

R.N.D.

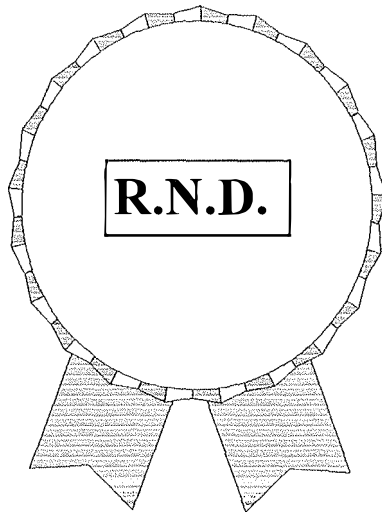
Royal Naval Division

Antwerp, Gallipoli & Western Front
1914 - 1918.



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Photograph on the front cover is of an unknown member of the Royal Naval Division but a very good example of the early uniform. My thanks go to Alan Wicker for supplying me with a copy for reproduction.

Produced and designed at 17a Bellhouse Road, Eastwood, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex, SS9 5NL. (Telephone 01 702 521550.)

The Western Front.

The Windmill. A Song of Victory.

Yes, it was like a garden glowing
 When first we came to the hill-top there,
And we laughed to know that the Bosche was going,
 And laughed to know that the land was fair;
Acre by acre of green fields sleeping,
 Hamlets hid in the tufts of wood,
And out of the trees were church-towers peeping,
 And away on hillock the Windmill stood.

*Then, ah then, 'twas a land worth winning,
 And now there is nought but the naked clay,
But I can remember the Windmill spinning,
 And the four sails shone in the sun that day.*

But the guns came after and tore the hedges
 And stripped the spinneys and churned the plain,
And a man walks now on the windy ledgers,
 And looks for a feather of green in vain;
Acre by acre the sad eye traces
 The rust-red bones of the earth laid bare,
And the sign posts stand in the market-places
 To say that a village was builded there.

*But better the French fields stark and dying
 Than ripe for a conquerors' fat content.,
And I can remember the mill-sails flying,
 Yet I cheered with the rest when the Windmill went.*

Away to the East the grass-land surges
 Acre by acre across the line,
And we must go on till the end like scourges,
 Though the wilderness stretch from sea to Rhine;
But I dream some days of a great reveille,
 When the buds shall burst in the Blasted Wood,
And the children chatter in Death-Trap Alley,
 And a windmill stands where the Windmill stood.

*And we that remember the Windmill spinning,
We may go under, but not in vain,
For our sons shall come in the new beginning
And see that the Windmill spins again.*

Lieutenant A.P. Herbert.
R.N.D.
March 1918.

Note --- This poem like the 'The Wisdom of Wunstar' which follows
was found in the papers of Alan Herbert King of the Drake
Battalion by his daughter Mrs Ann Price.

At the bottom of the poem in ink appears the following ---

The Windmill at G - - - - - nearly a year ago, the most exciting times
we could have had. In a lone post inaccessible during the day, and only
40 yards from the Bosche. Night after we were relieved (unreadable) was
over and pinched the gun. What luck to be away. Still happy days, all of
them.

The G - - - - - for the location of the Windmill must I feel refer to the
Windmill at Gavrelle. You will remember the article by Kyle D. Tallett.
From page 197 in issue number 3 of December 1997 including a
photograph.

The poem was published in 'The Bomber Gipsy' by Methuen & Co Ltd
in 1918. Page 79.

The Wisdom Of Wunstar.

My Son, Beware the Aircraft that is Anti, for his nose-caps return
to earth as thou walkest; and if one drop near thee, though
thou say "Pooh," yet shall thy feet be cold under thee.

Verily the censoring of Letters is a weariness unto the flesh, and a
Carrying Party a torment; but a cheque returned from Cox
is an abomination.

Tread carefully the end of the duckboard in the trench, lest haply
the other end rise and smite thee.

Speak fair unto the A.SKC., that when thou returnest from leave he
may give thee lifts in his lorries.

A Quarter Bloke and his indents, Who shall understand them.
Better Maconachie and Biscuit in rest, than Chicken and Moulin Rouge
in the Line.

Take heed unto a D.A.D.O.S. and offend him not, for then shall thy
battalion have socks, and the Wear that men call Under.

If men say unto thee - "The Field Cashier will attend at the Town Majors
at 2 pip. Emma. "go thou not to that place till the setting
of the sun, for the wires of a Field Cashier, who shall believe
them ?

At a whizz-bang shalt thou shrug thy shoulders, at two thine eyebrows
raise, at three shalt thou quicken thy pace, at four peradventure
thou mayest run, but a Five-Nine who can stick it ?

If a man sayest unto thee "Leave is open, Leave is open." Regard him
not, for he is a liar, and talketh through his hat (tin).

Offend not thine Adjutant in the line, that when thy crowd goes down
thou mayest be sent in advance on the stunt called Billetting;
then shalt thou dine well and secure unto thyself a good bed.

Walk not on the Decauville Track, though it may be the shorter way, that
the wrath of the Corps Commander descend not upon thy head,
and he dock thy leave.

The House of Cox is a great House and in it are many maidens. Yea a Holt
or a MacGregor is not in it with the House of Cox.

Beware the Barrage that creepeth, and the Minen that is Werfer,
that thy days may be long in the line.

If thou seest red as thou walkest in the way, let not the wind arise
peradventure it is only a Captain. But if it be the
Brigadier, turn aside till he be passed by. But if it be the
G.O.C. Division, pray he question thee not, that thou be not
entangled in thy talk and thy number be up.

In rest thou shalt have many Kit Inspections, yet after them thy
Platoon getteth not the stuff it is short of.

Judge not the Wine of France by the label.
Beware the bills of Bailleul, and take not the money of Saint-Omer
for in Amiens they will not accept them.
Speak smoothly to the Sappercove, then shalt thy working party
be dismissed early.
Verily a sand bag is a comfortable thing, It buildeth up the parapet,
it improveth the dug-out, and maketh warm the legs of man.
If thine Adjutant call for a return of piano tuners in thy platoon,
make not a nil return, and thus thou may bung someone into a
job that is cushy.
A simple soul accepteth twenty five francs to the pound, but a wise
man insisteth on twenty seven fifty, and raiseth Cain until
he getteth it.
From the unit to the Field Ambulance is easy, to the Casualty clearing
station my hap harder, but to the Base, who can wangle it ?

Note - This poem 'The Wisdom of Wunstar' was found in the papers of Alan Herbert King of the Drake Battalion by his daughter Mrs Ann Price.

Enquiries that I have made at the Poetry Library, London confirm that as far as they are aware this work is unknown by them and has not been published before.

Training, followed by Ostend,
Dunkirk & Gallipoli. (Y Beach.)

**Royal Marine James Thompson
Plymouth Battalion R.M.L.I.
Register Number Ply. 11837.**

**A transcript of his diaries kept during
World War 1.**

This diary account was edited by his son Robert B Thompson in 1995. Robert tells me that his wife also has R.N.D. connections as her grandfather was killed in Shrapnel Valley, Gallipoli within a few days of landing with the Portsmouth Battalion. James Thompson kept two diaries. Unfortunately the second one ends abruptly, so subsequent ones must have been lost. Robert writes his father did not talk much about his time on Gallipoli, and because of his sense of humour he always seemed to cover up the seriousness of the action. It wasn't until I read his diaries that I realised how terrible it all was.



James Thompson taken in 1909 when he was 20 years old. He is second from the left in the front row. (Photograph Bob Thompson.)

Saturday 1st August 1914. At Deal.

Standing by to mobilise

12.45 p m. Sounded off.

12.46 1. 40 p m. Left Deal for Plymouth, arrived in Plymouth 2 a m. 2nd August.

Sunday 2nd August 1914. At Plymouth.

Confined to Barracks.

Monday 3rd August 1914. At Plymouth.

Drew money. Waiting embarkation.

Rumours of Battalion being formed to land in Belgium.

Canteen closed. Library sold out.

Reservists pouring in and being embarked until 1 am.

Tuesday 4th August 1914. At Plymouth.

England sent ultimatum to Germany asking her to respect Belgium's neutrality. Germany immediately replied that they could not accede to request. England declared war on Germany from 11 p m.

English mine-layer sunk by Germany.

Wednesday 5th August 1914. At Plymouth.

Battalion formed under Colonel Matthews as a raiding party consisting of both Active Service men and Reservists. 450 strong with Marines and field guns.

Thursday 6th August 1914. At Plymouth.

Preparing to leave at a moments notice.

Germany repulsed by Belgians with heavy losses.

HMS *Amphion* sunk by mine, 131 lost.

Fell in and drew blue jersey and 2 Cholera belts.

Left Devonport about 11 p.m. after splendid send off by people en-route to station.

Friday 7th August 1914. At Portsmouth.

Arrived Portsmouth about 6 am and march to drill-field.

Dismissed for breakfast then fell in to pitch tents and told off for duties. (Bert in same section and tent.)

Still waiting for news, rumours of going to Belgium as a Naval Brigade.

Chatham Division Marines arrived.

20,000 Germans killed in the attack on Liege by the Belgians. Germany asked for 24 hours Armistice to bury dead. Wonderful courage shown by both sides.

Government fixed maximum prices for food.

Many German spies arrested in England.

Saturday 8th August 1914. At Portsmouth.

Fell in at 8 o'clock. Marched out and practised the attack in drenching rain, returned to camp about 11 am. Afternoon parade cancelled owing to weather. Paraded at 5.15 p.m. for about an hours drill and lectures. Still no news as to when and where we are going. French army made an attack on Germans. Reported 30,000 Germans and 15,000 French killed.

Cholera has broken out amongst German and Austrian Armies.

Sunday 9th August 1914. At Portsmouth.

Fell in at 9 a.m. Kit inspection. Detailed off for different duties including cleaning up camp. Colonel Matthews informed Battalion that Chatham Division and Eastney had taken all our gear. Consequently we were short and therefore there was a possibility of the Battalion being separated. The orders being that, if it was found impossible to get gear for everyone, only the number of men equal to the amount of gear would be taken.

General McCaurland appointed to Command Battalion.

Fell in at 2 p.m. All hands employed at painting canvas for waterproof sheets, filling chargers with ammunition and cleaning up camp (also gave us a test at signals).

Went for a stroll in Gosport for hour and a half.

Still no news as to when we go or where. Mail arrived.

Monday 10th August 1914. At Portsmouth.

Fell in at 8 o'clock and march to Browndown for trench digging. Fell in again at 5 p.m. for drill etc, and signal exercise. A signal class detailed to work under a Signal Sergeant instead of with the Battalion

German submarine sunk off English coast in the North Sea.

Canada presented English people with one million bags of flour.

Prince of Wales fund reaches £400,000 in two days.

(News Nil)

German submarine sunk by *HMS Birmingham*.

Canada presents two submarines to the government.

Prince of Wales fund now £500,000.

Report issued that the Kaiser has taken to the field.

Tuesday 11th August 1914. At Portsmouth.

Fell in at 8 o'clock. Employed with Portsmouth signalmen, exercising signals.

Remainder of Battalion route marching, testing rifles etc.

2.30 p.m. Inspection of Battalion by General McCaurland.

Still no news.

Wednesday 12th August 1914. At Portsmouth.

Fell in at 8 O'Clock. Weather fine, exercising at signals.

Remainder of troops marching out etc.

England declares War on Austria.

24 English cruisers scouring the Atlantic for 5 German cruisers.

Prince of Wales fund reaches £750,000.

The Turkish government purchased the *Goeben* and *Breslau*, two German Cruisers which had taken refuge from the English fleet.

Thursday 13th August 1914. At Portsmouth.

Weather fine. Usual daily routine in camp.

Belgiums still repulsing the Germans at Liege, which is giving the French time to bring their main Army up.

Friday 14th August 1914. At Portsmouth.

Usual routine in camp.

Reports state small parties of German soldiers deserting in need of food.

Turkish Ambassador guarantees Turkish neutrality in regards to the purchasing of the two German ships.

Prince of Wales fund reaches one million pounds.

Marine Battalion measured for khaki suits. Weather fine but very hot.

News Nil.

Saturday 15th August 1914. At Portsmouth.

Usual routine.

Sunday 16th August 1914. At Portsmouth.

Usual routine.

Church.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday & Thursday. At Portsmouth.

Usual routine.

Friday 21st August 1914. At Portsmouth.

Left Portsmouth at 10 a.m.

Saturday 22nd August 1914. At Plymouth.

Arrived Plymouth 6 a.m.

No drill. Detailed off for rooms. Rumours of forming part of a Naval Brigade.

Sunday 23rd August 1914. At Plymouth.

No routine or drill.

Monday 24th August 1914. At Plymouth.

Troops marching out.

Tuesday 25th August 1914. At Plymouth.

Troops marching out.

Wednesday 26th August 1914. At Plymouth.

Embarked on board HMS Vengeance at 1.30 p.m. Left Plymouth at 6 p.m. Destination unknown.

Plymouth Battalion 750 strong.

Thursday 27th August 1914. On Board *HMS Vengeance*.

Taking passage. Served out with 100 Rounds of Ammunition.

Friday 28th August 1914. At Ostend.

Landed at 9 a.m. with Battalion from each Headquarters and R.M.A. Plymouth Division Signallers appointed as Brigade staff.

Great welcome from inhabitants.

Saturday 29th August 1914. At Ostend.

Billeted in Marine Bureau, which was very comfortable. Received various gifts from people. Troops employed in entrenching outpost in vicinity of Ostend. All telephone wires cut.

Sunday 30th August 1914. At Ostend.

Troops employed unpacking stores etc.

Monday 31st August 1914. At Ostend.

Embarked on *HMS Ceaser*.

Tuesday 1st September 1914. At Ostend.

Took passage on *HMS Ceaser*, destination unknown.

Wednesday 2nd September 1914. At Plymouth.

Disembarked to Barracks.

Rumours of going to Deal.

Thursday 3rd September 1914. At Plymouth.

Re-organising Battalion. Orders state Battalion proceed to Deal on 12th.

Friday 4th September 1914. At Plymouth.

Still re-organising Battalion.

Saturday 5th September 1914. At Plymouth.

Route marching.

Sunday 6th September 1914. At Plymouth.

Church.

Monday 7th to Saturday 13th September 1914. At Plymouth.

Saturday 13th to Saturday 20th September 1914. At Deal.

Saturday 20th September 1914. At Deal.

Embarked at Dover for Dunkirk in France.

Remained one week.

Saturday 28th September 1914. At Dunkirk.

Left for Cassal, remained one week. No fighting.

Saturday 3rd October 1914. At Cassal.

Left by train at 10 a.m. Destination unknown. In great hurry.

Arrived at Oue God and billeted at night.

Sunday 4th October 1914. At Oue God.

Left for Sier. Relieved Belgium troops in the trenches.

Germans commenced bombarding the town. Remained in trenches under cover. Shrapnel falling all around our trenches. Parts of town on fire.

Monday 5th October 1914. At Sier.

In trenches. Bombardment continuous. Snipers troubling us during the night. No casualties near here but three from another trench. One of the Marines gun-crew blown up. Only one man has, up to now, returned.

Am afraid poor Bert has gone under. Captain Coode shot in lung.

Right of line heard 9th Battalion engaged with infantry. Major Beves party having a rough time and is ready to retire. Casualties unknown.

Tuesday 6th October 1914. At Sier.

Bombardment worse than ever. Shrapnel dropping into trenches. Just heard big guns have arrived. Hope so or we do not stand much of a chance.

Artillery fire of enemy wonderful.

No news of Bert.

Reinforced by Belgian troops in trenches. In afternoon we were forced to retire from trenches chased by the German's shrapnel fire all the way back. When out of range we entrenched ourselves again. Naval Brigade arrived.

Wednesday 7th October 1914. At a village 2 miles from Sier.

Entrenched.

Moved from trenches at 4 a.m. and returned to Oue God.

Germans demand surrender of town. We were told off to hide in the Park under cover.

Managed to get a wash. The first since Saturday the 3rd. Also able to take boots off.

Our casualties are unknown yet. Have just heard a rumour that poor Bert is in hospital, can get no information.

Our retirement was the most terrible experience in my life. We could see nothing to fire at but were being shelled repeatedly. When we reached safety everyone was thoroughly done up.

Thursday 8th October 1914. Oue God.

We are now waiting for the Germans to begin bombarding the town. We can do nothing as they possess such fine guns and they simply out range everything we have. Wherever we go we are stopped by aeroplanes which go back and report. Then follows the shrapnel. One has just arrived above.

We are at present in the public park keeping under cover of the trees and have just managed to cook some fresh meat. The first since we were at Dunkirk.

All the people are leaving here pushing perambulators, hand carts or anything with wheels on, full of little things from their homes which will soon be no more. Such are the horrors of war, which the people of England can never realise.

Slept in the streets all night until about 4 a.m. when we moved into the country and whilst there behind a hedge a shrapnel shell burst and killed two poor beggars and wounded two. We then entrenched ourselves using our bayonets and remained hiding from aeroplanes whilst the enemy bombarded Antwerp.

About 6.30 a.m. we were suddenly given the order to fall in. The Marine Brigade then remained fell in whilst the Naval Brigade marched through on its way to Antwerp. The 11th and 12th Battalions then formed a rear-guard. We then started to retire towards Antwerp by the main road which was still being bombarded, but I do not think the Germans knew we were retiring or the firing would have been much more.

We reached Antwerp about 9 O'Clock, the sight was wonderful. All the city was ablaze and the streets were smothered with broken glass. On reaching the canal we found a Pontoon erected as the bridge had been blown up. We crossed this in single file as it was not too strong. Reaching the other side we formed up and marched about six miles into a village arriving about 12 p.m. Slept in a field and received the order to move at 8 a.m. on Friday 9th October to St-Niklaas where we entrained reaching Bruges about 8 p.m. Remained there two hours then on to Blankenberge (remained on train all night) from where we marched to Ostend on Saturday morning.

Saturday 10th October 1914. At Ostend.

Embarked and slept on *SS Honorus* all night.

Sunday 11th October 1914. At Ostend.

Sailed for a destination unknown. Believed to be England.

Monday 12th October 1914. On board *SS Honorus*.

Temporarily at anchor off Dunkirk during sailing.

Tuesday 13th October 1914. On board *SS Honorus*.

Arrived at Dover and entrained for Deal. Given leave to go home.

Wednesday 14th October 1914. At Deal.

Home leave given to 50% of Battalion.

Thursday & Friday 15th & 16th October 1914. At Deal.

Home.

(Second diary in use which is another small Royal Naval hard backed journal.)

To find North with watch. Point hour to the sun and half way between that and twelve o'clock will give you due South.

No 1 Group AL

Hd Qm AC

No 2 AR

Thursday 29th October 1914. At Deal.

Entrained for Plymouth at 9 a.m. Arrived at 6 p.m. and proceeded to Barracks.

Friday 30th October 1914. At Plymouth.

Battalion employed at various duties.

Saturday 31st October 1914. At Plymouth.

(Letter from Win and Harry) Passing Doctor. Thorough inspection. A large number being declared unfit and discharged to Headquarters from Battalion.

Sunday 1st November 1914. At Plymouth.

Nothing to report.

Monday 2nd to Thursday 5th November 1914. At Plymouth.

Re-organising.

Friday 6th November 1914. At Plymouth.

Re-organising.

Kitchener's Army reinforcing the Battalion

Saturday 7th November 1914. At Plymouth.

Re-organising.

Sunday 8th November 1914. At Plymouth.

Church.

Monday 9th November 1914. At Plymouth.

Preparing to leave for Tavistock.

Tuesday 10th November 1914. At Plymouth.

Fell in at 8.15 a.m. and marched off at 8.45 a.m. Arrived at Tavistock 2.10 p.m. (dinner at 4 p.m.) Drew straw beds and 3 blankets each.

No. 1 Coy. And Staff billeted in the local Drill-hall.

Wednesday 11th November 1914. At Tavistock.

Troops employed drawing stores etc. and preparing range for musketry course.

Thursday 12th November 1914. At Tavistock.

Recruits employed on the rifle range going through a course of musketry.
Signalmen at telephone.

Friday 13th & Saturday 14th November 1914. At Tavistock.

Recruits at musketry.

Sunday 1st February 1915.

Proceeded to Shroton Dorset,

Monday 2nd to Friday 5th February 1915. At Shroton.

Nothing to report.

Saturday 6th February 1915. At Shroton.

Left Shroton at 1.0 a.m. Marched to Shillingstone reaching there about 3.30 a.m. Caught train for Devonport, arriving about 12 noon.

Embarked on *SS Braemar Castle*. Sailed from Devonport at 4.55 p.m.

Sunday 7th to Tuesday 9th February 1915.

In Bay of Biscay.

Wednesday 10th February 1915.

Left Bay of Biscay astern at 4 a.m. after rough passage through.

Passed Gibraltar at 12 midnight.

Thursday 11th February 1915. In Mediterranean.

Weather much better. Sighted African Coast and kept within sight of same.

Friday 12th & Saturday 13th February 1915. In Mediterranean.

Still off coast of Africa. Weather fine & warm.

Sunday 14th February 1915. In Mediterranean.

Passed through several small islands.

Arrived off Malta at 10.30 a.m. and dropped anchor outside.

Monday 15th February 1915. At Malta.

Proceeded to anchorage in Grand Harbour 8.30 a.m.

Tuesday 16th February 1915. On Malta.

Troops landed for exercise which was greatly needed.

The island seems to be a fine looking place. The streets were lined with trees which

resembled Bay trees. Here and there a Mimosa tree. There are a number of churches and every few yards there is a niche in the wall with the figure of the “Virgin Mary”, Jesus Christ or one of the saints. Woman still wear the Hood.

