



The Spire Sentinel



**The Newsletter & Magazine of The
Chesterfield Branch of The Western Front
Association**



ISSUE 93 - November 2023

Our aims are 'Remembrance and Sharing the History of the
Great War'.



Western Front Association Chesterfield Branch – Meetings 2023

Meetings start at 7.30pm and take place at the Labour Club, Unity House, Saltergate, Chesterfield S40 1NF

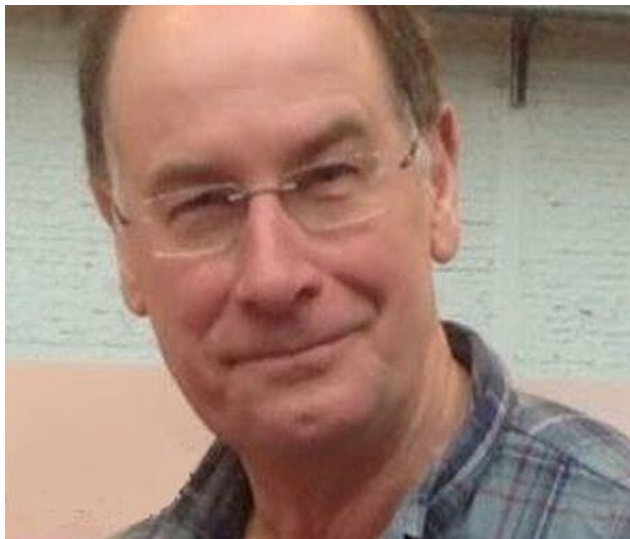
January	4th	. AGM + `British League of Help` by Dudley Giles. Nearly 90 towns, cities, and organisations in the UK, Australia, Canada and Mauritius signed up in the period 1920-1922 to 'adopt' a village, town or city in the Devastated Zone of France.
February	7th	` The First AIR War` ` by Grant Cullen. Based on a collection of rare photographs acquired over 20 years ago at a yard sale in Hazelwood, Missouri, US, this will look at the various protagonists in WW1 - people and Planes
March	7th	` Voie Sacree` by Roy Larkin. The story of the road that connects Bar-le-Duc to Verdun It was given its name because of the vital role it played during the Battle of Verdun in World War I.
April	4th	" For Home and Honour` by Yvonne Ridgeway and James Kay. A bit of a history of our local community in North Sheffield during WW1, from their own research, looking at recruitment, the 1st Sheffield blitz, the tribunals for those wishing to avoid military service and some of the local soldiers' stories.
May	2nd	The First World War contribution of Dulmial Village, in present day Pakistan by Dr Irfan Malik. His Gt. Grandfathers experiences in WW1, and the wider role of muslim soldiers during that conflict
June	6th	Stepbrothers in Arms: the Conscript Experience in 1918 By Tim Lynch who will examine the myths and realities of the army of 1918 and what the evidence actually tells us about ideas of cohesion, morale and professionalism in the BEF.
July	4th	Dr Rebecca Ball ' Daddy, what did you do in the great War? ' Drawing upon fifty working-class autobiographies, this talk examines the impact of the Great War on fifty English families with a particular focus on fathers.
August	1st	Dr. Adam Prime - a newly appointed WFA Trustee who will talk about ' India's Great War ' This talk looks at India's contribution to the First World War in every sense of the word.
September	5th	" Dark Satanic Mills - How Britain's Industry Went to War ". By Andy Rawson This is an insight into the wide range of factories across the country, which worked around the clock to keep up with the expanding requirements of the armed services.
October	3rd	Hedley Malloch ' Left Behind - the fate of British soldiers trapped behind German lines in Belgium and France after the Retreat of 1914
November	7th	Peter Hart - Trench Humour -a look at how soldiers use humour to get through the horrors of trench warfare.
December	5th	David Blanchard - The Casualty Evacuation Chain from Hill 60, Ypres, in early 1915

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Any opinions expressed in this Newsletter /Magazine are not necessarily those of the Western Front Association, Chesterfield Branch, in particular, or the Western Front Association in general

Speaker - November 7th Peter Hart



Peter grew up in Stanhope and Barton under Needwood. He attended school in Chesterfield (1967-73) and Liverpool University (1973-76). He then did a post-graduate teaching course at Crewe & Alsager College (1976-77), and lastly a post-graduate librarianship at Liverpool Polytechnic (1979-80). He was oral historian at the Sound Archive of Imperial War Museum in London from 1981 until

his retirement a few years ago.

Peter has written many books predominantly on British participation in the First World War. His books include; *The Somme*, *Jutland 1916*, *Bloody April* on the air war in 1917, *Passchendaele*, *Aces Falling* (on the air war in 1918), *1918 A Very British Victory and Gallipoli*. A regular visitor and tour guide to Gallipoli where his second to none knowledge is used to the best effect. Peter has been a regular visitor and speaker to the Chesterfield Branch since its inception and we have pleasure in welcoming him on this his `annual` visit.

The title of Peter`s talk on Tuesday is **Trench Humour -a look at how soldiers use humour to get through the horrors of trench warfare.**

I am sure we are going to be educated....and entertained in this subject in the way that only Peter can deliver.



Secretary's Scribbles

Dear Members and Friends,

Welcome to the issue 93 of our Branch Newsletter for October 2023

Seems ages since we had our last meeting and this coming Tuesday, we have Peter Hart making his annual visit to the Branch. Full details about Peter, and his talk are shown elsewhere in this newsletter.

As most of you know, or Branch Member, Rob Nash, is WFA Parade Marshall at the November 11th ceremony at the Cenotaph in Whitehall in London. Rob was deputy to John Chester but took over last year when John had to stand down on health grounds. Given events in the Middle East we have to hope that there are no problems at our ceremony given recent demonstrations in London and elsewhere. I am sure you will all join with me in sending our best wishes to Rob for a safe and successful ceremony.



Rob was Parade Marshall at the recent Festival of Remembrance in Worksop on October 27th where he did an excellent job, being complimented by the Lord Lieutenant of Nottinghamshire, Sir John Peace, the principal guest at this event. Here we see Rob in relaxed mode before the show with the Pipe Major of the Seaforth Highlanders Pipe Band.

