

The Gallipolian

The Journal of the Gallipoli Association

No. 170 - Spring 2026



The Gallipolian

The Journal of the Gallipoli Association

No 170 Spring (March) 2026

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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This edition's cover:

“Aspra battaglia per forzare lo stretto dei Dardanelli: le mine scoppiando affondano la corazzata francese ‘Bouvet’ e due inglesi.”
“Fierce battle to force the Dardanelles Strait: exploding mines sink the French battleship Bouvet and two British [ships].”

La Domenica del Corriere Anno XVII – No. 13 28 March – 4 April 1915

Artist: Achille Beltrame (19 March 1871 – 19 February 1945)

CAN YOU SPARE SOME TIME?

Volunteers Wanted

Can you spare some time to help our expanding activities?

We are looking for enthusiastic volunteers to support our work and ensure the story of the Gallipoli Campaign is never forgotten.

Get involved. Support our work.

Email: communications@gallipoli-association.org

Please include a short note about your skills & interests - we'll be in touch.

GALLIPOLI ESSAY COMPETITION

The Gallipoli Essay Competition is run by the Gallipoli Association and is supported by Helion and Company, the prominent military history publishing company and sponsors of the competition.

The competition is open to anybody who has an interest in the Gallipoli Campaign

The Essay should be on any subject related to the Gallipoli Campaign and should be an absolute maximum of 4,000 words.

All entries should be sent to: education@gallipoli-association.org

The deadline for entries is 1st July 2026.

First prize: £200, A book kindly supplied by Helion & Company and a year's digital subscription to the Gallipoli Association

Second prize: £100, A book kindly supplied by Helion & Company and a year's digital subscription to the Gallipoli Association.

<https://www.gallipoli-association.org/news/2026/gallipoli-essay-competition-deadline-1-july-2026/>

SOLDIERS ARE GOLD MINERS

[From the 'News to Me' Department - ed.]

Australian miners are digging for gold in the trenches on Gallipoli Peninsula. They were surprised at the similarity of the Gallipoli ground to the Australian goldfields, and their sharp eyes soon discovered traces of the yellow metal. In their spare time the miners built rude placer outfits on the seashore and began washing for gold.

They found it, and now the Australian troops with mining experience are passing every minute when not fighting the Turks in washing clay, which is brought to the shore from a half a mile inland. One soldier made five dollars in four hours.

(*New Buffalo Bill Weekly*, Street & Smith, New York, No. 164, 30 Oct 1915 p31).

CALENDAR OF EVENTS 2026

For full details, costs and registration, please consult events on our homepage, social media posts and newsletter.

Saturday 25th April 2026 - Gallipoli / Anzac Day Service at Westminster Abbey is a ticketed event for members and guests. The GA Memorial Service at St. Paul's Cathedral and the march past at the Cenotaph are open to all. Dawn service at Hyde Park Corner. Pub lunch afterwards, paid individually. Registration forms are now available.

Sunday 26th April 2026 - Gallipoli Chapel Memorial Service

Holy Trinity Church, Southend Cres, Eltham, London. Sunday Eucharist service followed by wreath laying and commemorations in the Gallipoli Chapel. Open to all.

Sunday 10th – Friday 15th May 2026 - 'Walking Gallipoli'

111th Anniversary Gallipoli Association Battlefield Tour

Open to all. To reserve a space, please email: tours@gallipoli-association.org

Saturday, 20th June 2026 - Gallipoli Association Regional Conference 10.00- 16.00.

Portsmouth Grammar School, High Street, Portsmouth, PO1 2LN.

Charge of £35 includes tea/coffee and lunch. Speakers yet to be confirmed. A visit to Gosport submarine and/or Naval Dockyard M33 is proposed if sufficient interest.

Saturday, 12th July 2026 - Gallipoli Association International Zoom Conference

Online only. Start 9.30am UK time. Please register your interest to receive the link by contacting education@gallipoli-association.org

Friday, 4th September 2026 - Gallipoli Association AGM & Autumn Lunch

At the Cavalry and Guards Club, 127 Piccadilly, London, W1J 7PX

AGM: For members of the Gallipoli Association only. AGM at 11.00am

Autumn Lunch: For members of the GA and their guests only. Following the AGM, a drinks reception and the Autumn Lunch. £75. After-lunch speaker TBA.

Saturday, 5th September 2026: Annual Conference and Dinner

RAF Club, 128 Piccadilly, London. W1J 7PY. Open to all. Costs and speakers TBA

Thursday, 5th November 2026 - Field of Remembrance, Westminster Abbey

Limited ticket allowance for the service in the morning, open to the public from the afternoon for ten days. Free.

Sunday, 8th November 2026 - Remembrance Day Cenotaph march-past

For Association members and their guests only. Restricted number of tickets available. Interested parties must register their interest by September. A pub lunch is arranged for afterwards. Free to attend the service but lunch paid individually

For details, enquiries about future events email: events@gallipoli-association.org

MY FAVOURITE BATTLEFIELD

Valmai Holt MBE

Dear Gallipoli Association,

I have some very good news too. I have been honoured with becoming 'A Member of the Order of the British Empire (MBE)' - 'For services to Military History and War Commemoration'. This award was asked for by my family and friends while Tonie was still alive but they were told that one Honour could not be given to two people. After Tonie sadly died on 5 September 2024 they tried again and this is the result. Of course I am treating this as if Tonie was also included. As you will know we did everything together - with our battlefield tours and book writing etc. We had been together since I was 17 (I had my 90th birthday on 23 December last year) and he was 20. We were married in 1958.

Our first battlefield tour took place in 1977 - to Ypres, the Somme and Normandy. Gradually we were asked for visits to battlefields around the world, including Gallipoli. When we started our first visit to plan a tour there things were very different from what they are today. Several areas, including cemeteries, were still restricted by the Turkish military, notably Lancashire Landing / W Beach. Happily we were greeted by the main army officer and he designated Lieutenant Gunes and his team to take us not only to the restricted areas but to give us tours round many other interesting areas. CWGC superintendents like John Price were equally helpful.

Having, sadly, not being able to visit for some years I wonder if things have evened out again. Tonie and I were both often asked which was our favourite battlefield. My answer always was - and still is - Gallipoli. I loved the tortoises that walked along the road and the protective sheepdogs; the beautiful trees in the cemeteries, lovely walks such as Gully Ravine, the views across the seas over Imbros and Walker's Ridge, the beautiful flowers, such as orchids; the craggy rocks like the Sphinx, the walk along Kirectepe Ridge - and so much more ...

Best wishes, Valmai Holt.

Valmai Holt is a long-standing member of the Gallipoli Association.

FIRST WOMAN HONORARY MEMBER

More on 'lady members' of the Gallipoli Association. From *The Gallipolian* No. 42 (Autumn 1983) page 17:

At the Annual General Meeting held on the 25th April the President announced that, with great enthusiasm, Mrs. Edgar Banner had been elected the first Honorary Lady Member, thus creating a precedent. The President also stated that with equal approbation Edgar Banner had been elected a Vice-President.

COLONEL DARLINGTON'S DISAPPEARING TRENCH

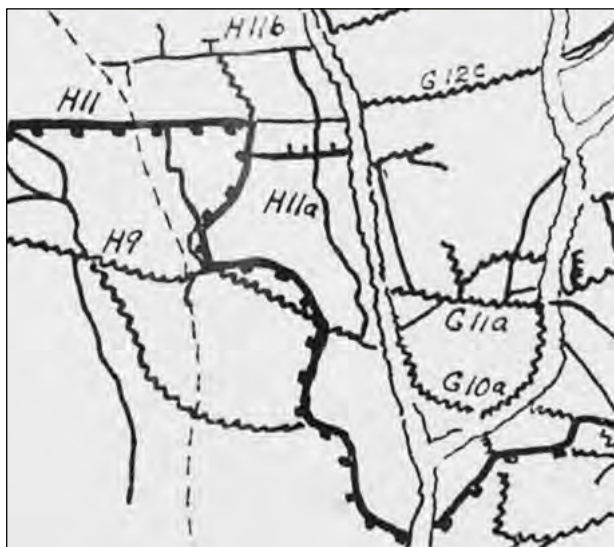
Edward Green

Colonel Darlington of the 5th Manchesters was the ideal soldier, from a Gallipoli historian's point of view: luck and resilience kept him unscathed to write five months' worth of detailed letters home, and many of his photographs and documents from the campaign survive today. Among the latter is a notebook in which he sketched out a very interesting trench map, dated 3 August 1915, in preparation for his battalion's attack three days later as part of the August Offensive.



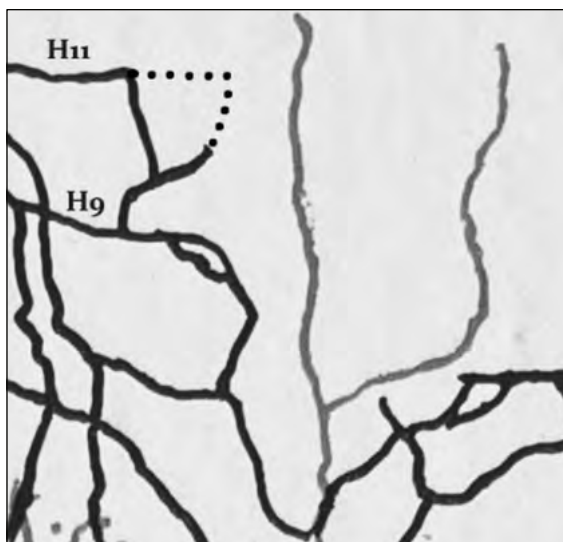
Colonel Sir Henry Clayton Darlington
by Walter Stoneman. National Portrait Gallery NPG X162474

At the time his men were in the trenches at West Krithia Nullah, Cape Helles, separated from the rest of the 42nd Division by a Turkish salient in the nullah fork. The relevant GHQ map shows their front line starting just below the fork, curving up alongside the nullah, turning sharp left to meet trench H9, then twisting back upwards to join up with trench H11 – the main front line – coming in from the left. The two British trenches thus formed a kind of miniature salient where they met, an awkward protuberance flanked on two sides by Turkish trenches H11a and H11b. GHQ maps dating back to June show the same layout, as do the August maps issued by VIII Corps.



Map No. 6 (adapted), showing the theoretical British front line at the Krithia Nullah fork.

Colonel Darlington's map, however, disagrees with all of them: it has the two trenches ending well short of their supposed meeting point, turning a continuous front line into a pair of barricaded saps. The 'miniature salient' is gone.



His original sketch is too indistinct to reproduce here, but this map adapted from one in Colonel Darlington's *Letters From Helles* shows the British trenches west of Krithia Nullah; the dotted line has been added to show the 'missing' trench.

Since it was drawn from personal observation, Colonel Darlington's sketch map must be preferred to the official version; yet there had been no recent fighting in the area to account for a lost trench. So how did a section of the front line come to vanish without anybody noticing? This article explains what happened.

The 10th Manchesters and H11

The 5th Manchesters' brigade, the 127th, was widely regarded as the best in the all-Territorial 42nd Division. Their colleagues in the 126th Brigade, by contrast, soon acquired a reputation for unreliability, thanks largely to one unlucky battalion.

On the night of 24 May three battalions of the brigade were ordered to dig their trenches a hundred yards towards the enemy. By dawn the 10th Manchesters, Territorials from Oldham, had only managed fifty; when they tried again the next night some of their men took fright and fled to the rear, claiming that the Turks had broken through. Embarrassed, the divisional commander General Douglas tried to sack Colonel Rye, the battalion's commanding officer, but was rebuffed by their temporary brigadier Lord Rochdale, who hardly knew the colonel but already disliked General Douglas intensely. VIII Corps commander General Hunter-Weston, called in to mediate, decreed that the 126th Brigade should be split up for a while and its battalions attached to the regular 29th Division for training purposes – a public rebuke for the brigade and Territorials generally.

A week or so later, on 4 June, the Allied forces tried to make a general advance at the Third Battle of Krithia. The first objective of the 29th Division – with the 126th Brigade attached – was trench H11, which ran from Gully Ravine on the left to West Krithia Nullah on the right. The final yards up to the nullah were to be captured by the 42nd Division along with the adjacent Turkish positions in the nullah fork.

H11 was initially captured all the way up to the nullah, but the 42nd Division was unable to hold on to its gains in the fork. As a result, Turkish counter-attacks forced the 29th Division to evacuate 100 yards of H11 and throw back its right, forming the uneven front line along the west side of the nullah shown in the official maps. Once the line stabilised it became part of the 42nd Division's sector, and the 126th Brigade returned to its division to help hold the new front. Its role fighting alongside the 29th Division went largely unacknowledged: the brigade staff, effectively spectators, had not even been sent a copy of the battle orders beforehand.

Panic on 18 June

With the opposing lines at West Krithia Nullah so close together, it was tempting to think that a rush by a few resolute men could seize the missing piece of H11. The idea first appears in the 42nd Division's diary on 16 June, and it was given impetus by a visit from General Hunter-Weston the next morning; General Douglas then summoned Colonel Palin, another temporary head of the 126th Brigade, to a conference at which 'attacks in certain Turkish trenches in vicinity of H10 and H11 [were] decided upon'. Colonel Palin, baulking at the suggestion that he attack at once, asked for an extra day, and the attack was fixed for 7.30pm on 18 June. Two trenches were to be taken: the rest of H11, and a 'trench on W of Nullah' later designated H11a. The task was assigned to

the battalion holding the West Krithia Nullah position at the time: Colonel Rye's 10th Manchesters, with some of the 9th Manchesters assisting. Whether the point was made explicitly or not, the 10th Manchesters were being given another chance.

There was speculation afterwards that the Turks had been going to attack too; certainly their trenches were held more strongly than anticipated, because within minutes the Manchesters had been forced back to their own lines. That, however, was only the start. Sergeant Wood of the 9th Manchesters recalled:

In consequence of an attack by the Turkish bomb throwers we had to retire. The Turks counter attacked about half-an-hour later... I heard [Lieutenant Wade] shout out "Take deliberate aim, lads. They are all right. They will not come on". I never saw or heard him again.

It is rarely a good sign when the events of a battle have to be pieced together from a subsequent court of enquiry. Lieutenant Scowcroft of the Royal Field Artillery, who had set up a trench mortar near the tip of the H11 salient, testified:

I continued to fire until 7.25pm when the infantry started the attack... After the men advanced to the attack I endeavoured to get back to my mortar, but was unable to do so, on account of the trench being blocked by men with filled sandbags. At about this time there was a sudden rush back down the trench, by all the men in the trench, which took me along with them.

According to the testimony of Private Daubeney of the 10th Manchesters, 'a shout was raised to the effect that the Turks were on us and to retire' and a stampede began. Here and there an officer braced himself at a junction and tried to stem the flow, but the Turks were closing in and soon the British position had emptied out. Lieutenant Cooke of the 9th Manchesters summed up: 'The Turks simply walked into our trench owing to no supports, for some unearthly reason'.

The Royal Scots intervene

The border between the 42nd and 29th Divisions was a track a little further west, past which H11 passed to the 5th Royal Scots, the only Territorials in the 29th Division. They had been notified of the 126th Brigade's attack, but the first they knew of its failure was when men of the 9th and 10th Manchesters began to stream into their trench. At 8.25pm the Royal Scots informed 88th Brigade that they were turning round fleeing Manchesters and preparing to defend their flank.