Wednesday 17th February 1915. On Malta.

Weather very hot.

Thursday 18th February 1915. On Malta.

Expecting to leave at midnight.

I was discharged to Malta Hospital.

Friday 19th February 1915. At Malta.

Braemar Castle left at 8.0 a.m.

Saturday 20th February 1915. At Sea.

Destination unknown. Passed Crete at 3.15 p.m.

Sunday 21st February 1915. At Sea.

Turkish coast sighted at 12 noon. Run into rough weather.

I was still in Hospital, thank goodness!

Dropped anchor off Tenedos Island about 3.30 p.m. weighing anchor again about 5.30 p.m. to avoid contact with hostile mines etc.

Monday 22nd February 1915. At Sea.

Encountered rough weather in the early hours of the morning.

Arrived Tenedos about 7 a.m. Remained all day.

Tuesday 23rd February 1915. Off Tenedos.

Strong rumour in ship that peace had been proclaimed.

Severe storm in the evening.

Wednesday 24th February 1915. Off Tenedos.

Remained until 12 noon then sailed to Lemnos, in Turkish waters, arriving about 4 p.m. (another rumour, we were returning to England.)

Thursday 25th February 1915. Off Lemnos.

Went closer in to land. Place seemed deserted. Left about 5 p.m. for Grecian waters.

Expected to go to Dardanelles and land tomorrow.

Returned to Lemnos the same evening.

Friday 26th February 1915. Off Lemnos.

Left about 1 a.m. sailing all night reaching mouth of Dardanelles about 7.30 a.m. Had to turn about on account of mines and then went to Tenedos. Troops saw the ports on fire after bombardment by Allied fleet. A fine sight.

(I missed this being on my way from Malta to rejoin Braemar Castle)
Left Tenedos 5 p.m. for Isle of Imbros. Arriving about 8 p.m.

Saturday 27th February 1915. Off Imbros, Greece.

Very rough weather. Troops watching the shelling of the Dardanelles. Expecting to land tomorrow. In the evening the Chaplain held special service on board.

Sunday 28th February 1915. Off Imbros.

Bad weather continues which prevents landing.

Monday 1st March 1915. Off Imbros.

Bad weather. Snow storm in early hours of morning. The heights covered with snow which looked very pretty. *Cawdor Castle* joined us with Chatham Battalion on board. Watched the bombardment of ports. Weather now calm and fine. Expecting to land tomorrow. Left Imbros for Tenedos.

Tuesday 2nd March 1915. Off Tenedos.

The Torpedo *Destroyers Grasshopper and Balish* came alongside to take troops ashore. Weather being bad this was cancelled.

Wednesday 3rd March 1915. Off Tenedos.

Weather rough, Left Tenedos for Imbros at 10.30 a.m. Anchored about 4. 30 p.m. Heard the *Dasia* was captured by the French.

Thursday 4th March 1915. Off Imbros.

No.3 and 4 Companies effected a landing and proceeded into action leaving ship about 8.a m

Left Imbros about 8. 30 a.m. sailing into the mouth of Dardanelles.

Continued to circle round all day watching bombardment. In the evening ship was shelled by Turkish forts. Shells coming close but doing no damage.

No. 3 Coy. Did not come onboard but No. 4 Coy came onboard about 5 p.m. bringing three dead Marines including "Sergeant Minns" and one dead Turk.

Friday 5th March 1915. Off Dardanelles.

Some of No.3 Coy were arriving all the forenoon, more dead bodies also arrived. Muster roll by Colonel Matthews resulted in 19 killed, 23 wounded and 4 missing.

At 1.30 p.m. dead were buried at Sea. All troops were paraded on deck for Burial service.

Saturday 6th March 1915. Off Tenedos.

Left in the evening for Imbros, anchored outside harbour all night. One of the missing returned onboard.

I arrived at Lemnos in the supply ship *Swanley*.

Sunday 7th March 1915. At Lemnos.

Went into Tenedos. I rejoined *Braemar Castle* at 11 a.m.

Monday 8th March 1915. At Lemnos.

Troops landed for exercise.

Tuesday 9th March 1915. At Lemnos.

Nothing to report.

Wednesday 10th March 1915. At Lemnos.

No landing. Weather too rough.

Thursday 11th March 1915. At Lemnos.

Troops landed. Rained very hard.

Friday 12th March 1915. At Lemnos.

Troops landed.

Saturday 13th to Monday 15th March 1915.

Still lying at Lemnos.

Tuesday 16th March 1915. At Lemnos.

Report reached us of the landing party off *HMS Ocean* (marines).

Three returned out of eighty (this fortunately was not true)

Rumours of going to Egypt which turned out to be true.

Wednesday 17th March 1915. At Lemnos.

Nothing to report.

Thursday 18th March 1915. At Lemnos.

Left at 5 p.m. and joined Royal Naval Division.

Friday 19th March 1915. At Sea.

Wireless report *Ocean* and *Irresistible* sinking through mines in Dardanelles.

We return to Lemnos.

Saturday 20th March 1915. At Lemnos.

Weather very rough. Small boats braking adrift all day.

Sunday 21st March 1915. At Lemnos.

Weather the same.

Monday 21st March 1915. At Lemnos.

Heard *Inflexible* had been beached at Tenedos.

Tuesday 23rd March 1915. At Lemnos.

Expected to sail but did not.

Wednesday 24th March 1915. At Lemnos.

Left at 4.30 p.m. It was rumoured for Alexandria.

Thursday 25th March 1915. At Sea.

Nothing to report.

Friday 26th March 1915. At Sea.

Steaming slowly. Passed Alexandria at 9 p.m.

Saturday 27th March 1915. At Sea.

Arrived Port Said 11.30 a.m.

Sunday 28th & Monday 29th March 1915. Off Port Said.

Nothing doing.

Tuesday 30th March 1915. At Port Said.

Went ashore and pitched tents and had our first night under canvas.

Wednesday 31st March 1915. At Port Said.

Brigadier Generals Parade. Plymouth, Portsmouth and Chatham Battalions attending.

Thursday 1st April 1915. At Port Said.

(Made Lofty Tom Fool)

Friday 2nd April 1915. At Port Said.

Good Friday.

Thought about where I was a year before. Brigade Church service in the p.m.

Saturday 3rd April 1915. At Port Said.

In camp. Royal Naval Division paraded for Review by General Sir Ian Hamilton who specially recommended Plymouth Battalion. No 2 Company were also specially recommended by our own officers.

Sunday 4th April 1915. At Port Said.

Easter Sunday. Church Service in the open.

Monday 5th April 1915. At Port Said.

Easter Monday. Route March. Severe Sand Storm. Troops almost blinded with sand.

Tuesday 6th April 1915. At Port Said.

Sand Storm still raging.

Wednesday 7th April 1915. At Port Said.

Struck camp and re-embarked on *Braemar Castle* in the forenoon.

Thursday 8th April 1915. Off Port Said.

Left Port Said at 12 noon presumably for the Dardanelles.

Friday 9th April 1915. At Sea.

Battalion preparing to land.

Saturday 10th April 1915. At Sea.

Battalion employed re-adjusting equipment to carry three days rations.

Sunday 11th April 1915. At Sea.

Arrived Lemnos about 5.30 a.m.

Monday 12th April 1915. Off Lemnos.

Preparing to land.

Tuesday 13th April 1915. Off Lemnos.

Landed for exercise at 8.45 a.m. got caught in the rain. Company got very wet and muddy. Re-embarked at 2.0 p.m.

Had dinner. Still hungry - "un-eatable".

Cawdor Castle came alongside with Chatham Battalion.

Wednesday 14th April 1915. Off Lemnos.

Battalion signallers took the signal duties for the ship. Troops carrying on daily routine.

All sorts of yarns about the war, but no definite news.

Caterer of messes complained about food. Result, great improvement.

Went aboard *Implacable* and was treated to tobacco etc. and found her clean as a new pin through using oil only and no coal.

All officers have been up to the Dardanelles to view country etc.

The Harbour now is full of transports. 50 in number, with Colonial, Regulars and Indians onboard. Rumour onboard that the *Goeben* is out of harbour.

We are expecting to leave, every day, for Dardanelles.

Sunday 18th April 1915. Off Lemnos.

Horizontal Joe in possession of tobacco and cigarettes ("matches also") and is going to do a Chatham for it.

Troops exercise landing in trawlers. Weather grand, sea like glass. Went for a pull at 1.30 p.m. visiting *Queen Elizabeth*, *London* and *Cornwallis*.

Saw Frank Stewart's young brother who wished to be remembered to Win.

I was offered money by a young marine in *HMS London* who had heard we were short.

He gave me two good books.

The Colonel and officers have been to the Dardanelles in *HMS Dublin*, returned 7.45 p.m.

Monday 19th April 1915. Off Lemnos.

A Turkish torpedo boat stopped the British transport *Manitou* and gave them three minutes to man boats then fired three torpedoes, but all missed. She was then chased by the *Minerva* and a destroyer which destroyed her and took the crew prisoner.

Cheshire Regiment on transport lost 60 men through Davit breaking.

Germans dropping bombs on Switzerland who protests.

Sergeant Meatyard rejoins ship from hospital.

Tuesday 20th April 1915. Off Lemnos.

Ostend taken by Allies.

Wednesday 21st April 1915. Off Lemnos.

Nothing doing. Awaiting orders to move.

Thursday 22nd April 1915.

Nothing of importance.

Friday 23rd April 1915. Off Lemnos.

A great number of transports left harbour. Two seaplanes exercising over the harbour.

We are to work in conjunction with the King's Own Scottish Borderers (KOSB) when we land.

Saturday 24th April 1915. Off Lemnos.

Weighed anchor and lay outside the harbour.

Signalmen paraded before Adjutant Captain Lough. We were told by him to be very careful of water as our water bottles had to last three days.

We were served out with two 1 lb. tins of beef and two bags of biscuits which has to last us five days.

Left Lemnos at 6.30 p.m.

Sunday 25th April 1915. At Sea and Y Beach.

Arrived Dardanelles at 1 a.m. and left *Braemar Castle* at 4 a.m. Landed at 7.30 a.m.

No opposition, under protection of battleships. Are now awaiting the result of scouts reconnaissance.

This is a beautiful morning. We have reached the top of the slope I mentioned and are in extended order with the KOSB entrenching themselves just in front. The Battleships are still tearing the country to pieces and aeroplanes are flying overhead. A lot of rifle fire is going on off to our right rear. I am on the left flank of the firing line with my group of signallers looking out for orders from HQs. I have been rather bad in my stomach for four days but feel a little better just at this minute. Wonder what the weather is like in Deal. I am wondering whenever I shall get a letter or be able to sent one.

We have been under rifle fire for about an hour. Just now a party left here to try and



‘Y’ Beach and coast. Reference Q 14831. Department of Photographs Imperial War Museum.

deliver a flank attack. Do not know how they are getting on. As I write this a continual “swish” “swish” is going on. I have a little trench about 40 yards in rear of the firing line. I expect we shall get it hot to-night.

Water lasting out well, also food. I brought a good supply ashore thanks to the generosity of the two ships Quartermasters from the *Braemar Castle*. Our landing place is called CAPE TEKEH. N W GALLIPOLI PENINSULA.

We remained in our small trench until about 7 p.m. with continual fire going on from our trenches in front. At the above time Captain Tetley came running to gather any troops as they were about to repel an attack on the cliffs to our left. I fixed my bayonet, left my pack and signal gear in the trench and ran forward and down the cliffs, being joined by about

thirty men under a Lieutenant who was wounded just as I lay down alongside of him. The Turks made an attack on us at once with hand grenades, so we were ordered to retire in consequence. We all got mixed up and were shouting "who are you" to anyone that came running along. If they failed to answer in English, we fired ! We continued to retire and I eventually found myself on the sea shore with three wounded men and one chap who was all right. I shall never forget our experience that night.

All three of the wounded were able to walk so we tried to hail a boat but were immediately fired on from above so ran along the beach with the devils above chasing us along the top. Luckily nobody was hit, and at last we reached a sort of split in the rocks so took shelter and waited all night with our rifles ready. To make things worse it came on to rain and we didn't have a waterproof sheet or coat between us.

In the early hours of the morning I suddenly saw something creeping along the beach, so thinking it was a Turk I challenged him and found him to be a wounded soldier who had tried to swim off to the ships but had returned exhausted. This poor devil turned out to be the man whom we had heard calling for help the night before but could not help as we couldn't see him and he seemed a long way out. The Turks were also firing down at him from the top of the cliffs. His cries were pitiful and we thought, when he had ceased calling for help, that it was all up with him.

He hadn't a stitch to his back, but was happy as could be to see I was English. He made our party up to six, but only two of us had rifles. (The night being cold I gave him my coat and consequently lost my diary for the space of nearly two months, when a young chap handed it to me in the trenches. He having been in hospital with the soldier. I just mention this as I have to fill it in the best way I can) We remained in our hiding place until daylight when along the sea shore came the most motley crowd I have ever seen. About thirty five in number. These were Marines, KOSB, SWB and wounded of all sorts. One poor beggar had his tongue shot out of his mouth. Our position was dangerous, as they had practically no ammunition and with Turks on each side of the cliffs above, and all my signal gear was gone. One chap volunteered to swim off to the ships and ask for boats.

In the meantime I tied my red handkerchief on a stick and a white handkerchief on another piece, stood on a rock semaphoring. To our joy after twenty minutes *HMS Blenheim* answered with her searchlight so when told how we were situated she sent boats for us and took us all aboard.

The ship's company gave us plenty to eat and hot tea to drink. We remained there until evening when we were all transferred to the *Ausonia* where we re-organised and mustered our losses. They were found to be 197 total. 43 being killed in one Company. KOSB losses being 270.

Note. - James Thompson. The first dairy taken from a small Royal Naval hard backed journal — T.S. 66 (late S 693b)

Entry - If anyone should find this book would they please do me the kindness of returning it to my wife if possible. Mrs J Thompson. The Hope Inn, St Margarets, Nr Dover.

LANDING OF PLYMOUTH BATTALION AT 'Y' BEACH On the 25th April 1915.

By R.M. Meller. Surgeon R.N. Tempy.

The Battalion landed at 5.30 a.m. the landing having previously been made good by a Battalion of King's Own Scottish Borderers and one Company of South Wales Borderers.

The whole landing was accomplished without opposition, an advance was made inland and along the coast in a south-easterly direction at 'X' Beach. By mid-day the situation was as follows :-

Two companies of the Plymouth were guarding the left flank. The K.O.S.B. and S.W.B. were in the centre and two companies of the Plymouth Battalion were on the right a mile and a half to two miles from the landing place. The stretcher bearers and Medical Unit were with their Companies. I was with the two Companies on the right.

Major ----- R.A.M.C. had established a receiving station on the west of the hill near the landing place with the idea of keeping the wounded there for the night and sending them back by road in the following day, presumably to 'W' Beach.

The party at 'X' Beach had made no appreciable progress and it was decided to make no further attempt to get into touch with them.

There were no casualties in the Plymouth Battalion up to this time.

It was decided to retire and hold the top of the crest which passed a rough semicircle touching the sea on either side. Below the crest were two gullies and a very steep rocky hill side, making stretcher work almost impossible. Below the hill was a narrow strip of beach almost ten yards wide, extending all along our position.

I established an aid post in the left hand or northern Gully.

The casualties began to come about 5.0 p.m. and 6 p.m. I had 4 or 5 at this Aid Post. About 6 p.m. I was asked by the C.O. to go to the right flank where there were several wounded, with special reference to a slightly wounded officer who was "Carrying on" in the firing line. By this time the attack had developed strongly and owing to a vigorous crossfire and shrapnel and to the fact that there was no proper trench, only a shallow dug-out for each man. I was unable to reach the firing line.

On the hill side below the crest I found many wounded from the various Battalions engaged. These I dressed as required and as far as possible collected them into groups in hollows. I was rather at a loss to know what to do with these cases as the crest of the hill was now the firing line and I had completely lost touch with the other Medical Units. I was at this time accompanied by one Medical Orderly, the stretcher bearers and Medical details being employed in dressing the wounded and helping them from the trenches.

About midnight a signal was sent to *H.M.S. Goliath* asking for a boat and a cutter to be sent for the wounded. Just before dawn these boats appeared, I helped my collected wounded down the hill as best I could and found many more already on the beach. who had been carried and found their way down by various means.

These as far as the boats would hold were sent off to *H.M.S. Goliath*. More wounded began to arrive on the beach from all directions, many requiring dressing. Boats came in from the supporting ships, the stretcher cases, then walking cases were put into boats. This was about 9.0. a.m. This took nearly all the first tow. The wounded went mostly to *Goliath* and *Sapphire*.

The second tow arrived and the Plymouth Battalion was told to get in - most of us went to the *Goliath*. When I arrived on the *Goliath* I worked in the sick bay till evening when the wounded were transferred to Transport B.1 and Hospital *Cecelia*.

The casualties on April 25th and 26th on 'Y' Beach were as follows :-

	Killed	Wounded.	Missing.
Officers	1	6	-
Other Ranks.	27	27	44
Total 107.			

The wounds generally were severe owing to the range being extremely short. The Medical Unit as a whole did very good work.

(signed) R. M. Meller.
Surgeon, R.N. Tempy.

25th May 1915.

Reference :- Public Record Office, Kew. WO95/4290.



**Above the Nelson Battalion, returning from Ostend on ship. Reference Q 14793.
 Below the Howe Battalion also returning from Ostend on the 10th October 1914.
 Commodore Oliver Backhouse can be seen in the centre. Reference Q 14792.
 Both photographs are from the Department of Photographs, Imperial War
 Museum. London.**

338.



Antwerp.

You will remember that on page 273 of the R.N.D. Commander Henderson writes in his Narrative that the Hawke Battalion had taken a wrong turning in its retreat from Antwerp but eventually arrived in Holland. Below you will find the experiences of Midshipman, Acting Sub-Lieutenant Hubert W. Campion who was a member of this battalion at that time.

To The Secretary to
The Admiralty.
Whitehall, S.W.

Sir,

Referring to my verbal report on Monday last at the Naval Brigade Headquarters, on reflection I feel that I may have been in error in absenting myself from the 1st. Division without leave on the morning of the 10th inst. And enclose a statement of my actions in the hope that if that is so, any breach of discipline in so doing will, under the circumstances be over-looked.

I deemed it my duty to rejoin the main body if possible. I was thwarted in my attempt to escape via Belgium, but was more successful via Flushing.

I have the honour to remain, Sir,
Your obedient servant,

Midshipman.
Hubert. W. Campion.
(Acting sub'- Lieutenant)
Hawke Battalion,
1st Division. Naval Brigade.

18 Rydal Road
Streatham, S.W.
14th October 1914.

(1)

Wednesday 7th October 1914.

In the early morning of Wednesday the 7th October 1914 I was detailed with 40 men to man the trenches in front of Redoubt No.1. on the south of Antwerp. A tracing of the Redoubt made from memory is attached. A Belgian officer Lieutenant Rosenbroom with 35 Belgians manned the Redoubt.

I arranged places for my men to sleep and feed, and got everything ready, and then we two (Rosenbroom and I) turned out together to forage. He knew a little English and I knew a little French, so we managed to converse.

We went together to a Nunnery close by that he knew of, under shell fire from the enemy, and as the Nuns had all gone away, we commandeered as many blankets and as much food as we could lay our hands on, placed them in a handcart and brought them back into the Fort.

The men were as cool as cucumbers. We practised manning the trenches to resist an alarm attack.

The Belgians gave us a sing-song, and we gave one in return.

At about 7 p.m. we got warning that there was to be an attack at night, so we manned the trenches.

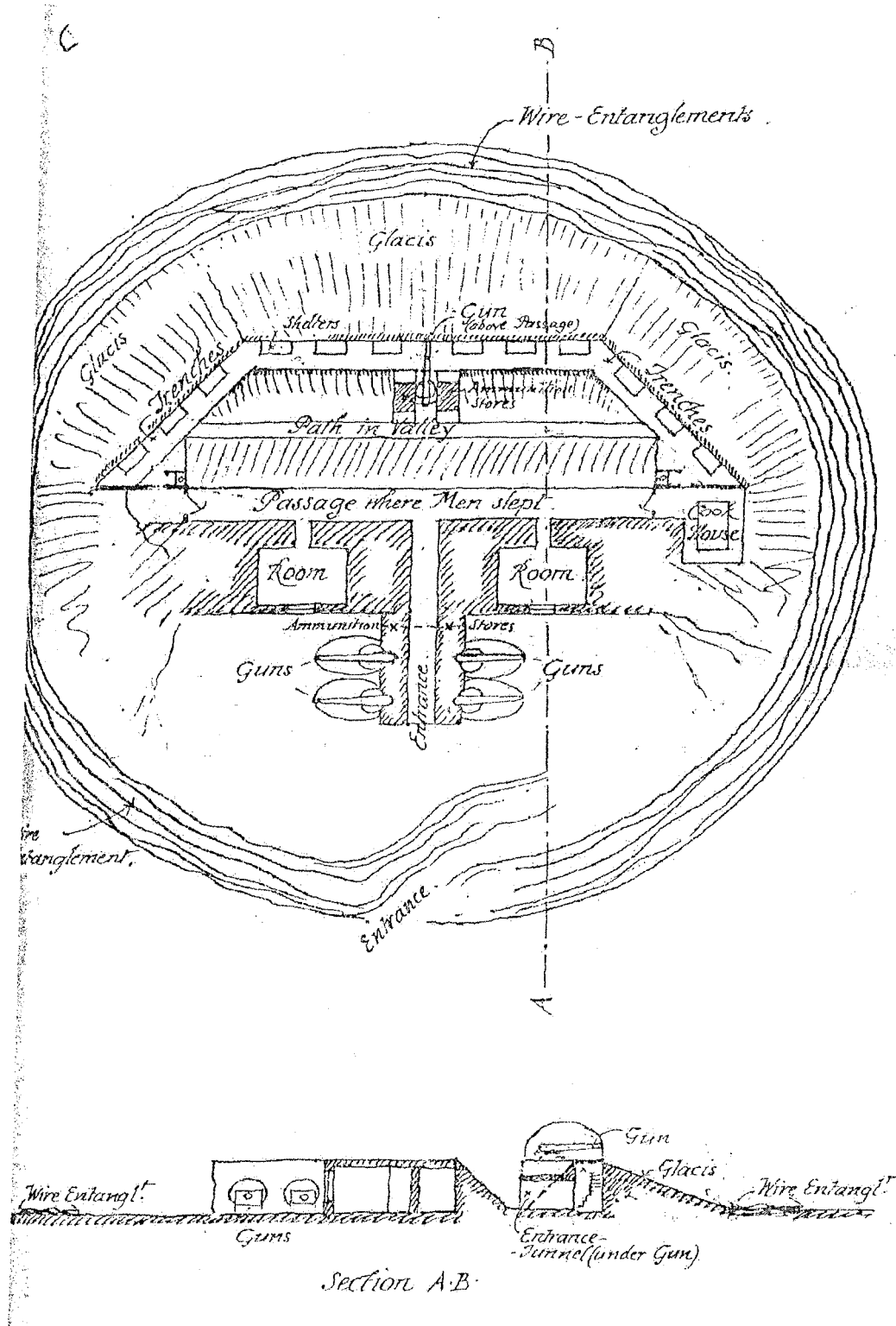
I got some wool from the Belgians and served it out to the men for their ears, as the din was terrific. I spent the whole night in the trenches with my men peering into the darkness to see if anyone was advancing.

