroplane forlorn in the water ‘in Suvla’ might seem to show Barnato’s machine but the distinctive nacelle is that of a Voisin not a Henry Farman.

Compare the ‘damaged seaplane’ at Suvla (next page, top) with a Voisin Type III LAS and a Henry Farman F.27 (below).

The caption is probably a red herring. The John Lord collection, from which it is taken, is made up of photographs taken by different people at different times. Most of the photos are of Anzac, but Helles is also represented and four photographs show Suvla, one of which is captioned ‘Suvla?’ At least three Voisins ditched in the sea during the campaign but probably not at Suvla.

The identity of this particular aeroplane remains a mystery!

Handwritten caption:
‘In Suvla / Damaged Seaplane.’
- Museums Victoria.



Detail from the photograph on previous page.



Voisin Type III LAS and a Henry Farman F.27

References

- 1 'Crashed British Aircraft - The Great Escape (II)', accessed 4 Nov 2017, <http://1914-1918.invisionzone.com/forums/topic/162375-crashed-british-aircraft-the-great-escape-ii>.
- 2 *Ark Royal's* seaplanes operated from Alikı Bay, Imbros, until 7 November, conducting submarine patrols and directing the fire of ships off Helles and Anzac. August saw *Ben-my-Chree* in the Gulf of Xeros where her seaplanes spotted the guns onto Ottoman supplies and reinforcements moving down the peninsula.
- 3 *Alman Donanması Özel Müfrezesi Deniz Tayyare Grubu* – seaplane group of the German Navy's independent detachment.

- 4 'Report of the Committee Appointed to Investigate the Attacks Delivered on and the Enemy Defences of the Dardanelles Straits' (London : Admiralty, 1921) p 512. (Hereafter Mitchell report.)
- 5 Mitchell report, p502. I assume this tally doesn't include machines from the French squadron.
- 6 '3 Wing-Extracts from Commander Samson's Standing Orders.' 4 December 1915, AIR 1/7/6/195, The National Archives, Kew.
- 7 Private Papers of Air Commodore C R Samson CMG DSO AFC, Documents.12080, Imperial War Museum, London.
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- 9 'Flight Reports, 3 Wing, R.N.A.S.' November 1915, AIR 1/664/17/122/699, The National Archives, Kew.
- 10 'L'escadrille 524', accessed 4 Nov 2017, http://albindenis.free.fr/Site_escadrille/escadrille524.htm.
- 11 '24 – H Farman (130 hp Canton-Unne) at Imbros by 7.8.15; to Tenedos 11.8.15; Came down Suvla 19.8.15 (Cdr C R Samson).' Ray Sturtivant and Gordon Page, *Royal Navy Aircraft Serials and Units 1911 to 1919* (Tonbridge, Air-Britain 1992), p431.
- 12 Charles Rumney Samson, *Fights and Flights* (Nashville, Battery Press 1990) pp259-262.
- 13 Major John Graham Gillam DSO, *Gallipoli Diary* (London, George Allen & Unwin 1918) p203.
- 14 This is at odds with Samson's report of 23 November 1915 that says only one aeroplane was saved, which this article argues was Reggie Marix's Maurice Farman.
- 15 Flight Commander Charles Herbert Collet DSO RMA (4 February 1888 – 19 August 1915). On 19 August 1915 he was flying a BE2c. His passenger Chief Petty Officer George Lacey survived, jumping from the aeroplane as it crashed, but Collet was trapped.
- 16 Flight Sub-Lieutenant later Air Vice Marshal Harold Spencer Kerby, CB, DSC, AFC, quoted in Hugh Dolan, *Gallipoli Air War* (Sydney, Macmillan 2013) pp293-294.
- 17 *Tombent en panne d'essence et posent leur MF11 en campagne dans les environs de Suvla. Au sol, l'avion est endommagé par l'artillerie turque. Le pilote est blessé par un éclat d'obus et l'observateur indemne. 'L'escadrille 524', accessed 4 Nov 2017, http://albindenis.free.fr/Site_escadrille/escadrille524.htm.*
- 18 War diary, 'Intelligence Summary. 1st Sepr. 1915.', 9th Corps Headquarters, General Staff (1915 Jun-Sep), ancestry.com.
- 19 Louis Garsonnin, 'Commentaires et souvenirs d'un pilote de l'Aviation française des Dardanelles / Par le Capitaine GARSONNIN, Le Débarquement de Suvla', *Revue de l'armée de l'air*, no. 91, Feb 1937. Writing some 20 years after the event, Garsonnin recalled the difficulties faced by the French squadron as Germany reinforced the Ottoman flying company with armed aeroplanes. First one, then two French machines fell. He, presumably, was the third, the aeroplane 'seriously hit' and 'saved by the bravery of the Tommies.' *Un autre fut sérieusement touché et dû se poser à Suvla entre les tranchées turques et anglaises et fut sauvé de justesse grâce à la bravoure des 'Tommies'.*
- 20 *Un avion de la M.F. 98 T., touché par un obus, dut atterrir à Suvla entre les lignes anglaise et turque (août 1915). À peine arrêté, il fut en butte au tir ennemi. On aperçoit un éclatement au-dessus de l'avion et la poussière soulevée par les balles.*
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- 22 Subsequently the author found he had followed in the footsteps of Steve Newman, who identified this location in 1999: *Gallipoli Then and Now* London, Battle of Britain International 2000 p125.
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- 26 3 Wing log book: "M. 4 Flt. Lt. Newton-Clare Capt. Walser 117 [?] 2.30–3.35 Spotting – Landed Suvla."
- 27 Philip Jarrett, 'MEMORIES OF GALLIPOLI 1915, Squadron Leader A. A. Walser MC DFC', Cross & Cockade International, 2014, Volume 45, Number 4, pp237-238.
- 28 War diary, 'Summary of Events. 0600, 13th October, to 0600, 14th October 1915', 9th Corps Headquarters, General Staff, ancestry.com.

