

**JOURNAL
50**

**Channel Islands
Great War
Study Group**
www.greatwarci.net



**August
2013**



Send Three and Four Pence!

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Hello All

Well, we are suddenly just fifty weeks from the centenary anniversary of the outbreak of the Great War, when the British Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, suggested that lamps were going out all over Europe. How will this anniversary and subsequent ones be commemorated? For me the answer is still somewhat shrouded in mist or should that be the fog of war? One school of thought appears to focus solely upon the tragic losses that were felt throughout the then British Empire and recalls the Somme, Gallipoli and Third Ypres to the exclusion of all else. To counter that view, there are those who say that, while there were reverses, the British Empire won through and certainly, from Amiens onwards, they had the Germans backpedalling all the way back to the Rhine. Of course, the evidence suggests that a more appropriate view might lie somewhere between the two, the daily average casualty figures after Amiens for example, being higher than those for the period of the Somme and also Third Ypres. There were losses, there was a successful outcome, but I believe that it was necessary for the involvement of the British.

How can it be commemorated by us as individuals? Sometimes the simplest ideas are the best as was recently suggested by a regular JEP columnist. Adapting an idea put forward by people in Kent to sow poppy seeds wherever they can, the columnist proposed that, in addition to the addition to the poppies. Jersey folk should also sow cornflowers (*les bleuets de France*) given that many men left the Island to serve in the French Army while the cornflower is obviously the French equivalent to the British poppy in terms of remembrance.

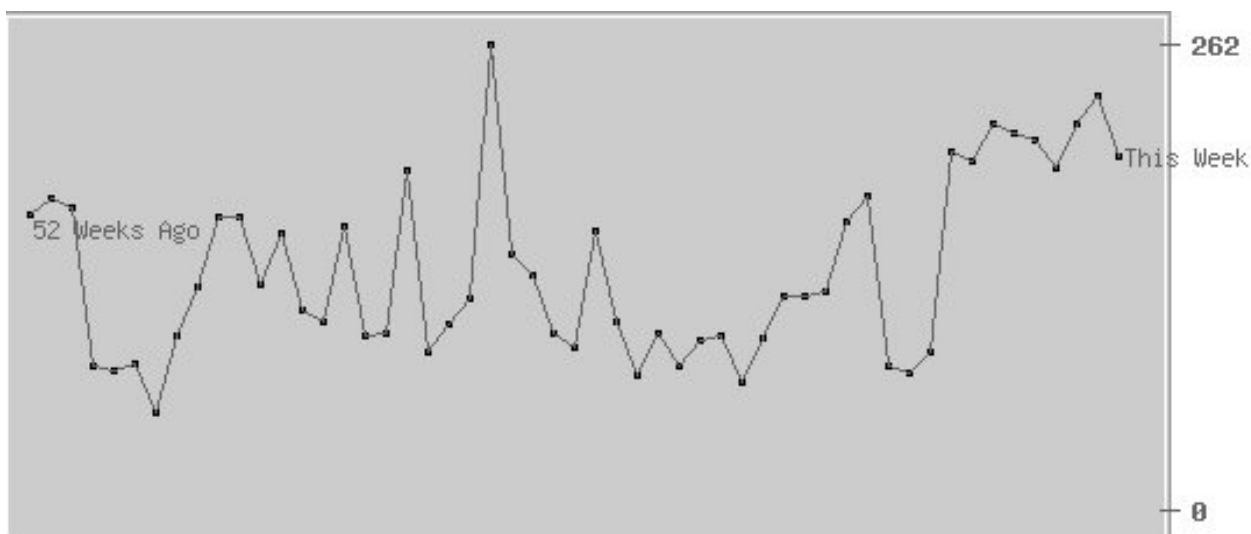
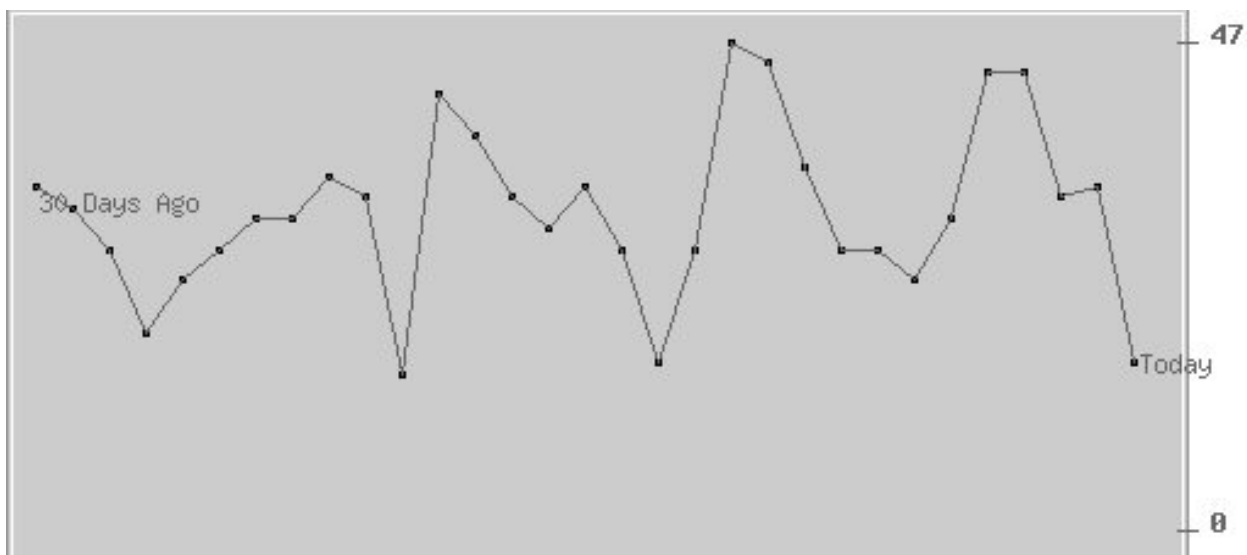
Another suggestion that has emerged in the UK is to lay paving stones in the home towns of Great War VC winners, and both Ian Ronayne and Ned Malet de Carteret have appeared on Channel TV recently to discuss this. As an aside, perhaps this suggestion can also be taken up in the Islands and extend it to VC winners from other eras, and not through the laying of paving stones necessarily. In Jersey it would appear that there is already a suitable site with Victoria Park (formerly Triangle Park). However, the important aspect has been that both Ian and Ned were able to feature in the media to discuss a means of commemorating, and that it provides wider visibility of the Great War and not just the VC winners solely. It is a thought that they and others should, when opportunities arise, feature in the press and on radio and TV to discuss Great War topics. There will surely be many such chances to do so in the next few years.