I had noticed a wood some 800 yards away as a likely point for the development of an attack, and took its bearings for night work. During a lull in the firing that night, we thought we recognised suspicious signs and sounds in this wood, so I directed my men to sight for 800 yards and fired three volleys into the wood.

Thursday 8th October 1915.

From 8 a.m. till noon I snatched some sleep in the Fort, and was awakened and told that there was to be a pucca attack under heavy shrapnel fire on the coming night. We returned to the village and tore the doors off the houses, which we placed at intervals over the trenches and covered them deeply with earth for additional protection. We got everything ready. We also captured two cows for fresh milk.

I thought that when the attack commenced the cows we had captured would run "amok", as they were inside the barbed wire, and so they were taken through the firing and put into a barn which was close handy.



(2)

The men were magnificent, full of spirits and go, and practically paid no attention to the shells which were all round us while we were in the trenches. In a trench just near us the men on one occasion counted 85 Shrapnel in 35 seconds. The wheeze was that while the other division was at the Crystal Palace, we had Brocks' Benefit at Antwerp.

That night we lined the trenches at 7 o'clock and stayed there until about 9.30. when someone rang up on the telephone to say we were to stand by for retirement. I could not believe it, and so rang Headquarters, and enquired in English what orders had been issued, when the order was confirmed.

About 10.45 p.m. the order to retire reached us. We joined our Company stationed in trenches about 300 yards in our rear, and united with the remainder of the Battalion just outside Antwerp on the South, and started on the retreat.

We marched right through Antwerp for 10 miles under fire of varying degrees of intensity, and on to the Scheldt, a further 15 miles.

The Marines had joined up with us by then, and we went to the first bridge, which we found was useless, but the Major of Marines thought there was another bridge made of boats, to which we marched.

Friday 9th October 1914.

I ran into a Marine Officer who absolutely rocked with fever, so we picked him up and helped him over the Bridge. We left him to go with a transport wagon, and marched on for another 15 miles, when we slept for half an hour or so, and had some breakfast consisting of a raw onion, a small piece of bread and cheese, and some very rancid butter.

We got under weigh again for another four miles, and then had a halt of two hours, where the men had raw meat served out to them, which most of them ate, and we then went on to try and get to St. Gilles. We had proceeded about three miles on our way when the officer in front discovered we had taken the wrong turning, and thus had to retrace our steps.

Some three miles after we had started for the second time, two Red Cross motors came along, which opened fire on us then disappeared. We thought it was the enemy's advance guard, and opened out to resist an attack.

After waiting some half an hour, we resumed our way, and eventually got into St. Gilles, when we were told that the last train had left half an hour previously.

We knew the enemy were all round the country, and as we had no artillery, machine guns or entrenching tools, there was nothing else for it, (as the enemy would lay off and shell us

to bits, and we defenceless), but to retire into Holland, which was six miles away. It was then about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. We started, and I was placed in the advance guard with some of my men, with Lt. Com. Fletcher and Lt. Com Cudsby.

We got into Holland about 10 o'clock. We were fairly played out.

Comm. Beadle of our Battalion saw the Custom Officers and they said we would have to lay down our arms and remain prisoners for the rest of the war.

We slept in the road. It was freezing cold and no-one got much sleep.

Saturday 10th October 1914.

About 3.30 or 4 o'clock I woke up and decided it was my duty if possible to regain the fighting line, and not to be incarcerated for the remainder of the War. I wandered out and ran into my Belgian friend of the Fort (Lieut. Rosenbroom) and he said he was going to escape to Ostend, so I said I would go with him.

We started off unarmed to get to Ostend, and scraped through the guards by sheer luck. We went to a railway station named Stekene, which we were told was quite near, arriving there about 9 o.c. in the morning. Lieut Rosenbroom interviewed the Stationmaster and asked him to ring up the Depot to see if there were any trains there. He said there was a train and two engines, and that he could get them along in half an hour.

While we were waiting, some 5,000 Belgian troops arrived also trying to reach Ostend. They had not surrendered in Holland. Two British Seaman also joined us, arriving in a motor car with some Belgians.

The Belgian officer decided there must be an advance guard to the train, and that a pilot engine should be despatched in advance.

Volunteers were asked for, and two Belgian Officers (my friend Rosenbroom and another, a friend of his) said they would go on the engine, and I offered to accompany them.

We started, telling the other train loaded with the Belgians, to keep two miles behind us.

When we had gone about five miles from Stekene, and were going along quite peacefully, the enemy without the slightest warning, opened on us with shell, one came right through the engine and hit Lieut. Rosenbroom (who was a very gallant fellow and to whom I had got very much attached) in the stomach killing him at once.

The others on the engine bolted into the adjacent woods. I was untouched, though standing by Lieut. Rosenbroom's side on the look-out ahead, and ran back along the line to warn the people in the train of their danger. As I had some two miles to run I threw off my cap,

overcoat, water bottle, haversack and coat. I arrived in my shirt-sleeves at the train and stopped it. Fortunately the enemy made worse practice at me than they did at the engine.

The train put on full speed astern, and returned to Stekene.

We disembarked, and I being in my shirt-sleeves, appropriated a dead Belgians' overcoat. The Belgians told me they were going to try to march through to France. I thought it a pretty hopeless job, that they would never get there, and as I was very tired, they placed me in one of the ammunition motors, and promised to drop me near the Dutch border.

I accompanied this party for some five miles, and was told that I was a quarter of an hour from the frontier.

On my arrival there I was questioned closely, and they searched me for arms, but of course I had none.

They put me in with some Belgian prisoners, and I met three Marines, who I found had been on the train, and two Bluejackets.

Half an hour or so later, we heard an awful noise and about 1,000 Belgians rushed in. They were some of the 5,000 I had met with at Stekene. The enemy had waylaid them and cut them up, about one thousand of them being driven into Holland.

The Dutch soldiers said that as they thought the Germans would not be balked of their prey and would cross the frontier that night and seize us and so marched us into Axel.

Some of the Belgian soldiers and refugees had their wives and children with them, and the marines and seaman and I made ourselves quite popular with our guards by carrying the kiddies on our backs and helping them. The Dutch were exceptionally kind to us and could not do too much.

We, with Belgians, embarked in a train of coal wagons from Axel about 10 o'clock on Saturday night, for a place called Neugen, and were in the train for about five hours. We arrived at Neugen and from there were taken by boat to Flushing, where we arrived at about 3 a.m. on Sunday morning.

Sunday 11th October 1914.

At Flushing we were taken to the Railway Station, just outside the yard, and a strong guard was put over us. I asked the guard if I could get a drink in the waiting room, and obtained his permission.

In the waiting room, I ran into a Mr. A.G. Hales, an "Evening News" War Correspondent. I recognised him as a Britisher and explained to him my plight, saying that I wanted to

escape, and asked him if he had a spare cap which he gave me, also lending me two pounds. I was still wearing the Belgian soldier's overcoat, and we cut the buttons and shoulder straps off it to make it look less military.

We waited our opportunity and when no-one was about I crawled up the luggage gangway and got aboard the ship for Folkestone. I made a bee-line for the engine room but that being so frightfully hot, and not too safe, adjourned to a First Class lavatory, where I locked myself in for four hours, changing about from each lavatory from time to time so that they should not think it suspicious if it was found that one was locked the whole time. This report is based on notes I then made on the lavatory paper.

About 8.55 we got under weigh, and not being able to sit down or stand up in the lavatory, I crawled up on deck, more dead than alive, where I made a dash for the Mess-room, and spotted Dr. Sparrow of our Brigade who put me in his cabin where I slept for the greater part of the voyage.

A passenger lent me a bag to carry off the boat so as to strengthen my disguise on landing.

Hubert W. Campion.

Midshipman.
Acting -Lieutenant.
Hawke Battalion.
1st. Division

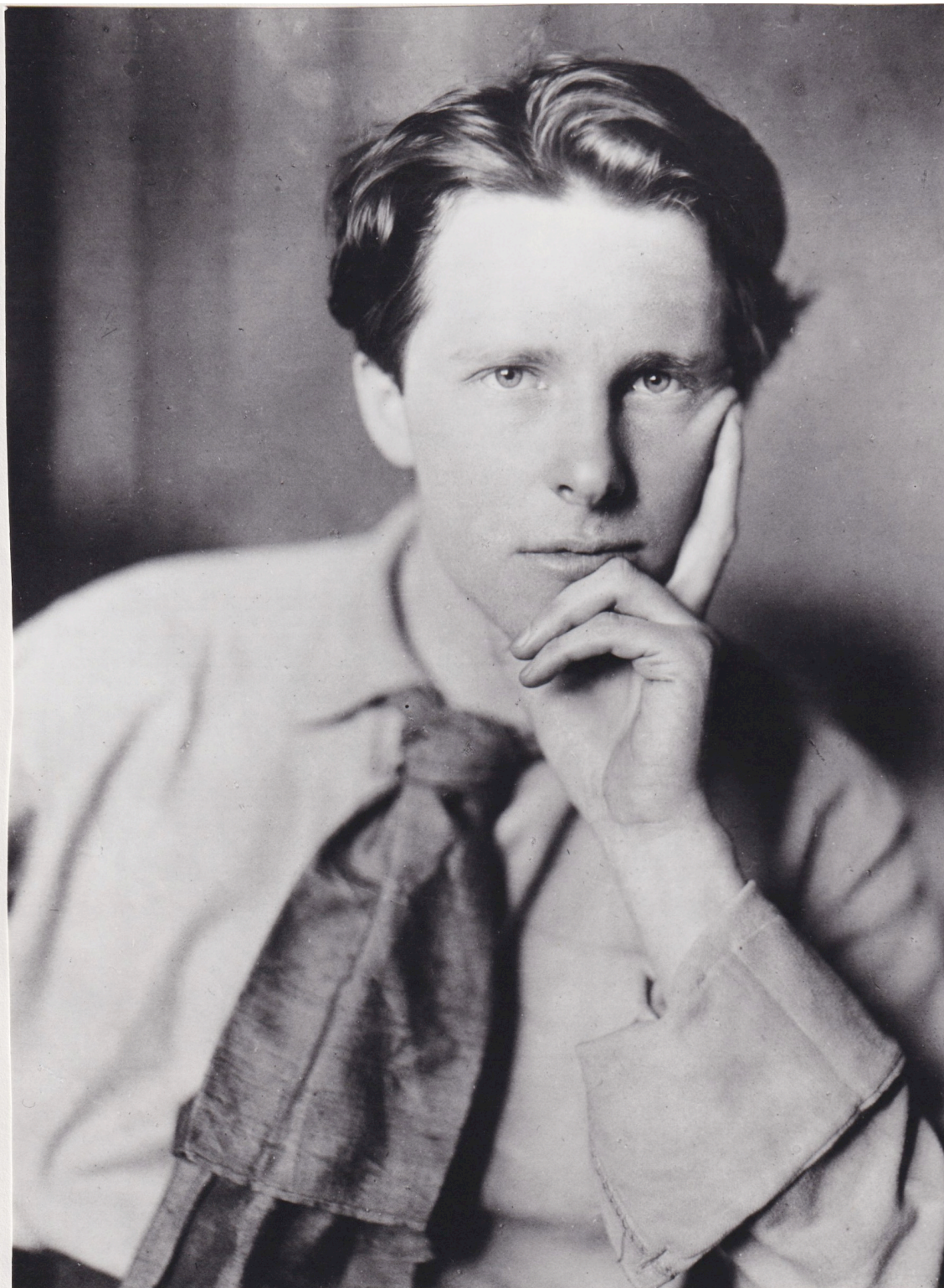
Royal Naval Brigade.

18 Rydal Road
Streatham.

14th October 1914.

(3)

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- References - (1) Public Record Office, Kew ADM/137/1010. Letter marked 223. Stamped received at the Admiralty on 16th October 1914.
- (2) Public Record Office, Kew ADM/137/1010. Map marked 224.
- (3) Public Record Office, Kew ADM/137/1010. Report marked 225 to 231.



Rupert Brooke.

Imperial War Museum. Reference Q 71073.

Recruitment & Training 1914.

Rupert Brooke.

In August 1914 Rupert Brooke, like many young men of his time, was excited about the unknown adventure of war. This was in the early days before the penny dropped that it was not the wonderful opportunity it appeared to be. Brooke thought it might well not be over by Christmas, and had an idea it would drag on year on year becoming a soul destroying slog to victory. Below, I set out Rupert's words, which highlight his inner feelings to both friends and family. He was a complex, intelligent character, but this carpenter of words allows us a glimpse of those early days of war. He might change our perceptions, presumptions and simple gut reactions, when all was new and stimulating, untried, strange and threatening all at the same time.

In 1914 Brooke wrote five sonnets which were to appear in *New Numbers* a quarterly, publication he was involved in with Wilfred Gibson. Lascelles Abercrombie, & John Drinkwater. Sonnet number three was *The Dead*. (1) These words appear on the Royal Naval Division's memorial fountain designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens and originally situated outside the Old Admiralty Building on Horse Guards Parade, London but now located at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.

The Dead

Bow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage. (2)

Wednesday night. 12th August 1914. To Cathleen Nesbitt.

I've just been to a music-hall. I feed with Eddie (3) every night from 9 to 10. Then he goes back to the Admiralty. Tonight I turned into the Coliseum. It was pretty full. Miss Cecilia Loftus was imitating somebody I saw infinite years ago - Elsie Janis - in her imitation of a prehistoric figure called Frank Tinney. God! How far away it all seemed. Then Alfred Lester. Then a dreadful cinematography reproduction of a hand drawing patriotic things - Harry Furniss it was - funny pictures of a soldier and a sailor (at the time, I suppose, dying in Belgium); a caricature of the Kaiser, greeted with a few perfunctory faint hisses. Nearly everyone sat silent. Then a scribbled messages was thrown; 'War declared with Austria. 11.9.' There was a volley of quick low handclapping - more a signal of recognition than anything else. Then we dispersed into Trafalgar Square, and bought midnight war editions, special. All these days I have not been so near tears. There was such tragedy, and such dignity, in the people.

15th -17th August 1914. 5 Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn. To Lady Eileen Wellesley.

It's not so easy as you think- for a person who has no military training or knowledge, save the faint, almost prenatal, remembrance of some khaki drilling at Rugby (4) - to get to the 'front'. I'm one of a band who've been offering themselves, with a vague persistence, to their country, in various quarters of London for some days, and being continually refused. In time, one of the various doors we tap at will be opened, Meanwhile, I wander.

One grows interceptive. I find in myself two natures - not necessarily conflicting, but - different. There's half my heart which is normal & English - what's the word, not quite 'good' or 'honour-able' - 'straight', I think. But the other half is a wanderer and a solitary, selfish, unbound, and doubtful. Half my heart is of England, the rest is looking for some home I haven't yet found. So, when this war broke, there was part of my nature and desires that said 'Let me alone. What's all this bother? I want to work. I've got ends I desire to reach. If I'd wanted to be a soldier I should have been one. -----

----- I came to London a few days ago to see what I could do that would be most use. I had a resentment - or the individualist part in me had - against becoming a mere part of a machine. I wanted to use my intelligence. I can't help feeling I've got a brain. I thought there must be some organising work that demanded intelligence. But, on investigation, there isn't. At least, not for ages.

I feel so damnably incapable. I can't fly or drive a car or ride a horse sufficiently well.

I've found, finally, several people in much the same condition as myself. The musical youth who would have been number four in that lunch party is one. Together we assail Territorial Bodies, O.T.C. corps, etc. Our names stand on various 'waiting lists'. (It's so much preferable to go in with two or three friends.) And some day I suppose, somebody will find use for us. Oh, quite soon, I expect. But there's such a plethora of trainable people.

When one is accepted, one'll be taken away and trained for months: & then - perhaps - put to guard a footbridge in Glamorgan -----

Friday September 1914. To Cathleen Nesbitt.

Winston was very cheerful at lunch, and said one thing which is exciting, but a *dead* secret, You mustn't *breath* it. That is, that it's his game to hold the Northern ports - Dunkirk to Havre - at all costs. So if there's a raid on any of them, at *any* moment, we shall be flung across to help the French reservists. So we may go to camp on Saturday, and be under fire in France on Monday ! I'm afraid the odds are against it, though.

24th September 1914. London. To Jacques Raverat.

I haven't precisely joined the Army: but I've joined the Navy - a more English thing to do, I think. I got going rather slowly. It's not a war that appeals to English people so immediately as to you, of course. I mean, you're fighting for France, we're only indirectly fighting for England. Oh there's plenty to fight for : and Belgium's a thousand times enough. But also, against the pleasure of fighting on the *side* of France, has to be set, the displeasure of fighting by the side of Russia. How-ever, here we *are*. I'm afraid we'll never get a real chance at their navy. But we'll starve them; and keep on increasing our army. So there'll be quite a lot of us to avenge Belgium, or the Rhineland and Brunswick, and the rest.

It seemed it was going to be a serious and long business: I felt that if we were going to turn into a military nation, and all the young men go in, I should be among them. Also, I had curiosity. So I put my name down for a commission through Cambridge and as a second avenue, joined an O.T.C. here called the Inns of Court: composed of lawyers. I drilled a time with them. Then Winston offered me a commission with the Naval Division. So here I am, a Sub-Lieutenant R.N.V.R., if you please - for land service. I'm buying my kit. Tomorrow I return to our camp near Deal. In October we move to Blandford. We're promised to serve by January: but as a matter of fact - though this is a secret - we *may* go abroad any minute. The nucleus of the R.N.D. is marines, Naval Reserve, etc. - more or less trained men. Denis Browne is also in it : ---- I rather despise the Army. Britannia rules the waves. -----

1st October 1914. Anson Battalion. Betteshanger Camp. To Cathleen Nesbitt.

--- I'm far too busy and tired to write to you. I'm kept at it all day. This morning I was drilling like Hell. This afternoon I had to inspect two hundred rifles. Now I'm lying on my camp bed snatching a rest, before dressing for a 'night-attack'. We start out at 4.30, and have to 'fight' and march through the night, returning at dawn. There'll be a full moon, and it'll be damned cold. In front, in the sunlight, a sentry with fixed bayonet is marching up and down. All these men are in naval uniform still. They'll get khaki in the end. But at present they look rather jolly . I - I - am in control of some fifty of them: awful ruffians,

nearly all from remote parts of Scotland or - oh ! - Ireland. When I try to get their names, they say 'Mghchnghchch'. What a tongue, the Celtic ! But they're very nice, and I get fond of them. They have a reputation

Saturday 3rd October 1914. Anson Battalion. Betteshanger Camp. To Lady Eileen Wellesley.

--- I've had such a busy week! I've been learning everything all at once, fighting all night, marching all day, drilling & God knows what. I've not had a minute to myself. This afternoon is my first free space. I'm going to creep out of camp with one of the Asquiths, who has also turned up as a sub-lieutenant, for dinner.

Child, I feel a strong silent sub-Lieutenant. My mouth is like {sad expression}. My eyes are clear with perpetually gazing through spume & fog for rocks ahead. My skin is brown & hard. I think of nothing at all, hour after hour. Occasionally I'm faintly shaken by a suspicion that I might find incredible beauty in the washing place, with rows of naked, superb men, bathing in a September sun or in the Camp at night under a full moon, faint lights burning through the ghostly tents, & a distant bugler blowing *Lights Out* - if only I were sensitive. But I'm not. I'm a warrior. So I think of nothing & go to bed.

CW

By Command of the Commissioners
for Executing the Office of Lords
High Admiral of the United
Kingdom of Great Britain and
Ireland, &c.

To Sub-Lieutenant *Rupert Brooke R.N.V.R.*

THE Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty hereby
appoint you Sub-Lieutenant R.N.V.R.
of His Majesty's Ship *Victory* additional for R.N. Division
and direct you to repair ~~on board that Ship at~~
to your duties accordingly.

