

The Gallipolian

The Journal of the Gallipoli Association

No. 153 - Autumn 2020



Silent dawn, Gallipoli 2020

THE GALLIPOLIAN

No 153, Autumn (August) 2020

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

The Gallipoli Association

Registered Charity No. 1155609

www.gallipoli-association.org

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I've No Darling Now
I'm Weeping
Baby & I You Left Alone

Epitaph, 1710 Private John Edward BARCLAY, 8th Battalion AIF, Shrapnel Valley Cemetery.
Killed in action 21 June 1915.

Epitaph submitted by widow, Louisa Mary Barclay. Only child, John Michael Barclay, born 12 Oct 1915.

This edition's cover

The Sphinx, Anzac sector, Gallipoli, from Canterbury Cemetery, 25th April 2020.
Photograph courtesy of Bill and Serpil Sellars.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO OUR MEMBERS

And How This Year's Events Have Been Affected By The Pandemic

AGM 2020

The Trustees have decided that, in accordance with our constitution, the Annual General Meeting will take place as planned on Wednesday 28th October but it will be conducted virtually. Attendance details will be published in September.

If you have any points to raise at the AGM, please contact the Secretary, Sarah Kellam (details below).

Should any member wish to put themselves forward to become a Trustee they are encouraged to do so and to inform Sarah who will advise them on the protocols and requirements.

It is with great sadness that the Chairman has accepted the resignation of Nick Marshall, the Hon Treasurer, who has asked to step down as a Trustee. Should any member wish to apply for the position of Hon Treasurer please contact Sarah or the Chairman, James Stopford (chairman@gallipoli-association.org)

ANNUAL CONFERENCE

Unfortunately our popular Annual Conference has had to be postponed along with all the battlefield tours. Please keep an eye out for further announcements on our website www.gallipoli-association.org or any e-newsletter or, alternatively ask Sarah.

Sarah Kellam:(Hon. Sec.) 5 Mews House, Roffey Park, Forest Road, Colgate, West Sussex RH12 4TD Tel: 01293 851466 secretary@gallipoli-association.org

There are plenty of interesting things coming up in the future:

LEEDS THEATRE GROUP radio broadcast.

Supporting NORTH DULWICH CHARTER SCHOOL on a trip to Gallipoli.

Possibility of a REGIONAL CONFERENCE in Rugby which would be on the same weekend as the commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the building of the monument to the 29th Division on 'Gallipoli Island'.

An event to dedicate the NEW INFORMATION BOARD on 'Gallipoli Island' involving two military museums in Warwick as part of National Heritage Week.

Possibility of a YOUTUBE CHANNEL.



GIFT AID FOR UK TAXPAYERS



You will find a UK Taxpayer's Gift Aid form enclosed in this edition. We are updating our records to ensure the Association benefits as much as it can from Gift Aid.

If you pay either UK income tax or capital gains tax, can we kindly ask that you complete the form and return this electronically or by hard copy to the Membership Secretary, Peter Luff.

In this way you will be assisting The Association in funding its valuable work.

Thank you.

FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE, WESTMINSTER ABBEY - 2020

Members are invited to place a Remembrance Cross, Star of David, Crescent Moon or Sikh Khanda in the Gallipoli Association plot at the Field of Remembrance, which will be in place by the afternoon of Thursday 5th November. The Association can arrange to lay remembrance tributes in the plot for members.

Tickets for the Opening Service on 5th November at 11.00 a.m. also available.

IF YOU DO NOT HAVE AN INSERT IN THIS JOURNAL AND WOULD LIKE TO PARTICIPATE, PLEASE CONTACT: Sarah Kellam, 5 Mews House, Roffey Park, Forest Road, Colgate, West Sussex RH12 4TD (email: secretary@gallipoli-association.org).

CENOTAPH PARADE – SUNDAY 8TH NOVEMBER 2020

The Gallipoli Association has once again been offered the chance of representation in the march past the Cenotaph on Sunday 8th November 2020. This is an honour for the Association and is open to all members.

If you wish to take part, please apply no later than **Friday 14th August 2020** or as soon as you receive this journal. Places are limited and will be allocated on a 'first come, first served' basis. Applicants will be advised by the Association if their name has gone forward to the Royal British Legion, so please provide an email address or telephone number. Tickets will be despatched by the RBL in mid-October.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN APPLYING AND DON'T HAVE AN INSERT WITH THIS JOURNAL, PLEASE CONTACT: Sarah Kellam, as above.

Guests – one guest per member.

APOLOGY AND CORRECTION

Sincere apologies to Ms Carole Sach, author of an article which appeared in the last edition of *The Gallipolian*. Through a series of circumstances, errors and oversights, the article was used without first obtaining the author's permission. In addition, the article was incorrectly titled *Lost at Lone Pine : My journey to Gallipoli and the search for my grandfather*, but should have been titled *My Journey to Gallipoli*. - Editor

GALLIPOLI / ANZAC DAY 2020 – LEST WE FORGET

In this strangest of years with the cancellation of all events, you will be pleased to hear that the Gallipoli Association was not forgotten in Edinburgh.

We sent a wreath to Mr. Jim Duffy for him to lay at the Edinburgh Castle event on 25th April. As this was not possible, he improvised with respect and dignity to keep alive the memory of the campaign, ensuring that those who gave their lives and all who fought or served in it were not forgotten on Gallipoli/Anzac Day 2020.

His tribute in his front garden, accompanied by two of his grandchildren, was appropriately moving – especially so as the young people were so actively involved. Thank you Jim.

Sarah Kellam – Honorary Secretary

AFRICAN EXPLORER KILLED

Lieutenant Richard Bowen Woosnam, 2d Worcester Regiment (killed in action in the Gallipoli Peninsula), was born at Tynvgraig, Builth, South Wales, in 1880, and educated at Wellington College. From 1910 until he returned home a few months ago to rejoin his old regiment, the 2d Worcesters, Mr Woosnam was game warden in East Africa, a position to which he was appointed by the Secretary of State for the Colonies. At the beginning of the South African War he joined the 4th Welsh Militia, and was gazetted to the 2d Worcesters, with which regiment he served throughout the campaign. After the war he resigned his commission, and made a tour on behalf of the British Museum in Cape Colony, Bechuanaland, Orange River Colony, and the Vaal River district.

In 1905 Mr Woosnam accompanied Colonel Bailward on a journey from the Persian Gulf through Western Persia to Armenia, and across the country to the Black Sea. A fine collection of mammals and birds was presented by Mr Woosnam to the British Museum. With others Mr Woosnam subsequently made an exploration of the great range of mountains in Equatorial Africa known as the Mountains of the Moon, and was awarded the silver medal of the Zoological Society. Another trip was made with Colonel Bailward in 1907 to the Caspian Sea and the Elburz Mountains. Mr Woosnam suffered in health after this expedition, but in 1909 he returned to South Africa to explore the Kalahari Desert. (*Evening Telegraph* (Dundee, Scotland) 6 August 1915 p4).

A SILENT DAWN

Bill Sellars

Boats glide slowly towards the dark mass of the Gallipoli Peninsula, their movement almost silent from the hills – silhouetted by the first hints of dawn – that rise above the narrow beach.

Unlike a dawn 105 years ago, the two small boats do not carry Antipodean soldiers being brought ashore by British sailors as part of an invasion of a foreign land. Instead they are crewed by a handful of Turkish fishermen, hauling up nets holding the night's catch.

Under normal circumstances, boats would be banned from these waters on 25 April, part of security measures put in place by Turkish authorities to ensure the safety of the many hundreds of overseas visitors – the majority from Australia and New Zealand – who attend the annual Dawn Service held close to Anzac Cove.

This year however, there were no security measures, and indeed no Dawn Service.

On 17 March, the Australian and New Zealand governments announced all overseas commemorative ceremonies for Anzac Day – most notably those on the peninsula and at Villers-Bretonneux in France – were cancelled due to concerns over the spread of COVID-19. Turkey followed suit, cancelling its own March 18 commemorations to mark the defeat of the Allied naval attack in the Dardanelles, and subsequently other remembrance events.

Despite the official cancellations however, dawn was seen in this 25 April by others than the hardy fishermen off the coast.

A few locals staged an impromptu service at the official commemorative site above North Beach, outnumbered by representatives of the Turkish media seeking to make a story out of there being no story.

At Ariburnu, at the northern end of Anzac Cove where the first Australian troops came ashore on 25 April, and out of the media's eye, two more locals stood ahead of the dawn, the silent and windless conditions much as they were more than a century ago.

There was no sound of generators or glare of lights needed by broadcasters beaming the event back to Australia, just the gentle background noise of rippling waves on the rocky beach and the cold glitter of stars above.

Instead of the *Last Post*, morning birdsong cut through the silence that hung over the cove. Then, with the sun rising behind the Sphinx, the growing chorus of birds sounded the *Rouse*.

Quite apart from the near-deserted commemorative site, there was another reminder of the links between the current pandemic and the past; three graves from November 1918 in the north-western corner of Ariburnu Cemetery.

All three mark the resting place of Muslim soldiers of the British army, men of the Indian Mule Corps, thousands of whom served during the Gallipoli Campaign and throughout the world carrying supplies to the front during the war, a vital link in an extended logistics chain [see photograph page 32].

Those three men – Alla Ditta, Husain Khan and Imam Din – died within days of each other, soon after the British Army began its four-year occupation of the peninsula and Istanbul under the terms of the surrender of the Ottoman Empire at the end of the war.

They, like eleven New Zealanders and two Australians who served with the occupation forces and who are buried in a cemetery on the Asian side of the Dardanelles, died not in battle but of the influenza pandemic that swept the world in 1918 and 1919, claimed by Gallipoli three years after the evacuation.

Now another pandemic has put paid, at least for this year, to activities to commemorate those who fell here in 1915 and beyond.

Bill Sellars is an Australian writer who has lived on the Gallipoli Peninsula since 2002.

THEY GAVE THEIR IMMORTALITY

Michael D Robson

I wonder where you were on your 16th birthday, and what you were doing at that time? Perhaps like me, you were at school and in the middle of examinations. Walter Richard Mockett was on board HMS *Agamemnon* on his 16th birthday, and he was in the middle of the first great multinational conflict of the twentieth century. Five days later he was wounded.

Walter was born on 20th February 1899 to a 32-year-old bricklayer and his wife; George William and Alice Florence Mockett, of Deal, Kent. In the fullness of time the Mocketts would have nine children; all boys, eight of whom survived infancy.

Deal has been linked to the Royal Navy for many centuries, perhaps unsurprisingly therefore, Walter's elder brother Harold Thomas Mockett, joined that service in January 1911. No doubt the young Walter, while earning his keep as an errand boy, envied what he imagined was his elder brother's glamorous and exciting life on the ocean's wave. So, in June 1914 he too enrolled in the Royal Navy. The outbreak of war however, drastically curtailed his period of training, and he was appointed from *Ganges* to the battleship HMS *Agamemnon* on 20th January 1915. Three weeks later he was on his way to the Mediterranean.

The *Agamemnon* arrived in the Aegean on 19th February 1915, joining the Eastern Mediterranean Squadron under Vice-Admiral Sackville H Carden. At 17:00 that very same day *Agamemnon*, supporting the *Cornwallis*, took on Fort No.3 (Sedd el Bahr). First bombarding it from 7,000 yards and then from 5,000 yards. For HMS *Agamemnon* and for Boy Walter Richard Mockett, battle had commenced.

The weather then deteriorated and between the 20th and 24th February no operations were possible. Thursday 25th February 1915, however, broke fine and clear, though the water was still too rough to allow a seaplane to take off for reconnaissance. Nevertheless action by the guns of the fleet was possible and at 09:50 *Agamemnon* anchored at her position for that day's bombardment of the outer defences of the Dardanelles. Deliberate fire, by single guns, was opened by each ship shortly after 10.00. *Agamemnon's* target was Fort No.1 (Ertuğrul) situated on the top of the cliffs a little to the west of what was later V Beach. This battery had two 240mm (9.4-inch) L/35 Krupp guns and the Turkish gunners wasted no time, opening their return fire on the *Agamemnon* at 10:17. By 10:33 they had the range and the *Agamemnon* was forced to weigh anchor. Notwithstanding this movement, within a few minutes *Agamemnon* received its first hits and sustained its first casualties.

At about 10:37 a shot struck the head of the derrick, breaking up and splintering the derrick head. The large fragments from this shell caused serious havoc, killing Petty Officer Bertie Worthington and seriously wounding Acting Chief Yeoman of Signals H Bishop. As Captain H A S Fyler noted, another "large portion of this projectile passed through the foremost funnel and flying deck,¹ [see diagrams page 33] shattering the coaling bollard on the break of the forecastle, the port side, and killing George R. H. W. Small (Leading Seaman), William J. Mason (Ordinary Seaman), and wounding W. Mockett (Boy), W. Etherington (Boy, 1st Class), R. Randall (Blacksmith's Mate), A. Box (Ordinary Seaman), J. Lewis (Plumber's Mate), and W. White (R.M.A.)."



HMS *Agamemnon* 12-pdr (1916). Note that the gun seen here is demonstrating high-angle anti-aircraft fire.

The shells used by Fort No.1 that day were what is now classified as 'Old' type. That is to say they were not made of forged and machined steel, but rather from chilled cast-iron. This meant a much thicker casing and consequently they could only carry a smaller bursting charge. While their explosive power was not so dramatic, nevertheless the fragments which they produced were huge, heavy and did extensive damage. Captain Fyler records that the *Agamemnon's* flying deck sustained three hits from these shells, which he described as "armour-piercing projectiles, with very thick walls and no burster, breaking into large fragments on impact." Captain Fyler lists

the principal hits to his ship's flying deck as follows:

9.4-inch on head of main derrick from Fort No. 1, causing damage to 12-pounder guns,² beams, decks and funnels

9.4-inch armour-piercing, from Fort No. 1, through foremost funnel, flying deck and into oilskin locker compartment, damaging 12-pounders

9.4-inch armour-piercing, from Fort No. 1, through foremost funnel and flying deck to upper deck, wrecking port motor bollard and damaging 12-pounders.



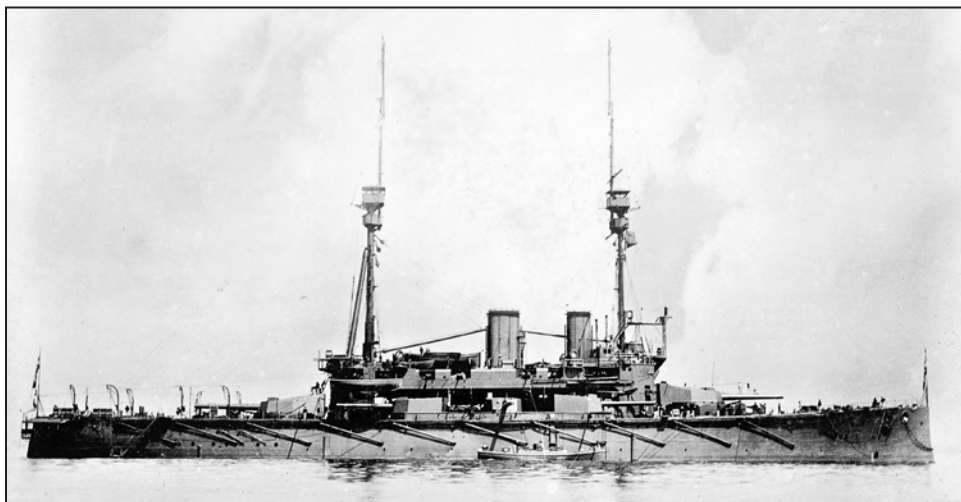
Turkish 'Old' type shell fragments recovered from HMS *Agamemnon* 25 February 1915.
Note the large size of the fragments, their thick walls, and reduced space for the bursting charge.
From *Dardanelles: a Midshipman's Diary*

The *Navy List* for January 1915 shows that HMS *Agamemnon* carried 24 12-pdrs,³ nearly all of which were placed on her flying deck. Each of these guns had an open mounting with no turret, casemate, or armoured protection whatsoever. Like Captain Lockyer on the *Implacable* and the captains of the *Vengeance* and the *Swiftsure*, Captain Fyler tried to compensate for the lack of any anti-fragmentation protection by using sandbags, and in the case of the *Agamemnon*, they were placed around each of the 12-pdrs. Young Mockett was probably at, or close by, one of those sandbagged gun positions when he was wounded.

The injured Boy was carried to the dressing station where CPO Young was working. Chief Petty Officer A W Young was a ship's writer and in the normal course of events he worked under the captain's secretary. On this occasion however, he was at one of the ship's dressing stations, noting frankly that "... cannot say I enjoyed the experience but got used to in time." He also recalled that Boy Mockett arrived at the dressing station with seven wounds.

The action on 25th February continued for a further six hours after Boy Mockett was struck, the *Agamemnon* firing her last shots of the day at Fort No. 4 (Orkanieh; two 240mm L/35 Krupp guns) at 16:30. She then returned to the anchorage at Tenedos, where the hospital ship *Soudan*⁴ was waiting to receive the wounded. Fleet Surgeon George Trevor Collingwood MVO, RN, the Senior Medical Officer on the *Soudan*, noted that Mockett had “Extensive deep shell wound of right thigh, 6 in. by 8 in., femur splintered, also wounds of both legs.”

Despite these very severe wounds, Midshipman Henry M Denham of the *Agamemnon* thought Mockett “... seemed so cheery when I saw him in bed on board the hospital ship *Soudan*” and the *Agamemnon*’s chaplain, Rev. Walter F Scott BA, wrote to Mr and Mrs Mockett that he had “... no doubt but that he will recover” adding that “... a boy like Walter should go a long way.”



HMS *Agamemnon*

Fleet Surgeon Collingwood, however, reported that “on March 3, in early morning, he developed signs of trismus, and died from tetanus at 5.30 a.m. on March 5. The bacillus was found in a smear from the wound. Antitetanic serum was tried. No definite cause was discovered; but it is of interest to note that the guns on board were protected by bags of sand, which I believe were not obtained locally, but brought from England, and some of the bags were struck by the shell near this boy.”

CPO Young noted that “We heard today of death in *Soudan* of Boy Mockett, poor kid was only 16 and ought to have been at home with his mother.” Young also admitted that “it wasn’t unexpected from the first.”

By coincidence, HMS *Swiftsure* with Able Seaman Harold Mockett on board was not so very far away at this time, having arrived at Imbros from Port Said on 28th February. The *Swiftsure* took part in the attack on Fort Dardanos (Fort No.8) on 2nd

March, but left the immediate area again on 4th March. On that day she sailed with the *Triumph* and four minesweepers to rendezvous off Smyrna (Izmir) with *Euryalus* and the C-in-C East Indies, Vice-Admiral Sir Richard H Peirse. At dawn the next day the admiral began his bombardment of Fort Yeni Kale. It is therefore very unlikely that the elder Mockett ever had a chance to visit his wounded sibling, and sadly, he could not have attended the committal of his brother's body to the deep.

Boy 1st Class Walter Richard Mockett, J/31645 RN is commemorated on the Chatham Naval Memorial.