- 29 War diary, 57 Brigade Royal Field Artillery (1915 Jul-Dec), 10th (Irish) Division, ancestry.com.
- 30 Gillam, *Gallipoli Diary*, p246.
- 31 William Wedgwood Benn Viscount Stansgate, *In the Side Shows* (London : Hodder and Stoughton, 1919) pp40-41.
- 32 An der Dardanellenfront bei Anafarta beschädigte unser Feuer am 13. Oktober ein feindliches Flugzeug, das östlich Tuzlagölü niederstürzte und schließlich von unserer Artillerie vernichtet wurde. Quoted by Jasta72s in 'Crashed British Aircraft - The Great Escape (II)', accessed 4 Nov 2017, <http://1914-1918.invisionzone.com/forums/topic/162375-crashed-british-aircraft-the-great-escape-ii/?do=findComment&comment=1576605>.
- 33 Not all have been quoted here. For completists, there is also a mention in Samson's *Fights and Flights* p266 and George Davidson's *The incomparable 29th and the "River Clyde"* (1919) p203.
- 34 War diary, 'Summary of Events. 0600, 13th October, to 0600, 14th October 1915', 9th Corps Headquarters, General Staff, ancestry.com.
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- 39 War diary, Royal Army Medical Corps, 1/1 Highland Mounted Brigade Field Ambulance (1915 Aug-1916 Feb), ancestry.com.
- 40 'AIRCRAFT AND THE WAR.', *Flight*, 6 January 1916.
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Acknowledgements

QGE (Martin Gillott) and members of the Great War Forum, Bill Sellars, Trevor Henshaw and David Méchin.

THE FESTIVE TURKS

Private E. R. Wrigley, C Company, 17th Battalion, writing from Gallipoli to his brother, late of Mudgee, says:-

On Tuesday morning, after one or two shots had been fired, "Johnny Turk" got up to more of his jokes, by pushing up a shovel and waving it for us to have a shot. We put a couple into it, and down it went. Then after a couple of minutes a small parcel tied on a stick was thrown over to us, and it turned out to be some cigarettes and matches.

Then "Johnny" waved a couple of little white flags and waved his hand, and as no one fired he ventured to put up his head. We began to send some over to them then, and they enjoyed the joke - some of them getting right out and picking up what we had thrown. On the back of the packets they had written in French, "To our heroic enemies;" and also, "To our brave enemies."

They also sent a note over, and in it they said, "Australians good, no enemy." They stated that they could not say how far it was to Constantinople, but we wouldn't get there this month. After half an hour's fun they gave us "the office" to "duck" our heads and fight on.

It appears they had an annual festival of some kind, and were making things a bit merry in the trench: at any rate, it shows what sports they are, and that they have a streak of fair play in them. (*Sydney Morning Herald* Tuesday 28 December 1915 p7).

DISCOVERING LEMNOS' AUSTRALIAN PIER

Jim Claven

Looking out across the beautiful blue expanse of Lemnos' Mudros Bay is wonderful sight, especially on a summer day. A recent visit took to me a stone and concrete pier that juts into the bay to the north of Mudros Town. Today it has no name and I am informed that it is rarely used.

But one hundred years ago nothing could have been further from the truth. In 1915 not only was it a hive of activity but it had a name – 'the Australian Pier.' For it had been built by Australian soldiers and was one of the first pieces of infrastructure erected on Lemnos by the Allies as they began the transformation of the Island into a huge armed camp. A proposal has now been made to recognise this significant piece of engineering history connecting modern Lemnos to Australia and the Gallipoli campaign.

When the Allies came to Lemnos in early 1915 at the invitation of Greece, they began transforming the island into the advance base of operations for the coming Gallipoli campaign. Soldiers' camps and field hospitals were marked out and then erected, supply depots established, roads, piers and harbour facilities constructed. Two small railway lines were also erected, firstly on the Turks Head Peninsula at West Mudros and later on the eastern shores of Mudros Bay, near Mudros Town.

Many of the features erected by the Allies on Lemnos in 1915 have deteriorated and are only identifiable after serious research. Yes, the war cemeteries on the island where over 1200 Allied soldiers and other personnel – along with two Canadian nurses - lie buried are maintained by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission and the location of the Australian and other field hospitals on Lemnos can be identified from photographs, but little remains. Some engineering work, however, often rusting and overgrown, can still be identified by the informed eye.

When travelling to Mudros on the eastern shore of Lemnos' Mudros Bay most travellers coming from the western side of the island will make their way through the town, past the great cathedral of Agios Evangelismos and down to the small harbour front, where they can enjoy a traditional Greek lunch at any one of the local taverns.

Standing at the edge of the harbour, with its memorial to the Anzacs and the Gallipoli campaign, many a commemorative tourist has imagined the scene in 1915 - when the harbour was filled with all manner of Allied shipping and Greek caiques – and the Allied troops made their landings close to where they are now standing. Indeed many Allied troops did land here. But this is not where the first Australians set foot on Lemnos all those years ago.

Reading through the archives held in the Australian War Memorial and studying old maps drawn up by Royal Navy surveyors held in the British Library in London, I recently discovered the site at which the first Australian troops came ashore in March 1915.

Allied troops began to arrive on Lemnos from late February, when a brigade of British Royal Marines landed at Mudros. The first body of Australians ashore were men of the 9th Australian Infantry Battalion, formed in Queensland, who put ashore just to the north of Mudros Town, along with those of the 3rd Australian Field Ambulance and the other battalions of the 3rd Infantry Brigade.

It had been 'fine weather' when the Queenslanders had embarked at Brisbane on the 24th

September 1914. Sailing around Australia, they had crossed the Indian Ocean with the rest of the first convoy to leave Australia for Egypt. After training in the shadows of the great pyramids, they were ordered to Lemnos in what would become the advance guard of the tens of thousands of diggers and nurses who would ultimately come to Lemnos.

According to the Anzac Army diaries written at the time, the 9th Battalion landed at 11am on Saturday 6th March, coming ashore to the north of Mudros Town along with a section of the 3rd Australian Field Ambulance. The latter unit included Private John Simpson, who would later become famous as the man with the donkey before his death on the peninsula. A camp was marked out for themselves and the other Australian troops expected to land after them. And so began the transformation of Lemnos into an armed camp.

Lemnos' great Mudros Bay was an ideal location as the base for the huge Allied armada that would assemble for the campaign. It was easily protected at its narrow entrance and was located close to the peninsula, but one of its deficiencies was the lack of suitable landing stages, piers and other harbour facilities a navy required. The Allied commanders began surveying Mudros Bay for locations for the necessary enhancements they would have to construct, including piers.

And so it was that between the 10th and 31st March Australian sappers from the 1st Field Company Australian Engineers and infantrymen of the 9th Battalion constructed a new stone landing and road linking the pier to Mudros Town itself.

The official Australian medical history of the campaign described the new landing as "a new, rough stonework pier" and "a stone approach to [the] new landing pier," replacing what the author referred to as the "flimsy jetty" that had formerly been used to land troops.