Your appointment is to take effect from the
16th September 1914.

You are to acknowledge the receipt of this
appointment forthwith, addressing your letter to the
Commanding Officer, H.M.S. *Chief Staff Officer,*
R.N. Division,
41 Charing Cross,
S.W.

*5 Raymond Bldgs
Gray's Inn*

By Command of their Lordships,
W. Hampeene

Admiralty,
15 Sept 1914.

[210] 495/1250 5004 4/144 G & S 506

Note – Now we came to his experiences concerning the Antwerp campaign which I included in issue number 1 of the R.N.D. Not wishing to repeat matters I will pass this period by until his impressions of the Divisions retreat from the city.

17th October 1914. 5 Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn. To Cathleen Nesbitt.

--- There's the excitement in the trenches - we weren't attacked seriously in our part - with people losing their heads and fussing and snapping. It's queer to see the people who do break under the strain of danger and responsibility. It's always the rotten ones. Highly sensitive people don't, queerly enough. 'Nuts', do. I was relieved to find I was incredibly brave! I don't know how I should behave if shrapnel was bursting on me and knocking the men round me to pieces. But for risks and nerves and fatigue I was all right. That's cheering.

And there's the empty blue sky and the peaceful village and country scenery, and nothing of war to see except occasional bursts of white smoke, very lazy and quiet, in the distance. But to hear, incessant thunder, shaking buildings and ground and you and everything; and, above, recurrent wailing-s, very shrill and queer, like lost souls, crossing and recrossing in the emptiness - nothing to be seen. Once or twice a lovely glittering aeroplane, very high up, would go over us; and then the shrapnel would be turned on it, and a dozen quiet little curls of white smoke would appear round the creature - the whole thing like a German wood-cut, very quaint and graceful and unreal. Eh, but the retreat drowned all those impressions. At 6.30 on the second evening the forts away on our left had been smashed and the Belgians had run away (probably) and the Council of War in Antwerp had decided that we'd have to get out. So we stole away from the trenches, across half Antwerp, over the Scheldt, and finally entrained in the last train left, at 7.30 next morning, thirty miles away. We had one hour's sleep, from 2 to 3, in a wet field: and we very nearly walked into a German ambush. It was rather a miracle we got away. But the march through those deserted suburbs, mile on mile, with never a living being, except one rather ferocious looking sailor, stealing sulkily along. The sky lit by burning villages and houses; and after a bit we got to the land by the river, where the Belgians had let all the patrol out of the tanks and fired it. Rivers and seas of flame leaping up hundreds of feet, crowned by black smoke that covered the entire heavens. It lit up horses wrecked by shells, dead horses, demolished railway stations, engines that had been taken up with their lines and signals, and all twisted round and pulled out, as a bad child spoils a toy. And there we joined the refugees, with all their goods on barrows and carts, in a double line, moving forwards about a hundred yards an hour, white and drawn and beyond emotion. The glare was like hell. We passed on, out of that, across a pontoon bridge, built on boats. Two German spies tried to blow it up while we were on it. They were caught and shot. We went on through the dark. The refugees and motor-buses and transport and Belgian troops grew thicker. After about a thousand years it was dawn, The motor-buses indicated that we were bound for Hammersmith and Fleet Street and such places, and might be allowed to see *Potash & Perlmutter*. Woman gave us apples. ----

20th or 21st October 1914. Anson Battalion. Betteshanger Camp. To Katharine Cox.

My train started a few hours earlier than it should, yesterday, and so there's a lot of little things I've forgotten.

- (1) A little mirror, to stand or hang.
- (2) A tin mug with a handle.
- (3) A collapsible aluminium cup.
- (4) Toilet paper.
- (5) A bit of sweet-scented soap.

I don't think there's anything else. Perhaps I'll put it on a post card, if there is. They're all very small, aren't they ? -- My eyes suddenly all right. --- Camp is very nice after the murk of London.

1.30 Tuesday 3rd November 1914. Royal Naval Barracks, Chatham. To Mrs Brooke.

An alarm about a German invasion in Norfolk, this morning. A lot of troops and sailors are going off now. We're waiting orders. If it's in Norfolk, we shall only be about seventh line of defence. If it's in Kent, we may get to the front. I hope so.

I'll write again if I get the chance. Very likely we shall stay here tonight. It seems pretty certain the German fleet has come out, any how. The naval people are wild with joy. You'll probably find out from the papers what, if anything, is happening.

5th November 1914. Anson Battalion. Royal Naval Barracks, Chatham. To E.J. Dent.

--- if anyone has any spare money, he should try to assist with it some of the outcast Belgian widows and children. I've seen those widows and children. I can't help feeling, I mean, that there's bigger things than bronchitis abroad. I know a girl who is consumptive. Her doctor said she'd probably die if she didn't spend this winter in a sanatorium. She's doing Belgian refugee organisation and clothing in London: and is going to stay at it. One of her three brothers was shot through the head near Ypres a week ago, leading a charge. The other - who has spent a third of the last two or three years in consumptive sanatoria - is at the front in the Flying Corps: and will stick at it, till a bullet or consumption remove him - or till he returns, hale and hearty at Peace. There's nothing like disregarding weakness.

In the room where I write are some twenty men. All but one or two have risked their lives a dozen times in the last month. More than half have gone down in torpedoed ships and have been saved *sans* their best friends. They're waiting for another ship. I feel very small

among them. But that, and the sight of Belgium, and one or two other things makes me realise more keenly than most people in England do - to judge from the papers - what we're in for, and what great sacrifices - active or passive - everyone must make. -----

November 1914. Royal Naval Barracks, Chatham. To Cathleen Nesbitt.

--to make a list the other day, of all their 'kit' - to compare with what they should have. I soon found that questions about some of the articles on the lists were purely academic. '

How many handkerchiefs have you ?' The first two men were prompted to say none. The third man was called Cassidy, 'How many Phwat, sorr ?'

'Handkerchiefs ?'

'?'

'Handkerchiefs, man, handkerchiefs !'

(*In a hoarse whisper to the Petty Officer*) 'Phwat does he mane ?'

(*P.O. in a stage whisper*) 'To blow yer nose with, yer bloody fool !'

Cassidy (*rather indignant*) 'None, sorr.'

They were dears, and very strong, many of them: the Scotch, too.

10th November 1914. Anson Battalion, Royal Naval Barracks, Chatham. To Cathleen Nesbitt.

--- the gulf between non-combatants and combatants. Yet it's not that. It's the withdrawal of combatants into a special seclusion and reserve. We're under a curse or a blessing or a vow, to be different. The currents of our lives are interrupted - what is it - I know. Yes. The central purpose of my life, the aim and end of it, now, the thing God wants of me, is to get good at beating Germans. That's sure. But that isn't what it was. What it was, I never knew -----

20th November 1914. Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth. To Mrs Arnold Toynbee.

I'm merely a sub-Lieutenant. Still I blush with pleasure and pride when people call me lieutenant. So the mistake doesn't matter. Yes: I'm a sailor: like all your uncles. ---

---- I hope I get through. I'll have such a lot to say and do afterwards. Just now I'm rather miserable: because most of my school-friends are wounded, or 'wounded and missing' or dead. Perhaps our sons will live the better for it all.

I knew of yours. I was very glad. I pondered it, and meant to write. But I was prevented by a sudden engagement at Antwerp. It must be good to have a son. When they told us at Dunkirk that we were all going to be killed at Antwerp, if not on the way there, I didn't think much (as I'd Expected) what a damned fool I was not to have written more and done various things better and been less selfish. I merely thought 'What *Hell* it is that I shan't have any children - any sons.' I thought it over and over, quite furious for some hours. -----

21st November 1914. Nelson Battalion, Barracks Portsmouth. To Lady Eileen Wellesley.

--- I'm here for a day or two: or a week. I don't know. A sudden telegram on Thursday fetched me here (I'd just come back from Guy's, where I'd been visiting - Who do you think? De la Mare).

I'm alone. Oc & Denis Browne are imprisoned elsewhere. But the whisper has just come to me we meet in the end. So all's fairly well. -----

My face is *burning*. I've been on the Range with Maxims, for four hours, in a wind far more unkind than human ingratitude. *That* never made me blush so - not even my own. ---

---- Nobody has leave, I can't go, tomorrow, to lunch with people a few miles away. For at any time we may be called on ... Norfolk, to repel the Germans. They're expected hourly.

My best school friend was 'wounded and missing' yesterday. You're in mourning. A hundred years hence they'll say 'What an age that must have been !' What'll we care ? Fools!

Before 15th December 1914. Hood Battalion. R.N. Camp, Blandford Dorset. To Dudley Ward.

Last night I rolled about in this so-called bed. I've been bad lately with inoculation, a cough and things. ---

---- I'm really writing to tell you that the worst suddenly turned best. What *happened*, I gather (this is England), is that Papa Asquith who had been dimly amused by the whole thing, suddenly took the idea that his son had been insulted and ill used (as he had), sent for Winston, cussed him, and told him to put it right, So Winston dammed an Admiral, who made blue hell for the G.O.C. Marines, who wiped the floor with X, who - and finally two Sub-lieutenants Browne and Brooke were wired to, join the Hood, where Asquith was. So here I am: for good, I trust. Asquith and Denis are still learning musketry with fragments of the battalion. But we're one. It's worth while, being the P. M.'s son. ----

--- We go out in January: probably towards the end. I gather we *probably* get leave for three days about Christmas.

I spend my odd moments in a grave perplexity, about marriage. I rather feel if the war *hadn't* happened, I'd have gone on eyeing the brink, hesitating, and deferring, never quite blinded enough not to say 'Well, tomorrow'll do - ' until I relapsed into a friendly celibate middle-age, the amiable bachelor, a Dent or livelier Sayle, or less distinguished Eddie, with my rooms and bedder and hosts of young friends. But oh! *this* threatens a hastiness of

decision. Tomorrow Why tomorrow I may be, myself, with yesterday's seven thousand years. If it's true the war'll last two years more, there's very little chance of anyone who goes out in January 1915 returning. Now, if I *knew* I'd be shot, I'd marry in a flash - oh any of two or three ladies - and do my best to leave a son. How comforting it would be to *know*: and what delicious snatches of domesticity I could steal before January 20! But, oh, if I came back in a year, and found myself caught. It's easy to select a wife for a month: but for a lifetime - one must be a little more certain.

I agonise every night. At times I want to wire to almost anybody 'will you be my widow?' And later, I sigh that I'll be free and the world before me, after the war.

It's partly dependent on my premonition. If I think I'll survive, I plump for freedom. When I feel I'll be killed (which is my general feeling and deepest,) I have a revulsion towards marriage. A perplexing world. Are you the Censor now? It's very imprudent of you to try to become of the most unpopular men in London.

Saturday 5th December 1914. Hood Battalion, Blandford. To Cathleen Nesbitt.

I'm in a state of extreme depression. I was inoculated against typhoid (second time) yesterday; and it is a process which induces fever and despair. I tossed upon a dream-distraught bed all night: and woke feeling (as Harry Lauder says) like tuppence. I'm now so muddled in my head that I can't clearly remember when you're coming to Bournemouth. ----

---- I'm rather happy, really in this new battalion. Oc is about: and I'm in a company with a rather a good lot of officers. At the head, a New Zealand youth who was fighting in Mexico, heard the news in August, walked 300 miles to the coast, got a boat, and turned up here. He is also an Olympic Swimmer: and *knows* the *South Seas*. (6) Then there's a very nice Cambridge man of thirty who was biologist with Scott's South Pole expedition. (7) Then there's a very charming and beautiful American youth, infinitely industrious and simple beyond belief. (8) And finally there's a very hard bitter man, a poet, very strong and silent, called Rupert Brooke. ----

Monday 7th December 1914. Hood Battalion. To W. Denis Browne.

I think it would be iniquitous if you were bribed to stay in that quomodo. The Howe is not a battalion, it is a query. I'm like Nigel (?) Beauchamp. 'He didn't care about fame. He knew all about that. He had seen a little cocked hat in the Louvre. I was not only second in command of a Nelson Company: but also Acting-Adjutant! I had the keys of Death & Hell, & laid them down for no. 3 Platoon A Cpnny Hood. We're a merry band, & shall be merrier

This place is fairly filthy. Nice country. I've had my second typhoid inoculation: & I'm taken rather bad.

Winston & Eddie expected. Be here for them.

Monday 7th December 1914. Hood Battalion. To Edward Marsh.

I hear Winston's expected. *Insist* on coming with him. Don't be caught in your dress-clothes this time. You'd better both have lunch or tea with the Hood, to see soldiers (sailors?) at their noblest.

We must get Denis in. It's absurd to think of staying in the Howe for the sake of an extra stripe. I was *acting adjutant* of Nelson, & left it ! I've been inoculated a second time, so has Freyberg. We're both rather bad, & spend most of our time in bed, groaning. I hope I'll be all right by the time you come & I hope it'll be one of our good muddy days, to let Winston see what life's like. ---

Sunday 20th December 1914. Hood Battalion, Blandford. To Mrs Brooke.

About mince-pies and cakes - we're feeding half the company: about 120 men. Turkey, plum-pudding etc. at midday: *that's* arranged for. Mince pies etc. for tea. Just as many as you can make. Dispatch them to get here on Thursday, if you can - to *Blandford* will do. I may be able to get Justin to call in and bring them down in a car. ----

Will you wire how many men's teas you can get mince-pies for, to send me: 10, 20, 30, 50, or whatever it is. I'll get some more elsewhere.

Also, please send me 3 bottles of my 87 port now. We might as well drink it in mess. ----

21st December 1914. Hood Battalion, Blandford. To Jacques Raverat.

I am a beast. I got as far as that, and hadn't a moment after, when I could summon the energy to think out sensible sentences. What a life! I sludge through mud all day: and am continually too tired and too ill to think. ---

--- The large part of my fellow officers I rather hate, and wholly despise. They are very doggish, and tell dirty stories at breakfast: and their noses curve greasily and they lend money. (The others are good men.) But I want to hear of things. My mind's gone stupid with drill and arranging about the men's food. It's all good fun.

I'm rather happy. I've a restful feeling that all's going well, and I'm not harming anyone, and probably even doing good. A queer new feeling. The only horror is, that I want to marry in a hurry and get a child, before I vanish. Oh, oh! But *whom?* *There's* the question: to ponder in my sleeping-bag, between the thoughts on the attack and calculations about the boots of the platoon. Insoluble: and the weeks slip on. ----



**Rupert Brooke outside his hut at Blandford Camp, Dorset.
From the Rupert Brooke papers. King's College Library.
The Modern Archive Centre, Cambridge.**

December 1914. Hood Battalion, Blandford. To Katharine Cox.

Send mince-pies for sixty men and a few cakes to me Blandford station immediately got someone to help you.

25th December 1914. Hood Battalion, Blandford. To Cathleen Nesbitt.

You give me a great many Christmas presents, don't you. I'm the unworthiest of recipients. And what can I send you from this camp? A wet stick, or a little boxful of mud.

Those are the only alternatives - You know, the flask was the usefuller present: but the photograph was the nicer. It sits on a box by my bed, and brightens that rather gloomy hut. ----

I spend Christmas in looking after drunken stokers. One of them has been drunk since seven. He neither eats nor drinks, but dances a complicated step up and down his hut, half-dressed, singing 'How happy I am! How happy I am! A short fat inelegant man, in stockinged feet. What wonders we are !

26th December 1914. Hood Battalion, Blandford. To Violet Asquith.

--- all my mornings on parade, and my afternoons lecturing sleepy, clotheless, embedded stokers. There was a dream of leave, and London and lovely things. But it was no more: I woke to my servant's voice, 'Six-thirty, and you're Orderly Officer today, Sir,' and the corpse like light that precedes these queer green chalky dawns.

Oc is my one comfort: a great one. His cheerfulness is unfailing. There emerges from the mud, Oc, backed by Denis Browne (playing *Petrouschka* of an evening) and the gnome-like, souless affable Patrick. All else is flatness.

The conviction grows that we stay here for months, till the Division's completed. Hell. And many say we then go out in an Army with the Canadians and the Ulstermen. What a fate! And how bored one'll become here. Still, the months bring another leave.

I must retire to my cabin to write the remainder of my promised sonnets. One more is turning out *fairly* good. It's rather like developing photographs. ---

December 1914. Hood Battalion, Blandford. To Russell Loines.

---- Among the other officers in this Division are two young Asquiths, (9) an Australian professional pianist who twice won the Diamond Sculls, (10) a New Zealander who was fighting in Mexico and walked three hundred miles to the coast to get a boat when he heard of the war, (11) a friend of mine Denis Browne - Cambridge - who is one of the best young English musicians and an extremely brilliant critic, (12) a youth lately through Eton

& Balliol who is the most brilliant man they've had in Oxford for ten years, (13) a young and very charming American John Bigelow Dodge who turned up to fight 'for the right' - I could extend the list. It's all a terrible thing. And yet, in its details, it's great fun. And - apart from the tragedy - I've never felt happier or better in my life than in those days in Belgium. And now I've the feeling of anger at a seen wrong - Belgium - to make me happier and more resolved in my work. I know that whatever happens I'll be doing some good, fighting to prevent *that*. And I've a lot of friends in Germany: good people. That's bitter. It's rather indefinite when we go out again. Perhaps at the end of January. Or we may be kept back for less complete parts of the Division. The new Armies are shaping marvellously, I gather. We'll have great things doing in the Spring, But it may be a long job. ----

Xmas Day (postmark 11th January 1915. Hood Battalion, Blandford. To Violet Asquith.

--- Never say we are not a hilarious nation. Christmas Day in the Naval Division is a revelation. The Battalion C.P.O., a very fat man, who has been drunk since dawn, is conducting the band in an Irish jig in the middle of the parade ground. He can't beat time, but he dances very convincingly. He's slightly like Pelissier. Half my stokers are dancing half-naked in their huts, They spend the night on cheap gin. The surrounding woods are full of lost and sleeping stokers. I expect most of them froze over-night. Pathetic creatures.

Your Walmer week-end sounds too thrilling for belief. I wish I'd been there. But one can't get away from this mud-heap very easily.

My throat collapsed again and left me voiceless. I can only communicate with the outer world by Morse or Semaphore. Which do you prefer ?

I've discovered that this is the site of a *Roman Camp*. Does that move you ? It overwhelms Jan and me. I gave my platoon the slip yesterday morning (they were gathering holly): and went on a delicious country walk, decanting drops of a poem (don't report me) -

'And drowsy drunken seaman
Straying belated home,
Meet with a Latin challenge,
From sentinels of Rome -

'In dreams they doff their khaki,
Put greaves and breastplate on:
In dreams each leading stoker,
Turns a centurion -', Etc.

Good luck next year.

(14)

Brook's fifth sonnet was worked on after the festivities of Christmas Day. It was to become world famous.

THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me:
 That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
 Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing English air,
 Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
 A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
 Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England
 given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
 And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
 In hearts at peace, under an English heaven. (15)

References.

1. 'The Last Summer' The Dymock Poets. BBC Radio 4 of 7.20pm 10th September 1994.
2. 'The Poetical Works of Rupert Brooke, edited by Geoffrey Keynes and published by Faber & Faber 1946. Page 21.
3. Eddie refers to Edward Marsh who was secretary to Winston Churchill then First Lord at the Admiralty. (For further reading see 'Edward Marsh by Christopher Hassall published by Longmans in 1959.)
4. See the Biographical Preface page 2 of 'The Letters of Rupert Brooke' Edited by Sir Geoffrey Keynes. Contains information that Brooke took the Rugby School Cadet Corps seriously enough to become a cadet officer in his last year at school. Note - on page 16 there appears a photograph of him in the Rugby School Rifle Corps.
5. The Certificate of Commission is from the Rupert Brooke papers Reference RCB Xa 11. The Modern Archive Centre, King's College, Cambridge. Note. :- Under reference Xa 10 there is an envelope containing Rupert Brook's application form for a Commission in the R.N.V.R. (Army Form B.201) with an endorsement on it by Edward Marsh stating :- Form of application for Commission in Royal Naval Division (he sent it to me, but they had given him the Commission on my recommendation so it wasn't wanted.) 360.

6. Bernard Cyril Freyberg, was born at Dynevor Road, Richmond Surrey on 21st March 1889. The family embarked for Wellington, New Zealand. See for further reading. ' Bernard Freyberg V.C. Soldier of Two Nations' by his son Paul Freyberg, published by Hodder & Stoughton in 1991. ISBN 0-340-39693-8. & 'General Lord Freyberg VC' by Peter Singleton-Gates, published by Michael Jackson in 1963.

7. Edward Nelson. (Later helped Bernard Freyberg when he swam into the shore to light flares at the R.N.D.'s demonstration at the Gulf of Saros on the 25th April 1915., selected by Lieutenant Colonel Quilter as he was an extremely cool & reliable officer. .) Survived the war, for details see 'For God's Sake Shoot Straight' by Leonard Sellers, pages 15, 30, 33, 35, 41, 47 & 59. ISBN 0 85052 470 9.

8. Johnny Bigelow Dodge. He was to survive the war and stand for Parliament.

9. Arthur Asquith. (Capt Christopher Page R.N. has written a biography of this Prime minister's son.) & Raymond Asquith to be killed in the autumn of 1916.

10. Frederick Septimus 'Cleg' Kelly. Born Sydney 29th May 1881. Member of Eaton College 1893- 9 & Balliol College, Oxford 1900 -1903.) where as Second Nettlehip Scholar in Music he was librarian of the University Musical Club. His music is listed in the British Museum's catalogue of printed music, page 854. Note = he wrote an Elegy for String Orchestra in Memory of Rupert Brooke.
Bibliography.
H.B. Hartley 'Kelly, Frederick Septimus', DNB.
E.Speyer. 'My Life and Friends (London 1937) 217ff.
J. Mecleod. 'The Sisters d' Aranyi' (London, 1969.)
(See also Eton College Chronicle of an In Memoriam as he was to die in France on the 13th November 1916.)