Boy Walter Richard Mockett
Faces From the Front - Judith Gaunt p19

On Gallipoli and at the Dardanelles, all sides were guilty of using what today we would recognize as under-age recruits. A century ago, however, the Royal Navy's regulations were different, and while officially the army did not allow it, nevertheless, sometimes an over-enthusiastic recruiting sergeant would turn a blind eye. The following casualties at Gallipoli and the Dardanelles were of a similar age to Walter Mockett, and it is almost certain that this list is incomplete:

Tom Allford, aged 16, Royal Engineers, Redoubt Cemetery
 F W Barrow, aged 16, RAMC, Lancashire Landing Cemetery
 Joseph Berrill, aged 15, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, Helles Memorial
 Earnest Herbert Burnett, aged 16, HMS *Cornwallis*, Chatham Naval Memorial
 Albert Cramer, aged 15, 6th Bn, AIF, Helles Memorial
 Peter Lyall Deans, (L/Cpl) aged 15, Cameronians, Chatby Cemetery
 Geoffrey Lionel Flemming, aged 16, 2nd Bn, AIF, Lone Pine Cemetery

George Hughes Hillam, aged 16, HMS *Cornwallis*, Chatham Naval Memorial
 William Hughes, aged 15, Worcestershire Regt., Helles Memorial
 Nelson Kilburn, aged 16, RAMC, Helles Memorial
 James Martin, aged 14, 21st Bn, AIF, Lone Pine Memorial
 Hughie O'Donnell, aged 16, 11th Bn, AIF, Lone Pine Cemetery
 Roy Henderson Robertson, aged 16, 20th Bn, AIF, Walker's Ridge Cemetery
 Robert Steel, aged 16, Lancashire Fusiliers, Lancashire Landing Cemetery
 Richard Stott, aged 15, Manchester Regiment, Helles Memorial
 Joseph A Townsend, aged 15, East Lancashire Regt, Skew Bridge Cemetery

As far as I can tell, the youngest boy to die while serving with the allies at Gallipoli was Désiré Bianco, aged 13. He served with the *58^e regiment d'infantry colonial* and was killed at the Haricot Redoubt on 8th May 1915.

I feel sure that there must have been an equal number of youngsters serving within the Ottoman ranks, and fighting alongside them was at least one German boy. Admiral Wilhelm Souchon records that while coaling his ships at Messina, a number of German merchant seamen volunteered to join his squadron's ships, among them a 15-year-old cabin boy. The latter was turned down on account of his age, but a day or two later he turned up having somehow managed to stow away on the SMS *Breslau*. Later, during the land campaign on Gallipoli, he was "sent to a machine gun detachment from the fleet in Gallipoli, where he lost his life." Alas, the admiral did not provide us with this 15-year-old's name.

*These laid the world away; poured out the red
 Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
 Of work and joy, and that unhopéd serene,
 That men call age; and those who would have been,
 Their sons, they gave their immortality.*

- from 1914, *Sonnet III, The Dead* by Rupert Brooke

Notes

¹ At this time, *Flying Deck* was the name given to the top deck of the battleship's superstructure. [nb: not to be confused with *Flight Deck*, a term totally inapplicable here.]

² 12-pounder refers to the naval QF 12-pdr 18cwt Mark I [calibre 3"/50 (7.62 cm)]

³ Other sources give a slightly lower number following redistribution of guns to the fleet once war had commenced.

⁴ The Hospital Ship *Soudan* (6,696 grt) was a converted P&O transport & carried up to 302 beds.

One final note: Captain Eric Wheeler Bush DSO DSC, RN was a founding member of this association (*member no 14*). He was also the youngest-ever recipient of the DSC, awarded for action at the Landing at Anzac on 25 April 1915. He was a midshipman in charge of the *Bacchante's* picket boat, at the time not yet 16 years old.

Acknowledgements & References (*They gave their Immortality* : M D Robson)

In the research for this article, I am very grateful for the generous assistance, guidance and advice which I have received from the international membership of the Great War Forum (www.greatwarforum.org/) and from Thomas P Iredale and Michael Crane. Please note however, that any mistakes are mine.

J31645 Walter Richard Mockett - National Archives ADM 188/710/31645

J10634 Harold Thomas Mockett - ADM 188/668/10634 & ADM 363/63/67

[Harold Mockett served throughout the Great War, eventually retiring as a CPO in December 1934.

In October 1939 he rejoined the RN, serving as a CPO until August 1945]

George William Mockett [father of Walter and Harold, bricklayer, joined RAF (283571) aged 51 in Aug 1918 as AM2 employed in ACS (Air Construction Service), released by RAF Apr 1920]

The Naval Review, Vol. IV, *A Narrative of HMS Agamemnon in the Dardanelles* : Admiral Herbert A S Fyler CB, DSO. [formerly Captain of HMS *Agamemnon*]

The Naval Review, Vol. X, *The Break Through of the Goeben & Breslau from Messina to the Dardanelles* : Admiral Wilhelm Souchon [formerly Konteradmiral, Chef der Mittelmeerddivision]

Journal of the Royal Naval Medical Service, Vol. I, 1915, *Notes on the work of a Naval hospital ship at the Dardanelles* : Fleet Surgeon George Trevor Collingwood MVO, RN, Senior Medical Officer, HM Hospital Ship *Soudan* [Collingwood was later Surgeon Rear-Admiral, CB]

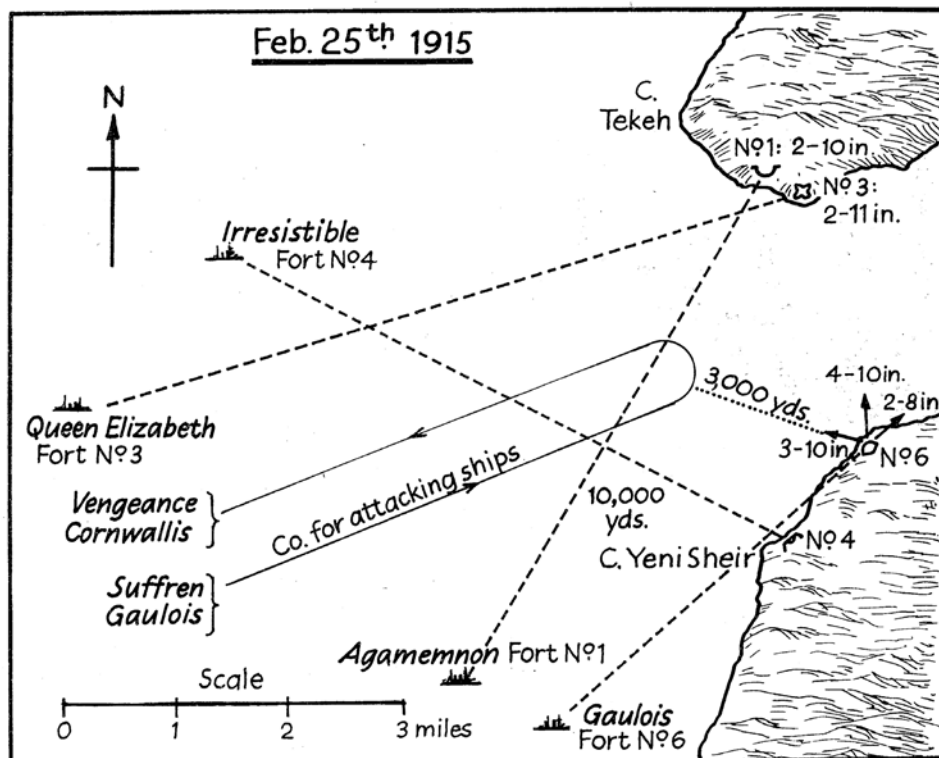
Dardanelles: a Midshipman's Diary by H M Denham, John Murray (Publishers) Ltd, 1981

The Defence of the Dardanelles by Michael Forrest, Pen & Sword Maritime, 2012

Gardens of Hell by the late Patrick Gariepy, Potomac Books, 2014

Faces From the Front by Judith Gaunt, Bygone Publishing, 2014

The Gallipolian No 138, Autumn 2015, *A Dardanelles Mystery* by Michael Forrest



Midshipman Denham's diagram of action, 25 Feb 1915. *Dardanelles: a Midshipman's Diary* p34

SIX MONTHS IN THE DARDANELLES

Part 2 : Continued from The Gallipolian No 152, Spring 2020

Blackwood's Magazine, February 1916

By Zachabona

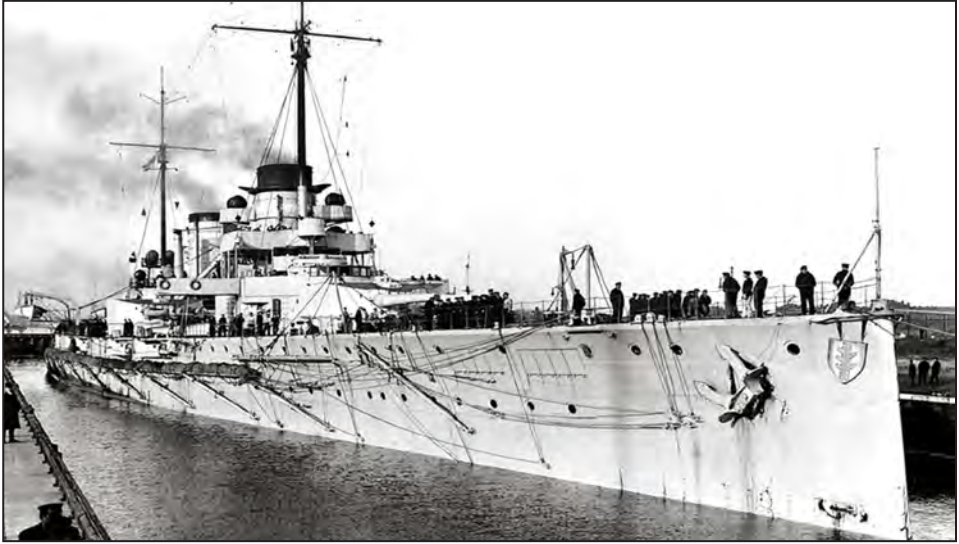
III. SETTLING DOWN.

We got our orders from the *Queen Elizabeth* next morning, while she was participating in the bombardment of the positions above Anzac Cove. The place was not so known at that time. We knew it chiefly as Gaba Tepe and Fisherman's Hut. But the first batch of christenings gave us Anzac (the initials, I need hardly explain, of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps), as well as Lancashire Landing, and Fort Doughty-Wyllie at the Sedd-el-Bahr end. We steamed up the coast to Anzac at the first sign of day, when already the spits of gun fire were piercing the mist like sudden jets of gas in a dark room. The sun came wanly up behind the Turkish lines.

Almost from the beach steep and ever denser cliffs of scrub sprang away inland, fissured pretty freely by difficult-looking gullies, through which the barest path seemed only possible. Not a sign of any movement could we see anywhere, except, where bursting shells announced themselves in fan-tails of rock, bush, and sand hurled upward. Minus these the landscape looked like many a little cove along the Cornish north coast, a trifle bleaker perhaps in the grey haze. The din was almost equal to that at Helles, and certainly the industry about the beaches was as great. Troops were still being landed, and now there was the added necessity of hurrying stores, ammunition, &c., ashore.

Meanwhile, big naval guns were having their say, and gradually one was able to note where our field-pieces came into action — though how in a single night they had got them to such craggy heights beat us and made us glad. From the Turkish positions on the Sari Bahr ridge we were all within range, and it was a lively occupation to watch the spouting columns of water of the shells that generally missed their mark but were always excitingly near. Presently, with a scream like the Scotch express coming down from Beattock Summit, a new note struck into the deep music of battle, and the man in the yellow balloon high above our heads signalled that the *Goeben* was in action away over in the Sea of Marmora. Her shells — 9.2" it was thought — livened things up for the warships and transports at Anzac Cove, but when she knew we had the range of her, thanks to the Omniscient Being in the balloon, she discreetly crept under the shelter of the nearest cliffs. Splendidly supported by the Indian Mountain Artillery and by their own reserves landed that morning, the Australians had easily broken the back of their task of the moment, which was to hold on and give no inch of ground. It was a near thing, however — how near may be appreciated when I mention that at one period all transports were called up and ordered to prepare to re-embark troops. That such a calamity was averted must be ascribed to nothing but the steel-true courage of the Anzac warriors, for none knew better than they that they were

within an ace of extinction. It was not only that they were fighting with their backs to the wall — they were fighting with their backs to the sea!



SMS Goeben, renamed Yavuz Sultan Selim on its transfer to the Ottoman Navy on 16 August 1914.

Our orders took us with all speed to the island of Tenedos, and though it was an unexpected treat to go to this spot of classic renown, every moment away from the Peninsula while the landing was still being hotly contested seemed a waste, and we were glad to be back at Helles by the afternoon. Tenedos must therefore stand over until another time.

The scene in the track of any advancing army is wonderful enough, but surely never was there a week of such feverish effort as set in for us that Monday, when the beach was advanced base, rail-head, and rendezvous all in one, and a step from the beach took you into the trenches. Of course, the very first thing to do when you got ashore was to find yourself a hole. I shall not say a dug-out, because it took the Turks a day or two to get used to us, and not till their shell fire began to slacken was it possible to evolve the dug-out from the deep scrape which had somehow served. There was then an outbreak of the most wonderful and fantastic cave-dwellings ever thought of, culminating in a terrace of very desirable underground residences, “sea view,” and all, rejoicing in the address “Home Place.” And so, with somewhere to give a certain amount of shelter when Achi Baba or “Annie of Asia” (that elusive battery of the Asiatic heights) made life insupportable, it was possible to get on. From the beginning obstacles simply sprang up around us. Everything was lacking except the spirit to overcome difficulties, and of that, thank God, there was ample. We had learned in our military manuals — many of which looked supremely foolish from the beach at Cape Helles — that a most important factor in military adventure was proper utilisation

of local resources. We remembered this, and looked about us — and lifted our eyes to heaven. Local resources were nil. Thus it was driven in that first week, and never forgotten, I think, in all the succeeding months, that, however we fared, the country we had invaded would give us no help.

Every man had landed with two days' iron rations and a full water-bottle. It was as well, for of course we were on the second day's rations before anything approaching sufficient stores had been got ashore. Even then every single box that came out of the lighters had to be manhandled right up the beach to the field depot in the first instance, and subsequently by whatever means offered in the night-time up to the troops ahead. Ammunition was subject to the same treatment, and let it be judged whether the beach working-parties were wrong in often wishing themselves over the dunes in the trenches — for a rest. As the days slipped past, the Turks shelled the beach less continuously, and at the end of ten days they reduced the thing to a matter of routine, and gave us two performances, at 11 and 5, with occasionally a brisk entr'acte. This suited us very well on the whole, and generally made for an increased volume of work being done during the night, to which our enemy took only occasional objection. The battery on the Asiatic side gave more trouble than anything else. Its waspish conduct was never to be relied on, and the only consolation we had for labours interrupted was the malicious satisfaction its "never-nevers" gave us — that is, the big percentage of its shells which failed to explode. We saw various attempts being made by the warships to silence our "Annie of Asia," but, woman-like, she had the last word in the end of all, and I think the Navy got disgusted wasting ammunition on her. There were three long escarpments on the Asiatic side, and we always suspected that the battery worked from these, but it was never caught.

It very soon became apparent, with the realisation of the magnitude of the task before us and our numerical deficiencies, that so much military labour for the beach could not be spared, and so a band of Greeks was imported. They were recruited in the islands of the Aegean, Mitylene especially, and numbered about a battalion. With the coming of the Greeks fresh beach troubles began. They were accommodated in a special compound along the cliffs on our left, and soon stories began to find their way round of strange lights signalling after dark. Double guards and special watches were detailed, but nothing was ever brought home to the Greeks — at least, nothing definite, though there was ample ground for suspicion. Somehow or other accurate information was always being conveyed to the Turks as to the exact location of our various depots, ordnance stores, and aeroplane camps, for these were repeatedly singled out for bombardment. The Greek labourers, of course, denied complicity, and went leisurely about their work, disappearing in a body when the shelling started and in calm times working fairly well. They were always well under observation of the Intelligence Department, and so probably their opportunities of betraying their employers were few enough. At first, some of them may have found their way to the Turkish lines after completing their contract of one month, but this was soon made impossible by the simple expedient of packing all the time-expired labourers over to the island of

Tenedos, where they remained a week or so before they were given transport back to their islands. Even here, however, they sometimes gave trouble, and a friend of my own saw a small rowing-boat, containing two Greeks fresh from Helles, rammed by a patrol-boat while trying to make the Asiatic coast with information for the Turks.

Not the least memorable of our experiences with the Greeks during the early stage of the campaign was a strike which they declared about the end of May. Needless to say the question in dispute was money. It was settled in a strictly military manner, as dislocation of the supply services at that time could not be allowed. The Greeks did not seem to have much of a grievance.

They were actually being paid at a higher rate than our own Tommies, and fed with practically the same amount of rations. It was really only the proverbial Greek greed, of which we were to see a good deal during the grilling days of summer.

The whole episode had shown the Staff the necessity of securing our position against such unforeseeable circumstances as labour squabbles on the beach, and accordingly a spurt was made to lay in a margin of reserve in every kind of store, as well as ammunition. The erection of a suitable pier, which had been discussed on the second or third day after the landing and then let drift, was again taken up, as also the question of a tram or trolley line from the beach up to the advanced positions. How this had been neglected so long nobody on the spot exactly knew; we all thought that somebody had the thing in hand, and while we waited for its coming, we read of the Japanese at Tsing-Tao, "how, almost simultaneously with the landing of their troops, they put ashore materials for building a light railway, temporary shelters, piers, &c. So rapidly were repairs effected that it would seem as though they had spare parts present for every portion, no matter how minute, of the military machine."

This was not cheerful reading when we came to make comparisons with our position as it was then, and perhaps it was as well that a series of violent "scraps" about this time took our mind away from our difficulties to the one thing that mattered — the assault on Achi Baba. The 29th Division was being daily reinforced by the 52nd (Lowland) Division and the 42nd (East Lancashire) Division, which with the Royal Naval Division and the Indian Brigade afterwards comprised the 8th Army Corps.

These reinforcing Divisions were for the most part Territorials, and I know there was a deal of apprehension in many a breast to see how they would acquit themselves. They never did but magnificently all the time; and if there remain only a few battalions with even remnants of their former strength to show, it is because of the initiative they always took in those early days. They sacrificed themselves so selflessly that they were a constant inspiration to those who had borne the brunt since the day of landing, not excluding our French comrades on the right, who were manifestly impressed. We at Helles had the heavy end of the stick at this time, and it is the glorious and yet tragic index to the career of the 8th Corps that they almost invariably attacked and captured one more trench than they were intended to, with results that must often have been simply heart-breaking to our commanders. Every man who survives the Dardanelles

carries in his mind the only epitaph there can ever be for our dead lying there between the fatal hill and the sea: "They never hesitated." One instance will suffice. It was the night after a big attack, when the clear-eyed heavens looked down on simmering passions in that corner of the earth. The battle was not over; that much, at least, we could rely on. Any enemy movement, real or suspected, was enough to stir the embers of a bloody yesternight. It was real, as it happened — a pretty determined counter-stroke, heralded by vehement invocation of "Allah! Allah!" It was delivered in a part of the line which was badly consolidated, but held stubbornly by the Manchesters. For neighbours, a little to the rear, the latter had the 5th Royal Scots, under Colonel Wilson, and when at length the onslaught by tremendously superior numbers drove the Manchesters back a little, no single minute did the Scots allow the advantage to stand. They were up out of their trenches with a yell that nearly the whole line heard, charging like furies; nor did they breathe easy again till they had cleared every Turk out of our trench, which the enemy was just beginning to find very useful for bombing purposes. Another time it was the Worcesters, I think, who did a similar service for the Senegalese. And so one could multiply: "They never hesitated."