By midnight, despite repeated promises by 42nd Division HQ, no counter-attack had been made. At 2.30am the divisional staff had to grit their teeth and report to VIII Corps: 'Turks have occupied Eastern end of H11 and H10 and said to be firing into backs of Royal Scots. 9th & 10th Manchesters cannot be got forward'. Events were spiralling beyond the 42nd Division's capacity to put right.

Colonel Wilson, commanding the 5th Royal Scots, thus found his battalion unexpectedly attacked from the right and fired on from behind. At 2am he decided he could no longer rely on the 42nd Division and informed 29th Division HQ that he was going to carry out the counter-attack himself. Captain Ussher of the divisional staff

brought up a company of the 4th Worcesters to assist, and after conferring briefly the two units went into action, charging over open ground to close the distance as quickly as possible. Just before 6am the Royal Scots reported to 88th Brigade HQ that the trenches lost by the Manchesters had been retaken.

The fighting continued past dawn but eventually died down. The original attacking force had lost 45 killed, mostly in the 9th Manchesters; saving the situation had cost the lives of 37 of the Royal Scots and Worcesters, and Captain Ussher himself.

Credit and blame

VIII Corps' diary for 19 June reads as a cascade of humiliation for General Douglas, his division's failures alternating with the 29th Division's successes in bailing him out.

0523. 42nd Division report failure of 10th Manchester attack.

0620. 29th Division report re-capture of H11.

0727. 42nd Division report result of night's operations i.e. failure of their attack on G11 [sic] and success of Turkish counter-attack.

0845. [GOC 29th Division] reports situation by telephone with special reference to action of Royal Scots.

1405. Report on situation from 42nd Division. Trench mortar lost but ammunition recaptured by Royal Scots.

1645. One machine gun 10th Manchesters captured by enemy.

Low casualties among the 10th Manchesters fuelled suspicions that they had failed to stand and fight. General Douglas called it a 'disgraceful panic', blaming the mortar officer for not trying to stem the retreat with his revolver. Thirteen of the 10th Manchesters were court martialled and given two weeks' field punishment. Colonel Rye left, officially ill, and never returned.

The contrast with the accolades heaped on the 5th Royal Scots could hardly have been greater. General De Lisle of the 29th Division, striking while the iron was hot, sent a fulsome report to VIII Corps that evening:

I consider the success gained by this battalion a very meritorious one, due to the skilful and bold leading of Col. Wilson... To have taken upon himself a difficult task, outside his own area, denotes initiative of a high order, and I trust the Corps Commander will see his way to bring this officer's conduct to the notice of the Commander-in-Chief... not only for this brilliant little action, but for having brought his Territorial battalion up to the standard of the best regular infantry battalions.

Praise for the Royal Scots shot upwards. To Sir Ian Hamilton and General Hunter-Weston, who had been dining together to mark the anniversary of Waterloo, it seemed only natural that men of the elite 29th Division, fellow Scots no less, should have saved the day. Hamilton promptly awarded Colonel Wilson the DSO in the name of the King and wired Lord Kitchener with the news; Kitchener in turn wired congratulations to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh. General Hunter-Weston's exultation was witnessed by the writer Compton Mackenzie:

Having secured the DSO for Colonel Wilson after the gallant affair of the night before last he was anxious that we should all ride up with him to the firing line and watch him present it in state. The French occasionally held ceremonious decorations at Sedd-el-Bahr. Hollow square: rolling drums: bayonets flashing in the moonlight: the Legion pinned on the warrior's breast and kisses pinned on his cheeks by his general's prickly moustache.

"That's the kind of thing the French do so much better than we do", Hunter-Bunter declared, defying any of us to contradict him.

"But you can't kiss Colonel Wilson, sir", somebody objected. "And we can't form a hollow square in the firing line, sir", somebody else put in.

But Hunter-Bunter, with flashing eyes, spoke of the exhilaration of riding up to the trenches in the moonlight ... I felt it was time to offer my mite of dissuasion. "It won't be full moon for three or four days yet, sir. Last night at half-past eleven it was as black as ink."

"I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me, sir", said Plunket, whose broken collar bone had been the result of a ride up to the fire trenches.

"I never knew such an unenterprising set", Hunter-Bunter declared. "Well, Carter, you and I will have to ride up by ourselves and give this dear old boy the DSO. I hear he's nearly sixty."

"They strafed my new boots last night, sir", said Carter. "And there's this French show beginning at five o'clock tomorrow morning."

So in the end the expedition by moonlight was abandoned, for that night anyway. I may take this opportunity to set on record that Colonel Wilson ... was still a week or so on the right side of forty.

The 10th Manchesters' failed attack was, understandably, largely played down in favour of the happy ending. The Daily Telegraph's correspondent reported: 'The Turks, by a fierce attack, managed to get into an awkward salient... For some time there was great difficulty in recovering this, but the 5th Royal Scots and a company of the Worcesters made a glorious charge and drove out the Turks', adding a tribute to 'the immortal 29th Division whose deeds since April 25 might have stirred the ghost of Homer to sing their valour'. The Oldham Standard's 1919 history of the 10th Manchesters practically removed them from the scene altogether: 'Most of the front line was held by the 9th Manchesters when the attack started, and the 10th were rushed up from the second line to support'. Staff officers, however, had long memories, and the battalion carried a black mark for some time.

An unwelcome discovery

There is little doubt that the Royal Scots saved the situation. Nevertheless, it would have been wiser had General De Lisle allowed the fog of war to clear before reporting that all the trenches had been retaken, and had Sir Ian Hamilton waited a little before telling Lord Kitchener – and the press – the same thing.

The men who knew the West Krithia Nullah position best had been driven from it, so the reports of success were coming from the 29th Division, who had never seen the

trenches they were supposed to be recapturing. Only once the area had been handed back to a shamefaced 42nd Division, at midday on 19 June, was it realised that not all of the lost trenches had been recaptured. It took eight hours for this information to make its way to GHQ; when it did, VIII Corps bookended it with details of shelling and casualties.

8pm. 8th Army Corps report increase in Turkish shell fire. Lancashire Landing heavily shelled this morning. 87 shells from ASIA fell in 35 minutes in and around Corps HQ. 35 yards of H11 still in enemy's hands but evidence accumulating to show that enemy casualties heavy; about 1000 seen knocked out by infantry and machine gun fire alone.

Whether Sir Ian Hamilton noticed the clarification is uncertain (though his cipher officer Orlo Williams did, writing in his diary that the Royal Scots had won practically all the trenches back). In any event, the DSO was awarded and the wire sent to Lord Kitchener, and those actions could not be undone.

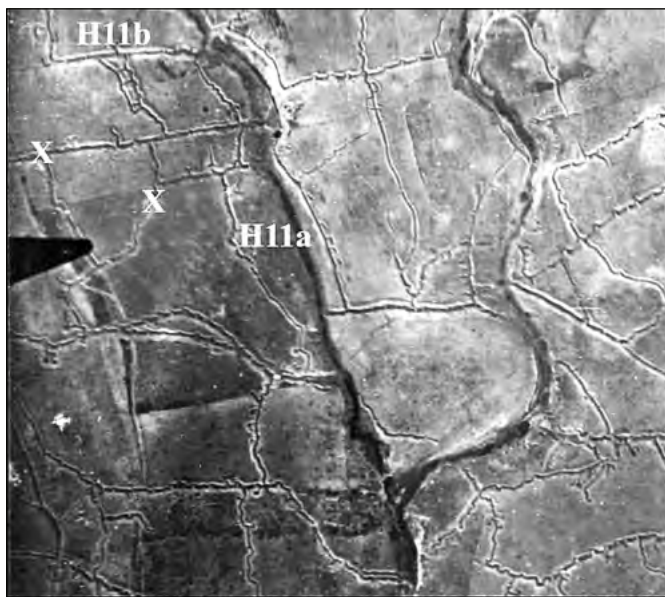
The result of the action on 18/19 June, therefore, was the unusual trench structure that confronted Colonel Darlington in August: two barricaded trenches that no longer connected to each other. No subsequent attempt was made to recover the newly-lost stretch of H11; perhaps it was felt unwise to risk a second collapse.

Off the charts

Why, then, was the loss of trenches at West Krithia Nullah not recorded in the many maps issued between 18 June and 3 August? Fundamentally, nobody seems to have informed the maps department, whose aerial photographs showed trenches but not who owned them.

It is unlikely that the information was deliberately withheld; the 42nd Division staff may only have realised the oversight when the next set of maps came out in late June. By then, however, correcting the record meant drawing attention to a day they wanted to forget – a day that, as far as everyone else was concerned, had ended with the absolving triumph of the Royal Scots – and they may have hoped instead that the trenches would be recovered before the next map was produced. That is only speculation, of course, but consider the reverse scenario: if the 18 June attack had succeeded, is it likely that General Douglas and his staff would have stayed quiet on finding that the maps did not reflect their victory? It is worth noting that correct maps were only issued in mid-August, after the 42nd Division had been replaced by the 52nd Division, who had no reason not to report the error.

In the absence of accurate maps, some officers altered theirs by hand. (Interestingly, one VIII Corps map was correct, but it only showed British trenches and was not used elsewhere.) The 42nd Division staff continued to gloss over the inaccuracy: a set of draft orders drawn up in mid-July merely noted unhelpfully 'Some of our trenches NW of the Krithia Nullahs are incorrectly shown on the Diagram'. The result of such apathy was that Operation Order 24, defining the division's front line for the August Offensive, was accompanied by a brand new map that still showed the old line at West Krithia Nullah – by then over a month out of date.



An aerial photograph of Krithia Nullah, probably soon after 6 August. The barricades where the British line had to end after 18 June are marked with white crosses.

The August Offensive

The 5th Manchesters' attack on 6 August was hamstrung by so many problems that the misleading map can hardly have made things much worse (though presumably it did not increase Colonel Darlington's confidence in his superiors). It might be more accurate to say that the map was just one example of the lack of interest shown by headquarters in the West Krithia Nullah sector.

Another example was the last-minute decision by VIII Corps to put the 29th and 42nd Divisions' attacks on separate days: at short notice the 5th Manchesters were forced to attack a day early alongside the 29th Division, without the support of the rest of the 42nd Division on their right to distract the Turks in the nullah. Their main objective too was changed, from trench H11a to trench H11b, with Corps and Divisional orders disagreeing on whether H11a should be captured at all. H11b itself had not been properly reconnoitred, partly because the loss of those extra yards of H11 on 18 June made the full length of H11b hard to view; consequently it was not realised until too late that the stretch opposite the British line was a dummy trench. In a sense, the real victims of the inaccurate map were not the 5th Manchesters – who at least knew it was wrong – but the 29th Division, whose map gave no hint that the assault on H11b, which was intended to protect their right flank, would be undertaken from such a flawed position.

On 6 August the 5th Manchesters, depleted by months of sickness and casualties, shared the fate of the 29th Division battalions to their left, their attack failing almost

at once in the face of strong Turkish resistance. Unlike the 10th Manchesters in June, for better or worse the 5th Manchesters kept trying: the battalion was almost destroyed attempting the impossible against what Colonel Darlington called 'probably the two most awkward trenches on the Peninsula'.

Redemption in France

It would be unfair to end this article without noting that the black mark against the 10th Manchesters did not last for ever. Among the men of the battalion as it panicked on 18 June was a private named Walter Mills. Two years later in France, he and his comrades found themselves once more attacked unexpectedly in the night. This time the account of how the men of Oldham reacted does not come from a court of inquiry, but from Private Mills' Victoria Cross citation:

Though badly gassed himself, he met the attack single-handed and continued to throw bombs until the arrival of reinforcements, and remained at his post until the enemy's attacks had been finally driven off. While being carried away he died from gas poisoning. It was solely due to his exertions, when his only chance of personal safety lay in remaining motionless, that the enemy was defeated and the line remained intact.

The 10th Manchesters next saw action during the Spring Offensive in March 1918, when they defended Ervillers against eight consecutive German attacks to buy time for other units to retreat. They were the only battalion in the 42nd Division to be named in Field Marshal Haig's subsequent despatch.

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DISCLAIMER

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

THE ANSDFO VISIT TO GALLIPOLI

2–6 October 2025

Thomas Iredale

In early October 2025, I was with 22 other members and friends of the Association Nationale pour le Souvenir des Dardanelles et Fronts d'Orient, who undertook a commemorative pilgrimage to Gallipoli, marking the 110th anniversary of the campaign. Though not a battlefield tour in the traditional sense, the journey blended remembrance, fellowship, and international cooperation — qualities that have long defined ANSDFO's work; resonating strongly with our own Association's aims.



Thomas Iredale pointing to inscription on the Helles Memorial for his grandfather PO Peter Iredale, Anson Bn RND, killed 28 May 1915, with (L to R) Franck Roger, Fred Level, author, Eric Lambaré, and Laurent Castaing

Preparations began well before departure. A WhatsApp group was created to share information, reminders, and — once the trip began — hundreds of photographs. At Charles de Gaulle Airport, where the group assembled at the decidedly early hour of 04:20, each participant received two items that set the tone for the days ahead: a commemorative cap and a beautifully produced 40-page booklet. The booklet, in full colour, contained historical background and personal accounts of ancestors who had fought in the Dardanelles, including the story of my own grandfather.

See photos on pages 29 – 30.

The group was led by several key ANSDFO figures: President Franck Roger; Public Relations officer and flag-bearer Eric Lambaré; committee member Grégor Marchal; Treasurer and Salonika specialist Laurent Castaing; and David Amberg, custodian of the reconstructed trench at Chattancourt in Verdun. Rear Admiral (Ret'd) Eric Vicaire, great-grandson of the captain of the cruiser *Bouvet*, attended in uniform and played a central role in the commemorations.

Exploring the French Sector

After arriving in Çanakkale on the evening of 2 October, the group began its programme early the next morning. The first day focused on Cape Helles and the French sector. Visits included Seddülbahir Castle, the grave of Colonel Doughty Wylie — where a short biography I had prepared was read aloud. Then we visited V Beach, the River Clyde, V Beach Cemetery, and the Helles Memorial. Many were moved to see my grandfather's name inscribed on the latter memorial.

Lunch at the Cadde Restaurant in Alçıtepe provided a welcome pause before the afternoon's visit to the French Cemetery. Here, flowers and flags were placed on selected graves. We were joined by GA members, Bill and Serpil Sellars, who guided the group through the French sector from the cemetery to the Quadrilateral. Bill's deep knowledge and engaging commentary left a strong impression; for many, this was the highlight of the day.

TriNational Commemoration at Gelibolu

Saturday 4 October was devoted to the official 110th anniversary commemorations in Gelibolu, jointly organised by Gallipoli & Dardanelles International, ANSDFO, and Gelibolu Derneği. Despite a delay caused by wreath-related logistics, we arrived just in time for the opening session at the Atatürk Cultural Centre.

The morning programme included addresses by the Mayor of Gelibolu, Dr Ali Kamil Soyuağ; the President of G&DI; and ANSDFO President Franck Roger. A slide presentation on the campaign by Brigadier General (Ret'd) Haldun Solmaztürk was followed by personal testimonies from descendants of soldiers who fought on all sides in 1915. These stories — French, Turkish, Australian, and British — captured the shared human experience of the campaign and the enduring bonds it has created.