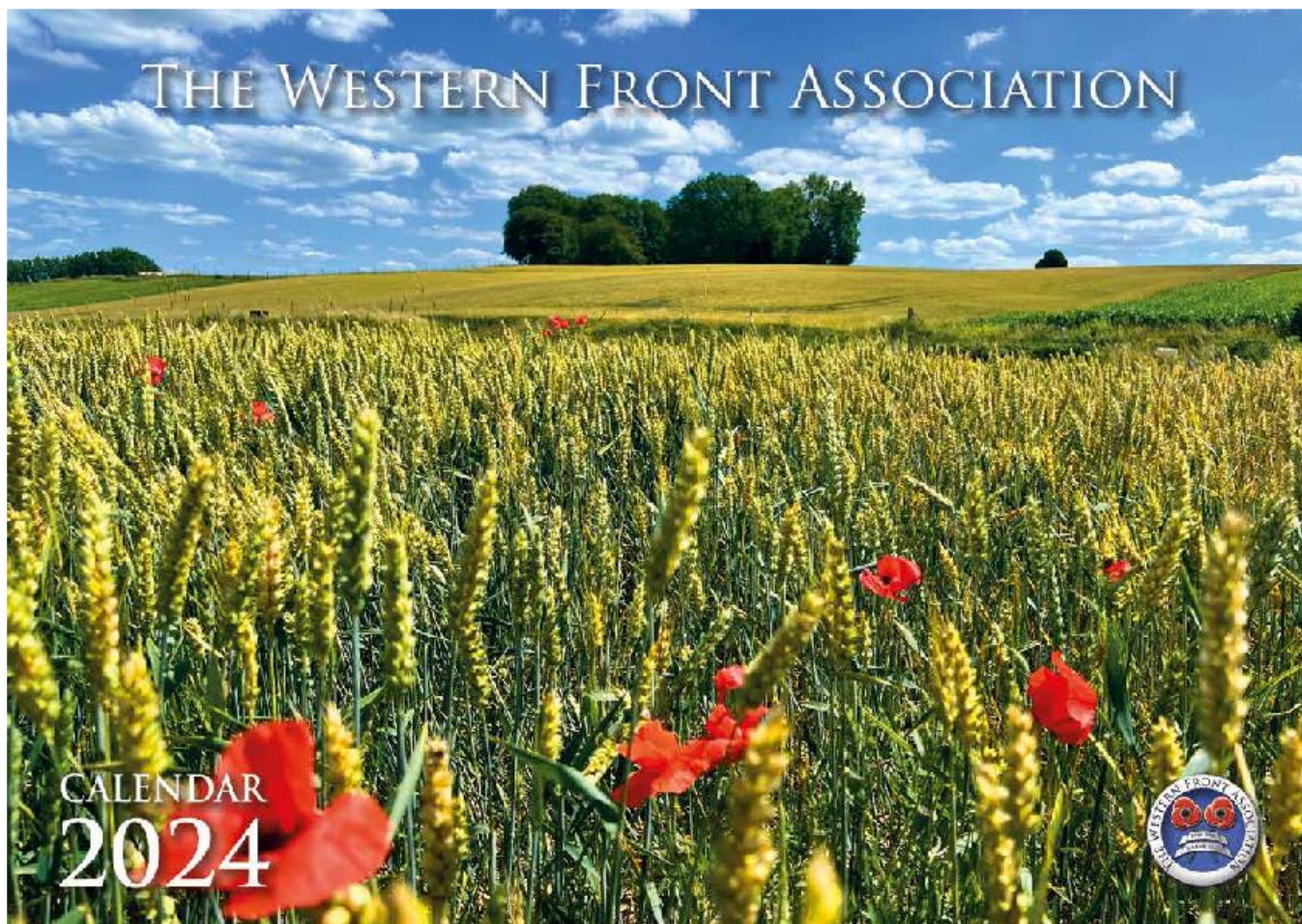
It is that time of the year when I`m making up the speaker`s list for next year...suggestions from members would be most welcome.

Next Month, December, we have a first time visitor to the Branch David Blanchard - The Casualty Evacuation Chain from Hill 60, Ypres, in early 1915

Best regards,

Grant

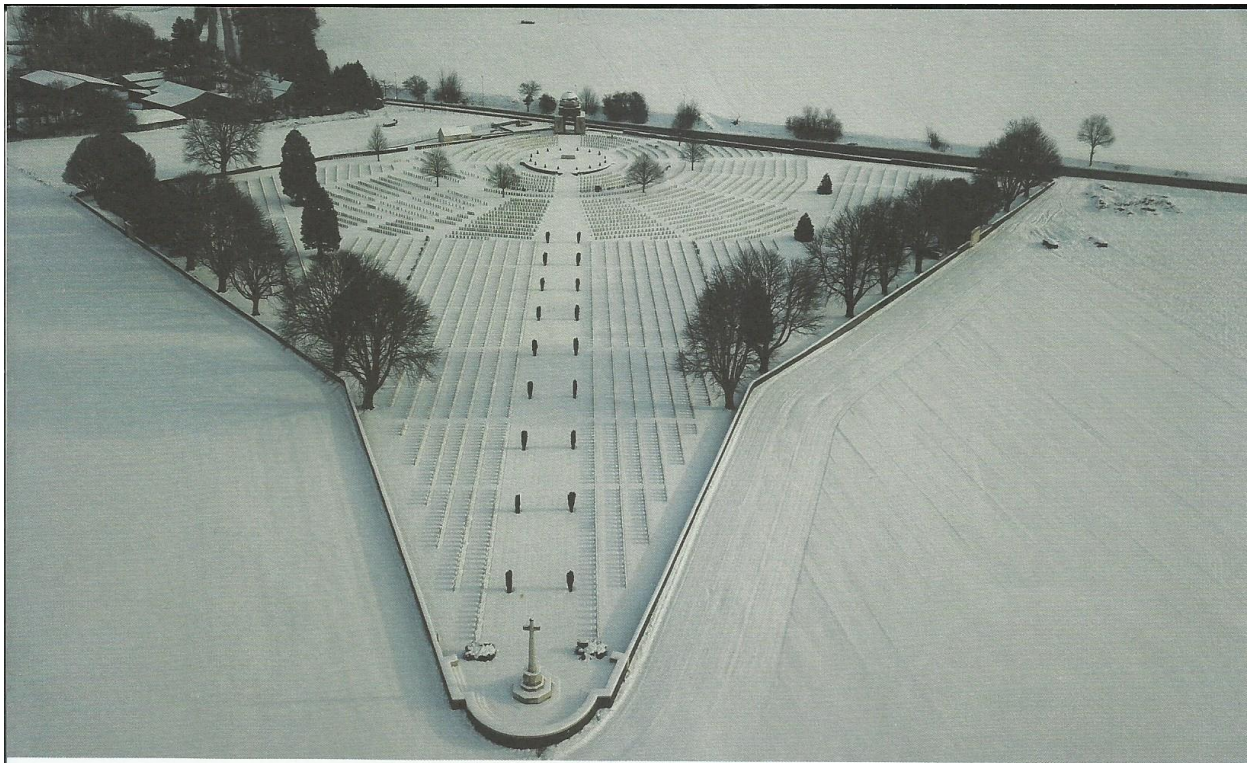
Grant Cullen
Branch Secretary WFA Chesterfield Branch 07824628638



The Western Front Association Calendar for 2024 is now available - 28 pages of photographs and calendar pages. Our branch will be having a supply...hopefully available on Tuesday....remember if you the buy through the Branch...the Branch gets 50% of the selling price £10

The Calendar includes high quality, modern images of scenes from the Western Front. The images are specially selected from the work of a number of committed and talented Western Front photographers. A4 size when folded, opens out to A3 when hung on your wall. £10 (Inc p&p) This price has been held since the 2015 Calendar. Order online or by phone on 0207 118 1914 Link to buy on the Eshop <https://www.westernfrontassociation.com/shop/wfa-branded-items/wfa-calendar-2024/> To Order by phone (0207 118 1914) please have your credit Card details to hand

Calendars will be sent out immediately on receipt of your order



Complete this form and send it (with your cheque if paying by cheque) to:
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Please advise if this is to be a gift or to go to an address other than your own.