The unit diary of the 1st Field Company Australian Engineers records for 21st March how a shore party from the unit had erected a 225-foot-long jetty, with one of its sappers – Roy Denning – writing in his diary that he had come ashore on the 14th March and worked in poor weather until dark to build the jetty. The unit diary of the 9th Battalion for 10th to 31st March records "[an] approach of stone to new landing stage, and constructed road from the pier to main road Mudros ..." Taken together these records confirm the erection of the new pier or jetty and associated landing and road works north of Mudros Town.

The Australians' pier would soon be joined by another erected to the south of Mudros Town, the construction of which was commenced by soldiers of the British Royal Naval Division on the 16th March.

As they completed their work on the pier, the first Australian field hospital arrived in Mudros Bay and began to land its nearly 200 tons of equipment by row-boat, most probably at the same jetty, and set up their hospital in an area near the 9th Battalion camp, to the north of Mudros town, as photographs from the time confirm. A news report from 1919 entitled "Concerning People" describes the 1st Australian Stationary Hospital as an all-male hospital, with a staff largely trained in Adelaide and South Australia. According to the official British medical history of the war, this was the sole field hospital operating on Lemnos up to and at the time of the landings. It would not be until August that Lemnos would become a major medical base, with British, Canadian and Australian field hospitals established on the Turks Head Peninsula at West Mudros.

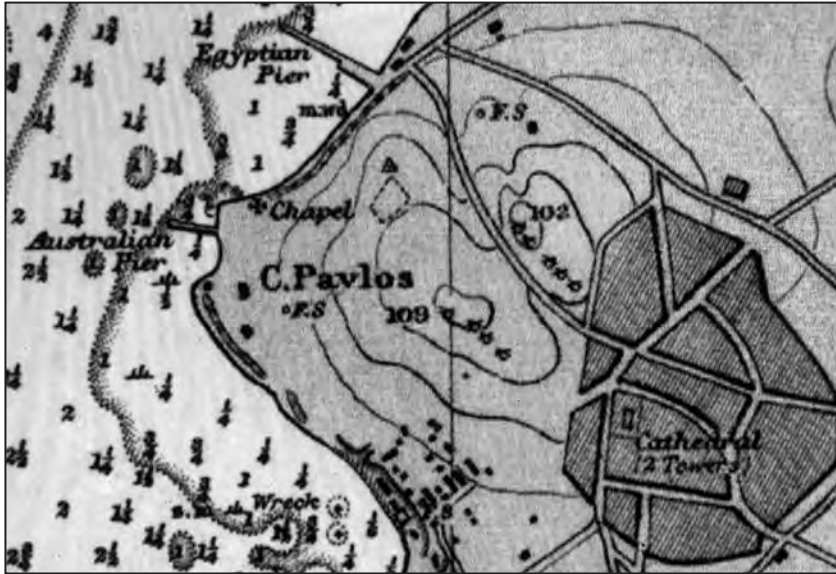
All this work was carried out while Lemnos was swept by bad weather. Hurricanes blew down structures; rain fell across the island and gales from the north created such swells in the harbour that communication between the ships became impossible. Most of the troops

were confined to their troopships.

This poor weather would bring the first of what would become thousands of patients to the staff of the Australian hospital, mostly suffering from the deadly influenza. The first Australian to die on Lemnos was Private Alexander Jones of the 9th Battalion, who was buried at East Mudros Cemetery on 11th March 1915. He had succumbed to the effects of an overdose of self-administered medication taken in a desperate effort to clear his congestion. Four other Australian soldiers would die and be buried on Lemnos prior to the Gallipoli landings - the 12th Battalion's Private Douglas Carson, the 9th Battalion's Private Eric Webster, the 11th Battalion's Private William Rose and the 9th Battalion's Private Samuel Allison. These soldiers would die from influenza or pneumonia, illnesses that would wrack the Allied troops on the peninsula.

These soldiers were the first of a huge multinational army that would come to Lemnos throughout 1915. They would interact with its people and transform the island's infrastructure.

The name of the pier is revealed in a survey map of Mudros Bay completed by Royal Navy officers in 1916. Located to the north of Mudros town, near the outline of a small chapel, was drawn a solitary pier jutting into the bay and named the 'Australian Pier.'



Map indicating three piers at Mudros;

from top to bottom 'Egyptian Pier,' 'Australian Pier' and 'French Pier.'

The 'Chapel' indicated near the Australian Pier still stands. See photographs on page 33.

Miraculously the pier remains to this day. No doubt it has been improved and reinforced, but its stone foundations were laid here by those Australian soldiers in March 1915. The little chapel of Agios Pavlos stands nearby. Walking on this pier today you can imagine the first Australians who came ashore on Lemnos, bent against the rain and wind, as they set about creating the beginnings of the Allied base on Lemnos.

In 2017 the Municipality of Port Phillip in Melbourne has named the location of Melbourne's Lemnos Gallipoli Memorial 'Lemnos Square', marking the connection between Australia, Lemnos and Gallipoli. Many Australian troops and nurses departed ultimately for Gallipoli or Lemnos from the nearby Princes Pier.

And now, following lobbying by the Lemnos Gallipoli Commemorative Committee, the state government of Victoria and the authorities on Lemnos have announced their intention to reciprocate by restoring the name of Lemnos' Australian Pier. It is hoped that this will be unveiled in 2018 during the annual Gallipoli commemorations held on Lemnos. This will add another marker on Lemnos' Gallipoli trail – hopefully the beginning of many more.

See photographs page 33.

References

The precise sequence of the landing of the first Australian troops on Lemnos and the building of what would become known as the Australian Pier is drawn from my reading of a range of primary sources (unit diaries, memoirs and letters), supported by references in the official histories of the campaign and other secondary references. The main sources are:

Entries for 6th and 10th-31st March 1915, 9th Australian Infantry Battalion Unit Diary, March 1915, AWM 23/26/4

Entries for 5th, 6th, 7th, 11th and 16th March 1915, 3rd Australian Infantry Brigade Unit Diary, August 1914-June 1915, AWM4 23/3/1 Part 1

Entry for 21st March 1915, 1st Field Company, Australian Engineers Unit Diary, March 1915, AWM 4 14/20/7

Roy Denning, *Anzac Digger: An Engineer in Gallipoli and France*, edited by Lorna Denning, Loftus, Australian Military History Publications, 2004, p9

"Concerning People", *Register* (Adelaide, S.A.), Thursday, 9th January 1919, p6

Colonel Arthur Graham Butler, *Official history of the Australian Army Medical Services in the War of 1914-1918*, Volume 1: Gallipoli, Palestine and New Guinea, Melbourne, AWM, 1938, p112