In our day to day dealings with others there may also be opportunities for us to mention our various interests in the Great War whatever they might be, and not necessarily with regards to the Channel Islands. I confess that I tend to be a bit of an anorak in this, when asked at an appointment I say that I will be heading off home afterwards to do some Great War research. This often leads onto a brief discussion and it is often clear that the other person starts to think a little more of the topic.

Finally, we might like to regard our website as a considerable asset, both for each of us, as well as the wider community. It reflects many man-hours of collective effort and thought, both in terms of the structure, and also in the data content. It is something that, collectively, we should be proud of, and we should note that there appears (and I'm happy to be corrected on this) to be nothing equivalent in place to look at the Channel Islands and the Second World War to the same depth. We should 'sell' its existence whenever possible.

Website Workings By Roger Frisby

The total number of website visits has now reached around 33940 an additional 2324 visits since the last Journal was published.



Recent Website Visit Activity

With regards to the respective Rolls of Honour and Service, the statistics for changes to our numbers since mid-May are as follows:

- Guernsey Roll of Honour – 1464 names (down by 2)
- Guernsey Roll of Service – 5294 names (up by 45)
- Jersey Roll of Honour – 1637 names (up by 2)
- Jersey Roll of Service* – 7428 names (up by 19)

* Jersey RoS is updated in batches.

A further update to the JRoS should take place during the second week of September.