I wish to order the following calendars:

Qty	Calendar Destination	Unit Price	Total price
	UK & NI (and BFPO)	£10.00	£
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PLEASE NOTE: orders to be despatched by mid-November 2023

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THE WESTERN FRONT ASSOCIATION

Featured photos: David Tattersfield, John White, Andrew Holmes, Lucy Betteridge-Dyson and Carl Liversage.

October Meeting

Unfortunately our booked speaker, Hedley Malloch took ill on the previous weekend also testing positive for covid, so was unable to come and make his presentation. Hedley has been offered another slot early in next year`s programme.

Branch Secretary Grant Cullen stepped in with his talk `Commemoration and Remembrance of the Great War 1914-1918 - A Personal Journey in Words and Pictures`



More than 50000 names
Are Carved on Ypres Menin Gate
Of Soldiers who have no known grave
Just their destiny and date
Witness and last Testament
Name and Rank and Regiment
Is now all that survives
From so many squandered lives



And for every name inscribed
The poor bereaved were left to mourn
The passing of all those who died
No white stone on tended lawn
No place to go to contemplate
The sacrifice, this wicked waste
No footprint left to show where once they trod
A Soldier of the Great War - Known Unto God

Grant used these introductory slides deliberately to have an impact upon the audience, on the unbelievable losses sustained by combatants of all sides in The Great War. Primarily he said he would be looking at memorials and commemorations of British and Empire (now Commonwealth) soldiers but would not forget their gallant foes - they too were sons, husbands, brothers of those who were left to mourn.

He started his journey just outside Mons at St. Symphorien Cemetery in which is interred the first British soldier killed in combat in August 1914,

and the last, a Canadian, shot dead minutes before the armistice at 11am, November 11th 1918. This cemetery was started by the Germans after the battles around Mons August 24th 1914 and as well as British and Empire dead, Germans lie here too, opponents in combat, comrades for eternity.





We are all aware of the action at Nimy where the first two VCs of the war - Maurice Dease and Sidney Godley - were won. There was gallantry too by the Germans and here we have the grave of Musketier Oscar Niemeyer, who, when Godley was the only remaining British soldier at the railway bridge jumped into the canal swam over to the adjacent road bridge and operated the machinery to swing it back into position over the canal. Niemeyer was shot and killed in this action.

Against overwhelming numbers the British forces retreated south west away from Mons and into France and there was many acts of gallantry, none more so at Etreux where the gallant Royal Munster Fusiliers put up a heroic last stand in an orchard on the edge of this village. They fought until they ran out of ammunition, and with their commanding officer killed, they were overrun, with only a few being taken prisoner. Today most of these men lie in the orchard where they fell.



Moving south we come to the town of Ypres...`The Immortal Salient`...surrounded on three sides by the Germans for most of the war and just on the north of the town, at Essex Farm Cemetery, is the grave

of VJ Strudwick - aged 15 - of The Rifle Brigade - a poignant reminder that many boys lied about their age to join up - and made the ultimate sacrifice.



It was here, at a nearby dressing station in May 1915, that the Canadian doctor, John McCrae penned the immortal poem, `In Flanders Fields`

**In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky**

The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.
Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields



Soldiers came from all over the Empire to the Western Front, including the men of the Indian Army - of course this was before the partition of India into India and Pakistan in the late 1940s. At the village of Neuve Chappelle the Indian Army had its baptism of fire in 1915 and today those gallant men are commemorated with this magnificent structure, remembering, not only those who died in combat , but those who died as PoWs. Grant recalled the excellent talks given earlier this year by Dr. Irfan Malik and Dr. Adam Prime on the Indian Army.

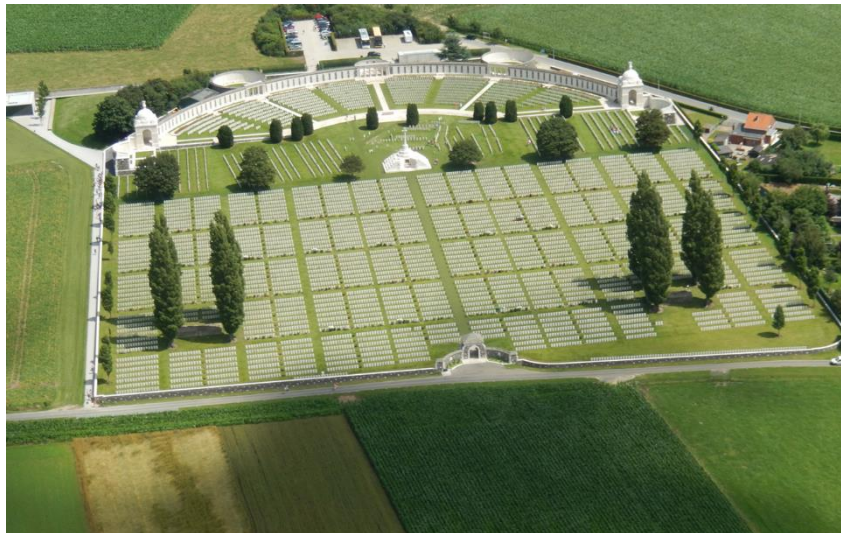


South east of Ypres is the village of Zandvoorde and there is a grave in the local military cemetery which Grant said he finds particularly sad - that of Sgt Louis McGuffie VC of the King`s Own Scottish Borderers - killed the 4th October 1918 - 5 weeks before the end of the war. He was the son of a widow lady from Wigtown in South West Scotland. It is hard to imagine what grief was suffered by that lady when she got word of her beloved boy`s death - the engraving on the headstone says it all...

`O for the touch of the vanished hand and the sound of the voice that is still`

The story behind the posthumous presentation of his VC is particularly moving....

