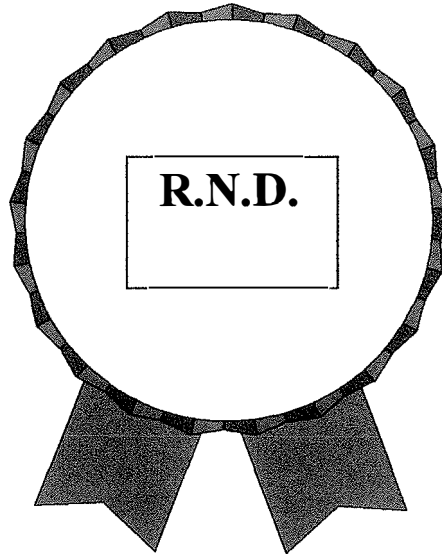


R.N.D
Royal Naval Division
Antwerp, Gallipoli &
Western Front
1914-18



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It might not always be possible to trace the copyright holders of all the material I will quote, and I would be pleased to hear from any such persons to whom this applies.

The picture on the front cover is Arthur Walderne St Clair Tisdall. VC. This fine oil portrait was rescued from a rubbish tip. Please see David Heald's article on pages 634 to 640 in this issue of the R.N.D.

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WESTERN FRONT.

The Officers and men of the 63rd (RN) Division were very proud of their individuality and Winston S Churchill writes about this as part of his introduction in Douglas Jerrold's book 'The Royal Naval Division.' The Second Edition published by Hutchinson & Co. Ltd in 1927. This is reproduced with permission of Curtis Brown Ltd, London, on behalf of the Estate of Sir Winston Churchill. Copyright the Estate of Sir Winston S. Churchill :-

----- When the Division went to France in the spring of 1916 a new set of difficulties began to assail it and even to menace its existence. It was a Naval Division. It had different rates of pay, different ranks, different customs, different methods, different traditions, from those of the British Expeditionary Army. Its officers and men used consistently the Naval parlance on every possible occasion. To leave their camps, in which the White Ensign flew and bells recorded the passage of time, men requested "leave to go ashore;" when they returned they "Came aboard," and when they did not they were reported as "adrift." Men were "rated" and "disrated," and for Sergeants and Lance-Corporals they had Petty Officers and Leading Seaman. Anchors were stencilled on their limbers and emblazoned on their Company flags, and their regimental badges were in the form of the crests of the Admirals whose names their Battalions bore. When ill or wounded they attended "Sick bay;" field kitchens were the "galley;" the King's health was drunk sitting in the "wardroom" - where Officers wanting salt are even reported to have been heard asking neighbours to "give it a fair wind;" all Wrights were "Shiner," and all Clarks were "Nobby." Many of the men and some of the Officers requested "leave to grow," and paraded creditable beards in the faces of a clean-chinned Army.

It need scarcely be said that these manifestations inspired in a certain type of military mind feelings of the liveliest alarm. To this type of mind anything which diverged in the slightest degree from absolute uniformity according to the sealed pattern was inexpressibly painful. Yet these very peculiarities of the Naval Division, this consciousness they had of partnership with the great traditions of the Royal Navy, these odd forms and ceremonies, this special nomenclature, which were cherished and preserved so punctiliously by officers and men, few of whom had ever been to sea, were in fact the mainspring of their exceptional prowess. It is strange how men deprived of everything that makes for happiness and pleasure in human life, confronted with the cruellest trials and under the constant menace amounting almost to certainty of death, find comfort and revivifying strength in little things which to others, freed from these circumstances, living in an easy and exalted sphere, only appear trivial and, perhaps, absurd. --- (1)

Such an attitude and reaction is highlighted in a poem by A. P. Herbert a Lieutenant of the Hawke Battalion. It is called '*The Battle of Codson's Beard.*' and is in fact concerned with the trouble that Sub Lieutenant G.S. Codner of the Hawke Battalion found himself in with his Brigadier-General. The poem was published in '*The Bomber Gipsy*' by Methuen & Co Ltd in 1918.

I would like to thank A.P. Watt Ltd on behalf of Crystal Hale and Jocelyn Herbert for permission to reproduce the poem.

THE BATTLE OF CODSON'S BEARD.

I'll tell you a yarn of a sailor-man, with a
face more fierce than fair,
Who got round that on the Navy's plan by
hiding it all with hair;
He was one of a hard old sailor-breed, and
had lived his life at sea,
But he took to the beach at the nation's need,
and fought with the R.N.D.

Now Brigadier-General Blank's Brigade was
tidy and neat and trim,
And the sight of a beard on *his* parade was a
bit too much for him:
"What is that," said he, with a frightful oath,
"of all that is wild and weird?"
And the staff replied, "A curious growth, but
it looks very like a beard."

And the General said, "I have seen six wars,
and many a ghastly sight,
Fellows with locks that gave one shocks, and
buttons none too bright,
But never a man in *my* Brigade with a face
all fringed with fur;
And you'll toddle away and shave today."
But Codson said, "*You err.*"

"For I don't go much on wars, as such, and
living with rats and worms,
And you ought to be glad of a sailor lad on
any old kind of terms;
While this old beard of which you're skeered,
it stands for a lot to me,
For the great North gales, and the sharks and
whales, and the smell of the good grey
sea."

New Generals crowed to the spot and urged
him to behave,
But Codson said, "You talk a lot, but can
you *make* me shave ?
For the Navy allows a beard at the bows, and
a beard is the sign for me,
That the world may know wherever I go, I
belong to the King's Navee."

They gave him posts in distant parts where
few might see his face,
Town-Major jobs that break men's hearts,
and billets at the Base;
But whenever he knew a fight was due, he
hurried there by train,
And when he'd done for every Hun-they
sent him back again.

Then up spake an old sailor, "It seems
you can't 'ave 'eared,
Begging your pardon, General Blank, the
reason of this same beard:
It's a kind of a sart of a *camyflarge*, and that
I take to mean.
A thing as 'ides some other thing wot
oughtn't to be seen.

"And I've brought you this 'ere photograph
of what'e *used* to be
Before 'e stuck that fluffy muck about 'is
phyzogmy. "
The General looked and, fainting cried, "The
situation's grave!
The beard was bad, but KAMERAD! He
simply must not shave !"

And now, when the thin lines bulge and sag,
and man goes down to man.
A great black beard like a pirate's flag flies
ever in the van;
And I've fought in many a warmish spot,
where death was the least men feared,
But I never knew anything quite so hot as
the Battle of Codson's Beard.

Lieut A.P. Herbert.

ANTWERP.

OFFICERS WHO SERVED WITH THE ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION IN OPERATIONS AROUND ANTWERP, OCTOBER 1914.

HEADQUARTER'S STAFF.

Major General. A. Paris, R.M.A. , G.O.C. in C.
Lt. Colonel. G.S. Richardson.
Lt. Colonel. Ollivant.
Lt. Colonel. Fiennes.
Major. H.D. Farquharson.
Capt E.F.P. Sketchley.
Captain. Gilson.
Captain F. Smith.
Captain. Hutton.
Lieutenant Molloy.
Lieutenant Orde.
Lieutenant J. Goring.
Lieutenant Keith Falconer.

PAYMASTER'S STAFF.

Brigade Paymaster J.F. Carson.
Paymaster Gillard.
Asst. Paymaster. H.A. Lockett.
Asst. Paymaster. J.W. Cordingley.
Lt. Commander S.J. Lacey. - Stores.
Lieutenant S.R. Chichester - Motor Driver.
Mr. Fellows - Chaplain.

HOSPITAL STAFF.

Captain Casement, R.A.M.C.

STAFF OF THE 1st ROYAL NAVAL BRIGADE.

Commodore. W. Henderson.
Major. C.C. Cunningham.
Captain. O. Dyke.
Sub Lieutenant Harmsworth, A.D.C.

DRAKE BATTALION.

Commander Campbell.
Major Wilson.
Lt. Commander King.
Lieutenant Sandford.
Lieutenant N. F. Wells.
Lieutenant C. M. Dillon.
Lieutenant S. Searle.
Sub Lieut. Pinks.
Sub Lieut. Edgar.
Sub Lieut. Gibson Smith.
Sub Lieut. Sir J.H. Campbell.
Sub Lieut. Bangay.
Sub Lieut. Bomming.
Sub Lieut. P.W. McGrath.
Sub Lieut. Aitken.
Sub Lieut. Cartwright.
Sub Lieut. P. S. Campbell.
Surgeon. G. Hamilton.

BENBOW BATTALION.

Commander Fargus.
Major Brice.
Lt Commander Hillhouse.
Lt Commander O.H. Hanson.
Lieutenant. E. Morton.
Lieutenant. R.B. Wilson.
Lieutenant. Rawlins.
Lieutenant. Macartney.
Lieutenant C.R. Ingleby.
Lieutenant. G.G. Grant.
Sub Lieut. Modin.
Sub Lieut. Noad.
Sub Lieut. Bedwell.
Sub Lieut. Boot.
Sub Lieut. Manners Ridge.
Sub Lieut. Pitel.
Sub Lieut. Fixsen.
Sub Lieut. Barrett.
Sub Lieut. Aveling.
Sub Lieut. Burges-Watson.
Surgeon D.J. Williamson.

HAWKE BATTALION.

Commander Beadle.
Major. Fletcher.
Lt. Commander Colmore.
Lieutenant. Douglas.
Lieutenant. Grover.
Lieutenant. West.
Lieutenant. Bromfield.
Sub Lieut. Hadingham.
Sub Lieut. Fraser.
Sub Lieut. Morgan.
Sub Lieut. Platt.
Sub Lieut. Impey.
Sub Lieut. Mitford.
Sub Lieut. Fox.
Surgeon Playne.
Qr. Master. R.W. Murray.
Midshipman. Hubert. W. Champion.

COLLINGWOOD BATTALION.

Lt. Colonel. Maxwell.
Major the Hon. W. Trefusis.
Lieutenant. W. Wilberforce.
Lieutenant. G.F. Hammick.
Lieutenant. E.F. Cuddy.
Lieutenant. L.B. Cogan.
Lieutenant. R.F.L. Crossman.
Sub Lieut. M.A.M. Dillier.
Sub Lieut. P.F. Dobson.
Sub Lieut. W. Carlisle.
Sub Lieut. Leck.
Sub Lieut. J.R.F. Chanter.
Sub Lieut. A.H. Maxwell.
Sub Lieut. Giffard.
Surgeon. G. Sparrow.

STAFF OF THE 2nd NAVAL BRIGADE.

Commodore. O. Backhouse.
Major. W.L. Maxwell.
Captain. M. Saunders.
Asst. Paymaster. H. Biles.
Lieutenant. C. Williams.
Paymaster. G.W. Modie.
Surgeon. Bryan Kenny.

STAFF OF THE 2ND NAVAL BRIGADE CONTINUED :-

Surgeon. Crook.
Surgeon. Sewell.
Surgeon. Keary Mouatt.

NELSON BATTALION.

Lieut. Commander. C.O.D. Bridge.
Lieut. Commander. H.L. Cheston.
Lieutenant. W.R.C. Murray.
Lieutenant. A. Leyland.
Lieutenant. A. C. Primrose.
Lieutenant. M.C. Gibson.
Lieutenant. J.E. Nicol.
Lieutenant. G.H. Lloyd.
Sub Lieut. H. Bremner.
Sub Lieut. A. F. Austin.
Sub Lieut. E. M. Sharer.
Sub Lieut. Thomas. McL. Hutchison.
Sub Lieut. J.H.M. Clark.
Sub Lieut. Eric. Elgood.
Sub Lieut. J.C.M. Guy.
Sub Lieut. Micklem.
Sub Lieut. H. Treves.
Asst. Paymaster. John. E. Macintyre.
Midshipman. Donald. C. Daly.
Midshipman. Stewart Owler.

HOWE BATTALION.

Commander Viscount Curzon.
Adj. Major. Hamilton.
Lt. Commander. Ledgard.
Lieutenant. Vallance.
Lieutenant. Cappell.
Lieutenant. Smail.
Sub Lieut. Browne.
Sub Lieut. Ford.
Sub Lieut. C.D.F. de la Motte.
Sub Lieut. McIntosh.
Sub Lieut. Vaughan.
Sub Lieut. Norman.
Sub Lieut. Maynard.
Sub Lieut. Hall.
Sub Lieut. Claudet.
Midshipman. G. Tothril.

HOOD BATTALION.

Lt. Colonel J.C. Quilter.
Adj. Viscount Bury.
Naval Adj. A.M. Willoughby.
Lt. Commander. J. Ferguson.
Lt. Commander. G.G. Dagleish.
Lt. Commander. B. Freyberg.
Lt. Commander. W. Maples.
Lieutenant. Hughes.
Lieutenant. J.S. Aspin.
Sub Lieut. H. C. Hedderwick.
Sub Lieut. J. E. Rae.
Sub Lieut. J. B. Dodge.
Sub Lieut. W. C. Craven.
Sub Lieut. Kyrke-Smith.
Sub Lieut George. Graves.
Sub Lieut. Alex. Graham.
Sub Lieut. W.F. Keary.
Sub Lieut. Rettie.
Chaplain. Rev. Robert Primrose.

ANSON BATTALION.

Lt. Colonel. Cornwallis West.
Captain. A.C.M. Paris.
Lt. Commander. A.T. Smallwood.
Lieutenant. V.R.P. McKirdy.
Lieutenant. C.C. Anderson.
Lieutenant. A. E. Christie.
Sub Lieut. J. Denholm.
Sub Lieut. W. F. Brown.
Sub Lieut. W.G. Dukerfield.
Sub Lieut. R. Duncan.
Sub Lieut. S.G. Jones.
Sub Lieut. A.W. St. C. Tisdall.
Sub Lieut. I.C.S. Warwick.
Sub Lieut. J. Weir.
Sub Lieut. W. J. Henry.
Sub Lieut. G. S. Davidson.
Sub Lieut. D.A. Knowles.
Sub Lieut. W. Rellie.
Sub Lieut. R. C. Brooke.
Sub Lieut. W.D. Browne.
Sub Lieut. A. Asquith.
Surgeon. J.R. Kay-Mouat.
Chaplain. H.C. Foster.

ROYAL MARINE BRIGADE, HEADQUARTERS STAFF.

Brigr. General. A.E. Marchant.
Lt. Colonel. F. P. Phillips.
Captain. E.H. Morris.
Captain. M. C. Festing.
Lieutenant. Forster. (Motor Owner Driver.)
Sub Lieut. Muntz.

BRIGADE PAY STAFF.

Colonel. D.L. Barrett.
Lieutenant & Qr.Master. F. Waters.

CHATHAM BATTALION.

Lt. Colonel. C. McN. Parsons.
Lt. Colonel. F.R. Godfrey.
Captain. W.H.P. Richards.
Captain. E.A.S. Hatton.
Captain. Graham.
Lieutenant Qr. Master. J. Hammond.
Major. Shubrick.
Lieutenant. Chater.
Lieutenant. Stock.
Lieutenant. M. Curtin.
Lieutenant. H.W. Simpson.
Fleet Surgeon. E.F. Finch.

PORTSMOUTH BATTALION.

Lt. Colonel. F.W. Luard.
Lt. Colonel. E.G. Lynwood.
Major. N. O. Burge.
Major. A.H. French.
Captain. G. P. Lathbury.
Captain. H.H.F. Stockley.
Captain. A.E. Syson.
Captain. J. C. J. Teague.
Lieutenant. J. H. Willoughby.
Lieutenant. C. Brooke-Short.
Lieutenant. D. J. Gowney.
Lieutenant. A.W.H.M. Empson.
Lieutenant. H.E. Beere.
Lieutenant. P.H. Jameson.
Lieutenant. E.J. Sullivan.
Staff-Surgeon. L.L. Greig, M.B.

PLYMOUTH BATTALION.

Lt. Colonel. G.E. Matthews, C.B.
Lt. Colonel. F. T. Phillips.
Major. F. D. Bridges.
Major. A. E. Bewes.
Captain. J. Bush.
Captain. H. de M. Knight.
Captain. R. D. H. Lough.
Lieutenant. J. Battin.
Lieutenant. C. B. Conybeare.
Lieutenant. F. C. Law.
Lieutenant. A. N. Williams.
Lieutenant. C. P. Tuckey.
Lieutenant. J. F. Richards.
Lieutenant. J. F. Ellison.
Lieutenant. J. F. May.
Staff-Surgeon. C. E. Stanford.

DEAL BATTALION.

Lt. Colonel. R. D. Beith.
Lt. Colonel. E.G. Eveleigh.
Major & Brevet Lieutenant Colonel R.N. Rendyshe.
Major. J. A. Tupinan.
Major. W. H. Pryce-Browne.
Captain. J. Bush.
Captain. F. B. A. Lawrie.
Lieutenant & Adj. E. J. B. Tagg.
Lieutenant. W. B. Lukis.
Lieutenant. C. F. Mead.
Lieutenant. A. J. Carpenter.
Lieutenant. P. H. Burton.
Lieutenant. J. F. Moxham.
Surgeon. F. B. Eykyn.

Reference :- 1) List of Officers who served with the Royal Naval Division in operations round Antwerp, October 1914 was found in the Ledgers 'Report of Officer's Service Royal Naval Division. 1914-1919. ROS 183, Vol 1 & 2. At the Ministry of Defence, Admiralty Library, Whitehall, London. It is from the Record Office, R.N.D. 47, Victoria Street, London. S.W. To A.G.R.M. Park Buildings, London S.W. Stamped Headquarters 7th January 1916, number C 3696.

Note:- There is a comment --- This list does not differentiate between those Officers who were at Dunkirk, Cassel, Lille or Antwerp. No information has reached this Office of any R.N.D. Officers receiving Belgian decorations.

However on the 20th January 1916 a report arrived at the Admiralty from the Adjutant General, Admiralty, Royal Marines, 35, Spring Gardens, London S.W. with a supplementary list that showed some additional officers of the R.M.L.I. that had not been included before, unfortunately their battalions were not shown.

Royal Marine Light Infantry.

Lieut Colonel H.D. Farquharson.	Major & Bt Lt. Col.
Major H.G.B. Armstrong.	
Captain W.H.P. Richards.	
Captain A. D. Welsh.	
Captain R.C.G. Foote.	
Lieutenant Temp Captain T.H. Burton.	
Temp Captain G. L. Wilks.	
Lieutenant J.S.S. Thorneley.	
Lieutenant E.G.S. Roe.	
Lieutenant J. Cheetham. D.S.C.	
Lieutenant G. Rutherford.	
Lieutenant R.J. Carpenter.	
Lieutenant W.J. Stuart.	Acting Sgt Major.
Temp Lieutenant. A.W. Staughton.	Qr. Mr Sgt.
Temp Lieutenant H. Hoare.	Sergeant.
Temp Lieutenant E.F. Lindsell.	Colour Sgt R.F.R.
Temp Lieutenant. J. Galliford.	Act Sgt Major.
Temp Lieutenant. G. Kenny.	Colour Sgt R.F.R.
Temp Lieutenant. T.A. Goldring.	Barrack Qr Mr Sgt.

Reserve of Officers. Royal Marines.

Captain A.S. Tetley.
Captain G. Barker.

The under-mentioned are also understood to have taken part whilst belonging to the R.N. Division. (I take the difference to mean that they were attached to R.N. Brigades.)

Temp Captain H.M. Leaf, D.S.O., R.M.
Temp Captain. L.F. Orde, R.M.
Temp Captain. C.W. Foster, R.M.
Temp Lieut. H.J. Finch, R.M.
Temp 2nd Lieut. H.L. Keating, R.M.

Report No. 359/16. Marked Royal Naval Division Headquarters 21/1/16 number C 3696.

GALLIPOLI.

R.N.D. PERSONALITY.

ARTHUR WALDERNE ST CLAIR TISDALL ANSON Bn. VICTORIA CROSS. 1890-1915.

By David Heald.

My fascination with the Great War was kindled as quite a small boy at Bedford School in the 1950s. I used to pore for hours over the old Punch Illustrated History of the War, and gaze, mesmerised, at the names of the campaigns and the Old Bedfordians, some barely out of school, engraved on the wooden panels of the School Memorial Hall. Cambrai, Kut, Mesopotamia, Arras, Gallipoli, Ypres, Salonica - these haunting names seemed to symbolise the carnage and heroism of that terrible war.

In the school Chapel too, along the Rolls of Honour for both World Wars, the names of all Old Bedfordians killed in action, with the badges of their regiments, are beautifully inscribed in the wall panels. One of those names, on the south side, is that of Arthur Walderne St Clair Tisdall, V.C. Two other Old Bedfordians won the Victoria Cross during the Great War, but both survived. It is the circumstances of Tisdall's life, the thought of what he might have achieved had he lived, that gave his short life and heroic death an added poignancy.

Arthur Tisdall was born in Bombay on July 21st, 1890, the son of a missionary. When he was two the family moved to Persia, and as a very small boy, the young Arthur, a precocious scholar, was having conversations in Latin with his father. He was later to master Persian fluently. When he entered Bedford School in 1900, the then Head Master J.S. Phillpotts, 'the Chief', was astonished when the Latin question he threw at the small boy before him was innocently answered in Latin. At Bedford, Arthur was quickly nicknamed 'Pussy' because he admitted having just come from Persia.

In 1900 the Tisdall family returned to England via the Caspian and Black Seas, then passed through the Dardanelles where 15 years later, Tisdall was to meet his death. Bedford was then a small country town with a large proportion of retired colonial and services families. Bedford Grammar School as it was then was, accordingly, a school where such families traditionally sent their sons, and with its old grammar school traditions in the teaching of Classics would have appealed to Tisdall senior. Young Arthur's facility in Latin astounded masters and fellow

pupils alike: "Tisdall stands up and just reels it off", said one awed schoolmate. By the age of 15, he was in the Classical Sixth, of which he was Head when he left school in 1909. At Bedford, Tisdall effortlessly carried off all the major Latin and Greek prizes, as well as prizes in Divinity and English Literature. He was, however, no mere bookworm, and was a vigorous rugby footballer and oarsman, as well as an enthusiastic member of The O.T.C. 'The Ousel', the school magazine, frequently mentions Tisdall as a fiery debater, then very much an old-fashioned Tory imperialist, but later at Cambridge moving, by the standards of those days anyway, leftwards. A contemporary recalls that even then Tisdall was convinced that Turkish rule was a "blot on the Near East". Nor was he a prig, enjoying boyish pranks as much as the next man. Contemporaries often remarked on his open, fun-loving disposition.

At Cambridge, which he entered in September 1909 as a Scholar of Trinity College Tisdall's brilliant academic career continued, culminating in his being awarded the ultimate Classical distinction, the first Chancellor's Gold Medal. He rowed for 1st Trinity, wrote light verse and in his final year, took up the study of economics and immersed himself in Colonial History and the politics of the Balkans and the Near East. His keen interest in the university Officer's Training Corps suggests a patriotic preparedness for a general war which Tisdall believed to be unfortunately inevitable. On top of all this, he pulled off a Double First.

In 1913 Tisdall passed the combined Indian and Home Civil Service examination. In May 1914, he joined the R.N.V.R. and was called up as soon as war started with the rank of Able Seaman. The young Tisdall, always a profoundly religious person, was gripped by the same patriotic fervour which afflicted all the combatant nations. He relates in a letter how strangers in London seeing him in uniform, kept shaking hands with him. On the 14th August he was posted to Walmer Camp and from there went to Antwerp with the Royal Naval Division, receiving his commission to the Anson Battalion on his return as a temporary Sub-Lieutenant in October 1914. Tisdall always said his time in the ranks helped him to understand his men better as an officer.

His baptism of fire in Antwerp made a profound impression on him, as is expressed in a letter from the trenches of October 7th:

"The singing of shells is indescribably weird when you first hear it. All our kits lost by fire. The burning city of Antwerp is a terrible but magnificent sight against the blackness of the night, and lights up the whole country round It's horrid to feel so useless".

After several weeks at Crystal Palace, Sheerness and Chatham, he went to Blandford camp in Dorset. From there, on 22nd February 1915, he wrote a letter whose tone of naïve, schoolboyish excitement can still profoundly move us, knowing as we do what was to happen to Tisdall and so many like him:

“We are off at last. Tuesday we draw equipment, Wednesday parade before Winston Churchill, and on Thursday march off to some seaport and ship for the Mediterranean. We have been promised a six-week or two-month campaign, probably fairly exciting, and then will come back, refit, and go to the continent with the whole division ... We are all getting pith helmets. The men are wild with joy.”

The letter continues more soberly:

“Since my last letter we have been living the same dull life in camp and it has been getting worse and worse. The mud gets deeper and softer, and the work less and less interesting. The officers get into quarrels with each other”

The excellent Naval & Military Press reprint of the Verses, Letters & Remembrances of Tisdall, (1) first published after his death, contains many such letters, and some of his poetry. At Chatham he was seen in the company of his friend Rupert Brooke with whom he was later to explore the countryside of Lemnos. It is fascinating to speculate whether, had he lived, Tisdall would have become as celebrated a poet as his friend.

There is in the sound archives of the Imperial War Museum a brief reminiscence of Tisdall at Blandford by George Wray, taped in 1986. (2)

From Blandford, on 27th February Tisdall left for the Dardanelles, sailing from Avonmouth in the H.M. Troopship *Grantully Castle*, and arriving in Lemnos in early March. He writes : “The voyage has been wonderfully calm: the Channel was a bit choppy, but the Atlantic is like a duck-pond”. From Lemnos he writes with boyish idealism; “Life is pleasant here and there’s something to look forward to; to turn the Turks out of Constantinople, etc, would be a thing well worth doing, and give me a feeling that I had really done one satisfactory piece of work. Here one really feels that we are fighting on the side of civilisation ... They (Turkish woman) are dirty, and the Greeks are clean”. Tisdall’s letters from Lemnos bubble with excitement as the young classical scholar compares ancient with modern Greek and savours the local wine with he pronounces ‘excellent’.

After a period in Port Said and Alexandria, Tisdall made his way to the Dardanelles on board the Cunard S. S *Alaunia*. On the 24 April 1915, he transferred with his platoon of the Anson Battalion R.N.D. to the old collier the *River Clyde* which was to play such a heroic role on the beaches of Gallipoli. After the relative idleness and boredom of the proceeding weeks, the hell of the Gallipoli campaign into which the young Sub-Lieutenant Tisdall was pitched on 25 April 1915 must have seemed all the more infernal. On board the *River Clyde*, beached off shore at “V” beach, he could only look on in helpless horror as the Munster and Dublin Fusiliers were cut down in hundreds by Turkish machine-gun fire, the sea and shore red with blood.

A laconic postcard of 27 April, signed with his childhood nickname of 'Pog', understates the horror with a forced cheerfulness: "Have been under fire and are now ashore; all day spent in burying soldiers. Some of my men are killed. We are all happy and fit. Plenty of hard work and enemy shells, and a smell of dead men". In another undated postcard, posted, ironically, on 7 May, the day after Tisdall's death, 'Pog' writes: "We are in the firing-line now, and spend the night being sniped at and missed. For nearly a week we had to unload barges for other people under heavy fire, which made a lot of dirt, and frightened our Allies (sic) and mules".

There is no mention in these postcards of the heroic events of Sunday, 25 April, nor of the exploit for which, nearly a year afterwards, the Victoria Cross was, on the recommendation of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to King George V, posthumously awarded to him. This was gazetted at the Admiralty on 31 March, 1916. "Only now", the citation reads, "has it been possible to obtain complete information as to the individuals who took part in this gallant act".

Tisdall's gallantry was, indeed almost superhuman and is again, briefly recalled by George Wray. Watching the carnage on V Beach from the Old *River Clyde*, he decided to act. Major Josiah Wedgewood, commanding the Maxim guns on the old hulk, wrote that Tisdall turned to him and shouted: "I can't stand it. I am going over". Jumping from the peak of the ship into the water, and accompanied by Leading Seaman Malia, Chief Petty Officer Perring and Leading Seaman Curtiss and Parkinson, he several times pushed a boat out to rescue wounded men under lethally accurate fire. The men in the boat could only marvel at this foolhardy heroism, but in the general chaos, Tisdall's identity was not established. The anonymous 'R.N. (D.S.O.)' wrote in the *Times* on 6 December 1915; "All the petty officer and blue jackets could say was: "He's one of those Naval Division gents". Days and weeks passed away, and I and others never ceased trying to find out if we could, who and where the unknown hero was."