11. Bernard Freyberg.

12. Denis Browne was to die at Gallipoli on the 4th June 1915. For details see 'The Hood Battalion' by Leonard Sellers, page 104/105. ISBN 0 85053 386 9.

13. Patrick Shaw Stewart. For further reading see 'Patrick Shaw Stewart' by Ronald Knox, published in 1920 by Collins. He was to die on the 30th December 1917 see account of his death at Public Record Office, Kew ADM/137/3064. Page 337.

14. 'The Letters of Rupert Brooke' Edited by Sir Geoffrey Keynes. Pages 607 to 645. Published by Faber & Faber.

15. 'Complete Poems of Rupert Brooke' Published by Sidgwick & Jackson Ltd in 1939. 13th Impression. Page 148.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

This is the follow up to pages 281 & 282 of the R.N.D. which contained the translation by Mr M. Harrison of a poem by 'The Scribe'. As stated he will be very pleased to hear from anybody who can 'translate' the gaps in the poem from the original. If so gifted write to Mr M. Harrison of the Crystal Palace Foundation/Museum.

C/o 84, Anerley Road, Crystal Palace, London.

362.

THE TABLETS of "AZIT-TIGLETH-MYIPRANSI" By "PHORTOPPAH" THE SCRIBE.

In the yernin teenfor-teen, in the dugdèyz uv Or-gust
When the phrīd gotted Khīzēh with latanik intēshung
Ordērd-his lēgins [delew did invins-i vles]
Tō lāywāst all Yurōp with flierānd-withsōrd
Hew miliāt Bēll-jūm and prōpōz to fraitbrit-an
Suteh dastardli schēmz, [wit-she rītly expōhzd,
And tuk-up thergōnt lett for phrēdom and onneh
Deter-mind that the march of therbest-li Leviarthonn
Shudbe stāyd by the strengthov the Allīze-yūnited]
Then it was that The Nāyvi, the Phrīd of the Nāy shun
Had a charntz tō exhibit the stufitwuz-mayduv;
And desptt skēmīng and Kūning [stewtonnik apbhikshuns
Swept the Attilanphlag from all the fīvōshūnz.
Now if I kontinū to nāhrait all their triumfz
The stōwn wilgivowtēre I sāwotiwishto.
There existed in Lūndun a pālāshul Kōnstrūkshon,
Korld "Krīstal-Pālās", a mīti-hōthōws,
Where plantz yūthful buthārdee wergivn-justastart
To matuer subsequeñtli in a "reelmannerwōhr."
At the Pālās Ispeekov there wērthre "sepharate sekshunz"
The 'L. Drāpht', the 'Cignles', and 'Potēnshe Ass-ēndahz'.
The phīrstmen-shūnd wer sērtinli bīpher mowstimportnt
And of them it is mēet, that I rīton "thistown".
Now to māyntāyn the illūshon that theplāyce was a shipp
They devidid it into phōrh "non spinning" tops,
The māynwōn of wīch was not "Māin" but "The Phōr"
It eom-prīzd "phorundrid" mēn of evrīdis-Krīpshun
There "tobetūrnd" in to "āphīshant-C-phācers".
The Rōolēh hooraynd oēr this gallant as-embli,
Was not, [as was oftenthe kās in thōzdēyz]
A "meerphiggerhed" with "bortdek-ōrayshuns",
But a man shūrof-himself, and his wortikie-sēll,
Hōōs-nōllige of sāylūz andther littl wēyz,
Enshūrd the lāggards a "dēsprit wiggīn".
Hōō new when to push, wēnto kox, andto thretān,
Tho' oft irrit-āyted [till they under stud him]
The men tohōom thretz appeerd as "tyrannik".

Forgettig [güdsölz] that in sùtchmotli - assembly
 There òrlwais a sèkshun hōo understand - nūthingēls.
 His òrduz [stakārtō] were obāyd "bludikwik".
 Yōo eudent - hēlpit, U hēardit, You dīddit
 And later tukprīed inthephāct that you dīddit
 In a "phrāxshunovtīm" less thanthe "durelaz-elswair".
 I couldrit offhisphālīngs, - he wasn't a sāynt!
 But as I observdhim, so will I tēl.
 Applōrding the vertyūz whērewith he rōoldūs
 And the Kyndbutphīrm wēy he implāntid the ldeel,
 Of "dēuti-kurikkē and sphīshantli dūn."
 His āble-lāstēnnent number tōō-in kummārnd
 Was a yewth, whōom we āll lūvtohēr swāir
 Hōōse commonex-prēshuns sudjēstid thathe
 Was anexpirt in "sex-terminologē"
 But hē 'newhisjōbb' althō 'oftanblarzāy'.
 Heād a planof 'ēevolōōshunz' which hē ewstotīrm
 Being 'būggard-up-by-numberz!' [gyrātinginconcērt]
 Which hēoften em ployd to rouse "laggards-lethārgik"
 Yet hē was a 'Spāwt' I cērtānli likdhim,
 A Fohtō-I have, or a Piktuer entitled
 "A Pār of High Boots" with sewtible bākgrownd,
 Which bākgrownd ink-lūds a number of phāgiz,
 Skilfūli werktin-[to showup "The Boots!"]
 They had an "Old Salt" - A bolt from "The Blōō",
 Hoozkarz, gaynd in Konphliet with Pāynim opprēssors.
 Ashyūerd him rēspēct among "wōriers-to-bee".
 O hē was "a nutt" was portlichēēf bōwun!
 His "hewmerus-sālliz" on the "dekkand the platphorm
 Put all in 'gūdhewmer' to do a "deyswīrk",
 His phācial Kontōrshons ortso sērvēd as a-gīde,
 To āny dispōhzd to "triphōcarownd"
 His seil-pew-gillistik on his māciv-rōwtūnditg.
 His piktur I hāve among my 'Penātes'.
 A big beaming, bōūding, cheerysoled "sport".
 Now this is a brēef and unfinisht akōwnt
 Of this wonderful Phōrtōpp and they who controllēd it.
 Fūrther dēēlāylz, which have been dēwli rekōrdid,
 Will be 'phōwdonthe' stown, fōrth from the ārtchwey
 By the Sēntral-trānsēpt, near the 'Biggōrginn'.

H. V. Clark.
 2 kol

WESTERN FRONT.

TRENCH LIFE !

More Snippets From Brigade Routine Orders Etc. OIC Brigadier General L.F. Phillips C.M.G. D.S.O. 189th Brigade 1917.

11/5/17

1377 Damage to Crops. (Divisional Routine Orders.

The attention off all ranks is again directed to the need for care in avoiding damage to newly-sown fields and young crops. Officers and men off duty, whether on foot or horseback, are forbidden to leave recognised roads and paths to take short cuts across tilled fields.

17/5/17

449 Laundry. (A & Q Branch.)

Complaints having been received that clean clothing is being issued in a verminous condition, in future the representatives of Units drawing clothing are to inspect the clothing before drawing it from the Laundry, and are to sign a certificate that the clothing they draw is clean and free from vermin. The Laundry have been instructed not to issue clean clothing until this has been done.

20/5/17.

564 Sanitation. (A & Q Branch.)

Horse manure will be disposed off in accordance with the following extract from C.R.O. 526 dated 24/4/1917.

(C) "Stacking the manure in close packed dumps and treating the dumps by coating with earth and sowing with some vegetable seed, i.e. Vegetable Marrow, Melons, Indian Corn etc.

Small dumps should not be made, but all manure should be carted to the various established dumps, the location of which in the various areas is known to the respective Town Majors and Area Commanders.

20/5/17.

551. Discipline (A & Q Branch)

The Corps Commander directs that any infringement of orders within the Corps regarding :-

- 1) Excessive speed of lorries.
- 2) Wilful running of engines.
- 3) Riding on transport vehicles without a pass from an officer for the day in question is to be tried by Court Martial.

4/6/17.

456 Lime Juice. (A & Q Branch)

The Divisional Commander approves the issue of Lime Juice twice a week to all ranks of the Division and in addition of the issue of Rum twice a week for bona fide Rum drinkers in the trenches.

4/6/17.

584 Cookery. (A & Q Branch)

Many Units are doing all cooking in camp kettles over open fires. All units will make a practice of erecting and using Field Kitchens and Ovens, and will ensure that these are handed over to relieving units in good order. The practice of roasting meat, etc, in camp kettles will cease.

Weekly diet sheets will be maintained and worked to. Variety in food must be aimed at. Every opportunity should be taken to send cooks through the Army Course of Cookery.

9/6/17.

608 Latrines. (A & Q Branch)

Attention is drawn to

- (1) Men leaving latrine lids open.
- (2) wilful damage to latrines.

As both these practices render fly-proof latrines inoperative, attention of all should be directed to the matter. Notices regarding closing lids to be placed in every latrine.

Signed A.R. BARE
Staff Captain.

16/6/17.

502 Rifle Grenades. (A & Q Branch)

Attention has been called to the serious accidents which have recently occurred with the No23 (Mills) Rifle Grenades owing to the use of unbulleted Mark V11. S.A. cartridges, the mouths of which have not been fitted with tallow.

Unless the mouth of the cartridge is filled with tallow, the cartridge is apt to be blown up the barrel without being ignited by the percussion cap. The result is that the grenade is only pushed a few inches up the cup, but sufficiently far to release the lever and the grenade explodes at or near the muzzle.

18/6/17.

620 Incinerators. (Corps Routine Orders.)

A Mills Grenade recently exploded in an incinerator injuring a number of men.

No rubbish is to be deposited in an incinerator except by the men in charge, and these will examine all rubbish carefully for ammunition and anything else worth salving, before loading the incinerator. A place for dumping rubbish, with a notice, should be established alongside every incinerator.

5/7/17.

536 Leave. (A & Q Branch)

All men proceeding on leave should be warned to be on their guard against thieves at Railway Stations and Rest Places in England. Cases have recently occurred where men have had their coats (containing pay book, leave warrant and money) stolen while washing at public or philanthropic ablution rooms.

10/7/17.

694 Leave. (A & Q Branch)

It is again necessary to call attention to the fact that leave is being granted considerably in excess of allotments. Every day more Officers and Men arrive at BOULOGNE than there is accommodation for on the boats, and this cumulative surplus had amounted to over 1,500 by the middle of last week. If this state of affairs continues, it will be necessary to periodically close leave for one day to enable the surplus at BOULOGNE to be dispatched.

This would be unfair on the formations who kept within their leave allotment, but it is the only practical solution of the difficulty.

The practice of also is also increasing of Officers and Other Ranks arriving at BOULOGNE anything up to 3 days before the date they are due to proceed on leave, frequently as many as 100 a day have to be stopped at the boat for this reason. This practice is to cease forthwith.

7/7/17.

2548 Armourers. (A & Q Branch)

Each Infantry Brigade when out of line, or during normal trench warfare, will supply two Regimental Armourers, who will be attached to the D.A.D.O.S. and employed in the Divisional Armourers Shop. Unless this is done it will be impossible to effect repairs to Machine Guns (including Lewis Guns) and rifles which cannot be done by Armourers in the Line. Regimental Armourers will be returned to their Units whenever open warfare takes place. When on the march, or when a unit requires an Armourer for inspection purposes.

12/7/17.

562. Censorship. (A & Q Branch)

The percentage of letters in Green Envelopes containing forbidden information was higher during the month of May than during any other period for the last 9 months. Important movements, of the writers and other units were frequently mentioned, as well as other matters contrary to the Censorship orders. If this continues it will be necessary to curtail existing facilities for private correspondence, and to suspend the issue of Green Envelopes.

17/7/17.

569 Vehicles. (A & Q Branch)

The practice of winding wet straw round the spokes of wheels to prevent shrinkage, as ordered in G.R.O. will be discontinued in the case of wheels with metal naves, as it has been found to be a doubtful value with these wheels.

19/7/17.

739 Grenades. (Corps Routine Orders)

Experiments with the No 27 (white phosphorus) grenade show that when used as a rifle grenade, a proportion of bursts in the air is to be expected if the grenades are fixed at angles of elevation of over 35 %

19/7/17.

1292 Leakage of Information. (Army Routine Orders.)

An intelligence document has recently been captured which details important information supplied, beyond reasonable doubt, by an officer captured by the Germans during a raid. —

Commanders will continue to take all possible steps to impress upon all ranks that for a prisoner to give information to the enemy (except his name & rank which is all that can be required of him) is the act of a Traitor.

25/7/17.

2656 Skin Disease. (Division Routine Orders.)

Men are forbidden to ride horses with skin disease.

29/7/17.

1345 First Aid Rest Camp (Army Routine Orders.)

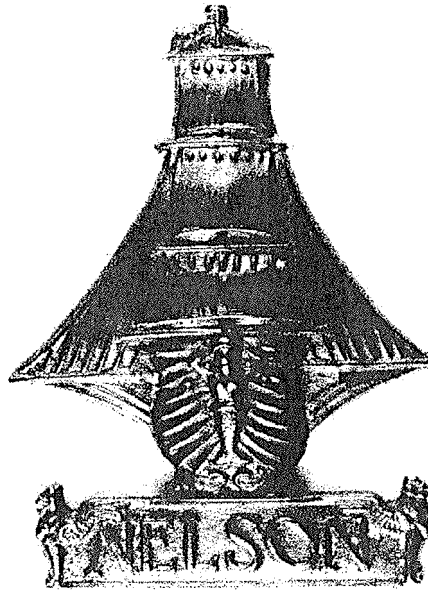
In future all NCO's and men proceeding to the Rest Camp will be furnished with the same certificate as is furnished to men proceeding on leave, to the effect that they have received a bath and clean clothing, and are free from Scabies.

Reference --- Orders were from the Public Record Office, Kew. ADM 137 3088C.

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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.)



Nelson Battalion.

Substantive Rank. Appointment.	Temp Rank.	Name.	Regiment.
Major. O.C.	Lieut Col.	N.O.Burge.	R.M.L.I.
	Lieut Cmmdr	E.W.Nelson.	R.N.V.R.
	"	H.R.Robson.	"
	Lieut.	H.T.Ely.	"
	"	D. Galloway.	"
Lieut.		J.A.Gates.	R.M.L.I.
	Lieut.	C. Truscott.	R.N.V.R.
	Act. Lieut.	G.K.Turnbull.	"
	"	C.S. Hosking.	"

Substantive Rank.	Temp Rank.	Name.	Regiment.
	Sub Lieut	B. Dangerfield.	R.N.V.R.
	"	B. Batchelor.	"
	"	E.L.A.Dyett.	"
	"	H.R. Pearson.	"
	"	J.B.Lloyd.	"
	"	A.L.Ball.	"
	"	W.D. Redmond.	"
	"	J. Cowans.	"
	"	F.E.Rees.	"
	"	E.W.Squires.	"
	"	S. Flowitt.	"
	"	W.D. Walker.	"
	"	A.P.Mecklenburg.	"
	"	A.P.Taylor.	"
	"	J.E. Greenwell.	"
	"	H.V.S. Johnson.	"
	"	L.S.Gardner.	"
	"	H.S.Strickland.	"
	"	J.H. Emerson.	"
	"	D. Francis.	"
	"	A.K.Smithells.	"
Surgeon.		H.B.Parker.	R.N.

Public Record Office, Kew. Reference WO32/5075. Crown copyright and is reproduced with the permission of the Controller of Her Majesty's Stationary Office.

Gallipoli.

Sanitary Conditions.

War is not a game, war can be horrible and degrading. One might have to live with or be in close proximity with the corpses of both friend and foe alike. On Gallipoli, during those hot summer months of 1915 such an experience was magnified. As a result the Medical Authorities were trying a number of methods to overcome the overpowering stench, together with the danger of infection, as it was death to try and bury one's dead. The following account will I am sure bring home to the reader the dreadful circumstances in which the men of Gallipoli found themselves in. I feel sure that for some of the officers and men of a more sensitive nature, it was too much and became unbearable, and was in short a living hell.

Divisional Headquarters
Royal Naval Division.
13th October 1915.

Sir,

I have the honour to report the following facts.

Liquid "C" and its effects :-

The body of a Turk killed 8 days previously and buried 5 days in the parapet of a trench, was exhumed. Decomposition was in full progress and the stench was terrible and the carcass covered with flies which were breeding in it. The body was lying on its side and was regarded as a typical case upon which to try the effect of the liquid. About one gallon of the liquid was squirted from a garden spray over the clothes and exposed parts on the 9th October 1915. Some of the flies that were on the body were killed immediately and the remainder repelled. The stench abated almost immediately. The corpse was left exposed as it was and there had been a heavy thunderstorm on the previous night. It was not possible to turn it in the daytime because of sniping. On the 11th there was complete absence of smell and only a few flies which settled for a short time and then rose again. A further half gallon was sprayed over it and again on the 12th there was no smell or flies. The size of the body had markedly shrunk and the result was extremely satisfactory.

In addition, on the 12th October, 3 or 4 bodies immediately behind the firing line were sprayed from a short distance with the fluid. They had been dead for some time and the smell in the trench was very offensive. The smell was damped down entirely by the fluid.



A Communication Trench, Helles Front. Note - The Turk's boot and foot sticking out of the parapet.
Imperial War Museum. Department of Photographs. Reference Q 14828. 372.

In trench warfare, the use of this substance ought to be invaluable. So many dead are lying within reach of a strong spray from the trench, and these cannot be buried because they are between the enemy and ourselves. It will also certainly repel flies and their breeding in these bodies, also the effect seems to last over an appreciable time. The pump needs to be stronger so as to project a longer spray, and the rose supplied gets, after a while, blocked by fine particles of grit. It would probably be put right by supplying a fine metal brush to clear the holes from time to time. If the pump is more powerful the holes of the rose will have to be larger so as to get an even spray and not an "atomised action". I visited again on the 14th.

Dug-outs and Offices.

When the flies collect in great swarms upon the roofing and rafters of dug-outs and offices at night time, this fluid sprayed upon them will kill them in very great numbers. The effect lasts also over several days and will repel the flies from entering the dug-outs if sufficient is used.

Manure Heaps.

Manure heaps treated with this fluid and containing fly larvae show that the larvae are killed in great numbers. A selected area on a large manure heap above the beach was taken and a space of about 4 yards square was sprayed with the fluid. The larvae were swarming in the manure and those immediately sprayed died. On visiting this again on the 15th October there had been recent hatching out of larvae. It was freer than some other areas untreated. The control experiment did not show complete death of larvae. This was a control to keep larvae of the same age and ever roughly covered and well sprayed. The most that can be said for the experiment is that the flies were repelled and a certain number of larvae killed.

Properties of Liquid.

The smell is pleasant and the consistence only tending to run over the ground when spilled upon it. It is extremely inflammable and burns with a dense, black smoke. Every care must therefore be taken not to have a naked light near when spraying out an interior. It apparently does not vaporise rapidly and so is not dangerous in that way. The intensity with which it burns makes it very dangerous. It is not very irritating to the hands but causes a certain amount of discomfort to the skin of the face. The man with the spray should certainly have a pair of protective glasses provided.

Latrines.

The latrine used by the Officers of Divisional Headquarters were sprayed and they have since had very few flies around them. It is far better in this respect even than Chlorinated lime. An inquiry into its disinfectant and bactericidal properties compared with some other

well-known disinfectants would be useful. On October 12th the bodies of 4 mice caught overnight, were brushed over with the same liquid. No flies have been near them and up to date they have remained un decomposed.

Mules.

On the 14th October a mule was killed by a high explosive shell at CARLO. There was a large amount of the lumber portion of the abdomen through which a portion of the colon projected with several wounds of the thorax and a broken leg. The peritoneum was opened and openings made in the thorax and some of the fluid squirted in by means of a syringe. The whole was then squirted over with the liquid. About 2 gallons were used, and special care taken of the various openings. The mule was of small size and would only weigh between 500 - 700 lbs.

Post Scriptum

The method of injecting the liquid into the Carotid is, in my opinion, impracticable in war, where immediate and rapid action is often necessary. It was, therefore, not tried. It would also mean the Medical Officers being wanted in various directions or the later training of men.

Summary.

1. The Fluid is an excellent deodorant.
2. Its effect on decomposition lasts some time - in one very advanced case 7 days under observation.
3. It kills flies by spraying them in clusters and in sufficient quantity repels them for some days from settling on the place sprayed.
4. In dealing with manure, spreading in layers and spraying daily would probably be useful.

I have the honour to state that I will forward a further report when more experience has been gained with the use of the liquid. My thanks are due to Fleet Surgeons Gaskell R.N. and Captain Casement. R.A.M.C. for the help in every way that they have given me.

I have the honour to be
Sir,
Your obedient servant

Staff Surgeon R.N.

The Medical Director General of the Navy. Admiralty

From A.D.M.S., R.N. Division,
Divisional Headquarters,
16th October 1915.

To the Medical Director
General of the Navy,
Admiralty.

I forward herewith Staff Surgeon Atkinson's report on the fluid "C" which has been sent for trial.

The following are a few notes I have written on the same subject which will be seen to be practically corresponding with those of Staff Surgeon Atkinson.

Notes concerning the fluid sent for trial.

1. For human corpses:- We have been much at a loss hitherto as to how to deal with decomposing corpses lying in front of and round about our firing line, too exposed to be reached day or night by burial parties and yet so close that the most disgusting stench blew from them into our trenches. We have tried spraying this fluid from the trenches over the parapet on to the corpses and it has proved very effective as a deodorant, as a fly deterrent and slightly as a preservative allowing the corpse to shrivel up and mummify without foul smelling decomposition. Two useful points demonstrated by our experiments.