In January 1919 Catherine McGuffie, then living at 1 North Main Street, received a letter from the King inviting her to London to be presented with Louis' Victoria Cross. As her husband had died in 1917 and with an invalid son at home, she did not have the money to afford a trip to London. When they heard of this the townspeople of Wigtown banded together to fund her trip. Upon her return the whole town met her at the railway station and paraded up to the County Buildings, led by the Town Band. Later a brass plaque, which can still be seen in the County Buildings, was provided by public subscription.



Tyne Cot Commonwealth War Graves Cemetery and Memorial to the Missing is a Commonwealth War Graves Commission (CWGC) burial ground for the dead of the First World War in the Ypres Salient on the Western Front. It is the largest cemetery for Commonwealth forces in the world, for any war. The cemetery and its surrounding memorial are located outside Passchendaele, near Zonnebeke in Belgium. Almost 12000 men are buried here. The surrounding wall has engraved the names of a further 35000 soldiers who perished in battles here and who have no known grave.



Vancouver Corner - 'The Brooding Soldier'
This Canadian battlefield memorial commemorates the first battle of WW1 in which troops from the Canadian Expeditionary Force took part: the Second Battle of Ypres. This engagement started with the first use of poison gas in WW1 on 22 April 1915 when the Germans released it against Allied troops. The Canadians defended an area around a road junction which they called Vancouver Corner and while they were able to slow and then stop the German advance they had very little protection against the poison gas except being able to urinate onto a handkerchief and hold it up to their face. In a 48-hour period more than 2,000 Canadian soldiers died in this area and more than 4,500 were wounded, gassed or taken prisoner.

Moving on Grant looked at two German Cemeteries.....



Vladslo German war cemetery is about three kilometres north east of Vladslo, near Diksmuide, Belgium. Established during World War I, the cemetery holds 3,233 wartime burials. In 1956, burials from many smaller surrounding cemeteries were concentrated in Vladslo, and it now contains the remains of 25,644 German soldiers. Each stone bears the name of twenty soldiers, with just their name, rank, and date of death specified. The cemetery is administered by the German War Graves Commission (*Volksbund Deutsche Kriegsgräberfürsorge*). They also look after the three other German war cemeteries in Belgium: Langemark, Menen and Hooghe. The cemetery also contains a pair of statues - *The Grieving Parents* - by Käthe Kollwitz, a noted German sculptress. She made the statues in the 1930s as a tribute to her youngest son, Peter, who was killed in October 1914 and is buried in the cemetery. The eyes on the father-figure gaze on the stone directly in front of him, on which Kollwitz's son's name is written.

In 1933, after the establishment of the National-Socialist regime, the Nazi Party authorities forced her to resign her place on the faculty of the *Akademie der Künste* following her support of the *Dringender Appell*.¹ Her work was removed from museums. Although she was banned from exhibiting, one of her "mother and child" pieces was used by the Nazis for propaganda.

"They give themselves with jubilation; they give themselves like a bright, pure flame ascending straight to heaven."

In July 1936, she and her husband were visited by the Gestapo, who threatened her with arrest and deportation to a Nazi concentration camp; they resolved to commit suicide if such a prospect became inevitable. However, Kollwitz was by now a figure of international note, and no further action was taken.

On her 70th birthday, she "received over 150 telegrams from leading personalities of the art world," as well as offers to house her in the United States, which she declined for fear of provoking reprisals against her family. She died 16 days before the end of WW2

North east of Ypres is the large German cemetery of Langemarck close by the scene of horrific battles in October 1914 when many young German soldiers - the *Kindermord* - `Massacre of the Innocents` were shot down whilst advancing against the experienced riflemen of the BEF. The cemetery, which evolved from a small group of graves from 1915, has seen numerous changes and extensions. It was dedicated in 1932. Today, visitors find a mass grave near the entrance. This **comrades' grave** contains 24,917 servicemen, including the Ace Werner Voss. Between the oak trees, next to this mass grave, are another 10,143 soldiers. The 3,000 school students who were killed during the First Battle of Ypres are buried in a third part of the cemetery. Adolf Hitler visited this cemetery in 1940. There are four bronze life-size figures and represent four comrades mourning the fallen who rest in the cemetery.



Before leaving Ypres, Grant spoke of his visit to Ypres Town cemetery - here the grave of **Prince Maurice of Battenberg** (3 October 1891 - 27 October 1914) was a member of the Hessian princely Battenberg family and the extended British Royal Family, the youngest grandchild of Queen

Victoria. He was known as Prince Maurice of Battenberg throughout his life, since he died before the British Royal Family relinquished their German titles during World War I and the Battenbergs changed their name to Mountbatten. The Prince served in World War I as a Lieutenant in the King's Royal Rifle Corps, and was killed in action at Zonnebeke, in the Ypres Salient on 27 October 1914. The 1st Battalion war diary states, "During the advance eastwards from the ridge the battalion came under terrific shell fire as well as rifle fire... Poor [Prince] Maurice was killed outright just on top of the ridge"

The wording on the lower part of the gravestone reads.....

GRANT HIM WITH ALL THY FAITHFUL SERVANTS A PLACE OF REFRESHMENT AND PEACE.



In Ypres town Cemetery there are other, non-military, graves with local family headstones. On a number of these - there with British names - recording passing in the 1950s, 60s, 70s. Why? In the early 1920s some ex-servicemen went back to Belgium to help with the clearance of the battlefields and the reconstruction. They married local girls had families and made their homes in Ypres. Grant wondered how they coped during the German occupation of Belgium in WW2



Moving away south from Ypres and Flanders we come to the Valley of the River Somme, forever etched in the memory of the British people, particularly the first day of the battle - July 1st 1916. Of Britain's first-day casualties, a staggering 19,240 died. Officers below Major died at a much higher rate on the Somme than private soldiers did, with 60% of British officers who were involved on the first day losing their lives. This gives lie to the oft repeated story that British officers were spectators from well behind the lines.

The battle lasted 141 days, from July 1 to November 18 1916. The official number of British dead, missing or wounded during that period is 419,654. There were 72,000 British and Commonwealth soldiers who died at the Somme with no known graves and whose names are recorded on the British memorial at Thiepval.

Anne Frank's father Otto, Adolf Hitler, poet Wilfred Owen and writer JRR Tolkien all took part in the Battle of the Somme. It was in this war zone that Hitler sustained his leg injury, and the rumoured injury to his groin. JRR Tolkien contracted a fever in the trenches and was ruled out of fighting for the remainder of the war.

The valleys of the Somme and Ancre are dominated by the Memorial to the Missing at Thiepval. Designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, the memorial was built between 1928 and 1932 and is the largest Commonwealth Memorial to the Missing in the world. It was inaugurated by the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VIII) in the presence of Albert Lebrun, President of France, on 1 August 1932.

The memorial represents the names 72,246 officers and men and Lutyens's ingenious geometry arises out of the attempt to display these names in compact form, rather than in the longer, lower and linear form taken by other memorials to the missing of the war, such as those at Loos, Pozières and Arras.