After lunch provided by the Gelibolu Municipality, the group travelled to three key memorials: the Turkish Abide, the French Cemetery, and the Helles Memorial. Each ceremony followed a solemn pattern: the Last Post, wreath laying, a minute's silence, and time for reflection. At the French Cemetery, the ANSDFO contingent marched behind their flag, led by Eric Lambaré, and concluded the ceremony with a stirring rendition of the Marseillaise. As the Royal Naval Division had fought alongside the French, Franck Roger suggested a photograph honouring my grandfather, taken beside his name on the Helles Memorial with the French flag and a *poilu* re-enactor in attendance.

At Sea: Honouring the Fallen of the Navy

Sunday's programme centred on a three-and-a-half-hour boat trip along the Dardanelles. Though the vessel did not cross the mouth of the straits, it allowed the group to pay tribute at sea. At the nautical position 40°01'9.00" N 26°16'18.00" E, where the *Bouvet* was lost on 18 March 1915, Admiral Vicaire cast a wreath overboard in a moving ceremony. A second tribute followed at the site of the submarine *Joule*. Later that day, the group travelled to Istanbul, where the French defence attaché joined us for dinner near İstiklal.

Final Reflections

The final morning was free, some choosing to visit French graves at Feriköy Cemetery before the return flight to Paris. Ten members remained for an optional three day extension in Istanbul.

This pilgrimage demonstrated the strength of international remembrance and the enduring connections forged through shared history. For ANSDFO, as for the Gallipoli Association, the commitment to honouring the fallen — on land and at sea — remains as vital today as it was a century ago.



Fransiz Bouvet Zirhlisini Battran Top Ve Batarya Komutani Hilmi Ve Tegmen Fahri

“Gun and battery commander Hilmi and Lieutenant Fahri who sank the French battleship Bouvet.”

Kültür Portalı, Ankara Turkey: Image Number #6759

Post-battle investigations by the Royal Navy & historians confirm that *Bouvet* was sunk by a mine laid by the minelayer *Nusret*. *Bouvet* showed no serious artillery damage before the explosion; the location she sunk matched *Nusret*'s mine line, and the pattern of damage and rapid capsize / sinking (about 2 minutes) were characteristic of a mine detonation – ed.

IT WAS ALL WORTH FIGHTING FOR

Ken Wright

Ernest William Swan, a bank clerk from Melbourne, Australia, wrote a detailed autobiography, 'Half-Way up the Hill', from 1888 to 1970, which has been passed down through the family. The folder is yellowed with age, has a few stains on the front and back, and the edges are torn, with a smell typical of old paper. Time and wear have necessitated it being held together with sticky tape, and the written contents are in small, but easily readable, type.

This personal record is not only a treasured part of family history but also a proud piece of Australia's past. Too often, items like this are dismissed as unimportant in modern society. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Chapter nine, 'Off to War,' offers a personal, though brief, account of the author's involvement in the war effort, starting with his enlistment in the Australian Imperial Forces on 12 January 1915. He and other volunteers began their training at the Broadmeadows Army camp, a suburb on the outskirts of Melbourne.

I had the good fortune, upon enlistment, to be allocated [Private number 1668] to join the Sixth Battalion [the famous city of Melbourne Regiment], being part of the second Brigade, which is made up of 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th Battalions, all Victorian troops, and soon found myself in ancient Egypt. I went across on the old White Star liner, HMAT *Runic*, and we had a most uneventful voyage except for a riot among the troops at Colombo Harbour. The officers in command were foolish enough to allow certain Young Men's Christian Association [Y.M.C.A.] men and some junior officers to go ashore, but all the men, in general, were refused leave. They decided to seize the ship. I was on guard duty at the officers' section on that day and suddenly heard a rush of many feet, and was swept aside as an assault was made on the officers' quarters. Some of the commissioned men were thrown into the sea; boats were lowered and rowed ashore. The British troops in Colombo turned out, and the Australians were arrested as they went ashore. There were some nasty and ugly scenes, but no one was seriously hurt. All remaining troops on board were battened down, and there was much discontent. The voyage was resumed and the men gradually quietened.

When we reached Egypt, we had to parade before high British officers, but the offenders were hard to find, and almost before the enquiry was well underway, the fighting had begun at Gallipoli. The training in Egypt was very stiff and we worked hard.

Just before our vessel entered Colombo harbour, I heard a conversation between two Light Horsemen who had enlisted from the country, and before boarding the Runic had never set eyes on the sea. It was a calm, beautiful evening, with the sun blood red, just dipping towards the horizon. The whole sea was an orange-coloured vista- a peculiar effect being that the quiet waters seemed to slope towards the sky. The bow of the ship hardly disturbed the sea, as she slid quietly through.

One man said to his friend, "She doesn't seem to be going very fast, Bill!" Bill answered, "You couldn't expect it; she's going uphill. You wait till she gets over the edge there, and she'll go down like blinking hell."

When we went ashore at Suez, it was a great relief to get off the ship; and we then entrained for Cairo and went into camp not at Mena where the main body were, but to Heliopolis.

Egypt did not appeal to me. It was very dirty, and the poverty amongst the poorer people was just dreadful. Crowds of natives wandered about our camp searching for offal and waste food, and provided a scene that often haunts me even after all these years. They just scrabbled over the refuse, in search of something to appease their hunger.

A big city is never a very pleasant place when thousands of troops are encamped roundabout. It takes very little to upset soldiers, especially if they feel they are suffering an injustice.

Canteens and stores run by the Greeks were allowed to set up in the camp itself, and one night all shops, canteens and stores were completely wrecked because the troops considered that beer was in short supply and goods overpriced. Many disturbances took place in the first few weeks, but hard drilling and the nearness of action soon put a stop to these.

We landed at Gallipoli, Anzac Cove, after a run in a pleasure steamer called Lutzow. She had been captured from the Germans and still had deckchairs and other tourist amenities on board. We had a very humorous experience underway on our way across. A horse had died, and it was decided to sling the carcass overboard. The hooves were tied together, and a rope from a crane gripped and lifted the carcass from the deck to drop it into the sea. Our Sergeant Major was standing alongside when the rope broke, and one of the stiffened legs of the animal shot out and hit the Sergeant Major on the jaw, knocking him unconscious. A bloke next to me said, 'Never say die till a dead horse kicks you' I thought the remark was very apt.

We were then nearing Turkish shores and could hear the boom of guns and the snapping of rifle fire. We were soon on the beach at Anzac, but the Turks kept up only a desultory rifle fire, and late at night, we were transferred to lighters and taken down the coast to Cape Hellas. In the morning, we went ashore. On May 8th, we found ourselves with French, New Zealand and other Australian troops all mixed up in an attack on the great hill [Achi Baba Peak] that commanded the Peninsula. This was the second Battle of Krithia, one of the hottest actions ever fought on Turkish shores. Out of the 2800 Victorian troops, we lost 1100 in half an hour. Lieutenant-General Mackay estimated it to be the most concentrated machine gun and rifle fire of the whole campaign.

I am not likely to forget that battle while life and memory remain.

Krithia was a Greek village near the tip of the Gallipoli peninsula, just north of Cape Helles at the foot of Achi Baba Peak, which was the first target of British troops on 25 April. This attack failed, and a second British attack on 6 May made a little headway, but two more attacks the following day failed, as did another on 8 May.

At around 5:30 pm that evening, while it was still daylight, the Australian 2nd Brigade, which included the 6th Battalion, started its advance.

It began on Saturday afternoon. We had been kept in reserve for a couple of days, but at about 3:30 on Saturday, we were shifted to a more advanced position. We moved about two miles in platoons of four, spread out so that the efforts of the German and Turkish gunners would be, to some extent, discounted. The New Zealanders were on our left and a British Naval Division in the centre whilst a few hundred yards ahead were the 'Tommies' advanced trenches, with troops of the 29th Division standing by.

Before the actual assault, we stood by in a creek waiting with dead Turks everywhere, killed by gunfire from the ships of the British Navy which stood offshore. I buried two of them and then sat down on the soil that covered them and ate my rations. It was only a few months before I had been posting cheques at the Royal Bank in Melbourne. Suddenly, we were on the move and advanced to the 'Tommies' trench into which we tumbled. Almost before we had recovered our breath, Major Mackay leapt up onto the parapet and shouted, "Come on, Australia!", and we came. When darkness covered that awful stretch of 'No man's' we had gone forward about 500 yards, dug into bare ground under a terrific hail of lead.

Our casualties were awful! Forty-eight officers and over a thousand men were killed or wounded. The 6th Battalion lost 133 men killed or wounded.

“Who died without the hero's throb,
and if they trembled, hid it.
Who did not fancy much their job,
But thought it best, and did it.” — Michael Thwaites.

I saw Major Mackay wandering about with a walking stick and urging his men.

Mackay would later be promoted to lieutenant-general.

The history of the 6th Battalion states that it reached the forward British-occupied trench nicknamed ‘Tommies Trench’ and then advanced under heavy fire before casualties forced it to stop 400 metres [437 yards] from the Turkish trenches and only two kilometres from Krithia. In one hour, the Australians had suffered 1,000 killed and wounded. On the left, the New Zealanders had gained a little ground but at a heavy cost. With the Turks digging in and receiving reinforcements, the two brigades were withdrawn and shipped back to Anzac Cove.

At some point during the attack, Private Swan was severely wounded.

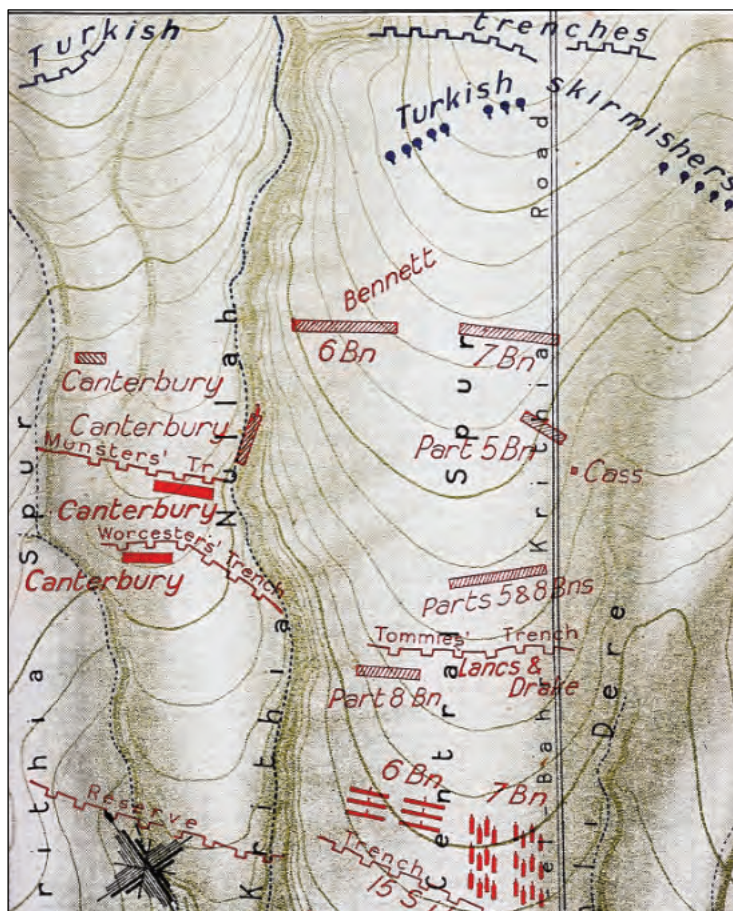
I lay out on that battlefield for about an hour when someone put me on my feet and turned me towards Tommie's trench. ‘Walk’, he said. I was afraid I couldn't, but stumbled and fell and crawled until I reached its shelter.

Here I was given first-aid attention and taken to a field dressing station. I understood them to say ‘Mortally’, but they got me on a stretcher and carried me back about a mile. I had been shot through the left lung, left arm and hand. That night, I heard the saddest sounds on earth. The moans of half a thousand men, because their wounds and thirst were great. Then I knew no more until the dawn brought fitful light. I noticed a ticket tied around my neck-‘Morphia’ and then again, I began to be conscious of dreadful pain.

As I lay there that early Sunday morning, I tried to work out the difference in time between Cape Hellas and Melbourne. It came to me later that at that very moment [it would have been about 10:30 am Melbourne time], and I knew for certain that my dear old dad [there wasn't any doubt in my mind] would be toiling up the hill to the old church at Surrey Hills where we worshipped, for the 11 o'clock service. I could see it all so clearly, and I knew they would be thinking of the boys over there. It did me good, and with quiet confidence, I just took hold of myself and said, ‘I'll pull through this.’ Who can assess the effect of public worship? The thought of it certainly bucked me up that day. For three days, I lay in agony, practically without attention except for a drink or two. Then down to the beach by donkey ambulance and aboard a hospital ship for Alexandria.

The medical men were mostly Indians, and there were only two or three nurses on board, and I was lowered into a cot. A nurse approached me and said, “Is he a Turk?” But when she saw the word ‘Australia’ on my shoulder she muttered, “Let's wash him and see what is underneath.”

I was unshaven, covered in blood and grime, but I could not take my eyes off her. I had not seen a white woman for many a long day. They admitted me to



Detail from Bean Volume 2 Map 2. The 'hatched' lines indicate the approximate positions of battalions at 6:30 pm on 8th May 1915. Starting positions (5:30 pm) are indicated by solid lines.

a hospital in Alexandria and within a few weeks I was aboard another ship, the Delta, bound for England and a hospital in Manchester.

I shall always remember the thrill that ran through me as I was carried off the hospital ship at Southampton, and placed in a cot on a hospital train, well-staffed with nurses and doctors. And when the train began to move, and I found myself looking through the windows at the green fields of England, the land of my fathers, I could barely restrain my tears. It was all summed up by an Australian soldier in the next cot. "It was all worth fighting for."

Due to the nature of his injuries, Private Ernest Swan was discharged from military service on 7 April 1916 and returned to civilian life.

Thanks to Jan Rasche of Melbourne
for this extract from her great uncle's autobiography.

84 DAYS IN GALLIPOLI – 1ST / 1ST SUSSEX YEOMANRY

Nick Staines, Member 8158

The 1st / 1st Sussex Yeomanry was part of the South Eastern Mounted Brigade, 1st Mounted Division. The Sussex Yeomanry, under the Sir Richard Haldane reforms of the British army, was formed in 1908. Headquarters were Drill Hall, Church Street, Brighton, with A Squadron in Brighton, B Squadron in Lewes, C Squadron in Chichester and D Squadron in Eastbourne. The unit was mobilised on the outbreak of war, 4 August 1914, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Charles Gordon-Lennox DSO, Earl of March. In September 1915 the regiment was dismounted and moved to Gallipoli, landing at Cape Helles on 7 October 1915 and attached to the 42nd Brigade.

<u>Embarkation Return</u>						
	Officers	W.O.s	Sergts	Corps.	Privates	Total
Head Quarters + Signal Troop	7	1	2	10	44	64
Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles	26	6	41	50	390	513
West Kent Yeomanry	26	5	41	56	387	515
Sussex Yeomanry	25	6	38	27	417	513
R.A.M.C.	6	2	7	7	94	116
A.S.C.	3	2	4	8	8	25
	93	22	133	158	1340	1746

1 South Eastern Mounted Brigade Diary

25th September

"We sailed Saturday 25th September, when an escort of three destroyers accompanied us. The voyage was uneventful, if not pleasant. We had glorious weather and very few cases of sickness occurred during the whole journey. During the daytime we steamed at various speeds, making a very zig-zag course and naturally not making much progress, but at nightfall it was together different, for we were going at full speed in the direct route"

Lance-Corporal F Jenner 1/1st Sussex Yeomanry wrote home on 11 October:

Events have moved pretty rapidly since I last wrote to you. And you will see by the above address (which I am not able to make more explant) that we are where the fighting is. We arrived Thursday evening (October 7th) and had a five mile march along the 'beach' which consists of sand, and up a place called 'The Gully' to our present camping spot. I felt pretty well done, and was glad to get my pack off and lie down (where I was) on the ground. We are pretty close to the firing line, we could hear rifle and shell fire plainly, ...