- (a) The spraying apparatus should be a very powerful one, capable, if possible, of throwing the fluid 20 or 30 yards.
- (b) The Fluid should be sufficiently cheap to be supplied in large quantities. Some bodies, from their inaccessible position, e.g. lying in a depression, may require mere wastage of the fluid than a well exposed corpse would. One to two gallons per corpse would be a fair estimate.

2. For animal bodies :- Here the point is, whether this fluid injected into the body cavities and sprayed over the exterior, will prevent decomposition and flies sufficiently to allow the body drying up and mummifying in an inoffensive manner, thus saving the time and labour of burial.

The experiment on a medium sized, freshly killed mule consisted of using two gallons of the fluid in the method above stated. The moving of the mule out of the way and the application of the fluid took about half an hour and half a dozen men and a mule. The actual experimental part took about quarter of an hour and was carried out by Staff Surgeon Atkinson, single handed. This experiment is still in progress and nothing can be said about it, but I am under the impression that the amount of fluid used should be liberal and fully twice that mentioned, viz - four gallons.

3. Flies' larvae in horse manure :- Spraying the surface of the manure very thoroughly destroyed the majority of the maggots but by no means all. It cannot be considered effectual for this purpose therefore. If, however the fresh manure were sprayed directly it

were piled, the fluid certainly acts as a fly deterrent and would largely prevent flies alighting to lay their eggs. Used in this manner, the fluid has a very distinct sphere of usefulness.

4. Flies:- The fluid destroys flies when it is sprayed on them. Its staining, greasy nature, are of no great disadvantage in the conditions of active service. It also acts to a certain extent as a deterrent for a week or so afterwards.
5. No other substance has been tried in comparison except chlorinated lime and one may confidently state that the fluid is the more efficient, is more easily applied and does not deteriorate. The extreme inflammability of the fluid should be carefully stated as a warning to those using it.

Fleet Surgeon R.N. & A.D.M.S. of R.N. Division.
October 1915.

Note :- The chemical breakdown of the liquid C is not stated.

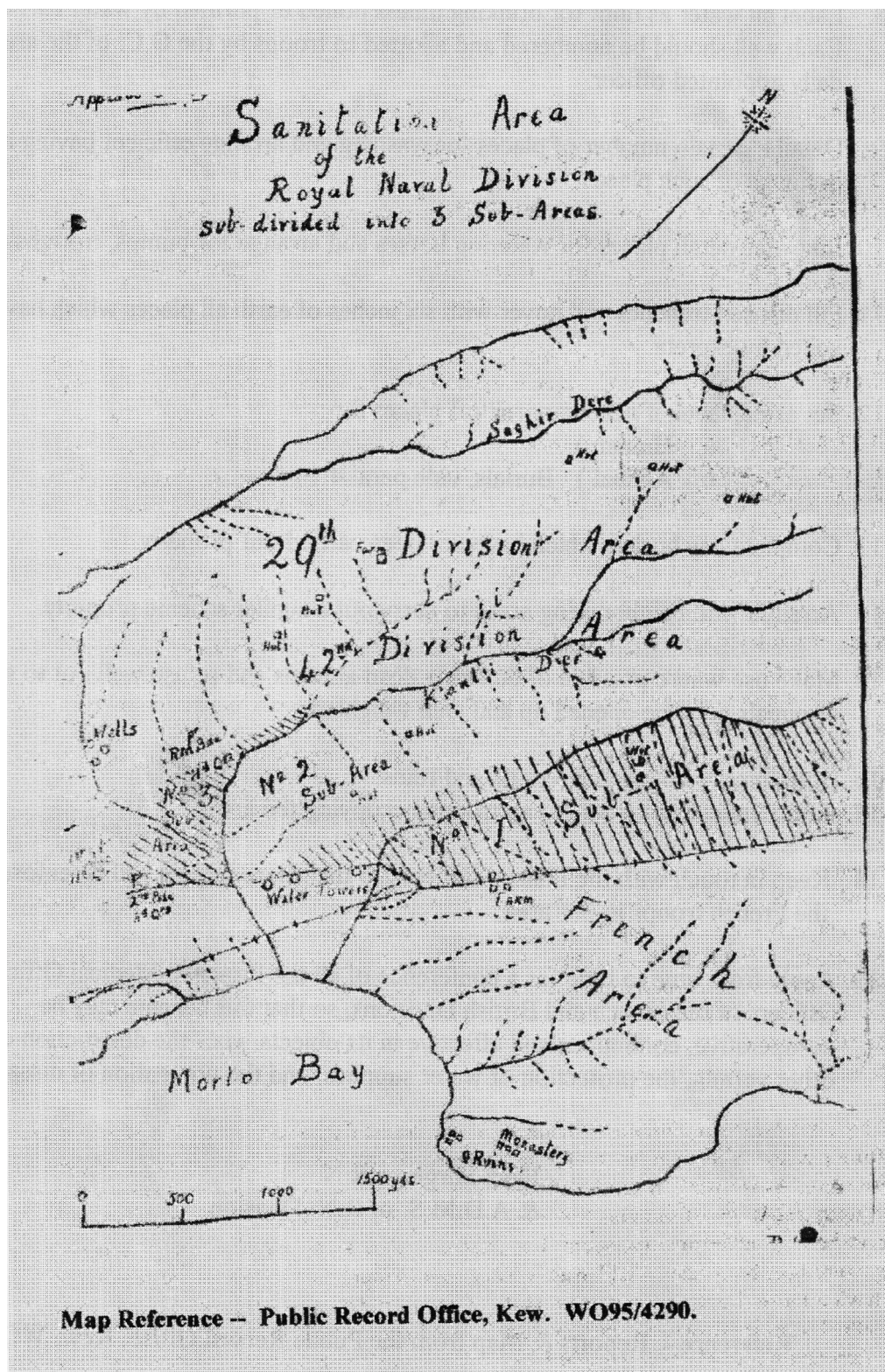


Above :- Cremating enemy dead. Gallipoli. Reference Q 13333. Department of Photographs, Imperial War Museum. 376.

As one can see sanitary arrangements were of the utmost importance on Gallipoli. The area of operations was divided so that a maximum effort could be made in each Sector.

SANITARY SCHEME FOR R.N.D. AREA.

1. Define the area exactly by well recognised objects and notice boards placed at intervals along the boundary.
2. Obtain a working party (say of 100 men) for each sub-area and divide them into squads (say of 4 men) and allot a definite job to each squad and a definite time for completing the job.
3. For each sub-area procure the following stores by loan from Divisional Train, Divisional Ordnance Store and Divisional Supply Depot :-
 - a) One A.T. Cart with Mules and Driver.
 - b) 12 Gardener's Brooms or Bass Brooms.
 - c) 12 Large Haymaking or other Rakes.
 - d) 20 Picks.
 - e) 20 Shovels.
 - f) 1 Drum of Paraffin Oil.
 - g) 10 Drums of Cresol.
 - h) 10 Watering cans fitted with roses.
 - i) 10 Wheelbarrows.
 - j) 10 Baskets.
 - k) A proportionate number of other tools or apparatus considered useful for the purpose and available in store at present or in future.
4. Construct Destructors of stone or perforated bricks. Every two hundred yards or so along the mid-line of the length of the area and carefully burn as much of the collected refuse as possible. Refuse which cannot burn should be buried at spots specially chosen, preferably near latrines and burial grounds, these places being selected as unlikely to cause pollution of water supplies. Refuse awaiting destruction or burial should be sprinkled with Cresol and exposed to the hot sunshine.
5. Construct a certain number of public latrines at suitable places throughout the area preferably near roads and arrange for a working party to attend to these daily.
6. Establish a regular policing of the area after it is cleaned so as to prevent it being soiled again.
7. Repair every suitable well, close others, and dig new ones where necessary and rail off with barbed wire an area around each well, the radius of this area being calculated as 150 times the difference between the level of the water before any pumping and after complete pumping, to a constant minimum level.



8. Label all water as unfit for drinking unless boiled or purified by water cart chemicals. Each well should be numbered and allotted to troops by the O.C. of the area or other daily appointed officer.
9. Detail a certain number of places for washing and arrange efficient paving and drainage of such places.
10. Likewise detail places for watering horses and arrange for pumps, troughs etc.
11. Fill disused trenches and cover with six inches of earth all places which have been soiled by excreta.
12. Set aside, label, if necessary rail off places for :-
 - a. Human)
 - b. Animal) Burials, vide para. 4
13. Complete any burials which have not been carried out properly.
14. Arrange with neighbouring areas to carry out a similar scheme properly.
15. Make use where possible of dumping dead animals and refuse well out to sea.
(Animals must be opened up and well weighted.)
16. Burn interiors of all native huts and ruins.
17. Issue Sanitation Orders to all troops occupying the area.
18. Keep in touch with the Liaison Officers so that these Orders will be enforced among the French troops in our area.
19. Apply from time to time for a conference of all the Principal Medical Officers and Staff Officers of the French and British Divisions, so that this scheme may be co-operative, continuous and effective in its objects, viz:- the destruction of flies and other vermin, the protection of water supplies, and the prevention of disease.

Fleet Surgeon, R.N.
& A.D.M.S. of R.N. Division.

Reference - Reports & Map from the Public Record Office, Kew. WO95/4290.

FOOD, LICE & CONDITIONS.

Private Joseph Clements, Deal Battalion, Royal Marine Light Infantry. Machine Gunner outlines conditions on the Helles sector of the peninsula.

After we went back from the front line we had dug outs, which we made ourselves. Perhaps two of you would be together or three or four, I have seen dug outs with half a dozen or more. These were only shallow excavations that we had made ourselves and we generally draped a couple of waterproof sheets over the top.

The Indian Mule Team would bring up the rations, coming up with the water & food. But we didn't have much change for the first three months. We were on biscuits & bully all that time, nothing else but biscuits & bully beef. The biscuits were blooming hard, but there was plenty of bully and it was quite nice. We had to make our own cup of tea so we would find a bit of shrub to make a fire in order to boil a drop of water. Occasionally a bit of bacon came up which we used to melt down as well as we could and crumble into it the biscuits. Or we would dip what we called four by twos, the cleaning material for your rifle, making a wick for a light.

After three months we nearly fell out of our boots, as they came up with a loaf, which was issued to last seven men two days. We got a couple of slices each out of it, or something like that. We might miss bread for a few days returning to biscuits and then would get another loaf. We also used to bargain with the Indian Army people as they liked our jam & bully beef. In return they would give us curry and stuff like that, which tasted quite nice. I doubt if I had tasted curry before, but it was a change and mixed in well with the bully.

Water had been brought up to us until they laid pipes, giving us a point where we could collect the water. Somebody from each section was sent down with water cans. But the big thing was that the Turks would get an idea where these water points were, so it became a bit dicey going there. Sniping was the danger, but occasional high explosive came over and shrapnel would follow. We seemed to get enough water, but were always looking round for a drop more. I doubt if we ever washed, as any water that came up was drunk.

We had in the early days, a little drop of rum, but it wasn't regular and it wasn't very often. I didn't drink in those days so if it came up I gave it away. We were issued with cigarettes and lots of chaps got mail from home. My mother always

used to send me twenty Players. I forget now what we got issued with, but anything, as long as it smoked, made us feel more content. We didn't smoke much in the trenches, we would smoke in the reserve. In the front line it would give our position away. Well, you couldn't smoke at night time, as if you did, you were liable to cause trouble to yourself. In general there were not that many cigarettes, so that you couldn't smoke when you wanted to, as they were very limited.

We had to adapt our uniform, as it was a case of having to. We had pith helmets, but we discarded these as they were a bit taller and made you more obvious. Mostly everybody wore a balaclava or forage cap, there were no tin hats about then. I never cut my trousers down to shorts but kept them as they were. The material seemed to stand up to trench life well. If we had done a spell of in the front line, say ten days we would go down for ten days. Then we had a quick run down of what we had got and what we hadn't. Looking for what was worn out and what was not, in a kind of semi kit inspection. So that anything you hadn't got was made up.

At this time I was very ignorant. I hadn't run into life at all. I found when I took my clothes off for a clean up that I had a lot of little white insects on me. I couldn't make out what these were. As we were in scrub I thought it must be something I had got from the bushes. So I used to get out of sight and take my tunic off, going all round the seams, my shirt and everywhere, as all around the seams I found these insects. Eventually I discovered that they were lice, body lice. Well I was worried and thought I was going to get into trouble by having these. I did not think everybody else was in the same boat. So one day, it was a bit silly, I stripped down. Taking my vest, my cellular pants as they were called then and my shirt and buried them. I thought I have got rid of them but of course they were still in the tunic and trousers, so I was just as badly off.

Well this particular day we were in reserve and were told off to go up with a party to help build another communication trench. Off we went, each one carrying a pick or shovel. The sergeant said to me "Clements get your tunic off". It was a hot day and all the other had their's off. "No I'm all right" He said "Get your tunic off!" So I took it off and of course had no shirt on. He said "Where's your shirt?" So I told him it was full of insects and I had buried it. "Oh" he said "You know what you have done destroying government property." Well that evening a young officer in charge of the gun section made us all form up. He told everybody about the big crime I had committed in destroying government property and threatened I could be shot three times a week, or something like that. But he said everybody was the same and all had got lice. I said "I didn't know, I thought it was just me and I was very self conscious about it. However I got issued with some more clean clothing so got away with it.

These lice made you go about everlasting rubbing. Every so often we would have a skirmish with them. Three or four of us would dip rags in bacon fat to make torches. One would take all his clothes off and run the lighters all along the seams. Of course some you killed and some you didn't, but you had to put the clothing back on again, dead or alive, so you were never clear of them. These lice didn't get into your hair much mainly on the body. You see, you couldn't wash and the officers were in as bad state as we were. If we were lucky, in reserve we could swim in the sea.

The latrines were dug at the back of the trench, there was usually a little entrance in and a short turning off and there it was. We used a bit of wood, or anything you could get hold of, this stood on a couple of tins or something like that. There was no paper supplied we had to use the scrub grass growing nearby. Before you left your trench, when being relieved by another unit, you had to fill your latrine in.

Flies were a nuisance and there were plenty of them about. If you had a biscuit with a bit of jam on it the flies would have more than you did. They were there before you could even put it to your mouth. All you could do was flick about trying to keep them away from your nose, mouth and eyes.

Dead bodies were lying between the lines, you could see them, and there were often quite a lot. They were gradually decomposing, and if the wind was in the wrong direction you were very unlucky. We watched one chap, I didn't know if he was Turk or one of our own. He was only about 20 yards from my position and I could see that he gradually got bigger and bigger before going away to nothing. He sort of burst, he was there for quite a number of days. The smell was rotten, like the worst bad meat you have ever smelt. It didn't upset me, things like that didn't. I don't know why. I thought it might be me occasionally and by this I don't think I was much different from others. It was the sight of thing you took in your stride, you knew they were there and this sort of thing was happening.

Dysentery was the big enemy of ours but I never got a proper dose. However any amount of chaps had to be taken out of the front line and onto the hospital ship before being taken and away for a fortnight or three weeks, or the length of time it took to clear up. I was one of the very fortunate ones. I don't particularly boast about it, but I landed on the peninsula and I stayed there right up until the day of the evacuation. I have a kind of pride in that.

A typical day on Gallipoli would be like this. We began with Strand To. Everybody would take part, by standing on the fire step and watching. You see talk had gone round that the Turks would always attack at daylight as soon as the dawn came. So we were always ready in full force. You would stand there, nearly falling asleep really if you had just been on watch, as we were doing an hour on and an hour off, when we dug the front line. We did not have a great many periscopes and it wasn't policy to look over the top as the Turks were not very far away from you, only about 150 to 200 yards. After Stand To

those whose turn it was to be on guard stayed on the fire step and the others tried to get a bit of grub. During the day as a machine gunner, there was not much to do. It was just a question of waiting. But you dare not take the machine gun to pieces in case of an attack. You checked the belts, the spare numbered men of the machine gun section looked after the belts. They kept them filled up, there were 250 rounds in each belt. And the idea was they must be filled up properly and ready for use at all times. They had to be laid out properly in the cartridge box, and thereby came out without hitches. Some men would go to get a drop of water, beg borrow or steal it, which ever was the easiest. So our days just went on like that.

Our main topic of conversation was used up during the first few days. We just talked about so and so getting killed yesterday or last night and we had seen the stretcher bearers taking him down , or something like that. Or somebody got it in the leg. Three chaps got hit in a dugout behind the lines, getting hit through the legs, one through both legs in his upper thighs by a sniper down behind our lines. In the beginning sniping was a big problem, as they dug holes under the cover of shrub or bushes, taking rations and ammunition with them. They would fire one or two occasional shots and friends of mine were hit and put out of action.

The Turks would send over high explosive shells and follow that up with shrapnel. There were special shells made for shrapnel, filled with round pellets. The cap was timed so that they fired at a certain distance. But when it was about one hundred yards short of that position its cap would explode and scatter the pellets over a large area. By this method they used to chase us out first with high explosive and follow it up with the shrapnel. It caused many casualties, but I was very fortunate. Suddenly I found I had to lay flat when shrapnel come over but it hit me in the middle of my back. But my luck was in as it was almost spent and secondly it hit me on the cross over of my webbing equipment. I'm glad it did.

Reference == Department of Sound Records, Imperial War Museum, London.
Number SR 11268. Reel 4. Recorded 1990.

GALLIPOLI.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

Divisional Headquarters
Royal Naval Division.
25th May 1915.

To :- D.M.S. G.H.●.

Sir,

I have today had a conversation with Lieut Col. Collins, of the Howe Battalion of the 2nd Brigade of the R.N.D.

He states that a certain small proportion of his men (he mentions only the name of P.O. Mc Arthy, Cassidy, Thompson & Bugler Todd) are suffering from nervous prostration. He states that these men have hitherto been able, efficient and courageous but that of late they have become depressed and frequently give way to attacks of weeping. They are for this reason not only useless but also harmful in depressing the spirits of the men.

Col Maher, R.A.M.C. the D.D.M.S. of the Lines of Comm. And Lieut Col Humprey R.A.M.C. the O.C. of the Casualty Clearing Station have had considerable experience in these cases and they both consider that there is always a great risk in allowing men to think that an appeal to the Medical Officer on the grounds of nervous prostration will lead to them being sent to a comfortable rest camp. If not carefully safeguarded against a few such cases will be immediately followed by a big rush of others. I have instilled these views into all Medical Officers of the R.N.D. and have also explained them to Lieut Col. Collins.

I still think however that certain exceptional cases like the above mentioned men should be at once sent to rest camp beyond shell fire and I ask that such a camp may be established at IMBROS or other suitable place.

Arthur Gaskell.

Fleet Surgeon R.N. &
A.D.M.S. R.N. Division.

Public Record Office, Kew. Reference WO95/429●.

Records & Muster Rolls.

Officers who died in the Royal Naval Division Naval Brigades.

Henry. Willoughby John. Sub Lieut. Aged 35 years, Anson Battalion, died 4th June 1915, Helles Memorial. Source W. Parents: Llewellyn & Emily Henry of Halkyn, Holywell, North Wales.

Hepworth. Sydney. Lieut, aged 27 years, Anson Battalion, died 10th April 1918, Reg Fr62, Doullens C.C. grave V1 A 32, came from Scarborough. Source C.

Hewitt. Holt Charles. Sub Lieut, Nelson Battalion, died 23rd April 1917, Reg MR20, Arras Memorial. Source C, RHN.

Hinde. George Herbert. Sub Lieut, aged 26 years, Howe Battalion, died 26th October 1917, MR30, Tyne Cot Memorial, Son of Mr J.C. & Mrs F. D. Hinde of 139 Northemder Road, Sale, Cheshire. Source C.

Hill. Frederick. Sub Lieut, aged 26 years, Hawke Battalion, died 25th December 1917, Reg Fr 379, Fifteen Ravine Cem, Grave V11 F 10, From Hartfield Bristol. Source C.

Hobbs. Owen Jardine. Sub Lieut, aged 27 years, Anson Battalion, died 13th November 1916, Reg Fr339, Ancre Cem. Grave V C56. Source C. Parents Owen & Eliza Hobbs. Wife Maud Emily Hobbs (nee Gautrey) of 162, Court Lane, Dulwich, London.

Hood The Hon. Maurice Henry Nelson. Lieut, aged 34 years, Hood Battalion, died 7th June 1915, Reg MR4, Helles Mem Source W. RHH. Father: 2nd Viscount Bridport of Norfolk Sq, Hyde Park.

Horsfield John Nixon. Lieut, aged 32 years, Hawke Battalion, died 19th June 1915, Reg G 1. Lincs Landing Cem. Source W. Parents : John & Francis Horsfield. Wife : Isobel Horsfield of Thames Ditton, Surrey.

Howard. Henry. Sub Lieut, Howe Battalion, died 13th November 1916, Reg Fr 1490, 'Y' Ravine Cem, Grave C2 Sp Mem. Source C.

Hughes. George William Henry. Sub Lieut, Anson Battalion, died 28th April 1917, Reg MR20, Arras Mem. Source C.

Hulbert. Egbert. Sub Lieut, aged 19 years, Hood Battalion, died 25th May 1918, Reg Fr233, Mesnil CC, Grave 11 E 17, from Herts. Source C. RHH. Watton-at-Stone, Herts.

Hunter. William. Sub Lieut, aged 23 years, Anson Battalion, died 4th January 1918, Reg Fr668, Sunken Road Cem, grave B1. Source C. From Thornaby-on-Tees.