A large inscription reads....

'Here are recorded names of officers and men of the British Armies who fell on the Somme battlefields July 1915 February 1918 but to whom the fortune of war denied the known and honoured burial given to their comrades in death.'

There was a chap who worked for Grant in the 1990s whose elderly mother had had an uncle (whom she never knew) who had died at the Somme. The family didn't know anything of his whereabouts, grave or memorial. After doing some research I found that he, William Beckett, had been killed on July 16th 1916 and had no known grave, but that he was commemorated on the Thiepval Memorial to the Missing. On a visit to the Somme I took pictures of his name on one of the panels and sent it to the family...it gave them some sort of closure after around 90 years of not knowing what had happened to him, other than that he had been killed.

As you travel around the Somme battlefields there are places where you can see remnants of the trenches, although many areas nature and farming have obliterated all traces.

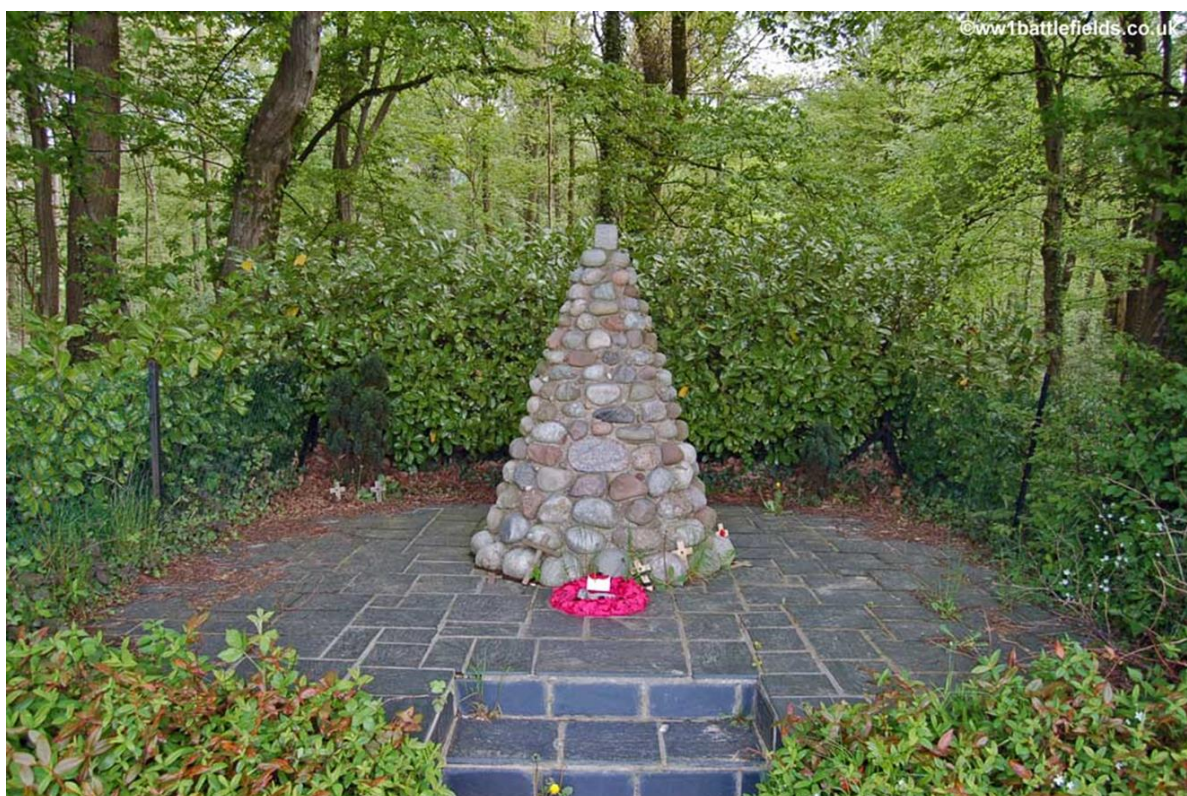


Some parts you can visit today can be identified from pictures taken in 1916 - here we see a group of Soldiers waiting on the order to advance, sitting in the relative safety of a sunken lane, together with a picture of the same location 100 years later.

One of the most unique places to visit is the Lochnagar Crater - a huge hole in the ground created when the British detonated 26 tons of explosives under the German trenches on July 1st 1916 after weeks of tunnelling under the lines. The mine was dug by the Tunneling Companies of the Royal Engineers under a German field fortification known as *Schwabenhöhe* (Swabian Height).

The mine was blown at 7:28 a.m. on 1 July 1916 and left a crater 98 ft (30 m) deep and 330 ft (100 m) wide, which was captured and held by British troops. The attack on either flank was defeated by German small-arms and artillery fire, except on the extreme right flank and just south of La Boisselle, north of the Lochnagar Crater. The crater has been preserved as a memorial and a remembrance service is held each 1 July.

There were of course many craters large and small as a result of shelling, all across the battlefield, most of these being filled in during post war reconstruction and restoration of the land.



HIGH WOOD At the edge of High Wood today is a memorial to men of the 1/9 Highland Light Infantry (Glasgow Highlanders), which is relatively recent. Constructed in 1972, it comprises a cairn with 192 stones taken from another High Wood (near Culloden), commemorating the 192 soldiers of the Glasgow Highlanders who were killed here. The height of

the cairn, five feet and seven inches, also represents the minimum height accepted for recruits into the battalion.



This stunning **Welsh dragon memorial** overlooks the area where the 38th (Welsh) Division attacked Mametz Wood between 7th and 14th July 1916. The wood was eventually cleared by 14th July but at a cost of over 4,000 British casualties.

Grant visited there in 2006 and it was there that he had the most moving experience. On the plinth, held in place by a piece of stone there was in a plastic wallet, a letter..... written by 90 year old lady.....

It read along these lines....

To my dearest dad....you died the day I was born, so I have never known you, but mam told me about you and I have always loved you. Mam loved you too and until the day she died she had your picture by her

bedside and she took it with her to her grave. Now my time on this earth is almost over and, please, please God when I cross over, you will be there to meet me.....MY DAD

Grant said he was not ashamed to say he wept when he read these lines, written in the shaky hand of an elderly lady. He trusted God united this lady with her Dad



The Piper's Memorial, was unveiled in July 2002. It is dedicated to the memory of all pipers, of all nationalities and military units, who were killed in battle during the First World War. The statue is a figure of a piper in battle dress as he climbs out of the trench leading the men of his unit over the parapet. The plaque at the base of the memorial quotes from a poem by Lieutenant Ewart Alan Mackintosh, MC, who served with the 5th Battalion the Seaforth Highlanders.