Jenner goes on to describe making dugouts 'pretty snug' on the next day and a terrific storm that night.

He further writes:-

Some of the fellows have been up to the trenches for forty-eight hours and say it's quite all right if you keep your head down! I expect I shall be going up soon. Meanwhile we have a rifle inspection in the morning and bathing in the afternoon. The latter is topping, though the bottom is very rocky and I knocked my feet about horribly the first time I went down, but dived in off a sort of jetty they built yesterday and enjoyed the bathe ever so much more. The water is pretty warm, but not so much as I have expected as we have scorching days, but very cold nights with heavy dews.

The Turkish snipers get very busy at dusk, and you can hear the bullets humming about like bees, so it's best to get into your dug-outs soon after 7 o'clock p.m.

The men are burnt almost black with the sun, and it's quite a job to distinguish some of them from the native troops. We are situated in a very high position, and it's a grand sight at sunset to look away to the south and see the entrance to the Narrows.

I was inoculated against cholera this morning – the other arm this time. We have discarded riding breeches and spurs, and the orthodox wear now is 'shorts' and shirt-sleeves and a flap at the back of your cap. The little sketch at the top gives you some idea. Note that the shorts are turned up in the approved 'knuttish' style! We get good food, but are not given much chance to be gluttons. Little luxuries such as chocolate, tinned fruit, etc., can be got from the canteen at the beach, but only with very great difficulty. I have tried twice, and each time have been confronted with a queue of fellows about 20 yards long and two or three deep! So I've given it up.



Source: Private collection

Nick Staines has been researching the 1/1 Sussex Yeomanry 'for some years.' The unit spent a total of 84-85 days at Gallipoli.

Nick's grandfather was there as 1441 (1912 – 1914) / 320032 (1914 – 1919) Company Quarter Master Sergeant Sydney Francis Staines, born 13 July 1895; enlisted 17 Jan 1912 in Sussex Yeomanry Battalion 'D' Company, Bexhill. Died 23 February 1965.

RICHARD FARRIMOND: IN MEMORIAM

The Gallipoli Association was greatly saddened to learn of the death, in February 2026, of Richard Farrimond, whose life combined distinguished military service, senior leadership in the space industry, and outstanding contributions to historical scholarship. His passing marks the loss of a thoughtful historian, a generous colleague, and a committed friend of Gallipoli studies.

Richard served for twenty-four years as an officer in the British Army after training at the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst. Commissioned into the Royal Corps of Signals, he developed an early reputation for technical excellence, later earning an electrical engineering degree at the Royal Military College of Science, Shrivenham. His military career took him across the British Isles and overseas, including postings in Germany, Northern Ireland, and Canada. Among his most demanding appointments were two operational tours in Northern Ireland, where he was responsible for communications across the western half of the province during a particularly challenging period. His final military role, as Commanding Officer of the 1st Armoured Division Headquarters and Signal Regiment in West Germany, reflected the confidence placed in his leadership and judgment.

In the early 1980s, Richard was selected as a backup payload specialist for the Space Shuttle mission intended to launch the Skynet 4A satellite. For a year he trained closely with NASA and US military astronauts. Although the mission was cancelled in the aftermath of the Challenger disaster, Richard always spoke with humility and sorrow about the loss of life, while valuing the shared professionalism and friendship he experienced during that period.

After leaving the army, Richard embarked on a second career in the space sector, holding senior posts at British Aerospace, Matra Marconi Space, and Astrium. His responsibilities ranged from spacecraft assembly and testing to international defence and security business development, including work on the Skynet 5 programme. He retired from industry in 2010.

Retirement allowed Richard to return fully to his passion for history. He completed a Master's degree and a PhD at King's College London, focusing on Field Marshal Lord Birdwood. His book, *Birdie – More Than "Soul of Anzac"*, published in 2023, offered the first comprehensive study of Birdwood's entire life and career, bridging British, Australian, and imperial perspectives. Awarded the Chapple Prize, the book reflected Richard's belief that history is enriched when national boundaries are thoughtfully crossed.

Richard first visited Gallipoli in 2014 and returned in 2025 with the Gallipoli Association, experiences he regarded as both scholarly and deeply personal. He is survived by his wife, three sons - each of whom served in the Army - and seven grandchildren.

Richard Farrimond will be remembered with respect and affection for his service, scholarship, and enduring commitment to understanding the shared history of Gallipoli.

Interview Questions for 'Anafarta' Journal

- extract from an interview that appeared in:

Ozdamar, Burak, "From the Stars to the Archives: An Interview with Award-Winning Historian Richard Farrimond", (2025), *Anafarta Magazine*, Issue 28, pp. 84-91

(Prepared by Buğra Terzi, edited by Thomas P. Iredale)

We see that you wrote the book *Birdie - More than the 'Soul of Anzac': Field Marshal Lord Birdwood of Anzac and Totnes*. What message does this book offer to its readers? Could you provide some information about its content?

A study of Birdwood was one of my early ideas for my Masters dissertation. I included Birdwood in a couple of the papers I wrote towards my Masters and developed a real interest in him. I discovered that at least four eminent historians had recommended that a study of his life should be undertaken. I was encouraged to consider a PhD by one of my lecturers and so I submitted my justification on the basis of these four historians. I was also motivated by having attended – along with my father and three sons – the same school as Birdwood, Clifton College in Bristol. As already mentioned, my father served in the Indian Army and just like Birdwood loved doing so. I also spent much time in Australia while working in the space industry. Canberra was my base and I first undertook historical research there in the archives of the Australian War Memorial. Since then, I have found a warm welcome from archivists everywhere and archives are such fun. One can be working through endless diary pages and suddenly come across a snake's skin which probably has not been seen for over a hundred years (see photo, page 33).

My early considerations of Birdwood led me to believe that his significance as a commander was not fully appreciated. Studying other personal histories influenced me to approach the whole of Birdwood's life rather than just his war service. I found this to be beneficial as I could identify important early experiences that later played a part in his life. I noted, furthermore, that Australian historians largely had not and do not study him due to him being British. On the other hand, British historians consider him as an Australian commander and thus similarly do not study him. There was a void to fill. Some historians have laid stress on Field Marshal Haigh's frustrations with the Australians in their early attacks on the Somme. I have suggested that this was a senior commander ensuring that his standards learnt over two years on the Western Front were applied by new formations. The Australians had to learn this despite their Gallipoli experience. Accepting this view of Haigh and Birdwood, it is easier to understand why Birdwood was appointed to be an Army commander by Haigh. There are, furthermore, signs of affection between the two in post-war archives. Study of Birdwood's whole life also opened up his post-war experiences, including eventually becoming commander-in-chief in India. He fulfilled many fascinating posts, after his military service, including representing his country at the funeral of Mustafa Kemal Atatürk, then the first President of Turkey but previously Birdwood's adversary at Gallipoli.

Why did you decide to write this book? To which aspects did you need to pay special attention during the process of writing?

When I decided to undertake a PhD study of FM Lord Birdwood, I already intended to publish a book if that was possible. The translation of an academic study into a book was far harder than I expected, although beneficially the constraint on word count no longer existed. In the book it was not possible to presume on a reader's foreknowledge of campaigns in India, South Africa or World War 1. More space allowed for coverage of these backgrounds and for greater study of his family heritage, together with his own wife and family. I was fortunate to find a willing publisher in Helion & Company, which did great justice to my work, and I was delighted when Professor Peter Stanley expressed his willingness to write a comprehensive foreword.

See photographs page 32 - 34.

HOW HMS GOLIATH WAS SUNK

Turkish Torpedo Boat's Commander Crept Up Warily, Evading British Patrols.

REPLIES TO SIGNAL FLASHES

Gains Time to Approach Enemy — Then Fires Three Torpedoes at Close Range.

Captain Lieutenant Rudolph Firle, Commander of the Turkish torpedo boat Mauvenet-I-Millet, which sent the British lineship Goliath to the bottom of Morto Bay, off Sid-el-Bahr, in the Dardanelles, has told his story of his exploit to The Associated Press correspondent, amplifying with some interesting details the earlier accounts.

Captain Firle is a man of 33 years, but looks no more than 26. He is a Rhinelander, slight in build, and speaks English almost without foreign accent. The torpedo boat he commanded was one of four vessels of the same class which were transferred from German to Turkish ownership several years ago. Before her change in ownership she was known as the S-165. When asked to relate his experience in sinking the Goliath, Captain Firle said:

"The British ships off the Dardanelles entrances were causing the Turkish troops near Sid-el-Bahr some trouble. It was decided that something would have to be done to remove a little of the one-sidedness of the affair.

"Shortly after midnight, May 12-13, the Mauvenet-I-Millet slipped through the Turkish minefields and approached the British fleet of warships and transports which was lying in and south of Morto Bay. As we passed one of the last promontories the British fleet, with every porthole lit and projector playing, gave all the impression of a large city — let me say like Kiel on Regatta Day.

"The British ships had on that day kept up the bombardment of the Turkish positions until after 11 o'clock at night. On the way down I held a council with my two lieutenants as to the time of night we were to make our attack. We thought at first that the noise of the bombardment, which was then still going on, would aid us. Later we decided to wait until the weary crews had turned in, expecting that after so strenuous a day's work they would be too tired to exercise more than a perfunctory vigilance. It was proved shortly afterward that this theory was correct.

"We continued down the strait at a leisurely gait of from seven to eight knots an hour. I ordered this because I wanted to get as close to the British as possible before they would discover the presence of an enemy's craft. Driving a torpedo boat's machinery at full tilt causes a great deal of noise, and, what is worse, blows too many sparks out of the funnels.

Evades Patrol Boats.

"It was about 12.30 midnight when I saw ahead of me the outlines of two British destroyers. They were patrolling the strait. I am sure they must have seen us. But our low speed evidently fooled them. They held to their course and I let our craft glide through between them.

"Beyond the destroyers we sighted eight torpedo boats, churning through the Esenkoi Bay in pairs, each two keeping in a sort of echelon position. I admit that things began to look very interesting. But the eight torpedo boats, like the two destroyers, kept looking after their business, whatever that may have been. So on we went at the same speed.

"Just as we rounded the northern promontory which helps to form Morto Bay, the Silhouettes of two British lineships came into view. I held the torpedo boat for the bow of the nearest, and kept this course until we were close to her. Naturally, I expected to have my boat detected each instant and have a few shells come her way. Nothing of the sort occurred, however.

"To have a torpedo strike squarely it is necessary to have its course run as closely at a right angle to the side of the target as possible. This obliged me to steer to port in a slight curve, because I had decided to torpedo the British lineship on her starboard side, which was nearest to the open water through which our craft would have to escape.

"Our craft was discovered just as her broadside became visible to the lookouts on the British lineships. A night signal flash began to work. Its long and short blinkings spelled out what ordinarily is the Morse letter 'O.'

Answers His Enemy's Signal.

"I wasn't quite prepared to give an intelligent answer to that, but felt that the inquiring was for me. I got to work with my own night lantern, and also spelled 'O,' taking it for granted that a repetition of the signal on my part would at least delay some other action or prevent for a few moments the making of another inquiry.

“The ruse succeeded. After a few seconds’ delay the signal man on the Goliath again flashed ‘O.’ I replied with the same number of dots and dashes, and now come within 350 to 400 yards of the British vessel, amidships, made up my mind to fire the three torpedo tubes. The third ‘O’ of the Goliath’s signal man came more speedily than the preceding one. I launched one torpedo, then number two and three — ten seconds apart.

“The first torpedo hit the Goliath well forward. I saw a blinding flash and a cloud of smoke. Before the second torpedo struck—near the forward mast— the vessel had already listed to starboard. “By the second torpedo an explosion in the interior of the Goliath was caused.

“Before the third torpedo hit the vessel was as good as totally lost.

“We started on our return trip with a little better speed, but kept the fires down, because I didn’t want to have the sparks from the funnels show where we were.” — *Associated Press Correspondence*.

(‘Tells How He Sank Warship Goliath.’ *Vital Issue* (New York) 28 August 1915 p13).

The *Vital Issue*, later named *Issues and Events*, was a pro-German newspaper published in New York during World War I.



Rudolph Firlé. Source: Wikimedia Commons



Above: ANSDFO group at the French Cemetery, Helles.
Below: President Franck Roger (2nd from left) and other members of the ANSDFO s at French gun, Helles. See page 15.





Above: ANSDFO group at the grave of Colonel Doughty-Wylie, Helles.

Below: Photo: Admiral (Retd) Eric Vicaire, great-grandson of *Bouvet's* Captain, Rageot de la Touch, just before casting wreath over *Bouvet's* position at 40°01'9.00" N 26°16'18.00" E, in the Dardanelles.





Above: ANSDFO group at the Turkish Memorial, Abide.

See page 15.

Below: Thomas Iredale (l) and Grégor Marchal (r) after the Helles Memorial commemoration.





Above: The late Lieut-Colonel Dr Richard Farrimond speaking at the GA Annual Conference, 2024.

Below: at the site of General Birdwood's headquarters above Anzac Cove.

See the article commencing on page 24 of this edition and 'Last Post' on page 64.





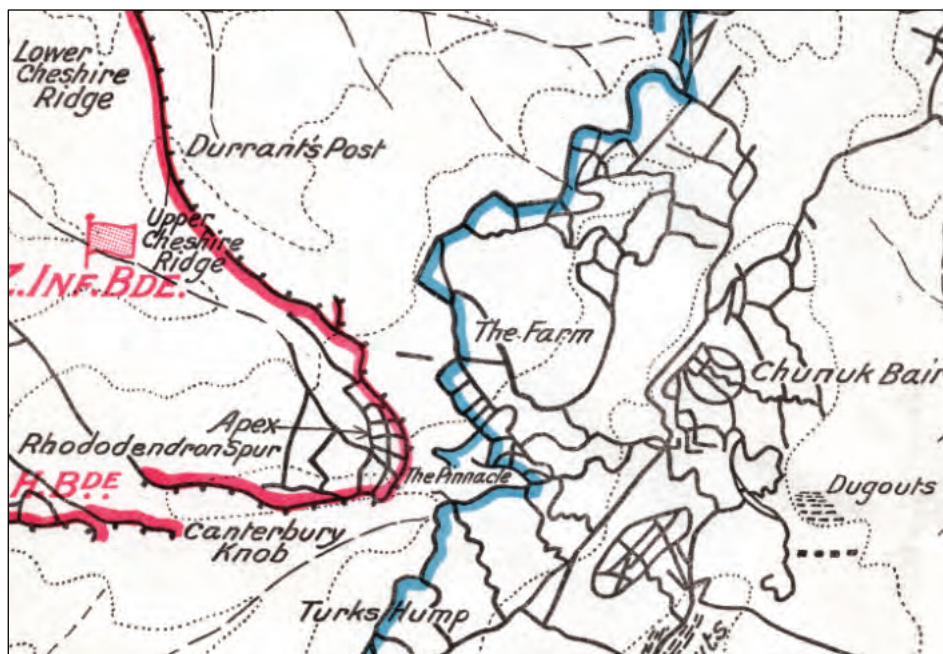
Baron Birdwood of Anzac and Totnes

Mareşal Lord Birdwood, Kral'ın törenlerdeki yakın muhafızı görevindeyken.