Major-General Sir W G Macpherson and Major T J Mitchell (RAMC), *History of the Great War Based on Official Documents – Medical Services* General History Vol IV, London, HMSO, 1924, p22

Sir Irving Benson, *The Man with the Donkey: John Simpson Kirkpatrick – The Good Samaritan of Gallipoli*, Hodder and Stoughton, 1965, p25

The reference to the name "Australian Pier" is found in the Royal Navy map dated 1916 held in the British Library. "Mediterranean. Aegean. Lemnos Island. Port Mudros (Porto San Antonio)." Surveyed By Commander J. A. Edgell, R.N., assisted by Lieut.-Commanders R. Viney, C. H. Knowles, Lieutenants A. L. Jackson, A. F. B. Woodhouse, J. G. Bowles and Chief Boatswain G. W. Wybron, R.N. HM Surveying Ship 'Endeavour' 1916 ... All heights expressed in feet above the level of the sea, soundings in fathoms," <http://www.bl.uk/onlinegallery/onlineex/maps/europe/zoomify138333.html>, accessed 16th May 2017

Details of the first Australians buried on Lemnos are sourced from Commonwealth War Graves Commission records for East Mudros Military Cemetery and the service records of the soldiers concerned held by the National Archives of Australia.

Jim Claven is a historian, holding degrees from Australia's Monash University, and is secretary of the Australian Lemnos Gallipoli Commemorative Committee. He is currently preparing a pictorial history of the role of Lemnos in the Gallipoli campaign, featuring many unpublished photographs from the Australian archives. This article draws upon information contained in the relevant Australian Army unit War Diaries held in

the Australian War Memorial as well as the 1916 British Royal Navy Survey Map of Mudros Bay held in the British Library. He acknowledges the assistance of Dimitris Boulotis in the preparation of this article.

IRISH DARING AT SUVLA BAY

A stirring tribute to the élan and gallantry of the Irish troops in the battle of Suvla Bay is contained in the following letter from Captain Thornhill, of the New Zealand forces, at present operating in Gallipoli, to a friend in Dublin:—

That newspaper correspondent who said the Turkish troops were only a scratch army is a liar. They are highly-trained as any troops in the present war, and in downright red blood brand of bravery they are second to none. They want to kill you, and they're not particular how they do it. If they hit you without finishing you they take you up and treat you, as I am informed, a heap sight better than the Germans do their prisoners.

The Talk of the Army.

After describing some the engagements which he has been through, the officer continues:—

I have just returned after an exciting time. Your Irish fellows are the talk of the whole army. To me the last few weeks have been one long nightmare. But I must make you wise in regard to the doings of the Irish. Most of them, I believe, are “freshies.” The Empire can do with a heap more “freshies” of the Irish brand. Their landing at Sulva Bay was the greatest thing that you will ever read of in books by highbrows. Those who witnessed the advance will never forget it. Bullets and shrapnel rained on 'em. Yet they never wavered. Officers got it here, there, everywhere, but the men never wavered. God! the men were splendid. The way they took the hill (now called Dublin Hill) was the kind of thing that would make you pinch yourself to prove it wasn't a cheap wine aftermath. How they got there heaven only knows. As the land lay, climbing into hell on an aeroplane seemed an easier proposition than taking that hill.

This is how a chap named Enright (two fingers and a thigh bone broken) described it to me:— “We reached the top the hill to find Turks galore on the other side. We made a bayonet charge (I bet they did), and the Turks, after putting up some show, bolted. It was getting dark, so we returned the top the hill, and spent all night making trenches. But it was too hot.” It was there on that shell-swept hill that Enright and many more of them got it. A game that the Turks have taken to recently is blowing bugles and raising Cain generally with a view no doubt to frightening them. They did that when attacking trenches held by one of your lot — I think it was the Inniskillings. They came right close, too. Then the ‘skins’ (if was the skins) got right in them with the bayonet. That was all right.

— *Dundee Evening Telegraph* 9 September 1915 page 4.

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.

KEMAL ATATÜRK AND THE FOREIGN SOLDIERS WHO DIED IN GALLIPOLI

Sermet Atacanlı

An idiot throws a stone into a well and forty wise men cannot take it out

... says a Turkish proverb. This is precisely what happened as regards the recent controversy in some historical and academic circles on the famous words of Atatürk expressed towards the mothers of Anzacs and other foreign soldiers who fell in Gallipoli.

It began when Cengiz Özakıncı, author and self-styled historian, wrote successive articles in the March and April 2015 issues of *Bütün Dünya*, ('All the World'), a monthly publication which is a sort of Turkish *Reader's Digest*, published by a well-known Ankara university.

The cover of its March edition carried the title:

"The Bitter Truth that Surfaced on the 100th Anniversary of Çanakkale (Gallipoli): The Words on the Anzac Monuments Belong to Whom?"

This striking cover was almost certain to capture the attention of historians and academics who work on the subject. Even those with a slight degree of interest in the Gallipoli Campaign, such as numerous history enthusiasts around the world, were surely not going to fail to notice the promise of this 'revelation.'

In the article, Özakıncı went on to re-tell the story behind those words by repeating what we already know as to how they came about. He quoted extensively from a small booklet entitled *Atatürk and the Anzacs*, written in 1978 by Uluğ İğdemir, then Secretary-General of the Turkish Historical Society. Regrettably, in doing so, he totally distorted the story by not only twisting the facts, but also entirely missing the essence of the whole issue with misleading interpretations and far-fetched comments. In order to give a resemblance of an archival work and a scholarly study to his articles, he included in the first an old clip from the newspaper *Cumhuriyet* ('Republic') reporting the speech in Gallipoli in 1931 by Şükrü Kaya, Atatürk's interior minister. It was enough to blur the minds of not only ordinary readers but even those of more attentive and knowledgeable people.

Naturally, more confusion has followed. Soon after it hit the book stores some Turkish newspapers and internet sites published excerpts from the article with comments to the effect that "It is claimed those words do not belong to Atatürk..." or "Atatürk is claimed to have never said those words..." Consequently, the uproar echoed in Britain and as far away as Australia, sadly casting a shadow on that magnificent expression of humanity and civility coming from the magnanimous personality that we all know Kemal Atatürk to have been.