*The pipes in the street were marching bravely
The marching lads went by with merry hearts and voices singing
My friends marched out to die
But I was hearing a lonely pibroch
Out of an older war
Farewell, Farewell
Farewell Macrimmon, Macrimmon Comes no More*

Sheffield Memorial Park The Memorial Park is in the location of the British Front Line for 1 July 1916. At the time there were four small woods in this sector. They were known on British Army maps from south to north as Matthew Copse, Mark Copse, Luke Copse and John Copse.



During the war the trees in these copses were shattered by artillery shellfire, leaving the tree trunks as splintered stumps. The wood was fenced off to form the site of the Memorial Park and its grounds and trees now cover the location of three of the copses: Mark, Luke and John. Matthew Copse, which was sited just to the south of the Memorial Park, has not regrown into a wood

Decauville Railway Museum. The Froissy-Dompierre Railway.
7km of this 1914-18 narrow gauge railway has been restored. During
the war up to 1500 tonnes of supplies could be moved each day on this
railway



The **Froissy Dompierre Light Railway** (French: *Chemin de fer Froissy-Dompierre*, CFCD) is a 600 mm (1 ft 11⁵/₈ in) narrow gauge light railway running from Froissy (a hamlet of La Neuville-lès-Bray) to Dompierre-Becquincourt, through Cappy, in the Somme department, France. It is run as a heritage railway by APPEVA (*Association Picarde pour la Préservation et l'Entretien des Véhicules Anciens*) and is also known as ***P'tit Train de la Haute Somme***. It is the last survivor of the 600 mm (1 ft 11⁵/₈ in) narrow gauge trench railways of the World War I battlefields.

In summer the museum operates train trips from the depot up the valley in a zig zag manner

Before moving east to Turkey Grant took us on a brief stop in St. Petersburg - or Leningrad when he visited in 1980 we paid a brief visit to Russia, St Petersburg - or Leningrad as it was known when Grant visited in 1980. Here, on the River Neva is moored the protected cruiser `Aurora` from which the forward gun allegedly fired the first shot of the Russian revolution, the signal for the storming of the Winter Palace.

There is a brass plaque commemorating this event on the gun mounting.
The winter palace is now the Hermitage Museum.



The Aurora was one of few Russian warships which survived the Battle of Tsushima in 1905. On their way east to face the Japanese some of the Russian fleet fired on British fishing boats on Dogger Bank - causing casualties amongst the crews - having mistaken them for Japanese torpedo boats!



The Winter Palace Leningrad / St Petersburg (now the Hermitage Museum). In the 1920s the Bolsheviks made a propaganda film about the storming of the Winter of the Winter Palace sing soldiers

as `extras`they had no blank ammunition to issue to simulate gunfire so live rounds were used with an inevitable result...it is said that more lives were lost during the filming than during the actual attack on the palace



Now, we travelled to Turkey where on the Gallipoli peninsula,



The **Çanakkale Martyrs' Memorial** is a war memorial commemorating the service of about 253,000 Turkish soldiers who participated at the Battle of Gallipoli, which took place from April 1915 to December 1915 during the First World War. It is located within the Gallipoli Peninsula Historical National Park on Hisarlık Hill in Morto Bay at the southern end of the Gallipoli peninsula in Çanakkale Province, Turkey. There are no individual graves for the Turkish / Ottoman fallen on Gallipoli, only what is known as `Symbolic Graves`

Turkish Symbolic Memorials



Remember that in 1915 soldiers for the army came from all over the Ottoman Empire, not just what is now modern Turkey.

*Do not ignore the ground on which you have walked,
It is not ordinary soil.
Reflect on the thousands of people, who lie beneath
Without a shroud.
You are the son of a martyr -
Do not hurt your ancestor,
Do not give away this beautiful motherland,
Even if you have the whole world.*

Mustafa Kemal ATATURK's words - 1934



Those heroes who shed their blood and lost their lives! You are now lying in the soil of a friendly country. Therefore rest in peace. There is no difference between the Johnnies and Mehmets to us where they lie side by side here in this country of ours. You, the mothers, who sent their sons from far away countries wipe away your tears; your sons are now lying in our bosom and are in peace. After having lost their lives on this land they have become our sons as well.

Ataturk's Message of Reconciliation

*Those heroes who shed their blood and lost their lives!
You are now lying in the soil of a friendly country.
Therefore rest in peace. There is no difference between
the Johnnies and Mehmets to us where they lie side by
side here in this country of ours. You, the mothers, who
sent their sons from far away countries wipe away your
tears; your sons are now lying in our bosom and are in
peace. After having lost their lives on this land they
have become our sons as well.*



Helles - The Memorial to the Missing



View from the Turkish trenches above V Beach



Grave of Fr. Finn Chaplain to the Royal Dublin Fusiliers in V Beach Cemetery



Grave of Charles Doughty-Wylie....the only solitary grave on Gallipoli in the care of the CWGC

Charles Doughty-Wylie, was no stranger to war. He had fought in every major conflict involving the British forces since 1895. During the Young Turk Rebellion of 1909 he was the British Consul in Mersin. As a result of the rebellion he stepped in to halt the massacre of Armenians (around 30,000 deaths) along the southern coast of Turkey. He even procured troops from the local governor in Adana and with some Marines from a British warship almost single-handedly stopped the massacre. His wife set up a makeshift hospital for injured Armenians. In the Balkan Wars he assisted the Turks as part of the British Red Cross and received the Order of the Medjidie for his work.

In 1915 he helped British troops get ashore at V Beach from the SS River Clyde, the modern day 'Trojan Horse' landing troops at Seddul-Bahir Fort. Doughty-Wylie had such an affection for Turkey and Turks that although he would lead his troops into battle, he would not lift a weapon against them. On 26th of April during the clearing operation of Seddul-Bahir village he was killed instantly. For his efforts he was awarded a VC. His body lay where it fell and he was buried in that spot, alone, on the hill at Seddul-Bahir. To this day his resting place is preserved, away from the nearest CWGC cemeteries. Doughty-Wylie was certainly what you would call an 'International Man of Mystery' he carried on a long distance love affair with the 'Queen of the Desert', Gertrude Bell it was sometime later during the campaign that a lone boat landed on the nearby beach and a solitary figure of a woman dressed entirely in black, silently came ashore, walked straight to his graveside, laid some flowers, spent some time alone there, then just as quietly returned to the boat and sailed away. Nobody knew who it was or how she could so confidently sail into a war zone and walk directly to his grave. To this day nobody is sure if it was the British female spymaster and unofficial Queen of Iraq, Gertrude Bell, or his wife who was working in a hospital on the Greek Islands.