Photograph Requirements for the Rolls of Honour

For those travelling in the British Isles we still need photographs, to add to our Rolls of Honour, from:

Alderney, CI	Liverpool
Alfreton, Derbyshire	Manchester Southern
Beer, Devon	Plymouth, Devon
Burnley, Lancs	Reading, Berks
Camberwell, London	Sunderland
Crediton, Devon	County Cork, Ireland
Dunfirmline, Fifeshire	Downpatrick, Northern Ireland
Falmouth, Cornwall	County Donegal, Ireland
Gosport, Hants	

Full details can be found in the Members Area of our website, and if advice is required, please contact Roger.

The Front Cover

'Send three and four pence, I'm going to a dance!' So runs the apocryphal message that was received by a unit in the last war, whereas the real message that was transmitted was 'Send reinforcements, I am going to advance'. Well, it is a good story, and was, if I recall correctly, published in the British Army's Manual of Signals. But, would that have been the case in the days when heliographs and flags had been the normal means of battlefield communication?

The photograph, probably taken in 1914, shows St Aubin's Bay, with the fenced off Jersey Railway line just visible by the sea wall. It is from a set of 200 that I recently received from the Staffordshire Regiment Museum showing the South Staffordshire Regiment's 4th Battalion in Jersey. The officer operating the heliograph was Second Lieutenant Daniel GM Robinson who died in France in May, 1915, while the other officer on his right is Second Lieutenant Alex De Hamel who, surviving the War, would later receive the MC and attain the rank of Major. The names of the Sergeant and the Corporal are not known, but they were members of the Signal Section. They 'enjoyed' a clear line of sight to Fort Regent at the time. I wonder if they would do so today?

Ronayne Writes

Channel Islanders in the First World War Tour, June 2013: Building upon the foundations of last year's very successful tour, we expanded this year Go Tours WW1 trip from three to four nights, which mean three rather than two days on the battlefields. It meant more time to visit and explore key Channel Islands battlefields, some of which are somewhat off the main tourist trails. So, as well as visits to Beaumont Hamel, Thiepval, Lochnagar, Vimy Ridge and Tyne Cot, the tour stopped at Guillemont, Masnières, Le Doulieu and Loos. While everyone enjoyed the main sites, there is something very special and moving about seeing Jersey and Guernsey names on a grave or memorial, and I know everyone took a lot from the experience.

We also laid a wreath at the Menin Gate this time, or rather two wreaths, as the climax of the tour. I had arranged to take part (a very straightforward process for anyone who is interested), bought the wreaths and asked for 'volunteers'. I was a bit worried when I had initially heard nothing from the group, perhaps no one wanted to do it? As it turned

out, they had discussed in earnest and agreed the two oldest members of the tour should do the honours. So, on behalf of Jersey and Guernsey, two wreaths were solemnly laid during the Last Post ceremony.

Some further highlights of tour: the Wellington Quarry was excellent, the guide even taking the time to tell us that there were 'Jersey' and 'Guernsey' quarries somewhere below Arras (A good research project for someone to undertake?), as was the food on the tour. We enjoyed lovely evenings. The downside was the weather, as it rained and rained and rained. Northern France is not pleasant in those conditions. Oh, a failure on my behalf as I had not noted that at Notre Dame De Lorette French National Cemetery, people with sandals are not permitted to enter. I understand the motives for this, although it does seem a little harsh on unsuspecting visitors.



Jersey during the Great War Book: I am currently up to my knees in Great War research, and sinking deeper with every archive file or newspaper report. But having agreed to write a history of Jersey during the Great War in twelve months, there is only one thing for it, and that is to swim more quickly.

It's interesting and very enjoyable to be opening up lines of research once again that I had put down barely touched five years ago. After initial doubts there would be enough material to do a history proper justice, the last few weeks in the Archive have proved that idea thoroughly wrong. Now the question is how to get it all in and present it properly. Anyway, good progress is being made with the book commissioned by Jersey Heritage. I just hope I can do the subject matter justice.