Then came the second article in the April issue of the magazine as a furtherance of his arguments. Yet when I examined it, I was rather surprised to find that it was based almost entirely on the documents that I had discovered at the Presidential Archives in Ankara and used in my own book *Atatürk ve Çanakkale'nin Komutanları* ('Ataturk and the Commanders of Gallipoli'), which was first published in 2007. While Mr. Özakıncı does not fail to make due reference to my book, it was most disappointing to see that those documents were used - or rather misused - in an attempt to justify a ludicrous argument, as I will elaborate further.

As far as I could tell from Turkey, my home country, the first public reaction to this false argument came in the form of an article by Mr. Paul Daley published in *The Guardian*

on 20 April 2015. The issue was then taken up, in a similar article, by 'Honest History,' an Australian organisation which I understand, and as its name suggests, aims to present an 'honest and truthful version' of events in history.

There is nothing wrong with that commendable endeavour. It appears, however, that there is one basic flaw in *The Guardian* article as well as in the *Honest History* version: The main source on which they base their argument, (ie Mr. Özakıncı's articles) are full of flaws, distortions, omissions and misrepresentations. We have been witnessing, during the past decade or so, the emergence of a new age of historians who take it upon themselves to bring a new approach to historiography and thus attempt to re-write some segments of it. As I pointed out, they are no doubt a bunch of courageous people who are in an honest search for the truth. However, some of them - and luckily very few in number - go beyond that. They first set themselves a target subject in history for examination with a revisionist approach and then start looking for any kind of documentation to substantiate their claim. If they find any, that's fine. If not, they fabricate, twist and distort.

Now in the light of the known facts, let us examine the gist of the assertions as put forth by Mr. Özakıncı and taken up by others in their writings:

The key figure in this narrative is Mr İğdemir, who was a respected historian and a close associate of Atatürk. Among the books he authored and the ones he prepared for publication were two detailed accounts of the fighting in Gallipoli as noted down by Kemal Atatürk himself. They remain two of the most basic accounts of the Gallipoli Campaign from the Turkish side. On the other hand, the booklet in question, *Atatürk and the Anzacs*, was a compilation of Mr İğdemir's correspondence with Mr Alan J Campbell, who was the chairman of the 'Gallipoli Fountains of Honour Committee' set up to build a memorial fountain in Brisbane, Australia. Mr. Campbell had earlier written to Mr. İğdemir asking him to verify Atatürk's words on Anzacs as they intended to inscribe them on the fountain.

Being a first-class scholar, İğdemir undertook thorough and meticulous research and found that these splendid words first appeared in a special edition of the *Dünya* ('The World') newspaper published on 10 November 1953 on the occasion of the transfer of Atatürk's remains from their temporary resting place to the newly built mausoleum in Ankara.

There is an interview in that newspaper with Mr. Şükrü Kaya, a former interior minister during Atatürk's time, conducted by Yekta Ragıp Önen, who himself was a prominent journalist of the day. During the interview, Mr. Kaya reminisces about one of his meetings with Mustafa Kemal. His account is as follows: The Interior Minister is to leave for Gallipoli for the opening of a monument, named the Mehmetçik Monument, dedicated to the Turkish heroes of the fighting there. The year is 1931 (and not 1934 as erroneously believed). Upon learning this, Atatürk had these words to say to him:

When you go there, you will say, 'those dear martyrs lying here, we commemorate you with reverence and respect'. You will speak with all the eloquence of your tongue by the side of the Mehmetçik Monument. You will address to them: 'Rest in peace, if you had not been there and not shielded against the steel castles with your chests, this Strait (the Dardanelles) would have been crossed through, Istanbul would have been occupied, and our native land would have been invaded.'

The conversation then continues as follows:

- All right, I shall speak accordingly!

- No, not quite so... You will speak more than that and very differently from it. You will speak as though addressing the whole world. There in Gallipoli you will not solely mention our martyrs with reverence and respect, but also those heroes that shed their blood on this soil.

- Pasha, I cannot do that, because these are the sublime words that can only be uttered by yourself.

- No, you will do it. You will speak in this way facing all the nations in this manner.

Şükrü Kaya met with Atatürk once again that evening, at which time Atatürk handed him a piece of paper with the instruction that he will speak along the lines he had personally written on it. This was what he wrote in a very noble and moving way:

Those heroes that shed their blood and lost their lives... You are now lying in the soil of a friendly country. Therefore, rest in peace. You the mothers, who sent their sons from faraway 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.

Minister Kaya arrived in Çanakkale on 25 August 1931, delivering his speech the same day at the Mehmetçik monument inauguration ceremony. The full text of his speech appeared in the newspaper *Hakimiyet-i Milliye* ('National Sovereignty') next day - 26 August 1931.



Interior Minister Şükrü Kaya delivers his speech at the Mehmetçik monument inauguration ceremony, Çanakkale, 25 August 1931

In that speech, Mr. Kaya speaks exactly as Kemal Atatürk had directed him to. He first exalts in lavish words the heroism and sacrifices of the Turkish soldiers who fought there. "[We owe] eternal gratitude to those Turkish youngsters who shed their blood here in defence of the motherland" he says. Following more words of praise for the Turkish soldiers, he makes his reference to the foreign cemeteries and monuments located on the peninsula.

These were his exact words:

As an authorised member of the government of the republic established by the Turkish society, I hereby wish to state that the Turkish nation views all the memorials here in reverence and commemorates the fallen ones from both sides with wishes for God's blessing on their souls. In doing so, the sincere expectation in their mind is that such memorials that were dedicated to the dead shall never be erected again, and instead civilized ties and humane bonds be established between those who erected them.

Simple, isn't it? Exactly in line with Atatürk's sentiments expressed to him earlier in Ankara. Alas, Mr. Özakıncı in his articles takes these words and turns them completely around to suit his arguments. He curves them into the implication that the Minister is criticising the existence of foreign cemeteries and monuments in Gallipoli.

His motive in doing so appears clear. He dislikes the Anzacs and other foreigners who fought at Gallipoli. The main thrust of his two articles centres on the anachronistic notion of 'occupying Johnnies,' a notion that has long been discarded in Turkey in the context of the fighting in Gallipoli. He disregards or does not realise that the children of the Anzacs have long engaged in a self-criticism about the meaninglessness of their participation in the campaign. He ignores that the emphasis today on Gallipoli is placed on building bridges of friendship and cooperation among the participating countries. He overlooks that the commemoration ceremonies on the peninsula every year are organised around these themes.