(Field Marshal Lord Birdwood while serving as the King's close escort during ceremonial occasions).



Grave of Field Marshal Lord W R Birdwood, his parents, wife and son.
Twickenham Cemetery, London. The grave is cared for by the Australian Office of War Graves.
Note the Australian flag.



The allied position at the Apex and the Ottoman position at the Pinnacle.
Ottoman forces trenches in blue; Allied in red.

Source: Map in Waite, F. *Official History of New Zealand's Effort in the Great War. Vol 1: The New Zealanders at Gallipoli*, Auckland, Whitcombe & Tombs, 1919.



Peter Allies wearing the medals of his great-uncle, Lieutenant Alfric Euan Allies, 8th Royal Welsh Fusiliers, killed in action assaulting the Pinnacle, Rhododendron Ridge, 16 August 1915.

See Peter's article pages 40 - 56.



Above: Remains of a French memorial in the woods north of the modern cemetery.
Below: The French military cemetery above Morto Bay. In the distance are the Turkish Abide memorial and the entrance to the Dardanelles.



Images courtesy Serpil and Bill Sellars. See page 37.

FRENCH COMMEMORATION AT GALLIPOLI

New Research Website

Readers may recall an article in *The Gallipolitan* No. 163 (Winter 2023) examining the history of French commemoration on the Gallipoli peninsula. A new website now makes this research more widely accessible.

France lost some 10,000 men during the Dardanelles campaign, yet the story of how those dead were commemorated – the cemeteries, ossuaries and monuments built between 1918 and 1930 – has received surprisingly little attention in English-language scholarship. This site aims to address that gap.

It includes a detailed historical account of the French commemoration effort, an inventory of more than 50 cemeteries, monuments, ossuaries and memorial tablets – many illustrated with historical photographs – and a searchable database of 2,257 burials at the French military cemetery at Sedd-el-Bahr.

The project is a collaboration between Bernard de Broglio, Emre Özmen and Bill Sellars.

The site can be visited at: french-gallipoli.littlegully.com



Field ambulance cemetery outside the village of Sedd-el-Bahr, photographed post-war.
France consolidated these graves in the national cemetery in the 1920s.
Collection of Serpil and Bill Sellars.

See photos opposite.

SERGEANT TRESILIAN

How a Hero Died

Writing to the "S.M. Herald" under the heading of "Sergeants Three," Trooper "Bluegum" pens the following particulars of the death of Sergeant Tresilian [195, 6th Light Horse Regiment], who was a brother of Mr. T. F. Tresilian, of Young.

A strong, dominant personality was Tresilian, one of the very best troop sergeants that ever joined the Light Horse. He seemed to love the firing line like home. He was quite fearless. Somehow the seemed to revel in the roar of battle. On one occasion the Turks sent a dozen shells at our little section of the trenches, smashing down the parapets, making the place a wreck, wounding two men, and half-blinding, half deafening, half choking, half burying six of us. When I could see and hear and breathe again I saw Tresilian laughing merrily, "Hello, Bluegum, he said, "not killed yet?"

He came from Humula, near Wagga, where his people were well-known farmers. Till a young man he remained on the farm, and was known throughout the district as a good sport, a good cricketer and footballer, and a fine rider and shot. Just the typical Australian Light Horseman, though more sturdily built than the average. He tired, however, of the farm, and yearned for the freer life of the Western plains. So he tackled station life, became a station manager, rode over the whole of the north-west, went to the Northern Territory in search of pastoral lands, and when the war broke out was managing a station in the Boggabri district. He had seen service in South Africa and he once more volunteered to serve the King.

On Gallipoli his scouting and patrol work were excellent. He seemed to have a charmed life, for he had many narrow escapes in the open and in the trenches. On the day he was killed a bullet whizzed past his head, just wounding his cheek slightly. Later on he and Sergeant Paddy Ryan were putting barbed wire entanglements in front of our trenches. A sniper's rifle cracked. Ryan escaped. Tresilian fell dead. (Young Witness (Young, NSW) 22 October 1915, p4).



Wednesday last one of our sergeants named - [Tresilian] was shot. The first time he was hit by a bullet in the stomach. The bullet first struck a sandbag, which broke the force, so that it did little damage. He went out again, and was shot below the eye (flesh wound) and also in the wrist. After having these wounds attended to he insisted on going out again. This time, worse luck, he had his brains blown out by a bullet and died immediately. So this finished one of our brave heroes. (Letter from Pte Edward Ringrose, 6th LHR to Mrs Divall from Gaba Tepe, 25 July, in *Goulburn Evening Penny Post* 9 Sep 1915 p4).

KIA 21 July 1915, aged 34. Buried Shell Green Cemetery.

BOOK REVIEW

Fires of Gallipoli

Author: Barney Campbell

Publisher: Elliott & Thompson, London 2025

Hardback 320 pages.

Fires of Gallipoli by Barney Campbell is an interesting and at times moving novel that captures the harsh realities of war. Campbell immerses the reader into the chaos and comradeship of the battlefield, painting a vivid picture of Gallipoli—not just as a place of conflict, but as a pivotal moment in history for the people there and the nations they represented.

Campbell's ability to balance battle action with deep personal storytelling is a major plus point of the book. His characters have a depth to them—not just as soldiers, but as individuals that have to grapple with fear, and the weight of duty. The friendships, the hardships, and the quiet moments of reflection are written with an honest authenticity that keep the pages turning.

That said, no novel is without its flaws, and Fires of Gallipoli has a few moments where certain narrative choices might not resonate perfectly with every reader, sections featuring Kitchener or Braithwaite perhaps. But those issues don't really take much away from Campbell's writing. His portrayal of the human experience within the chaos of war is both harrowing and deeply empathetic, possibly drawing from personal experience perhaps, it makes this book a worthwhile read for anyone interested in historical fiction.

Beyond just recounting events, Fires of Gallipoli serves as a testament to the endurance of the human spirit. It reminds us that war is not just about strategies and battles, but about the people who fought, suffered, and survived. Whether you're a history enthusiast, a fan of military fiction, or simply someone who appreciates a novel that lingers in the mind and heart, this book has plenty to offer.

Warren Smith

SEE YOUR ARTICLE IN PRINT

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 for the Association website. For those considering the submission of articles the editor can provide notes for the guidance of contributors on request.

THE LOSS OF LIEUTENANT ALLIES

William Peter Allies

My great-uncle was Lieutenant Alfric Euan Allies, 8th Battalion, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who was killed in action at Gallipoli.



Since my retirement I have been researching various Allies family historical documents and boxes that were bequeathed to me. Euan's collection of original letters and photographs were discovered in a small, locked jewellery case minus its key, and it was only after completing my father's and other direct ancestors' details that I turned to Euan's material and opened the box.

My descendants are far dispersed around the globe, so my policy has been to digitise any and all family historical materials, create books and where appropriate donate the originals to museums. Euan's letters were sent to either his father, his mother or his sister, and in one of those to his mother he hopes that his story would be told:

I wish these letters could be copied as they will fade away and they are my only record of this show.

I believe that, after Euan's passing, a friend at Oxford transcribed the letters onto typed pages, some of which were used in a memorial piece published by the college. A short biography also appeared in the *Court Journal*, *Court Circular & Fashionable*

Gazette's 'Officers' 'In Memoriam' edition' of 4 August 1916. Euan's original pencil letters, medals and other materials have been turned over to the Royal Welsh Fusiliers Museum, and the original transcribed / typed letters to the Imperial War Museum.

A book I produced, *Journey to War* (80 pages) charts his story from birth to education, recruitment and training, through to his deployment to Gallipoli on 28 June 1915, and to his final action on 16 August 1915. His last letter home was written the day before.

What follows is a summary:

Alfric Euan Allies was born on 16 October, 1890 at Bewell, Alfrick, Worcestershire, the son of Alfred Edward and Florence McIver (nee Murray) Allies. From the early 1700s generations of the Allies family have lived in the village of Alfrick, a civil parish in the Malvern Hills district of Worcestershire, about seven miles west of Worcester. The graveyard in St Mary Magdalene Church is populated with Allies gravestones.

Euan attended Tonbridge School and on matriculation in 1910 entered Brasenose College, Oxford. He took Honours in Jurisprudence, was awarded his BA and entered the Inner Temple, intending to practice law, in 1913.

While at Brasenose in 1913, Euan enlisted in the King Edwards Horse, a cavalry regiment in the British army. It was through a recruitment drive at Oxford University that he first came in contact with the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and on the outbreak of war he was commissioned into the 8th Battalion.

The many photographs that Euan took in the Draycott Training Camp and on the sea voyage to Gallipoli were on a small camera which he identifies in letters to his mother and to his sister as an *Ensignette* (British-made by Houghtons Ltd - this appears to be the No.2 model (c.1910–1914)). He is pictured (holding camera) with his father, sister Lorna and good friend Captain Scott Powell.



The 8th Royal Welsh Fusiliers boarded the ocean liner S.S. *Megantic* in Avonmouth on 28th June 1915. Avonmouth was a major setting-off point for troops and horses going to the Mediterranean. The *Megantic* was one of many passenger ships refitted for troop and horse transport during the war. The ship, launched in 1908, was 14,878 gross register tons (GRT), built by Harland and Wolf of Belfast, and operated by the White Star Line. She made her maiden voyage from Liverpool to Montréal on 17 June 1909 and remained on that route until being called into service as a troopship in 1915.

As an officer Euan was afforded premium accommodation on board the ship. His letters outline the 'cruise' to Gallipoli was in stark contrast to the trenches there.

His many letters go into great detail about the voyage and the conditions aboard. The battalion was initially landed at Mudros on 15 July 1915, but after about 4 hours ashore, where 'sitting on the sand was impossible as it was so hot', it was suddenly re-embarked. After being 'mucked around' on various boats it disembarked beside the *River Clyde* at 3 o'clock the following morning.

Letter to mother 27 July 1915:

My dear Mother,

I have received 2 letters from father & one from you in the last three days so feel quite in touch with affairs. You can really believe me when I say the danger isn't great & that I am now out of the fire trenches for some time to come. There is talk of taking us back to a base for a good reason & of course during the days that happens I shall be miles from shot & shell. We have had 3 killed so far & about 25 wounded out of the battn., so my chance is a good one. We are now fairly acclimatised & need little water. I drink tea only & that at meals i.e. 4 lots of it a day & find I am not thirsty. We spent 4 days in the fire trenches before returning to this point & have now put in a month yesterday since we left England. Remember that no news is good news & unless you hear I am quite safe which means that I'm quite happy waiting for my next meal. I fancy I'm a good deal thinner & burnt the colour of iodine in exposed places. Officers who know France say it is a picnic over there compared to this. Given shells we would polish this off in no time. If you want to meet me sit on the bench 20 yds from the drawing room as I am a good deal there in the spirit. By which I don't mean I am dissatisfied here - on the contrary I think I like it better than most - but a trickling stream & a tree or a blade of grass would all be so welcome. We give the Turks a daily doing with our shells & it must be galling for them not to reply effectively. When we expected that attack our guns gave them Hell in front & they say killed over 200 of them. Corpses were thrown out of their trenches afterwards and we could see the shell go in & the sandbags come out in rather a hurry through our periscopes from 200 yds

away. One of our shells burst a bit soon very near me & dusted up the parapet a little. My ears don't worry as shells make a restful boom & not a sharp crack. Send me a little Bromo occasionally, acid drops will be great in small bottles or tins as flies & heat get at everything. Any portable luxury of food word be splendid. Possibly dried tin fruit, but no meat tea milk sugar these are supplied. No large quantities and don't make a business of it. A few cigarettes for the men would be a Godsend with a few matches in with them. They are dying for smokes. Thank heaven I don't smoke as I am perfectly contented. We hope to have finished this show pretty soon & will then have a bust. I intended to write to Willie but haven't had a chance. I was always awfully jealous of Willie. The letters must be at Headquarters quite soon so I will stop. We are lying about a mile from the sea loafing in some old trenches known as the [Eski] Lines, & each evening I go to the sea and have a bathe. It's not hygienic as dead horses do likewise & Atkins thinks the sea is put there to tidy up with. We may be all over the place for a bit now so don't expect regular letters - also realise that no news is good news. I hope to see you all again soon. Meanwhile love to everyone & Lorna.

Yrs. v. affectionate

Euan.

The battalion was re-embarked, again for Mudros, aboard the destroyer HMS *Beagle*, on the 30th. By this time Lieutenant Allies was suffering from what he called 'a slight bout of gastritis', and as a result was left behind on Lemnos when the battalion moved to Anzac on 4 August 1915. By the 6th he was starting to recover, though he could still eat only rice, eggs and fruit, but he arranged, apparently on the 7th, to board the *Aquitania*¹, which was in Mudros Harbour, and talked his way into lunch:

... a Capt. Blaxland of the S.W.B. & I went there on a native boat. We soon got into conversation with an officer of one of the 6 Battns on board whose name we used & as whose guests we lunched. It was a cold-blooded sponge though it cost him nothing: after a period like my last month one will go to any lengths. They wanted to know all about the Peninsula. I modestly told them. Savory. Soup. Lamb. Compote of Figs. Gorgonzola. Coffee - Bass throughout. Replete & bland we stayed on board & I met C.B. Isard from whom I got a bath & from Isard's friend I got 3 books & some tea with butter on the bread. They got orders to shift somewhere whilst I was on board so after tea we returned to camp feeling we had lived. I also made a corner in Bromo - to such lengths are we driven. The result is that the evening is mellow & beautiful & all is well. ... 40 miles away the guns are booming occasionally ...

¹ RMS *Aquitania* was a British ocean liner of the Cunard Line in service from 1914 to 1950. Launched on 21 April 1913 and sailed on her maiden voyage from Liverpool to New York on 30 May 1914. *Aquitania* was the third in Cunard Line's grand trio of express liners, preceded by RMS *Mauretania* and RMS *Lusitania*, and was the last surviving four-funnelled ocean liner.

On the 8th he first heard, from a wounded corporal, news of the battalion's casualties in the Nek - Quinn's Post fighting; that 'Capt. Walter Lloyd was killed (shot through the brain)' by machine-gun fire while leading his company against the Turkish positions on the Chessboard, and that Lieutenant John Lewis was 'hit through the side' in the same assault. Captain Lloyd is buried in Shrapnel Valley cemetery; Lieutenant Lewis's body was never recovered.

Euan was back on the peninsula, this time at Anzac, by 11 August, when he wrote to his father that:

On our left a battle was raging most fiercely & the air was alive with half-spent bullets. Nothing could be more awful than this place. There are thousands of wounded all over the place. Hundreds on stretchers on the beach & near the dressing station many of whom have been lain for 2 or 3 days unattended in the sun. All these are the harvest of this appalling battle which has lulled today.

And also that:

The place is alive with bullets which kick up the sand near by. I am at present safe in a dug out but yesterday I was talking to two men in an Australian hospital & the same bullet hit them both. I couldn't think why they both sat down. My party were put on a two mile trench as stretcher bearers & gravediggers & I stayed the night on the beach. The country here is quite pretty in places & in others majestic but one only thinks of keeping one's skin whole and full. Water is a problem. Hill 971 is another Hill 60 only a bigger grave-yard.