It may seem a singularly unlikely thing to say, but one battle with us was very much like another. In fact, it was between-whiles that most of the colour came into our lives those long, baking, summer days, and oh! so lonely nights. Letters came to tell us of friends in France who had billets in real farms and cosy villages behind the front, which sounded like war worth while; but when we came to look about us in the pink dawn, ours seemed an outpost affair — and remember that to many it was not only our first taste of war, but of exile too. For this reason, if no other, we were more dependent on each other for all the little considerations that make tolerable the rude life of the open. This may illustrate my meaning: A muffled figure in a slouch hat dropped into our lines one night, and was brought to me by my sergeant. He carried a letter to be delivered personally to the General's next in command, who could not be found at the moment. The messenger was strange to our end of the Peninsula, being an Australian from Anzac, but when we had fed him and made him comfortable with cigarettes, he felt quite at home, and sat down and yarned with us an hour or more, giving us all the news of his zone. It was all too infrequently that we had guests like this, so we made the most of him. When it was time for him to go, he wanted to take a short cut to the beach, and as he was not sure of his way I went out with him and convoyed him so far. It was a very black night. We parted within sight of the winking lights of battleships lying out at sea. He gave my hand a strong grip, and said: "See here. Your fellows have been real good to me. You're a bonza (popular Australianism, the comparative of "good") crowd down this end. Ever you come our way, get a bead on my crush, and I'll see you right to our last Macconochie. So long!" The night swallowed him in an instant, and I stood there laughing at his quaint patois, knowing well enough that I should probably never see him again. I never did, but if I met him to-morrow in Piccadilly — and I should know him at once — I feel sure he would rush me into some restaurant to repay the old score.

It was about this time — the latter part of June, when we made two strenuous efforts to break through the Krithia line to the hill, first on June 21, and then again on the 28th — that we began to feel ourselves in the grip of the climate. This coincided very nearly with the outburst of fly plague, which completed our misery. I don't know whether anybody can say with any certainty what caused the terrible epidemic of dysentery which decimated our ranks as seriously as the Turkish bullets, but I believe that at one time or another every other man went down with the prevailing complaint. In my own experience only one man never had a touch of it, and he was a sergeant-major of the RAMC, with long service in the East, for whom the climate seemed to hold no terrors. For the rest of us there was something sinister in the air we breathed, that got us down by the head and held us there. Or at least so it felt. You were useless: a weak, limp thing for as long as the attack lasted, a burden on your comrades' hands and a nuisance to yourself. Aeons of agony! Circumstances differed in so many cases that one can only be typical, but I think my unit passed through a pretty average experience. We were all very fit up to the second week in June, when the heat would have been unbearable but for the daily bathe in the *Ægean*. Of course we were specially lucky in being able to reach the sea every day; lots of the boys never got down from the trenches for weeks — a battalion of the KOSB held on for 42 days, and some of the HLI and Royal Scots for even longer. Happily that was not normal. As I say, for a long time we had our daily bathe, interrupted only when the medical authorities took it into their heads that it was the sea-bathing which was in part responsible for the enduring complaint of all of us. They may have been right. But if not, and there was nothing inherently sinister in the climate, then only two outside influences remain to be considered — our food and our drink. I will go into some little detail about these.

The first source we tapped for water was a spring about a mile from the beach, and it gave us beautiful, clear cold water which passed the experts and slaked our perpetual thirst delightfully. There was plenty of it, too, and as the doctors at that time always said to cases of incipient dysentery, "Drink a lot," we did. When we changed to another source, in a broad gully, which gave us limey-looking water (and thrice a-day became pink and masqueraded as tea), we did not notice any difference either in the incidence of the complaint or the degree.

As to our food, this was nothing but the rigid field-service ration, with certain equivalents, such as rice for so much bread or biscuit and occasionally dried fruit for jam. Most of us ate biscuit for a while, but bread gradually became available — baked, by the way, under absolutely unprecedented conditions, for the ASC bakers at Helles were shelled from the day they got their ovens going — and sometimes we thought sickness was more rife after the bread had been sour. A spell of biscuit (if a man could eat it) generally restored him to fitness. The meat, too, played us these little tricks. "Bully" was fairly safe, but unspeakably monotonous, and fresh meat made into stew was treacherous, and often started a man sick and drove him from clearing-station to hospital ship, and so to Egypt or Malta.

It was a medical question whether the fresh meat was germ-carrying and responsible

for so much sickness, and the doctors cordially disagreed.

But the sickness remained and spread, and stop it they could not. We noticed that the Greeks and other natives, who were engaged for fatigue work, were never affected by our complaint; and a closer observation of their habits showed that they ate a minimum quantity of meat, preferring rice, dried fruit, olives, &c., and drank a good deal of coffee. It never occurred to us at the time to copy them, and even if we had wished to, there was no supply of coffee, for instance, available for us; and we were told it took close on two months for supplies to come from home, by which time it was hoped the epidemic would be over. Oatmeal was another thing we could not get; and indeed, apart from the items of the field-service ration, no "extras" came our way, save by the hands of Greek followers, many of whom must have made small fortunes out of fourpenny tins of condensed milk retailed to us at a shilling and more. The canteen for the whole force was heralded a very long time before its arrival in the end of August, and by that time we had ceased to hope, and were sorely tempted not to care.



The battle of June 28, which was intended to secure the straightening of our line pivoting on a point in the centre about three miles from the beach, dragged on into the fourth day with intermittent bombardment, attack and counter-stroke. The Turks were more prodigal of life in this engagement than we had seen them; and I shall never forget the experience of one of our machine-gunners who commanded a stretch of front with a straggling nullah running through it. Late in the afternoon of the 29th a movement which had been developing culminated in a bayonet rush, the Turks appearing in dangerously close formation at their end of the nullah. They were simply withered by our machine-gun fire, and in a hastily pencilled note that night the gunner, who accounted for practically every man in the charge, wrote to us: "I have just had the innings I've always dreamed about. More when I see you." It was thus that many a Territorial's years of devotion abundantly repaid him.

July stole upon us in a blister of heat. Only the early hours of morning, between 5 and 7, were humanly comfortable, and for the rest of the day till late afternoon, if no attack threatened and you were not on fatigues, you sat about in shirt and "shorts," trying not to remember personal discomfort, and always being horridly reminded of it as soon as you moved by the great black swarm of pestering flies that hung or settled about you all day long. Officers and men went through a trial of endurance and patience the days there was nothing doing that brought to the top their best and their worst. Whatever his job, a man ceased to be useful when the heat made him fretful, for that was more contagious than any disease. The amazing thing was that so many preserved their good humour. It was accomplished only by making fun of the life as it steadily grew worse. There were, of course, incidents that brought us real

gaiety. There had been a few even at the landing, as, for instance, the following metrical experience of the troops that landed at “Y” Beach:—

“‘Y’ Beach,” the K.O.S.B.’s cried
 Before the scrubby, steep hillside,
 “This climb is sure & little stiff, —
 It’s nothing but a — cliff,
 ‘Y’ Beach.”

Then the snipers captured behind our lines were a source of amusement, especially those that came down, under escort, got up as bits of landscape. They were generically known as the Father Christmas type, I think, because they bulged so, with little bits of equipment hung amid the foliage of their costumes. By the way, one Turkish sniper, who had to be dug out, was found to be ensconced with about two months’ stores. He could have played great havoc on our line of communication if he had not been spotted. The Turks had little to learn in the art of sniping, that fascinating sideline in war so tragically neglected by us until experience taught us its value. They made use of background for sniping work with a facility that gave us seriously to think. The classic sniping episode of the campaign took place in the Anzac-Suvla zone, where there was a fatal well. Men would go to draw water after dark, and never return. It became unbearable to think there was somebody lying in wait for every man who approached that well, so a watch was set, and after long vigil a flash was spotted in a clump of bushes. Our men closed in on the place, and dragged forth — a woman. Round her neck they found a unique collection of identity discs — scalps!

Early in July we were still laughing over an incident in the June 28 encounter. When our men charged the trenches in the Turkish right centre, they found a fair number of wounded left behind, of whom no special notice was taken in the excitement of pursuing the enemy down the communications. Most of the bodies were lying face downward. When our men had been in occupation some little time, they were not a little surprised to see one of the prone figures raise himself on one elbow and look cautiously round, at the same time grinning broadly. “Now give ’em some!” he exhorted, sitting up in the bottom of the trench. “And who the devil might you be?” asked the sergeant, covering the “wounded” Turk with his rifle as a precautionary measure. “Oh, you never mind me,” said this remarkable fellow; “you tickle their heels a bit first, then you can see about me.” But the sergeant did mind, and a hurried explanation followed. Back in Constantinople on a visit from America, where his home was, this Turk had been impressed for military service, much against his inclination, and he said he was glad of the opportunity of surrendering himself to the British — an act which he had contemplated and planned since his arrival in the trenches. He volunteered much valuable information to an intelligence officer, and I heard afterwards from a friend who went down to Egypt on the same boat that the little Turko-American was the life of the voyage, constituting himself special guard of the other prisoners, and explaining daily to them that he was the British Captain’s Messenger, and they mustn’t forget it,

and anything he might say to them was to be regarded as carrying the authority of the British Captain himself!



Captioned 'Making Jam Tin Bombs'

Another amusing feature of those days was the debut of the “Apricot Artillery.” This is a unit which has, I fear, never figured in official despatches, and yet it played a very important part for a long time. It must be confessed that we went to the Dardanelles totally unprepared for bomb-fighting, inter alia. Hence it was discouraging when the Turks introduced this method with some efficiency and much vigour. We had no reply. Not at first, at any rate. Then a mysterious order found its way round — “Waste no empty jam-tins; hand them to the nearest RE depot.” Soon we were in possession of an almost adequate supply of jampot bombs, and in the little gullies behind the lines small squads would practise the ancient art of missile-throwing, with astonishing results. Ever apt, the Australians dubbed this innovation the “Apricot Artillery.” It proved a triumph in the economy of resource. A chaplain of my acquaintance preaches a very good sermon about it — he was there — from the text, “What is that in thine hand?” In Gallipoli it was a jam-tin!

The battle which began on the morning of July 12 was the noisiest of the campaign, hardly surpassed by the ear-splitting 25th of April. Everybody knew it was to be a real “push,” and the fate of Johnny Turk was regarded as sealed. The bombardment was shared on land by our artillery and the French 75's, supported from the sea by the warships. After an hour of it, we thought the Turkish centre right up to their observation post on Achi Baba summit must be battered out of use. The advance began, and oh! the poor chance we should have had without that preliminary bombardment. One's pen halts here, and the eyes close involuntarily at the recollection of how men fall when hit. . . . Battalions counted themselves in so many score at the close of the

awful day. But we had gained; “they never hesitated.”

Into battle brings such vastly different thoughts into different men’s minds. The thousands of our bravest, brightest lads wounded on July 12 still talk in private about their thoughts as they charged into that Turkish hell-storm. One of them confesses that as long as his thoughts were coherent at all, his mind was running on the clean hole a bullet drills in the forehead. Another — a Highlander, one of those beloved by the French *pioux-pioux* on our right, because in their kilts they were the nearest approach to the female form they saw for many moons — said in an Egypt hospital that a boyhood’s passion for botany came back for a moment as he galloped madly for the Turkish lines, and he found he was looking at the little wild-flowers on the ground, and longing to stop and identify them. Then he had an impression of speeding faster and faster through the air — and after that, mercifully, oblivion.

Long afterwards I was sitting one day at the bedside of a little chap whose plasters and missing leg testified to his share in the wars, and particularly to the costly July 12. We watched the tall Egyptian orderly go from cot to cot, taking temperatures, and then we went on with our memories.

“Do you remember that redoubt on the right?”

“Yes,” answered the lad’s thin voice; “I got pipped from there in the charge. That was the first thing. But I crawled up to the parapet of the first Turkish trench, for I thought I would be under fairly good cover there. We had captured that trench by that time, so the Turks started shelling it, and it was a shrapnel that burst over it that did the rest for me — this, and this, and my leg that’s no’ there. “It was awful hot that day, you’ll mind. Well, I was dying for a drink before I had lain there an hour, but it was a good when hours before I was lifted into the trench, and then they couldn’t get me away safely. Oh, I was awful helpless. I lay there fourteen hours altogether before the stretchers could get up our length, and then we had a nice quiet dander down to the beach, for it was all over then.”

“Michael,” I said, “the doctor says you’re hardly strong enough yet to be sent home, but I’ll be going home soon — would you like me to go out to Bathgate and tell your folk I’ve seen you?”

“Aw” — and he dropped his brown eyes to the skeleton of what had been his right hand — “I havena any folk — just a merried sister.”

“How old are you, Michael?”

“Nineteen.”

“Is there anything you fancy that I could bring you in?”

“Oh, we get a heap o’ things, cakes an’ chocolates like, but aw! I’m no’ very fond o’ they kin’ o’ things.”

“But mebbe there’s something else you fancy?”

The little mouth in the drawn face relaxed in a thin smile.

“I tell ye what I would like — a ham sangwich.”

The last time I saw Michael was next afternoon, when he was in blissful possession of a large package of ham sandwiches — the boy Michael, a right Royal Scot.

IV. THE GREAT FAILURE.

In the dog-days that followed the fighting round about July 12, we had time and to spare in which to ruminate over our position and the prospects. Constantly we hypothesised that if we had enough men, this and that could easily be done. We never had enough men, not even on the day of landing. It was recognised by all of us, I think, that, short of taking Achi Baba by sheer force of numbers, the advance in the Helles region had reached its limit for the time being. Obviously some plan must be forthcoming to spring an attack on the enemy in a new quarter, and it was not long before we heard soft whispers of what was afoot.

Three new Divisions, forming the 9th Army Corps, under Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Stopford, had just arrived from home. They were the 10th (Irish), the 11th, and 13th — the first appearance in the East as units of our New Army men. About the end of July they were moved up to the island of Imbros, where the Rest Camp was, and there they got their first view of the Peninsula, nine miles distant. Some of us who were on Imbros at the time took pleasure in pointing out the various landmarks to our new comrades — Anzac Cove, Gurkha Bluff, “Y” Beach, Lancashire Landing, and, not least, Achi Baba.

“But is that really Achi Baba?” one of them asked me on the beach at Imbros, “that flat smudge one finger above “Y” Beach?”

Such, indeed, it was — a wholly insignificant protuberance, especially if seen at a distance against the towering peaks of some far-away Asiatic mountains. We were glad, however, the Kitchener men did not begin to tell us how easy they thought such a position should be to capture. That would have been the last straw.

Daily and hourly for some days conferences were called, and gradually the scheme unfolded itself. It was to be a new landing. Where? “A” Beach was all that anybody knew, and speculation placed that point variously at Enos, Bulair, Suvla, and even right round the cape in Morto Bay. So much for the successful concealment of our objective. There remained the Staff details to work out, the required accommodation in hospital-ships, the reinforcements that would be necessary, the amount of transport to be brought up for ammunition, stores, and water, and the host of other things that the hard-working departments behind the front have to think about.

In the early days of August it was observed that a small flotilla of destroyers had taken a great liking for Suvla Bay, a point on the west coast of the Peninsula, a little to the north of Anzac, as they would go up there every night and treat the enemy to a very vigorous monologue. No reply ever came to this bombardment, for the simple reason that aerial reconnaissance had shown that Suvla Bay and the amphitheatre of the Sari Bahr range were uninhabited by Turkish troops. About three miles across country from the Bay was a small town, called Boghali, a supply depot on the Turkish line down to

Achi Baba. This was known to be held by about two battalions of infantry. Two miles beyond that across country was Maidos and the Narrows. What if a force landed at Suvla should push inland at dead of night, overwhelm the garrison at Boghali, march on Maidos, and hold up the Turkish line of supply and their only possible line of retreat from Achi Baba? In the light of the known facts and of every fact which has emerged since, it was a plan alike admirable in conception and reasonably certain of success in execution. Dispositions were made, transports provided and troops allotted to them, the Navy accepted the scheme and their share thereof; everything promised well.

On Friday night, August 6, we parted with our friends who were going up to the landing. They sailed out of Kephalos Bay about 11 o'clock, and steamed slowly NNE for about two hours. Nobody slept very soundly on the transports, and those who were being towed up in the lighters couldn't. About 2 a.m. the convoy entered Suvla Bay. Their presence there, with the warships, was either unnoticed, or (as was hoped) assumed to be the nightly visit of the destroyers. Disembarkation began in the dark quietly and methodically. By 4 a.m. the beaches were thronged with the silent invaders. A short advance was ordered before dawn, but some little way inland, near the dry bed of the Salt Lake, the force was halted. As the grey dragged up the gold of morning in the east, the men were already wet with sweat, digging themselves in. The sun came up to show the astonished Turks a new force landed — but only just. Then began the painful uncertainty of the troops as to whether a blunder had been made. Why couldn't they go on? Their passage was hardly challenged as yet. No orders came. Superior officers looked blank at each other and gritted their teeth. The morning wore on.

And each hour helped to strangle the main hope of success, of which the essence was surprise. So that by breakfast-time our men were being engaged by growing numbers of the enemy, to whom was allowed the choice of the very best defensive positions they could find.

To us waiting "down the line" it was an awful day of suspense. We could see that they were having a brisk time at Anzac, but Suvla was out of sight, and as usual there was a fertile crop of rumours before anything authentic came back. First, news was passed round that the advance was going on famously, but that report soon wore itself thin, and the later news, that the advance was indefinitely held up, though astounding in itself, seemed all too likely after our previous experience at Helles and Anzac.

And so it was. Someone had blundered. The Naval Transport Staff undertook the safe arrival at Suvla Bay by 7 a.m. on the morning of the landing of all the transports, containing water, stores, mules, and carts. When it was found that these ships had not turned up, the telegraph discovered most of them still lying at Mudros, sixty miles or more away. Corps Headquarters did not see fit to send men forward in an arid land — even for five miles, even for three — before their water supply was assured. And so the essence of the movement was destroyed, for a few hours' hesitation was all the Turks needed to throw 20,000 men from Bulair into the breach at Sari Bahr.

Thus was a likely plan turned into a tragedy of missed opportunity; and though the

new Divisions fought with the greatest tenacity, they had been denied a chance which of a surety they would have seized and brilliantly improved.

Four months of fighting, sweating, and suffering had brought us no more than a limited success; and though one and all were prepared to “stick it” to whatever the bitter end might be, it may be admitted that the minarets of Constantinople now receded in our mental vision. The dog-days of late July came upon us again — and, alas! they were dog-days without the promise of Suvla Bay.

Editor's notes:

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This is ‘Part 2’ of the article, comprising pages 154 to 167 of the original. ‘Part 1’ was included in the previous (Spring 2020) edition of *The Gallipolian*.

My thanks to Association member Paul Ridgway for supplying the scanned copy. The original contained no photographs.

My thanks also to members of the online *Great War forum* who, when I inquired as to the identity of the author, ‘Zachabona’, used clues from the article to help unravel the mystery.

Peter (PRC) identified him: SS/5246 Staff Serjeant-Major Robert Andrew Gibb, Army Service Corps, commissioned into 1/5th KOSB 25 Nov 1915, killed in action 19 April 1917.

Michael (*michaeldr*) noted that his article did not go to the censor, and that Sir Roger Keyes stated, ‘Admiral Sir John de Robeck contacted the secretary to the Admiralty and asked for an action of libel against Blackwood's and the author’, but the Admiralty took no further action.

De Robeck's solicitors demanded a retraction from Blackwood's editor, which eventually appeared, but its form did not satisfy de Robeck. He intended to pursue the matter ‘on the expiration of hostilities.’ By then the author was dead, killed during the 2nd Battle of Gaza:

‘Lieut. Gibb, 5th K.O.S.B., on his own initiative, collected a few men and tried to get at the enemy machine-guns, which were steadily reducing the garrison. He got as far as some cactus hedges, but had to retire, and was killed later on. Officers fell rapidly. Every Captain was killed.’ (52nd Divisional history p326).