This is also why he doesn't like Atatürk's words. He cannot bring himself to acknowledge that a person of Atatürk's stature could possibly have expressed such words of affection for a former 'enemy.' So he concludes, pathetically, that those words do not exist! I should add that the editor-in chief of the magazine *Bütün Dünya* (now deceased) was harbouring the same unfriendly sentiments towards the Anzacs in Gallipoli as I found from my correspondence with him on the subject. We certainly cannot interfere with people's feelings on any given matter, but attempting to bring a perverted approach to specific events in history out of personal dislikes is simply unacceptable.

Now let us continue to look into the correspondence between Mr. İğdemir and Mr. Campbell. In his letter of 7 April 1978 to Mr. İğdemir, Mr. Campbell writes the following:

The statement by Atatürk has been inscribed upon a metal plaque along with a statement identifying the rock and the pebbles from Anzac set in the foundation of our Fountains, it varies slightly with the advice you have sent me. But the difference makes no difference in solemn meaning and inspiration, it is very beautiful indeed.

"The difference" that Mr. Campbell refers to is the phrase, "There is no difference between the Johnnies and the Mehments to us where they lie side by side in this country of ours..."

In fact, Atatürk's original words were shorter and were as follows: "... You [the Anzacs] lie side by side with our Mehments..."

Granted, this addition was perhaps unnecessary. But does this change the essence of the chivalry that is inherent in the entirety of those words? Are we going to assume that those words were never uttered based on a small deviation in translation? Certainly not. Not because Mr. Özakıncı wants us to believe this nonsense in order to give credibility to his unsubstantiated revisionist views.

Now let us talk about Mr. Şükrü Kaya... He is a well-known figure in Turkish political

history. After having assumed various positions in the cabinet soon after the proclamation of the new republic, he served as Atatürk's interior minister from 1927 to 1938.

The article in *Honest History* engages in some kind of a speculation as regards the political atmosphere in Turkey in the 1950s in order to discredit Şükrü Kaya's interview. This analysis is superficial and, to say the least, indicates an apparent lack of depth of perception into Turkish political history. Its claim that Mr. Kaya made up the whole story because he was at odds with President İnönü, Atatürk's successor, fits neither into the intricacies prevailing in the Turkish political spectrum at the time nor does it accurately reflect Şükrü Kaya's personality. I should also add that, at the time of this interview, President İnönü had already been driven from office following a defeat at the 1950 presidential elections.

Also, the insinuation that because Mr Kaya was 70 years old at the time so perhaps could not remember properly what had happened 22 years earlier is totally unacceptable within the context of a scholarly discussion, and only serves to show how weak the entire argument is. The fact of the matter is that there was absolutely no reason whatsoever why Mr. Şükrü Kaya, as the person he was, would have fabricated such a story. He was, as I mentioned above, merely reflecting on his times with Atatürk in those very emotional days for the Turks when Atatürk's second funeral ceremony was in progress.

We see another fine example of Atatürk's personality and his approach towards wars in general in the message that he sent to the people of Australia through *The Star* newspaper in Melbourne, Australia, upon the latter's request on the occasion of the anniversary of the Anzac landing in Gallipoli. The message was published in the paper on 25 April 1934:

The Gallipoli landing and the fighting on the peninsula showed to the world the heroism of all who shed their blood there, and how heart-rending for their nations that were the losses this struggle caused.

The landing at Gallipoli on April 25, 1915, and the fighting which took place on the peninsula will never be forgotten. They showed to the world the heroism of all those who shed their blood there. How heart-rending for their nations were the losses that this struggle caused.

This second message is exactly in line with his first one. Again, there are no words of jingoism or chauvinism, no praise for wars; only a total empathy with the 'other side.'

I should point out that it was I who uncovered this second message in the Presidential Archives in Ankara, but to my great dismay Mr. Özakıncı used this in his articles in a totally distorted and confusing context.

In concluding, a few words on Kemal Atatürk himself: Although he was educated to be a military officer, and spent a considerable time of his life on the battlefield, he was basically a man of peace. He detested wars. "Unless the very existence of a nation is threatened, war is a crime," he once said. And those fine words have been inscribed on the walls of his mausoleum in Ankara. Not only did he say this, but he remained faithful to what he said all through his life following the proclamation of the Turkish Republic in 1923, which was a pinnacle of his achievements. In fact, when for example Germany, the other major loser of WWI, opted for a policy of revanchism, irredentism and outright expansionism soon after, Atatürk instead turned his attention to internal matters affecting the country and worked for the modernisation of the new republic and its institutions. 'Peace at home, Peace in the World' was his heartfelt motto which continues to remain as the guiding principle

of Turkish foreign policy today.

It is indeed a pity that under the pretext of 'honest history,' a great disservice is being done to a great man and to a great history.

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Telgraf muhaberatından
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T.C. P.T.T. TELGRAFNAME

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[*] R = Resmi demektir.
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Telegram from Atatürk to 'The Star' newspaper, Melbourne, 1934

Editor's note: *The Star* newspaper referred to in the article is not yet available on line. The following excerpt is from some of those which are available, and is referring to Atatürk's death:

One cannot pass from this phase of his remarkable life without recalling the message which he sent to the Australian Government four years ago on Anzac Day. The message read: — "The landing at Gallipoli on April 25, 1915, and the fighting which took place on the Peninsula will never be forgotten. It showed to the world the heroism of all those who shed their blood there. How heart-rending for their nations were the losses that this struggle caused." There spoke more than a soldier.

- *Advertiser* (Adelaide, South Australia), Friday 11 November 1938, p28

Notes:

Sermet Atacanlı has been a diplomat with the Turkish Ministry of Foreign Affairs for the past 42 years, including time as consul in Australia and ambassador to Japan, and is soon to retire. He writes not in an official capacity, but as an amateur historian and researcher with a special interest in Gallipoli. He has published two books on the Gallipoli Campaign based on his research at the Presidential Archives in Ankara; *Atatürk ve Çanakkale'nin Komutanları* ('Atatürk and the Commanders of Gallipoli') published 2007 (re-printed 2016) and *Ariburnu'nun İlk Müdafası* ('Initial Defence of Ariburnu, Gallipoli') published 2015, and has a number of articles published in various magazines. From time to time he gives lectures on the subject at universities and other institutions in Turkey.

WHAT REMAINS OF THE RIVER CLYDE?

John Howell

If there is any one thing that is a central icon of the Gallipoli Association it is most certainly the *River Clyde*. The old collier that was to re-enact the Trojan Horse of ancient times was run aground just across the waters from the original plains of Troy.

From the moment it ground to a halt it became the focus of great tragedy and great heroism at V Beach. For the duration of the campaign it sat defiantly near Cape Helles as the centre of so much activity.