There is a photo published in Gordon Taylor's excellent London's Navy, a history of the R.N.V.R., taken by a 'Lieutenant C.C.H.' of the Hampshires on board the River Clyde, capturing the very moment when the boat Tisdall used is seen at the shoreline of 'V' Beach on April 25th, 1915.

It was only this letter and one on December 8th from 'Surgeon, R.N.' in the *Times* which first drew attention to Tisdall's bravery. 'Surgeon, R.N.' wrote; "To my mind, there is only one decoration that he should receive, namely, the V.C. His work of magnificent self-devotion was performed under a perfect hail of pom-pom, machine-gun, and rifle fire at almost point-blank range". Nor did his exploits end there. For over a week after the horror of V Beach, Tisdall was under constant heavy Turkish fire, taking supplies up to the front line, and even going to the rescue of a wounded gun horse. A brother officer wrote: "When he came back the doctor said to him: 'We can get more horses, but we can't get another Tisdall'. But he never would take cover, and always worked with his men.



Above :- The *River Clyde* aground at 'V' Beach. From The Royal Marines Museum. Reference 7/17/3 (43).

Below :- 25th April 1915, showing men sheltering behind a small bank of sand and single, also the dead and wounded on a lighter. From the A.M. Patterson papers. The Liddle Collection, Brotherton Library, University of Leeds. Reference (Gall 70) marked No 28 Gall 70/19A. 638.



On 6 May, Tisdall's luck ran out at the Second Battle of Krithia. At 8.30 a.m. he marched off with his men and took up a position with the 2nd R.N. Brigade for the first attack on the position of Achi Baba. By 3 p.m. they had managed to cover quite a distance when he made his men take temporary cover in an enemy trench. There he was shot in the chest, killed instantly as he stood on the parapet, heedless as ever to his own safety. 'T.M.', an Able Seaman from the Anson Battalion, who was present, wrote to Tisdall's parents: "When we got nicely settled in the enemy trench, your son stood up on the parapet of the trench looking for the enemy, but was not there long before he was shot through the chest and he never said one word. We put him away as well as possible".

News of his death reached Deal on 10 May where his father was then Vicar of St George's and a memorial service was held on Ascension Day, 13 May, where the band of the Royal Marines took part. Tributes poured in to the Tisdall family. In a personal letter dated 7 April 1916, King George V wrote: "It is a matter of supreme regret to me that the death of Sub-Lieutenant Arthur Walderne St. Clair Tisdall, R.N.V.R., deprived me of the pride of personally conferring on him the Victoria Cross" 'Major Wedgwood told Tisdall's father. "He was a very gallant man and you have every right to be proud of him, alive or dead".

Mr Foster, Tisdall's chaplain, a close friend, wrote to Dr. Tisdall senior: "He was brave to the last, and fell fighting gallantly ... He was a charming companion, a great scholar, and an excellent officer, loved by his men". He goes on to quote a moving tribute from one of those men, taken from a censored letter: "You would see it in the papers about our dear officer 'going down', Mr. Tisdall. He was one of England's bravest men. All his men about cried when he went because all the boys thought the world of him". Lieutenant-Commander G.G.G., like so many praising Tisdall's scholarship, mourned the waste of so much promise: "He would, I am sure, have had a most brilliant career had he been spared".

On 28 April 1970, Mr F.R. St. Clair Tisdall and Mrs A. Alcock, Tisdall's brother and sister, presented his V.C. and other medals to the headquarters of the London Division, R.N.V.R., at a ceremony aboard H.M.S. *President*, hosted by another VC, Rear Admiral Godfrey Place.

I was recently kindly shown a small showcase dedicated to Tisdall by Commander Robert Avis R.N.R. at the London Division shore HQ H.M.S. *President* at St. Katherine's Dock, Tower Bridge. I also visited a small permanent display at St. Peter's Church, Sandwich dedicated to local men, including Tisdall, who died at Gallipoli.

Recognition of Tisdall's bravery, the first V.C. awarded to a Reservist, was sealed earlier in 1998 when Commodore Muriel Hocking, Head of the R.N.R. renamed the Reserves Accommodation Block at HMS Raleigh, Torpoint, Cornwall the TISDALL DIVISION.

This was reported in the Gallipollian of Spring of 1998. Commodore Hocking is shown holding a small framed portrait of Tisdall. In the same number, there is also a reproduction of a fine oil portrait of Tisdall rescued from a tip, and now hanging at the British Legion Downs Club at Deal. According to school records, this portrait may once have hung at Bedford School. How it ended up on a tip at Deal remains a mystery.

With the support of Bedford School, the author also raised money for the restoration of a fine war memorial at St George's Church, Deal where his father, Dr. William St. Clair Tisdall, was vicar. Tisdall's name, along with that of his brother John Theodore, killed in 1916, and other men of Deal, is prominently recorded on it.

Tisdall was buried where he fell and has no known grave. His name is on the Helles Memorial, and a memorial tablet was later erected in St George's Church, Deal. One of the most touching tributes to Arthur Tisdall, by 'Surgeon, R.N.' will serve as a fitting epitaph: "Tisdall was a man who had absolutely conquered fear ... I do not believe in the man who has never experienced fear. The courageous man is he who can best control his fear. The first thing that Tisdall said laughing to me was, "I was never in such a funk in my life", and I believe him, for all honest men possess this sense of fear". Arthur Tisdall was indeed 'one of England's bravest men'.

David Heald.
12 Roseacre Close
Canterbury, Kent CT2 7HN.

Note:- This is an expanded version of an article which first appeared in The Gallipollian No. 71 (Spring 1993). David would like to hear from readers if they have additional information on Tisdall.

References :-

- 1) For further reading see :- Verses, Letters & Remembrances of Sub-Lieutenant Arthur Walderne St. Clair Tisdall, V.C. Published by The Naval & Military Press in 1992.
ISBN 0 948130 29 6. It was first published by Sidgwick & Jackson Ltd in 1916.
- 2) Recording by George James Storey Wray in 1986. Reference 9202/13 A.
Department of Sound Records, Imperial War Museum, London.

Note: - At the Liddle Collection, Brotherton Library, Leeds University there is a letter written by Tisdall (Reference Gall 106/1-3.) at the Royal Naval Barracks, Chatham on the 11th November 1914. This clearly shows his character and it is no surprise that he was to show such bravery.

---- I am now a serious officer with all my thoughts on making my platoon a force that I can enjoy leading in battle, and with a reckless enjoyment of any momentary pleasure that comes along. ----

About Antwerp ----- It was a splendid adventure and I enjoyed it through and through, but it was one long round of hunger, thirst, want of sleep, marching, digging and all through it ran the endless roaring of big guns.

I would like to thank the Keeper of the Collection Peter Liddle Mlitt PhD FRHistS for permission to use this material.

CERTIFICATE FOR WOUNDS AND HURTS.

**ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION PERSONALITY.
DANIEL DUNN. ABLE SEAMAN R.N.V.R.
NELSON & HAWKE BATTALIONS.**

By his Grandson Michael D Robson.



Daniel Dunn. Able Seaman R.N.V.R. Tyneside, Z//89.

Many of us cherish the medals of a family member who served in the Great War. A bronze decoration and a coloured silk ribbon stand well the tests of time. Not so paper however, which for various reasons tends either not to last or not to be taken care of. It occurs to me therefore that not everyone may be familiar with the Admiralty's Certificate For Wounds And Hurts. The copy over the page was granted to my Grandfather Daniel Dunn who enrolled in the Tyneside Division of the R.N.V.R. at *H.M.S. Calliape* on 11th September 1914. He received the Service Number TZ/89. From that beginning until his demobilisation on the 19th March 1919 all his service was in the Royal Naval Division. Firstly in the Nelson Battalion and later, from January 1917, in the Hawke.

Daniel Dunn was wounded while serving on the Gallipoli peninsular on 4th June 1915. Please note that the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty thought it important to put on record that he was "Sober at the time" ! I cannot say for certain what were the exact circumstances when my Grandfather was wounded. However the date is significant : 4th June 1915, the Third Battle of Krithia. Douglas Jerrold summed up that action as follows :-

Having regard to the disastrous reverse suffered by the French and the Naval Division on the morning of the 4th June, the result was not wholly unsatisfactory. The fine pertinacity of the 42nd Division during the afternoon of the 4th and the work of the Nelson Battalion the next night had at least prevented the enemy from exploiting his earlier success and had preserved for us some substantial gains.

The price paid by the Naval Division for this very negative success was unfortunately out of all reckoning. More than sixty officers and 1300 men became casualties and of these nearly half were killed.

In an appendix to his book "Royal Naval Division Jerrold gives a summary of their casualties, which for the war as a whole reads :-

Killed :-	Officers	445	Other Ranks	7,102.
Died of Wounds:-	Officers	118	Other Ranks	2,466.
Wounded:-	Officers	1334	Other Ranks	29,528.

In his April 1923 introduction to Jerrold's book, Winston Churchill wrote :-

It was a long road to tread. Few there were who survived from first to last.

Under these circumstances you might say that A.B. Daniel Dunn was lucky only to have been wounded in the neck and to have lived to receive a (now treasured) piece of paper for his pains.

Michael D. Robson of Tel Aviv, Israel.

M. 183. Revised Jan. 1914.



CERTIFICATE FOR WOUNDS AND HURTS

These are to Certify the Right Honourable
the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty that

(Name in full)

(Rank or Rating)

(Official or
Regimental No.)

Tunn. Daniel,

H. T.

711. 89.

belonging to His Majesty's Ship Nelson

being then actually upon His Majesty's Service in

Gallipoli

Here describe
the particular
duty

Injured or
Wounded
Date

was * Wounded. on June 4th 1915. by

Here describe
minutely the
nature of the
injury sustained
and the manner
in which it oc-
curred:— as re-
quired by
Articles 1207,
1318 and 1354
of the King's
Regulations

Bullet Wound.
Throat.

* "Sober" or "not
sober"

Personal
Description

He was * Sober. at the time.
Age about 22 years. Born at or near Newcastle. Height 5 ft 7 ins.
Hair light Eyes Blue Complexion Fresh.

Particular
marks or
scars.

Date April 7 1916

Signature of Commanding Officer of Ship
or of Coast Guard or Marine Division.

H. R. Polson

Rank Lt. Commr. R.N.V.R.

Signature of Person who
witnessed the accident

Rank

Signature of
Medical Officer

H. B. Parker

Rank Surgeon.

N.P. 2810/1913
Sta. 100/1911
D. 404 1/100
Sta. 17/113.

12940 D 438, 40000. 9.16.

NOTE:— The grant of a Hurt Certificate to a Petty Officer or Man is to be noted on his
Service Certificate.

RECEIVED

24 MAY 1916

REGISTRY OF SHIPS

G. P., Ltd.

GALLIPOLI.

DIGGING.

A Song of the Spade.

By Lieutenant A.P. Herbert, Hawke Battalion.

With heavy, sleepless eyes,
 With faces starved and drawn,
Some soldiers stood in a dreary ditch
 And dug before the dawn:
 Dig-dig-dig,
 And round the barricade,
While the bull-frogs croaked in the gully-bed
And the 'strays' went whispering overhead,
 They sang the Song of the Spade.

 Dig-dig-dig,
With every finger frayed,
 Dig-dig-dig,
For so are Empires made.
 Why did we leave the Tyne,
 Where men were fairly paid,
If no one fights in the fighting-line
 But only drives a Spade.

 Dig-dig-dig,
 Ever a job to do.
The mules must walk in a covered track,
'The officer' needs a nice new shack,
The parapet here is much too thin,
The General's roof is falling in,
And somebody wants a hundred men
Up the gully to-night at ten
 And a hundred more at two.

Dig-dig-dig,
And underneath the stones,
Dig-dig-dig,
You find a Frenchman's bones.
Pick and shovel and sand,
Shovel and sand and pick,
Cover him there for a little yet,
Man must sleep where his tomb is set.
Quick, lad, cover him quick.

Dig-dig-dig,
But turn some other sod.
Leave him asleep where the maggots creep
And an Army's feet have trod;
But Oh, the awful smell !
To think a thing so vile
Went forth to war with a soldier's smile
And wore the form of God !

Dig-dig-dig,
Dig in the dark out there.
Less noise somebody ! God, what's that ?
Only the feet of a frightened rat.
Dig, and be done before the moon.
Dig, for the Turk will spot you soon !
Lie down, you fools. A flare !

Dig-dig-dig,
One of the section dead.
Dig-dig-dig,
For we must make his bed:
Pick and shovel and sand,
Shovel and sand and pick,
Oh, God, to think it was for this,
I learned the pitman's trick.

He was a mate of mine,
And only yesterday
We talked together about the Tyne
We bathed in Morto Bay.
Dig-dig-dig,
Deep and narrow and neat,
And I must write to a Tyneside town
To say in a ditch we laid him down.
At the back of Mercer Street.

Dig-dig-dig,
With the cramp upon my chest,
Dig-dig-dig,
And this is how we 'rest.'
Oh, for a long, long sleep !
Oh, for a night at ease !
Oh, woman, you think of a thousand fights,
But the sullen toil and the sleepless nights,
The filthy tasks and the sickly sights -
Say, do you think of these.

With heavy sleepless eyes,
With faces starved and drawn,
Some soldiers stood in a dreary ditch
And dug before the dawn.
Dig-dig-dig,
And round the barricade,
While the bull-frogs croaked in the gully-bed
And the 'strays' went whimpering overhead,
They sang this Song of the Spade.

By Lieutenant A.P. Herbert. Hawke Battalion.

* * * * *

Published in 'Half Hours at Helles' by B.H. Blackwell, Broad Street, Oxford in 1916.

I would like to thank A.P. Watt Ltd on behalf of Crystal Hale and Jocelyn Herbert for permission to reproduce the poem.

RECORDS & MUSTER ROLLS.

Officers who died in the Royal Naval Division Naval Brigades.

Startin. Francis Henry James. Sub Lieut, aged 24 years, Nelson Battalion, 19th July 1915, Reg GA1.1. Lancashire Landing Cemetery. Source W. RHN. Father Admiral Sir James Startin - Wyndlawn, Hayling Island, Hampshire.

Stephenson. Reginald Leonard. Sub Lieut, aged 25 years, Hood Battalion, died 25th May 1918, Reg MR27. Pozieres Memorial. Source C. RHH. Parents : Leonard & Jane Stephenson of 'Gazeley' 87, Woodlands Road, Darlington.

Stewart. Stewart Louis Grenet. Surgeon RN, aged 27 years, died 4th June 1915, Reg GR 10, East Mudros, Military Cemetery, Lemnos. Source W. Parents Matthew & EE. Pamela of Lavern House, Barrhead.

Stone. Horace Gordon. Sub Lieut, Anson Battalion, aged 26 years, died 30th September 1918, Reg Fr 759, Louverval Cemetery, grave C2. Source C. Wife :- Mrs M. I. Stone of 125, Wilberforce Road, Finsbury Park, London N4.

Strang. George Nicholas. Sub Lieut, aged 29 years, Howe Battalion, died 13th November 1916, Reg MR21, Thiépval Memorial. Source C. Parents: John & Kate Strang of 3, Leamington Park, Acton, London.

Strickland. Herbert Slade. Sub Lieut, Hawke Battalion, aged 33 years, died 3rd September 1918, Reg MR16, Vis-en- Artois Memorial. Source C. Wife Lillian F. Strickland, 'The Boundaries' Four Mark, Alton, Hants.

Tamplin. Gerald Hornby. Lieut, aged 28 years, Hood Battalion, died 23rd April 1917, Reg Fr 452, Port-de-Jour Cemetery, Athies, grave III G 14. Source C. Wife: Doris M Smeaton (nee Tamplin) London.

Taylor. Frank Arnold. Sub Lieut, aged 26 years, Hood Battalion, died 24th March 1918, Reg MR20, Arras Memorial. Source C. Wife :- Lily Ann Taylor of 226, Sheffield Road, Madsley Bridge, Sheffield.

Taylor. Ralph. Sub Lieut, aged 24 years, Nelson Battalion, died 22nd December 1917, Reg Fr 662, Metz-en-Couture Cemetery, grave II F 7. Source C. Mother :- Mrs Maria Taylor of 32, Crescent Road, Manley, Sydney, New South Wales.

Thomas. Leslie Morgan. Sub Lieut, aged 31 years, Anson Battalion, died 15th February 1917, Reg Fr 8, Calais Southern Cemetery, grave Plot A, officer's row. Source C. Wife :- Mrs M F Thomas of Kilkell, Co Down.

St Clair Tisdall. Arthur Walderne. Victoria Cross. Sub Lieut, aged 24 years, Anson Battalion, died 6th May 1915, Reg MR4, Helles Memorial. Source W. Pupil of Bedford School, Trinity College, Cambridge. Father :- Rev D.R. Tisdall, St Georges Vicarage, Deal, Kent.

Todd. James Gardner. Sub Lieut, aged 28 years, Hawke Battalion, died 2nd October 1918, Fr 530, Hermies Hill Cemetery, grave IV F 5. Source C. Wife :- Mrs Mary Todd of 14, Bradley Terrace, Dipton, Durham.

Tremayne. John Alaric. Sub Lieut, aged 24 years, Hawke Battalion, died 19th June 1915, Reg MR4, Helles Memorial. Source W. Mother :- Mrs Tremayne of 23, Marlow Road, Kensington, London W.

Trenholm. F. E. Sub Lieut, aged 27 years, Anson Battalion, died 10th November 1918, Reg Fr 1142, Valenciennes C.C., grave II E 22. Source C. Father:- Fred of 64 Ewbank St, Stockton on Tees.

Travers. William John. Lieut, aged 23 years, Drake Battalion, died 4th February 1917, Reg 339, Ancre Cemetery, grave VII C 36. Source C. Parents :- Charles & Catherine Travers of Hanover Court, Hanover Square, London.

Treves. Harold Thomsett. Lieut, aged 31 years, Nelson Battalion, died 25th May 1915, Reg MR3, Portsmouth Naval War Memorial. Source W. C. Father:- Late William Knight Treves FRCS - Margate.

Troughton. Harold Willis. . Sub Lieut, aged 30 years, Hood & 190th TM Bty. Died 13th November 1916, Reg Fr339, Ancre Cemetery. Source C. RHH. Father:- C.W. Troughton of 6 South Row, Blackheath, London SE.

Truscott. Cyril Alfred. Lieutenant, aged 34 years, Nelson Battalion, died 23rd April 1917, Reg Fr 96, St Catherine's British Cemetery. Source C. RHN. (See 'For God's Sake Shoot Straight' by Leonard Sellers, page 34. ISBN 0 85052 470 9.) Mother:- Mrs R. Rigeley-Buty of 60, Avenue Rd, St John's Wood, London.

Tucker. Louis Egbert. Sub Lieut, aged 23 years, Collingwood Battalion, died 4th June 1915, Reg MR4, Helles Memorial. Source W. CW. Parents :- W J S & Katherine of Butts Green, Sanden, Nr Chelmsford, Essex.

Turnbull. Frederick Carr Cedric. . Sub Lieut, aged 26 years, Hawke Battalion, died 13th November 1916, Reg FR339, Ancre Cemetery, grave IV A 28. Source C. Wife:- Late Mary Turnbull , 338, Camden Road, London.

Turnbull. George King. Lieut, Nelson Battalion, died 23rd April 1917, Reg MR20, Arras Memorial. Source C. Mother:- Mrs Janet Turnbull, Hillcrest, Langside, Glasgow.

Upson. Charles Edwin. MC. Sub Lieut, aged 31 years, Drake Battalion, died 28th September 1918, Reg Fr 256, Anneux Cemetery, grave I E 9. Source C. Mother:- Mrs M A Upson, Ivy Barns, Stratfield Peverel, Essex.

Unwin. Edwin George Cummings. Sub Lieut, aged 22 years, Hood Battalion, died 3rd September 1918. Reg Fr646. Queant Road Cemetery, Buissy, grave VII E 31. Source C. RHH. Father:- Rev. William C Unwin. Of Loppington Vicarage, Salop.

Wagner. Casper Hardy Granville. Sub Lieut, aged 36 years, Howe Battalion, died 13th November 1916, Reg MR21, Thiepval Memorial. Source C. Wife:- Elizabeth Wagner, 282, 17th Avenue West, Vancouver , B.C. Canada.

Wainwright. Oswald John. Lieut/Paymaster, Hawke Battalion, died 25th August 1918, Reg MR16, Vis-em-Artois Cemetery. Source C. Wife:- Sybil Wainwright. 19, Gildsedge Rd, Eastbourne, Sussex.

Walker. George Allen. Surgeon RN, aged 28 years, 1st RN Field Ambulance, died 14th November 1916, Reg Fr701, Hamel Military Cemetery, grave II D 21. Source C.

Walker. Cyril Gordon. MC. Sub Lieut, aged 32 years, Anson Battalion, died 26th March 1918, Reg Fr 233, Mesnil CC Ex, grave I A 6. Source C. Wife :- Mrs G. C. of Pynot Hall, Cleckheaton, Yorks.

Waller. Thomas Hughes Ashley, Lieut Commander, aged 25 years, Howe Battalion, died 7th May 1915, Reg G14, Skew Bridge Cem, Source W. Parents:- Thomas & Katherine Waller, 31, Sussex Sq, Brighton.

Wallis. Allen Bowley. Lieut, aged 23 years, Drake Battalion, died 23rd April 1917, Reg MR20, Arras Memorial. Source C. Father:- A.W. Wallis, of 41 Ouseley Road, Wandsworth Common, London.

Ward. John Scott. Surgeon RN. Hawke Battalion, died 13th November 1916. Reg MR21, Thiepval Memorial. Source C.

Watkins. John. Sub Lieut, Hood Battalion, aged 23 years, died 31st December 1917, Reg Fr669, Sunken Road Cem, grave B2. Source C. RHH. Father:- J. S. Watkins of 58, Scarborough Street, West Hartlepool.

Watson. James Gibb. Sub Lieut, Hood Battalion, died 13/14 November 1916, Reg MR21, Thiepval Memorial. Source C. RHH. Mother :- Jane Watson, of Thistle Cottage, Larkhill, Lanarkshire.

Wauchope. George William Alfred. Sub Lieut, aged 32 years, Anson Battalion, died 13th November 1916, Reg MR21, Thiepval Memorial. Source C. Parents:- Late Joseph & Mrs J Wauchope, 41, The Mount, Belfast.

Weaver. Frederick Cecil. Sub Lieut, Anson Battalion, died 13th November 1916, Reg Fr 339, Ancre Cemetery, grave II B 35. Source C. Mother:- M.T. Weaver of Lynmouth House, Woking, Surrey.

Weaver. Horace William. Sub Lieut, aged 47 years, Howe Battalion, died 15th July 1915, Lancashire Landing Cemetery. Source W. Wife :- Elizabeth Weaver of 11, Fairlight Road, Eastbourne.

Webber. Joseph Edward. Sub Lieut, aged 25 years, Hood Battalion, died 4th September 1918, Reg MR16, Vis-en-Artois Memorial. Source C. Aunt:- Miss S.J. Johnson of 27, Gordon Road, Cardiff.

West. Charles Skeffington. DSO. Commander, aged 31 years, Howe Battalion, died 30th December 1917, Reg Fr662, Metz-en-Couture CC Brit Exten, grave II F C, Source C. Home- Staverton, Wokingham, Berks.

Westbrook. T. H. Sub Lieut, aged 23 years, Anson Battalion, died 25th May 1918, Reg Fr 84, Bagneux Cemetery, Gezaincourt, grave VI C 19. Source C. Father:- Thomas J Westbrook, 10, Regnauh Buildings, Euston, London NW1.

White. Thomas. Sub Lieut, aged 29 years, Nelson Battalion, died 28th December 1917, Reg Fr 379, Fifteenth Ravine Cemetery, grave V F 20. Source C. RHN. Wife:- Mrs Elsie E White, 32 St Albans Road, Lisgarp, Wallasey, Cheshire.

Whitaker. Hubert Joseph. Sub Lieut, aged 23 years, Nelson Battalion, died 3rd May 1915, Reg MR4, Helles Memorial. Source W. RHN. Parents:- Joshua & Euphrosyne Whitaker of 3, Clifton Place, Sussex Sq, London

Wicks. Edward Ernest. Sub Lieut, aged 23 years, Hawke Battalion, died 3rd September 1918, Reg MR16, Vis-en-Artois Memorial. Father :- Ernest Edward Wicks, 138, Hurst St, Oxford.

Williams. W.E.J. Sub Lieut, aged 23 years, Anson Battalion, died 13th November 1916, Reg Fr 339, Ancre Cemetery, grave IV A 25. Source C. Father:- W. J. Williams of 14, High Street, Brompton, Gillingham, Kent.

Willis. John. Edwin. Sub Lieut, aged 30 years, 190th MG Coy, died 22nd April 1917, Reg Fr95, Aubigny C.C. grave VI C 3. Source C. Parents :- Charles & Ann Willis of 48, Blenheim Gardens, Wallington, Surrey.

Willison. Walter Leigh. Sub Lieut, aged 22 years, Hawke Battalion, died 25th August 1918, Reg Fr 578. Bucquoy CCE, grave A2. Source C. Mother:- Augusta E Willison of Sandford House, Sandford Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

Warwick. John Charles Spencer. Anson Battalion, died 4th June 1915, Reg MR4, Helles Memorial. Source C. Sister:- Mrs Platt, Wolverstone Park, Ipswich, Suffolk.

Wilson. James. Sub Lieut, aged 28 years, Drake Battalion, died 25th March 1918, Reg MR20, Arras Memorial. Source C. Parents:- Mr & Mrs A Wilson of 'Glencairn' Larkhill, Lanarkshire.

Wilson. William. MC. Sub Lieut, Aged 25 years, died 2nd January 1918, Reg Fr 398, Rocquigny- Equancourt Road, British Cemetery, gave IX B 6. Source C. Friend:- Mrs Ellen Cole of 9, Bruntsfield Gardens, Edinburgh.

Wolfe. Arthur Frederick. Sub Lieut, Aged 19 years, died 4th March 1917, Reg MR 20, Thiepval Memorial. Source C. RHN. Father :- Arthur Wolfe of 'Highfield', Newbridge Avenue, Wolverhampton.

Woodford. Charles James. DSM. Sub Lieut, Drake Battalion, died 30th December 1917, Reg MR20, Thiepval Memorial. Source C. Wife:- of 'Atherfield' Chale, W Newport, I.O.W.

Wyard. Roy. Sub Lieut, aged 26 years, Hood Battalion, died 16th November 1917, Reg Fr145, St Sever Cemetery Extn , Rouen, grave B 1 20. Source C. RHH. Father:- Rev. G. L. Wyard of 'Cartree' Church Road, Canford Cliffs, Bournemouth.

Yeoman. William Robert. Sub Lieut, aged 21 years, Howe Battalion, died 24th April 1917, Reg MR20, Arras Memorial. Source C. Father:- W.V. Yeoman of 101, Earls Park Ave, Newlands, Glasgow.

Young. Harry. Sub Lieut, aged 24 years, Anson Battalion, died 10th November 1918, Reg Fr1142, Valenciennes C.C, grave II E 23. Source C. Parents:- Charles & Eleanor Young of 196, South Street, New Willington, Chesterfield.

Sources :- C - Commonwealth War Graves Commission, CW - 'The Collingwood Battalion' W - 'To What End Did They Die?' RHR - Roll of Honour Ruvigay. RHN. - Roll of Honour Nelson. RHH. - Roll of Honour Hood. RHHa - Roll of Honour Hawke. RHHo - Roll of Honour Howe.

Note :- This completes the Naval Brigade's listings. Issue 10 (September 1999) will start with those who lost their lives whilst serving in the Royal Marines of the Royal Naval Division.

I would like to thank Tony Froom of Kent for the many many hours of research that he has undertaken in order to produce such an extensive and useful piece of research.

WESTERN FRONT.

BACKS TO THE WALL - THE ROYAL MARINES - MARCH 1918.