Hunter. George. Sub Lieut, aged 21 years, Drake Battalion, died 21st October 1918, Reg Fr1485, Vaulx-Vrauourt Cem, grave B7. From Millport. Source C. Parents : Neil & Agnes. 'Wisharton' Millport, Buteshire.

Humphries. Arthur Idwal. Lieut, aged 24 years, Howe Battalion, died 5th Feb 1917, Reg Fr385, Mill Road Cem, grave XV1 D7. Source C.

Iliffe. Alan Chadwick. Sub Lieut, aged 30 years, Nelson Battalion, died 20th June 1915, Reg G 14, Skew Bridge Cem. Father Capt Charles Iliffe of Sunderland. Source W. RHN.

Jackson. Francis L. Lieut, Howe Battalion, died 26th Oct 1917, Reg B125, Tyne Cot Cem, grave XX VII 1 B19. Source C.

Jacobs. Trevor. Sub Lieut, aged 31 years, Hood Battalion, died 4th Feb 1917, Reg Fr514, Queens Cem Bucquoy, grave I J 14. Source C. RHH.

James. Samual George. Sub Lieut, aged 28 years, Hood Battalion, died 9th October 1917, Reg B 92, La Brique Cem. No 2. Grave I O 16. St Georges Golf Club, Sandwich, Kent. Source C. RHH.

Jehring. William Ernest. Sub Lieut, aged 26 years, Nelson Battalion, died 24th Oct 1917, Reg MR30, Tyne Cot Memorial. Son of Annie Jehring of 134 Alexander Road, Southend-on-Sea & late E.A.J. Jehring. Source C. RHN.

Johnson. Alan Archibald. Lieut aged 22 years, Drake Battalion, died 30th Dec 1917, Reg MR21, Thiepval Mem. Source C. Son of Mrs Laura D'Arcy, La Petite Floreatina, Golf, France. Born. Australia, Educated Cranleigh.

Johnson. William. Sub Lieut, aged 32 years, Anson Battalion, died 8th Oct 1918, Reg E 149, Pozzno/Polaad Old Garrison Cem, grave 11 B 6. Source C. Son of James & Isobel Johnson. Husband of Winifred of 2 Charles St, Blandford, Dorset. Born Old Meldrum, Aberdeen.

Johnston. James Barlow, Sub Lieut, aged 21 years, Hawke Battalion, died 8th Oct 1918, Fr 403, Cambrai East Cem, grave V B3. Came from Belfast. Source C.

Jones. Stuart Gale. Lieut Commander, aged 37 years, Hawke Battalion, died 25th August 1918, Reg Fr573, Bucquoy CCE, grave A 4. Source C. Came from Liverpool.

Jukes. Ronald Worthington. Sub Lieut, aged 22 years, Collingwood Battalion, died 4th June 1915, Reg MR 4, Helles Memorial. Source W. CW. Son of Rev J Jokes of Crediton, Devon. Educated King's College, Taunton. From HMS Worcester 1892. Joined Merchant Navy. Native of Shobrooke, Devon.

Kellard. Sub Lieut, Hawke Battalion, died 20th May 1918, Reg Fr 1013, Englebelmer CC, grave C 13. Source C.

Kelly. Frederick Septimus 'Cleg' DSC. Lieut Commander, Hood Battalion, died 13th Nov 1916, Reg Fr 232, Martinsart, grave I H 25. Source C. RHH. Ed. Eaton & Balliol. From Bisham Grange, Marlow.

Kenny. Bernard William. Sub Lieut, Nelson Battalion, died 9th Dec 1915, Reg MR4, Helles Memorial. Source W. RHN.

Kenny Henry Alexander Harold Symonds. Sub Lieut, Anson Battalion, died 26th March 1918, Reg MR 20, Arras Memorial. Source C.

Ker. William K. Lieut, aged 24 years, Hawke Battalion, died 13th November 1916, Reg MR 21, Thiepval Memorial. Source C. Educated Rugby & Balliol, Oxford.

Kilner. Harold. Sub Lieut, Anson Battalion, died 13th Nov 1916, Reg MR21, Thiepval Memorial, Source C.

Knight. Alfred Robert. Sub Lieut, aged 27 years, Hawke Battalion, died 13th November 1916, Reg MR 21, Thiepval Memorial. Source C.

Krikorian Charles Fielding. Lieut, aged 34 years, 2nd Drake, died 22nd May 1916, Blandford Cem Dorset., grave 652 A. Born London. Source C. Son of Krikor Garaband Krikorian. Husband of Emily (nee Sawyis) 11, Helena Court, St Leonards-on-Sea. Born London.

Lamb. Sub Lieut, aged 24 years, Hood Battalion, died 16th July 1919, Reg Scot 252, Edinburgh (Worriston) Cem, grave B 800. Source C. RHH. Parents : Robert & Annie Lamb 'Ardlui' 40, Letherby Road, Edinburgh.

Langford. John Alfred. Sub Lieut, aged 24 years, Drake Battalion, died 13th Nov 1916, Reg Fr 701, Hamel Mil Cem, grave 11 D 22. Source C.

Langstreth. Edmund. Sub Lieut, aged 28 years, Nelson Battalion, died 13th Nov 1916, Reg Fr 339, Ancre Cem, grave 111 C1. Son of Edward. Source C. RHN. Son of Edmund & Isobella Langstreth.

Lawrie. George Hume. Sub Lieut, Hood Battalion, died 30th Dec 1917, Reg MR21, Thiepval Mem. Source C. RHH.

Lee. Cedric. Sub Lieut, Anson Battalion, died 13th Nov 1916, Reg Fr 339, Ancre Cem, grave 1V A52. Source C.

Leighton. Archibald. Andrew. DSM. Sub Lieut, Hawke Battalion, died 25th Aug 1918, Reg Fr 1252, Demain CC, grave D51. Source C.

Lintott. William. Sub Lieut, aged 30 years, Nelson Battalion, died 2nd July 1915, Reg MR4, Helles Memorial. Source W. RHN. Parents William & Mary Lintott of Hursham, Sussex.

Lister. The Hon Charles Lister. Aged 27 years, Hood Battalion, died 28th Aug 1915, East Mudros Mil Cem., Son of Lord Ribblesdale. Of Gisburne Park, near Clitheroe, Lancs. Educated Eaton. Source W. RHH.

Little. Howard. W. Sub Lieut, Hawke Battalion, died 19th June 1915, Reg MR4, Helles Memorial. Source W.

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.

I would like to thank Tony Froom for this research.

Gallipoli.

The Hon. Charles Lister.

Constantinople During July and August 1914.

At this time Charles Lister, the son of Lord Ribblesdale, worked for the British Foreign Office and his account of the events leading to Turkey's declaration of war is interesting as he was at the centre of events. He was later to join the Royal Naval Division's Staff, due to his knowledge of Turkish. This was short lived, as in March 1915 when at Malta, he applied and was granted transfer to the Hood Battalion. With his friends in the Hood he was to serve and die.

We gazed on distant war-clouds through the light glow of Japanese lanterns The change with the publication of the Austrian Note. The feeling that predominated at Constantinople at the outset was more or less a reflection of that which, as far as we could see, obtained in London ; sympathy with Austria was considerable amongst diplomats. Austrians are generally liked as personalities, and from Constantinople the Serb can be observed rather too closely to pass for a chevalier *sans reproche*. I had just been on a trip to New Serbia, and returned with unfavourable impressions. The Italians were upset about the turn of events. They had wanted that year to take their course and hatch out the Austria-Serb conflict in due time when Italy would be ready to play her hand. The premature announcement was not to their liking. The French had, from the outset, a rather clearer vision than ourselves of the German behind the scenes. The Germans in conversation were quite unequivocal in their approval of Austria's action, and were decidedly "out" to make us think that after all there would be no trouble. They sometimes said that the Austrians would climb down as they had done before. At other times they were full of stories of mutinies on the Black Sea front, Russian unpreparedness, and so on. The first and last time I dined at the German Embassy, Von Wangenheim was on this tack. As the crisis took its course we saw less of our German colleagues.

Lord Ribblesdale notes :- At this time, even amongst "the intimates" of the Young Turk Party, there seems to have been complete ignorance of Enver's intentions. Charles goes on to say ---

The Turks, I fancy, in so far as they understood it all, were, in the first phase not sorry that

Serbia was to get a trouncing. Later, they rejoiced in the thought that thieves would fall out and honest men come by their own, and they calculated on a Turkish re-conquest of Salonica, for Greece was at that time their *bete-noir*.

Lord R :- On a long journey, from Smyrna to Constantinople - we had by this time come “in” as belligerents - Charles writes –

My train was packed with soldiers answering the call . They seemed already rather German in their sympathies and not unwilling to be again called to the colours, but friendly to me as an individual.

Lord R :- that is before we came in - he writes -

At Constantinople there had reigned the leaden calm which precedes a storm. The days of suspense when it was a question whether we would participate were very grim, and all the time we carefully avoided our French and Russian colleagues. We felt a sort of shame about meeting them. During the time that followed, after my journey from Smyrna, we at least knew we were men. Work grew brisk enough; reports from the provinces poured in. The Turks had viewed our entrance into the field with mixed feelings; they had hoped we should look on and, in company with themselves, play the part of the fox that sucked the bone for which the lions were fighting. They were rather impressed by our intervention; but I doubt if they thought we could really do much to benefit our allies, who in their view were certain to be beaten crushingly. The Turk had very little idea of sea power as a factor in war. He imagined that England could not come to very much harm, but he could not conceive sea power as an aggressive force in world warfare.

In Government circles pro-German feeling was on the increase, and reached its climax with the arrival of the *Goeben*, following closely on the embargo we had placed on the ships which Armstrongs were building for Turkey.

All these days the Ambassador was on leave. (1) He returned soon after the *Goeben* arrived, to find the situation compromised beyond hope. The initial error had been in our impartial recognition of the transfer of the German ships to Turkey. Once that had been conceded; once we had failed to demand internment in a certain time, and, failing such internment, sent our ships up the Narrows - then but little mined - we could only work for the postponement of the final rupture between Turkey and the Triple Entente Powers. All sorts of rumours were rife as to the condition in which the *Goeben* had arrived; and for a long time she failed to make an appearance. We all thought Germany was waiting to see the *Goeben* restored to health before she finally pushed Turkey over the brink. The fateful day was to be September 11th; this was the date fixed for a great naval review in which the whole Turkish fleet was to take part. The review made less impression than was expected.

Lord R :- The *Goeben* appears to have done nothing to disturb the peace –

She used to sail up with her band playing, packed with German sailors - not a Turk in sight - and made a point of passing very close to the Russian Embassy at Therapia. The chief impression she gave was one of great breadth amidships.

... The *Geoben*, however, was not the sole symbol of German domination. One day, on the polo ground, we met some apparently Turkish soldiers who had obviously lost their way. They were spoken to in Turkish by the Zaptieh hard by, but without success. Then one of our Russian colleagues brought himself to speak the enemy tongue, and it transpired that these men had been deliberately brought in from Germany to garrison Turkish forts. Trainloads, in fact, arrived daily. After the taking of Brussels, Dajavid said to a Belgian friend of mine: "*J'ai une nouvelle pour vous - les Allemands sont entre's a Bruxelles.*" He answered : "*Et moi, excellence, j'ai une nouvelle pour vous - les Allemands sont entr'es a Constantinople.*"

Lord R :- This is what he writes of the German Ambassador at this time -

The figure that stands out amid the multitudinous detail and petty incident of these days is that of Von Wangenheim. He was a tall, well-made man with a dark, lowering face, somewhat marked by duelling scars, and a close-cut moustache. His features were well cut and their pose solid. There was a grimness about the clean-shaven chin and a cold stare about the sunken blue-green eyes. I liked the man. He was very fond of horses, and actually took the trouble to get hunters all the way out from Ireland for the Constantinople drag hunt. In his Junker way he liked the English, and was very hospitable to us in better times. He talked very freely to every one, and as early as June, after a brief visit to Berlin - where it was supposed he would take up Von Jagow's position - used to inform his barber every morning that "the war" would take place in the autumn or late summer. To the young he was full of chatter, and flattered them by his anxiety to hear their views. While German influence was stronger and more uncontested than in Marschall's time, I do not think Wangenheim ever bulked so large in the eyes of the Turks as his massive predecessor. He lacked the quiet strength, the awful silences of Marschall, and could never control his natural excitability. Morning after morning he used to sweep round the neutral Embassies like a tornado with reports of German successes, which in due time kind friends repeated to us The *Goeben* and *Breslau* used often to set forth under his orders, and his control of the Turkish military and naval organisations was complete, except in so far as he had differences with Liman von Sanders, a hot head who managed to quarrel with every one sooner or later. Liman's temper was reported to be even less under control than Wangenheim's nerves.

Liman was certainly of the view, shortly before the war, that the Turkish army was quite incapable of taking the field, and he told Enver as much. When the fat was in the fire he had to box the compass, and has since been engaged in a task he has known from the outset to be hopeless. All the time I was in Turkey, members of the German military mission took the line that the task was impossible; they said they disliked the Turks,

thought them stupid and unteachable, and despaired of any results. I have often wondered if the Germans at Constantinople were unanimous on the question of bringing Turkey into the war ...

It is difficult for us to make out the Turk's attitude towards Germany. I don't think the Turk has any liking for the German; he looks on him as useful, and has boundless confidence in his efficiency. It was this conviction, that Germany was sure to win, which had to be met ...

There is after all, something to be said for those who were throughout convinced that it was in Turkey's interest to go to war on Germany's side, such as Enver and others of the soldiers. Turkey could alone hope from the Central European Powers for any reversal of the Balkan settlement arrived at in 1913; France was herself at war and therefore unable to lend Turkey money. This fact precluded any possibility of peaceful regeneration and raised the spectre of internal disruption and the fall of the Enver regime. Add to this the dazzling nature of the German promises.

Lord R :- Charles thus describes his impression of the Grand Vizier's attitude towards European intervention and advice in Turkish affairs. –

He [The Grand Vizier] was a good French scholar and pugnacious in conversation, but a very oriental Oriental. He was never happy in the Stamboul frock-coat, and in the morning wore Arab costume. Before the Central Powers days he used to beg his Western friends to keep their enterprise and finance away from Turkey; Europe was trying to get the Turk to do things that were beyond his power; the Turk was too stupid to organise himself in any way: his only chance was to stagnate and remain in the East - speeding up he declared to be hopeless.

The role played by such a man in the present drama is enigmatic. He was, I think, sincere enough in his wish to keep the peace, for he saw the risks attending a rupture. He failed to realise the impossibility of playing with German influence, backed as it was by the *Goeben's* guns, and thought to the last that he could avert the inevitable. He remained in office, telling himself, perhaps, that *he* will be the influence for moderation, and that *he* will enable Turkey to cut her losses by his diplomatic skill. Then he liked prominence. He realised that he could only appear equal to certain of his colleagues by retaining his tinsel trappings of high office, and that, German influence apart, he had never been really master in his own house. His devotion to Enver was almost doglike. My chief, in happier days, dined with the latter at a huge banquet and the Grand Vizier was also present. Throughout the repast he drew Enver out and made him tell stories of his marvellous escapes, asking him for his views as to Destiny, and other high subjects; listening to the Oracle in speechless amazement.

Lord R :- This is also a passage of not unpleasing interest.-

During the early days of the war Wangenheim rode for more than an hour with the huntsmen of the Constantinople drag-hounds - Maiden by name - who had been huntsmen to Sir Watkin Wynn and had fallen from this high estate to a measly £90 a year, plus a residence on an upland farm buried in the woods above the polo ground. His Excellency was full of commiseration for the poor English who had been bungled into the war against their will and interests; who had lost one army at Mons, and who were bound to go under. There seemed to be nothing of the “Hymn of Hate” spirit in him; nothing but pity “for his good friends.” On more than one occasion, too, he talked to others of an early peace wrung from France, of a *Guerre Platonique* with England, ending in the union of Western Powers against Russia as Kultur’s arch-foe. As events developed his tone changed.

Lord R :- Charles’s application to the Foreign Office for a year’s leave of absence from his post was at last successful.

I left [he writes] about a month before the final rupture. Events took their course, and the Turk, as the successor to the Emperors of the East, took his place at the side of the man he believed to be the Emperor of the West, to divide with him the world’s spoils. In the same spirit, moving along the same groove of historic fatality, the Turk of a former era coquetted with Napoleon, to be hauled back from the abyss by the strong hand of Sir Stratford Canning, but Sir Stratford had not to contend with the guns of the *Goeben*.

Reference :- From ‘ Charles Lister Letters and Recollections’ Published in 1917 by T. Fisher Unwin Ltd. London. Pages 171 to 177.

Note :- This is part of a MSS. Letter in pencil of over 15000 words which was written in the leisure and comfort of the Blue Sisters Convent Hospital at Malta, whilst Charles Lister was recovering from his first Gallipoli wound. It is a full and graphic account of the run of events and the varying phases of feeling at Constantinople during the months of July, August and September 1914. Lord Ribblesdale states it was shown to The Vice-Provost of Eton who encouraged him to get it typed. Enquiries with Eaton as to the location of the full version has drawn a blank.

STORES.

The Quartermaster.

By A.P. Herbert.

(A Word of Advice to New Officers)

How delicate must be the young man's dealings
 With those who hold the regimental reins;
How sensitive he finds the Major's feelings,
 How constantly the Adjutant complains,
 Yet any youth of reasonable phlegm
 Should be at ease with some at least of them,
 But mind you, there is only one Q.M.,
And he, I think, requires the greatest pains.

For he provides his own peculiar terrors,
 His own pet penalties, his special scores;
He little recks your mere strategic errors,
 He marks unmoved the feeblest kind of fours;
 'Tis naught to him how Private Thompson shoots,
 Only he must not wear civilian boots;
And all the officers may act like brutes
If they commit no sin against the Stores.

Then, like the octopus, that all day dallies
 In loathly caverns, loving not the sun,
Till prying trespassers provoke his sallies,
 He waddles forth to give the culprit one;
 Unrolls, like tentacles, by fold and pleat,
 Some hoary form, some long-forgot receipt,
 And stamps the fellow liar, thief and cheat -
There is no argument, the man is done.

And evermore, however slight the caper,
His name, his credit in the Stores is black;
If he but supplicate for emery-paper,
Or seek small articles his soldiers lack,
He will be lucky if they fail to look
His record up in some avenging book,
And say, "I thought as much - the man who took
A bar of soap and never brought it back."

Be careful, then, and count the man's compassion;
Note how the gods, in old Olympian years,
Would woo Hephaestus's, that used to fashion
Stout shields and suchlike for his godly peers;
How upstart deities, who feared not Zeus,
And gave Poseidon something like abuse,
Approached him sweetly and were quite profuse,
Lest he be cross and serve them out no spears.

Nor in the trenches shall your tact diminish,
For there, still stern with casual issue note,
He will determine when the food must finish,
And stint his rum to undeserving throats;
And what if in some struggle he should say,
'Look here, this bloke can't go on to-day;
You'll get no hand-grenades, no S.A.A.,
Till Simpson signs for all these overcoats.

This poem was published in 'Half Hours at Helles' by R.H. Blackwell in 1916.

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

RECORDS.

Spot Light on William Shackleton Clyde Division of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

William Shackleton was born on the 3rd December 1895, and was to grow into a man of almost 5 feet 5 inches, with brown hair and grey eyes. Before the First World War, aged just 17 years, on the 2nd February 1914, he signed on as a member of the Clyde Division of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, in the presence of the attesting officer Sub Lieutenant A. McNeil. (1) He gave his age as 18 as many more were to give false details in the conflict to come. His allocated Divisional number was 4/2500. One might wonder what decided William to take such a dramatic step. It seems likely that his background had some bearing. About 150 years ago his grandfather had moved to Glasgow. He seemingly was a relation of Sir Ernest Shackleton's father. Shackleton the explorer knew young William, as they had worked in the firm Beardmore for a time, hence the name Beardmore Glacier of the explorer's later expeditions. On his mother's side, she was Orcadian and William's family, of this branch, was to crew the Longhope Lifeboat only to be drowned when she overturned in the 1950's. They were fisherfolk, so what with the influence of a famous name and a sea background he was an obvious candidate for the Reserve. (2)

Little is known of his early service apart from the fact that he received the 1914 Star due to his service at Antwerp when he was a Seaman of the Howe Battalion.. (3) It is known that he did not go to Gallipoli due to a sudden attack of pneumonia. Recently his son The Rev, William Shackleton of Burnside, Scotland has been looking into his father's history. Upon reading page 177 of issue 3 of the R.N.D. he contacted Yeovilton by post. From these enquiries he was told nothing can be found of the period 1915 & 1916 as these records are missing. However what is available is listed below, highlighting the number of injuries that one could suffer on the Western Front.

18/12/16.	Class A. Embarked Folkstone
18/12/16.	Disembarked Boulogne
19/12/16.	To Base Depot Calais
23/12/16.	B213 d.
09/01/17.	Joined Howe Battalion.
17/02/17.	Wounded.
17/02/17.	To 1 st Field Ambulance. R.N.D. SW R. thigh.
17/02/17.	To 45 th Casualty Clearing Station. Slight.
15/03/17.	To Base Depot. Calais.
17/03/17.	Granted Hurt Certificate.
23/03/17.	Rejoined Unit.