As a final confirmation, Mike (*skipman*) located the following newspaper article:

Sec. Lt. Robert Andrew Gibb (killed) was the youngest son of Mr John Gibb, 49 West Nicolson Street, Edinburgh. Educated at James Gillespie's School, he took his first employment in the advertisement department of “The Scotsman” Office, and few years afterwards he took up the work upon which his mind was set and entered the ranks of journalism. ... he had gained a varied experience of newspaper work in Ayr, Dundee, Dumfries, Newton-Stewart, and latterly in London, where was engaged on the editorial staff of the “Daily Citizen.” ... early in 1915 [he] went to the Dardanelles as Staff-Sergeant-Major in the Army Service Corps. After the campaign he contributed to a leading magazine a notable article on Gallipoli experiences. Having received a commission, he came home at the end of 1915, and left for the front last December. (*Southern Reporter* 17 May 1917 p7).

Thanks also to contributors Maureen (*maureene*), Tony (*ajsmith*) and Steve (*stevebecker*).

EDUCATION COORDINATOR'S REPORT - DECEMBER 2019

Ian Binnie

Correction: in my last report I got Graham Walker's surname wrong. My apologies. Graham is very active in the Salford area and has done a lot to keep the memory of the campaign and particularly of Billy Unsworth, alive.

This report is the last of my first full year as education co-ordinator. I have really enjoyed the year, being involved in many interesting events and meeting some great people. It has been particularly gratifying that, in some of the events, I have been approached by members of the public with a family connection with Gallipoli. There is a lot of interest in Gallipoli, particularly in the Midlands and north-west, and a lot of goodwill towards the Gallipoli Association. Three events have taken place.

The Monuments project

The final element of the Moseley, Birmingham, project was a commemoration service for seven local men who served at Gallipoli [*see photo page 35*]. Attendance at the service was small but a number of organisations / groups were represented, including the Mercian Regiment and the relatives of one of the soldiers. Following this was the launch of a booklet produced by the local history group and a talk by myself. This was well attended with over 50 people present. There was an excellent display of rare photographs, archives and artefacts which had been collected by two local historians, and a local resident produced a display about her relative who had served at Gallipoli. A number of locals asked for help in researching a relative who had served/died in the campaign.

The 29th Division Memorial project

As detailed in my last report the film is now complete and has been officially premièred. Members will remember that this project has developed into a partnership with Warwickshire Wildlife Trust to develop the avenue of trees and to produce a new information board. I spent a day with Year 6 at the nearby Knightlow School, planning 'mini memorials' to the 29th Division VC recipients. They also wrote poems about Gallipoli, the best of which will be included on the information board [*see photo page 35*].

In concluding they were asked to write a short piece explaining why they should be proud of being the nearest school to the 29th Division Monument. Here are some of the responses:

"It is important to remember the 29th Division for their bravery, so that their efforts aren't wasted."

"They sacrificed themselves so that we could be here today and went through some of most horrific battles in history, some of them only being as old as pupils in high school."

"Because the soldiers were very brave and won 27 VCs which is amazing."

“We get the honour of seeing the memorial and to treasure it in our hearts.”

Interestingly the school secretary’s great uncle was killed in the campaign. Here is an example of tone of the poems. The judging will take place just before the Trustees meeting.

Krithia

By Jessica Scuffle and Sophie Gambling

Krithia, a violent place,
 Will we survive the dark and hate?
 Too hot, too cold, can never decide,
 Our boredom, all feelings are kicked to the side.
 With No-Man’s Land flashing red,
 Wire, wood, earth and mud all we have left.
 Krithia,
 Will you let us live?

The enthusiasm of the youngsters is not matched by all of the adults. I held a meeting a fortnight earlier for those interested in planning next years commemoration. No one attended, although I did get two apologies. Given the lack of support from the local community I would suggest a simple church service with a wreath laying at the monument afterwards. I am willing to organise this. If any members wish to help with the organisation or have views on this, they should contact me. There will be a launch of the new information board and the V.C. “mini memorials” later in the year anyway. We then have to decide whether we do something special for the 100th anniversary of the dedication of the monument.

Brune Park School, Gosport

I received a lot of positive feedback after the presentation by Brune park students at the AGM. I am sure Trustees agree that such tours, given proper planning, preparation and follow up, are very beneficial to the students and the wider school community and clearly contributes to the fulfilment of our charitable purpose. Their appearance at the AGM was part of a visit to London, which included the Imperial War Museum. The development of a memorial in the school grounds is on hold. A much wider garden project proposed by the school, has been short-listed in a competition held by The Royal Horticultural Society. We will know the result of this just before the Trustees meeting. If they are successful, the remaining allocation will be spent on a Gallipoli feature within the larger garden. The key thing for me is that the local community is engaged in the planning and development of this.

I have also responded to three requests for help/information that came to me from Steve Chambers or via the website. There has been no cost to these.

Projects for 2020.

The following new projects are currently being discussed with the Trustees.

- a.* Providing bursaries for university graduates to focus on the campaign
- b.* A further allocation for a “Museum champion”
- c.* A project with a Leeds theatre group and a local radio station
- d.* A project with Soldiers of Gloucester Museum
- e.* Supporting the production of a booklet on Billy Unsworth, a young Lancashire Fusilier who was killed in the campaign
- f.* A further allocation for a Museum champion
- g.* A project with the York Army Museum

If any members wish to apply for *a* or *b*, they should contact me. Trustees have also allocated a small budget to support other projects, when opportunities arise during the year. Again, members with ideas for projects should contact myself. Any project must engage community members, whether they are adults or young people, and leave a lasting legacy.

The Gallipoli Association Education Appeal

Members may be aware that, after the success of the Brune Park trip to Gallipoli, Trustees are aiming to support a similar tour each year. We are targeting schools where students are unlikely to have such opportunities. To do this we have launched a fundraising appeal. Members were informed of this at the annual conference, the AGM and through *The Gallipolian*. I am leading on this and am delighted to say that we have received significant donations from certain members and, in particular, one major charity. We now have enough money to send schools in 2020 and 2021. With a little bit more we could be sure of sending a school in 2022 as well. If any members wish to donate to what is a very good cause, in providing students with potentially life-changing experiences, please contact me. Due to the constraints of time the school for 2020, North Dulwich Charter School, has already been chosen, but schools will be invited to bid for support in 2021 and hopefully 2022.

Regional Conferences

By the time you read this, the Northern Regional Conference will have taken place. I will be discussing with Trustees the possibility of holding a similar conference in 2021, perhaps in the South West. I would welcome any views on this.

Editor's note

This article by the Association's Education co-ordinator was inadvertently omitted from the previous edition of *The Gallipolian*; apologies Ian. As fate would have it, the current pandemic intervened and has put all activities on hold anyway. I believe therefore that the Appeal remains relevant to potential school trips in 2021 and 2022.

REPORT ON NORTHERN REGIONAL CONFERENCE

14th March 2020

Ian Binnie

This was the first time the Gallipoli Association had organised a regional conference. It was held in Eccles Town Hall, chosen because there is a strong connection between the Northwest and the campaign [*see photograph page 36*].

Paul Knight started us off with a detailed presentation on the 42nd (East Lancashire) Division, the first territorial division to be sent overseas, in Gallipoli, from mobilisation to the Third Battle of Krithia. Paul showed us many rare photos of the various territorial battalions before the war and then analysed the staff work that led up to the largely unsuccessful battle. Interestingly, he was approached afterwards by members of the audience who had had family members in the division.

Peter Hart gave a highly entertaining talk on the Royal Naval Division. As usual he talked without notes but showed an encyclopaedic knowledge of the campaign. His stories of the attitudes and behaviour of some of the younger officers, including Rupert Brooke, were interesting to say the least. His focus on the bravery of individuals and groups within the division, and the losses it suffered, brought us back down to earth. A real tour de force.

Both Paul and Peter brought along books to sell and seemed to have few left.

It was great to see **Michael Crane** back in action after his serious illness, accompanied by family members to cheer him on (they all paid!) Mike brought along a number of highly detailed booklets which he sold. He kindly donated half of what he received to the Gallipoli Association, bringing us another £85 in revenue. His talk was on the final offensive actions of the 42nd Division, focussing on two diversionary attacks by the Lancashire Fusiliers, the East Lancs and the Manchesters on 19th December 1915. As well as providing background information on these units, he provided a comprehensive account, including unique photographs and trench maps, of one of the last assaults of the campaign. His grandfather had taken part in this action.

Graham Walker talked about his work on Billy Unsworth; a local lad who served in the campaign. He had hoped to show a video clip but the technology defeated us all. Nevertheless he gave a very interesting talk on pre-war Salford and local volunteers.

Stephen Chambers and **John Rodgers** were unable to attend so I gave a talk on the 29th Division in Warwickshire, Gallipoli and the Western Front. I did not notice anyone dozing off. People laughed at the jokes and looked suitably serious at other times, so I presume it was well received.

The facilities at the venue were very good. It was completely accessible. There were some minor, unexpected problems with the technology (I had travelled up specifically to test it beforehand), particularly the clarity of some maps projected

on the screen. However, most things worked most of the time.

I asked a member, Anthony Clifton Brown (the only other attendee, besides myself, in an Association tie!) to close the conference, which he did with aplomb.

Financially the event was a success. We had 71 paying attendees, 30 of whom were members. All speakers gave their time on an expenses-only basis. After paying these and the costs of the venue hire, we ended up with a small profit. Five members who had said they were going to attend but then withdrew, generously gave £10 each as donations. Trustees have already received a copy of the accounts.

The above figures should be taken with a pinch of salt due to the indecipherable handwriting of some of those who attended!

At one time I had almost 100 on the list. Forty-three pulled out or did not attend for whatever reason, and only about half of these let me know. Without the pandemic this would probably not be repeated in future years. Nineteen turned up on the day without booking!

The only feedback we have received has been positive.

There were issues due to the pandemic. We made the decision to go ahead with the conference. To do so conformed with the Govt. guidance at that time. We did appropriate risk assessments and took measures to minimise the risk of infection, as did venue staff. Given what we have all been through since, however, I would urge caution when fixing the date of any subsequent event.

Trustees do have to decide whether to repeat the process next year and where any regional conference should be held. We would welcome the views of members. It is important to remember that the annual conference, normally held in London, is the main event. It would be unfortunate if attendance at any regional conference reduced attendance at the AC. The geographical location needs to be chosen carefully. It is very helpful to have someone like Graham Walker living in the area to help with planning etc. Possible travel expenses for speakers need to be taken into account when choosing the area/venue.

Consideration also needs to be made regarding the charge (£10 was remarkably good value) and a booking system. Payment on the door carries some financial risk. Not providing lunch, which everyone seemed to accept, lessens this risk. The venue does need to have some outlets close by though.

My abiding memory is one of goodwill; goodwill displayed by the venue staff, by the speakers, those organisations and individuals that agreed to publicise the event and the 80 or so who attended. The Gallipoli Association does seem to be held in high regard.

My particular thanks go to Graham Walker, the 'local agent' for his hard work and support.



Jim Duffy and his grandchildren lay a Gallipoli Association wreath. See page 4.
Photos courtesy Jim Duffy.



Headstone on the grave of Driver Hussain Khan, 22nd Mule Corps, Indian Army, Ari Burnu Cemetery, Anzac. One of three Muslim soldiers who died during the occupation of Gallipoli in the time of the influenza pandemic of 1918-19. Photo courtesy Bill and Serpil Sellars. See pages 5-6.



**ÇANAKKALE
SAVAŞLARI**
GELİBOLU TARİHİ
ALAN BAŞKANLIĞI

SAHİL MEZARLIĞI VE ARIBURNU MEZARLIĞI ARASINDA KALANANZAK KOYU YOLU OLUŞAN TOPRAK KAYMASI RİSKİ NEDENİYLE ARAÇ TRAFİĞİNE KAPATILMIŞTIR. TÜM TÖREN VE MUHAREBE ALANLARI ZİYARETÇİLERİN ULAŞIMINA AÇIK OLMAKLA BİRLİKTE SAHİL MEZARLIĞI VE ŞARAPNEL VADİSİ MEZARLIĞINA ULAŞIM BU GÜZERGAHTAN SAĞLANABİLMEKTEDİR. ANZAK KOYU TÖREN ALANINA VE ARIBURNU MEZARLIĞINA ARAÇ İLE ULAŞIM İSE BÜYÜKANAFARTA KÖYÜ ÜZERİNDEN KUZEY YOLU İSTİKAMETİNDEN SAĞLANABİLMEKTEDİR.

ANZAC COVE ROAD BETWEEN BEACH CEMETERY AND ARIBURNU CEMETERY IS CLOSED TO VEHICLE TRAFFIC DUE TO THE RISK CAUSED BY LAND SLIPPAGE. ALL OF THE HISTORIC SITES REMAIN ACCESSIBLE TO THE PUBLIC. BEACH CEMETERY ARE ACCESSIBLE FROM THIS DIRECTION. THE ANZAC COMMEMORATIVE SITE AND ARIBURNU CEMETERY ARE ACCESSIBLE BY VEHICLE FROM THE NORTH, VIA BÜYÜKANAFARTA. SORRY FOR ANY INCONVENIENCE CAUSED.

Tarihi Alan Başkanlığı c0286 814 11 28
Directorate of Gallipoli Historic Site

İlk Yardım c112
Emergency

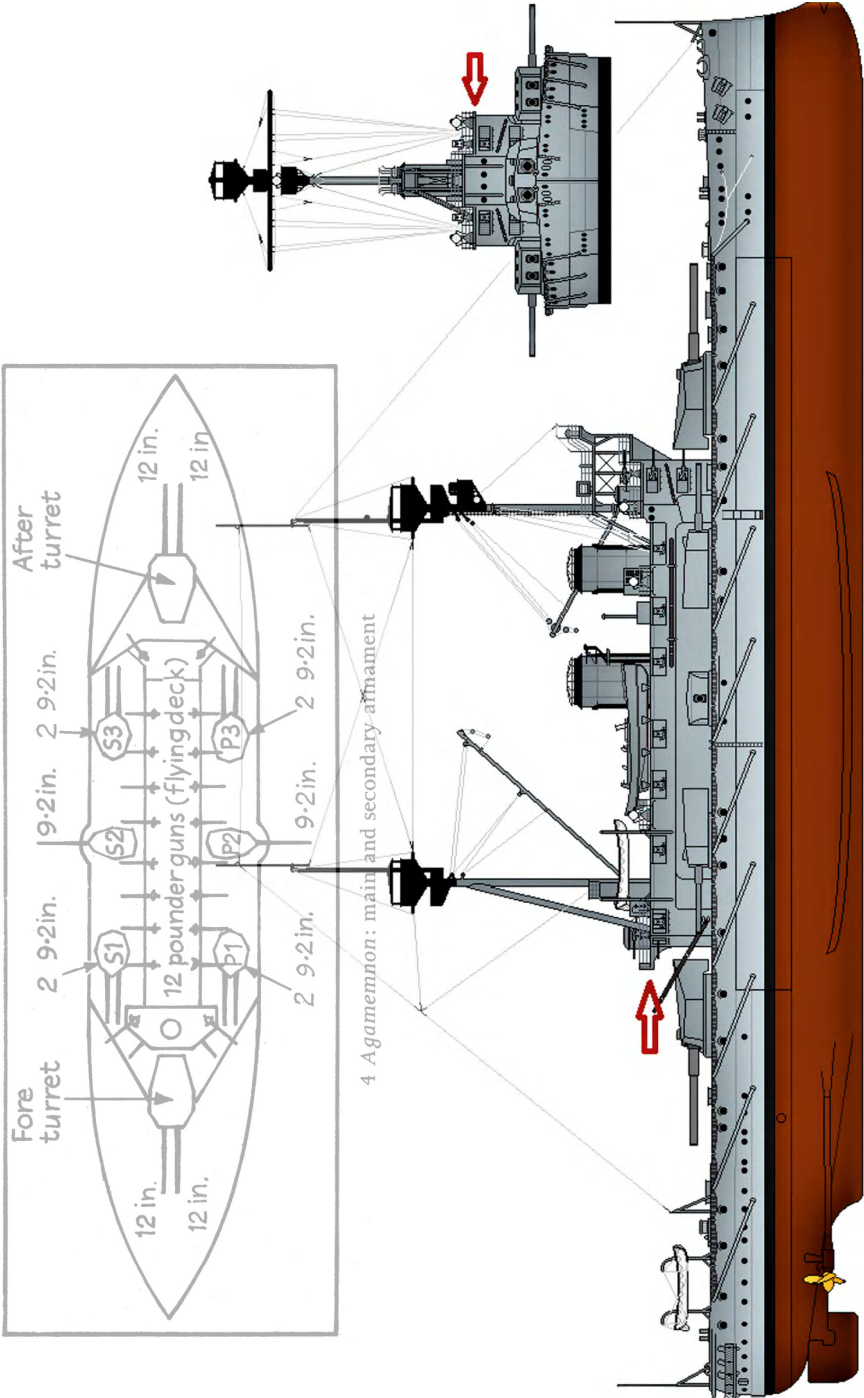
Jandarma c156
Gendarmerie

Orman Yangını İhbar Hattı c177
To Report a Forest Fire



2020: The road above Anzac Cove has been closed due to the threat of collapse. While the information sign above, placed at a road block near Gabatepe, tells visitors that it is just the cove area that is closed, a sign next to the first states that the whole coast road from Gabatepe is closed due to the risk of landslide.

HMS Agamemnon



HMS Agamemnon [https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:HMS_Agamemnon_\(1908\)_profile_drawing.png](https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:HMS_Agamemnon_(1908)_profile_drawing.png)
Red arrows added to indicate the 'flying deck'. See pages 6-12.



Dimitris Boulotis laid a Gallipoli Association wreath on Anzac Day in Portianos Military Cemetery, Lemnos, Greece. There was nobody else around but he, and the Association, remembered nonetheless.
Photographs this page courtesy Dimitris Boulotis.





The church service at St. Mary's Moseley, Birmingham. See Education coordinator's report page 26.

Year 6 pupils at Knightlow School composing poems (below). See Education coordinator's report page 26.