By Kyle Tallett.

INTRODUCTION.

Last year was the year of 80th Anniversaries when we remembered the events of 1918. For me 1918 is probably the most fascinating of all years, from my studies of local casualties it is also the most deadly of all years. The army of 1918 in my opinion has had a bad press, the events of March are often brought up, but the events of August to November forgotten. It's the events of March and early April that I intend to discuss with reference to the Royal Marines of the Royal Naval Division. I have often held the belief that the Army is given an extremely bad press for the events of March, but a more learned look tells you a completely different story, and the reality is very different. It was the time of much unheralded heroism, the time when true quality came through. The experiences of the Royal Marines are typical of many units, and its them I will be concentrating on, sometimes bringing in other RND units. The story of late March 1918 is a very complex one to describe for a whole division, as each battalion within it had it's own story, trials and tribulations on which a whole book could be written.

BACKGROUND.

In March 1918 the RND was in the Flesquieres Salient to the south west of Cambrai. It had been sent to this sector in response to the German counter attack at Cambrai, this counter attack actually resulted in the RND not going back to Ypres for a second tour. As the name suggests the Flesquieres salient is precisely that, it bulged into German lines and the size of it enabled three divisions to deploy, the RND was on a 3 brigade front, each brigade with one battalion in the front line, and the others deployed behind. Since the collapse of Russia the Germans had been moving more divisions to the Western Front. With the Americans due in significant numbers later in the year any chance of winning the war lay in striking early and knocking out the French and the British armies. This thought wasn't lost on the British either. They knew it had to come. The Germans started their preparations in early March by launching gas attacks over a prolonged period of time and units were subjected to days of gas shells with the aim of gradually wearing down the morale and numbers of the British troops. The RND were victims of this too, in mid March, when Drake and Hawke battalions lost over half their strength over several days of constant gas shelling. Examination of the 149th Field Ambulance admission book reveals that March 14th to 17th the field ambulance was full of gas cases (1). The Marines had suffered quite a number of casualties but nowhere near the level of Hawke and Drake. So when March 21st came the Division was short on numbers and quite run down.

THE GERMANS STRIKE - 21st March 1918.

In the early hours of 21st March on the 188th Brigade front, 1 RM were in the front line, 2 RM were in the reserve line and Anson was in support. At 4.45 am the waiting was over, a ferocious barrage hit the lines of Marines. The shells were Phosgene Gas ones which formed a great fog which filled Grand Ravine this continued for 4 hours before switching to high explosive. The Artillery Batteries behind the Marines positions were systematically engaged and barraged. As regards to infantry attack, not much materialised on the 188th Brigade front, other parts of the RND were attacked but fought off their attackers. The 17th Division to the north of the RND was attacked and driven back slightly. To the south the 47th Division was also slightly pushed back but the RND who was in the centre of the Flesquieres salient held its ground. I will comment on this further on in the article.

Whilst the flank Divisions to the side of the RND and parts of the RND were severely shelled and attacked, the Marines were not put under severe pressure at all and had very minor losses from artillery fire. The order came to 1RM to retire through 2RM which is what they did at nightfall, leaving 2RM as the front line holding the old support line. Various accounts from survivors of this time speak of the lack of vision caused by the gas, which was causing more of an annoyance than casualties, and severe fighting took place on each flank. So a momentous day drew to a close the Marines were left wondering what next day would bring, Surgeon Pearce-Gould summed up the attitude that prevailed "The Commanding officer (Lt. Col Farquarson) appears distinctly unnerved" (2).

22nd March 1918.

The enemy was slow to pursue but did in the early hours of the morning. The morning of the 22nd arrived with heavy shelling of 2RM in the front line, the day was misty and the visibility poor. The shelling combining the gas with the mist made visibility poor and hampered the co-ordination of the battalions. Lt Col Farquarson was out of touch with his two front line companies. An alert went up that the Germans were attacking on 2RM's left, Farquarson immediately ordered one of his reserve companies to go to assist. He also decided to take his headquarters with it. What happened next is best described by Surgeon Pearce-Gould :-

"An alarm was given that the Hun was over on our left. The Commanding Officer promptly summoned Headquarters Company and started leading them over the Brown line to the left where he thought the attack was coming. Morning misty and visibility poor. After crossing Bapaume-Havrincourt road and getting into the Brown line again we came into heavy shell fire; passed poor Collier and Witting killed, and on through a devilish fire to reach Williams. I got separated from the CO but heard his whereabouts and ran into a cabouche to find him. With a shock I came upon him there lying badly hit, pale collapsed, and in great pain. Left arm badly smashed close to the shoulder - a second wound in the buttocks". (3)

The CO was got away but died from his wounds two days later. Farquarson was one of the early members of the Marines who served on Gallipoli and at the Ancre. This left a

command vacuum as “2 RM’s second in command, Major Goode was also wounded, so Lt Commander Coote from Anson was brought over to take command. During the afternoon the shelling increased and an attack was made on Havrincourt which was repulsed.

23rd March 1918.

Orders were received that the Marine battalions were to fall back to a position called St.Hubert’s cross in Havrincourt Wood during the night as the enemy was making gains on each flank. Reports also began to come in that on the right the Germans had got in behind them. It was beginning to appear that the RND along with 17th and 47th Divisions may be caught in a pincer movement. As a consequence early on the morning of the 23rd the Marines were ordered to withdraw again to a prepared position in front of Bertincourt, this withdrawal was started at 11am. Surgeon Pearce-Gould explains:-

“It was a strange scene, columns of men all retiring through the wood and across the open country, forming wonderful targets but for some reason absolutely unmolested ! The Battle seems so far away from us and our only trouble was the heat of the day” (4).

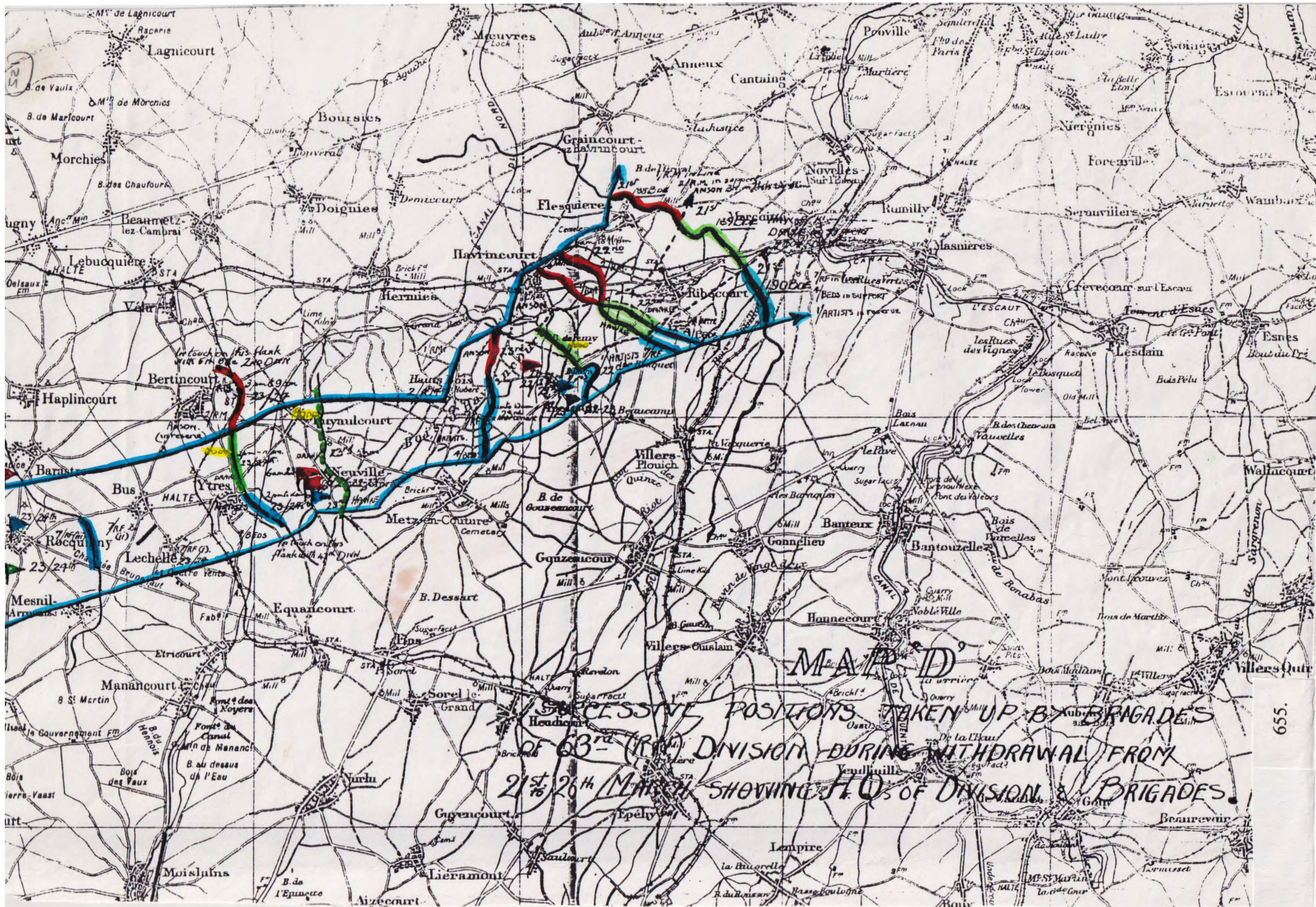
On arrival at these positions the two RM battalions manned the area side by side with 1RM on the right and 2RM on the left. Although these positions were prepared, the trenches were only three feet deep and broken in places and minus barbed wire ! (5).

At this point I find a difference in opinion as to the state of the defences, Blumberg states as I quoted earlier that there was no wire etc, yet Pearce-Gould states the following:- “Line was well dug and excellently wired and everyone felt confident of holding it” (6).

So I leave you to make up your own mind! The 17th and 47th Divisions on each side also withdrew to positions each side of the RND. The Marines position was in front of a railway bank, both marine battalions put two companies in the front line and kept the other two on and behind the bank. There was no sign of the Germans at first but later there was severe fighting on the left at Velue, and the Germans were reported to have taken it. Rumours were also coming in that Bus on the right had also fallen, these rumours were taken so seriously that 2RM put a company out with Hood to act as a defensive flank.

24th March 1918.

The morning of the 24th started with a bang. I have read two versions of the events that happened next, both fairly conflicting which indicates a large amount of confusion. At around 5am the enemy put down a large barrage of HE, smoke and shrapnel onto the front line and followed it up with an infantry attack. They managed to get in the right into the right hand side of 2RM and infiltrated up. The whole of the RND was now in a perilous position and ordered to withdraw to Rocquigny. This was difficult as the two front line companies of the Marine battalions were embroiled in a battle that they were unable to disengage from and as a result were effectively cut off. A box barrage stopped reinforcement from units that wanted to assist. There was a very real danger of losing the whole of each marine battalion, but in the event two supporting companies of each battalion got away. I wrote that this story has two sides, Pearce-Gould who was the MO of 2RM was in the supporting line when this happened, his version was :-



“All was quiet around us and I had just finished a welcome cup of tea with Proffitt when without warning “SOS” went up from front line at 7.55 am B Company (in reserve) dashed up to the top of the embankment and fire started, while I hurried back to Regimental Aid Post. In less than a minute there were cries of “Cease fire”- “Boche is coming in with his hands up”. This seemed incredible and a minute later Perry passed me shouting “Boche is in our front line - A and B companies have surrendered, run for your life” (7).

He goes on to say that they legged it as fast as they could dropping packs etc. The whole of the front line in this area fell back, the Marines fell back to a line of the Rocquigny-Villers au Flos road where two remnants of battalions were re organised. The Divisional machine guns came up and rendered much assistance and the line seemed stable and defensible, a tank attack was put in which caused many casualties to the Germans, unfortunately most tanks ran out of petrol and were lost. By early afternoon it was decided to withdraw to Martinpuich which was 6 miles away as all touch had been lost with all units on the right and left. The withdraw started at 3pm with the 188th Brigade in column together providing flank guard for the division with 190th Brigade and 189th Brigade in between. The line of Bezatin Le Petit-Martinpuich was reached and the two Marine battalions went into support with Anson in front. Thus ended the 24th March.

25th March 1918.

The following day broke with 2RM supporting Anson with 1RM in reserve at Martinpuich. It became known soon however that the RND as a whole was entirely on its own with no unit on either flank, so the division was in a vulnerable position. It was decided locally by senior officers, as was often the case in those troubled days, to withdraw back to the Thiepval Heights and hopefully come alongside some other units to enable some sort of defence. 188th Brigade withdrew to Courcellette amid many rumours of the enemy being behind or to the side of it in the absence of friendly troops. There was much confusion.

From Courcellette, it was decided to withdraw the whole Division to Thiepval and defend the Thiepval heights. Therefore in 4 days the Division had retreated across the whole length of the old Somme Battlefield leaving behind land that had taken 4 months and many lives to capture. The Division as a whole retreated slowly towards Thiepval as the exact position of the enemy wasn't known and Thiepval was reached in the late afternoon. It was decided that 188th Brigade would hold the Thiepval Ridge and 189th and 190th Brigades would cross the river Ancre and go into support. From these heights it is possible to see clearly the battlefield of 13th November 1916 which was a half mile away, and the graves of their mates in Ancre British Cemetery that had been established in 1917. What were the feelings of the Matelots and Marines who had fought there ?

There was sporadic firefights during the late evening and early night, one of which claimed the life of Lt. Col Kirkpatrick of Anson Battalion who was badly wounded in the abdomen and died from his wounds.



**Both photographs are from the Royal Marines Museum, Southsea, Hants.
Above :- Troops attacking wearing gas masks. Reference 7/17/1 (17)
Below :- Troops dead during gas attack. Reference 7/17/1 (24)**



26th March 1918.

In the early hours of the morning of the 26th March the order came through that 188th Brigade was to withdraw across the Ancre and take up positions behind the railway on a line roughly from Aveluy to Mesnil. This position was defensible, on high ground and behind the small natural barrier of the Ancre. There were other units nearby to make an organised defence. The Brigade crossed the river with 1RM forming the rearguard and the move was completed by 6am, the bridges were blown behind. The Germans though were following up closely and attacked 1RM and made some headway but in the end were repulsed, but at some cost to 1RM.

At this point the Brigades had been reduced by 5 days of fighting to the size of a battalion, battalions were about 150 strong - the size of a company. In 188th Brigade 2 of the 3 Commanding Officers of the battalions had been killed at the head of their troops, in the 190th Brigade, another CO had suffered the same fate and in the process was awarded the Victoria Cross. (8). The moral of the troops was reported to be good, although the men were tired, all of this is quite understandable. At some point the men knew that they had to stand and fight, they had now reached this point. They were in a great defensive position, there were divisions either side, 47th Div to the south, 2nd Div to the north. 1RM was just to the east of Mesnil, and 2RM were in support to the west of the village., 188th Brigade were in the middle of the Division, 189th were on the left, 190th on their right.

The Germans attacked either side of the RND to try and bypass them in their strong position but were repulsed. A German officer captured by 2RM carried orders that stated the Englebelmer Ridge (To the north of the RND) must be captured at all costs. (9). All of the enemies efforts were thwarted. Help in the form of 12th Division now arrived behind the RND, it had been rushed down from Armentieres. The 12th Division relieved the RND during the day, at 7pm 1RM and 2RM were replaced and ordered to go to Englebelmer.

The Marines had only just arrived when there were rumours which started to fly, that the Germans had taken Mailly Maillet. As a result fresh orders were received to about turn and go to Martinsart to act as support to 12th Div. This caused much disappointment and resentment but the order was complied with and Martinsart was reached at midnight. The Marines had done a large circular detour, the sort of thing that's really appreciated when men had been fighting for 6 days and were very tired.

27th March 1918.

Surgeon Pearce-Gould reports on the events on arrival at Martinsart :-

“We arrived at midnight and were billeted in the square, where two terrible things happened; (1) an agitated platoon commander came running in with a story that Boche had broken through into Aveluy Wood, and were close to the village in force- his own company surrounded.- (2) A few minutes later a high explosive and high velocity shell burst right in the middle of one of our companies - a horrible scene followed, shrieks and groans, man scattering etc”. (10)

The casualties to 2RM from this incident was 5 killed and 18 wounded, as regards to point 1 Pearce-Gould explains how that was dealt with :-

“We turned into our billets frightfully tired, for a short time, but in vain-within half an hour the battalion was ordered out and with our Commandant in Command, a joint mob of 20 RMLI and Anson dashed off, literally shouting with joy to drive back the Hun” (11).

This mob in fact turned out the Germans from a footing in Aveluy Wood, restored the line, taking 12 prisoners and 5 machine guns ! The Battalion then turned in, Pearce-Gould also mentions that there was a great deal of resentment about the battalions being dragged back to Martinsart, and stated that it was because 12th Div were “Morally Bankrupt”, but after that event in Aveluy Wood it seems that he may have had a valid point.

Now into the 27th March, the Royal Marines were at the disposal of 37th Brigade. An interesting event took place which nowadays would cause headlines. I found it interesting as I have an interest in the Buffs of which their 6th Battalion was in 12th Div. There were rumours that the Germans were on the road between Martinsart (where 188th Brigade were) and Mesnil (where the 6th Buffs were.) The Brigade staff of 37th Brigade, 12th Div asked Anson to clear the road, stating basically all in front of them was hostile. What happened next was an extraordinary friendly fire incident which is best described by the Buffs regimental history.

“Then came a report that Mesnil had fallen to the Germans, and that Anson Battalion of the Royal Naval Division was ordered to counter attack the village from Martinsart, advancing astride the road engaging the enemy wherever met.” (12) It transpired that the enemy had been driven off, but nobody had told Anson ! “When the Naval Battalion therefore arrived on the scene, *eager for blood*, it attacked the Buffs headquarters, who defended the post with usual resolution, so that for quite a while a lively fight between the two raged, each under the impression that the other was German, until the mistake was discovered”. (13)

To me this illustrated several things which I will go into detail with later, but the main thing is the confusion, a Brigade ordered a unit to attack a position held by that Brigades troops, clearly information of the highest order wasn't available, or perhaps Pearce-Gould's “Moral Bankruptcy” theory extends to the capabilities of a unit that arrived fresh, I will let you decide. There were other attacks in the area which were driven off and the line held. The Marines were notified that they were to be relieved that evening by 2nd Div. This relief took place late evening and the two Marine battalions withdrew to Forceville for the first proper rest after retreating from the Flesquieres salient. The Battalions were at roughly only 150 men each and were now able to rest and clean up. The Marines stayed in Forceville until 1st April, on the 2nd they moved to Tootencourt and thence to Englebelmer where they set up camp. On the night of 3rd 190th Brigade of the RND relieved 2nd Div, and the 188th Brigade went into reserve for them. This was to start an interesting chain of events.

AVELUY WOOD - The Royal Marines fight back.

4th April 1918.

On the 4th April both Marine battalions received some officer reinforcements but no other ranks. These officers came from the Royal West Kent and The Middlesex Regiments. This brought the strength of the battalions to the following level:-

1 RM had 14 Officers and 267 other ranks. (14)

2 RM had 15 Officers and 318 other ranks. (15)

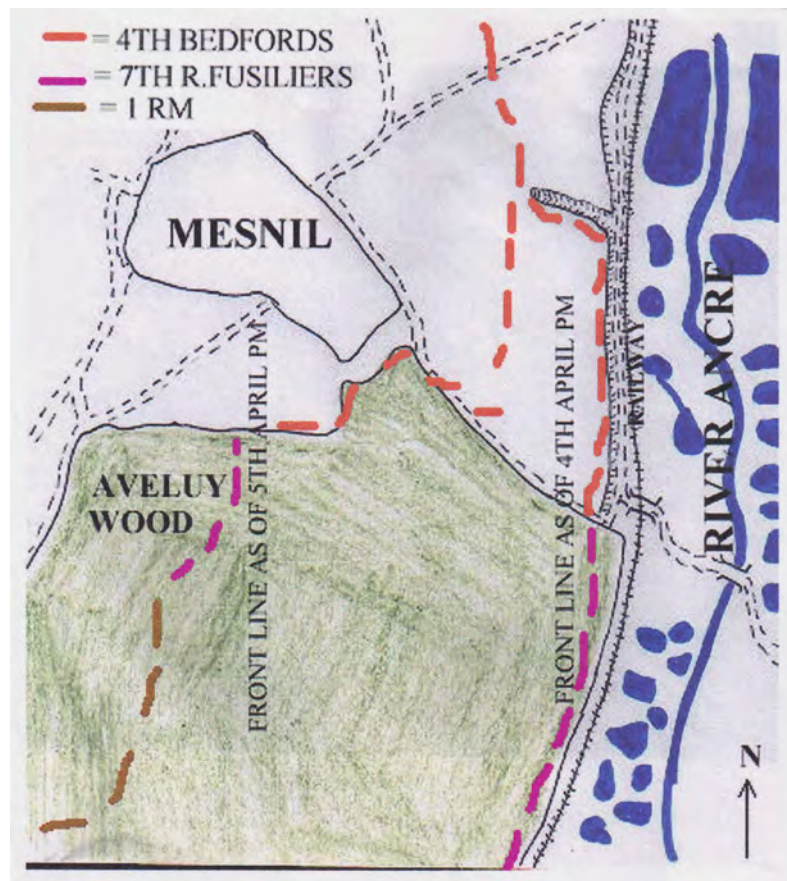
This compares to the more usual level of 26 officers and 750 other ranks., but morale was good, compared with the fresh 12th Div which seemed to be a bit shaky. The front line in the wood ran roughly behind the railway which ran on a line North to South. At the edge of the wood the line was drawn in a little, keeping to the high ground. The line itself was mainly unfortified posts and the proximity of the enemy made it impossible to improve them really or get secondary lines put in for in depth defence. The wood itself still had the appearance of a normal wood rather than stumps and match wood, it was heavily overgrown, (and still is !) so the line was quite defensible. It was also criss crossed with rides which are still visible today in exactly the same place.

The 190th Brigade held the RND front with 7th Royal Fusiliers in the wood, 4th Bedfords in the middle with the Artists on the left, where they joined with the New Zealand Division. To the south of the RND was 47th Division. 188th Brigade was in reserve around Englebelmer. Although the wood itself was dense, the positions held were nothing more than scrapings in the ground with no wire support.

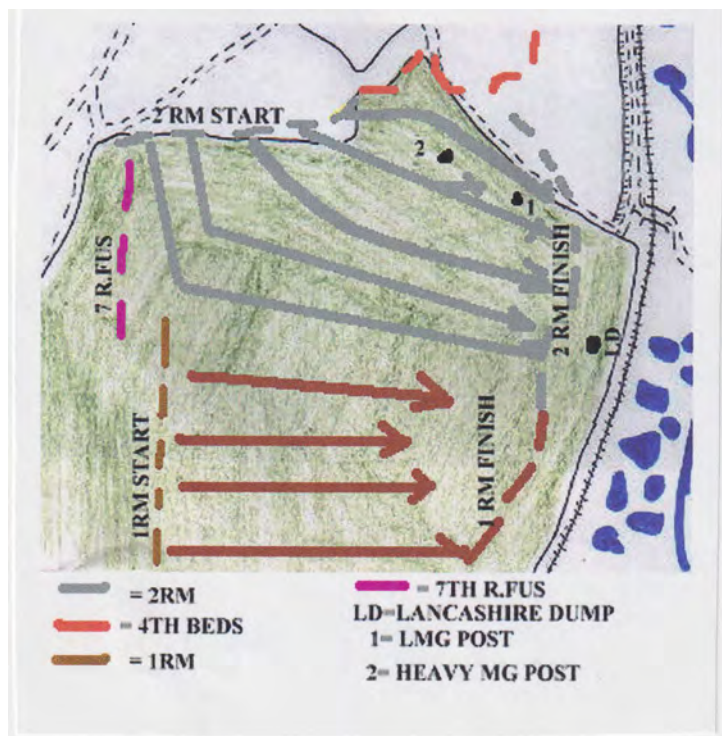
5th April 1918.

The action started in the early hours of the 5th at around 5am when a barrage fell on the Fusiliers and by 6am the whole of the RND front was being shelled. By 6.30am the enemy was seen advancing in the valley in front of the Fusiliers. By 9am the barrage had grown very intense on their front with the enemy advancing behind it. All communication was lost with this battalion except with runners which led to slow information transit. Unfortunately the runners obtained very high casualties, so that few messages got through. Pressure on the Fusiliers was now great but they held up the Germans for some time with Lewis gun fire. By midday they had become separated from the 47th Div and the Bedfords. A gap had appeared between the Bedfords and the Fusiliers so C Company of the Fusiliers was ordered forward to fill it, but owing to severe casualties the gap remained open. Now the Bedfords reserves were called forward to try, but owing once again to serious casualties this was not accomplished.

At about this time 188th Brigade was ordered to move a battalion forward to assist 190th Brigade, 1RM was chosen for this task. I must add that at this particular moment 1RM was organised into 2 companies instead of 4 due to lack of numbers. The Fusiliers by this



Map 1. By Kyle Tallett.



Map 2. By Kyle Tallett.

time had been fighting back courageously, and had temporarily re established contact with the 47th Div, but this wasn't maintained due to losses. The gap between the Fusiliers and the Bedfords now became around 500 yards and one company of 1RM was ordered to fill the gap near the Railway Bridge in the NE corner of the wood. This counter attack failed. At 5.15pm the other company of 1RM with its headquarters was moved forward and put behind the Fusiliers on the western edge of the wood to act as goalkeeper. Just after this had taken place the Artists were attacked but fought off their attackers taking 10 prisoners.

At 6.30pm the position was sufficiently worrying for the divisional commander to order 190th Brigade to try and clear up the situation, I'd love to have seen the exact wording of that communication as it was almost a rebuke ! The potential problem was that there was a danger of the enemy getting through in the south of the sector and into the Martinsart valley which ran behind Aveluy Wood. If they succeeded in this all the troops in the this wood would be cut off and the whole front line could be rolled up. As a safe guard 2RM were ordered forward to the northeast of Martinsart to block the Martinsart valley in case the Germans broke completely through the Fusiliers who were still very much on their own, their patrols sent out on either flank found friendly troops to the south but to the north found only one party of Bedfords.

At 8.30pm another attack was made on the Fusiliers and their front line was driven in, resulting in the defenders retiring in disorder. However they managed to stop at the support line where they dug in, which then changed it's role to the new front line. At 10.15pm 1RM were ordered to take over the southern half of the Fusiliers' sector with orders to re-establish a line with the 47th Div. The Fusiliers were to re establish the line to the Bedfords. These two manoeuvres were to be counter attacks and went in at 11.15pm. Both failed in their purpose of linking up. As a result the Divisional Commander again sent word to 190th Brigade requesting it to clear up the situation, and to this end 2RM, who were forward at Martinsart, were put at the disposal of 190th Brigade.

6th April 1918.

The following day (6th April) 2RM were ordered to counter attack and re establish the front line as of the morning of the 5th. 2RM were not going to attack alone. They were going to be joined by 1RM, but the plan was that 2RM were going to add the impetus. The idea was that 2RM were going to line up on the north edge of the wood, with their right adjoining the left of 4th Beds. They would then advance into the wood like a gate shutting with the pivot being the junction with the Bedfords. Midway through this manoeuvre the right of 2RM would come against the left of 1RM, at this point they'd both advance, 1RM straight ahead and 2RM completing the swing and hopefully they'd drive all before them re establishing the old front line at the junction of the Londoners of 47th Div.

So much for theory, in practice things aren't so simple especially if the intelligence wasn't entirely accurate. The start was timed for 8am. 2RM found that the Bedfords in fact held 3 posts on the north edge of the wood and decided to modify their attack plan by joining these posts up and advancing southward towards 1RM and hopefully joining them. When the posts were actually reached they were found to be in the possession of the enemy who

brought forward several machine guns. These severely delayed one company of 2RM. On the 1RM front things started well, they cleared the enemy in front of them, captured one machine gun and inflicted many casualties. Aware that their sister battalion had problems one company of 1RM was detailed to attack forwards to join 2RM but on reaching the agreed point found that 2RM had attacked across their front and were making progress southward. The information getting back to HQ was confusing, but it was established by reconnaissance that there were two strong points of the enemy, both held by machine guns both in the NE corner of the wood, this was stopping 2RM from progressing. At this time A company plus 1 platoon of B company 1RM put an attack in just to the south of these two strong points driving off the enemy and inflicting serious casualties. The Germans tried to counter attack from Lancashire Dump area but some Marines with Lewis guns beat them off. The rest of 1RM swung alongside this group and drove off more of the Germans with accurate rifle fire.