On the 14th August he wrote his last letter home, to his sister:

Anzac

14/8/15

My dear Lorna,

Yesterday evening they took the mails & I sent a letter to Father unfinished. I am now going to tell you what happened since I wrote it. My 86 men were on all the next day (i.e. 3 days ago) carrying wounded down to the beach but things had entirely altered meanwhile. When I went to the Hospital I found it almost empty & 24 hours had got rid of all the cases. A nonconformist parson ought to got a V.C. or something for clearing it of all that awful muddle. Now they are putting up shelters & as the battle is over they have more doctors etc. available. It was fortunate that the Turks waited a day before bringing a machine gun to bear on the pier as the whole of the 12th they played on it from a ridge about 1500 yds. away. At 7.30 a.m. I walked out to the beach & had a most perfect bathe. The sea was literally as smooth as a pond with a sandy bottom on which one could see one's shadow when up to the neck in water. As I bathed 300 yds to my left the little pinnacle came near the shore towing 5 life boats for wounded. The machine guns opened on it & the water was covered with the splash of bullets. I was quite safe but feared that I might be the next target. Off went the pinnacle & the wounded had to be taken off three-quarters of a mile further south. The sniping here is much worse & no one is ever safe

from it as bullets drop from the skies. This is a maze of gullies & steep hills mostly covered with scrub.

At present I am packed in a dugout about 300 ft above the sea & a mile from it. The view is beautiful but it is beginning to get hot & water is frightfully scarce. Try giving yourself 4 breakfast cups full of water next really hot day to last for 24 hours for washing drinking & cooking & see how you like it. We don't. Don't use clear water as that would spoil it - get it from the pond & see that it is tepid & not transparent. There are now 14 officers left with the batt, & 2 more casualties will make me a Company Commander. We get good food considering that this is war at its severest. Bully & biscuit ad lib: 1 bacon rasher, 4 oz. of jam, tea & sugar & occasionally tinned milk. Try a day on chat cooking it in a canteen in a dugout. All my clothes I have worn for a fortnight & strange to say they are fairly clean, much more so than they would be in England. There is little dust here & few flies by comparison & much more shade on the whole but the dead are most unpleasant & numerous at some points. Just here we have buried them all.

Lines of mules led by natives bring the water in tanks or canvas bags & the road is as narrow & steep as Sandy Lane all the latter half. I forgot to say that I got orders on the 12th to join the Battn. so I had a 2nd bathe in the morning & then marched up in the dark. We have been very fortunate though the Division is badly mauled. We did good work & kept many Turks busy in an isolated place. Nothing in France can be more fierce than those last few days & the Turks are by no means laid out. The papers which we get frequently are most amusing in their description. A-Bartlett is good but Athens telegrams are quite misleading. Don't send papers. I got 3 yesterday & enjoyed them but we get them all in the Mess & very often quite quickly. If you send anything let it be anything like lemon powder for water Oxo Bovril Liebig etc. in small separate parcels as no parcels of the ordinary kind are delivered. Only letters get here.

Today there will be a big mail in & I hope Alexandria letter will be received. Two novels came at Mudros & were a great success. 2 are enough at a time as I have to carry everything myself. Strange to say we are all quite happy & glad now we are in support to be able to sleep again. The N. Zealanders & the Australians are splendid chaps & all gentlemen not water thieves like our people. Atkins is a poor panicky creature unless fixed up with good NCO's. Send these men your comforts & cigs: They get nothing but shrapnel here & all envy the luxury of France. It's awful to think I used to have a bath in drinking water. Dozens of men get hit here daily trying to get to exposed wells for a bottle full. We hope it will be better now as many new wells are being dug. I drink hot tea only & keep quite comfortable on it. Pass this letter on to Sonnenschein at B.N.C [William Sonnenschein [later changed name to Stallybrass], principal of BNC = Brasenose College and Vice-Chancellor, Oxford University]: he might be amused to hear of my whereabouts. Oh for the S.C.R. [Senior Common Room] at B.N.C. Personally cold water & a chair would satisfy me. We all hope & expect it will fairly soon be over & then we will be sent home to refit & reform.

You used to complain of your food - you were often discontented & irritable. Let that cease. You had no excuse for such conduct. I shall never leave England if ever I set foot on it. My inside is quite right now again & I feel as the men will say 'in the pink'. Their letters are an awful nuisance to censor & it is quite useless as they never tell the exact truth partly through inability & partly because they love stock phrases like 'cut up', & always assume all men hit are killed if possible by our own guns. Parry is well & the Colonel, Throckmorton, Anwyl & Powell as well as others. I hope the fruit does well & that father keeps smiling. I fear this will have to go before your mail arrives but I will leave room to add postscripts if any occur. Mother seems to be fit & leading a simple life.

Love to all. Yrs. Affectionate Euan.

A splendid mail bag has just arrived with 2 letters from Father & Mother each & one from you. Toffee & acid drops etc. will be very popular when they turn up. Today is windy & cool & I'm off to have a bathe. I'm very good at begging food from A.S.C. & Medical people so I got leave. Father's dreams of my trench excursions are a bit off & wrong - especially as I was far too tired & fed up to use my brain & give off waves of thought. Tell him not to worry his little head about me especially as I don't. You seem to be touring round. I'm glad Mr. [blacked out] is all right. Love to Molly when you see her.

In haste. Yrs. Affectionate Euan.

The original letter is annotated 'Received 27/8/15 (evening)'

Lieutenant Allies' 'dugout about 300 ft above the sea & a mile from it' would have been at the Apex, the forward allied position on Rhododendron Ridge, to which the 8th RWF had been posted on the night of 10th August. All gains made by British, New Zealand and Gurkha units beyond that point had been swept away earlier in the day by the massive Turkish counter-attack down the steep sides of Chunuk Bair and along Rhododendron Ridge. The ten New Zealand machine guns posted at or near the Apex halted the rush along the ridge, and they and field artillery and ships' guns combined to shatter the oncoming lines of Ottoman troops, but not before The Farm, the Pinnacle and the heights of Chunuk Bair itself were overrun.

The Battalion's 'D' and possibly 'A' or 'C' Companies manned the front line trenches at the Apex on 15 August. Lieutenant Allies and his good friend Captain Powell were both members of 'D' Company.

What happened next morning is best told by the officers of his battalion: Captain Powell recorded the events in his own diary, and kindly wrote to Euan's father.

8th Bn RWF 17 August 1915

Dear Mr. Allies,

I feel it my painful duty to write and give you such details as I can of the very gallant way in which your son, who was also my great friend, met what I fear must have been his death.

He is officially reported missing and there is just the chance that he may be wounded and a prisoner, but I don't like to hold out any hope. On the night of the 15th - 16th August we had been holding a line of trenches at the head of a dangerous salient [The Apex], and these trenches were practically exposed to fire from three sides. In front of us about 70 yds. off, the Turks had started digging with a view to sapping up to our line and bombing us from a high ridge of ground which also commanded the bivouac area in which the remainder of the battalion were in support (we were only two companies in the firing line). In the morning when it was daylight we discovered that the enemy had fixed up 4 steel loopholes concealed by leaves, behind which they doubtless expected to snipe our bivouac area.

We had sent a small party of four in the night to try and bomb them, but with practically no effect. After a good deal of consultation it was decided by the C.O. to send out your son, who was picked out as an enterprising and capable officer, with a bayonet party of 12 men to charge the trench, drive away the snipers and destroy the steel loopholes. Accordingly at about 6 o'clock yesterday morning in full daylight he started off covered by one of our machine guns, rallied the party once and charged gallantly 15 yds ahead of his men, who immediately came under enfilade fire from the enemy. Your son himself reached the trench, was seen to fire his revolver into it and then fall over the ridge towards the Turks, shouting something as though he had been badly wounded.

He was then seen crawling back up the hill, endeavouring to return, but was fired at again and he has not been seen or heard of since, although we sent a bombing party last night who actually got into the trench but were obliged to retire owing to being heavily bombed. Of your son's party 3 returned unwounded, 2 severely wounded and the rest are missing.

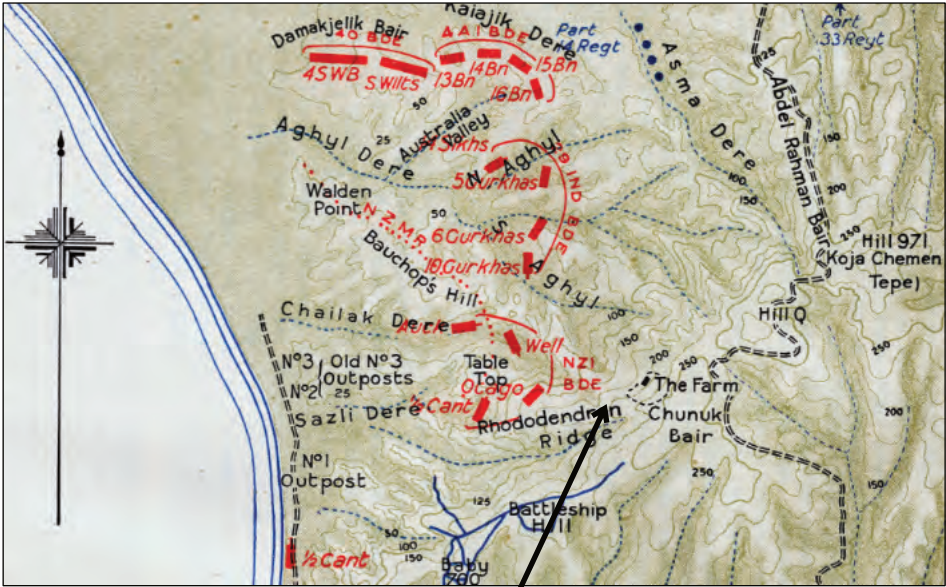
It was his wish I should let you know if anything happened to him and I can only assure you how we all admire him for the gallant way in which he led his men. I will of course advise you of any further news of him and in any case when I return to England will come and tell you all I can, as I fear this letter is very incoherent.

I can't tell you how deeply we all feel his loss, myself especially, and I can only add my very sincere sympathy with you and all your family. The C.O. is also writing to you. If by any chance your son is a prisoner I think you may rest assured that he will be well looked after as those stories of Turkish atrocities are quite untrue.

With very kind regards, Believe me
Yours very truly,
Scott Powell Capt.

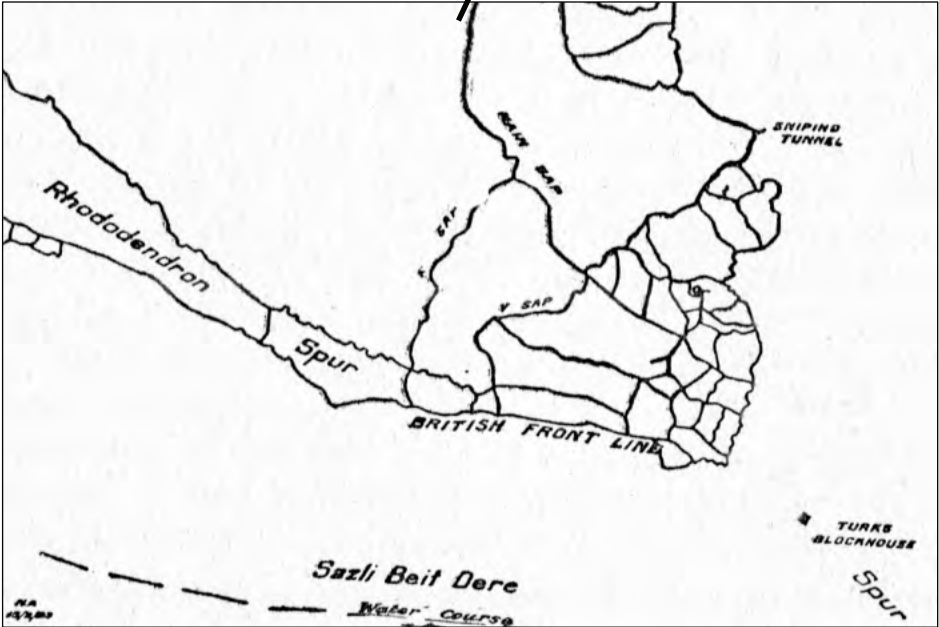
Lieutenant Allies and Captain Powell both kept diaries. Scott Powell, 'the cheeriest man ever known', survived Gallipoli but sadly died of wounds received at Umm el Hannah in Mesopotamia on 4-5 April 1916, aged 30¹. His diaries are also held in the

See also map and photo, page 35.



Above: northern Anzac sector.
Note 'Rhododendron Ridge'. The Turkish name was Shain Sirt (Falcon Hill).

Bean, Volume 2 Map 19, facing page 639.



The Apex. The 'Turks Blockhouse' Lieutenant Allies and his party assaulted is clearly marked.
Note 'Rhododendron Spur'.

Modified from Annabell: *Official History of the New Zealand Engineers During the Great War ...* p47.

RWF museum in Caernarfon Castle, north Wales. His diary entries for the 16th and 17th August 1915 include some details not included in his letter to Euan's father:

August 16th

A very sad morning as I am distressed at the loss of my great friend, Allies, which I am afraid is certain. He was sent forward with 12 bayonet men in broad daylight, 6 o'clock to charge the advanced post before referred to. He led them gallantly. Rallied them once and then ran straight on till he actually got to the trench. Levelled his revolver and yelled, "clear out" and fired. Our machine gun was meanwhile covering his advance and he may have been hit by one of its bullets, or from the Turkish fire trench further back. Anyway he was seen to pitch forward down the hill towards the Turkish main trench. He yelled out, "finish me off!" The Turks again fired and no more was heard for 1/4 of an hour, when someone thought they saw him crawling up the hill again, apparently wounded in the head. He was again fired on by the Turks and nothing more has been seen or heard of him, and I am afraid there is no hope.

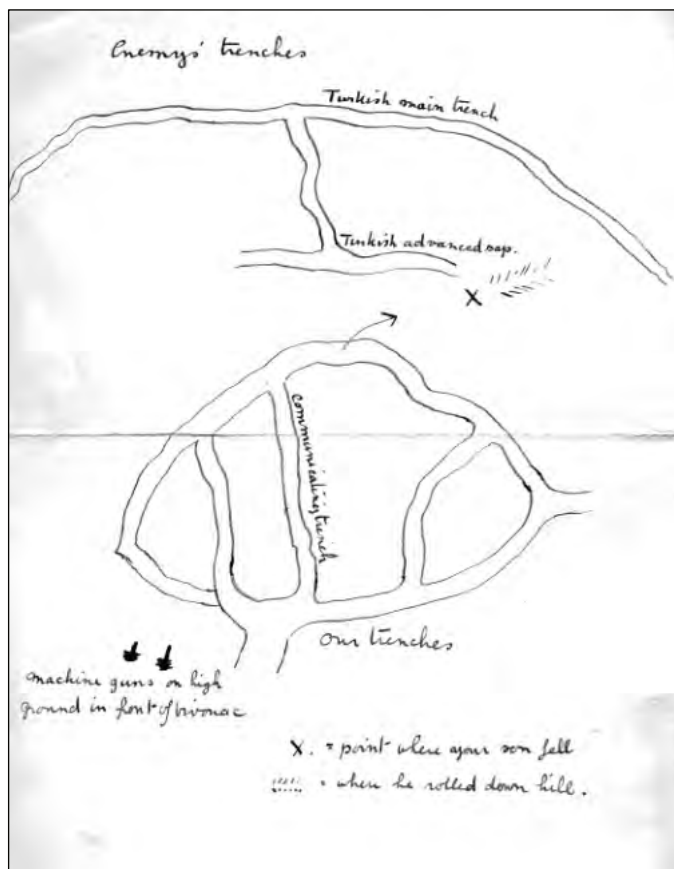
He may possibly be a prisoner of war. Of his 12 men 3 only got about 10 yards and came back unhurt, 2 are wounded and the remainder missing. Altogether it was a sad mess and I am very distressed as I was so fond of him. Meanwhile our machine guns continued to play havoc with the trench and I hope destroyed the 4 steel loopholes, behind which their snipers had hoped to be able to play on our bivouac area of which they would have had command. We stayed in the trenches till 5 when we withdrew while the artillery, whose assistance we had got, played on the Turkish trench but did not do it very much harm. About 6 a company of the Wellington New Zealanders turned up to partially relieve us. The more the merrier as it means less nights in the trenches for us.