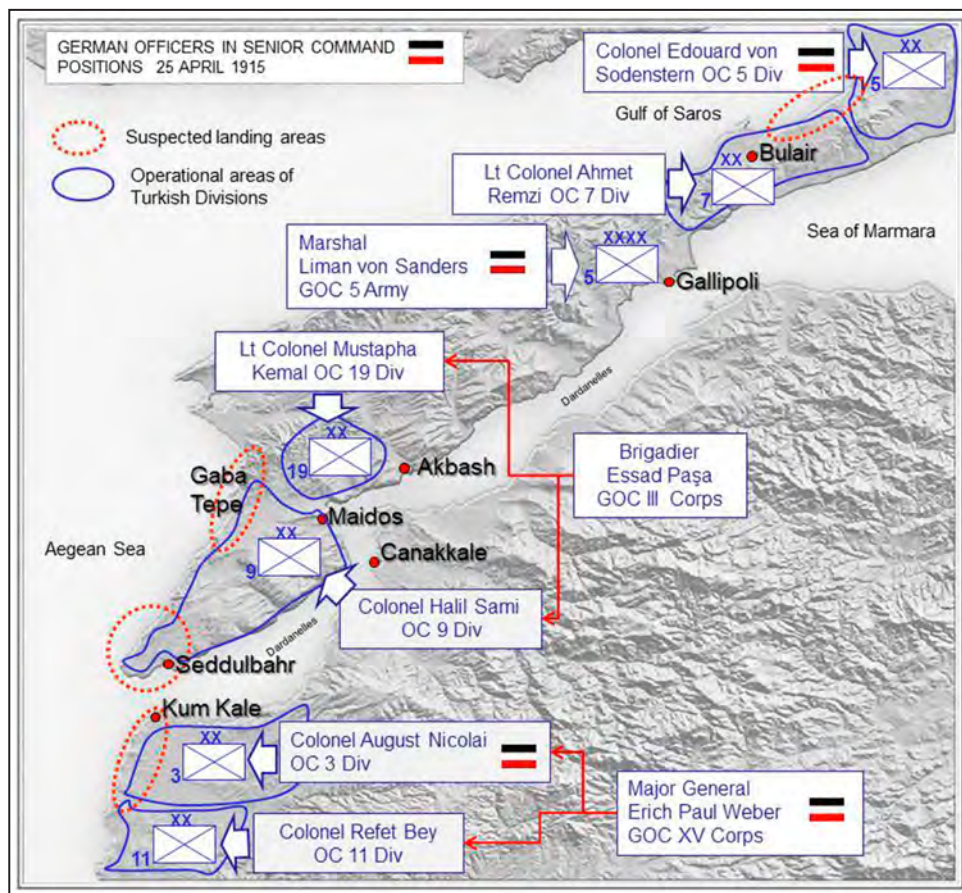




Graham Walker, Michael Crane, Ian Binnie, Peter Hart and Paul Knight.
Gallipoli Association Northern Regional Conference, Eccles Town Hall 14th March 2020.
See pages 29 - 30.



In the Crimean Church in the Beyoglu / Taksim (old Pera) district of Istanbul. The old flag is the last one to have flown over the city during the Allied occupation. Photo courtesy Jim Claven. See pages 39-40.



The diagram above was to accompany Tom Iredale's article *Role of German Officers in the Gallipoli Campaign*, which appeared in *The Gallipolitan* No 152 (Spring 2020).



Memorial medal to the six naval Victoria Cross winners from the SS *River Clyde*, exceptionally rare, large cast bronze medal by Edward Carter Preston (1885-1965), and Herbert Tyson Smith (1873-1972). One is in the National Maritime Museum, and that to Able Seaman William Williams VC is reported to be in the Chepstow Museum.



The mysterious beacon of Lemnos, Turks Head Peninsula, Lemnos. Photograph Jim Claven 2015.



Some of the ship's company of HMAS *Success* at the Anzac Gallipoli Memorial, Mudros Harbour.
Photograph Jim Claven 2015. See pages 60 - 64.

THE LAST BRITISH TROOPS TO LEAVE CONSTANTINOPLE

A Rejoinder

Jim Claven

I write to thank Paul Ridgway for his pointing out a dating error in my article 'Remembering the Armistice of Mudros' (*The Gallipolian*, No. 148). My misdating of the ending of the Allied occupation of Constantinople as 1922 rather than 1923 was a typographical error. I apologize to readers for the error.

As to the final date of the evacuation of British troops from Constantinople in 1923, members may appreciate this extract from page 29 of Brigadier-General Sir James Edmonds' *The Occupation of Constantinople, 1918-1923*, the incomplete volume of the British Official History of the Great War published by the IWM & Naval & Military Press in 2010:

The evacuation of the Allied garrisons for which every preparation had been made, was begun on the day after ratification [of the Treaty of Lausanne, which was ratified on 23rd August 1923] and was completed by the 2nd October. The final ceremony took place at 11.30am at Dolma Baghche [sic] Palace on the Bosphorus, and at 3pm the last British transport left Constantinople.

The Calendar of Principal Events in this volume also states that "the last British troops leave Constantinople" on 2nd October 1923. Philip Mansel's Constantinople writes that the 1st Turkish Infantry Division entered the city on 6th October.

The date of the concert held aboard the HMT *Arabic* of 7 October is marked on the program reproduced in *The Gallipolian* (152) as having being held on the occasion of the "homecoming" of the last British troops to leave Constantinople. These troops are listed as including various units of the Guards Brigade. Major P A J Wright in his article "Constantinople 1922-23" in *The Guards Magazine* (Autumn, 2016) writes:

At the final departure ceremony on 2nd October, crowds of Turks applauded the impressive bearing of the Guard of Honour of 100 Guardsmen. The combined Corps of Drums played Turkish nationalist songs and the British National Anthem. Harington, GHQ and the remainder of 1st Guards Brigade embarked on the White Star Liner SS *Arabic*. At a concert on the voyage home to Southampton, RSM Haymon, Coldstream Guards sang two comic songs Football and Roses and Radishes.

It could be assumed from these reports that the final evacuation of British troops from Constantinople took place on 2 October 1923 and not on or about 7 October.

An interesting legacy of the Allied occupation of Constantinople can be found in the Crimean Church in the Beyoglu / Taksim (old Pera) district of the city. In this Anglican church hangs an old Union Jack flag which was reported by Hugh Pope writing in *The Independent* on 9th May 1993 to be the last one to have flown

over the city during the Allied occupation (photograph below). This little church is well worth the visit, with its connections to the Crimean War and Ottoman-British relations.

I look forward to the day when a comprehensive history of the Allied occupation of Constantinople and indeed the Ottoman Empire following the signing of the Armistice of Mudros is written.

GALLIPOLI SERVICEMEN RECORDED AT WEST NORWOOD IN THE LONDON BOROUGH OF LAMBETH

Dr John Clarke, shared by Hon Secretary Sarah Kellam

For those of you interested in researching your ancestors, I am happy to be able to share a list of those brave souls commemorated on family graves so far at West Norwood Cemetery, London. Please get in touch with me (secretary@gallipoli-association.org) if you would like Dr. Clarke's email address to take this further.

An article describing how these monumental inscriptions were identified appeared in the *Friends of West Norwood Cemetery Newsletter* No. 96, pp 5-7. This can be viewed online at www.fownc.org/pdf/newsletter96.pdf. The Friends plan to publish the full biographical details of all 600 or so First World War commemorations and burials at West Norwood Cemetery, co-authored with Dr Peter Hodgkinson, later this year.

Note: grave location is in two parts: grave no. followed by square no. (e.g. 26753, 82).

Private Jack Brown [John Herbert Brown] (1895-1915) No. 16247, 1st Bn Essex Regt missing at Gallipoli, 6 Aug 1915 age 20. His body was later recovered and buried in Twelve Trees Copse Cemetery, Special Memorial A15. He was the son of Frederick and Caroline Brown of 12 Penrose Street West, Newington, London. "THE TRUMPET SOUNDED AS HE PASSED OVER" (36901, 104).



2nd Lieutenant Robert Twentyman Fairclough (1880-1915) 6th Bn AIF killed in action at Gallipoli [German Officers' Trench - *ed*] 7 Aug 1915 age 31 [35 - *ed*]. Commemorated on the Lone Pine Memorial Ref 25. He was the son of William and Hannah Fairclough of Toorak, Victoria, Australia (originally from Stawell) (6361, 65), a tall stone obelisk. ["2nd Lieutenant Fairclough leapt over his trench with his men in order to charge, but they were met by shrapnel and machine gun fire and were never seen again." Lieutenant Fairclough's parents were born in England, married in Australia. His father, then manager of the London office of the Bank of Victoria, died in 1900. - *ed*]

Sapper Ernest Leonard Mason (1893-1915) Deal/462(S) Royal Marines Engineers killed in action at Gallipoli 23 June 1915 age 21. Buried Skew Bridge Cemetery I-B-9. He was the son of William and Cecilia Augusta Mason of 20 Denman Road, Peckham, London. "IN EVERLASTING REMEMBRANCE OUR NOBLE SON AND BROTHER HE GAVE ALL" (27350, 57).

Lance Corporal Cyril William Miller (1891-1915) Service No. 1271, 1st/6th Bn Manchester Regt killed at Gallipoli 31 July 1915 age 24. Commemorated on the Helles Memorial Panel 159 to 171. He was the son of Frederick William and Alice Martha Miller of 100 Thornlaw Road, West Norwood, London (38996, 40).

Private 1991 Albert Leonard Rolls (1885-1918) 28 Bn AIF; fought at Gallipoli and France and twice wounded. Killed in action at Morlancourt 10 June 1918 age 33. Buried at Franvillers Cemetery extension, Albert Road, France, I-F-1. The son of William and Emily Frances Rolls of 50 Wansey Street, Walworth Road, London. "THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT BUT NOT TO MEMORY DEARLY BELOVED BY ALL WHO KNEW HIM" (35694, 85).

Footnote: Private Rolls was originally born in London, but was working as a labourer in Australia when he enlisted at Perth in June 1915.

Able Seaman Stephen Wilfred Taylor (1891-1917) London Z/135 Howe Bn Royal Navy Volunteer Reserve wounded at Gallipoli 5 June 1915, killed in action France 17 Feb 1917 age 25. Buried at Queens Cemetery, Bucquoy, France I-J-13. He was the only son of Richard Park Taylor who died 26 Aug 1922 age 64 and Emma Jane Taylor who died 10 Jan 1922 age 63. "WELL DONE THOU GOOD & FAITHFUL SERVANT THY WILL BE DONE" (35850, 87).

IN MEMORIAM

Member Ian Taylor wrote referring to last issue's 'In Memoriam' article by David Saunders:

May I make a small correction to the entry on Arthur Jack Watson?

Special Army Order 28 November 1946 conferred the title 'Royal' to The Hampshire Regiment.

Thus it follows that 1805 Rifleman Watson served with The Hampshire Regiment.

As your note states, he was killed on 12th August 1915 serving with the 8th Battalion, The Hampshire Regiment (Princess Beatrice's Isle of Wight Rifles). He was aged 19 and lived in Ryde, Isle of Wight.

The Battalion had barely arrived in Suvla Bay, and two days later on 12th August was the first time the Battalion went into action as a unit - 163 Brigade with 5th Suffolks on their left and the 5th Norfolks (including the 'Sandringham Company') on their right, 40 minutes late, because insufficient time was given to brief the soldiers. The Turks were given ample warning of the impending attack as supporting artillery began firing at 4.00 pm. Fire poured down on the advancing troops from the Anafarta Ridge and flanking fire from what was known as Kidney Hill on their left. Rfn Watson was one of the 85 killed on 12th August, 65 being missing and some 140 wounded.

'At Your Service.'

FINAL CHURCH PARADE, 1/3RD LOWLAND FIELD AMBULANCE



The 1st/3rd Lowland Field Ambulance, part of 52nd Division, landed at Gallipoli in June 1915 and remained in the Helles sector until the evacuation in January 1916. The field ambulance narrowly missed the train crash at Grema Green in May 1915 and went on to serve with the division until the very end of the campaign. The old comrades (20 men in all) shown are those that returned at the end of the Great War. They are pictured here outside the church in Stirling, wherein they worshipped as a full regiment immediately before leaving for the Peninsula, as a tribute to absent comrades remembered always.

Kindly submitted by member Alexander Purves whose father, Private James Sutherland Purves, RAMC, appears second from left, back row. He was aged 19 at Gallipoli.

THE GALLIPOLI DIARY OF CAPTAIN H E KENYON RA

Dr John R Kenyon

Amongst the archives of the Kenyon family, in Shropshire and elsewhere, are various diaries, including one for the Gallipoli campaign compiled by my grandfather, Captain, later Lt-Colonel, Herbert Kenyon, and the diaries of his sisters, Kitty and Win, who were VADs on the Western Front (see Lyn Macdonald's *Roses of No Man's Land*, 1980).

My father, Colonel J F Kenyon, had the diary re-typed and distributed copies, and I had always been under the impression that the Imperial War Museum had a copy, but not so, according to the historian Professor Peter Stanley, whom I contacted on reading his *Die in battle, do not despair: the Indians on Gallipoli*, 1915.

Herbert was commissioned into the Royal Artillery, having entered the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, in 1901. He served in India before WW1, and after the war in Palestine, England, China, and India again, retiring in 1932. During WW2 he commanded HAA Training Regiment RA at Park Hall camp, Oswestry, Shropshire, a few miles from the family home of Pradoc, from 1940 to 1942. He died in 1958.

I hope that the diary will be of interest to members, but it may not be as informative as Major Arthur Fergusson's diary, used by Professor Stanley. Fergusson commanded initially No. 21 Kohat Mountain Battery, 7 Indian Mountain Artillery Brigade, and his diary is in the collections of the Australian War Memorial, Canberra. Later he assumed command of the brigade as brevet lieutenant-colonel.

On re-reading the diary after some years, a number of things stand out, which I am sure are reflected in published histories and manuscript accounts. (1) The shortage of ammunition, so that firing was rationed at times; (2) a low opinion of the role of the Royal Navy; (3) a low opinion of Kitchener's Army. Re the latter, HEK was, of course, a regular!

For a summary of the role of the two batteries, see C A L Graham, *The History of the Indian Mountain Artillery* (Gale & Polden, 1957), pp 127-35.

I have started the diary from the time of the landing, but preliminary pages cover the period in Egypt from Jan to March 1915. The opening paragraphs are dated Friday 30 July 1915, and addressed to his parents, General Edward R and Mrs Katharine Kenyon.

Text within square brackets = my additions. Original punctuation has been kept in most cases. Please note that I have not checked the copy that I have against the original.

Diary, Capt H E Kenyon RA, Adjutant, 7th Indian Mountain Artillery Brigade
(21st Kohat Mountain Battery [KMB], 26th Jacob's Mountain Battery [JMB])

Account of the Gallipoli landing, 25 April, 1915

Friday 30 July 1915

This is not a letter in the true sense but it is an effort to comply with your wishes and

give you an account of my doings on 25 April. You asked me to give it from the time I left the *Minniwaska* [sic; *Minnewaska*], but I am going to start from the *Malda* with the help of my diary. If this is smudgy or blotty you will realise that it is because I am dripping – not weeping!

I have never discovered where the *Malda* took us to, though I think it must have been somewhere behind Mudros. Well, about 10 pm we all had a meal of coffee and sandwiches etc, and at 11.30 the destroyer for us came alongside, and we disembarked from the *Malda* to the destroyer. It was a perfect night and not a ripple on the water I had my greatcoat with me, revolver, haversack, electric lamp, small cap, and three days rations, and two water bottles full of water and tea. Almost exactly at midnight the destroyer glided off with about 250 Australians on board and Colonel Maclagan [MacLagan] commanding the covering party with his Brigade Major and Staff Captain, Colonel [J. L.] Parker [Comdng IMA], [H. A.] Kirby [Capt, 26 JMB], [J. H.] Thom [Lt, 21 KMB], myself. We sat where we could on the deck – not a light – not a sound – no smoking – no talking. I guess we were all thinking too deep for talk.

Presently we officers were asked down to the ward room (or whatever they call the Captain's room) and there we saw all the latest papers from Home which struck me as being a peculiar condition under which to be reading them. We had some excellent cocoa, biscuits and cigarettes and then lay on chairs, bunks, and the floor, and I had quite a good sleep.

I was woken by the destroyer stopping about 3 am and I went up on deck. The moon was nearly down then, but I could just make out the dark mass of four battleships, which looked enormous in the dark, and behind them were one or two destroyers. About 3.30 am we got the order to 'Go' and the four destroyers glided through between the battleships in absolute silence. I went down below again and there was a curious feeling in the air which can only be produced when a party of friends are definitely committed to what all realised might be death in an hour.

There were six large lifeboats with our destroyer, and Parker asked Maclagan if he minded which lot we went in, and Maclagan said that as every rifle would be worth its weight in gold would we mind going in the second lot, so that was settled, and Parker decided that he and I would go in the first boat to come back on the starboard side, and Thom and Kirby on the port side. Then we sat silently and tried to look and feel as if nothing particular was happening, but failed! We could not sit still and periodically one or other of us went up on deck and could just make out the land.

Suddenly the telegraph rang out, which we thought must be heard in Egypt, and then full speed astern, and I don't think any noise has sounded so noisy before. Maclagan and his staff at once shook hands with us and went above. The boats were immediately lowered and filled, and not a sound from the shore or our boat. Shortly after they had gone I went up and, whilst I was there, heard firing open, what I thought was heavy rifle fire, from the shore. I have learned differently since then. I went down and told the others. Then a sailor came down and said the starboard boats were coming back,

so Parker and I smiled(?) at the others and got ready to go up, but just then two men on the destroyer were wounded and had to be brought to the cabin. Then us four shook hands, J.L.P. and I went up.

Still quite dark and silence, but a lot of firing from the shore. We filled the boat quickly, and then a French interpreter began saying he thought perhaps he was wanted on shore but he did not know. The poor fellow was shaking with fright. Then some bullets fell near us and one knocked a hole below the water line. One of the sailors said 'Well, you'd better come', and grabbed him by the leg and he came! Then the coxswain said 'Shove off and pull together', but a sailor said the boat was making water pretty fast. All boats were provided with a pail and wooden plugs in case of emergency. The pail was at my feet and I was jolly glad to have an excuse to put my head down and look for a plug. Bullets were falling all around us then. All the plugs were too large and a sailor cut one to fit. The whole of this took I suppose about one or one and a half minutes. Then we shoved off.

The coxswain stood the whole way, and was magnificent the way he worked the crew – 'Stronger – all together – keep her moving - nearly there – now let her have it', and we bumped up on the to the beach. The row lasted three minutes I think and I had undone the laces of my field boots in case we sank. As we grounded a man was knocked over. Oh, just before we got ashore we heard a cheer which we took up. The moment we touched the coxswain shouted 'Tumble out boys and have at 'em – we'll get the boat back, don't you wait', and out we tumbled, literally.

The men as I told you before were carrying tons of kit. We grounded in about three feet of water and as they jumped out practically every man went headlong full length under! It made one really laugh, and the Colonel and I got out last and more carefully. It was about 8 of 10 yards from the water's edge to the foot of the hill and we went after the others, shouting, yelling, cursing, tumbling down and tripping over bushes and holes. It was impossible for the men to climb in their kits, so they chucked them as they scrambled up. The Colonel and I went with them to the top of the first hill, and then the Colonel stopped to look round, as of course our job was to reconnoitre for positions for the Battery.

Eventually he sent me off in one direction to try and find an approach whilst he went in another. I rejoined him later and we both decided there was no place for the Battery there. Then Thom and Kirby joined us and we moved along the beach to our right. By then it was daylight and a gun from Gaba Tepe began enfilading straight down the beach. We walked in that direction keeping under the cliff as much as possible. There was a fair number of dead and wounded on the beach but no one moved the former as we were too busy.

We then climbed a little hill or spur called Hell Spit now, which is where one side of 'Shrapnel Valley' runs down to the beach. We looked round there and then the Colonel sent me to look at what seemed a possible position whilst he had a breather. However, it was no good, and then he went off and told me to wait till he came back.

There was a Turkish trench there and a little sentry dug-out and was practically hidden. Presently I heard someone coming so I peeped through, and at once a voice shouted 'Who's that?!' and pointed his bayonet at me. It didn't take long to answer him in language which convinced him I was English! And then I realised how foolish I had been and left my retreat for the rest of the day, and sat down in the trench close to it.

Presently the Colonel came back, and told me which way 26 [JMB] was to start off when it landed, and told me to tell Kirby, and that when I had seen them off I was to try and get news of 21 [KMB] and then bring Brigade staff along. At about 8 o'clock 26 began to land. I told Kirby where to take them and then helped to hurry the mules away, as the beach was being badly shelled, and of course all the drivers wanted to start discussing various points. 26 started off at about 10 up the hill. Then I found Thom, but there was no news of 21 disembarking, so I told him to bring them along the same way, and then I collected Hd Qr Staff and telephone mules, and started off.