2RM then set about dealing with the two troublesome strong points, they did this by sending parties either side and working around them and surrounded them. They opened up Lewis gun fire and crept in until 80 yards from the posts and then rushed forward, silencing them. 2RM then sent out parties to get in touch with the Bedfords which they did.

7th April 1918.

The fight had gone on all day and was now into the early hours of the 7th. 2RM were driving through the wood in a south east direction like beaters on a game shoot when, near the junction with the London's, they came on heavy machine gun fire from the south. After a while the source of the fire was found and surrounded with the help of the 24th London's. The Marines rushed the post and silenced it. It was now 10.15am on the 7th, the fight had gone on for over 24 hours, the front was almost totally re established, but more importantly touch had been gained with 47th Div to the South and the Bedfords to the north, there were no more holes in the line.

Apart from getting the land back, there were 139 prisoners taken with many casualties inflicted together with capturing 23 light and 1 heavy machine gun. (16) This was indeed a victory and probably established a psychological edge over the Germans opposite which said that the RND was not a beaten force. The effect in the area can only be gauged by the fact that within days Sir Julian Byng the 3rd Army Commander visited the 2 RM battalions to personally congratulate them, the official history gives a paragraph to 2RM, unfairly ignoring the other battalions who took part, but the naming of a battalion and it's trophy haul shows it's importance. Finally, General Shute telegraphed the Division to add his congratulations and urged the RND to "keep on killing them". For 2RM this was their last hurrah, at the end of April they were disbanded due to insufficient RM reinforcements and merged with 1RM so a proud battalion was gone, but had left an indelible mark on history.

CASUALTIES.

188th Brigade suffered the worst casualty rate in the period 21st March to the 6th April. Within 188th Brigade the two Royal Marine Battalions suffered most. Conversely the two other brigades within the RND suffered severely prior to 21st March primarily due to gas wounds and were much weakened anyway. The casualties for the Royal Marines during this period: -

1RM: 34 KIA 151 Wounded 436 Missing (I have grouped officers and OR's together) (17)

2 RM: 64 KIA 208 Wounded 200 Missing (I have grouped officers and OR's together) (18)

The missing basically translate to POW's, mainly I think from the one action at Bertincourt. Service papers examined of men taken POW in that period all seem to give that action as the point of capture. It is not difficult to see that the battalions at the end of this period were just over 100 OR's in strength. Those killed lie in cemeteries all along the path back and in the rear areas. Although as mentioned the 188th Brigade casualties were severe, those of 7th Royal Fusiliers in attempting to stop the Germans on 5th April amounted to 12 officers and 206 other ranks which was much more than the combined total of the Marine battalions who cleared the wood.

Arras Memorial to the Missing: Many are listed on this memorial alongside their comrades missing after Gavrelle. After the war it was decided to put the missing of the 3rd Army on the Arras memorial.

Aveluy Wood (Lancashire Dump) Cemetery: This lies on the slope from the Aveluy-Hamel Road down to the railway, this area was fought over on the 5th and 6th April. You will find RND casualties from this period here in a pleasant setting. This is the site of the Lancashire Dump, which was a supplies base next to the railway.

Mesnil Communal Cemetery Extension: This sits to the West of Aveluy Wood and contains casualties of the fighting in this period, it contains many RND men plus 12th Division men.

Dernacourt Communal Cemetery Extension: This cemetery is in the rear area to the slight south west of Albert. It is a beautiful cemetery and in it are RND casualties of this period who presumably died of their wounds in field hospitals clustered around Albert. Buried in this cemetery is Lieut Col Farquarson, commanding officer of 2RM.

Bouzincourt Ridge Cemetery: I have added this because Lieut Col Collings-Wells Victoria Cross commanding officer of the 4th Bedfords is buried here. This is an isolated cemetery if ever there was one, the track leading up to it seems to go on for miles but the views you get of the April 1918 battlefield make it worth while. Take a compass and map to orientate yourself.

DISCUSSION:

The events of March 1918 are very much a touchy subject for many Regiments of the British Army. Some units made their reputation with heroic stands, others were reported to have run away. From my research I conclude that many units fought hard and well against an enemy that were well trained and experienced. German accounts I have read speak of high casualties in this time and accounts from British units involved in the fighting speak of inflicting high casualties, although that can be misleading.

So how did the reputation of the RND and the Royal Marines stand up to this period. On the face of it, on the 21st March they held their ground and retreated in good order, but it is not as simple as that. Firstly the Germans didn't really attack them hard. They were in the middle of the salient, like being in the bottom of a bag, so the Germans went for the flanks and tried to trap the whole Corps in it. They made a demonstration only in front of the RND which basically fixed them in place. The RND was a division of fine reputation, one of the Storming Divisions, so in it's attitude it would stand and fight, this nearly brought it down. The Flesquieres Salient was never intended to be held. In December 1917, Haig decided that the Flesquieres Salient and the one at Passchendaele were to be defended against raids only, i.e. like Welsh Ridge on New Years eve 1917. In the event of a serious attack the salient was to be abandoned and the troops retreat to it's neck and just defend that. (19)

The conclusion was obvious, once the main German attack had gone in the RND and other units had to retreat quickly, any standing and fighting would be fatal. They were very late in getting away and an excellent rearguard action by the 17th Division saved them. The retreat was then characterised by moving back to certain positions usually at the orders of a local high ranking officer as no co-ordinated defence orders seemed to be forthcoming. On arrival at new locations i.e. the one near Martinpuich it was often found that the unit was on its own with nothing on either side, therefore making it entirely possible to be outflanked and captured. The Divisions were falling back basically until they could find a good line to defend with help either side, until then it was rearguard stuff which on the whole the Royal Marines did very well.

The Germans tactics in advance were excellent. The attack at Bertincourt was well carried out, the use of a box barrage isolating the front-line units and infiltration into the front line led to the loss of two companies of each of the RM battalions. The mention in Pearce-Gould's account that the Germans were reported coming in with hands up is intriguing. Was this a stunt to allow infiltration to take place, or was this report just a rumour ? We shall never know.

The real mettle of the Royal Marines I feel was shown at Aveluy Wood, a unit vastly under strength took part in a planned counter attack that took out a good enemy and kicked them out of their positions. They had taken part in several little counter attacks during the days before this action, but when the popular history or perception of it, gives the impression that the British Army dropped it's bundle and ran. These facts put the story right.

What was morale like during this time of basically falling back with Germans snapping at their heels? There are several clues and accounts that scotch the popular belief that the Army ran panic stricken, although there were areas where this did happen. With the Royal Marines and RND in general the morale seemed high, despite the losses and crossing of land that they had fought for in 1916. Pearce-Gould's account gives several clues, firstly on the day itself, reference was made to the CO being distinctly unnerved. The description of the relief by the 12th Div and the walk back to billets, having a shell land in their midst and on arrival be directed back to support a unit that was fresh but apparently incapable. Such events on troops with fragile morale would have cracked at that point, but on hearing that there were Germans about, "Whooped with Joy" and tore into them. The diary I suppose could be accused of being biased as few units ever give a bad account of themselves so I have found other accounts. The Buffs unit history on the Blue on Blue incident describes Anson being hungry for blood, hardly the description of a unit cowering in fear.

The other totally unbiased accounts come from Australian sources. The Australians were not noted for their compliments or liking of many British troops but the following two accounts give a flavour of the time. Captain A.L. Butler who was attached to a tunnelling company in the Flesquieres salient behind the RND who withdrew with them states "There was never any rout of the troops, so far as he knew. They were simply tired and too dead to offer any resistance. He had heard how, when the Germans got up, our men got up too, and the two lines would stroll along at a distance from one another, trailing it's arms, the Germans as tired as our men. Someone would take a shot. Then both sides would fall and shoot at one another for a bit then on again". (20) Captain H. Wilkins, official photographer of the AIF noted the 5th Corps troops retiring down the Albert-Bapaume Road, the RND would have been amongst them,. He writes :- "Down the road came long lines of guns. There was no disorder Just two or three guns firing. The British infantry was retiring down the Bapaume Road in excellent order-tired, but not routed. The officers said they did not know where they were intended to go. They were without orders except to retire to some position further back There were great numbers of men bivouacked on the reverse slopes of the hills. On speaking to the men. A few said - "Oh he [the German] can have this country as far as I'm concerned"- but only two or three. The majority seemed to be anxious to get to some place where they could get a rest then turn on to him. The one object they all had ahead of them was some place where they could get behind a line-perhaps of other troops - and rest ... Our 71st Squadron, Australian Flying Corps, at Savy, and two interesting things-first, that the roads behind the German front were just as crowded with traffic as those behind our front Second, that the Germans were camped in very great numbers in the country around Bapaume. Around Bapaume there were many Germans dead lying". (21) This last piece gives an excellent overall assessment of the later half of the retreat back to the Ancre.

I have quoted much on the retreat from Surgeon Lieutenant Pearce-Gould's dairy which can be found in the PRO. It is an excellent contemporary account which was written presumably in the time the RM battalions were at rest in Forceville at the end of March, 6 weeks later he would be dead, killed by a shell splinter outside a sickbay in which he was waiting to tend the wounded. The Diary is at times at odds with the official version, but is uncensored, and

must be taken seriously, and I'd advise anyone who has the opportunity to read it. The line was now stabilised and on 11th April Douglas Haig issued his famous Backs to the Wall order of the Day:

“Three weeks ago the enemy began his terrific attacks against us on a 50 mile front. His objectives were to separate us from the French, to take the Channel ports and destroy the British Army.

In spite of throwing already 106 Divisions into the battle and enduring the most reckless sacrifice of human life, he has as yet made little progress towards his goals.

We owe this to the determined fighting and self sacrifice of our troops. Words fail me to express the admiration which I feel for the splendid resistance offered by all ranks of our army under the most trying of circumstances.

Many amongst us are tired. To those I would say that victory will belong to the side which holds out the longest. The French Army is moving rapidly and in great force to our support.

There is no other course open to us but to fight it out! Every position must be held to the last man: there must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the true justice of our cause each one of us must fight on to the end. The safety of our homes and the freedom of mankind alike depend upon the conduct of each one of us at this critical moment” (22)

As one cynical private put it “What bloody wall” ? but the line had been held in the RND sector, the line was stabilised at Aveluy Wood by sheer guts and determination of all units. With their backs to the wall, they had stuck it out, and weathered the storm. Were they defeated ? a definition of when an enemy is defeated as I understand it is when he hasn't the will to fight on. To bring this situation about you must inflict, violence/casualties on him or take his land so that he loses the will to fight. With some units, a few casualties would cause their will to go, but with the RND as a whole, the will to fight was still there despite the loss of men and land. - They were not beaten in March 1918.

HONOURS AND AWARDS TO THE ROYAL MARINES.

Distinguished Service Order.

Clutterbuck. N.S. Major (Act Lt. Col) RMLI. 2RM.

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty when he handled his battalion in a most skilful manner during a successful counter attack, when the whole of the lost ground was regained. He personally led the attack which was organised with great promptitude.

Fletcher. E.K. Major. (Act Lt. Col) RMLI. 1RM.

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty when, by personal reconnaissance which proved to be invaluable, discovered that a gap had been made in the right flank of his battalion, and he dealt with the situation promptly; and again on the following morning, when he led a successful counter attack, which regained all lost ground.

Military Cross.

Bailey C.H. 2nd Lieutenant - Aveluy Wood.

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. After his company commander had been killed he displayed great courage and initiative in clearing up a most difficult situation under heavy machine gun fire. Next day he led his platoon forward in a successful counter attack and consolidated his position under heavy fire.

Buckley T. Lieutenant - Aveluy Wood.

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. Being entrusted with the work of demolishing stores during the withdrawal, he blew up large ammunition dumps at great personal risk and fired stores and buildings. He accomplished this work under heavy fire, being amongst the last to leave the ground on each occasion.

Campbell. R.H. Captain - Aveluy Wood.

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. During an enemy attack he filled a gap in the line. He stopped stragglers from other units, and finally formed a defensive flank with the unit on his right, under heavy machine gun fire. Next morning he led his company forward in a successful counter attack, and consolidated his position under heavy artillery fire.

Eliot F.G. Captain - March Retreat.

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in handling his transport with great ability and in controlling the supply of ammunition, rations, water and stores, often under fire, yet always delivering the supplies to the troops in the immediate presence of the enemy and extricating his vehicles in the midst of confusion and congestion with the utmost skill and courage. It was in great measure due to his efforts that the withdrawal was carried out so successfully.

Middleton. J.W. Lieutenant - March Retreat

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. He performed the duties of transport officer with great ability, never failing to bring the transport up and thus ensuring regular supplies. On more than one occasion, although in close contact with the enemy and at great risk, he came through with rations and also with ammunition.

Proffitt F. A. Lieutenant - Aveluy Wood

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. After the enemy had broken through on the flanks and had captured the front line, he continued with his company to offer a stubborn resistance, and, although quite isolated, held the position until he finally withdrew in good order, closely pressed by the enemy. Later, he rendered the most assistance and was largely responsible for the success of the counter attack.

West R.H.P. Captain - March Retreat and Martinsart

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty while performing the duties of adjutant to his battalion. Although suffering acutely from gas poisoning, he performed his duties with great ability, and it was largely due to him that the battalion was enabled to withdraw in good order when instructed to do so.

Wharf. J. G. Acting Captain - March Retreat

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in commanding a company with much ability. Although gassed, he set a fine example to his men throughout operations, on one occasion engaging the enemy and finally withdrawing his company with great skill under very adverse circumstances.

Distinguished Conduct Medal.

Corporal H. Sadd PO973-S-.

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty while in command of the battalion runners, when he did excellent work, especially on one occasion when he organised the runners and carried several messages through very heavy shell fire.

Sergeant T. Smith. PLY16562.

For marked gallantry and devotion to duty. In a surprise counter attack at Aveluy Wood, on 6th April 1918, he went forward with his officer and Lewis gun, and enabled thirty prisoners and five machine guns to be captured. Later, inspite of heavy machine gun fire, he rushed forward, and was instrumental in killing a large number of the enemy.

Military Medal.

Private W. Artis. PO17741.

Private G.W. Bell. PLY1068-s-.

Acting Sergeant J. Carter. PLY144-s-.

Sergeant W. D. Croke. PLY13042.

Private A.S. Green PO16832.

Private E. T. Bell. CH16167.

Corporal E. Beresford. PO652-s-.

Private F. Cooper. PO1155-s-.

Corporal W. H. Gardner PLY839-s-.

Private J. Grimshaw. PLY17539.

Sergeant G. H. Hastings . PLY884-s-.	Acting Corporal E.V.. Holden . PO17738.
Lance Corporal E. Holway . PLY1093-s-.	Corporal G. Ingram . PO1099-s-.
Private T. Jones . PLY159-s-.	Acting Sergeant J. Kissock . PLY11929.
Corporal I. Larter . PLY827-s-.	Acting Sgt. G. J. McCormack . PLY13941.
Act / Sgt. H. S. McCullough . PYM15342.	Private P. Marshall . PO1500-s-.
Lance Corporal A. Meese . PO182-s-.	Acting Sergeant G. W. Parkes . CH19537.
Private J. Partridge . PO1779. -s-	Lance Corporal F. G. Penny . PO18637.
A/C Sgt Major T. W. Read . PO12388.	Acting Sergeant J. C. Robson . PO12514.
Corporal F. Shuttleworth . CH1047-s-.	Private E. Smith . PLY2450-s-.
Acting Colour Sgt G. Smith . PO13153.	Private J. Tomlinson . PO1222-s-.
Acting Sergeant H. Trussler . PO17183.	A/C Sgt Major W.J. Walters . PO8519.
Acting Sergeant D. O. West . PO12883.	Acting Corporal F. B. Wilson . PO1161. -s-

References.

- 1) PRO file MH106, the admission books for 146 field ambulance occupy several files starting with the Gallipoli days and finishing at the end of the war, reading them to establish nature of illness, wounds and disease is most revealing.
- 2) PRO file WO95/3110. Appendix, Diary of Surgeon Lt Pearce-Gould RN.
- 3) PRO file WO95/3110. As above.
- 4) PRO file WO95/3110. As above.
- 5) Britain's Sea Soldiers 1914-1919 by Blumberg. P341.
- 6) PRO file WO95/3110. Appendix, Diary of Surgeon Lt Pearce-Gould RN.
- 7) PRO file WO95/3110. As above.
- 8) Lieut Colonel Collings-Wells 4th Bedfordshire Regt.
- 9) Britain's Sea Soldiers 1914-19 by Blumberg. P345.
- 10) PRO file WO95/3110. Appendix, Diary of Surgeon Lt Pearce-Gould RN.
- 11) PRO file WO95/3110. As above.
- 12) Historical Records of the Buffs 1914-19 by R.S.H. Moody. P332.
- 13) As above.
- 14) PRO file WO95/3096.
- 15) As above.
- 16) PRO file WO95/3096.
- 17) Combination of figures based on Globe and Laurel, Soldiers Died, Full and Grateful Hearts and Cross of Sacrifice Vol 4.
- 18) As above.
- 19) The Official History of Australia in the Great War 1914-19 part 5 by C.E.W. Bean. P238. 670.

- 1) As above but P246.
- 2) As above but P245-246.
- 3) The Official History of The War, Military Operations 1918 part 2. P512.

Note :- Surgeon Lieutenant Pearce-Gould RN died on the 19th May 1918 please see the RND page 445 concerning Tony Froom's research.

Any comments on the article to K.D. Tallett,
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Or E. Mail me :kylet1 (a) compuserve. com

or visit my WW1 Website: <http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/kylet1>

Records & Muster Rolls.

On the 13th May 1916 lists of officers serving the Royal Naval Division were submitted to Headquarters. (Each issue will cover a different Battalion etc.)

DIVISIONAL HEADQUARTERS.

Substantive Rank.	Temp Rank.	Name.	Regiment.	Appointment.
Colonel	Maj. Genl.	Sir. A. Paris. K.C.B.	R.M.A.	General O.C.
Major	Lieut. Col.	C.A. Ker. D.S.O.	R.A.	G.S.O. 1.
Captain.	Major.	E.F. Powys Sketchley	D.S.O. R.M.L.I.	G.S.O. 2.
Captain.		W.H.S. Alston.	Rifle Brigade.	G.S.O. 3.
Major.	Lieut. Col.	R.F.C. Foster.	R.M.A.	A.A/Q.M.G.
Captain.	Major.	R.D.H. Lough.	R.M.L.I.	DAA/Q.M.G.
		R.R. Smith.	Leinster Regt.	D.A.Q.M.G.
	Lieut.	B. H. Nicolson.	R.N.V.R.	A.D.C.
Fleet Surgeon.		E.J. Finch.	R.N.	A.D.M.S.
Captain.		F. Casement.	R.A.M.C.	D.A.D.M.S.
Major.		H.M. Williams.	A.V.C.	A.D.V.S.
Major.	Lieut. Col.	Viscount Bangor.	R.M.	D.A.D.O.S.
Lieutenant.	Captain. R.M.	C.T.J.G. Walmesley.	Berks Yeo. T.	A.P.M.
Chaplain R.N.		Revd. O.W.C. Blogg.	R.N.	
	Paymaster.	A.V. Prior.	R.N.V.R.	Claims Officer
	Paymaster.	H.A.Lockett.	R.N.V.R.	Field Cashier.
		M. Garin.		Interpreter.
	Major.	Spittle.		
	Lieut.	Riley.		
	Lieut.	Bollams.		
	Lieut. Col.	Harrison. & 2 others.		

Note :- At the bottom of the page appears the following:-

Corresponding ranks :- Cdr = Lt Col.
 Lt. Cdr = Major.
 Lieut = Captain.
 Sub Lieut = Lieut.

Substantive Rank.	Temp Rank.	Name.	Regiment.	Appointment.
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BASE RECORDS.

Lt & QrMtr.	A. Hurford.	R.M.L.I.	O. i/c Records.
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BASE PAY STAFF.

Staff Paytr.	J.F. Carson.	R.N.V.R.	Paymaster.
Paymaster.	J.E. McIntyre.	R.N.V.R.	

BASE DETAILS.

Major.	Bvt. Lt. Col.	A.E. Rumbelow Pearce.	R.M.L.I.	O.C.
	Captain.	J. O. Curtis.	R.M.	

1st BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS.

Substantive Rank.	Temp Rank.	Name.	Regiment.	Appointment.
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Brigade Commander.	Colonel.	C.L. Macnab.	Royal Sussex.	T/ Brig Gen.
Brigade Major.	Capt. T/Maj.	M.C. Festing.	R.M.L.I.	
Staff Captain.	Lt/T/Capt.	W.O. Times.	Herts Regt.	
Signal Officer.	Temp/Lieut.	S.F. Mort.	R.M.	
Officer Attached.	Temp/S Lieut.	H.E. Ashley-Sparks.	R.N.V.R.	Drake Battalion.
Interpreter.	Interpreter.	A. Mamelsdorf.		

2nd BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS.

Substantive Rank.	Temp Rank.	Name.	Regiment.	Appointment.
Lieut Col.	Brig Gen.	L.F. Philips. D.S.O.	60 th Rifles.	O.C.
Major.		H.R. Sandilands.	Northumberland.	Brig/Major.
			Fusiliers.	
2 nd Lieut.	Captain.	A.C.M. Pym.	16 th Lancers.	Staff Captain.
	Lieut.	Henry Joseph Aylott.	R.M.	Signalling.
	Lieut.	L. Patoux.		Interpreter.

3rd BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS.

Substantive Rank.	Temp Rank.	Name.	Regiment.	Appointment.
Colonel.	Brig. Genl.	C.N. Trotman. C.B.	R.M.L.I.	G.O.C.
Captain.	Major.	C.F. Jerram.	R.M.L.I.	Bde. Major.
Captain.		E.J.B. Tagg.	R.M.L.I.	Staff. Captain.
	Lieut.	H.M. Bamford.	R.M.	Signalling.

Reference :- Public Record Office, Kew. WO32/5075.

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The Grave on Skyros.

Rupert Brooke.

Part Four.

Rupert Brooke's grave on the island of Skyros had to be quickly left, as the Gallipoli landings were imminent. But it was not forgotten, for during the years that followed, visits and maintenance continued. Rupert's fame had spread after his death, the legend fed by Winston Churchill's obituary in *'The Times'*. After the earlier publication of the sonnets in *'New Numbers'* they were to appear as part of the *'Complete Poems of Rupert Brooke'*. This book would require reprint after reprint. Unfortunately, as the war progressed, his work, became a symbol that would be denigrated by the rise of the war sceptics and a new breed of poets. After the war, new thinking prevailed, which was at odds with the views of this earlier generation of poets, and which found the 'New Georgian's' idea of poetry, not to their taste. But, even this could not dull his memory, to the extent that, even today, a large number of the masses can quote a line or two of *The Soldier*. So, subsequently he has a settled place in the mind of the English nation, when, and if their thoughts turn to the First World War.

* * * *

Below appears a transcript of a visit to Skyros by an unidentified private in the Royal Marine Light Infantry, it ends with just the initials E.T.S. This account was sent to Rupert Brooke's mother and a copy of the letter appears in the Modern Archive Centre at King's College, Cambridge in the hand of Sir Edward Marsh, secretary to Winston Churchill the First Lord at the Admiralty.

Our ship lay at anchor in Trebuki, a natural harbour on the southern coast of the island of Skyros in the Aegean Sea. When viewed from the ship's decks the land appears to be nothing more than a rocky and barren waste with tall and steep hills on every hand with occasionally a patch of green trees nestling in the more sheltered positions in the valleys.

In order to appreciate the rugged grandeur of the scenery I took advantage of the privilege of being able to go ashore for recreation. We landed on a shingle beach at the termination of a valley running inland, almost at right angles to the shore and proceeded to make our way inland. The valley rose steadily and the ground was hard and rocky, numerous boulders of all shapes and sizes are scattered over the valley, evidently at some time or other having become

dislodged rolled down the hills on either hand. Walking along the valley was decidedly awkward and at times difficult operation for the ground consisting of a type of white marble presents a very slippery foothold, and in places where it is broken, very sharp.

There are absolutely no paths to be seen except the rough tracks worn by the goats, sheep and cattle grazing hereabouts on the scant green stuff. Upon reaching a point about 500 yards inland and about 100 feet above the sea we emerged upon a comparatively flat and grassy clearing surrounded by olive trees, a species of dwarfed Pine and prickly scrub. A strong odour from the Pine intermingles with that of the wild Thyme which grows abundantly upon the hills. After the monotonous and barren aspect presented by the hills, this clearing appears decidedly pleasing to the eye. In the centre of this clearing we were surprised to find a grave, which upon investigation proved to that of Sub Lieut Rupert Brooke R.N.D. who died from sunstroke aboard one of H.M. Hospital ships. At each end of the grave stand substantial wooden crosses with the name and date of death of the soldier poet inscribed thereon. Large fragments of white marble have been collected and placed round the grave, which shows signs of many previous visitors who have left marks of respect in the form of bunches of wild flowers. Some have carved their initials upon the trees around and also a small wooden board. Indeed this board is so covered with inscriptions that only a few are at all decipherable.

The whole scene in the vicinity is decidedly restful and attractive. The grass has a wonderfully rich hue and is interspersed with the bright colours of the various wild flowers. The principal of which is well worth notice being exceptionally beautiful. In shape it resembles the English Crocus, and the colours varies in all shades of blues and purples. Fragments of white marble add a glistening touch of colour to the scene. The trees and the tall majestic hills in the background complete a picture of restfulness and grandeur appropriate to the last resting place of a soldier and a poet.

There are very few signs of life in the neighbourhood, goats, sheep and cattle roam over the hills with perfect freedom, in a semi-wild state, but at the sight of strangers will scamper off in a wild career over the rocky ground, at a remarkable speed. Occasionally one may see the Shepherd and hear his peculiar whistle calling his flock together. These natives are usually clothed in crude garments chiefly consisting of roughly cured sheep skin, and with their bare feet and bronzed countenances, present a very picturesque appearance and a picture of health.

There is neither town nor village near for miles, and only a few ramshackle houses and shepherds huts are to be seen. A splendid view of the sea may be obtained in the vicinity of the grave, as also the harbour, which is semicircular in shape and protected from the sea by two islands.

Before leaving the grave we cleared up and redecorated it with wild flowers, then, having secured two photographs of the scene, we made our way back to the ship, very much impressed by the scene of the grave, which is unique, in-as much as to the best of our knowledge, it is the only grave of any member of either of the Allied Forces, upon the island. Each of us were struck with the illustration of the far reaching effects of the World War, that even in this infrequented and lovely corner of the globe lies the remains of a brave soldier who

forfeited his life so full of promise for the benefit and glory of his country. (1)

E.T.S.

24.12.18 *HMS Endeavour*

Dear Madam,

I feel you would like to know that a large and prominent hill in Skyros has been named "Rupert Brook's Hill in the 1917-18 survey by *HMS Endeavour*."

I have been unable to tell you before owing to the censor. The reason for the name is because of the splendid view obtained of the hill from the position of the grave.

I beg to remain yours Respectfully.

Pte H. N Roberts.