August 17th.

A very tiresome day as we had to move our bivouac 3 times, owing to 2 battalions of the Canterbury New Zealanders coming up to take on the fire trenches with us in reserve. The Authorities look upon the taking of this Turkish advanced trench as a matter of great importance, and it was arranged that the N.Zs should have a go at them last night. At 7 o'clock we were told that we should have to lie up all night in support of them, and we moved off at 9 and tried to take up positions in the open brushwood but the country was so awful and the bush so thick that we were withdrawn on to the track and we stayed there all night with fixed bayonets, standing to arms at 12.30 and 4.

The NZs attacked but the Turks had a listening post out ready for them and these dashed back and the Turks immediately reinforced heavily and drove the small attacking party off easily and with loss. They are evidently determined to stay there and have got some deep game on, probably to have our fire trench. I hear we are going to bombard it with naval guns to-morrow, when I hope we shall blow them to bits. No more news of poor Allies.

"No more news of poor Allies." This becomes important when considering some of the witness statements.



The sketch map drawn by Captain Powell, which accompanied his letter to Lieutenant Allies' father.

The following day Lieutenant-Colonel Hay, Commanding Officer 8th Royal Welsh Fusiliers, wrote to Lieutenant Allies' father:

18.5.15 Gallipoli

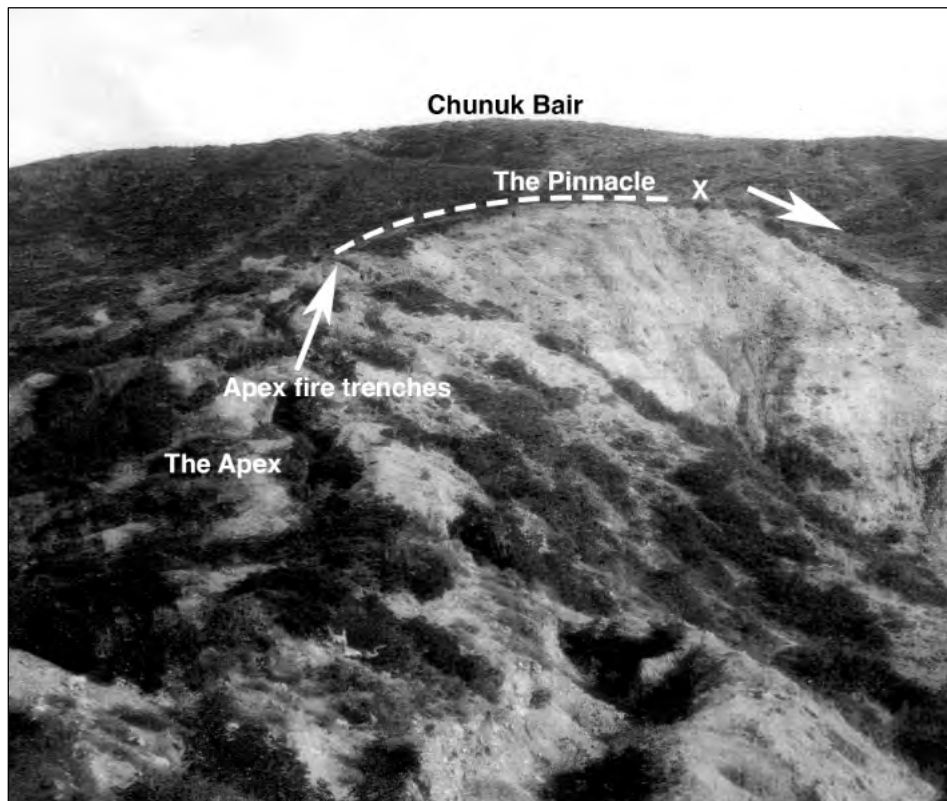
Dear Mr. Allies,

I am very sorry about your son's loss & I most sincerely trust he may possibly still be alive & a prisoner. I had to send a small party out in the early morning of the 16th to destroy some Turkish loopholes that had been erected during the night some 30 yards from our trenches. We were able to cover their advance across the open with our machine guns so it was thought we could effect our object in comparative safety.

Your son most gallantly led the men & was the first to reach the loopholes - here he was seen to fall wounded & he rolled down the hillside towards the Turks & was not seen again - six of his men are also missing so there is I think a strong chance that we shall hear of them again. We have not of course been

able to make any thorough search but as far we have there is no trace of any of the party lying out. The Turks have the reputation of always treating their prisoners, especially officers, well so if your son is in their hands he will be all right. I know how anxious you will be to hear news - we are doing all we can but it is impossible to make anything like a proper search.

I can assure you that your son is a very great loss to the Battn & you have the sympathy of everyone. I most earnestly trust that I shall still be able to send you good news. If there is anything I can tell you further I hope you will let me know.



The ground in 1919, photographed by one of the Canterbury Mounted Rifles NZEF, looking from the Apex approximately west. The 'X' marks the likely position of the blockhouse. The arrow pointing downwards indicates where Lieutenant Allies rolled down the hill into the gully. Note that in the drawing by Captain Powell (previous page), Lieutenant Allies' path from the fire trench to the blockhouse is indicated by a curved arrow, shown above by the dashed line. This track would obviously have been necessary to skirt the almost sheer cliffs evident in this photo. Hill 971 is to the left (north) and not in this photo.

In their letters to Euan's father both Captain Powell and Lieut-Col. Hay mention, twice each, the possibility that Lieutenant Allies had been taken prisoner, and a telegram from the war office to Euan's father notes that Lieutenant Allies was reported missing, but that 'this does not necessarily mean he is killed or wounded.' The faint glimmer of hope these messages no doubt engendered led to Euan's father writing back to the War Office the same day he received the telegram:

Dear Sir,

In reply to your telegram of the 22nd inst. as follows "Regret to inform you Lieut. A. E. Allies 8th Royal Welsh Fusiliers reported missing from 16th Aug."

I would be greatly obliged if you will enquire by wire in any or every quarter likely to furnish any information or further particulars.

Can you wire the American Consul in Constantinople and find out if he has been taken prisoner. I will pay all expenses for wires or any other expenses attending the enquiry which please start as soon as possible.

Yours faithfully, Alfred E. Allies

Statements by witnesses, however, leave little room for hope, though of course these were not known to Lieutenant Allies' father at the time:

Allies, A. E. Lieut.	8 R. Welsh Fus.
(Missing August 16)	
The two witnesses gave an identical account. They knew Lieut. Allies well and were eye-witnesses of the incidents related. Lt. Allies went out with a party of 12 men to a block house in front of hill 971. He was seen to be hit at least twice and after staggering about for a time rolled into a sort of gully and there had to be left. Afterwards the place came under fire of British artillery. Some men in C company ^{offered} agreed to go out and try to find Lt. Allies but it was considered impossible.	
Reference, Pte Evans, 12171, ^{Cpl} 2nd Bartram, 12187 8 R. Welsh Fus. C Company. Government Hospital Alexandria.	
W. H. V. Reade Oct. 14 1915.	

Note that these witnesses have stated to W H V Reade, the Red Cross investigator, that the target of the assault by Lieut. Allies and his men was 'a block house.' The Turkish position at the 'Pinnacle' is usually referred to in other unit histories, war diaries, etc. in this way. The 8th RWF witnessed the early stages of the formation of this strongpoint, destined to be a persistent threat to the allied line, when it was probably only a rock-and-sandbag redoubt.

Transcript of statement by witnesses:

Allies, A. E. Lieut. 8 R. Welsh Fus. (Missing August 16)

The two witnesses gave an identical account. They knew Lieut. Allies well and were eye-witnesses of the incidents related. Lt. Allies went out with a party of 12 men to a block house in front of hill 971. He was seen to be hit at least twice and after staggering about for a time rolled into a sort of gully and there had to be left. Afterwards the place came under fire of British artillery. Some men in C company ~~agreed~~ offered to go out and try to find Lt. Allies but it was considered impossible.

Reference, Pte Evans, 12171, Cpl Bartram, 12187 8 R. Welsh Fus. C Company. Government Hospital Alexandria.

W.H.V. Reade Oct. 14 1915.

The wording in the statement above, that Lieutenant Allies 'had to be left' after he rolled into the gully, suggests that these witnesses, 12171 Private Evans and 12187 Corporal Bartram, were there, and could therefore be the two 'seriously wounded' soldiers who returned from the assault. Still in hospital two months after the action.

Allies A.E. Lieut.	8 Royal Welsh Fusers
(unoff. Wounded off M. Aug. 16)	
Lieut. Allies went out with a bombing party and was killed.	
Witness cannot date this incident but says it took place when	
the Battalion was on hill 971. Lieut. Allies' body lies about	
fifty yards away from the English trenches and witness says that	
he has seen it.	
Reference Pte G.A. Evans 11660 8 Royal Welsh Fusers A Coy	
Deaconesses' Annex Hospital Alexandria.	
D.A. Winstanley	<i>Inquirer</i>
Nov. 11 1915.	

The accounts of the action are consistent in that they agree that 12 men went out with Lieutenant Allies. Captain Powell states that three returned almost immediately, unwounded, and two returned 'wounded' / 'severely wounded' [diary entry / letter to Lieut Allies' father], and that 'the rest' were missing (which would make seven missing; possibly he was including Lieutenant Allies). Lieutenant-Colonel Hay states only that 'six of his [Euan's] men are also missing' and the battalion's entry in its war diary for that day states that 'Lieut. Allies and 5 men were reported "missing"'. The author of the diary entry was Lieut.-Col. Hay. Possibly the number of missing was adjusted between the time he made the diary entry and when he wrote the letter to Euan's father the following day.

No.11660 Pte. G.A.Evans, 8th.R.W.F., A Coy.

states:

I was told by men of the Company that they saw Lieut.A.E.Allies go out with some men. I was told he was seen to be hit and fell and that he then got up, was hit a second time and fell and did not get up again.

Four or five days later I was in the front trench and a body was pointed out to me as Lieut.Allies'. This body was about 50 yards away.

The body was clothed in the uniform of an officer, with a revolver by the side. The body was the build of Lieut.Allies and I am sure it was his body I saw.

I was on Hill 971 (Walker's Ridge), Anzac, when this happened.

The exact location named above is incorrect (should be Rhododendron Ridge, not Walker's Ridge), but the general area was commonly referred to at the time as 'Hill 971', including by Euan in his letter to his father of 11 August (see page 44). It seems odd though, that two privates in 'A' Company (see witness statement above and foot of page 53) could plainly see and confidently identify a body as that of Lieut Allies, yet no mention is made by Capt. Powell of a body, nor is it mentioned in the battalion's war diary, written at the time by Lieut-Colonel Hay. Though it is *possible* that the body they reported was that of Lieut. Allies, there had been many men killed on the ridge from 6 - 10 August and their bodies still lay out on it.

Almost no reference is made, except in passing, to the men who went out with Lieut. Allies and who were also listed as 'Missing'. An examination of fatalities in the 8th Welsh Fusiliers on 16 August reveals the following men died that day, have no known grave, and have their names recorded on Panels 78 - 81 of the Helles Memorial. I have added the names of the two witnesses whose statements appear on the page 52/3, as it is instructive to see where they fit into this list based on their service numbers.

11763 Pte. William BEVAN

Killed in action 16 August 1915

12150 Pte. Jones EVANS

Killed in action 16 August 1915

12171 Pte Evans, Witness

in hospital, 14 October 1915

12176 Pte. Lewis DAVIES

Killed in action 16 August 1915

12187 Cpl Bartram, Witness

in hospital 14 October 1915

12200 Pte. Hugh THOMAS

Killed in action 16 August 1915

12477 Pte. Joseph Hebert OWEN

Killed in action 16 August 1915

24014 Pte. Samuel NASH

Killed in action 16 August 1915

The Royal Welsh Fusiliers Museum is housed within the walls of Caernarfon Castle, a fortress-palace on the banks of the River Seiont. The castle was born out of bitter war with Welsh princes.

The well-maintained archives and displays at the castle are impressive; the Royal Welsh Fusiliers having over 300 years of distinguished service. There are 14 Victoria Cross holders in the regiment and a list of actions as far back as William III's reign in the 1600s. The regiment saw action in the Marlborough Wars, Napoleonic Wars, Crimean & Boer Wars and in the American War of Independence. Many battalions of the regiment served in the First and Second World Wars.

The addition to the museum of the Lieutenant A Euan Allies archive collection will add to the important telling of the Gallipoli story.



Karen Murdoch (RWF Museum), Anne Pedley (RWF Museum Trust) and the author, presenting the A E Allies archive to the museum, 17 September 2019.

“Rarely is such a complete archive donated to a military museum that can now be studied in detail to further add to our knowledge of the 8th Battalion and the Gallipoli campaign and we thank Mr Peter Allies for his very kind donation in memory of his great-uncle, Lt Alfric Euan Allies.”

The many photos taken by Euan during his Journey to War may help other families complete their understanding of the challenges faced by their loved ones in 1914- 1915.

The St Mary Magdalene Church in Alfrick, Worcestershire, has history back to the 12th century. It has been the Allies family resting and memorial location for generations. While there are many graves for the Allies family in the churchyard, there are also memorial plaques in the church to the fallen whose remains were never located.

Below a plaque behind which the remains of his father, Alfred Edward Allies, lie, there is a bronze plaque commemorating Lieutenant Alfrick Euan Allies.



There is little comfort to the families of lost relatives after reading the criticisms of the planning and support given the Gallipoli campaign in the pages of the Dardanelles Commission's report.

It is to be noted, however, that in WW2 by the time of the D-Day invasion, the degree of advance planning by, and co-operation between, the various armed services, along with much-improved logistical support and intelligence, definitely contributed to the successful end of that conflict.

Perhaps the mistakes in preparation and the resultant extensive loss of life on the Gallipoli Peninsula, as well as in many other locations in WWI, led to this better planning.

¹Death of Captain Powell, 8th Royal Welsh Fusiliers, Mesopotamia, April 1916: Where officers could retain control, men remained in the second line. But Captain Powell, seeing the disaster in front of him, left the shelter of the trench and, running forward, attempted to turn the men back. He reached the third line, which was by that time full of men, and, sitting on the parapet, tried to signal to the artillery observers with a bit of rag on a stick. He was struck down by one of our own shrapnel bullets. (4/4/1916: Dudley-Ward, CH (1929) *Records of the Royal Welch Fusiliers* p60).