I got on the wrong track and found myself at an unhealthy spot, marked by some undiscovered snipers in the brushwood. I put the men under cover where some of our infantry were, and then had a look round, and presently found the track again, and came back and brought them along. It was a longish and steepish climb, and the whole time bullets were singing everywhere. I was going up the edge of a nullah and the enemy's shrapnel was fairly pouring down it. I wasn't one little bit happy, and all the time was wondering 'Shall I get as far as that bush, or that mound?' It did not occur to me that I should get up the whole way! We had to take one or two breathers where there was any cover and starting off again was the hardest part, and I wished I had not got to give the order!

At last we got up to the Battery mules. Right at the top of the nullah, which ends on a small grassy hill we now call the Razor-Back, and close to where I found those dead Australians later. I went to the Colonel who was sitting down and found hi, very agitated as [Major J. E. L., comdng JMB] Bruce had been up for an hour, and had not brought the Battery into action. At 11.50 he said 'If the Battery is not in action by 12, I will take command and you will come with the Battery'. Just before 12 it came into action.

Almost at once a Turkish Battery which had been shelling down the nullah switched on to the Battery and it was pretty nasty. Bruce had gone a long way to the left, and so [Capt E. L. G., JMB] Whitting had to go out between him and the Battery to pass orders, leaving only Kirby and [Lt P. C., JMB] Chapman in the Battery. Presently I started off to go to Bruce to see what information I could get, but got held up by a big nullah, so came back again. It was not a pleasant walk alone. When I got back I found Chapman had been wounded so I went to him and helped with the bandaging and started him off down the Hill.

Then the Colonel called me and said ammunition was running short and not coming up quick enough, so I was to go down and get it along. I went down the same way as I came up but considerably quicker! I found [Lt F., JMB] Rossiter running the Amtn,

but as he did not know the language or the situation I took it over, and hustled it up as fast as it came along.

I found the beach crowded with wounded there, and they were coming down in a steady stream. Chapman arrived down whilst I was there, looking jolly bad. All his colour had gone and he could hardly talk. I sat with him whilst he was being dressed and tried to cheer him and then saw him carried off to the boat [he died of his wounds]. I then remembered I was hungry, so sat on the beach with [J de] Lotbiniere and another fellow, took off my belt, revolver, and electric lamp, and sat on the beach and had some lunch. In the middle of it a Gaba Tepe shell burst all amongst us, so we bolted under the bank. It looked then as though there could hardly be a whole man in the force and crowds of men who came back told all sorts of tales from which one gathered matters were pretty serious.

I then saw 21 beginning to arrive so helped them come ashore and then started to go back to 26, but just as I got to Hell Spit I found them beginning to come down. It had got too hot up there and the Colonel had ordered them down. He and I then searched for places to dig in that night and found places for 8 guns that finished the day for us practically, but did not get to dinner till 8.30 p.m. and fell asleep directly afterwards. My belt etc I never saw again.



21 (Kohat) Indian Battery Guard, Anzac. Photo by C A Masters (1886-1916). State Library Victoria H81.169/63.

[After the account of the landings on 25 April, written to his parents on 30 July, Captain Kenyon reverted to a diary account of the campaign, beginning on Saturday 3rd April.]

APRIL

Saturday 3rd Left Ismailia for Alexandria.

Sunday 4th Easter Day 26 is on the *Hessen* – a beastly smelly old tub, 21 is on the *Pera*, and the Colonel and I are on the *Minnewaska*, a magnificent ship, over 14,000 tons.

Monday 5th At 4.50 pm we cast off. Several Australians had to swarm aboard after the gangway had been hauled up and when the distance was too far to reach a rope there were already 11 men ashore, all absent without leave.

Wednesday 7th We were issued with our maps last night, and it is Gallipoli we are bound for, and I see the Turks are heavily reinforcing it. I guess we are in for a pretty strenuous time.

Friday 9th Birdwood has told part of his plans to the Colonel. We are to land at the extreme SW point of the Peninsular, landing a Brigade first and then send my Brigade ashore. He expects to have to fight all the way up the peninsular as there are a lot of Germans there – at least one Division and the strength of the forces is computed at 2 to 2½ to 1 in favour of the enemy, who are also entrenched.

Monday 12th Arrived at Lemnos about 6.30 am.

Friday 16th I hope I shan't have much marching to do when I land, as I have no pony for two or three days and am carrying 1 tin bully beef, 1 emergency ration, 2 ration biscuits, 2 packets chocolate, and 1 bottle of Bovril in my haversack besides note books etc. We have to be prepared to get no food or drink or bedding for three days. One transport coming here was held up today by a Turkish torpedo boat which had escaped from Smyrna. She fired three torpedoes and missed, then gave them 10 minutes to abandon ship. In the meantime the *Osiris* came in view, so the torpedo boat chased her but failed to catch her; when she returned to the trooper they let off some field guns at her and our destroyers coming up gave chase, and the Turk piled herself up on the island of Cheops and the crew are interned. Unfortunately when abandoning ship 60 of our men (British) were drowned.

Saturday 17th From general conversation it appears that not many of us expect to come through this business with a whole skin, but for those who do it will have been by far the most interesting part of the war.

Friday 23rd Received orders to transfer to the *Malda*. My cabin is No. 7, and my table napkin ring on the *Minnewaska* was 7, so let's hope my luck is in for this show!

Saturday 24th I tried on my kit this morning and it weighed tons. I simply could not run. The infantry have an even heavier kit as they have all their ammunition as well. We weighed anchor at 2 pm and are now *en route* to the rendezvous. The battle ships are line ahead on the starboard horizon. We troopers are line ahead with a t.b.d. or t.b. on either side of each of us. A lovely sunny afternoon and it is hard to believe that in just about 12 hours time (4.30 pm now) the devil of a fight will be starting and many lives lost.

Sunday 25th (See separate letter for full account) Arrived inner rendezvous 3 am. At 3.0 proceeded to within 200 yds of the Beach. The Colonel and I went in the second

tow. "Bayonets only" was the order and the men went like smoke, but no order and no discipline and all shouting. The Turks bolted. About 4 pm things looked pretty black. The beach was strewn with wounded (few killed) and the men were losing their heads and giving up. An evacuation was almost ordered by Birdwood who had been called ashore. Fortunately they stuck it till nightfall, but the casualties all told must have been nearly a thousand, chiefly from Artillery. I thought it all over. Quite surprised at getting through the day safely.

Monday 26th Have had a great day today. During the night there was continuous firing, but we managed to organise the Australians who had got hopelessly mixed and lost. There were two or three stiff times during the morning, but the ships guns were put on to the targets and now the enemy are retiring everywhere. The noise from the ships' guns is terrific and shakes the earth. I am in a safe little dug-out near the Beach and distant rifle bullets are unceasingly whistling over my head. I'd give anything for a wash, a square meal, and a bottle of beer. I have lived on Bovril, a tin of the enemy's meat which I found yesterday and some tea, for the last 48 hours. This is a grand show, but I acknowledge that yesterday I thought we should all be killed or captured.

Tuesday 27th There was heavy firing most of last night down Helles way. Our infantry were under better control last night and not firing so much. We don't know how, but on at least two occasions, when the Turks had been hammered and were about to retire, the fleet got messages to stop firing. More German devilry. Shortly after Turning in those d-----d guns started again and at last shortened their fuse. Their shooting was excellent. Many of their shell burst just over my head and I got a certain amount of dirt thrown on me. One shell burst short and half the shell hit the bank my side and some into my bed! Have not had my clothes off since Saturday afternoon and quite dread taking my Field boots off!

Wednesday 28th I got a pinnace to take me off to the *Hessen* in the afternoon to see about various things and then I had the bath of my life, then clean clothes, and after that two sausages and a large bottle of beer! The enemy guns have not fired all day. When I got back I found great excitement on the beach caused by a report that a heavy howitzer was coming into position at a point of the bay. All animals were hurried off, ammunition cleared off and in the meantime two battleships went one each side of the point and fired steadily for half an hour. Then we got orders that all animals could return to the beach. Whether they found the gun and knocked it out or whether there was none we have not heard.

Thursday 29th We wanted to find a Battery position. Had an exciting half hour in one place with a m.g. in front and a m.g. and snipers left rear but we sat in a dug out; entering and leaving was the excitement and I did a descent of about 40 yards down a steep bank in about two seconds in four paces and fell into the nullah bed when I was out of fire again! It was at this place that most of the casualties occurred the first day. There are many snipers still within our lines. They are dug into holes absolutely concealed in the furze and have about three week's rations with them. Two regiments of the Naval brigade landed last night and went straight into the trenches. Today they

caught eight Turks in their nullah dressed in their uniform to the last detail.

Friday 30th Tomorrow, I believe, we are to advance as the beach is so congested it is essential we should extend. The men are all much fitter. I think we are pretty strongly established now provided they do not bring a very large number of reinforcements and guns down.



Indian soldiers hauling a mountain gun up into position on Walker's Ridge, Gallipoli.
© Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, NZ; PAColl-0184-1-016

MAY

Saturday 1st There was a fair amount of firing last night and at about 4.30 this morning they started with their guns again. I wish the deuce we could get at them and silence them as, though they do very little harm, they are an infernal nuisance as a lot of the shrapnel drops on the beach. Our left was to have advanced at 5 pm today, but at about 2 pm orders came saying the move was postponed 24 hours; I don't know why. I am getting tired of this incessant noise and falling bullets, - if only we could have half-an-hour quiet during the day and some peace at night. Their usual evening bombardment is going now and shells are whizzing over my head all the time. I have been busy most of the day trying to get a place dug for the mules but we have only the drivers to work with. Now I have a fatigue party of 50 Australians on to do it, so I hope the work will get on a bit quicker. 26 are really in rather a bad way and have had a lot of casualties. I wish we could get some news of the 29th Division, as they jolly soon would let us know if they were getting along well. I shall be glad when the war is over, 7 days incessant firing is enough for me! I don't want to hear the sound of a gun or rifle again and want to sit in a cosy chair!

Extract from the “Peninsular Press”

Pour encourager les Autres

Among Turkish orders for the attack on May 1st (at Helles) were the following:-

“The Battalion Chaplains (Imams), placed in the front line, will do their best to maintain the morale of the troops and to encourage them at the critical moment.”

“Let it be clearly understood that those who remain stationary at the moment of the attack or who try to escape will be shot. For this purpose machine guns will be placed behind the troops to oblige these people to advance and at the same time fire upon the enemy’s reserves.”

“Men who do not go forward in action and those who stop to pick up wounded, without any written authority, will be executed for cowardice.”

Sunday 2nd An advance was ordered for our left at 7 pm so the Colonel and I went up to watch the covering fire. All available guns opened and it was absolute hell and our infantry got the ground they wanted. At about 9 pm a night attack on us was started and the rifle fire was deafening. It sounded so serious that at last I could stop in bed no longer but got up at 11 pm and went to the signalling station where I had a buck with the officer. He said the men were holding out all right, and at midnight I went to bed. Our men were driven out of part of the newly captured trenches and I hear our total losses were about 500. Up to date I presume we have lost something over 5,000 men. I believe the enemy have lost more, but they have reinforcements handy which we must have soon if we are to make headway. Men and ammunition is the cry here, but the Turks are firing continuously and one hopes that they are also running short.

Monday 3rd That beastly 12inch howitzer was going again today on the Transports. It is an alarming sound. For the first time they scored a hit on a collier and a sheet of flame went up but apparently no serious harm was done as she, with all the others, moved to a more distant mooring. I hope I shall come out if this show alive, but sometimes I feel very despondent.

Tuesday 4th An Aus. Colonel was shot last night by one of his own sentries as he failed to answer the challenge [G F Braund]. An attempt was made to land a party at Gaba Tepe this morning. 1 Officer and 3 men killed, and the party had to re-embark at once. Hear the 29th Division is advancing. Our total casualties to date are between 5,000 and 6,000 of whom 3,000 happened on the day of landing.

Wednesday 5th This afternoon I went for a walk round the right half of our lines with the Colonel and had a splendid view of some of the Turkish trenches etc. in the next range of hills about two miles away. Our men are well entrenched but there is no strong second line if they are driven back from their present firing line. Again our Artillery is accused of firing on our own trenches and a Colonel brought down one of our shells which he stated had burst in his trench and killed a Major and 3 men.

Later a Staff Officer came down and discussed it. Our shell had burst prematurely but fortunately in their latrines and done no harm. The Navy were also accused of shelling our trenches this morning when they had not fired a round. 5,000 left here today, to reinforce the 29th Division, so with 5,000 casualties we are somewhat reduced and our expected reinforcements of about 2,000 men have gone stray somewhere as they were expected to-day.

Thursday 6th At 6.20 am the Colonel and I went up to the fire trenches and at one small place, through our periscopes, we could see the Turks digging hard, a periodically a rifle was thrown up to their trench, let off, and hauled down again – no pretence at aim. I could not see very well when I was up so I climbed out of the trench and lay behind it, and from there got an excellent view. It seemed to me that we might get a gun there, at any rate by night, and give their trenches hell by day. I told the Colonel and he sent me back to tell Whitting. However he did not think it worth the risk of going where I was then, but said he would try later, and about 4.30 p.m. he sent me a note saying he would try, and asking for sandbags. I am most anxious to know how it goes off. About 2.30 p.m. the Turks got a gun enfilading right down the beach from behind the Gaba Tepe. They did small damage to me, but they killed and wounded a lot of animals which was most unfortunate as we want all we have ashore for carrying up ammunition and supplies etc. Now the two main nullahs have been allotted to the animals and the Colonel and I have to vacate our happy home and are now high up on the hill where we are pretty snug and have got our bivouac tents pitched and have a perfect view of the sea and Imbros straight across.

Saturday 8th We are much reduced in numbers and have used up all our 1st Reinforcements. During the afternoon the enemy fired a lot of high explosive shell. Their accuracy was marvellous. Shell and after shell in the same place, but most fortunately they nearly all fell in the sea, about 20 yards out. Some however fell on the beach but no damage was done. The place reminds me of a rabbit burrow. All the rabbits playing about, then a shot and they all dive into their holes. After about five or ten minutes quiet out pops one head, then another, and soon they are all running about again! Head Quarters reconnoitred Gaba Tepe this afternoon and came back sadder but wiser men. The place is solid with entanglements and they do not think the loss of life its capture would entail would be worth it under the present circumstances.

Sunday 9th After tea I went to see Whitting, who had got a gun into the place I had chosen and done good work with it. Came back down the nullah pretty quickly as shrapnel was coming down it. Was woken at midnight to inform batteries we had captured an enemy trench. Slept in pyjamas for the first time for 16 days. Forgot to state that when I was in the middle of my shave a high explosive shell fell on my bivouac tent. I was half shaved but ran as I was down to the Colonel's dug out, which is deeper than mine. He was in the middle of a bath. Abdul, who was waiting outside, had to come in, and also a messenger who had just arrived, so we were a quaint collection!

Tuesday 11th The enemy have either got reinforcements or a fresh supply of ammunition as their infantry were doing a great deal more firing during the day and quite heavy

firing during the night; however they do us very little damage, so the more they fire, the better!

Saturday 15th Some pretty useful shell fell near here and one bullet came thump on my table as I was writing, so I retired to my dug out to continue and hoped they would not get a direct hit on my roof. All the transports have gone, and only three battleships remain. These did not train their searchlights on our flanks last night, presumably because of the report of three submarines supposed to be working up here.

Sunday 16th I believe I'm a day out, as I think yesterday was Sunday, but it can't have been. Shell are now (1.10 p.m.) bursting over my dug out about 20 feet up and carrying on to the sea. Went down for rations about 3.30 and got nicely dusted by a shell but no one hit.

Wednesday 19th Heavy bombardment of our area commenced at 4.30 this morning. There has been the devil's own noise all morning. Shrapnel fairly buzzing over my dug out and several falling just outside. Kishen Singh got a smack on his sit upon which made us both laugh. The Turks were reinforced with a Division and Artillery last night. Their big attack began at 11.45 p.m. last night. Artillery commenced at 4 a.m. this morning, and only now 10.00 a.m. is the fire diminishing. The noise is like Hell let loose. Din indescribable. The Australians are grand. They never wavered last night before terrific fire, and I hear that the front of the firing line is strewn with Turkish corpses. To-day is a great day, but I expect they will make another effort before chucking it. I expect our casualties too are pretty heavy, but this is the most exciting day I've lived. Old soldiers all confess they have never heard anything to compare with the noise and talking of their guns firing here. One said "This beats Ladysmith". Saw several prisoners and some horribly damaged Australian corpses, two with both legs taken off. The firing practically stopped about 4 p.m. We have counted fully 2,000 dead Turks in front of our lines and our casualties all told are under 300. A night attack was again expected as the Turks were seen massing on our right flank and there was fairly heavy firing about 9 p.m. but nothing happened.

Thursday 20th At 6.30 p.m. the white flag was shown all along the enemy's lines so all firing was stopped and they came up to their dead and wounded the day before yesterday near our trenches. Fortunately we were prepared for treachery as at 7.30 down went their flags and their attack commenced. It lasted till about 11 p.m. and then they had been driven back to their lines. They fire on us when we try to get their wounded in and they therefore lie out till they die or are killed by stray bullets. They have even thrown some of their wounded out of their trenches. Our ships were firing pretty steadily throughout the night, to stop the enemy massing on our flanks.

Sunday 23rd I went up and visited [Capt K. G., KMB] Campbell, from where I got an excellent view of some of the enemy trenches. They are digging like blazes and making an enormous covered road, very wide. A German aeroplane flew over us and dropped two bombs, killing one man.

Monday 24th Today we have an armistice for burying the dead and looking for wounded. A pretty smelly job for the working parties. Let's hope the air will soon be purified again now as I think they have all been buried. Most of them were too far gone to be picked up and had to be just shovelled into the hole alongside and I believe they were simply crawling with large worms! A Turk said "German officer no good, bad man". They have been told the Australians cut the throats of their prisoners. Today's meeting may encourage more desertions.

Tuesday 25th 12.50 p.m. Just finished witnessing the most awe inspiring and appalling sight I have ever seen. At 12.15 I saw the "Triumph" [British battleship] had apparently a slight list. At 12.17 it was obvious she had been torpedoed by a submarine. She rapidly keeled over to starboard. At 12.22 she turned right over. It was ghastly. Every boat here and Destroyers from Helles were round her by 12.30. She floated keel upper most for a quarter of an hour. At 12.45 she sank by the bows and quietly dived to the bottom. Boats are still standing round. I saw the submarine periscope at 12.40 and our Destroyers fired but missed it and are now searching for her. It's all too ghastly and I can not write more. Heard this evening that it believed that over 600 were saved and somewhere just under 100 drowned. [The loss was 73].

[The following is typed in italics, so uncertain whether this was written by my grandfather or father]

After the torpedoing of the "Triumph", while the sea was crowded with ships searching for survivors, the Turks made absolutely no attempt to fire on them. The moment they moved off, however, their decks a mass of rescued men, the Turks opened fire. Fortunately no ships were hit, although shell fell all around them.

Wednesday 26th Got a mule and started off to get the sandbags I had discovered in some old trenches of ours. Had to take cover for half an hour en route on account of shell fire. When I got up I found all the decent bags had already gone. There was an awful smell about so I searched round and came across a pile of 15 men who had been killed on the 25th April should think. They were Australians, as their clothes showed, but the bodies were ebony black and a lot of skin had come away. They had evidently been collected and then forgotten. When I got back about 2.30 I reported the corpses to the Aus. Div. and at 4.45 I started off to guide a burial party there and two padres (R.C. and C. of E.). We started to dig a grave but found the bodies could not be moved so covered them over as they were and had the burial service. I strained my throat trying to be sick from the smell and did not feel very comfortable till after I had dinner. About 2,000 more men arrived yesterday on Destroyers. A shrapnel got one of the Destroyers and through my glasses I saw a row of men go down and heard later that 2 men had been killed and about 20 wounded.