(2) & (3)

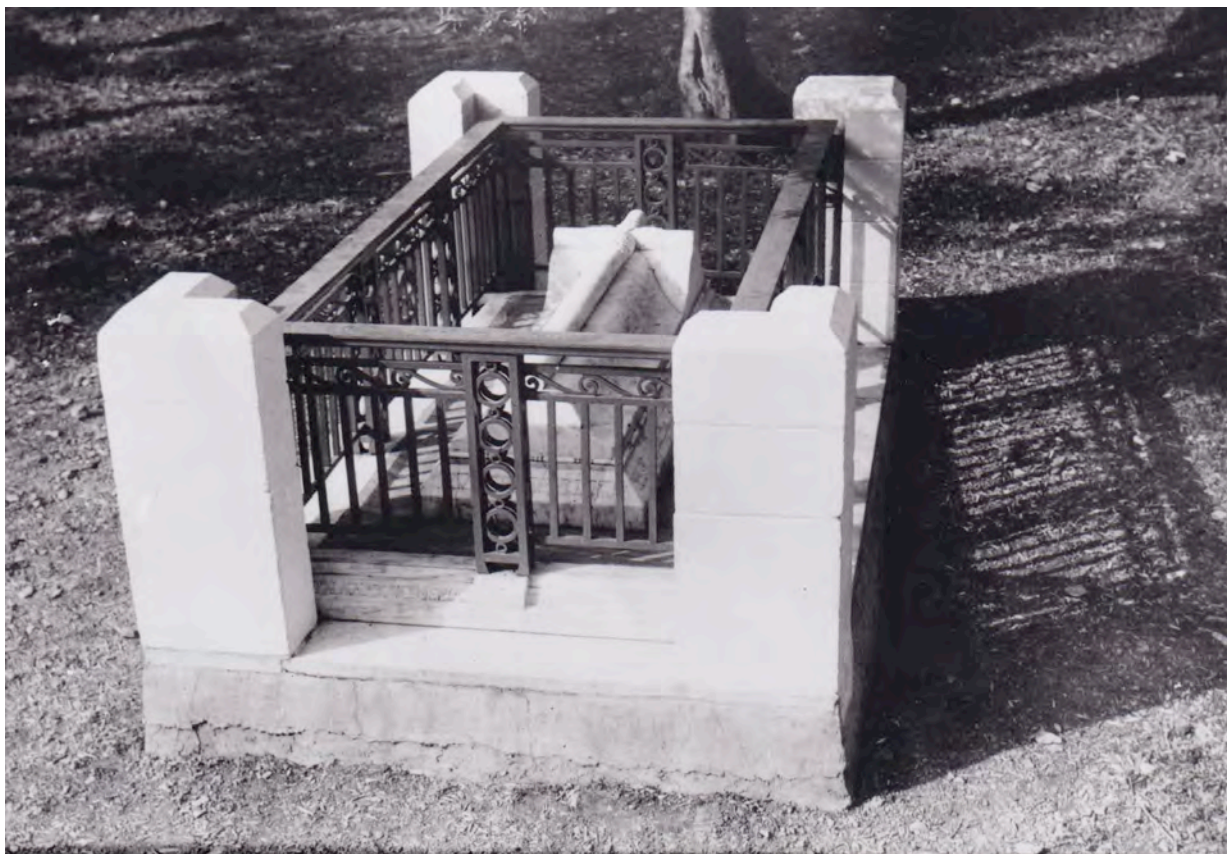
In March 1920, Stanley Casson, the Deputy Director of the British School of Archaeology in Athens, attempted to ship in marble slabs, comprising the material for a new monument he intended to erect over Rupert's grave. However, his ship had been driven off by storms but he was able to land in April. Rupert's mother had wanted something grander than the loose stones that crowned her son's grave. She was to pay for and had approved a sketch of 'mediaeval design adapted to Greek surroundings, a monument by the Greek sculptor, Bonanos. Casson writes :- The work necessary for the landing of the marble slabs comprising the monument, and for their erection took the best part of three weeks, for the villagers and masons who carried out the work had to hew a path over the ground to the olive wood where the grave lies. Since there were no houses and no village nearer than fifteen miles, we found quarters with the shepherds of the valley and lodged in their huts. --- He was to continue --- I wonder how many people will visit this remote island to see the grave. It means long and weary journeying, and will be a real pilgrimage. From the sea, just off Tris Boukes Bay, the monument can just be seen, with its white Pentelic marble showing clear through the olive-trees, the only visible sign of man or his works at this end of the island. ---- However it was found that the railings would not fit and it would be nine long years of delay and extra costs before piers were provided to hold them. (4) & (5)



**To the left :- View of grave,
with temporary wooden rail.
Taken 5th April 1920.
King's College Cambridge.
Sleeve 100. Ref Ph/324.**

**Bottom :- View of grave,
with later corner pillars and
iron railings.
King's College Cambridge.
Sleeve 103. Ref Ph/328.**

**Both from the Rupert Brooke
papers Modern Archive Centre.**

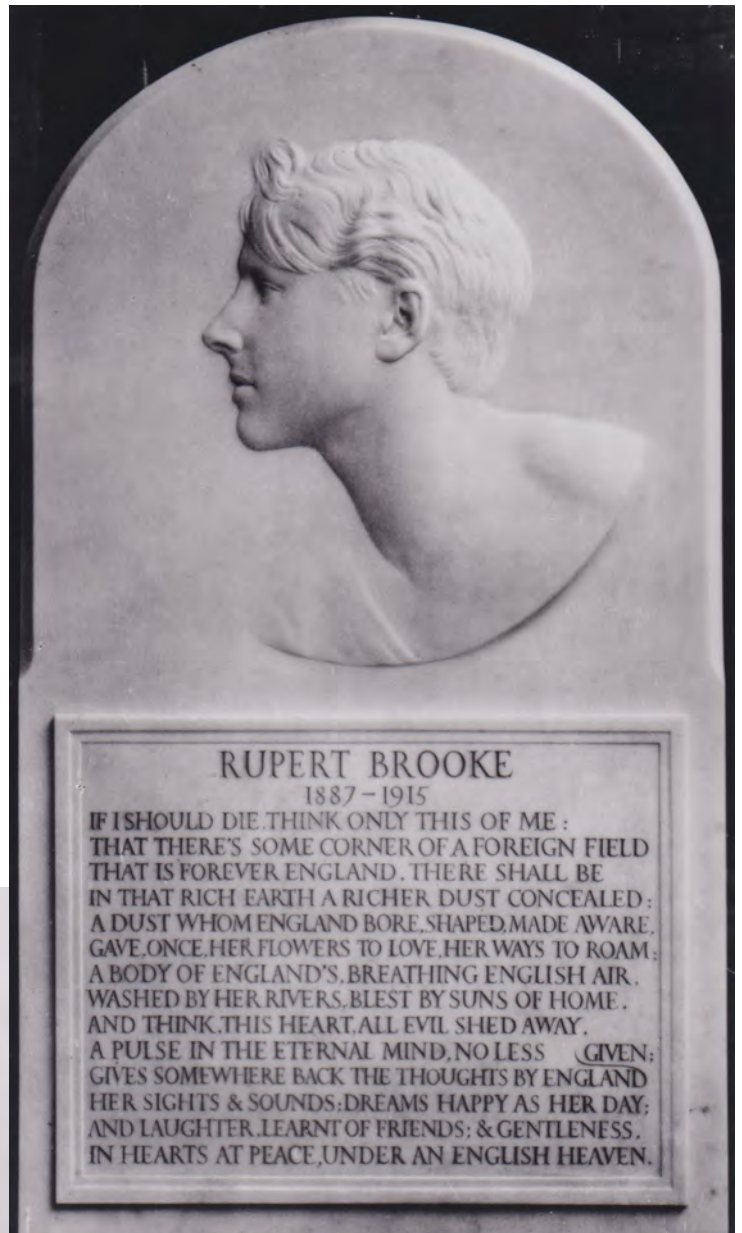


To the right :- Rugby
 memorial plaque by
 J. Havard Thomas.
 Taken 1919.
 King's College , Cambridge.
 Ref :- Sleeve 104.

Below:- Statue of a young
 man erected on Skyros as a
 memorial to Rupert
 Brooke, after April 1931.
 King's College , Cambridge
 Ref :- Sleeve 104.

Both from the Rupert Brooke
 papers Modern Archive Centre.

679.



Casson was to bring the large wooden cross from the head of the grave home to England. It now forms part of the family grave in Clifton Road Cemetery, Rugby, standing stark and weather worn, set in stone. On which has been inscribed the same inscription that the Greek interpreter wrote on the cross back on 23rd April 1915.

Here lies the servant of God.
Sub Lieutenant in the English Navy who Died for the
Deliverance of Constantinople from the Turks.
Buried – In – Skyros.

Rupert Brooke may lie in foreign ground --- That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England .

But a small part and symbol of that fateful day has made it's way home and stands erect
in the Heart of England, long may it and his memory remain.

And what about today ? The Commonwealth War Graves Commission writes :-

We took over the upkeep of the memorial on an agency basis in 1962, using the interest generated by a small capital fund raised by the Anglo-Hellenic League, who had been caring for the grave up until then. The Commission has received other donations and bequests since then which have been added to these capital funds and held in trust. Initially, Commission staff made regular trips to the grave to carry out the necessary maintenance work but as travel costs increased we were pleased to be introduced in 1984 to a local resident, Mrs Linda Mavroudis, who agreed to take on the work for us on an expenses basis. Mrs Mavroudis supplies regular reports and photographs and keeps us informed of any local circumstances which might have implications for the memorial. Commission staff now need to visit only occasionally. (6)

References & Notes :-

- 1) The Modern Archives Centre, King's College, Cambridge. Reference – XC 38.
- 2) As above but reference :- XC 37.
- 3) Letter to L.G.Sellers from the United Kingdom Hydrographic Office, Taunton, Somerset. Dated 31st March 1998. Reference HA217/09/01/86/24. Regarding Rupert Brooke Hill, confirming that a survey of port Trebuki, ref. C7805, by *H.M.S. Endeavour* in 1918 showed it as having this name.

- 4) 'Rupert Brook's Death and Burial' Arts and Literature Series Number 5. Published by the Imperial War Museum in 1992. ISBN 0-901627-28-8
- 5) 'Rupert Brooke and Skyros' by Stanley Casson published by Elkin Mathews in 1921.
- 6) Letter to L.G.Sellers from the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, dated 11th November 1998. Ref JD 11 98.

Note :- Casson writes of Trebuki Bay :- As its name denotes, Tris Boukes Bay is the bay of "Three Mouths." Two small islands lie athwart the entrance, thus forming the three narrow entries. Despoti, the larger of the two, is so called in island legend because it was once the home, and a barren one at that, of a bishop hermit. Plati, the smaller, is a mere rock. The Bay itself is fifteen miles from the one village of the island, and the shore has no fresh water, the nearest spring being Niphi, seven miles away.

Note :- Rupert Brooke's poetry also appears on the Royal Naval Division's memorial fountain, shortly to be reinstated back to its original location on Horse Guards Parade, London.

Note :- His record of service traced at the naval Record Office shows naval service as being from 14th September 1914 – 23rd April 1915.

Equipment allowance	£25.	Vri Victory 4.
	£9.	Balance of equipment.
	£7.10.00.	Camp Equipment.

To naval service (14 Sept 1914 – 23rd April 1915) 124 days at 7/6.

£46.10.0 in favour of Mary Ruth Brooke.

Reference from King's College, Cambridge Xa 15.

THE END.

I would like to thank the Trustees of the Rupert Brooke Estate, but mainly Professor Jon Stallworthy, for permission to use in this series the items from the Rupert Brooke papers. These are held in the Library, Modern Archive Centre, King's College, Cambridge. And whilst researching, I would like to show my appreciation to Ms Jacqueline Cox the Archivist and Rosalind Moad, the Assistant Archivist at the library, for their generous help.



Photograph taken in Clifton Road, Cemetery, Rugby, January 1995, by Len Sellers.

I would like to thank my cousin Stuart Sharp and son Mark Sellers for their assistance in searching this large area for the cross.

**R.N.D. PERSONALITY.
PRIVATE. MELVILLE VERNON HOUSE.
Deal /2664(S). Royal Marines.
DIVISIONAL TRAIN.**



Melville Vernon House was attested into the Royal Naval Division on the 11th December 1915 at the age of 22 years and 9 months. He gave his address as 6 East, Blandford, Dorset and his trade or calling as a blacksmith. He, like others signed a Short Service document, which stated that he was with the colours in the Army Reserve, for the duration of the war. He was given the rank of Private and the following day placed on the Army Reserve list. However, on the 14th August 1916 he was called in for a medical examination, the form stating he was a shoeing smith. But it was not until the 24th October 1916 that he was to be attested again, this time for a period of three years. It took place at Blandford, where he was transferred to the 63rd (RN) Division's, Divisional Train. He was then 23 years and six months, and still was a blacksmith serving a three year apprentice with S. Brown at Bingham's. Melville House's service record is not remarkable in detail about the fighting he saw or was subjected to, but it is very relevant to the history of the 1st World War. One will note, that a fit, young man was within a very short period of time to suffer from Myalgia, Nervous Debility and Hysteria. This clearly highlights the stresses and strains that had to be endured. What is particularly significant is that after the war he was to become a police constable, a job not without stress. Happily, he

was able to perform this task well, which highlights the terrible conditions suffered by a soldier in this war. It is therefore worthwhile to study his record in depth, by noting that he had to be hospitalised on a number of occasions, after surviving only about two and a half months active service.

From 1919, during his police career with the Dorset Constabulary he proudly wore the number 102, being stationed firstly at Winbourne, and as is normal during a police career, he moved to a number of different stations. He was later, to be tasked with the job of manning the gate at Lawrence of Arabia's funeral at Moreton. During the 2nd World War he arrested the crew of a downed German Heinkel aircraft, that had crashed at Westfields Farm, Studland. He was also involved with policing the military, before the 'D' day landings. After 30 years service, he retired to become again a blacksmith, shoeing horses, at The Forge, Studland. He had been a very keen cricketer, playing for his Constabulary side. Not content with this, he started a number of teams, himself. It was said of him, that he could have held his own in any County Cricket Team. However, his swan song was at the age of 60 years ! when he took 4 wickets, in 4 balls, all clean bowled. He felt he could do no more, and retired from the sport he loved, after this triumphant moment. He was to die on the 18th December 1969 and is buried at Crofe Mullen Church, in the same village where he was called to be its first policeman and near where he met his wife Edith, who had lived at Home Farm.

I would like to thank his son, Cyril House of Shaftesbury for supplying me with documents and additional information that allowed me to produce this article. He is justly proud of his father and attends the Collingwood Memorial Service each year, on the outskirts of Blandford Camp, with his wife Pam. The Divisional forms reproduced give an interesting insight into the administration of the Royal Naval Division.

Service Record.

24.10.16. Enlisted at Blandford.
19.12.17. Drafted to Divisional Train, B.E.F. from Divisional Train Reserve Blandford.
20.12.17. Embarked Folkstone. Disembarked Boulogne.
23.12.17. Joined ASC. B.D. Havre. France.
23.02.17. Casualty Myalgia. To No 2. Gen Hosp Havre.
01.03.17. HA/20125. Adm 2 GH Havre 23.2.18. Myalgia Mild. AFB.
09.03.17. Div Train. DO. To No. 2. GH. Havre. 23.02.18. Myalgia.
21.03.18. HA/20630 (3) Dis to MB Bae. Dep. Havre. Ex 2. GH. 14.03.18. Hysteria.
05.04.18. Train. 13. Fm. Hos. To ASC. BD. Havre 28.03.18.
10.08.18. BEF. DO. 31. Posted to Div Train from ASC. Havre 02/08/18.
27.12.18. BEF. DO. 49. Leave to UK. 2 - 16/12/18. With RA.
29.01.19. HA/34378. Adm 7 Can GH. Etaples. 20.01.19. Nervous Debility. AFB/104-
03.02.19. HB/17002. Adm 1st Line Clandon Pk, Hos. Clandon. Nr Guildford 29.01.19.
13.02.19. SMO informed.

17.02.19. BEF. Do 4. To 149th Field Amb. 14.01.19.
 03.03.19. AFW. 3016 recd. Furlough 1/10.3.19. Class 111.
 07.03.19. BEF. Do. 7. 29.01.19. Nervous Debility. Invalided.
 14.03.19. Recd. AFB/103. 20.12.17. emb Fokes. Disemb. Boul; 23.12.17, jd.ASC. BD.
 Havre; 29.01.19, inv. To UK per Brighton.
 26.04.19. A.F.Z.11. recd; Demobilised. 25.04.19. Crystal Palace.
 28.04.19. A.F..Z.11. sent to RM. Depot Deal.
 29.04.19. Form Forw to Deal.
 06.05.19. DO/38, Div. Trn. Res. Dispersed from Displ. Centre, Crystal Palace, 24.04.19. leave from 25.04.19 to 22.05.19. leave allce. 28 days and discharge ending on records of 63rd Div. Trn. Res. 22.05.19.
 29.05.19. AFW. 3463z completed and passed to Emp.Dept. Ministry of Labour.
 26.08.19. Statement of service to M. of Pensions.

Note :- Problems with the nervous system appear to have been very common. (See R.N.D. issue 5 page 384.

SHORT SERVICE—THREE YEARS.		R.-105. (Revised—Sept., 1914.)	
ATTESTATION OF			
Melville Vernon House		ROYAL MARINES.	
Enlisted at	Blandford	on	October 24 - 1916
Joined Depot	Company	on	October 24 - 1916
Transferred to	Division	Co.	191
<p>Questions to be put to the Recruit before Enlistment.</p> <p>1. What is your Name? <u>Melville Vernon House</u></p> <p>2. In or near what Parish or Town were you born? <u>Blandford</u> in or near the Town of <u>Dorchester</u> in the County of <u>Dorset</u></p> <p>3. Are you a British Subject? <u>Yes</u></p> <p>4. What is your Date of Birth? <u>March 28 1893</u> age <u>23</u> yrs. <u>6</u> mos. <u>27</u> yrs.</p> <p>5. What is your Trade or Calling? <u>Blacksmith</u></p> <p>6. Have you resided out of your Father's house for three years continuously in the same place, or occupied a house or land of the yearly value of £10 for one year, and paid rates for the same, and in either case, if so, state where? <u>No</u></p> <p>You are hereby warned that if after enlistment it is found that you have given a wilfully false answer to any of the following seven questions, you will be liable to a punishment of two years' imprisonment with hard labour.</p> <p>7. Are you, or have you been an Indentured Apprentice? If so, when? to whom? and for what period? and when did, or will, the period expire? <u>Yes, Birmingham Melcomb, 3 years 1911</u></p> <p>8. Are you Married? <u>No</u></p> <p>9. Have you ever been sentenced to Imprisonment by the Civil Power? <u>No</u></p> <p>10. Do you now belong to the Army, the Militia, the Special Reserve, the Territorial Force, the Army Reserve, the Militia Reserve, the Royal Navy, the Royal Marines, the Royal Fleet Reserve, or any Naval Reserve Force, or any Colonial Force? If so, state which <u>No</u></p> <p>11. Have you ever served in the Army, Militia, Special Reserve, Territorial Force, Imperial Yeomanry, Volunteers, Army Reserve, Militia Reserve, Royal Navy, Royal Marines, Royal Fleet Reserve, or any Naval Reserve Force? If so, state which, and cause of discharge. <u>No</u></p> <p>12. Have you truly stated the whole, if any, of your previous services? <u>Yes</u></p> <p>13. Have you ever been rejected as unfit for the Naval or Military Forces of the Crown? If so, on what grounds? <u>No</u></p> <p>14. Are you willing to be vaccinated or re-vaccinated? <u>Yes</u></p> <p>15. Did you receive a Notice, and do you understand its meaning, and who gave it to you? <u>Yes, H. G. Galt</u></p> <p>16. Are you willing to serve in the Royal Marine Forces for the term of three years, unless war last longer than three years, in which case you will be retained until the war is over? If, however, the war is over in less than three years you will be discharged with all convenient speed. <u>Yes</u></p> <p>I, <u>Melville Vernon House</u> do solemnly declare that the above answers made by me to above questions are true, and that I am willing to fulfil the engagements made.</p> <p><u>Signature of Recruit</u> <u>Signature of Attesting Officer</u></p> <p>OATH TO BE TAKEN BY RECRUIT ON ATTESTATION.</p> <p>I, <u>Melville Vernon House</u> swear by Almighty God, that I will be faithful and bear true Allegiance to His Majesty, King George the Fifth, His Heirs and Successors, and that I will, as in duty bound, honestly and faithfully defend His Majesty, His Heirs and Successors, in Person, Crown, and Dignity against all enemies, and will observe and obey all orders of His Majesty, His Heirs, and Successors, and of the Generals and Officers set over me. So help me God.</p> <p>Witness my hand. <u>Signature of Recruit</u> <u>Signature of Witness</u></p> <p>CERTIFICATE OF MAGISTRATE OR ATTESTING OFFICER.</p> <p>The Recruit above-named was cautioned by me that if he made any false answer to any of the above questions he would be liable to be punished as provided in the Army Act.</p> <p>The above questions were then read to the recruit in my presence.</p> <p>I have taken care that he understands each question, and that his answer to each question has been duly entered as replies to, and the said recruit has signed the declaration and taken the oath before me at <u>R.N.D. Camp Blandford</u> this <u>24</u> day of <u>October</u> 191<u>6</u>.</p> <p><u>Signature of the Justice</u> <u>Signature of Attesting Officer</u></p> <p>If any alteration is required on this page of the Attestation, a Justice of the Peace should be requested to make and initial the alteration under Section 80 (6), Army Act.</p> <p>The Recruit should, if he requires it, receive a copy of the Declaration on Army Form R. 5005.</p>			
<p>Description of</p> <p>Age apparently <u>23</u> years <u>6</u> months <u>27</u> months.</p> <p>Height <u>5</u> feet <u>10</u> inches.</p> <p>Chest Measurement <u>38</u> inches.</p> <p>Complexion <u>Fresh</u></p> <p>Eyes <u>Brown</u></p> <p>Hair <u>Dark Brown</u></p> <p>Religious Denomination <u>Church of England</u></p>		<p>on Enlistment.</p> <p>Distinctive Marks. (To be filled in by Medical Officer.)</p>	
<p>MEDICAL CERTIFICATE ON ENLISTMENT.</p> <p>I have examined the above-named Recruit in accordance with the instructions issued for my guidance, and I consider him fit for His Majesty's Service.</p> <p>Dated at <u>Blandford</u> this <u>24</u> day of <u>October</u> 191<u>6</u>.</p> <p><u>Signature of Surgeon</u></p>			
<p>FINAL MEDICAL CERTIFICATE.</p> <p>Examined by me at <u>Blandford</u> on the <u>24</u> day of <u>October</u> 191<u>6</u>, and I consider him <u>fit</u> for Service.</p> <p><u>Signature of Surgeon</u> Surgeon at <u>Blandford</u></p>			
<p>Certificate of Recruiting Officer.</p> <p>I hereby certify that the above-named recruit <u>Melville Vernon House</u> was inspected by me, and I consider him in every respect fit for His Majesty's Service, and that I have examined this attestation and find it properly filled up.</p> <p>Substituted at <u>Blandford</u></p> <p>From <u>Signature of Recruiting Officer</u></p> <p>To <u>Signature of Recruiting Officer</u></p>			
<p>Final Approval.</p> <p>I am satisfied with the correctness of this Attestation, and finally approve of the Recruit <u>Melville Vernon House</u> for service in the Royal Marines.</p> <p>Date <u>24</u> day of <u>October</u> 191<u>6</u> <u>Signature of Approving Officer</u></p>			
<p><u>Signature of Approving Officer</u></p> <p><u>Signature of Approving Officer</u></p>			

ANTWERP.

The Missing Car.

Sub Lieutenant S.R. Chichester. Paymaster's Staff - Motor Driver.

In Commodore Henderson's evidence to the enquiry at Chatham in February 1919 he made much of the fact that his car never arrived and that this was a major contributing factor in the negative position that he found himself in. He blamed Lieutenant Colonel Bridges for commandeering his vehicle (See R.N.D. page 275). His knowledge was based on a letter he received from Sub Lieutenant Chichester R.N.V.R. as to the circumstances. Chichester wrote his letter as he was anxious to put on record exactly what occurred. This together with his own evidence at the Chatham enquiry outlines another of the problems that eventually were to lead to interment.

Letter to Commodore W. Henderson.
1st Naval Brigade of the 17th October 1914.

On Monday evening, Oct. 5, you instructed me to take our motors by road from Dunkirk to Antwerp, and Commander Curzon asked me to take charge of his at the same time. These were five in number.

I accordingly made the necessary enquiries and found that it was impossible to proceed by road at night in unarmoured cars. I was anxious to start early the next morning but was informed by Captain Holmes of the Transport, who had undertaken to provide a guide, that it was quite impossible to get a move on in Dunkirk early and that he would not be able to get me a guide before 10.0 a.m. I therefore arranged that all the motors were to meet at the quay at that hour. In the meantime I took the necessary steps for obtaining passports from Colonel Baker, and also arranged billets for the men.

Colonel Chater, who I understood was in command of the Transport, and who had therefore the best knowledge of the state of the road, advised me to proceed to Ostend and there call on General Rawlinson, who he said would be able to give me fuller information.

Some delay was caused on starting on Tuesday morning owing apparently to a misunderstanding. There were two officers with the 2nd Brigade cars, and it would appear that

they were not informed that I was to take charge of the cars. Hence I found that other instructions had been issued differing from those I had given overnight. One of these officers had been placed in charge of some armed men, and I had not been able to find him the night before.

However in due course we reached Ostend on the Tuesday and here our guide left us, but the rate of progress was very slow. This was due to the necessity of keeping the seven cars together and hence of going the pace of the slowest. Had I been alone I could easily have reached Antwerp on the Tuesday evening. As it was the rate of progress had to be kept down to about 20 m.p.h. and we were stopped several times on the road by tyre trouble and also by a hot axle on the Straker Squire.

On reaching Ostend. I called on the British Consul to enquire for General Rawlinson as directed, and found he had proceeded to Bruges. We accordingly proceeded thither and after some delay I met a Colonel Ponsonby, of the Staff, who informed me that the General had gone to Antwerp but would be back that night.

The tyres of the Straker Squire had given out and it also was in need of axle grease, and it was not possible to get these things rectified before five or six in the evening. I had great difficulty in finding a garage able to attend to the matter.

Colonel Ponsonby told me I had better not proceed in the dark, and also said that he understood the situation in Antwerp to be such that motor cars would probably not be required. I told him however that I wished to proceed, but he advised me to await the return of General Rawlinson that night as he would be able to tell me more. That meant my not being able to proceed till Wednesday to Antwerp, and I accordingly sent you a telegram to that effect.

Early on Wednesday morning I called on General Rawlinson at the Headquarters in Bruges, and as he was not down I only saw his chief of staff who told me to telephone through to Headquarters at Antwerp, as he was of the opinion you would not wish the cars to proceed.

I accordingly telephoned through but they could tell me nothing, but suggested my waiting until they had had a chance of communicating with you which they expected to do in the course of the morning. I then called again at Headquarters in Bruges and this time saw General Rawlinson himself.

He seemed inclined to think that the cars would not be wanted, but as I was anxious to proceed he advised me to do so. He told me however that I should find the pontoon bridge impassable owing to the stream of traffic going in the opposite direction, and so suggested my lining up the cars on the West side of the bridge and myself walking across and reporting at Headquarters. We reached Antwerp early in the afternoon on Wednesday, October 7th and finding things as General Rawlinson had warned me I left the cars on the west side of the river

and walked across to Headquarters. Great delay occurred there, and at last, as time was getting on, I got hold of a car and drove out of the town to Headquarters House near the Porte de Malines.

There I was told that the 1st Brigade Headquarters were at Fort No. 3. On reaching this place I found only Belgian soldiers. After some time an officer appeared who told me I should find you at the Chateau de Dragon. I accordingly started thither with a guide who said he knew the road, but who nevertheless led me hopelessly astray. Altogether I was wandering about for about 3 hours and received nothing but conflicting information, which took me to several places, including the Red Cross Building, where I met Captain Casement. Finally as the owner of the motor which had brought me was anxious to get back to the town, as he had had no rest for a long time and had just been granted a few hours off, I returned to the town. On getting there I found that instructions had come through in my absence, and the motors had been got across the bridge, but I could not find anyone who knew what the instructions were. I therefore decided to go down the next morning early when it was daylight and I should be able to see my way.