24/04/17. Shell shock.
 25/04/17. To 3rd Field Ambulance. R.N.D. S. Neurasthenia. (4)
 25/04/17. To duty.
 26/10/17. Wounded. In Belgium.
 27/10/17. To 55th General Hospital. Boulogne. S.W. Thigh. R.
 05/11/17. Invalided to U.K.
 24/07/18. Class 'A'. To Drake Battalion. Embarked at Dover.
 24/07/18. Disembarked at Calais.
 25/07/18. Joined 'L' Base Depot.
 25/08/18. Joined Drake Battalion in France.
 03/09/18. Wounded. GSW L Elbow.
 05/09/18. Camiers. Adm. 22 General Hospital.
 19/09/18. Invalided to England. Per A.T. "*Newhaven*." (5)

After the war William went to sea on various merchants ships and also continued at his trade of iron moulding. He later made his way to the U.S.A. to play professional football, but luckily returned before the 1929 Crash, and as his son writes, --- saving me from being a Yank! The family tradition continues to this day in that his grandson is presently a Green Beret Chaplain (Commandos) at the R.M. Condor Base, Arbroath and will shortly be going to sea with H.M.S. Ocean. (6)

The Rev. William Shackleton, M.A. who I would like to thank for forwarding these details and photographs would like to fill in the blanks of years 15 & 16. If any reader can help please contact him at his home address. :- 3 Tynwald Ave, Burnside, Scotland. G73 4RN. Or telephone him on 0141 569 9407.

- References :-
- (1) R.N.V. - 1. Application to be enrolled.
 - (2) Letter from The Rev. Wm. Shackleton, M.A. to L.G. Sellers dated 16th February 1998.
 - (3) The 1914 Star to the Royal Navy & Marines by W.H. Fevyer & J.W. Wilson. Published by The Naval & Military Press 1993, page 96.
 - (4) Neurasthenia -- Nervous debility or prostration, exhausted condition of the nerves.
 - (4) Casualty Form Active Service X 2.
 - (5) Shackleton's letter of 16th February 1998 continued.



Photograph to the left shows William Shackleton when a member of the Howe Battalion. The bottom photograph is of William in hospital clothing looking like the rest, pretty unhappy. He is second from the right of those seated, legs crossed and hands clasped over his knee. The photograph is endorsed 'Brother Billy.'

Photographs are the property of his son The Rev. William Shackleton, M.A.



The Western Front.

THE R.N.D. 'MISSING'

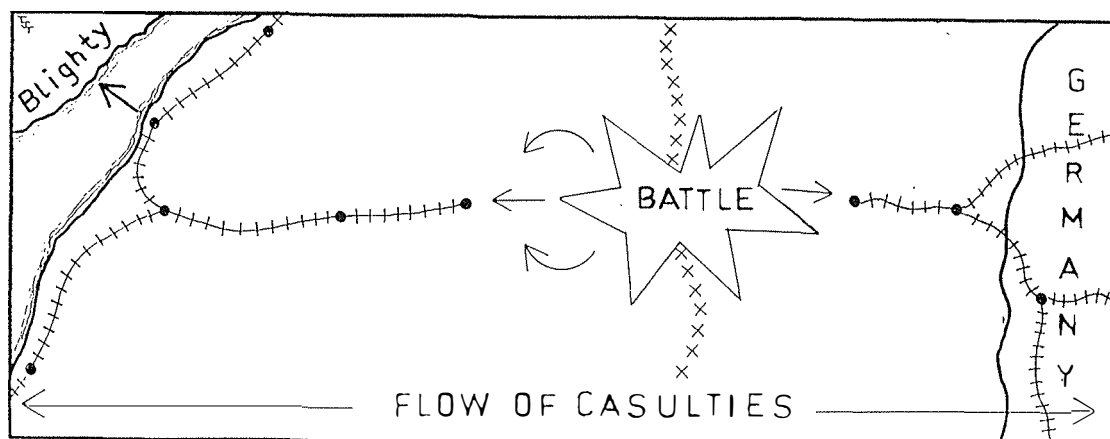
INTRODUCTION: Part: 2.

By Trevor Tasker.

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

In the last article I hope I opened a debate on the myths and fallacies of the 'Missing'. Memorials to the Missing name those with no known grave, but the CONCENTRATION CEMETERIES collectively contain the graves of about half of those Missing on the Western Front, so, the memorials and cemeteries are linked with regards the missing. The first part of the introduction was about the 'numerical' missing, and the second part explains the 'geographical' missing; those buried along the lines of communication; a line that stretches from Prisoner of War (POW) camps in Germany, (and Internment camps in Holland), to the Front and back to home towns in Britain.

When visiting the Western Front, most people cross over to Calais, make straight for Ypres, then down to the Somme, with maybe a stop off at Arras/Vimy Ridge. The general direction is along the Front in a north-south line. However, the lines of movement during the War were along a west-east line, and this has to be appreciated if the casualties/graves of the RND are to be traced. FIGURE: 1 (**SOURCE: The author**) is a generalisation of this flow, showing the battle site, (this battle could be: The Ancre, Gavrelle, or Passchendaele), as can be seen there is a flow of POW to the east, and a larger backflow to the west, right back to Britain/Blighty.



The above map is a generalisation for the Western Front, and shows the east and west flow of casualties who were transported by rail, (sometimes by canal), and graves are therefore clustered along these lines, mainly near railway stations.

The same principles can be applied to Gallipoli, but the trains are replaced by ships, and railway stations by 'ports of call'. RND graves are scattered along the communication lines to Gallipoli from the Aegean Sea to Gibraltar. These isolated graves are few in number, and will come under the future article of "RND Graves in the Mediterranean Area", and will include not only the isolated grave of Rupert Brooke on the Island of Skyros, [Gr. 15], but also the solitary RND grave in Gibraltar of A/B DAVIDSON, Nelson Bn, 10th September 1915, [Eur. 23]. Also, to be included are those wounded at Gallipoli and who were 'buried at sea'. Those who rest at the bottom of the Mediterranean are listed on Memorials to the Missing. However, in the case of the Naval Battalions, (because of their RNVR status and being afloat when died), some RND appear on the Naval Memorials to the Missing in Britain instead of the HELLAS MEMORIAL [MR. 4], at Gallipoli. These, and other displaced exceptions will be explained in future articles.

During the War, a no repatriation policy of war graves was adopted. However, before this was implemented in April 1915, many graves were moved from battlefields and reburied at home; one included the grandson of W.E. Gladstone, (LONGWORTH, 1976). Are any RND included in these repatriations ? At the time of writing, research is trying to confirm the repatriation of an RND officer who died of wounds in Egypt, and is now buried in Essex. If any RND are confirmed to have been repatriated, most would have died in the first nine months of the War.

Along with a no repatriation policy, the graves were to be buried as close to where they died as possible, and with their comrades. However, at the end of the war there were thousands of isolated graves, and hundreds of small groups of burials; too small to become a CWGC cemetery. For many reasons, tens of thousands of graves were concentrated in existing cemeteries where the extra land could be easily obtained. These concentrations cemeteries, as already pointed out in the first article, contain a high proportion of unidentified/partially identified because of the problem of the perishable compressed fibre identity discs, and the vulnerable crosses/grave markers.

All the above reasons, especially the long line of communications, have resulted in many different types of CWGC cemeteries and these will be briefly explained.

Martin Middlebrook has attempted to classify CWGC cemeteries "into at least five different types and visitors will gain more benefit from cemetery visits if they know of these differences". (MIDDLEBROOK, 1990, page 10). Using Middlebrook's observations, and the 'flow-diagram', (FIGURE: ONE), a general picture can be obtained, of where the RND graves are located/clustered; and why they ended up in that particular location.

Working from the Front line back to Base Camps, the first of the cemeteries are the **BATTLEFIELD CEMETERIES**. These “are easily identifiable: they are usually small, confined to a few dates of death, and are often in isolated locations away from the road”. (MIDDLEBROOK, 1994, page 11). An example of a Battlefield Cemetery with RND is NAVAL TRENCH CEMETERY, [Fr. 1192], in the Arras area.

The second type, further behind the front line are **COMRADES CEMETERIES**. “These cemeteries are usually located alongside a farm track or country lane or behind a front-line village. The men buried here were those who were killed during tours of trench duty and carried out by their friends for burial, or were wounded in the trenches and died at a forward Dressing Station”. (MIDDLEBROOK, 1994, page 11). An example of a comrades cemetery, with RND is HAMEL MILITARY CEMETERY, [Fr. 701], on the Somme.

The third classification is **COMMUNAL CEMETERIES** which are small groups of graves and are to be found in local civilian cemeteries, these are usually those killed in action during early stages of the war when near the Front, or far behind the lines when the battalions were at rest/training. An example of a communal cemetery with RND is LE CROTOY COM. CEM. [Fr. 1553]; this CWGC burial site is well known because of the grave of Sub/Lt. Dyett, but there are two other RND graves here which should also be remembered. When it became evident that graves would overwhelm a civilian cemetery, an ‘Extension’ was created. These extensions are either part of the communal cemetery, or more usually just outside, with a connecting wall. An example of these cemeteries (both with the RND) are BOISGUILLAUNE COM. CEM. [Fr. 16], and BOISGUILLAUME COM. CEM. EXT. [Fr. 17], in Rouen.

Further back are the **DRESSING STATION CEMETERIES**, where a cemetery was opened near a MAIN Dressing station to take casualties who died before being evacuated. An example of this type of cemetery with RND is DUISANS BRIT. CEM. [Fr. 113], west of Arras, which contains those who died at a nearby Casualty Clearing Station.

Further back still are the large **BASE HOSPITAL CEMETERIES** usually near the coast, (e.g. Boulogne). Some are located away from the coast, but all have ‘access to the sea’ for the evacuation to ‘Blighty’, (e.g. Rouen). These “are usually characterised by careful layout, usually by segregation of officers from the ranks (with more space for the officers). By a large mixture of units of men buried and by almost total identification of the bodies. The main interest at such cemeteries is the wide range of regimental badges to be seen on the headstones and the surge in burials immediately after major battles, because the dead were usually buried in chronological order”. (MIDDLEBROOK, 1994, page 12). An example of a Base Hospital Cemetery with RND is ETAPES MILITARY CEMETERY, [Fr. 40] on the coast. There are many RND graves in this large cemetery; of men who died of wounds or of sickness/disease, with the exception of : -

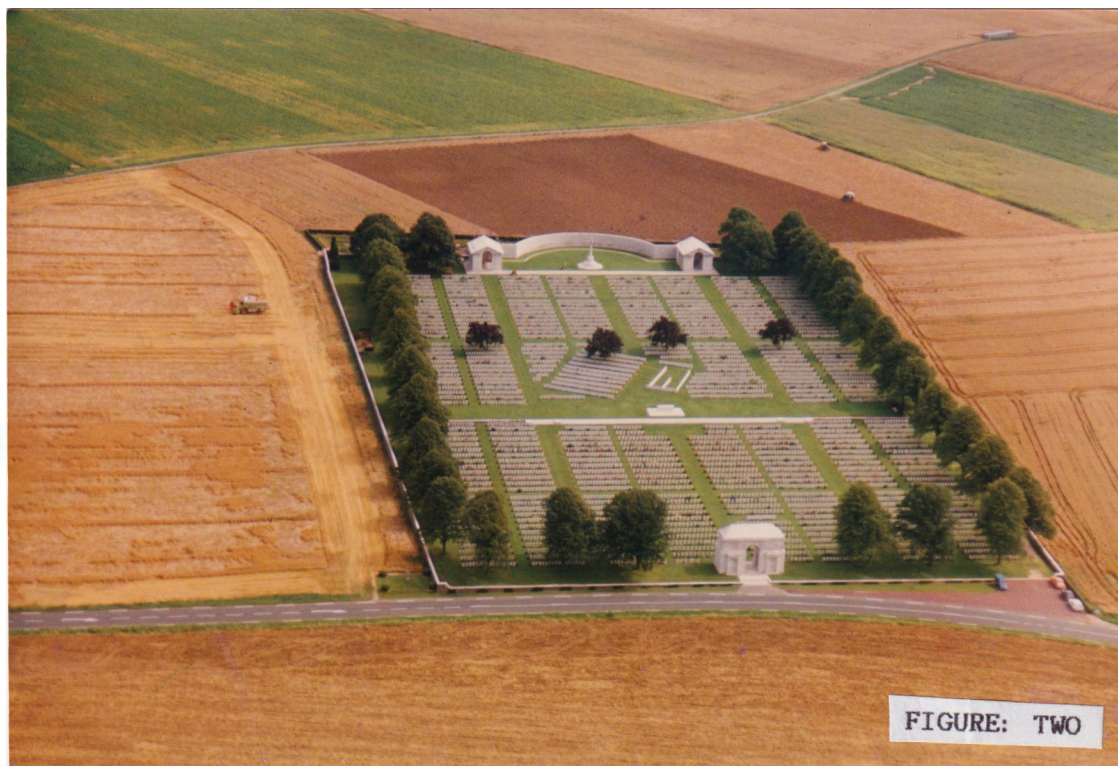


FIGURE: TWO

ABOVE: Aerial photograph of SERRE ROAD CEM. No. 2. [Fr. 1890], on the Somme, (note the original irregular plots (I & II), near the centre).

BELOW: Aerial photograph of the THIEPVAL MEMORIAL to the MISSING. [MR. 21], and the THIEPVAL ANGLO-FRENCH CEM. [Fr. 1891], on the Somme.

(PHOTOGRAPHS: The author)



FIGURE: THREE

“ELLIS, Pte. Arthur, PLY/2459 (S). R.M.L.I. , 1st R.M. Bn., Royal Naval Division. Killed in an air raid on Etapes when in St. John’s Military Hospital suffering from trench fever. 1st June 1918. Age 28”

(ETAPES MIL. CEM. [Fr. 40], Booklet I I I, page 234)

With the last category, things start to get confusing as we move back to the Front line, to the complicated category of **CONCENTRATION CEMETERIES** which are so important to the understanding of those Missing on the Western Front. This is further complicated when small Battlefield and Comrades cemeteries were expanded into large Concentration Cemetery. (E.g. ANCRE BRITISH CEMETERY [Fr.339], was just a smallish battlefield cemetery with 517 original graves but was expanded to nearly 2,500 with concentration of graves from the surrounding area). Most concentration cemeteries were originally small battlefield cemeteries alongside an access road, if only near a road, the concentrations filled in the gap. The original plots are irregular, and usually plot I, which is surrounded by the very symmetrical rows and plots of concentration graves, (See FIGURE TWO). As pointed out in the first article it is these concentration graves that consist mainly of unidentified and partially identified headstones. The more concentration graves in a cemetery, the higher the percentage of unknown graves. Serre Road No. 2 Cemetery , (FIGURE TWO), is the largest CWGC on the Somme; with 7,139 graves, but only 2,295 are fully identified.

To complicate things further, concentration cemeteries have a ‘time and space’ dimension of when they were ‘open’ and ‘closed’ to concentrations. This is due to the ‘missing’ constantly being found, and having to be reburied. “In the 34 months between the Armistice and September 1921 over 200,000 bodies were recovered and buried and the official searching then ended. Nevertheless, by 1937 about 38,000 bodies had been found by accident and, at that time, they were still being discovered at a rate of about 20 to 30 a week; about the same numbers are still being discovered annually in the late 1980s”. (WARD & GIBSON, 1989, page 51). While writing this article, 27 soldiers (two were identified) were reburied near Arras, and a missing Australian soldier was ploughed up and identified, at Pozieres Windmill on the Somme.

Most battlefield concentration cemeteries were filled and ‘closed’ before the mid-1920s when the Cemetery and Memorial registers were published. Bodies found after this date, on the Somme were taken to SERRE ROAD No. 2 Cemetery (FIGURE TWO) which was ‘open’ from 1926-1934, until LONDON CEMETERY, [Fr. 390], was converted into a concentration cemetery; LONDON CEM. EXT. [Fr. 390a]. This cemetery was ‘open’ until the late 1950’s. However, when the Thiepval Memorial was constructed, all bodies found in France during the winter of 1931/32 were reburied in THIEPVAL ANGLO-FRENCH CEMETERY [Fr. 1891]. The aerial photograph, (FIGURE THREE), shows the 300 British and Commonwealth graves, (left), alongside 300 French graves, (right). These 600 graves, being concentrations are mostly unidentified. There are many reasons for reburial locations of war graves, not only for public health and costs reasons, but also for national and diplomatic reasons.

On the Arras Front, when the battlefield concentration cemeteries were closed, (e.g. ORCHARD DUMP CEMETERY, [Fr. 777], in 1922), newly found graves were taken to CABARET ROUGE CEMETERY [Fr. 924], from 1922-1926, then to ARRAS ROAD CEMETERY, [Fr. 1059], from 1926-1931, and then to CANADIAN No.2 CEMETERY [Fr. 1896]. When London Cemetery Extension was closed, those found on the Somme during the late 1950s and early 1960s were taken to CANADIAN No. 2 CEMETERY; which took concentrations for over 30 years (1930s to 1960s), and from a wide geographical area of France. **This cemetery is one of the most interesting of the ‘open’ concentration cemeteries, but is one of the most neglected by researchers.** When this cemetery was finally closed in the early 1960s, concentrations for all over France were taken to TERLINCTHUN MIL. CEM. [Fr. 34], near Boulogne. After 3 decades, even this large ‘open’ concentration cemetery is becoming full, and recent reburials have been ‘squeezed’ into cemeteries near to the place where the bodies were found. However, if a body is found and not identified; therefore not receiving much publicity, it will probably be buried at Terlincthun.

The above information on ‘open’ concentration cemeteries provides a ‘time and space’ dimension to tracing the missing. E.g. a body found on the Ancre battleground in 1919 would have been reburied in Ancre Cemetery, but a body found on the same site in 1939 would be reburied at London Cemetery Extension, and a body found in 1959 on the Ancre would be in Canadian No.2 Cemetery, (on Vimy Ridge), and a body found in 1979 would have been taken to Terlincthun Cemetery, on the coast.

With regards to Belgium, the main ‘open’ concentration cemeteries were BEDFORD HOUSE CEMETERY [B. 165], CEMENT HOUSE CEMETERY [B.83], and finally SANCTUARY WOOD CEMETERY, [B. 453].

As can be seen, even though there was a non-reparation policy, war graves have been moved over vast areas, and over many decades. The policy was that the war graves would remain in the country of original burial, but as Nigel Cave has pointed out, in Sanctuary Wood Cemetery there is a grave originally from the French village of Terdeghern near the Belgium Border, (CAVE, 1993). Border-hopping also applied to Memorials, originally there was to have been a Memorial to the Missing at Lille, but the French Government objected to the number and size of these Memorials, which has resulted in many changes. The Memorial that was to have been at Lille, is now at PLOEGSTEERT, [MR. 32], in Belgium.

If you are to understand the CWGC, you must first appreciate the scope of its work, and also its evolutionary change and adaptations over the decades. As Philip Longworth says, “The commission’s decisions were to be forged between the anvil of principles and the hammer of necessity”, (LONGWORTH, 1967, page 39).

For practicable reasons the CWGC had to concentrate all the isolated and small cemeteries into larger concentration cemeteries. These are impressive cemeteries, (FIGURE: TWO),

but they are so large and so mixed they confuse the average visitor. Because the cemeteries are so large the CWGC has devised a location system, to be used in conjunction with a plan in the cemetery register. These state the Plot number, (Roman Numerals) and the Rows are lettered alphabetically, and finally the grave number. When mentioning RND graves in cemeteries I will be using the CWGC location system in brackets after the name. (E.g. Commander Sterndale Bennett (VI. I. 1) in DOZINGHEM MIL. CEM. [B. 16], shows he is buried in Plot VI (6), Row I, grave No. 1.” In Communal Cemeteries the local French/Belgium terms are given, (e.g. ‘Plot’ is sometimes ‘Division’), also isolated graves are sometimes given a compass direction, (e.g. ‘N.E. corner of the Cemetery’).

This just about ends the introduction, which was necessary as this subject is rather abstract and very little researched. I hope I have shown some of the misconceptions about the Missing, and also the wide geographical area where the RND are buried. There are RND buried in Eastern Europe, and even the Island of Malta, all of which will be covered in the forth coming series. We will remember the RND, all of them, where ever they are.

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The study of the ‘Missing’ is a relatively new field of research, and progress made so far could not have been achieved on my own. I would like to thank both Tony Froom and Kyle Tallett for helping to make the ‘Missing’ a less confusing subject.

The next article will start the series on specific cemeteries and Memorials with RND. First will be a small obscure communal cemetery, but this will show how these forgotten graves and information in Cemetery Registers can contribute to research on the RND. It is also hoped to cover the Thiepval Memorial and Ancre British Cemetery, before the end of the year.

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

Next issue is September 1998 , which will include an article by Martin Brayley on R.N.D. uniform.

The second part of the series on Sub Lieutenant Rupert Brooke.

An account of a Lewis Gun School on the Western Front told in his wonderful informative style by Joe Murray of the Hood Battalion.

The Anson Battalion at Suvla Bay & Anzac, Gallipoli.

Also a paper by Trevor Tasker on RND graves in the Abbeville area of France. The first in his series after the introductions, which I know were well received.

And much more on the Western Front, Antwerp & Gallipoli.

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

Note - R.N.D. issue numbers 1 to 5 inclusive contain 138,149 words.

Note :- Jim Fallon of The Gallipoli Association writes = I still have a few Commemorative Covers available, which we issued to celebrate the 80th Anniversary of the landings at Gallipoli, signed by Capt Annand VC and each gives the details of his father's service and death. (Lt Commander Wallace Moir Annand, who was Adjutant of The Collingwood Battalion and died in the attack of the 4th June 1915.) Should any of your readers wish to purchase a Cover, the price is £6.50 including postage and packing. Reply to :- 2, Sunnyfield, The Ryde, Hatfield, Herts, AL9 5DX.



Gallipoli.

Men of the 2nd Royal Naval Brigade, Royal Naval Division, practising an attack from a trench on the island of Imbros, June 1915.

Imperial War Museum Reference. Q 13324.