Thursday 27th The "Majestic" was torpedoed off Helles this morning. I guess the Government has found this nut rather a bee in the bonnet as it requires so many ships, men, guns, and ammunition – all of which is needed in France. However, reinforcements are arriving now, and I hope that, provided the ships can assist, we

shall have broken the shell before the middle of June. Again we are accused of shelling our own trenches, about 7 a.m. and not a gun of ours had fired up to 10 a.m. The fact is we keep the enemy guns down so well that when the infantry do get shelled they at once think it is us. One of our planes dropped a bomb on the enemy this evening.

Saturday 29th Was woken up at 3a.m. with heavy musketry and gun fire – there is considerable firing still going on but the gun fire appears to be chiefly from us. Apparently at 3 a.m. the Turks exploded a mine at Quinn's Post and got the trench. Then a message came saying we had recaptured the trench, but could not occupy it till the dead Turks had been removed! About 5.30 the enemy attacked in some force again but we drove them off, and, judging by the corpses lying about, they must have got more than they wanted. [Lt C. D., KMB] Rawson has sprained his ankle and I took over his section about 11.30 a.m. It is apparently a pretty warm corner when the battery starts firing and one has to be in the communication trenches till it is all over and trust to luck. Major Bruce was killed this morning.

Extract from the "Peninsular Press"

Attack on our Front

In the section occupied by the Australian and New Zealand forces simultaneous attacks were made last night, on the Turkish trenches facing our right flank, a thousand yards north of Kaba Tepe, and also on the left flank on trenches opposite our most northern post. In both cases the attacks were successful, and the trenches were taken, though the latter only were held permanently by us.

At 3.30 the enemy exploded a mine under Quinn's Post, and then attacked and took that portion of the post which had been isolated by the explosion. It was however retaken by the bayonet and a large number of Turks were killed and 20 prisoners taken. During this action, the Turks attempted a general attack but came under our Artillery fire, and are reported to have lost very heavily. Full details are not yet to hand.

Sunday 30th During the morning I fired at an enemy battery at a range of 1725, which was firing at one of our aeroplanes, and managed to shut her up for several hours. In the afternoon I took her on again. If only I could be allowed to fire say up to 20 rounds on end I am certain could put her out of action as she is only just below the crest.

Extract from the "Peninsular Press"

The Attack on our Front

The Action – reported in yesterday's "Peninsular Press" – in the section occupied by the Australian and New Zealand forces, was more serious and more successful than was at first realised. After blowing "Quinn's Post", the Turks effected a lodgement not only in the crater, but also in the support trenches. When the firing line was retaken with bayonet, the Turks in the support trenches surrendered. During this hand to hand fighting heavy columns of the enemy advanced to make good their local success. Visible in the bright moonlight to our gunners these were able to bring a cross fire at accurate and known ranges, the consequence being that the Turks got demoralised, and fired into one another. The enemy's casualties were between 1500 and 2000.

JUNE

Tuesday 1st Had an excellent night, but was woken by enemy battery firing at about 5 a.m. At 5.20 I opened fire and after 6 rounds she stopped firing. We have now got a torpedo boat to register the spot as well, so perhaps she will move her position. Spent most of the morning watching for targets. At 2.45 my old friend started shelling our trenches about 150 yards south. I fired 5 rounds which appeared excellent; anyhow the enemy ceased fire. The Turks are very busy making new entrenchments everywhere. The absence of the heavy fire from the battleships, which have been withdrawn because of the submarine scare, had certainly given the Turks a big advantage. Our weakest point is Quinn's Post, but I hope they will not be able to break through there.

Thursday 3rd Turks entrenching everywhere, making tempting targets but cannot fire under existing regulations ordering strictest economy in ammunition.

Friday 4th The attack on Achi Baba commenced about 10.30 today and the roar of heavy artillery from the fleet and the terrific clouds of earth thrown up made one thankful to be out of it. The bombardment seemed to stop about 3 pm and several of the battleships departed. From here it did not look as though we had effected anything but I pray I am wrong as if we have not done really well it looks as though we shall require still further reinforcements.

Sunday 5th My enemy had not fired at all and I fear I have either destroyed him altogether or else he must find the drains bad and moved house. Another Turkish division is reported to be coming up and I fancy this must be about their last, so they will probably make a big effort again within the next 48 hours. So long as they are not heavily reinforced with Artillery however, I do not think they can do any serious harm and will only have heavy casualties. I still believe the war will end this year provided there is not a bad set.

Sunday 6th Still no news of the Helles force so fear the bombardment did not attain its object. We here have taken three more trenches by night and had to evacuate them by day. I can not see the object of these small sorties. None of them have been successful and this must impress the morals of the Turks. Official report says that the day before the armistice the Turks here were about to retire right back and had started to remove material. The day's rest for the armistice allowed them to be reorganised and settle down. Damn. Had a peaceful morning but a hot afternoon as my old enemy started firing and put some shell unpleasantly close here. However I silenced him before he did any damage but then a beastly 6" or 8" howitzer got onto us from about 7,000 yards, and made things very unpleasant, and listening to the shell approaching was not the best form of amusement. However he just couldn't get us, going 20 yards, over and short, and very few of his shells exploded so no harm was done here. At about 6 p.m. my "enemy" put two shells on to one of the emplacements built by Rawson – the one which I consider the worst of several he has made. I was going to reply but a Fd. Btry. Got onto him and shut him up.

Tuesday 8th Rawson came up at 9.15 still very lame, and I handed over and came to Campbell's position behind Quinn's Post, and it took from 10.15 till 11.45 about to take over as the trenches being only 10 yards apart in places they had to be most carefully identified. This is quite a safe place but many flies.

Wednesday 9th Fired 4 rounds over Quinn's Post but only observed one so shut up, as I did not dare risk firing where I could not get an observation. At 2 o'clock Major Fergusson came up to relieve me as I got orders to proceed to Lemnos and probably Alexandria to collect stores etc. for the Brigade.

Thursday 10th A wind got up and it was quite rough when I went off in a pinnace to the Fleet sweeper "Newmarket". We all had to sleep on deck.

Friday 11th Arrived in harbour about 9.15 am. It is peaceful not hearing a shot here and ship's canaries sing like anything. Rumour has it that Ian Hamilton has gone to Constantinople to try and arrange terms. I only hope he is successful. Got to bed about 10 and got to sleep at once, but woke in a panic in the night as I woke up and found myself shut in all round. I stood up and felt the sides and roof and found they were solid and then imagined my dug out had fallen in, and I would be suffocated. Got up and went towards the exit and it was not until I saw out through the cabin door that I realised I was in a cabin on board ship. I then went back and switched on the electric light, and got my bearings, but it took me a minute or two to recover my composure!

Saturday 12th Left the harbour at 8 p.m. together with two cruisers and two other transports. We have a special course set for us, and are now steaming with all lights out though this was not done till I suggested it to the O.C. troops on board, a Major of the Marines.

Tuesday 15th We got into (Alexandria) harbour about 9.15 a.m.

Friday 25th Got on board (the *Minnewaska*) at 12.30 a.m.

Saturday 26th We weighed anchor at 12.30 p.m. We are shoving all we know, on account of the submarine scare, but as the ship is very dirty we can not do more than 15 or 126 knots, but we are shaking like the devil.

Monday 28th Arrived Mudros about 11.30 a.m.

Wednesday 30th Arrived off Anzac Cove at 6 this morning. It was blowing hard and we got a message to anchor as it was too rough to land. We did this but our anchor dragged so we asked and obtained permission to go across to Imbros. At 2 p.m. had orders to return to Anzac. Had a warm reception on landing but none of us were hit though an unfortunate fellow near us had his arm blown off at the shoulder.

JULY

Thursday 8th Digging is difficult now as they keep on digging up corpses; it is distinctly powerful in places. I guess the Turks know a good deal more about our plans than the majority of us do as they are very busy working north of us. Believe at least one,

if not two, more submarines were caught off here yesterday. That makes a total of at least three, and possibly five, in the last four days.

Saturday 10th Spent most of the morning going about the fire trenches. A shell from the Turks 75 m/m gun burst just behind me as I was walking down a trench and knocked my sola topi off! Lucky it wasn't my head!

Sunday 11th After breakfast fired 2 common and 7 percussion at a small building the Turks use, range 4250, but got no direct hit though all the rounds fell close. With a gun like ours which jumps all over the lave after each round, it is practically impossible to get exact accuracy. After tea fired at the house again; all the shell fell very close, and I got two direct hits which bolted a party of Turks, one on a horse; I screamed with laughter seeing those fellows going like stags in every direction. Their heavy gun then opened on us, so we went under cover and no damage was done. A cruiser again bombarded the Turkish trenches.

Friday 16th They have shelled the beach this morning, but now it is a flat sea, a few trawlers and destroyers moving about, Imbros nearly hidden in the haze, people bathing – nothing to make it look like war. The enemy now (11.15 a.m.) putting some shell unpleasantly near here. They may be trying to get the Aus. Divn. Hd. Qrs. and they ask for trouble as their dug outs are a blaze of lights after dark and an enemy observation party could easily take their range and bearing. Another howitzer battery was disembarked here last night, and I can not help thinking our lot are going to make a big effort next week to get the hills here, and am quite excited at the thought of real fighting again.

Saturday 17th Was woken at 6 by a terrific bang so I bolted out and found an enemy aeroplane had dropped a bomb which had fortunately missed the beach by about 13 yards, and fallen in the sea.

Sunday 18th Lots of Germans and Artillery reported arriving at Constantinople, and Turks preparing for a big attack. They have brought at least two heavy guns against us the last two days.

Sunday 25th Three months to-day since we landed and still no move. How much longer are we to sit here and evacuate 100 sick a day, as we are doing regularly now.

Monday 26th The Turks have already brought several new guns into action which do some unpleasant shelling in the vicinity of "Birdcage Walk" and there are more coming up. So long as they don't try to knock down the water tanks just below my dug out I don't mind personally, but I do think the sooner we make a big push the better. Some damned nasty shell from the 75 m/m coming over now (3.15) on to Aus. Div. Hd. Qrs. Nobody hurt by a miracle and I presume all the dug outs are empty now. They pass level with my dug out and about 20 yds in front.

Tuesday 27th There is a large fleet approaching Helles – Battleships, Cruisers, Destroyers, and balloon ships. This looks like business at last. We and the Turks are so busy trying to draw each others fire at night now that there is very little firing on

either side! The men are getting restless at being killed like this and no attempt being made to silence those guns. I presume nothing will be done till one of the Head Quarters staff officers gets killed.

Wednesday 28th [Lt Brian] Onslow, A.D.C. to Genl. Birdwood, was killed by a shell at about 1 a.m. this morning. There is going to be real trouble if we remain doing nothing. The men are getting fed up, and these Australians are quite capable of taking the law into their own hands and will damned well go off on their own and try to do those guns in. The delay is inexplicable to all of us. The secrecy is absurd as I bet the Turks know all our plans. They knew our original plans to a yard, and it was only because they went wrong and we landed at the wrong place that we are here at all. The men are fed up at no signs of a move coming off quickly as they realise every day will add to their troubles. Visited Mackworth this evening [presumably Major Henry Mackworth, Signals Officer for 1 Australian Division] and came away feeling much bucked for three reasons – (1) a whisky and water, (2) reliable information that all the Battleships in Mudros have been ordered to get everything ready for early action, (3) news that the Alexandria hospitals have been warned to be ready to receive large numbers of wounded between 2nd and 5th June [sic; August]. This really looks like business.

Friday 30th Have to-day read Ian Hamilton's first despatch. The impression left to me is that the Regimental Officer and the British soldier by sheer pluck and determination overcame, at frightful cost to himself, the bad work and orders of the Staff. What Staff no one here knows, but the whole plan from the outset showed lack of knowledge, lack of appreciation, lack of organisation. This was Staff work, and was only rectified by the Regimental troops, and Providence. During the afternoon there was about five minutes heavy fusillade and I wondered if the Turkish attack had come at last. I found out later that to celebrate the victory over the Turks in the Persian Gulf, a feu-de-joie had been ordered here and this was the Australian effort!

Acknowledgements

John Kenyon is grateful to his cousin, Andrew Kenyon, for the image of the officers of the 7th Indian Mountain Artillery Brigade.

He is also grateful to the National Library of New Zealand for the image of the Brigade manoeuvring a gun into position on Walker's Ridge. The full reference to this image is as follows:-

<http://natlib.govt.nz/records/23025734> - Indian soldiers hauling a mounted gun up into position on Walkers Ridge, Gallipoli, Turkey. Williams, Charles Athol, 1899-1990 : Photographs of Te Aute Station, Mangakuri Station, the Williams family, and Gallipoli Peninsula in Turkey during World War I. Ref: PAColl-0184-1-016. Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, New Zealand.

This is Part 1 of Dr Kenyon's article. Part 2 will appear in the next edition of *The Gallipolitan* - editor.

THE MYSTERIOUS BEACON OF LEMNOS

and its Australian connection

Jim Claven

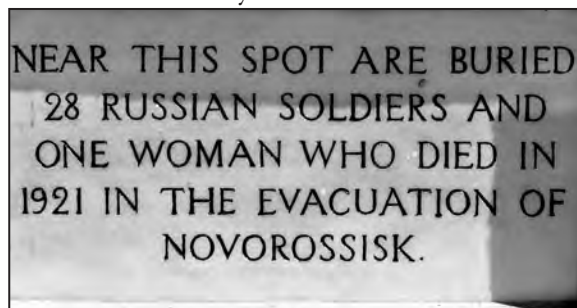
Two years ago my research revealed the location of the Australian Pier on Lemnos, a pier that was originally erected by Australian soldiers in 1915 and which stands to this day. Today I write of my recent discovery of another probable physical legacy of the Australian presence on Lemnos – the story of the mysterious beacon of Lemnos.

You only have to gaze across Lemnos' great Mudros Bay to see this conspicuous structure standing near the end of the famous Turks Head Peninsula which juts into the bay, separating its inner and outer harbours. This conical stone structure can be seen clearly from the shores of the bay, a silent sentinel whose story remains to be told.

Approaching the structure, one is immediately struck by its size and prominent location, giving it a vantage point that can be seen by any vessel wanting to enter or leave the bay. Bracing myself against the strong winds that sweep the bay and ascending its rudimentary stairs to the flat top of the structure, I was impressed by the view. But missing is any indication of its origins; there are no plaques or markers to reveal its story.

There are many local rumours and suggestions as to its origins. Some say it was constructed during the Gallipoli campaign by the Egyptian labourers who were brought to the island as part of the Allied forces to assist in the transformation of the island into a military base. They are captured in photographs from the time, building the roads and the light railway that would criss-cross the peninsula to improve the transport services needed there.¹ The rumour is that they built the structure as a reminder of the great pyramids of Egypt.² But this theory lacks any archival evidence amongst the many photographs, letters, diaries and memoirs from the time.

Another local theory is that it was not built during the Gallipoli campaign at all,



NEAR THIS SPOT ARE BURIED
28 RUSSIAN SOLDIERS AND
ONE WOMAN WHO DIED IN
1921 IN THE EVACUATION OF
NOVOROSSISK.

but some years later. This theory proposes that it was erected by the White Russian refugees who came to Lemnos in 1920-21 following their defeat in the Russian Civil War.³ These soldiers and their camp followers were indeed on Lemnos at this time as is documented in both photographs and in the graves of their dead at both East

Mudros Military Cemetery and the White Russian Cemetery on the peninsula. The peninsula was also the location of one of their two camps on the island. It is said that they erected it as a memorial to their dead, the structure originally being topped with a white marble cross. Individual members of the White Russian refugee community are said to have brought the stones to form the structure.

The trouble with this theory is that there is also a decided lack of evidence. To date I have been unable to find any reference to the beacon in the few detailed academic studies of their presence on Lemnos.⁴ That of the historian Bruno Bagni makes no reference to the erection of the structure, despite his exhaustive use of contemporary archives. And while there are many photographs of the White Russians on Lemnos, none shows their erection of, or holding of memorial services at, the structure.⁵ And if they did build it why is there no marker or dedication and why erect a memorial at this isolated and windswept location, many hundreds of metres from their cemetery?

What evidence we do have points to another solution to the mystery of the structure. As a historian of the Allied presence on Lemnos during the Gallipoli campaign I have searched in the various archival evidence of that campaign to solve this mystery.

British archives reveal that a large beacon was indeed located at this spot during the Gallipoli campaign. It is identified as a 'conspicuous' beacon on the most detailed naval map from the time, that created by the British Royal Navy in 1916, now located in the British Library.⁶ This would appear to undermine the White Russian memorial theory.

But who erected the structure? It would seem from the evidence held in Australian archives that this was most probably Australian engineers. The 1st Field Company Australian Engineers was one of the first military engineering units to land on Lemnos, having done so in March 1915. It was these troops that erected the Australian Pier.



(Left) Detail of the photograph taken by Lance Corporal Albert Savage of the 3rd Australian General Hospital, 1915-16. PXE 698, Courtesy State Library of New South Wales.

(Below) Photograph by the author, 2018.



Reading their war diary in the Australian War Memorial reveals that on 21 March 1915 they are recorded as having “erected shore beacons.”⁷ And further to this one of their soldiers – L/Cpl William Turnley – wrote after the war that these “navigation posts” were erected “around the harbor.”⁸ He provides us with a possible English connection to the structure, the 24-year-old William having been born at Plymouth. Joining up on 20 August 1914, he earned the Australian service number of 84.⁹

Looking at the structure today, with its composition of rough stone cemented together, no doubt having been supported by some sort of wooden form-work, I am struck by the similarity in construction and composition to the piers erected by these and other Allied troops on Lemnos during the Gallipoli campaign.

The erection of a navigational post or beacon at this location is obvious. The waters of Mudros Bay are dotted with small islands, islets and dangerous shoals. A number of naval vessels are recorded as having run aground here during the campaign, including Australia’s famous *AE2* submarine which ran aground in the days prior to the landings at Anzac Cove and its successful voyage to penetrate the narrows of the Dardanelles on the 25th April.¹⁰ Soldiers’ and sailors’ diaries and memoirs contain references to the presence of navigational beacons and other naval aids to assist vessels in their passage into and through Mudros Bay. The need for a marker, clearly visible from the sea, identifying and confirming the end of the Turks Head Peninsula would have been an essential aid to navigation for the hundreds of vessels plying its waters.

I have also viewed many of the hundreds if not thousands of photographs taken by Allied service personnel during their time on Lemnos. Many of these depict the very peninsula on which the structure is located. As the main location of Allied military hospitals on Lemnos from August 1915 until January 1916 – along with other ancillary medical and engineering facilities, as well as being home to many of the piers through which Allied soldiers arrived and departed Lemnos throughout the campaign – this area was one of the most photographed locations on Lemnos during the campaign.

One of those who took many of these photos was L/Cpl Albert Savage, an orderly with the 3rd Australian General Hospital which was based here. The background of one of his photographs covers the area where the structure now stands.¹¹ But the photograph is tantalizingly inconclusive. Is there a hint of the top of the structure emerging from above the hill in the distance? It could be there, obscured by the poor resolution of the image or hidden from view due to its lower elevation when compared with one of my own taken recently [see photographs previous page].