That night, (Wednesday) about midnight the bombardment began, and in accordance with instructions from an officer in the hotel who appeared to be in charge all officers got up and got their cars out. I was anxious to proceed straight to your quarters if I could find them, but Captain Smith who apparently knew the way was unwilling to inform me of it till he had communicated with you. This I gather he did and then told me to meet your Convoy at 7 in the morning in the town. I therefore returned to my hotel again but at four o'clock Colonel Bridges came into my room. (1)

I now continue this account with Chichester's evidence to the 1919 enquiry as the depth of knowledge obtained, although the same in substance, is more substantial.

I mildly remonstrated and told him I had to join Commodore Henderson and he replied "I am Chief of the Staff; I have got to have the car". I got up and got the car out and Colonel Bridges got on board. We went down to the quay and drove along it as far as we could until we came to some barbed wire and then he told me to draw up the car and go along with him because he was going to arrange bolt heads for the troops. I got out of the car and walked along the quay down to a little beyond the lower bridge of boats and during that time he picked out various craft of different sorts and he gave me the idea that they would be used for the retreat, because it was anticipated that neither the bridges, nor the pontoon bridges would survive the bombardment. He placed detachments of the Marines on the boats to see that the crews did not leave and he got the necessary coal and everything in order and then he said we would return to the hotel and go down, after having food, to the trenches, and incidentally we picked up some cans of petrol which he said would be a good thing to take along with us as they might come in useful.

We then made our way along to the car and shortly before we got there we saw Major Richardson, as he then was, and I gathered he had an appointment with Colonel Bridges to

meet him there. I stood apart while they conversed. They discussed matters for some time and eventually they parted and Colonel Bridges came back to the car and I drove him back to the Hotel, where we had some food. He told me then what the arrangements were, that they were to go down to the trenches and collect all the cars he could and send them across the river to wait on the other side as he did not anticipate they would be able to get over if they did not go at once.

While we were having breakfast, an officer came in. He also had a car, but I do not know his name but I think he was a Canadian or something of that sort. He asked Colonel Bridges what he should do because he had been told to fetch an officer, whose name I cannot recollect, but the officer was not there. Colonel Bridges told him to wait until after he had had his food and to go out as he would see him shortly. Later he went out to see this fellow's car, which was drawn up alongside mine. And then he looked at it and looked at mine. His was a smaller one, a fairly old one and mine was not and he turned to this fellow and said "I think you had better take me down to the trenches." And he told me to cross the river and wait alongside the railway bridge until he came or sent written instructions. He also then told me that when I got across I was to look about on the west side and see if there were any roads linking up with the main roads so that if the troops disembarked at various points I could guide them and show them these roads. As I parted with him he gave me to understand that the retreat might take place that night and that it also might not take place for a week, but I was to hang on until I heard from him again.

I then crossed over and pulled up alongside the railway where there was a bridge and when I got over there I found, rather to my surprise, only a deserted stretch of land, cut up with a few strips of cultivated plots and there were no roads at all. While I was there I spotted an officer in khaki and I went up to speak to him finding he was Colonel Hardy of the Royal Engineers. We mutually enquired about each other's business and it appeared that he was selecting disembarkation places. He was not, I understood, aware what craft had been selected for the purpose of crossing, so I was able after having been with Colonel Bridges in the morning to point out exactly which places Colonel Bridges had chosen. We wandered along the west side of the river Scheldt at the same time examining different possible disembarking places, deciding whether there was too much mud and at one or two places I think there were wooden platforms or wharves running out towards the river. Finally he decided on several of these places and then we wandered on down towards the village of Burght and his purpose for doing that was to find out if there were any ships he could secure, fit for the troops. I gathered all along, during these two three or four hours, that he was under the impression that if a retreat took place it was only to be for the purpose of establishing a defensive line on the western bank of the Scheldt and not to go further back.

Well, when we got to Burght, there was a large number of Belgian soldiers hanging about. Colonel Hardy asked them what regiment they belonged to and they said they were some sort of Guards and then he asked their number and that aroused their suspicion. The men walked off and one came back and said his officer wanted Hardy to go to him at once. He did not go and said he was busy. The fellow was insistent and it turned out they thought we were spies.

He went off and told his officer we would not come and we then met other officers and in due course the matter was cleared up.

While we were there a suspicious character came along on a bicycle and this fellow said he knew that Major Richardson had been conducting the troops and showing them the way about and he asked Colonel Hardy if he was making arrangements for the retreat. This enquiry was treated with feigned indignation and the fellow said : “Perhaps I should not have told you,” and that sort of thing and eventually Colonel Hardy let him go.

I was with him for a short time further while he was drawing up plans of what he had seen and found and he looked around the place for a bivouac, and as it was mid-day I said I had better get back to my post in case the Major came there, or a message came from Colonel Bridges. I went back to the car and waited until 11.30 at night. During this time an enormous amount of traffic was going along of one sort or another, chiefly Belgian soldiers and refugees.

At about 10 o’clock I was just getting into the back of my car to have a rest - the sailor man with me having had his rest- when my sailor man called out that British troops were going past. I got out and found that Marines were going past and I thought the retreat was evident. I waited, watching them for some time but quite a small number went along, about half a battalion, and then they stopped. We then waited on and no one else came along and I was feeling in rather a predicament, not knowing what to do, as I was disinclined to leave my post. About an hour and a half after the Marines went past two stray blue jackets came along and I asked them the position and they said that everyone had cleared out, but there were two officers down by the bridge. I waited until the two officers came along and found one of them was Major Richardson, whom I had met that morning. I asked him what he thought I should do and he said: “Everyone has cleared out, I am the last man to cross” and then Colonel Bridges went along at the head of the column across the southern bridge.

Major Richardson and the other officer with him, both had bicycles, so they threw these aside and got in the car and I drove them to Zwyndrecht. There Major Richardson went along to Colonel Bridges and he came along and said “I am awfully sorry I could not get a message through to you. You did quite right in coming on.” and he got in the car and I asked him if he had been able to explain matters to Commodore Henderson. He said: “No I did not see Commodore Henderson but I saw Commodore Backhouse and he said he would be here with the rest.” He gave me to understand that everyone was across.

I kept a sharp look out that night in case I could see any of the staff of the First Naval Brigade, but I could not see any of them, which gave me some qualms as there was a lot of traffic on the road. I saw certain officers of the Naval Brigade, Commander Campbell and one or two others. In the car with Colonel Bridges was Baron Henry Rothschild, or one of the Rothschilds and a Belgian officer and we went along to help anyone who was hung up. I gathered from Colonel Bridges and Baron Rothschild that we were going to bivouac for two or three hours at Beveren, in fact Baron Rothschild said he had some friends at Beveren, who would give us such hospitality as they could under the circumstances. When we got there I was directed to drive to the house but we found everyone had fled with the exception of the caretaker. 690.

Colonel Bridges gave me to understand that we should be there for some hours so I put the car to one side and went to lay down. I had not been resting for more than a few minutes when Baron Rothschild came to my room and said : “You must get up at once because the Germans have crossed the river and are at St Nicholas.” So instead of going via St Nicholas as we had arranged we had to get on due north to St Gilles Waes. I got the car out and on this occasion Colonel Bridges gave the orders for the motor transport to go ahead. We went ahead of the line and as I got to St Gilles station he instructed me to go and look for stragglers. Which I did and I know it was past daylight before we got them in.

After the troops had entrained he instructed me to go by road to Bruges, keeping as near to the Dutch frontier as possible without crossing it and I carefully did so. He himself, I believed, entrained. At any rate he did not come in my car. I had in Lieutenant Marix, who was just back from dropping bombs on Dusseldorf, and I cannot quite remember who else. Together with a convoy of other cars I eventually reached Bruges.

Question :- “When Colonel Bridges came to you at the Hotel at first and told you he wanted your car, you are quite sure he told you he was the Chief of the Staff ?”

Answer:- “I have that very distinct impression in my mind. Of course it was a long time ago.”

Question :- “When you remonstrated with him about you not being able to fulfil your orders with regard to Commodore Henderson, did he tell you that he would inform the Commodore ?”

Answer:- “Yes. He said : That is all right, I am going straight down to the trenches and I will see the Commodore myself and put it right.”

Question :- “ And the only other thing you know with regard to that point is that he told you later on that he had not informed Commodore Henderson but he had informed Commodore Backhouse ?”

Answer :- “Yes, I take it he failed to find Commodore Henderson but he had seen Commodore Backhouse.”

Question :- “Previous to Colonel Bridges having seen you, what were Commodore Henderson’s orders to you ?”

Answer:- “At Dunkirk he instructed me to go by road to Antwerp. We had only two cars with the First Brigade and if I had been able to go myself it would have been better.”

Question :- “I mean after your arrival at Dunkirk and Antwerp?”

Answer :- “ I never met him at Antwerp owing to a variety of circumstances which I have explained to him in a report. I was prevented from getting in touch with him.”

Question :- “Then after your arrival at Antwerp you had really no orders ?”

Answer :- “ I arrival in Antwerp at two o’clock and went straight to headquarters and was there until eight or nine in the evening. I was trying to find Commodore Henderson. I brought up seven cars I had charge of two of the First Naval Brigade and five of the Second Naval Brigade on the west side of the bridge of boats and I walked across to the headquarters as they could not give me any information with regard to Commodore Henderson. I got a car which was attached to the Marines and drove out to the headquarters just outside Fort Malines, and when I went there, they informed me I should find him at Fort 3. But there I found only Belgian soldiers and they informed me he was at the Chateau Dragon. I met a Belgian who said he knew the road, but I found he did not. He took me all over the place, to every possible place we could see and eventually we landed at a Red Cross Hospital where I met one of the Staff, Captain Casement, R.N.D. By then it was between eight and nine o’clock in the evening and dark and as I was in this car, we came to the conclusion we ought to go back to the town.”

Question :- “And your intentions, had you not been called by Colonel Bridges, was to set out to find Commodore Henderson at day light ?”

Answer:- “Yes, with some hope of success. I was not allowed to telephone myself. This Captain Smith at the headquarters would not allow me to communicate. He told me I was to join the convoy which had been arranged to leave Antwerp at seven o’clock in the morning.”

Question :- “For Commodore Henderson’s headquarters ?”

Answer:- “Yes.”

Question:- “Do you know which day it was that your car was sent by Colonel Bridges to and fro to fetch stragglers?”

Answer:- “That would have been early Friday morning; after midnight on Thursday. It was the night of the retreat, the night and the early morning following the retreat.”

Question:- “The early morning of the 9th ?”

Answer:- “Yes, that is it, it must have been the early morning of the 9th, between midnight and sunrise.”

Question:- “And while you were doing this, Colonel Bridges stayed at the station?”

Answer:- “ He stayed at the station. At least that was where I left him.”

Question:- “Did you at any time tell Colonel Bridges that you had reason to suppose the headquarters of the First Naval Brigade were missing ?”

Answer:- “ Well, to tell you the truth, the time he was in the car, he was asleep by my side, so there was not much chance of conversation. I cannot recollect telling him that, I think I must have because the matter was so much in my mind. Of course I had fairly explicit assurances from everyone that the trenches were empty.”

Question :- “You felt anxiety, but you do not know whether you expressed it ?”

Answer:- “ My own feeling is that I must have expressed it but I do not recollect definitely on that point. I did not see General Paris or any of them except just once. “

Question:- “ You are perfectly certain you recollect definitely Major Richardson saying he was the last Englishman to cross ?”

Answer:- “ Yes, I think I remember that very distinctly and as a matter of fact, after I was not satisfied with how this panned out I sent Commodore Henderson, through the Foreign Office, a statement of fact and I did not look at a copy of that until I heard I was wanted here. Before coming here I went through the whole thing in my mind to see how it would tally, and I found that the whole thing tallied. When I knew that Major Richardson was coming yesterday, I looked at that part and found that he had stated that. Yesterday afternoon after giving evidence, I was asking him about things and without my actually asking, he said to me : “It is a funny thing, I thought I was the last man across at that time you met me.” All that corroborates what has been said.” (2)

- 1) Public Record Office, Kew ADM116/1814. Five page report to Commodore W. Henderson by S.R. Chichester showing his address as Lambrenny. Wellington College S.O. Berks. Dated 17th October 1914.
- 2) Public Record Office, Kew. ADM116/1814. Evidence by S.R. Chichester at the Chatham enquiry in February 1919. Note :- Crown Copyright is reproduced with the permission of the Controller of Her Majesty's Stationary Office.

* * * * *

ANTWERP.

MOTOR OWNER DRIVERS.

By Tony Froom.

When the R.N.D. was sent to aid in the defence of Antwerp it was without most of the normal divisional support units. To help with some of the problems caused by the absence of transport, one of the 'stop gap' measures employed was to give 50 motor owner drivers temporary commissions as Hon. 2nd Lieutenants, Royal Marines, and these were sent over to France and Belgium with their cars together with a number of London buses that had been purchased.

In checking the issues of the Navy list for the first year of the Great War it will be noted that not all these motor owner drivers served with the R.N.D. Some were attached to the Directors of Naval Transport Offices (DNTOs,) based in various continental ports.

Gradually, over the early months of 1915, the services of many MODs were terminated and by June 1915 all remaining ceased to be mentioned in the Navy List. For example Hon.2/Lieuts RM had become Temporary 2/Lieutenants RM. and most of those remaining either transferred to the R.N.V.R. or R.M. Battalions within the R.N.D.

Others gained distinctions elsewhere Lieutenant C A Smith R.N.V.R. succeeded in getting himself attached to the 6th Division in the St Julian area, where he experimented with bullet proof shields, Bangalore Torpedoes, going on numerous patrol and trench raids earning the nickname 'The Admiral' and the DSO. It was after him that the Admiral's Road and Cemetery were named. He was killed on the 10th June 1916 and is named on the Menin Gate Memorial, Addenda Panel 57. Lieutenant Wilding, a pre-war tennis champion was another 'ex-MOD' who was killed with the Naval Armed Cars on the 9th May 1915 and is buried in the Rue-Des-Berceaux, Richebourg-L'Avoue.

- Sources :-
- 1) Navy Lists Dec'14 - July 15.
 - 2) 1914 Star to RN & RM pp188.
 - 3) Britain's Sea Soldiers - Blumberg pp 116
 - 4) Cross of Sacrifice Vol 2.
 - 5) Ypres Salient - M. Scott pp 20 & 76.
 - 6) Short Hist. Of 6th Div. - Marden pp 18.

NOTES FROM THE FRONT.

ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION'S MEMORANDUM. FOR OFFICIAL USE ONLY. AUGUST 1915.

FORWARDED BY THE MAJOR GENERAL COMMANDING ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION.

PREFACE.

In issuing these notes it is desired to impress on the reader that the contents are the result of experiences gained on Service.

It is not intended that this pamphlet shall in any way take the place of the existing Training Manual, and it should be read in conjunction with the official text books.

A copy of these notes is to be issued to every Officer and Section Commander.

August 1915. W. Nicholls.
 Adjutant General, Royal Marines,
 Royal Naval Division.

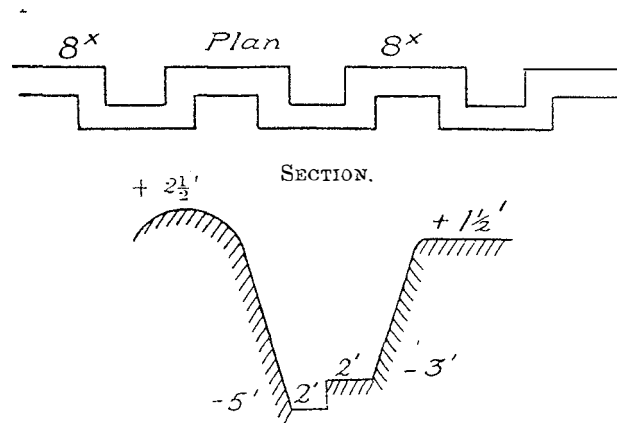
PART ONE : - Trench Warfare.

1) In organising a line of defence the following should receive attention in the order given :-

- (A) Adequate cover *i.e.*, Trench four and one half feet deep and parapet four feet thick.
- (B) Communication lateral behind the firing line, and back to Reserve.
- (C) Sanitation.
- (D) Comfort of troops.

TWO.

When preparing a new line of trenches or improving an existing line, the following design and dimensions should be adopted :-



- (A) This section is suitable for use on the level ground and should be varied to conform with the shape of the ground, *e.g.*, if the ground in front is higher than the site of the trench the parapet must be made higher or the trench deeper, and *vice versa*. The front of the trench must never be undercut, as this makes the parapet liable to crumble away.
- (B) Traverses should be at intervals of about 8 yards. This localises the effect of H.E. shells.
- (C) The bank of earth behind the defenders should be 1 foot higher than the parapet, both as a protection from premature bursts of our own shells and to prevent the heads of defenders being visible against the sky.
- (D) Parapets should be defended from assault over the top and not through loopholes. Loopholes are intended to enable sentries to observe with the least possible danger and to protect sharpshooters. One loophole every 6 or 8 yards is sufficient. Loopholes must not be higher than the rest of the parapet. If an iron plate is used it should be fitted in at the back of the parapet and the earth in front of the hole shoved away with a stick. If sandbags are used they should be built into the parapet. In either case the step from which the man fires must be lowered so that he may be the right height below the hole.

THREE.

- (A) From the dimensions of the plan and section given in para. 2 it will be seen that the first part to construct is a trench three feet deep, two and a half feet wide at the top and two feet at the bottom, with a parapet one and a half feet high and four feet broad.

A good worker can dig this task on a front of five feet in about an hour, but three times this time must be allowed for men whose muscles are not accustomed to pick and shovel.

- (B) It must be remembered that Machine Guns can rarely be used with success for frontal fire. Emplacements should be made for them to bring lateral fire down the front of a trench or enfilade fire on an enemy trench. Such emplacements should frequently be built out in front of the firing trench and be so constructed that the gun will fire along the ground level. They must be carefully concealed and the parapet over which they fire must not be higher than the rest of the trench.
- (C) Posts for look-out men should be constructed in front of the firing line, to which they should be connected by a trench deep enough to allow a man to crawl along unseen.
- (D) Barbed wire should not be put up in front of trenches in continuous lengths, but in lengths which overlap and so allow free egress to men going out to attack.

FOUR.

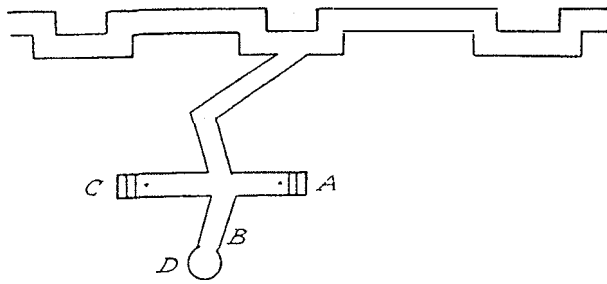
As soon as adequate defence has been provided, the trench must be widened two feet to the rear and two feet deeper to facilitate lateral movement along the trench.

The firing trench must also be connected with the position of the Reserves by a debladed communication trench. This must be in the form of short lengths of trench about 6 yards joining each other at right angles, or contingent semicircles with a four foot radius making a spiral. For mule paths the latter is preferable. The former is easier and quicker to make. A systematic scheme of direction boards is essential.

FIVE.

The enforcing of sanitation in trenches must be rigidly observed. Latrines and urinals must be made without unnecessary delay.

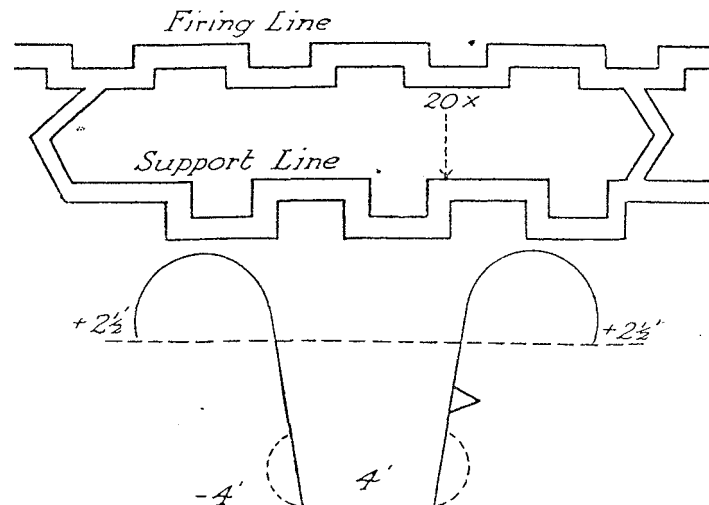
The form shown in sketch has proved most suitable. The level of the latrine must be lower than the trench.



A and C = Latrine trenches.
 B = Urine tins.
 D = Soak pit for urine, 6 feet deep.

SIX.

Troops must get rest by day as well as by night. By day one third of the first line should be on duty of defence, one third working at improving defences and one third resting. By night half must be on duty and half resting, or, if necessary working. Resting in a firing trench is not comfort. It is advisable to prepare a second line of dugouts close behind the firing line, *i.e.*, from 10 to 20 yards and connected with the firing trench every 40 or 50 yards.



All cooking should be done in the support line and the firing line should be kept entirely for defence.

Should the firing line at any time be rushed by the enemy, the men in the support line should counter attack at once with the bayonet over the top before the enemy can turn the rear of the captured trench into a firing position. Carried out with boldness this manoeuvre has never failed to succeed.

SEVEN.

As time allows, the following improvements should be made :-

- (a) In order that men may get out easily to the attack steps should be cut in the front edges of trenches or sally ports constructed on a level with the firing platform to break out well in front of the parapet.
- (b) Drainage.
- (c) Bomb throwing recesses.
- (d) Places for storage S.A.A. and stores for repairing damaged trenches.

EIGHT.

Trench diaries must be kept, showing :-

- (a) Work in hand.
- (b) Enemy work noticed.
- (c) Special points in connection with the front.

These will always be handed over to any relieving troops.

Reference :- From a Royal Naval Division booklet (Marked for Official Use Only) 'Notes from the Front by the Major General Commanding the Royal Naval Division.'

Reference (12)29908 Wt 21385 - P 1252 1000 9/5 E & S A.

Additional Reference. D9 665.

I would like to thank the Admiralty Library , Mezzanine 3, Great Scotland Yard, London for the use of this material and in particular Miss J.M. Wraight the Admiralty Librarian for her assistance.

The Early Days, Crystal Palace, Blandford, Portsmouth & Towards Gallipoli.

ABLE SEAMAN. THOMAS MACMILLAN.

BENBOW BATTALION.

This is the first part of a series on the war history of Thomas MacMillan. I am sure you will find it very interesting and helpful to follow the role of the Division. I was informed by his son, that his father spent many years writing his history. He tried hard to have his work published, unfortunately he was not successful. Publishers were of the opinion that it was too controversial. It is indeed, the powerful account written by a strong, intelligent and observant man. Now that the years and the major players in the story have passed, I am very pleased to record, that I have been given permission to reproduce it. Macmillan was in a position to view the actions of officers and men, when under the stress of battle, and the conditions of daily life. His vivid story, covers service at Gallipoli, where he was to become one of the *Last Ditchers*, onto the fields of France and Belgium. Indeed, on the Western Front he became the Brigade Clerk, typing battle orders and working with Senior Staff Officers. His insight into the workings and thinking of Staff Officers, contribute greatly to the history of the Royal Naval Division. Such fly on the wall observations are illuminating and a useful addition to our knowledge of WW1.

Part 1. The Beginning.

It happened frequently “on the field” after the completion of an unpleasant job-of-work, that my comrades would turn to each other and ask in derision: “Daddy what did you do in the Great War?” Many of the replies are unprintable, but they provoked such wild merriment that the uncongenial task often proved a blessing in disguise.

In anticipation of your putting this question to me when you grow up and can understand, and in view of the probability that I may then possess neither the time nor the inclination to tell you, it has occurred to me that I might utilise my spare time now in recording such experiences as are still fresh in my mind.

In order that my narrative may be as complete as possible, I will make my starting point August 5th, 1914. On the evening of that day, at an hour when the love of home is most compelling I found myself in Sauchiehall Street. The street was abnormally busy: people of all ages were walking rather aimlessly about and talking without reserve to those who would talk

to them, while scattered here and there were groups earnestly discussing the momentous news. The German nation had willed a war and the Liberal Cabinet under the leadership of Mr Asquith, had decided to give them battle. I strolled down the street deep in anxious thought and, after purchasing a copy of one of the evening papers, editions of which were appearing hourly, I drifted into a Picture House. As I took my seat I felt as if some great misfortune had befallen me; and the longer I remained, the more did this strange feeling seem to be shared by those around me. All eyes were on the screen and all mouths were closed for perhaps the first time in such a place. After some sloppy stuff had been screened there was a break while reports on the progress of events were shown. The news items were now being interlarded with patriotic songs, and at intervals portraits of the leading statesmen and members of the Royal Family appeared. With the singing of the National Anthem I left the theatre and slowly wended my way homewards.

On reaching home I found all astir and sad to a degree. My mother and sisters were absorbed in anxious conversation and were counting the cost in lives, as women do, while my father and brother were together in another room which was littered with newspapers. Outside there was a steady hum of conversation, and newsboys were still shouting although it was past midnight. Slowly the lights in neighbouring houses were extinguished, and at a very late hour for our household, blinds were drawn, and all retired for the night wondering what a new day would unfold.

In the office in which I was employed a tense atmosphere prevailed. My fellow clerks had come to the conclusion, which seemed to be universally accepted, that our country had been called upon to make the most serious decision it had ever made. All were agreed that Asquith and his Cabinet had no option but to cross swords with the Germans, not so much on account of the violation of treaties and the invasion of Belgium, as from a genuine feeling of alarm that the swaggering, and heartless bullies who directed the German fighting machine would not know where to stop.

Sunday arrived. I went to church to find a larger attendance than usual. Ours was a "Working class" congregation and respectable in the true sense of the word. Among the Elders were to be found one or two who could preach, but happily they were also living epistles of the Gospel of Christ, or so they seemed to me and mine. At the close of the service, the congregation sang the National Anthem, and I observed that several young men walked out of the church in protest. I never lost sight of two of the most prominent of them who were avowed conscientious objectors. When the turmoil was over it did not surprise me to learn that one of them at least was no poorer for the war: the other, a sheltered sanitary inspector, rather than lose his safe job, had allowed himself to be conscripted. While I am on conscientious objectors, I should like to say that I met and heard of many excellent fellows: but, for the majority - the Political "conchies"- conscientious objections were used as a cloak to cover many shortcomings. Later I shall tell of a noble lad who developed conscientious objections to taking life on the field of battle, but meantime, let me return to my story.

My bedroom had been transformed unwittingly into a council in miniature, where the war was the sole topic. Newspaper cuttings and maps lay everywhere about, and in the company of my father and brother, I studied the changing scenes with no little concern. Kitchener was now in control at the War Office and thousands of volunteers were flocking to the colours. He had secured the assistance of an Advertising Agent and in the campaign for recruits, all manner of posters saw the light of day,. The most striking were those which bore the slogans, "Your King and Country need you:" "If this cap fits you put it on:" "A Grateful country will never forget you," and "Daddy, what did you do in the Great War?" There were yarns in the air about the sons of lords and the sons of crossing-sweepers joining up and serving in the ranks together. We were told that class barriers had broken down, and that all were going forward to meet the foe as brothers-in-arms.

If this happy state of affairs did exist, it did not last for any length of time. Certainly all classes were agreed that if our country was to be saved from the fate which had befallen Belgium, there would require to be great sacrifices in blood and treasure, and above all, equality of sacrifice. This sounded very well, but soon self-interest raised its ugly head. The Government had taken over control of the railways, and had practically guaranteed payment of the 1913 dividend for the duration of the war. The people who believed that their sacrifice of treasure would be considerable did not view this arrangement too kindly; they thought the holders of railway stock very fortunate in being thus secured, and they did not hesitate to say so. The "wind was high" in money circles, but not for long, as you will learn later.