Hubert Wilkins took this very serene photo of V Beach in early 1919, from the cliffs near where today we see the Memorial to the Missing. Everyone was long gone by 1919, and the place where so much happened would have been very quiet. Wilkins was there as the photographer for Charles Bean's *Gallipoli Mission*.

The old collier points at the ruined fort of Seddul Bahr, and to the right are the wrecks of the passenger ship *Saghalien* and the stripped hulk of the old French battleship *Massena*.

Of course there are no wrecks at V Beach today. The *River Clyde* was re-floated and repaired, and had a new life in the Mediterranean under the Spanish flag and the new name of *Maruja y Aurora*. The photo collection of the Australian War Memorial has another photo of this Clyde-built but now Spanish ship taken as it plied the Mediterranean in 1936, and the old vessel continued to work for 30 more years until scrapped in 1966. That it couldn't find a home as a museum and memorial in the Thames or the Clyde is a great shame.



What does remain today as a relic and reminder of the *River Clyde* is its bronze steam whistle.

It is on display in the World War I section of the Australian War Memorial in Canberra, and is in the photo collection and catalogues with ID 'RELAWM00316.' Three photos are provided on the AWM web site, with two showing the whole whistle and one a close-up of some scratchings on the main body. Some letters and numbers can be seen here, and the whole word 'torpedo.' [See photos and the AWM's description of the item on page 35]. (I asked the AWM whether these markings had ever been studied, and they say they have not.)

One of the many tasks of C E W Bean and his mission to the peninsula in 1919 was to collect artefacts for the Australian War Records Section. The section had been formed in May 1917 with the role of collecting documents, items and information relating to Australia in World War I. All that it eventually possessed became the basis of the collection of the Australian War Memorial.

It would be expected then that this was when the whistle was removed, but that wasn't so. Australians were infamous for taking objects of interest, and the whistle had been souvenired

years before during the fighting.

The AWM notes with the photos tell us a bit more. There is a concise description of the item that starts by describing the whistle as a ‘thick-walled bronze tube, capped with a domed fitting...’

It then goes on to explain that ‘The whistle was handed over to the Australian War records Section in 1917 and would have been souvenired in 1915 or January 1916.’

Someone had the good sense to realise that the steam whistle was too important to gather dust in a private collection.

If any members of the Gallipoli Association know of anything more that remains of the iconic vessel, then I am sure that it would be of interest to us all.

BOOK REVIEWS

A Subaltern of the Sikhs

Author: Lieutenant General Sir Reginald Savory KCMG, KCIE, DSO, MC, JP, DL,
 Publisher: Abhishek Publications, Chandigarh, New Delhi 2016. Hardback. 198 pages, 2 maps. 590 Rupees.

A past president of the Gallipoli Association, Lieutenant-General Savory, who died in June 1980 aged eighty-five, contributed a series of 11 articles entitled ‘Some Gallipoli Memories’ to *The Gallipolian*, published between no 6 (Autumn 1971) and no 23 (Spring 1977). [Referred to in the article ‘Murray Chamberlain Gervase Mathew’, pages 16 -27].

He commenced the memoir by describing his carefree life as a nineteen-year-old second lieutenant with the West Riding Regiment then stationed near Murree on the road to Kashmir where, in his own words ‘we lived hard and played hard.’ Following the outbreak of war he was posted to the 14 (King George’s Own) Ferozepore Sikhs though bitterly disappointed when the regiment left Karachi for Egypt while he remained behind at the depot as Railway Transport Officer.

Then on 24 February 1915 a posting to France to join the 15 Ludhiana Sikhs: ‘this seemed too good to be true. I would not be kept guarding the Suez Canal --- My luck, at last, had changed.’ His luck then changed again for having reached Egypt where ‘Cairo was tempting for a junior officer,’ he rejoined the 14th Sikhs and on 27 April sailed for Gallipoli, landing on 1 May and finally leaving on 14 December, as he later recounted in *The Gallipolian*.

Over half of *A Subaltern of the Sikhs* is Savory’s account of his subsequent war service, first in Mesopotamia and then in April 1919 to Vladivostok with the British Military Mission where he remained until the following February. His journey home took him across the Pacific to Canada and then from Montreal to Liverpool, the end of six years overseas soldiering: ‘I took a taxi to Lloyd’s Bank; arranged a credit; paid the taxi; telephoned my father; ---- bought a first-class ticket to London; and went home.’

We are much indebted to Harbans Singh Thandi, son of Uday Singh, a mighty wrestler who, finding Savory wounded on 4 June 1915, picked him up, slung him over his shoulders and carried him to safety, and to his own daughter Dr Charanjeet Kaur Thandi Sohi for ensuring this memoir has been published. It deserves a place on every Gallipolian’s bookshelves.

= *David Saunders*

Neither Unionist Nor Nationalist – The 10th Irish Division in The Great War

Author: Stephen Sandford. Publisher: Irish Academic Press. Hardback 2015 (later published in softback) 318 pages (including 2 maps, 10 graphs, 33 tables and 10 photographs). Guide Price: £24.95. ISBN: 978 07165 3260 62

Although published in 2015 this book was not reviewed in *The Gallipolitan* at the time so hopefully this review will rectify the previous omission. Some readers will be aware of an earlier book, *The Tenth (Irish) Division in Gallipoli* by Major Bryan Cooper which was published in 1918 but the author, who served with the division, acknowledged that it was written in haste from memory; the other sources being information from fellow officers and books published up to that time. He also stressed that the book did not profess to be military history and admitted that he had sought to avoid controversial topics and had generally followed the version of the campaign given by General Hamilton in his final Dispatch.

Published nearly a century later, Stephen Sandford's book is the first major account of the military and human story of the twelve Irish battalions of the division which saw service at Gallipoli and throughout the Salonika campaign. The narrative traces the evolution of the division, its training and entry into battle which began with the Suvla landings in August 1915. The author also examines the issues of recruitment in Ireland, morale, discipline and leadership and how the division responded to technical change and the development of new tactics during the course of the war. Of particular interest (to me at least) is the detailed analysis of the ethnicity, age, religion and social background of those who served with the division; and the comparisons in terms of its performance with that of the 13th (Western) Division which was raised at the same time.