What we do know for certain is that this location was the site of the navigational beacon which guided the Allied ships with their soldiers and precious cargoes in and out of Mudros Bay – and that this beacon was most probably erected by Australian engineers. This Australian connection with Lemnos’ navigational beacons would foreshadow this location’s important part in the naval history of Lemnos during the Gallipoli campaign, including that of Australia.

Australia’s submarine *AE2* sailed past this beacon in 1915. It witnessed the arrival of the

Royal Australian Naval Bridging Train – naval engineers who were the last Australians to depart Gallipoli and who would set up camp on Lemnos (with a British-born member of the unit buried there).¹² It witnessed the arrival of HMAS *Brisbane*, the first Australian-built battleship. In late 1918 she anchored in Mudros Bay before taking part in the occupation of the Ottoman Empire following the signing of the Armistice of Mudros aboard HMS *Agamemnon* in October.¹³ Two of the sailors aboard the HMAS *Brisbane* would remain on Lemnos, buried in East Mudros Military cemetery, having died of the pneumonia which felled millions across the world at the time.¹⁴ In honour of this connection, Australia sent HMAS *Success* to Lemnos for the Anzac Centenary, the first Australian warship to anchor in Mudros Bay since HMAS *Brisbane* in 1918.

And so in April 2021 a special ceremony will take place at this location. Here will be installed Lemnos' Royal Australian Navy memorial, commemorating the Australian naval connection to Lemnos' connection to Anzac. The new memorial is a joint project of the Lemnos Gallipoli Commemorative Committee and the local government authorities on Lemnos. And like the Australian Pier memorial, it will be a place of service during Lemnos' Gallipoli commemorative services held every April.

The new memorial will stand next to the mysterious stone structure most probably built by Australian engineers at the end of the Turks Head Peninsula, to be viewed by all who come to Mudros Bay. Together they will serve as a guide to modern-day sailors and as a reminder of sailors in the past who relied on it to safely enter the bay. I hope that one day the full story of the mysterious 'Pyramid' of Lemnos will be revealed.



(Left) The beacon viewed from across Mudros Bay. Photograph Jim Claven 2015

(Right) Detail from 1916 Royal Navy map of Mudros Bay showing the 'conspicuous beacon' at the end of the Turks Head Peninsula. British Library.



[See colour photos page 38]

Jim Claven is a trained historian and freelance writer and has been secretary of the Lemnos Gallipoli Commemorative Committee since its establishment in 2011. In researching this article he acknowledges the assistance of Liza Koutsaplis, Dimitris Boulotis and Markos Psarakos (all of Lemnos). Also the work of historians Bruno Bagni and Natalya Lapaeva on the Russian presence on Lemnos. Contact at jimclaven@yahoo.com.au.

References

- 1 Some of these photographs can be found reproduced in my recently-published book *Lemnos & Gallipoli Revealed: A Pictorial History of the Gallipoli Campaign 1915-16*, Lemnos Gallipoli Commemorative Committee, 2019.
- 2 The author has heard these rumours during his field tours of the site.
- 3 For example this argument was put recently in a post on the 'Mystagogy – Mythagorgia' facebook page, dated 28 Oct 2019, accessed 7 Apr 2020.
- 4 Two detailed studies of the Russian presence on Lemnos are: Bruno Bagni, *Lemnos, the Cossack Island, Cahiers du monde russe* [online], 50/1 | 2009, posted 1 Jan 2009, accessed 2 Apr 2020; Natalya Lapaeva, *Russian Emigration on The Balkans: The Limnos Episode - On Memoirs and Verses of Representatives of White Army*, 1st International Conference on Foreign Language Teaching and Applied Linguistics 5-7 May 2011 Sarajevo.
- 5 See for example the unnamed collection of photographs accessible at <https://humus.livejournal.com/3502299.html>
- 6 Royal Navy, Mediterranean. Aegean. Lemnos Island. Port Mudros (Porto San Antonio). Surveyed by Commander J A Edgell, RN, 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, RN, HM Surveying Ship *Endeavour*, 1916, British Library.
- 7 Entry for 21 March 1915, AIF, 1st Field Company, Australian Engineers, War Diary, March 1915, AWM 4 Item Number 14/20/7.
- 8 W E Turnley, *Dramatic Story of the Landing. With the gallant Anzacs on Gallipoli. Gripping and thrilling narrative*, Richmond River Herald and Northern Districts Advertiser (NSW), 25 Apr 1930 p2, National Library of Australia.
- 9 Service File of lance Corporal William Echlin Turnley (No 84), National Archives of Australia.
- 10 The *AE2* ran aground as it entered Mudros Bay on 10 March, requiring some repairs and its sailing to Malta for full repairs before returning to Lemnos briefly before sailing for Tenedos on 23 April and on to the Dardanelles. The *AE2* was commanded by the Dublin-born Lieutenant Commander Henry Stoker, who had transferred from the Royal Navy to the Royal Australian Navy in late 1913. Albert Edward Knaggs, *The Diary of Able Seaman 7893 Albert Edward Knaggs R.A.N.*, accessed at <http://homepage.ntlworld.com/jeffery.knaggs/diary.html>; Richard Pelvin, *Australians in WW1: Royal Australian Navy*, Department of Veterans Affairs, Canberra, 2012;
- 11 "Evacuation of our troops from the Peninsula, barges conveyed them from transports to the island." Lemnos, 1915-16. Turks Head Peninsula, Lemnos, 1915-16. PXE 698, Photographs taken by Albert W Savage. Courtesy State Library of New South Wales.
- 12 This was 32-year-old Petty Officer Philip Clement Le Sueur who died 16 August 1915 of acute pancreatitis after contracting gastroenteritis while serving with the unit at Suvla. A sailor by profession, Philip was born at St Heliers, Jersey, and had served in the Royal Navy and then Naval Reserve before the war. Enlisted at Sydney in March 1915 and was dead barely 5 months later. He is buried in East Mudros Military Cemetery, Lemnos. Service File of 73 PO P C Le Sueur NAA.
- 13 For accounts of the Royal Australian Navy at Lemnos see Tom Frame and G J Swinden, *First in, Last out: The Navy at Gallipoli*, Kangaroo Press, 1990; Tom Frame, *The Shores of Gallipoli: Naval Aspects of the Gallipoli Campaign*, Hale and Iremonger, 2015; Arthur Jose, *Official History of Australia in the War of 1914-18: Volume IX – The Royal Australian Navy 1914-18*, AWM/University of Queensland Press, 9th Edition, 1941; Richard Pelvin, *Australians in WW1: Royal Australian Navy*, Department of Veterans Affairs, Canberra, 2012; David Stevens, *In All Respects Ready: Australia's Navy in World War One*, Oxford UP, 2014.
- 14 The two sailors were 25-year-old Able Seaman Thomas James Chitts from Neilborough near Bendigo and 20-year-old Stoker 2nd Class John Francis Godier from Sandringham. Both died of pneumonia on 2 December 1918 and were buried at East Mudros Military Cemetery.

BOOK REVIEWS

All reviews in this edition are by Stephen Chambers

Victory at Gallipoli 1915: The German-Ottoman Alliance in the First World War

Author: Klaus Wolf (Translated by Thomas P Iredale)

Publisher: Pen & Sword, 384 pages, 124 illustrations / maps

ISBN: 9781526768162

Publisher: Pen & Sword, 384 pages, 124 illustrations / maps

Published: April 2020

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Ever since Klaus Wolf's *Gallipoli, 1915: Das Deutsch-Türkische Militärbündnis im Ersten Weltkrieg* was published in 2008, I was one amongst many waiting for it to be translated into English. There are few books on the German contribution to the Turkish victory at Gallipoli available, and even fewer in English. Wolf addresses this gap using extensive research and a wealth of sources from German records and published literature. In the English edition, which has added material, he examines the military assistance provided by the German Empire, particularly the contribution made by Colmar von der Goltz (later made a Turkish Marshal) in the years preceding 1914. He follows up with the calculated German pressure to ensure that the Ottomans fought on the side of the Central Powers. He highlights the fundamental reforms that were required after the battering the Turks received in various Balkan wars and the challenges that faced the members of the German mission.

In the following chapters, Wolf examines the fortification of the Dardanelles and the welcoming of the SMS *Goeben* and SMS *Breslau*. With the Turkish-German pact now in the open, German Admiral Souchon was appointed commander-in-chief of the Ottoman navy. With Enver Pasha's permission, Souchon made the next move and launched an unprovoked attack on the Russian seaports in the Black Sea. Russia, and her allies Britain and France, were now at war with Turkey. Wolf examines the failed Allied attempt to break through the Dardanelles, and the crucial work that Germans such as Admiral Usedom performed in strengthening its defences. The impact of Fifth Army Commander, Liman von Sanders, is detailed, as is the instrumental way he helped deliver the Turkish victory. The German relationship with the Turks was far from perfect and at all levels of command, although it functioned, it is clear that there was friction. Wolf states "Even today, Turkish opinion is still largely characterised by works that lay the blame for the high casualties exclusively on the German leadership." Whilst there were failings at many levels, the Turks were just as accountable. Wolf goes on to state that operationally von Sanders's tactics were "not only appropriate but also extremely clever", and justified reasoning is given.

How significant was Germany's contribution for the Gallipoli campaign is a question that the book helps to answer, and although in recent times the official Turkish line downplays the German contribution, it is clear that without German support the outcome to the campaign would have been different. Germany's contribution to

leadership, tactics, equipment, munitions, medicine and training was significant and should not be underestimated. It is worth noting that by the very act of intervention, Imperial Germany had succeeded in bringing Turkey into the war and, with Turkish forces, had tied down the best part of half a million Allied troops.

Wolf weaves in to the narrative some interesting stories that will be new to many. We read about Orkanie battery commander Lieutenant Hans Woermann, the first German officer to be killed in action in the region during the allied bombardment of Kumkale, to that of naval engineer Lieutenant Arnholdt Reeder who ensured that the mine-layer *Nusret* steamed smoke-free to avoid detection whilst laying the fateful line of mines in March 1915. There was Lieutenant Commander Rudolph Firlé who jointly commanded the Turkish destroyer *Muavenet*, which sank HMS *Goliath* and that of *U21*'s submarine commander, Otto von Hersing, who torpedoed HMS *Triumph* and HMS *Majestic*. On land, Lieutenant Colonel Hans Kannengiesser, in command of 9th Division, was influential in blocking the New Zealand attack on Chunuk Bair in August 1915, whilst Major Wilhelm Willmer, who commanded the Anafarta Group Willmer, defended Suvla Bay so effectively during the British landings. In the Gallipoli air war, the first Allied aircraft shot down was by Lieutenant Karl Kettembeil, whilst flying in an Albatross C.III, piloted by Lieutenant Ludwig Preussner. All helped Turkey secure victory at Gallipoli. At sea, on land or in the air, the case for Germany contributing to the Turkish victory was important.

The book itself was made possible by the Gallipoli Association, and it is hoped that it is the first of many bringing different perspectives of the campaign to a wider audience. The translation itself, by Association member Thomas Iredale, has been painstakingly executed and in places enhanced by editorial comments submitted by other Association members. Following the sixteen chapters are appendices that list the names of German officers who served between 1914-1916 with the army, navy and air arm. It also includes a list of those that died during the same period in the Gallipoli, Dardanelles and Black Sea theatres of the war, including those that were killed when SMS *Breslau* was sunk in 1918. The illustrations and maps are numerous, and the book, as a whole, is high quality in both content and presentation. For those readers who would like a detailed insight into Germany's role on Gallipoli, this volume is a must. Recommended reading.

Missing - The Need for Closure After the Great War

By Richard van Emden

Imprint: Pen & Sword Military Pages: 292, Illustrations 64

ISBN: 9781526760968 Published: 30th October 2019 RRP: £20.00

How long would you look for a missing son, even if you knew he was dead? How long could you justify such a search? Two years? Five years? A lifetime? Angela's son, Francis Mond, a Royal Air Force pilot, had been shot down and killed, but where was his body? Whilst not a book on Gallipoli, it is a story of the anguish that many

parents would have gone through with loss during the Great War whether that was on the Western Front or out in the Dardanelles.

Richard van Emden has a wonderfully engaging writing style, and uses it beautifully here to blend in the gripping story of Angela's search for her son's grave with how the nation was coping with the impact of loss in the postwar years. 'Missing' is just one vignette in what would have been a whole gallery of similar stories. Thanks to the author and Mond's family this story can be shared.

This moving story of Francis begins in 1914 when he receives the transfer he wants into the fledgling Royal Flying Corps. After little more than three hours of dual control Francis goes solo and gains the coveted wings. By June 1915 he was operational flying in France with 16 Squadron, but by 90 hours' flying experience his time in the air was running out and on 6 September 1915 a mechanical problem with his aircraft caused it to crash, Francis and his observer, badly injured, were very lucky to survive. Francis was also suffering from the strains of war with PTSD or shell-shock as it was referred to then, and only returned to flying voluntarily in 1918 at the time of the German Spring offensive. It was in May 1918 that he was over the Somme with 57th Squadron and killed. This is where the story almost begins as we follow Angela's anguish in the search for her son's grave, the burial place for which had become lost in the mayhem of war. Like many mothers and fathers, Angela is not willing to accept that her son's grave is missing and with grieving determination never gives up the search.

As well as being a story of this search, it is also about the need for closure for many other family members who lost a loved one during this conflict. It charts the story of the modern day Commonwealth War Graves Commission and the monumental task they had in those immediate post war years. The story of recovering and identifying the dead is fascinating and recounts the challenges that those early battlefield clearers and graves registration units had.

How to remember the dead was yet another task in a post-war Britain that was in financial ruin after five years of global conflict, and a conflict that did not end with the cease-fire on 11 November 1918. There was enormous pressure to clear the battlefields before pilgrimages and battlefield tourists would descend on France, Flanders and maybe some of those a little out-of-reach such as Gallipoli, Salonika, Mesopotamia etc. The huge task paired with pressure to bring clearance to a close has left some areas not fully cleared which today is evident in the amount of bodies, usually just partial skeletal remains, found across the old battlefield lines. Mistakes were also made mis-identifying the dead, like the case of Francis, or bodies that could have been identified being ignored, be it by a sloppy labourer, a local landowner or an administrative error. This is but expected, but missing or not, the memorials and cemeteries of stone across the Western Front and rest of the world illustrate to the visitor clearly that no one is forgotten or missing. In the words of Field Marshal Lord Plummer who told the assembled families of the fallen at the opening of the Menin Gate in Ypres, "He is not missing. He is here."

An excellent book, one of the best read this year. Thoroughly recommended.

The King's Men: The Sandringham Company & Norfolk Regiment Territorial Battalions, 1914-1918

By Neil R Storey

Publisher: Pen & Sword, 257 pages, 150 illustrations

Published: Jan 2020

ISBN: 9781526765116 Price: £25.00

Neil Storey's book is a welcome edition to the story of the 4th and 5th Battalions of the Norfolk Regiment, the two territorial battalions that went overseas during the Great War. Of these the 1/5th Battalion is probably the most well-known due to its tragic exploits on 12 August 1915 at Suvla Bay. This ill-fated attack led to the myth of 'the missing Norfolks' which continues to receive focus on the vanished men of the Sandringham Royal Estate. The seed for this myth was sewn by General Sir Ian Hamilton himself in his 1916 *Despatches* that included the myth-making words,

Amongst these ardent souls was part of a fine company enlisted from the King's Sandringham estates. Nothing more was ever seen or heard of any of them. They charged into the forest, and were lost to sight or sound. Not one of them ever came back.

Ever since, the vanishing myth has been perpetuated in books like *The Vanished Battalion* by Nigel McCrery (1992) and the 1999 TV drama that was based on the same book, re-titled *All The King's Men*. As a TV drama it was awful, despite a sterling performance by actor David Jason portraying the King's Agent Captain Frank Beck. Filmed in Spain, it was never going to look like Turkey, and the old myths of the battalion's disappearance, Turkish war crimes and female snipers were just a few reasons for this. Storey tells this story in a more accurate way and goes a long way to dispelling these myths. They did not disappear but advanced too far, were cut-off, and many were killed or captured. Many more did return to the British lines to fight another day. Of course you never want the truth to get in the way of a good story.

Storey's book is more than just this action and the background information on Norfolk before the Great War is an interesting read. It was the gardeners, grooms, gamekeepers, foresters, shepherds, sawmill workers and general labourers that would make up the Norfolk battalions as they went off to war. The following chapters go on to give background in the creation of the territorial force, the 'Sandringham Company', mobilisation, training and the move to foreign shores. By the time of Gallipoli it is worth noting that the 'Sandringham Company' was no more, but Storey annoyingly keeps on referring to this title later in the book. Admittedly the Sandringham legacy was still strong in the newly created 'C' Company. Another niggle is that of female Turkish snipers being used. It is a proven fact that the Turks did not use female snipers, and it would have been nice to see Storey challenge the associated soldier's accounts that have been included. Post-Gallipoli the book looks at Palestine in 1917-18.

While it was pleasing to see a fair amount of detail on Gallipoli, the Palestine chapter was fairly short and it would have been nice to have read more on the battles of Gaza

and what life was like in the desert for the Norfolk men. These points in no way let the book down, which I found was very well-written. It will be an important gap-filler in the history of the 54th Division, which incidentally doesn't appear to have a history.

This book will be of interest for those with an interest in local history, the Norfolk Regiment, Gallipoli, Palestine and in the Great War generally. It is interesting to note that the author has dedicated the book to the memory of his great-grandfather, a 5th Battalion man, which goes to show that they did not all disappear. A good book, with excellent photographs and narrative. Recommended reading.

13/333 SERGEANT CHRISTOPHER FARRER, NZEF

Killed in action, Walker's Ridge, 19 May 1915. Buried Walker's Ridge Cemetery.

"Our troop lost heavily, 6 killed and 6 wounded, out of 30 odd men. The former included our Lieut. and a Sergeant - this Sergeant was a fine chap too - he was standing beside me when a bullet blew the back of his head out, there were blood and brains all over us." (Gallipoli Letters of 13/338 Greville Garland, 4th (Waikato) Sqn, Auckland Mounted Rifles).

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. It is not always possible to feature articles in the issue following submission although where there is an element of topicality the editor will try to accommodate them, or refer them to colleagues responsible for the Association website. For those considering the submission of articles the editor can provide notes for the guidance of contributors on request.

A NOTE THAT MIGHT INTEREST YOU!

A member has some back copies of *The Gallipolian* looking for a new home. They are Nos. 54 65 to 77, and 79 to 88. If you are interested, please contact Sarah, Hon. Secretary, via email: secretary@gallipoli-association.org or phone: 01293 851466.

LAST POST

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

William Whiffing died 19 February 2020.

Terry Briggs (Member 6218), died in June 2020, aged 84.

Alexander Burgon (Member 7023)



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OBJECTIVES

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



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

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

The Gallipoli campaign is characterised by countless deeds of heroism and endurance. It took place in an area smaller than Southampton amid appalling conditions - heat, flies, lack of water, equipment and proper sanitation. Later on rain and a freak spell of sub-zero temperatures had to be endured, to say nothing of the desperate close-quarter fighting throughout the campaign. Some 559,000 Allied personnel were committed, of whom 420,000 were British and Empire troops, including 50,000 Australians and 9,000 New Zealanders, and 80,000 French. The cost in human terms was terrible. The Allies had 250,000 casualties, of whom approximately 58,000 were killed, with only 11,000 having known graves. Ottoman forces, with some Germans, numbered between 300,000 and 400,000 and of these some 87,000 were killed. The evacuations in December 1915 and early January 1916 were masterly operations – one of the great feats of military history.

www.gallipoli-association.org