REDOUBT CEMETERY In the Spring of 1922, as part of a unique act of commemoration, the parents of a teenager killed at Gallipoli took the sapling of an English oak tree in a bucket of water across the Mediterranean. One hundred years on and the sapling has grown into an enduring memorial to the sacrifices of hundreds of men from a close-knit group of old Lancashire mill towns. Second Lieutenant Eric Duckworth had not long since celebrated his 19th birthday when he fell during the battle of the Krithia Vineyard on 7th August 1915. Like many, his body was never recovered - but unlike most, his parents were wealthy and well-connected: and James and Mary Duckworth would use their influence to find out far more about the death of their loved one than the majority of those in a similar position could ever hope to discover. Eric Duckworth had studied at Rugby School and was being prepared for a

career overseeing the family's thriving chain of grocery businesses when war broke out. He was immediately parachuted into his hometown Territorial Army battalion (the 1/6th Lancashire Fusiliers) as a junior officer.

Part of the East Lancashire Territorial Army Division (soon to be renamed the 42nd Division), the 1/6th recruited from the mill towns of Rochdale, Middleton and Todmorden. The officers' mess was a tight-knit and socially interconnected group made up of 'the great and good' of these three neighbouring communities, and it was this interconnection that would ultimately facilitate Eric's parents' act of pilgrimage to the Dardanelles.



The intention of Mary and James Duckworth appears to have been to plant the tree sapling in the spot where Eric had fallen, but when they arrived at the site they found that it was being reclaimed for agriculture. Visiting a nearby Imperial War Graves (IWGC) cemetery they were deeply moved to discover that it contained men from Eric's platoon - and furthermore, there were a couple of graves in the Redoubt Cemetery marked as 'An officer of the Lancashire Fusiliers: Known unto God'. Could one of these be their child?

The parents decided to plant the tree sapling in this cemetery and attached a name plaque to it in memory of their son. They then gave money to the Turkish gardener employed by the IWGC to look after the tree, and in the ensuing years Eric's younger brothers (who had been too young to take part in the war) went out to check on its progress and provide further financial support for the local gardeners.

Grant visited Redoubt cemetery in September 2017

The French Cemetery above Morto Bay

This rarely visited Cemetery - certainly rarely by French visitors - is it because many of the fallen who lie here were not from Metropolitan France but from the Colonies ? - sits on the slopes above Morto Bay. The site is dominated by ossuaries, principal of these in the form of a lighthouse

The individual graves are marked by steel crosses made from barbed wire picket posts left in abundance by the Allies when the evacuation ended in January 1916



Grant ended the look at Gallipoli with a short pause on Gallipoli at Eceabat - Maidos in 1915. It is from here that you get the short ferry trip across the Dardanelles to the bustling town of Cannakale.

Just a short walk from the harbour there is **Respect for History Park** (tr. *Tarihe Saygı Parkı*), established in 2008. It is an outdoor exhibition, where several battle scenes of the First World War have been recreated.



Grant then came closer to home...Millport on the Isle of Cumbrae off the North Ayrshire coast in the Firth of Clyde. A few years ago, on a holiday

visit, Grant spotted what appeared to be a gun embedded in sea wall on the West Bay. After looking into this Grant revealed that it is actually a Krupp 155mm howitzer and it was sent to Millport after WW1. How did it come to be buried...stories vary..but it was thought that in WW2 during the search for scrap some enterprising locals buried it to preserve it. Grant also showed a picture he found of some young girls on the gun in the 1920s.

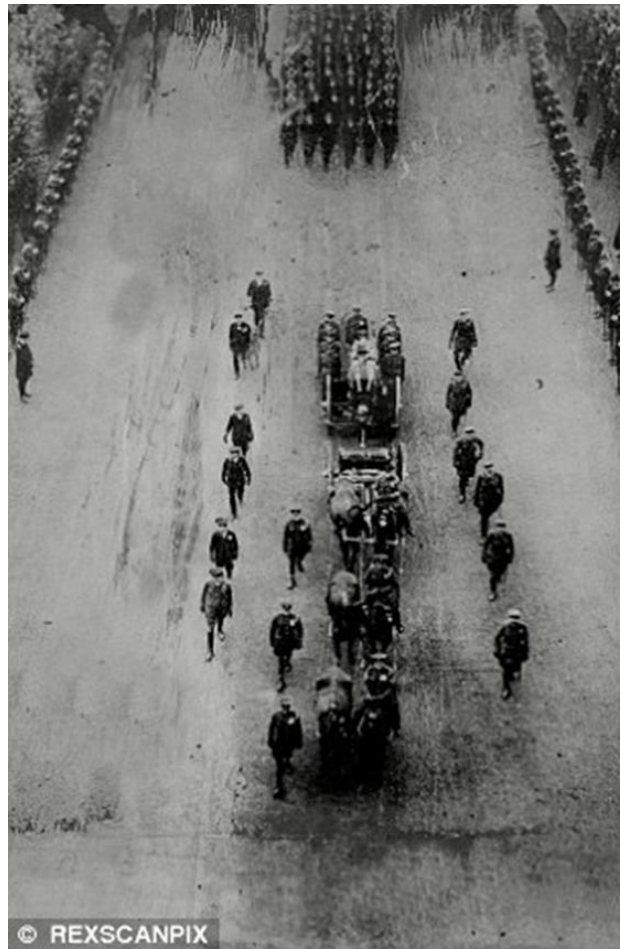


Grant I concluded this presentation by referring to that most famous site of Commemoration and Remembrance in the UK - the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey. I will refer to his journey home and internment in the words of his friend the singer songwriter Ralph McTell who wrote these words.

From Ypres, Arras, Aisne and Somme
Six unknown soldiers were exhumed
A blindfold officer picked one man
And reverently they brought him home



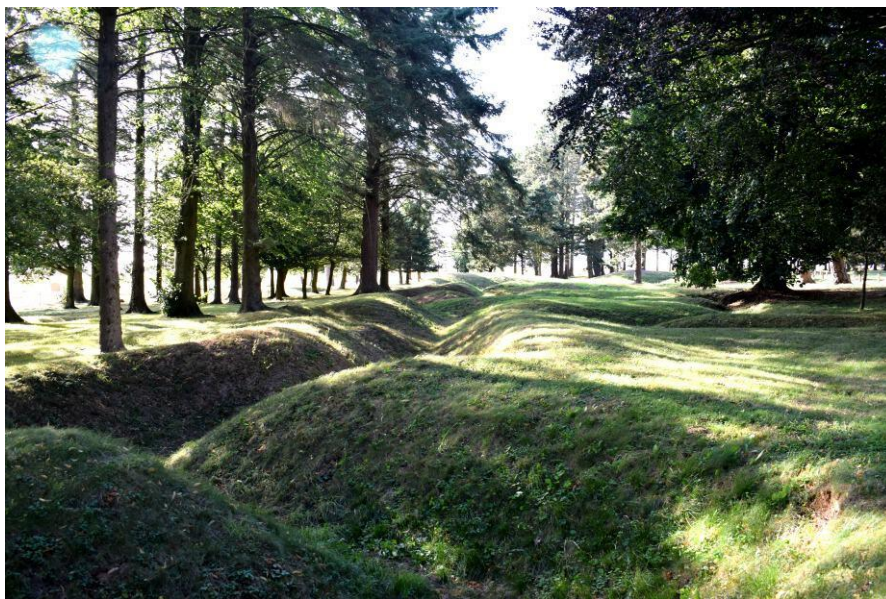
Six black horses drew the hearse
Through silent London crowds immersed
In deepest thought belief or wishful prayer
That it might be their own boy there