All this time I had been giving the call my serious consideration, for I could not lose sight of the fact that I would be sworn to kill. I therefore determined that before making the big decision I would review our case and fight only if I felt conscientiously constrained to fight. Fortunately there appeared a "White Paper," giving in detail the official case for our country. I purchased a copy and examined it with care. So impressed was I with the frankness of it, so overpowering did the evidence seem that the war was not of our willing, that I decided to take up arms. I discussed my intentions with my brother, only to find that he also was keen on going; and although he had served four years with the Territorial R.A.M.C, he made it clear to me that his choice would be the infantry. Here was a dilemma: the trials and troubles of life had left their mark on our ageing parents and it was thought prudent that one should stay behind. Who should go and who should stay was settled by the spin of a coin, and I was marked for service. When my mother was informed she seemed prepared, and after expressing her sorrow at the need for such a decision she confessed she felt greatly relieved at the thought that somebody else's son would not have to fight for her and hers.

The choose of unit was my next concern. I had always enjoyed the manly game of football; but while it kept me fit, too large doses had left me with a pair of legs, which, when honestly surveyed, limited my choice of regiment to one which did not wear the kilt. Being a true Highlander I resolved that, since I could not grace the kilt, I would not bring any disgrace upon it; and yet I hankered after a Highland regiment.

I had made up my mind that it was to be foreign service for me or none at all. A newspaper advertisement calling for recruits for the newly formed Royal Naval Division attracted my attention, and having talked with some of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve who had returned from the Antwerp adventure I proceeded without delay to their Headquarters in Govan. After being passed out by the doctor and given a number, I was instructed to report in a few days' time to go off with the next draft for the Crystal Palace, London, which was the central depot for the Division. I spent the time at my disposal in quiet pre preparation, and on the day fixed for my departure I bade good-bye to my father, brother and sisters after the midday meal. I had still a little time left to spend with my mother. We chatted about everything except the war and at the stroke of five she placed my case, full of all the comforts she could muster, on the kitchen table. That was my signal to go.

I reported as instructed and, with a party of sixty odd, was given my first lesson in squad drill. When we could perform the "move -to-the-right-in-fours" command to the satisfaction of a self-confident N.C.O. we were marched off through the streets of Govan to the Goods Station of that name. It was early November (1914) and the night was dark and wet. Yet the streets were busy, and men, woman and children looked on sympathetically, for although no band headed our little procession, the natives of Govan knew only too well what our ultimate destination would be.

On arrival at the station, no time was lost entraining in special coaches which were speedily transported to St Enoch Station and marshalled on the front of the train for London. The interval at St Enoch had been long enough for some of the company to locate the Refreshment Room, and whether on account of their extreme youth, or the scurry in drinking, they returned "pretty fou." No sooner had the train left the platform than one of them, a ginger-haired Cowcaddens product, but strong and game, came promenading along the corridor looking for trouble. I had a corner seat on the corridor side and unfortunately caught his eye. He surveyed me from head to foot and shouting back in tones of astonishment to the occupants of the compartment he had left exclaimed; "Oh here's a bloody toff, you don't mean to say that he's going to the Crystal Palace with us." I pulled on a pair of gloves to keep my hands together, but remained silent. This raised Ginger's ire to boiling point. In his next outburst he exclaimed that if I thought I was a better man than he I was to come outside and he would bloody soon settle the argument." I ignored the challenge, but I could see from the attitude of two of my newly-found companions that if he had lifted a finger there would have been some real opposition. Luckily we were jostled badly through being next to the engine, and Ginger, being in the corridor, got all the bumps that were going. This act of Providence ruffled the liquid spirits within him and as he crawled back to his compartment I could see that sleep had him well in hand. Before we reached Kilmarnock I looked into Ginger's compartment to find him snoring like a bull. He had told his "Chums" that his name was Morton, that he was seventeen years of age, and that as he was "Rid-heedit" everybody called him "Ginger." It was rather late when I fell asleep. When I awoke the train was running with caution between railway embankments, perched on which were long rows of unattractive-looking brick houses with pokey windows. I didn't observe much movement, but there was sufficient for me to guess that London was waking.



Royal Naval Division recruiting poster.

Imperial War Museum Reference Q 79978.

Crystal Palace.

Eventually we arrived at the "Palace." The big doors were opened wide and in we swung. There were few men about, but those we did see took our fancy with their tidy sailor dress and leggings. It was thus we pictured ourselves going out to meet the foe. After being drawn up in line we were marched off in sections to be clothed and hammocked. This duty was entrusted to "pukka" naval non-commissioned officers and if ever the term "swine" could be applied with justification to any man or company of men, these individuals deserved to be known by no other name. Our way lay through a narrow passage with cubicles on our right, and first we were "dished out" with "tackity" boots. Pointing to each one in turn, beginning with the rearmost, the n. c.o. in charge asked the size we wore. The boots were ferreted out by an assistant, who threw them at us accompanied by injunctions couched in vulgar and offensive language. We had to suffer similar abuse when taking over our uniforms and hammocks. It was too early to complain, but from that time onwards I was on my guard and was determined not to allow any "pukka" sailor to sling his "pukka" stuff at me.

Our party was now "Ordinary Seaman" and on the order of an officer we marched off with all our belongings, private and otherwise, to the Monkey House. Here we were penned, and after very meagre instructions on how to sling a hammock, were left alone until tea time. During the evening I took a stroll round the great glass structure every corner of which seemed alive with men in blue. I visited the outer buildings, which seemed full to capacity with recruits. Eagerly I looked for "kent" faces but found none. This did not depress me in the least: on the contrary I felt happy, for I could not but respond to the infectious cheerfulness of my comrades to be.

The Glasgow contingent was slow to go to sleep that night; introductions went on apace and Ginger and I became friendly, now that we were dressed alike. I found time to become better acquainted with lads from Carfin whom I had met on the day of my recruitment. I learned that three of them - James Ferns, Willie Mitchell and James Connolly were miners and that Sam Deans had assisted his father in the village tavern. They were Catholics all: quiet, well-meaning, clean in thought and deed and wholly devoid of selfishness. No one could have wished for better company.

Before I tell you about our training I should like to record my experience during the first Friday night in the Monkey House. Nine o'clock was the hour for "piping down" but at that hour there was a strange quietness about the place. Only half of the "crew" had assembled, and I observed that the Scottish contingent was none too well represented. I was concerned about Ginger, for, as one could expect, he was among the missing. Towards ten o'clock I heard a babble of voices outside, and one by one the late monkeys filed in or fell in according to their condition. Ginger walked in but took the full breadth of the passage. He was heading quietly for his hammock when an imprudent Londoner gave his unsolicited opinion of drunken Scotsmen. As may be imagined it was not at all complimentary, and the fat was in the fire. There was no pacifying Ginger, who called on the English B----- to come out for his medicine. The language Ginger used was the vilest I had heard to date, and was so well received that about half-a-dozen beery sons of Merry England took up the challenge. The place

soon resembled Gowcaddens on a wild Saturday night: “Bannockburn,” “Flodden,” and other jibes were heard above resounding bumps. The Orderly Officer looked in but beat a hasty retreat; he saw at once it was a case for reinforcements. Fortunately the abstainers got a hearing and all were quiet as mice before the Officer returned. By the following day the trouble was forgotten; no rancour or spite was carried forward, but for a long time Friday nights were a terror.

Now I will take you on the “the square.” What a wonderful sight the “Palace” presented when all ranks assembled for the unfurling of the flag and the reading of Routine Orders! Every fit man was on parade. How smart they looked! How keen! And in the main, how happy! The day’s work began in earnest with physical exercises. I can assure you the instructor did not spare us. He was a little fellow, and from his perch in the band-stand, could survey the multitude with ease. What his eagle eye missed in faulty execution was never allowed to pass unchecked by regular Marine sergeants who were constantly on the prowl. The “jerks” were meant to waken us up and prepare us for the squad drill to follow, and this is where the sergeant came in. The fellow delegated to our squad was a grumpy old sinner with an unpleasant face and a horrible voice. His words of command were very indistinct and therefore difficult to follow, but in time we became acquainted with his professional accent and vocabulary, and as the movements were performed more to his satisfaction on this account, his clumsy abuse eased off.

I bought little books on squad, platoon and company drill in order that I might make myself as proficient as possible, for as usual it never occurred to the official mind to explain the object of squad, or, for that matter, of any other form of drill. The work of preparation proved a pleasant exercise of body and mind to me, and I went about it invariably with a smile. Unfortunately it was a smile that wouldn’t come off, and one day it almost got me into serious trouble with the sergeant. I had entered into the spirit of the movements, and was smiling as usual when the sergeant barked out “take that laugh off your face.” It did not occur to me that I was the person addressed and so I kept on smiling. He halted the squad and, rushing at me like a mad dog, shouted in my face, “You! you! you! I was about to explain and apologise if necessary when he became furious. “Think yourself lucky,” he snorted, “that I don’t run you in.” Fortunately this incident occurred at the termination of the period allowed to him to knock us into shape.

We were posted as “able seaman,” to the Benbow battalion. The entire batch with whom I journeyed from Glasgow, was absorbed by “A” Company of the “Benbows” - Ginger and one or two others being in my section of No. 1. Platoon. With the exception of a few excellent lads from Devon the rest of the platoon were citizens of London or greater London. I soon observed that Providence had been kind to me for, had I been given the power to choose my comrades, I could not have improved on those with whom my lot was cast. With one exception they were high-spirited and well-bred chaps, and while some of the younger members were rather mischievous at times, the absence of ill intent was very noticeable. Of

these boys I was most attracted to Popham, Coombes and Anderson; they were our War Babies, their average age being about 17 years. What happened to them and the more mature Fry, Fordham, Rance and others you will learn later.

While life at this juncture was rough, and our food no credit to the contractor, (1) nothing could damp our spirits - not even the shocking news of German successes which the Press announced with alarming regularity. We knew what we had to face and were preparing ourselves as best we could to play our part in the great struggle. Now and again we would blast the greybeards for selling us such a pup, but calm reflection showed that the thorny path was the path of duty and honour.

Portsmouth.

Time passed pleasantly and after a Christmas leave our Company was under orders to proceed to Portsmouth for rifle practice. We left on a Saturday by special train which conveyed us direct to the station adjoining Pompey Barracks. In the course of the journey I became acquainted with two merchant seaman named Andrews and Raff from Liverpool. Perhaps it might be more correct to say that I came to know them slightly, for they seemed none too keen to fraternise with any of the other occupants of the compartment. What seemed stranger still was the fact that they conversed very little with each other, but kept singing most objectionable songs all the way. No sooner would one finish a shocking sailor ditty than the other would start another equally vile. The supercilious glances which they cast our way were eloquent reminders that they would brook no interference and that any other noise would not be tolerated. Although their songs sickened me I felt there was something extraordinary about these men, and from that time onwards they never ceased to interest me when they crossed my path.

On detraining, we "fell in" near to a large naval store and were supplied with drill-purpose rifles, hammocks and blankets. These, in addition to our full equipment and kit bags, made a formidable load which was borne cheerfully enough until we approached Pompey's great square. No sooner had we set foot on it than naval policemen ordered us to "double." This we did until it was physically impossible to continue and, trailing our hammocks and blankets on the ground, we walked to the block which had been reserved for our accommodation. I was naturally curious to know why we had to "double" on the square, and was informed that it was on account of some mutiny in the dim and remote past. I could not help reflecting on the stupidity of observing this ordinance at such a time, and the lack of common sense displayed by those in authority in inflicting its absurd conditions on us.

After we had slung our hammocks, more naval policemen appeared with buckets and scrubbers and we were set to scrub "the deck." They kept us at it until our arms were nearly breaking. Our little group was particularly un-fortunate, for when we had finished scrubbing, the water supply was turned off, thus depriving us of an opportunity to wash.

Next morning we were “told off” for other fatigues, and were made to appear on the Admiral’s parade without having had a chance to shave. A few of us had resolved that if we were taken to task, we would complain about the treatment received. Happily the Admiral did not see our chins. He expressed his pleasure at our fine appearance and dealt a nasty blow to the “pukka” sailors by detailing a platoon from our Company to accompany the parade to Divine service.

Our Firing practices were carried out on the week days that followed, in atrocious weather. To make matters worse, we found that in comparison with the “pukka” sailors’ uniform our cloth more resembled dyed packing sheet than anything else - thus early were the war profiteers at work. On account of our shoddy clothing we suffered more than we should have done from the cold blustery weather, but no one reported sick. After being wet through at the range, however, almost every man partook of the rum ration, while many sought the comfort of a fag for the first time.

It was no joy to return in the evenings to the barracks, so offensive did the regulars become. We were treated as interlopers and as heartily spurned as the devil himself. “Rookies” they called us. If the professional tars of Pompey had been as game and as proficient as the volunteers of the Royal Naval Division, the war would have been ended sooner and the end would have been much more satisfactory than it was. When we left the place, the opinion was general that the British navyman had either fallen from grace, or that all the “puff” stuff we had read concerning him should have been taken with a big doze of salt.

Blandford.

On returning from Pompey some pleasant weeks of training followed at the “Palace” and early in February, 1915, the battalion moved to the naval camp at Blandford, Dorsetshire. This camp had an ideal site on the high land about four miles east of the town. It was reputed to be one of the coldest in England; but although we had a very wet reception on arrival, I did not find the place particularly inhospitable. There was a good deal of mud about, and for some time one had to keep to well defined paths in order to avoid the unpleasant experience of sinking knee-deep in it.

When we had settled down, a general sorting out began. Ralph Fordham - now a leading seaman - and I were posted to No. 4. Platoon. On entering their hut, we found all had “piped down” but “lights out” had been delayed to allow the readjustment to be carried out satisfactorily. I found that I was to complete the “swell” section of the platoon and that poor Fordham was to take charge of what might be called the proletarian section. The two sections faced each other and I could see at a glance that they were none too friendly. The proletarians had made the disgusting discovery that the toffs went to bed in pyjamas, while they retired to rest “as fighting men should” in their pants. All eyes were on me as I undressed. The “pros” were sitting up in order that they might have an uninterrupted view; and when they observed that I was “piping down” in my pants they expressed their satisfaction by cheering so wildly that the orderly petty officer had to intervene to restore order. Fortunately the toffy section decided eventually to become more democratic, and all went to bed thereafter in their pants.

This gesture did much to make our hut an abode of mirth and cheerfulness after the day's work was done.

The life and soul of the place were again merchant seaman, with the well-meaning Perkins leading and Hillier as a sort of chaperone. At the sing-songs lots of filthy stuff was served up by Perkins, but what struck me as particularly odd was the fact that never, on any occasion, did he swear or blaspheme. He would open the programme each evening with a tipsy man's song entitled "The German Clockmaker." What followed would baffle the ingenuity of man to describe adequately. As a grand finale gloves would be produced and skin and hair would fly. Fordham's section held the monopoly of songsters and pugilists. As for Fordham, while he was in every essential a man, he had seldom mixed with men. All his spare time had been devoted to church work and in joining up it hurt him sorely to leave the Sunday School, of which he had been superintendent, to the care of another. It can well be imagined how he felt after a Perkins-Hillier exhibition. At first he looked like a man demented, as he endeavoured to lead his wild charges into the paths of rectitude and peace. But, realising that even a mild reproach had the effect of producing something more revolting, he resolved to leave the matter in the hands of Providence, which proved the wisest course to pursue. Before many weeks had passed, Fordham's unselfishness and honesty of purpose won the respect of every man in his section, and he was no longer referred to as "Leading Seaman Mrs Fordham."

At the other end of the hut sat the silent Fry, taking stock of all in quite a kindly way. To the casual observer Fry must have seemed a moody and unsociable creature, but to the few who got to know him intimately it was evident that he had had a hard time in life and was merely sobersided. He was by far the oldest man in the platoon, but his strong body had been kept in perfect condition. Already he was a leading seaman and was on the point of being promoted to petty officer. He confided to me that he hoped to attain to commissioned rank eventually, since to become an officer without having first served a faithful apprenticeship in the ranks, was to him an unpardonable proceeding. When I learned that he was a married man with a young family I asked in a friendly way why he had joined up. His reply left me speechless. "I joined up" he said "to fight for myself and mine; that is a duty which I have no right to pass on to you and the likes of you." During our training Fry kept his eye on one or two regular sailors who had joined the Division and had attained a much higher rank than they would have done had they gone to sea. It annoyed him to observe how they played up to the officers. He would smile cynically when they emerged from the darkness during night operations to inform the officer in charge how and where they had located the enemy. "Mark my words, Mac" he would say to me "If these cads ever get out they will show their yellow streak." One of them managed to "swing the lead" successfully, but the other failed, and Fry's prophecy concerning him came true.

Our battalion now had its full complement of officers. The Colonel - a rather old man for the job- and the second in Command were both regular Marines. To all appearance we were fortunate in having them to guide us, for although both of them were very firm and were gluttons for work, all their actions denoted that they were gentlemen.

The Second -in-Command pleased me greatly on the one and only occasion when ball ammunition could be spared for practice at the rifle butts. A regular sergeant with special qualifications had control at the Firing Point, and, taking his cue from the official text-book, had insisted on the correct prone position when firing. As a consequence the results were atrocious. Just as the sergeant was despairing of effecting any improvement, the Second-in-Command came forward and told each man to assume the position which he found most comfortable. The transformation was wonderful; instead of “wash-outs” and “outers” being signalled, “inners” and “Bulls” were registered with remarkable frequency. The sergeant was puzzled, but he had not long to wait for the explanation. At the conclusion of the practice, the Major called us together, and, after extolling the many excellencies of the text-book, he remarked that the experts who had compiled it had overlooked the important fact that our Creator had not made all men alike. In other words, it was a physical impossibility for a man with football legs to assume the proper prone position.

Our Company Commander was also a fine fellow, and the same could be said of the Platoon Officers, particularly Iliff, (2) who was in charge of our platoon: but the senior Sub-Lieutenant, who seemed to be acting as Second-in-Command of the Company, inspired neither confidence nor respect.

Lieutenant Green handled his Company with discretion, and the response was all that any officer could desire. He crined no man, although Andrews, the wild seaman, tried his patience severely. Andrews was continually “on the mat,” but Green could see there was something good in this extraordinary fellow; and while he threatened on a number of occasions to send him to the Colonel, this course was never resorted to.

Our country’s plight was becoming more serious and our preparation was accelerated. The division was at full strength and the Second and Third Brigades were fully equipped and standing by to leave for foreign service. I shall long remember the night preceding their departure. A happier Company no one could have wished to see. All camp rules were relaxed and mirth and jollity were given full rein. Where the soot, the paint and the fancy dress came from, goodness only knows! Well into the night the welkin rang: no sooner would our hut door close on one band of merry minstrels than another would burst in playing mouth harmoniums, tin whistles, flutes, banjos, and having for drums large biscuit tins, with spoons from the galleys as drum-sticks. At last, tired out, all went to sleep to rise slick and fresh for their great adventure. As I watched them march away battalion by battalion, a deep feeling of sadness crept over me, for I knew that the Angel of Death was following on behind. (3)

The huts they vacated soon began to fill again with younger men, and in a short space of time the camp seemed as busy as ever. I had found my way to the town of Blandford and had made the acquaintance of a Mr & Mrs Polden, a young-old couple who cared for and comforted many a lonely soul. My excursions to town were almost invariably made alone, for I had found that most of the able seaman had now girl friends and naturally preferred their company to mine. Among the happy wooers was Ginger Morton, and I was amused to find that he was in real earnest. Occasionally he received a letter from his girl friend. The letters were so well

composed and so neatly written that they scared Ginger, and in order not to let his credit down he implored me to compose his replies. I agreed to do so and found it a pleasant diversion. Nothing could come of Ginger's infatuation, and nothing did; but the association helped to steady him and to keep him out of trouble.

Only on one occasion had I to interfere on his behalf. There was a fellow with whom few could agree; he was a loquacious Londoner who claimed to be a journalist. Day in, day out, his tongue, which was the best developed muscle in his body, never rested. Too often it carried him beyond the bounds of discretion. Being a leading seaman he had charge of the table at which Ginger and I partook of our meals, and whether we liked it or not we had to swallow a good deal of his gabble. On many occasions his stripes saved his skin, but one day he unfortunately chose for his theme the parsimoniousness of the Scot. We were being treated to the stock-worn blethers of the Mr Knowall when, without a word of warning, Ginger lifted his plate of soup and threw the contents at the face of the offending one. Happily, no damage was done; but on recovering from the shock, "Pool-though," for that was the nick-name given to him, was making straight for the Orderly Officer when I intervened. I threatened that if he dared to report Morton, I would lodge a strong complaint against him on the ground of his provocative behaviour. My threat had the desired effect: he finished his meal in silence and ever after refrained from offending the Scots unnecessarily.

Fry and I were now drawing closer to each other. We were perhaps the most serious-minded in the platoon. He was then a little Conservative and I a little Liberal. His morning paper, therefore, was the Daily Mail and mine the Daily News. These were swooped religiously, as in deadly earnest we discussed the news of the day. The progress of the war was followed as intelligently as our powers and information would allow and, among other things, we speculated on the field of operations to which we would be despatched. There had been rumours that the Brigades had gone east, and from the distribution of certain articles of equipment, it was apparent that the rumours were not without foundation. When in addition to pith helmets, mules had arrived and were yoked to field kitchens and limber wagons, it was clear that we were bound for Turkey.

My papers for a commission had been received at Battalion Headquarters, but the attachment to my battalion was so strong that I could not sever the connection. I linked my fate with the lads from the north and south and the east and the west whom I had grown to admire, and was ready to leave with them on the day appointed. At five o'clock on the morning of departure all were on parade and after breakfast we fell in and marched away. The grand people of Blandford were up to give us a send-off worthy of the occasion, and with many a rousing cheer we left by rail for Plymouth. The train proceeded slowly through the town Station and came to a stop alongside the Troopship *Ivernia*. It was evident that few of the citizens of Plymouth knew of our arrival, as only solitary groups of dock hands watched the embarkation, and this they did in solemn silence. On approaching the gangway, I observed a saintly looking old man distributing religious tracts, while at the same time he held aloft a banner on which these familiar words were inscribed:

“Seek ye the Lord while He may be found:
Call ye upon Him while He is near.”

I was deeply moved, and while feeling kindly disposed towards the Gospel messenger, I felt that his effort had been ill-timed and the occasion ill-chosen.

Before embarking, Fry and I purchased what were to be our last morning papers for long enough, and I remember calling his attention to a report in either the Mail or the News to the effect that the Military Correspondent of a Berlin newspaper- commenting on the landing at Gallipoli, which by this time had been accomplished - had said that Germany would not have attempted such an undertaking with less than 300,000 men. In view of what eventually happened, I have never been able to dismiss this fact from my mind.

On the day following our arrival at Plymouth and in murky weather, the *Ivernia* weighed anchor. We were well out to sea before I had an opportunity to observe anything, for in the interval I had been busily employed about the ship on fatigue duties. When I did get on deck I could see that we were in for a bad time. In the gathering gloom I could just discern our destroyer convoy ploughing through the rough seas; and as I looked on admiringly, I remembered Pompey and forgave her much. At length the call to bed came, and as all lights were screened we groped our way to our bunks in darkness.

Upon waking next morning we found that the storm had not abated; the ship was labouring in high seas and was making little more than one knot per hour. this continued throughout the day and the following night. On the third day the weather improved and by nightfall the wind had abated and the elements were at rest. This mercifully enabled us to get through our fatigue duties more expeditiously. The work would have been a pleasure but for a stupid trick which had been played on us on the eve of our departure. As a precaution against infectious diseases we had been vaccinated and inoculated. The inoculations took a normal course, but many of the men suffered terribly from their vaccinations, while their condition was aggravated by sea sickness. The main saloon was converted into a temporary hospital and the ship's doctor had to call for volunteers to assist. Men were brought in for treatment with arms like hams and thoroughly ill. After hours with the sick it was a relief to get on deck.

The great expanse of sunlit sea enthralled us and whetted our anticipation of brighter things to come before we reached our journey's end. The increasing heat however, was making it uncomfortably warm below, and soon the deck was covered with the blankets of those who had decided to sleep in the open. I was one of the fortunates who found a place, and I shall not readily forget the delight I experienced as I gazed at the sky and watched the mast top thread the Milky Way and outpace the stars.

We were still in the Atlantic, well out to sea, when the ship changed course and headed for the Mediterranean. This seemed big; but the sensation was nothing to what we felt on being roused the following morning to find the *Ivernia* anchored close to the gallant *Carmania*, just off Gibraltar. No one was allowed ashore, but being spared fatigues, we had ample opportunity to

feast our eyes on the historic fortress. We scanned every nook and cranny for guns but could see none, nor could we see any sign of abnormal activity on shore. After a few hours stay we followed the *Carmania* into the blue Mediterranean. At first our course lay close to the barren African coast but towards evening we left the dusky shore and sailed on and on over a charming sea. On nearing Malta three lines of smoke appeared on the horizon. As we proceeded it became apparent that the smoke was issuing from ships-of-war and when three destroyers flashed past us, we felt deeply grateful that they were not flying the Austrian Flag. It was early afternoon when we anchored in Malta harbour and for two days we enjoyed all the fun of the fair from the ship's deck. It was highly diverting to watch the natives tricking the unwary aboard, to be tricked in turn by the knowing Andrews and other merchant seaman, while bartering tobacco and cigarettes for fruit and sweets. A Maltese boy amused us greatly by calling out "British warships giggy-gig; French warships no giggy-gig, give me a penny." What he meant was that the British warships were continually going to sea while the French ships remained in harbour.

We were now on the last stage of our journey; coaling had finished and slowly the *Ivernia* moved out to sea again. At Malta we took on board a shell-shocked officer who, we were told, had been at the Landing and would on that account be able to give us some helpful hints. We gathered round him, but he did not hold his audience long. The hints were few and far between, and were of little account. All he did was to blow his own horn, and this he did so disgustingly that one of the lads remarked quite audibly: "He gives one the impression that he was struck by an Iron Foundry."

Our second Sunday at sea duly arrived. The weather was still ideal; there was not a ripple on the water and the sun was gloriously bright. Divine Service was held by Companies, and Lieutenant Green had to take upon himself the office of a priest. He was certainly in the spirit, but obviously uncomfortable. After gabbling out a concentrated Episcopal service at about 300 words a minute he asked us to repeat the Lord's Prayer. With heads bowed we repeated the imperishable petition. How deeply moving it all was. The service was followed by a pay parade. The money was very acceptable to most, but the problem was, what to do with it. The stock of good things in the ship's little shop had been sadly depleted and now consisted of tinned milk and penny cakes of chocolate for which twopence were charged. The supply of Nestle's milk had been exhausted and we had to be content with a very inferior brand which cost almost as much as the excellent Swiss production.

It may be asked why we found it necessary to buy tinned milk. Here is the explanation. When the Chief Steward found that we were of the uncomplaining sort, our food steadily deteriorated until it was little better than cattle food. One day the meal served up was so offensive that it was thrown overboard. With an effrontery that would have shamed the Devil, the Chief Steward reported us to the Orderly Officer, who hurried to our mess in a temper and started to tell us off in no uncertain manner. This was more than we could stand, and in the twinkling of an eye almost every man was on his feet. The tables were turned with a vengeance when we told the officer that we were forced to spend our money on tinned milk and the like on account of the horrible stuff that was being served up to us in the name of food. The display

of wrath was so spontaneous that the Orderly Officer turned about and had it out with the rascal of a steward, who was forced to disgorge some of the food he had stored away in the hold of the ship. It was well for him that we were as yet inexperienced campaigners, otherwise he might have woken up like Jonah in the belly of a big fish.

As the ship steamed on, land was sighted. On nearer approach we observed that we had reached the Grecian Archipelago. Every man jack came on deck to admire the beautiful spectacle of island on island, which seemed to stretch to infinity. What evil fate awaited for us over which these islands in all their grandeur stood sentinel ? Our guards were strengthened on receipt of information that submarines were active in the vicinity. This disquieting news did not disturb the sing-songs on the lower deck although it brought the war home to us again. After 12 days of sailing, the old *Ivernia* drew up outside the boom at the entrance to Mudros Harbour. Here we were detained for hours, screened by the darkness of the night, for neither moon nor stars were shining. The tedium was relieved by Morton patrolling the ship in search of his fellow-townsmen; and when he found us he would ask in a hoarse chuckling whisper: "whaur are ye gaun yur holidays at the Ferr." At length the boom was raised and we came quietly to rest well within the harbour. Here we remained for a few days, a happy and industrious company.