The author concludes that poor leadership was the major failing at Gallipoli - which Sandford calls 'The Leadership Deficit'. He believes that although the British Army in 1915 was only at the beginning of a long learning curve, Sir Ian Hamilton must bear the responsibility for most of the failings at Gallipoli. There is nothing startling in this conclusion perhaps but the author contends that contrary to popular opinion General Stopford's leadership, although limited by his lack of combat and command experience, was adequate and that he secured Suvla Bay as a base, one of the objectives of Hamilton's plan. He also recognised that Hamilton's original plan for the Suvla landings was beyond the capacity of the troops then available and forced an amendment to the plan to cover more realistic objectives.

There is much in this book that members of the Gallipoli Association will find of interest – even absorbing - and without doubt it fills a gap in part played Ireland in the First World War.

- Foster Summerson

The Welsh at War

Author: Steven John; Publisher: Pen & Sword Military 2018. Hardback. 336 pages, numerous photographs and maps. £25.00.

This volume is the first of a trilogy, the culmination of over twelve years painstaking research into the Welsh men and infantry units who fought in the Great War. Over 272,000 served; among these the author's great grandfather, Private David Thomas John, 4th Battalion,

Australian Imperial Force, while around 49,000 lost their lives.

The main part, as might be expected, concerns actions on the Western Front though three chapters are devoted to Gallipoli: The Landings, Sari Bair and the Landings at Suvla. The final months and the Evacuation are covered in detail with much biographical information. And not only on those serving in Welsh regiments; for instance we learn of eight Welshmen serving with the Anzacs being killed on the first day. Neither just native Welshmen, Private Matthew Beary, awarded the DCM 'For conspicuous gallantry on the 21 -22 August 1915, near Sari Bair' was well described as being 'a fine specimen of the Irishman turned Welsh miner.' Splendid detail throughout and another must for one's Gallipoli library.

- *David Saunders*

Nobody of Any Importance

Authors: Sam Sutcliffe, edited by Phil Sutcliffe. Publisher: Sutcliffe & Son 2014

Soft back & Kindle. 682 pages with 8 photographs.

P&P: £13.10, Kindle Edition £5.00. ISBN: 978-0-9929567-2-1

All royalties and profit will be donated to the British Red Cross

<http://footsoldiersam.blogspot.co.uk/p/books-available.html>

This huge book of some 682 pages is the detailed personal life story of 16-year-old Signaller Lance Corporal Sam Sutcliffe, 2/1st (City of London) Battalion (Royal Fusiliers). Beginning with his childhood, his foot soldiering begins when he enlists under-age at 16. A boy from north London, Sam joined the Royal Fusiliers in September 1914 as patriotic fever spread across Britain. After spending several months training, the battalion departs for Malta and then Egypt, before embarking for Suvla Bay where the unit was attached to the 'Immortal' 29th Division. After the Gallipoli evacuation Sam went on to fight on the Somme in 1916 and Arras in 1918 where he was captured during the German Spring Offensive, finishing the First World War in captivity.

His Gallipoli service would be of interest to most readers, which is described in great detail (approximately 60 pages in length). That said, his descriptions of Malta and Egypt are also equally fascinating. Once landed on the peninsula in September 1915 he was not involved in any major battle, but the casualties suffered merely holding the line reduced the battalion from a thousand men to just 200 by the evacuation. What is remarkable when reading the text is his amazing memory recall over 50 years after the event. His powers of observation were excellent and his skill to recall details is astounding after so much time. The stories of appalling suffering, emotions, humour and Sam's general unjudged honesty is compelling to read. He was evacuated from Gallipoli not once, but twice. Having left Suvla in December 1915, Sam was landed, via the River Clyde, on V Beach at Helles, only to be evacuated with the rest of the garrison in January 1916. After moving back to Egypt, the battalion transferred to France in April 1916 where it was disbanded. Following further service in the Royal Fusiliers, Sam eventually ended up in the 2nd Battalion, Essex Regiment.

Edited by Sam Sutcliffe's son, Phil, this book is an absorbing must-read for anyone with an interest in the life of a 'Poor Bloody Infantryman'. Nobody of any importance? Without soldiers like Sam the allies would not have won the war. If you want to buy just one personal account of the war this year, this is it.

- *Stephen Chambers*

Three Anzacs from Malta: A true story of friendship, love, and loss

Author: Gioconda S Schembri. Publisher: Gioconda S Schembri, 2017

Soft back & Kindle, 280 pages with photographs.

Price £17.51, Kindle Edition: £2.33. ISBN-10: 0994564449, ISBN-13: 978-0994564443

The discount code for an ebook via smashwords.com is NX48F (Offer expires: 30 April 2018)

The book is the true story of three men from Malta: Charles Bonavia, Waldemar Beck and Anthony Xuereb. In the words of the author,

This is a timeless story about migration, the heartache of separated families, loss and war. But this book is mainly a tribute to the tenacity of the human spirit in the face of enormous adversity, as well as a celebration of the virtues that transcend borders and time: courage, friendship, and love.

While Malta's role in the Second World War is well-documented and the subject of many books and studies, little is written of its First World War contribution. One such book that was reviewed in an earlier *Gallipolitan* is *Gallipoli: the Malta connection* by John Mizzi. A total of 48 Maltese joined the Australian Imperial Force in the First World War, with more joining the New Zealand Expeditionary Force and British forces. As far back as the Battle of Trafalgar Maltese are recorded as having been present.

Who were Charles, Waldemar and Anthony, and where did they come from? What was their story and how were they connected? The book delves into the family history of each, beautifully explaining the backgrounds of these young men. In their early twenties, at a time of high unemployment in Malta, they sought adventure overseas and chased their dreams to the other side of the world, heading for Australia.

War is on the horizon and all three would join the AIF to fight. Charles joined the 11th Battalion and disappeared on 25 April 1915 during the Landing at Anzac. Anthony, a member of the 25th Battalion, arrived in Gallipoli much later, and survived the campaign and the war. Waldemar enlisted later in the 16th Battalion and was not to go to France until 1917. He was shot in the head during the Battle for Hamel and died of his wounds on 5 July 1918. Where Charles was one of the first Maltese to die, Waldemar was one of the last.

Maltese-born author Gioconda Schembri also migrated to Australia where she joined the public service and served as First Secretary for three years at the Malta High Commission in Canberra, and Acting High Commissioner for several months. She has worked with the Maltese Community Council of Victoria, the Australian public service, the Consulate of Malta, and as a freelance Maltese language translator. She does a wonderful job using the historical context of pre-war social life in Malta and that of the war to help bring alive this story. Numerous photographs and images help pictorially whilst the text keeps one engaged at every page turn. The book is a fitting memorial to these three young Maltese men.

- Stephen Chambers



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 Hampshire)

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.