The metal tyres on the carriage wheels
 Played the tuneless requiem
The sky as grey as bayonet steel
 Above the sombre hatless men
 One more enemy to kill
 That remaining sense of guilt
That through it all somehow they had survived
 Returned to mothers, sweethearts, wives

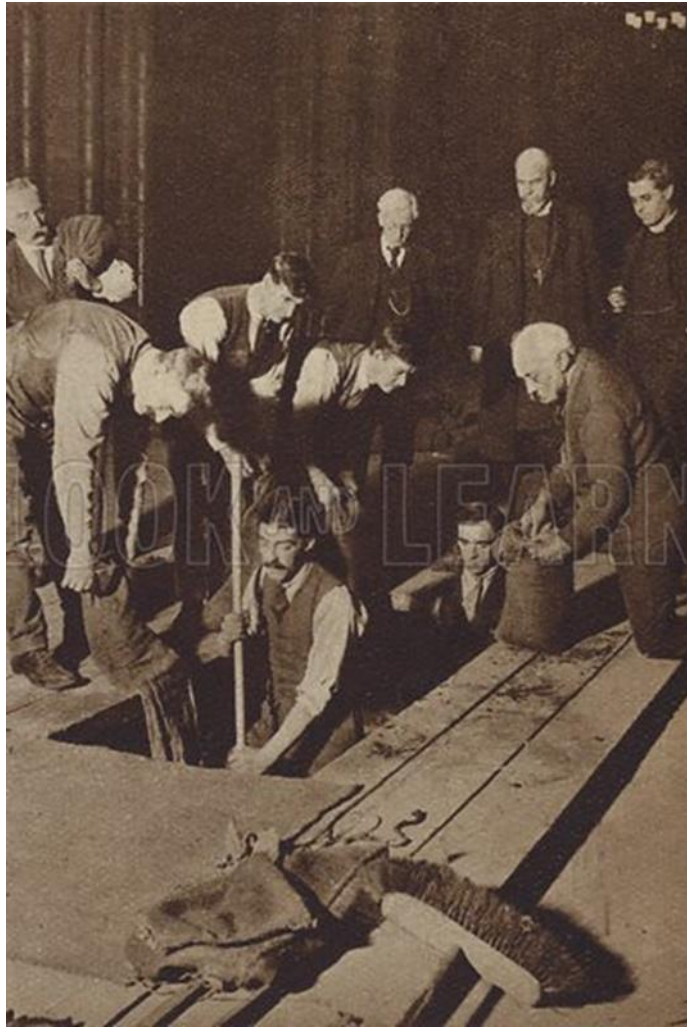


Familiar Streets their own backyards
Their medals and all praise ignored
Relieved to be his honour guard
And walk with him their true reward
While far from pomp and circumstance
Across the autumn fields of France
The trenches start to slowly fill and fade
The bloody page turned by the ploughman`s till





Thankfully we`ll never know
If he was constant strong or frail
Scared or brave in equal parts
Country tanned, or city pale
A carefree youth or thoughtful lad
Not wholly good nor wholly bad
A bomb does not judge how you played your part
A bullet stops a lion`s heart



With softest cloth and gentlest broom
To sweep and wipe cathedral dust
Like dried tears from this marble tomb
Take care for he was one of us
In perfect irony and grief
The bride`s bouquet becomes a wreath
And wrapped beneath the dark angels folded wings

TOMMY ATKINS RESTS WITH KINGS

The presentation almost over, Grant read the emotional poem ``The Day My Family Came``

*I half awoke to a strange new calm And a sleep
that would not clear
For this was the sleep to cure all harm And which
freezes all from fear.
Shot had come from left and right With
shrapnel, shell and flame And turned my
sunlit days to night
Where now, none would call my name.
Years passed me by as I waited, Missed the
generations yet to come, Sadly knew I would
not be fated
To be a father, hold a son.
I heard again the sounds of war When twenty
years of sleep had gone,
For five long years, maybe more, Till peace
once more at last had come. •
More years passed, new voices came, The stones
and trenches to explore, But no-one ever called
my name
So I wished and waited ever more.
Each time I thought, perhaps, perhaps, Perhaps
this time they must call me, But they only
called for other chaps, No-one ever called to set
me free.
Through years of lonely vigil kept, To look for
me they never came, None ever searched or
even wept, Nobody stayed to speak my name.
Until that summer day I heard Some voices
soft and strained with tears,
Then I knew that they had come To roll
away those wasted years.
Their hearts felt out to hold me, Made me
whole like other men, But they had come
just me to see, Drawing me back home with
them.*

*Now I am at peace and free to roam
Where 'ere my family speak my name, That
day my soul was called back home For on
that day my family came.*

That concluded the presentation and Grant was thanked by stand in Chairman, Jon-Paul Harding for his contribution

Private George Irwin vanished at Lone Pine, Gallipoli in August 1915.



Sarah Irwin watches as her son's name is traced from the Lone Pine Memorial stone.

Despite George's disappearance, Sarah always hoped that he was still alive, imagining that perhaps he'd 'been carried to some hospital in England suffering from loss of memory.'

Driven to despair, Sarah met every boat arriving in Sydney with wounded soldiers, seeking information on George. Only after the Great War ended, and prisoners had been exchanged, did Sarah resign herself to George's death. In 1926, George's parents made their pilgrimage to 'the hallowed ground' of Gallipoli. In the heat of September, the Irwins climbed the summit to Lone Pine. Unable to lay their son's remains to rest, they took a rubbing of all that was left for him - his name.

As early as 1921 'scores of Australian men and women' visited Gallipoli. From 1925, when all the cemetery construction work had been completed, pilgrimages increased.

Commission representative Tasman Millington watched as grieving mothers - like Sarah - sat by the grave of a lost son or traced the lettering of his name from his headstone.

Millington distinctly remembered one mother, dressed in heavy garments, a decorative hat, and delicate shoes, retracing the footsteps of her lost son. Under a blazing sun, she traversed the ravines and gullies to reach the summit of Chunuk Bair, where her son had last been seen. She rejoiced in her weariness: 'I have actually walked the way he went and been able to share a little of the hardship.'

Like Sarah, sharing her son's last journey undoubtedly helped her to connect with him.