Before leaving Blandford short Lee Enfield rifles had been served out to us and every spare hour was spent in familiarising ourselves with the weapon which was to be our best friend for many months to come. When parades were over we roamed the deck taking stock of our surroundings and never ceasing to admire the natural harbour of Mudros; even to the lads from Clydeside, the assembly of ships of every shape and size was a source of wonder. Shore leave was withheld but all seemed thoroughly contented.

Part Two will appear in issue number 9 (June 1999) One will learn about the Benbow Battalion's conduct in battle, it was not destined to last long !

Notes & Reference :-

- (1) This account is from 'The War To End War.' 1914 - 1918 by Thomas Macmillan. Dated 11th November 1935. Glasgow. Housed in the Department of Documents, Imperial War Museum, London.

I would like to thank Thomas Macmillan's son Ian Macmillan for permission to publish this work.

BLANDFORD.

It appears that Royal Naval Division's poetry is not just the domain of those who lived through the experience. A poem was written by John Paulley, after he visited the annual Act of Remembrance on Collingwood Day, the 4th June last year.

Collingwood Act of Remembrance - 4th June 1998.

We came to Anvil close to Noon,
Roy Adam waiting, lunch was soon;
Reunion, Friendship, Memories great,
Long journeys travelled to keep this date.

With lunches over and medals in place,
The cars all left at a slow pace;
To make their way to Collingwood Corner,
To join the ranks of faithful mourners.

Roy set the scene with words for thought,
The Collingwood Chaplain, welcome brought;
Last Post, Reveille gave great effect,
As people stood to pay respects.

First prayers and collect, then the band,
Played famous hymn of sea and land;
The poppy wreaths then singly placed,
The Collingwood Memorial, truly graced.

From Canada, Australia, New Zealand they fell,
The Admiralty, Signals and Marines as well;
Represented by relations from Naval Division past,
Lord Freyberg, Winston Churchill, great names that last.

With blessing well spoken, the Anthem then sang,
All stood to attention with voices that sang;
We all intermingled so pleased with our meeting,
We made our way homeward with fond farewell greetings.

John Paulley 6th June 1998.

John states :- My small tribute to Mr. Roy Adam for superb organisation of such a memorable event. For my part I would like to thank John Paulley for permission to publish his poem. For details to enable you to attend this years event see the R.N.D. issue 4, page 311. Do come if you can, it's a very good day out.

The Western Front.

NAVAL TRENCH CEMETERY. [Fr. 1192]

By Trevor Tasker.

(Note:- During this and later articles Trevor Tasker will be using the Harvard system of references instead of the numbered system.)

Naval Trench Cemetery is a small battlefield cemetery on the western edge of the village of Gavrelle in Pas de Calais in France, (FIGURE: ONE). Gavrelle is at the 'crossroads of Europe'. Just south of the village the two main autoroutes of northern Europe interchange, also, in the early 1990s the *Train Grande Vitesse*, (TGV), the French High Speed Train track was built parallel to the Autoroute 1(A1). The famous Vimy Ridge is a few kilometres to the west. The Arras-Douai road (N50), ran through Gavrelle, until a bypass was built in 1984, when the N50 was converted into a dual carriageway. Each day hundreds of people speed by within sight of this CWGC cemetery, but very few stop to visit.

During the Battle of Arras, the RND captured the village of Gavrelle on the 23rd of April 1917, and it remained in the 'Gavrelle Sector' after the capture until late September, when it went north to Ypres/Passchendaele. Therefore the RND graves in the cemetery span this time period. The earliest RND grave is dated 24th April, and the last, 18th September 1917, (APPENDIX ONE), however, note that there are no graves for the 23rd of April, the day the RND captured the village.

Douglas Jerrold states that Gavrelle cost the RND 1500 casualties, (JERROLD, 1929). If you add to this, further casualties until late September, (taking figures from 'Soldiers Died in the Great War'), you come up with a round figure of 1896 RND dead for the Gavrelle Sector time period. So why are there not more graves in Naval Trench Cemetery, the only cemetery in the Commune of Gavrelle with RND ? This article hopes to explain this conundrum.

There are only 60 graves in this cemetery, and 40 are RND. The cemetery was made after the capture of the village, when the Front line stabilised just west of the village, and the old German line, (re-named by the RND, 'Naval Trench' and 'Marine Trench'), became the reserve trench line, and a Battalion HQ was sited near the junction with a communication trench. This strategic site also attracted an Aid Post, and became the inevitable site for graves, hence 'Naval Trench Cemetery'.

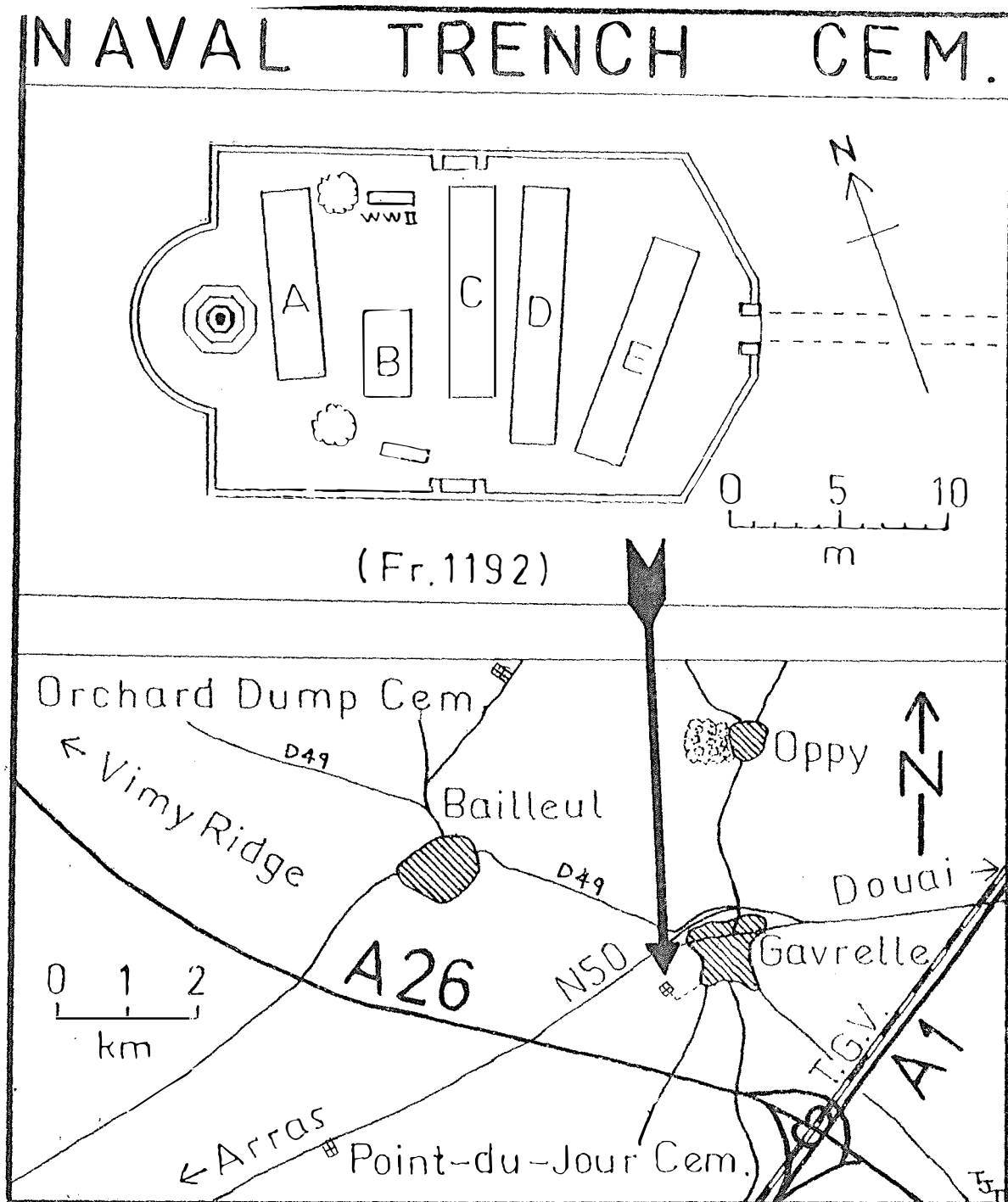


FIGURE ONE:

ABOVE: A plan of Naval Trench cemetery (showing the rows, Irish Yews, and the solitary World War Two grave), also a location map. After the war Gavrelle was littered with graves, isolated and in clusters. Only Naval Trench Cemetery remained to become a small cemetery because this group consisted of more than 40 graves. Most of the other graves were concentrated into Orchard Dump Cemetery, and to a lesser extent, Point-du-Jour Cemetery.

How to get to Gavrelle: If coming from Calais on the A 26, take the exit for Vimy Ridge/Thelus, drive through Thelus, along the D49 to Gavrelle, via Baileull-sire-Berthoult.

Hundreds of RND were killed at Gavrelle, and yet, in the commune there are only 40 RND graves. The Naval Trench Cemetery is just the tip of the iceberg, but where are the rest ? Hundreds were evacuated west and later died of wounds. After the war, the village of Gavrelle and surrounding fields, were awash with graves, however, most of these were isolated or in small clusters, and the majority of RND graves at Gavrelle, were concentrated into Orchard Dump Cemetery, and to a lesser extent to Point-du-Jour Cemetery, (FIGURE ONE). While working on my University Dissertation, I was lucky to be able to visit the CWGC HQ at Maidenhead to look at the burial returns, (Identification and map references of original sites of graves concentrated into larger cemeteries), for the large concentration cemeteries around Gavrelle. I plotted 163 graves, (mostly unknown) that were moved from Gavrelle in 1922. Six graves, (including RND died on the 23rd April), are located at a map reference only 100m north east of Naval Trench Cemetery, but these were moved to Point-du-Jour Cemetery. Most of the graves at Gavrelle, about 85% , were moved to Orchard Dump Cemetery. This cemetery was an old orchard, and the land was donated by a widow who lost her husband early in the war. This generous gift, was responsible for the displacement of 4,000 graves, mostly unknown from the Arleux, Fresnoy, Oppy and Gavrelle area. (TASKER, 1997).

The theme of this series has been to show how the Registers, (Cemetery and Memorials to the Missing), and visiting the sites can aid research. We have looked at what the location of the cemetery has told us, but what about the RND graves in this cemetery ?

Brigades usually returned to the same section of the front, as trenches and dug-outs were familiar to them. Do the graves help support this ? Out of the forty RND graves here, nineteen are Ansons, fourteen are 2/RMLI, four are Hawke, and three are Howe. During this time period the 188th Brigade consisted of the Anson, 1st & 2nd RMLI, and the Howe, but the Hawke battalion was in the 189th Brigade. Looking at the three Hawkes in the cemetery, (APPENDIX: ONE). we can see that two, Burdon and Hall were killed on the 24th of April 1917. The Hawkes were in reserve when the village was captured on the 23rd of April 1917, but on the night of the 23rd/24th April the Hawke relieved the Hood Battalion south of Arras-Douai road to the village cemetery, (JERROLD 1929). This explains these two, but not Bingham and Stirling. Even though most of the graves are 'in situ', buried near where killed, e.g. in the Aid Post, communication trench, this would not be the case for all of them. Even speculation that the cemetery grew around the graves of Hall and Burdon should not be made, as they are both at the end of row 'A'. The rest of which are from the 47th Division, and they died in early November 1917.

There is just one RND officer in this cemetery, Lt. Cook, 2/RMLI, (20/07/17). The War Diaries for the days around his death were not very informative. His Service Record only gave "Killed in Action", but some other information was available. He joined the battalion on the 25/02/16 and went to Murdros, (Salonika) was promoted to Temp. 2/Lt. in July 1916. He was in hospital 6/10/16 to the 9/12/16. He had 10 days leave in 'England' in February 1917, and might have gone home to Haverfordwest in Wales.

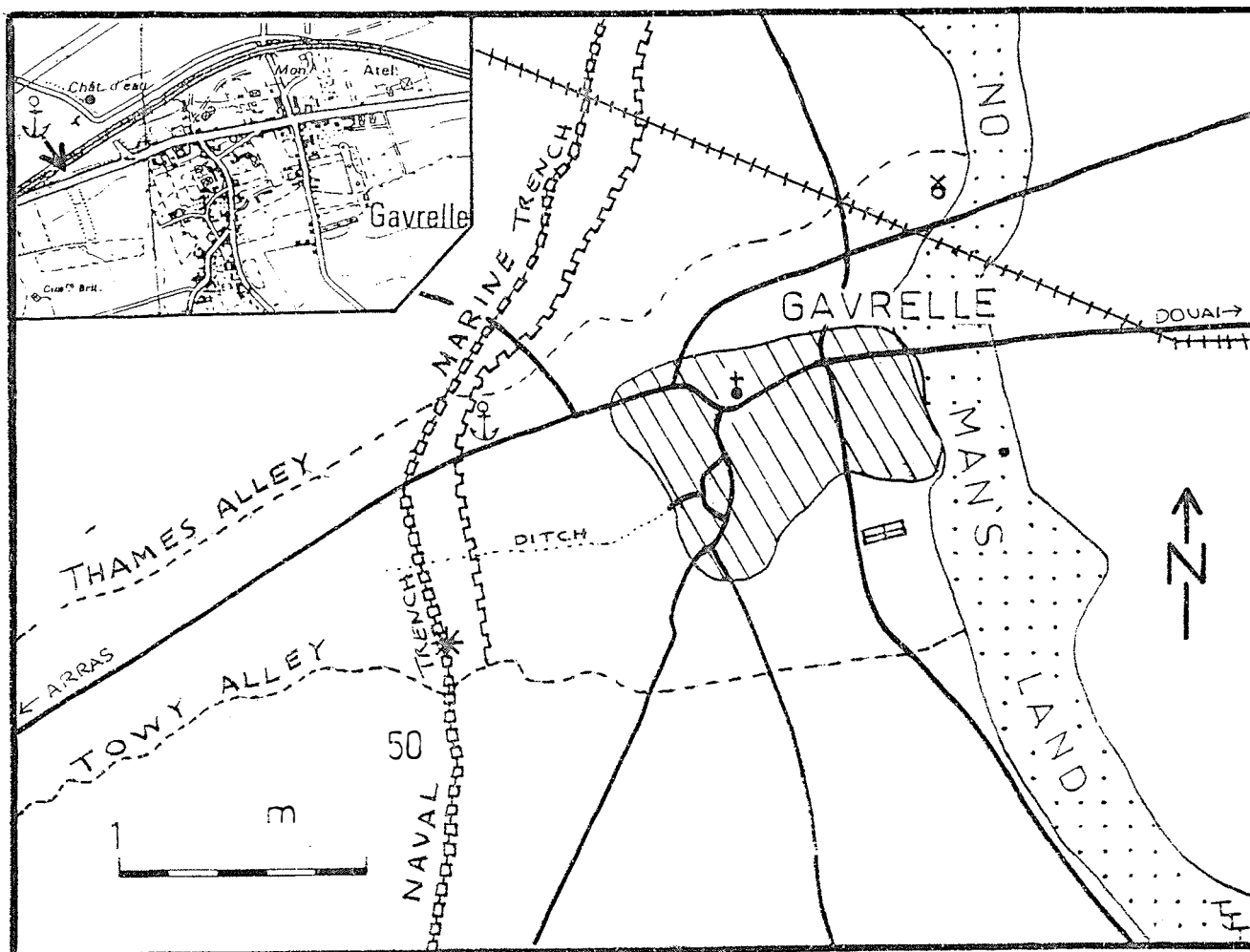


FIGURE TWO ABOVE:- Map of Gavrelle in 1917, showing the Front Line, No Man's Land, and the main communication lines to Gavrelle, including the old German line running north-south, which was renamed Naval and Marine Trench after the capture of the village by the RND on the 23rd of April 1917. The anchor symbol marks the RND Anchor Memorial and the star (*) the site of Naval Trench Cemetery which is on Naval Trench, hence the name. In the top left hand corner is a modern map of Gavrelle which shows Naval Trench Cemetery today, (*Cimre.Brit.*). The Anchor Memorial has also been marked by the anchor symbol on this map.

Where the communication trench, (Towy Alley), and Naval Trench met there was a strategic position. Near this important 'crossroads' would be the battalion HQ, and an Aid Post which spawned Naval Trench Cemetery. The brigade boundary ran along the Arras-Douai road, so there should have been another cluster of graves near where Thames Alley met Marine Trench. These graves were either concentrated into larger cemeteries west of Gavrelle, or are still buried there. The 1984 Bypass was constructed near this site, but no 'reported' graves were found. The above map also shows a ditch north of Naval Trench, the phantom line of this, 'no longer in existence' ditch, can be seen in the aerial photo of FIGURE THREE.

It is a great disappointment that so many graves were moved from Gavrelle. Naval Trench Cemetery is just a small representative percentage of the conflict in the area, but at least there is the compromise that this cemetery is indirectly named after the Royal Naval Division.

The RND battalion most represented in this cemetery are the Ansons; with just under half the RND, and nearly one third of the total graves in the cemetery. Looking at the Anson dates of death, the date when most were killed was 7th of September. The War Diaries of that date reported a trench raid on 'The Sap' which was in No Man's Land, (FIGURE TWO) : the large dot, above the 'A' in 'Man's' is roughly the site of the sap). Only one Anson, presumed dead, was the only casualty of this raid, the irony was, the War Diaries reported that retaliation bombardment was concentrated on Towy Alley, (WAR DIARY, ANSON Bn.) The Germans may have thought this raid an attack, and shelled Towy Alley to stop reinforcements coming up to consolidate ground captured, therefore, most of those killed on the 7th September were not on the raid, or even in the Front line trenches.

As for the other graves in the Cemetery, they are all from the 47th Division, and one solitary 11th East Yorks, (31st Division), who was killed on the 19th May. The 31st Division relieved the RND at Gavrelle from the 30th April until 19th May when the RND came back to Gavrelle. The 31st Div. sustained considerable casualties during the tour of duty at Gavrelle, e.g. the costly attack of 03/05/17, but it is only represented by this solitary grave.

The 47th Division graves are mainly 1st Surrey Rifles, with a few London Irish Rifles, but most of them were killed on the 4th November 1917. Consulting the War Dairies for this battalion showed no trench raid, doing the same with the other battalions in the same Brigade (the 142nd), showed that a battalion had indeed indulged in a large trench raid on that day. However it was very successful, and even with 194 men, they all came back, but once again "The battalions garrisoning the trenches on the immediate left of the raided area lost 9 killed and 4 wounded from enemy artillery fire during and after the raid". (WAR DIARY, 142nd BRIGADE, page 5). There are eight 1st Surrey Rifles (4/11/17), in Row 'A' in Naval Trench Cemetery.

There is one Second World War grave in the cemetery; Capt. Miller, 2nd Bn The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), 21st May 1940. During the Arras Counter Attack west of Arras, the 2/Cameronians, had their HQ in Gavrelle and were holding the flank along the River Scarpe, (HOLMES, 1995), (TASKER & TALLETT, 1999).

With all these displacement of graves at Gavrelle, leaving only a small cemetery, and the prominence of other RND battles, (e.g. Ancre and Passchendaele), Gavrelle was becoming forgotten by historians, and lost to visitors of the Western Front. Over half of the 1500 dead at Gavrelle, have no known grave, and have their names on the Memorial to the Missing in Arras, (which will be covered next in the series).

To compensate for the small cemetery at Gavrelle to represent the RND killed at Gavrelle, a new RND Memorial was built in 1991. This monument was mainly funded by branches of the RNA and RMA. When the 1984 bypass was built, a site became available; in the apex of the triangle where the new and old roads divided, on the west end of the village. It is of 'unusual design', (COOMBS 1993). The monument consist of a three ton anchor which represents the RND, set in a bombed out brick building which represents the destroyed village.



FIGURE THREE:

ABOVE: Aerial photo of Naval Trench Cemetery, Ship's Company of HMS Dragon, (RNR) in the cemetery, the nearby RND Anchor Memorial, the Cross of Sacrifice on a cold November day, the headstone of L/Smn Burdon, and the badge of his battalion on the RND Anchor Memorial.

BELOW: An unknown grave among a row of RND dead, looking south.
NB the CWGC does not encourage flags, or ensigns in its cemeteries;
but the author could not resist putting some colour and meaning into the photograph.



The badges on the RND Memorial on the Ancre are cap-badge-size, but the badges, in slate, on the RND Memorial at Gavrelle are the size of the badges on headstones. There is no visitor's box, for a cemetery register, or visitor's book at Naval Trench Cemetery like other CWGC Cemeteries, because of its small size, but there are future plans to have a visitors book box bricked into the inside wall of the RND Anchor Monument as a compromise. The memorial was inaugurated in May 1991, with HMS Dragon RNR, a shore establishment in Swansea, sadly now disbanded, as the guard of honour, (TASKER & TALLETT, 1999).

If Gavrelle was covered in graves, why did the others get moved while Naval Trench Cemetery stayed ? This could have something to do with the number '40'. All CWGC cemeteries were to have a Cross of Sacrifice, (FIGURE THREE). This cross varies in size depending on the cemetery. The smallest size is 4.5 m, (fourteen and a half feet) high, was intended for cemeteries with 40-250 graves, (LONGWORTH, 1967). Naval Trench cemetery just qualified for the Cross of Sacrifice, but all the other clusters of graves, numbered less than forty. In March 1918, the village was captured again, and many crosses/grave markers were lost. There are 60 headstones in this cemetery, but the author believes there are more graves than headstones in this cemetery.

Going back to L/Smn. Burdon, his headstone (FIGURE THREE), shows the Divisional Badge, opposite is the badge of the Hawke Bn., on the RND Anchor monument. The RMLI have their own badge on headstones, but all the Naval Battalions are grouped under the 'Admiralty fouled anchor' badge. The personal inscription near the base of Burdon's headstone, composed by his family, is one of the most poignant inscription I have read on an RND headstone; "ANCHORED ON GOD'S WIDE SHORELINE". Naval Trench Cemetery contains 40 RND; 39 are named, (APPENDIX ONE), and one unknown RMLI. There are 59 Great War graves, and one 1940 grave, making a total of 60 graves. Beside the unknown RMLI, there is also an "Unknown Soldier of the Great War" headstone, (FIGURE THREE).

So far in the series, I have given examples of the various types of Cemeteries, Base Hospital. Communal, Casualty Clearing Station, and Battlefield cemeteries. It is time to cover a Memorial to the Missing with RND, and to carry on from this article, the next in the series will be on the Arras Memorial to the Missing.

In writing this article I would like to thank Godfrey Owen James for various documents and photocopies.

All maps and photographs in this article are by the author.

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WAR DIARIES, 142nd BRIGADE, 47th Division, November 1917, (PRO WO95/2742)

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APPENDIX ONE

RND GRAVES IN NAVAL TRENCH CEMETERY [Fr. 1192], GAVRELLE, FRANCE.

BARLOW,	E.	A/B	Z/3342	Anson	07/09/17	(B. 3)
BELL,	T. W.	Pte	PO/1206 (S)	2/RMLI	11/09/17	(D. 14)
BICKERTON,	J. T.	A/B	T/Z/773	Anson	07/09/17	(B. 2)
BINGHAM,	H.	A/B	KP/244	Hawke	18/09/17	(B. 5)
BOTO,	J. H.	A/B	R/575	Anson	10/08/17	(C. 7)
BRADLEY,	A. B.	A/B	R/819	Anson	10/08/17	(E. 1)
BURDON,	M.	L/Sm.	T/Z/235	Hawke	24/04/17	(A. 13)
BURGESS,	L.,	A/B	W/Z/1436	Howe	28/04/17	(C.3)
CLOW,	H.F.	Pte	PO/1821 (S)	2/RMLI	31/07/17	(E. 12)
COATES,	E.	A/B	B/3248	Anson	04/09/17	(C. 11)
COOK,	A. P.	Lieut		2/RMLI	26/07/17	(D. 9)
CREED,	E.	A/B	KP/715	Anson	07/09/17	(C. 9)
CRUDEN,	G.	A/B	C/z/2432	Anson	28/05/17	(D. 12)
DAVIS,	A. F.	A/B	W/Z/2287	Anson	24/05/17	(D. 13)
DRAPER,	J.	A/B	R/839	Anson	07/09/17	(B. 4)
EDWARDS,	G. M.	A/B	R/2864	Anson	03/09/17	(C. 6)
FAIRLESS,	A.	A/B	KP/977	Anson	11/07/17	(D. 1)
HAIGH,	G.	A/B	KP/742	Anson	05/09/17	(C. 8)
HALL, MM	G. T.	PO	T/Z/3208	Hawke	24/04/17	(A. 12)
HARRISON,	T. R.	A/B	R/2320	Howe	11/09/17	(B. 1)
IGO,	T.	A/B	KP/997	Anson	18/08/17	(C. 1)
LAWSON,	T. W.	Pte.	PLY/16071	2/RMLI	30/07/17	(D. 7)
McDONALD,	R. H.	L/Sm	KX/554	Anson	20/07/17	(E. 10)
McMILLAN,	J.	Sgt.	PLY/9061	2/RMLI	13/08/17	(D. 5)
MARCHENT,	F. W.	A/B	R/2848	Anson	03/09/17	(C. 5)
MARSDEN, MM	W.	Cpl.	PO/105 (S)	2/RMLI	16/09/17	(E. 14)
MARSHALL,	F. M.	Pte.	PLY/1936 (S)	2/RMLI	28/07/17	(D. 3)
NEWTON,	F. J.	Pte.	PO/1771 (S)	2/RMLI	09/08/17	(D. 4)
PATRICK,	F.	A/B	T/Z/8956	Anson	15/07/17	(E. 6)
ROGERS,	E.	A/B	R/664	Anson	04/09/17	(C. 10)
RULE,	G. R.	Pte.	PO/918 (S)	2/RMLI	31/07/17	(E. 10)
RUNDLE,	C. E. J.	Pte.	PO/1629 (S)	2/RMLI	31/07/17	(E. 11)
SMITH,	B. W.	Pte.	PLY/17732	2/RMLI	23/08/17	(D. 6)
STIRLING,	A.	A/B	C/Z/1013	Hawke	29/07/17	(D. 8)
TAYLOR,	W. H.	Pte.	PLY/81 (S)	2/RMLI	20/08/17	(E. 13)
WILKINS,	A. G.	A/B	W/Z/2349	Anson	11/07/17	(D. 2)
WILKINSON,	C. S.	A/B	T/Z/2547	Anson	15/07/17	(E. 8)
WILSON,	D.	A/B	C/Z/4050	Howe	22/08/17	(C. 2)
WOODMAN,	P.	Pte.	PLY/14116	2/RMLI	27/07/17	(E. 5)

If you have an article, papers or photographs on any subject concerning the RND I will be very pleased to hear from you.

The next issue, number 9 will be published in June 1999.

It will contain :- Part 1 of the Affair at Moerbeke, during the Antwerp Campaign. The material available I am sure you will find very interesting.

The experiences of Sapper Ernest Leonard Mason of the Engineers Unit, No. 2, London Field Coy.

The 2nd part of Thomas Macmillan's story of his time with the Benbow Battalion, at Gallipoli. An outstanding and memorable experience.

And much more.

If you enjoyed the RND please tell a friend, remember back issues will be available.

Note- RND issues 1 - 8 inclusive contain 254278 words.

From the Hamilton
Papers. Ref 245.
The Liddle Hart Centre
for Military Archives,
the library King's College,
London.

States:- R.N.D.

Officers keep fowls near their
dug-outs and they have a
good supply of new-laid
eggs each day.

Note:- The Hon Charles
Lister of the Hood Bn. wrote
in his letter of the 1st August
1915 :- General Paris talked
to us to-day. He looked most
young and cheery - brighter
than I have ever seen him.
He has a little poultry-yard
at Headquarters and two
roosters, a white one called
Hindenburg and a buff
Orpington called the Grand
Duke - Hindenburg never
allows the Grand Duke any
play with the hens, but drives
him away.

From 'Charles Lister'
Letters and Recollections.'
Published by T. Fisher
Unwin Ltd in 1917.
Pages 215/216 refers.