THE AIR MECHANIC'S WAR

J J Teasdale and the *Ark Royal*

Bernard de Broglio

In 1915, the concept of an aircraft carrier was as experimental as the aeroplanes themselves. While history remembers the pilots who flew over the Dardanelles—names like Samson and Bell-Davies—the men who kept those fragile machines in the air give us a difference perspective. The experiences of Joseph James Teasdale, a Newcastle-born engine room artificer, are preserved within the Liddle Collection at the University of Leeds.

Initiated privately by military historian Dr Peter Liddle in the early 1970s and moved to the university in 1988, the Liddle Collection preserves the personal papers of over 6,000 individuals who lived through the First World War. Crucially, the collection holds over 750 tape-recorded interviews. The following account is drawn from a transcript of an interview recorded with Teasdale in May 1974, alongside his typescript notes regarding the 'Early History and experiences of the Flying Service' and 'Arming Aircraft for war 1914'. Supplemented by a newspaper profile from 1962, these records reveal the practical challenges of early aviation and highlight the Royal Navy's traditional 'make-do-and-mend' attitude.

Born in 1890, Teasdale joined the Navy at 16, training at Chatham Dockyard. His early service was aboard HMS *Dominion*, one of the 'wobbly eight' pre-dreadnoughts. It was a hard school for an engineer: "She had 16 water tube boilers, each having 4 furnaces," he recalled, "so you can imagine the amount of coal that we consumed by shovelling coal into 64 furnaces." By 1913, seeking a "more adventurous life," he volunteered for the nascent Royal Naval Air Service (RNAS).

Teasdale's adventurous life began before he even set foot on the *Ark Royal*. In January 1914, he was the mechanic for Lieutenant J W Seddon on a desperate mission to find the lost submarine *A7* off Plymouth. In biting cold, they flew a Maurice Farman floatplane 350 miles from the Isle of Grain. The aircraft had no passenger seat. Teasdale 'sat cross-legged on the petrol tank behind the pilot, grasped a wing-strut for support,' and endured the five-hour battle with the elements. Although the mission was ultimately fruitless—the *A7* crew had already perished—the flight was a feat of endurance for which Lieutenant Seddon was awarded the Britannia Trophy.

Teasdale's early service at Scapa Flow was not without personal danger. He was scheduled for a dusk patrol, a hazardous duty where 'a forced landing at sea would mean no hope of rescue until dawn.'

"Early one evening an officer pilot arrived at the station," he recalled. "His task was to become acquainted with the routine of the air patrols." Teasdale was replaced by the young officer. "The two-man crew was never seen again." Weeks later, wreckage was found, revealing a broken connecting rod in the engine.

The aircraft were primitive, and the tools to maintain them were basic. Recalling the formation of the RNAS in April 1914, Teasdale noted that the crew dynamic was initially defined by the fragility of the machines. When operating away from base, the second seat was occupied not by an officer, but by a mechanic. This was a necessity born of unreliability; with engines often failing, forced landings were a routine hazard. Teasdale would fly with a simple toolkit in his pocket: 'a pair of pliers, a screwdriver, a bit of sticky tape and a bit of string and wire.' It was "surprising what we could do with these simple things" to get a machine back in the air.

In early 1915, Teasdale joined HMS *Ark Royal*, the first ship in history commissioned specifically as an aeroplane carrier. She was a converted merchant ship, a far cry from the sleek fleet carriers of the next war. "The hold was the hangar," Teasdale recalled, noting that the aircraft relied on folding wings to fit in the stowage below. Bringing them up for operations required the use of the ship's cranes, which had vertical boilers, like the ones "we would see on the dockside." These were "coal fired although the ship was an oil burner," a juxtaposition of old and new technologies that defined the era. The cranes would hoist the machines from the hold onto the deck, then the mechanics would spread the wings and test the engines. Finally, the cranes would lift the aircraft again and lower them over the side for take-off.



Ark Royal at Salonika in the winter of 1915/16 with a Short Type 166 (serial 161) on the flight deck.
(Collection of Bernard de Broglie).

Getting these underpowered machines off the water was a constant struggle, especially in the glassy calm of the Mediterranean. "The motor boats used to often go and ripple the water," Teasdale explained, breaking the surface tension to help the floats release. When that failed, the mechanics took drastic measures. "The most

reliable way ... was to get the mechanic in to start the engine and then dive over the side." The pilot would take off alone, leaving the mechanic to be fished out by a waiting boat.

War demanded constant improvisation. When *Ark Royal* arrived at the Dardanelles, standard armament for aircraft was non-existent. Teasdale's motivation was practical: having experienced "bombs rolling about in the cock-pit" during earlier patrols at Scapa Flow, he decided "the proper place for these things was somewhere outside."

He constructed a rack from "a length of light angle iron" suspended under the fuselage. The release mechanism was delightfully crude: a cable connected to split pins holding the bombs, leading up to the cockpit where it was "fitted with a file handle" so that a sharp tug would drop the ordnance. However, attaching the mounting screws to the 16-lb bombs required drilling into the casing. "I had no knowledge of explosives, and neither had anybody else," Teasdale admitted. He knew only that they were filled with TNT. Deciding to take the risk, he cleared everyone out of the workshop and placed a bomb under the drill press.

"The bomb was much thinner than I had expected," he recalled. "When the drill had penetrated about an eighth of an inch, white powder (TNT) came up the flutes of the drill. I made a hasty retreat." When the workshop failed to explode, he returned to discover that "undetonated bombs could be drilled with safety, provided that the drill was not allowed to get warm."

They also experimented with an anti-submarine gun, a 2.5 pounder that "looked like a six foot length of metal pipe." It was fixed in the passenger cockpit on a gimbal, firing the projectile downward with a dummy discharge upward to counteract the



Crewmen of the *Ark Royal* pictured in front of one of the four RNAS Wight Type A.1 Pushers carried by the ship during the Gallipoli Campaign. Teasdale may be part of this group. The photo is from the album of air mechanic Edgar Charles Cramp. (Collection of Serpil & Bill Sellars).

recoil. "It worked alright," Teasdale noted, "but with no sighting attachment it had no advantage over the sightlessly dropped bombs, and the bombs appeared to be more effective as they made a bigger bang."



'Some of the boys afloat'. Again, Teasdale may be part of this group. From the album of air mechanic Edgar Charles Cramp. (Collection of Serpil & Bill Sellars).

Machine guns posed another problem. They had to fire forward through the propeller arc. With no synchronisation gear yet available, bullets inevitably struck the blades. "We used to bind the propeller up with sticky tape, which held it together, and we changed the propeller every time that we fired any ammunition at all." Then there were the "flechettes" — steel darts in boxes of 500, "alleged to be capable of going through a man and a horse." On one occasion, Commander Charles Rumney Samson was ordered to drop peace leaflets over Turkish lines, promising good treatment and even enclosing Turkish coins. "While they were picking up the leaflets he dropped the darts on them," Teasdale remarked, "which rather defeated the whole object."

On the eve of the great attack to force the Narrows, *Ark Royal* was lying at Tenedos, the forward base for the Allied fleet. On the morning of 18 March, conditions for flying were good. "We didn't have any difficulty in the seaplanes getting off that day," Teasdale noted, "because with a four knot current coming down The Narrows they got off very successfully."

Teasdale was aware of the loss of the battleships *Bouvet*, *Ocean* and *Irresistible*. Nevertheless, "we had instructions that the attack would be followed up the following day and that it was anticipated that we would only receive slight opposition at The Narrows from snipers and that we would be off Constantinople the following evening." The crew prepared the ship for the breakthrough: "I was instructed to see

that all the deadlights were working in the workshop area and to warn all the mechanics to take cover when we were passing through The Narrows.”

“We settled down expecting to go off in the morning, to follow up the sweep on this attack,” he recalled of the mood that night, “and it was very disappointing when we learned that the attack had been called off.”



‘Off the Peninsula, Turkey’. One of *Ark Royal*’s Sopwith Schneider scouts.
From the album of air mechanic Edgar Charles Cramp. (Collection of Serpil & Bill Sellars).

Following the failure of the naval attempt, the army was landed on the peninsula. *Ark Royal* moved to the anchorage at Imbros, which was established as the base for General Headquarters (GHQ). This proximity to High Command allowed Teasdale to observe a surreal, almost bureaucratic rhythm to the daily conduct of the war. While his unit provided air cover for the crossing, he watched the staff officers board a destroyer that “took them off to war” at around 07:30 each morning, returning them for dinner by 18:30. “It was like the commuters going off to town on business with their dispatch cases.”

Co-operation between the new air service and the submarine fleet was vital. Teasdale recalled a mission to assist the submarine E11, which had damaged its periscope in the Sea of Marmara. "We had to fly the spares out across the peninsula to replace them," he said. The mission was "very successfully done," allowing the submarine to maintain her patrol.

Later in the campaign, Teasdale accompanied the monitor M30 to bombard a bridge at Smyrna. The M30 was a strange vessel, with "big blisters on the side" for stability, steaming at a slow 4 knots. Teasdale joked that he "was hoping that the submarine would have a go and see what happened," trusting the blisters to protect them. The M30 was eventually lost, not to a submarine, but to shore fire.

The 'make-do-and-mend' spirit extended to the most mundane repairs. Teasdale remembered a seaplane with a leaky radiator. "In order to keep the machine flying applications of soap had to be made to the leak before each flight."

When they finally decided to make a permanent repair, they discovered the design flaws of early aviation. "In order to remove the radiator the petrol tank had to be removed; to remove the petrol tank the engine had to be removed; and to remove the engine the top wing had to be removed." A ten-minute repair job lasted a week! "It was about this time," Teasdale observed, "that aeroplane designers were beginning to learn the value of designing maintenance requirements."

Joseph Teasdale went on to marry Isabella Lillie Muers in 1925, raise eight children, and retire as an RAF Squadron Leader. A full life, but his time on the *Ark Royal* was unique: the RNAS was inventing naval aviation as they went along. A newspaper profile later summed up his experience: "Thrills? There were enough to last a lifetime in those far off days when every flight was an adventure."

Sources

Liddle Collection, University of Leeds (LIDDLE/WW1/GALL/REC/215): Interview with Squadron Leader J J Teasdale, May 1974, and typescript notes.

Royal Navy Registers of Seamen's Services, 1848-1939.

Newcastle *Evening Chronicle*, 28 June 1962.

HINTON'S POST

At Hinton's Post on Russell's Top there was a mutual arrangement between our chaps and the Turks for a while not to fire on each other. Bully-beef and cigarettes were even exchanged.

(A H Edmonds, 'Gallipoli Memories'. *Sydney Mail* (NSW) 23 April 1930 p9).

TWICE ON GALLIPOLI

Few soldiers have the distinction of having been twice on Gallipoli, but Trooper George Kneale, an old Great Southern boy, has this distinction. George in 1914 joined up with the Sydney troops and was attached to the 7th Light Horse; he saw service in Egypt, and went to Gallipoli when the Light Horse men were transferred from Egypt. In one of the stunts he received four wounds, was invalided to Egypt and back to Australia, and got his discharge on the 12th July, 1916, after a service of 1 year and 255 days. The fighting spirit was in George, he signed up again in March, 1917, and was again attached to the 7th Light Horse; he went to Egypt and then on through Palestine, and was at Gaza, Jaffa, Jerusalem and Jericho, going through the various stunts without being hit.

His opinion of the land and country in Palestine is not very flattering. After the signing of the armistice he went to Egypt and was among the selected troops who went to Gallipoli with those who had been detailed to look after the Australian graves. He states that the second landing was under very different conditions to his first, also that very few of the crosses erected during the campaign remained. After the work of the Light Horse was completed at Gallipoli they returned to Egypt, and later was sent home; Trooper George Kneale got his discharge in Sydney on 11th September, after a second service which extended over two years and 168 days. On Wednesday Trooper Kneale returned to Rutherglen to spend a short holiday and renew his acquaintance with old friends.

- *Rutherglen Sun and Chiltern Valley Advertiser* (Victoria), 26 September 1919 page 2.

SERGT. ALAN WALLACE, NEW ZEALAND ENGINEERS

It is feared that the Sergeant A. Wallace, of the British section of the New Zealand Engineers on active service, who is reported to have died of wounds, is Alan Wallace, the brilliant young Aucklander who was the Rhodes Scholar for 1912. Mr Alan Wallace was the son of Mr George Wallace, manager of the gasworks at Devonport. He was born in Auckland and was educated at the Ponsonby School, the Auckland Grammar School and the Auckland University College. He graduated in 1910, after an exceptionally brilliant scholastic career, gaining in that year the senior scholarships in mathematics, applied mathematics and chemistry. His athletic record was also an excellent one, and he was not only a member of the University Cricket Club, but represented Auckland in 1910-11 in interprovincial matches. He was also a member of the senior eleven of the North Shore Association football club. When he went to Oxford, Alan Wallace entered at Balliol College, and last year he graduated with first-class honours in mathematics. He was also a member of the first eleven. He was staying on for a third year at Oxford, and had intended to read up honours in education, but at the outbreak of war he enlisted in the New Zealand contingent that was mobilised at Home. (*Auckland Star* 19 May 1915 p5).

QUIET COURAGE

On the other hand, the very bravest things are done by lads who make no show of strength. One of these early June days there was brought in a pale-faced, spare-built boy, Davis by name, who belonged to the Border Regiment. His case was plainly desperate. His dark, lustrous eyes and bright smile won the kindly interest of everyone, and he was nursed to the end with tenderness and care.

Then a comrade was brought in badly wounded. Before anything could be done for himself, he wanted to know about his friend. Deep and genuine was his grief on hearing that Davis had died that morning. Only then did we hear the story of Davis's heroism. Three days before, standing in a trench eight feet deep, he threw a bomb, which caught on the parapet and rolled back into the trench. He saw it would immediately explode. There were many men near. It was the decision of a moment. There was nothing else at hand, so he threw himself on the bomb, and was terribly mauled. He saved the lives of his comrades at the cost of his own.

(Ewing, W. (Chaplain-Major), *From Gallipoli to Baghdad*, United Kingdom, Hodder & Stoughton, 1917 pp75-6).

8180 Private Charles R F Davis, 1st Battalion Border Regiment, died 13 June 1915. Buried Lancashire Landing Cemetery.

TURKS TO USE GAS

(Received July 1, 8.55 a.m.)

Athens, 30th June.

The newspapers at Constantinople accuse the Allies of using dumdums and explosive shells filled with gases, and declare that retaliation is justified.

This is interpreted as meaning that the Turks are preparing to use gas at the Dardanelles. (*Evening Post* (Wellington, NZ) 1 July 1915 p7).

LAST POST

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

Lieutenant-Colonel (ret) Richard Farrimond PhD. - Member 7021.

Sadly a good friend of The Gallipoli Association died on 26 February 2026 aged 78. He had been a NASA payload specialist, historian and author who at our 2024 conference presented a paper on Field Marshal Lord Birdwood. See pages 24 - 26.



'Balloon and Balloon ship Port Mudro[s] - This balloon played an important part at Gallipoli.'
[HMS Manica]

State Library of Tasmania NS669-16-1-4



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.



Dixon, C E: *The Beaching of River Clyde, V Beach, Dardanelles.*
National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, PAJ3081

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. 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