Amateur Gunners: I have just received a contract from a publisher for another book, this one based on the writings and letters of an artillery officer during the Great War called Thorburn. His book, called Amateur Gunners, went out of print years ago, but a copy belongs to his grandson along with a huge collection of letters written during the war back to his mother and father. Anyway, the agreement is that I will write a book based on these two sources of material covering Thorburn's time in France, Salonika and Palestine. It is interesting although there is no real Jersey connection (**Editor:** We'll invent one, now where did he holiday?).

Odds and Ends: A number of other related WW1 activities going on, including arranging school trips to Jersey and Guernsey battlefields, memorials in St Helier and taking part in a French symposium on the Great War in Rennes during 2014. I see a busy time coming up.

CWGC Non-Commemorations

Work in this area over the last quarter has paused. With regards to Clarence Marquand the CWGC are unjustifiably asking for the 'kitchen sink' in terms of paperwork required, and are owed a rather blunt letter in response. Liz Walton is still looking to locate Ira Le Mesurier's grave and is experiencing difficulty with the quality of burial records. Vic Geary is currently seeking evidence to support the CWGC in locating the correct place for commemorating Joseph Lihou and John Ellis.

No progress has been made on John (Jean) Quinquenel and John Breban, and in the latter case, the visit to the Metropolitan London Archive is unlikely before November. We have been in touch with Fyffes with respect to Samuel Lindsey and the Matina. It was mostly likely that the ship that was requisitioned, but the paper trail is unfortunately hidden at the present time to allow us substantiate this.

Accepted

Norcott, Gerald *
 Dustan, John
 Cudlipp, Herbert
 Blanchet, Jean
 Warne, Alfred
 Bailey, Alwyn C
 Leopold, Archibald
 Cheney, Walter A
 Poingdestre, Alfred
 Jouanne, Auguste F
 Syvret, Edward H
 Lihou, Joseph T
 Le Breton, Wilfred J
 Whittle, Thomas J D'A
 Orange, Walter
 Ellis, John
 Marquis, Jack H *
 Lander, Charles HR *
 Asser, Verney – Non-CI
 Burton, Garnet C
 Helman, John W
 Le Noury, Walter
 Logan, Lionel H
 Ounan, Thomas P
 Turner, William A
 Mutton, Harold C *
 Le Morzédec, Henri

Being Progressed

Breban, John
 Quinquenel, John (Jean)
 Lindsey, Samuel WT
 Le Mesurier, Ira

Pending

Owen, Guy
 De Ste Croix, Harold P

TBA

Anderson, Frank B
 Touzel, Walter H
 Ferrer, Amant

Not for Submission

Mourant, Sydney A
 Surguy, Sidney
 Pirouet, Charles A
 Syborn, George T
 Le Cocq, Clarence E
 De Caen, Raymond

Rejected by CWGC

Vibert, John E
 Adams, Frank H

With the CWGC

Rundle, Cubitt S
 Vautier, Alfred P *
 De Gruchy, Alfred
 Godfray, Edwin de V
 Marquand, Clarence D

* With assistance from the 'In from the Cold' Project Team

This has been a frustrating period, but it cannot always be plain sailing.

The South Staffordshires in Jersey

Author's Note: This article has resulted from my recent visit to Whittington, a few miles outside of Tamworth, and the excellent Staffordshire Regiment Museum that is located there. Meeting a member of their Archive staff, I was subsequently provided with a remarkable collection of 200 photographs which chart the South Staffordshire Regiment's 4th Battalion in Jersey over a two year period between August, 1914 and September, 1916. The photographs provide a potted history of the Battalion's time in Jersey, a 'Who's Who' of its own and other Officers, and occasionally, long lost views of what the Island looked like before the developers ran amok! So, although the words are mine, all of their photographs throughout this Journal are being used:

By the kind permission of the Staffordshire Regiment Museum

Mobilisation! Call out the Reserves! Muster the Militia! Increase Recruiting! These calls seemed to course through the veins of the French and British Empires in August, 1914, and Jersey was no exception. The French reservists were soon on their way to Granville and St Malo, set to report to their Regiments while their British counterparts did likewise, heading off to Plymouth, Southampton and Weymouth. Jersey's British Army garrison units, the 1st Battalion, the Devonshire Regiment would find itself vacating Fort Regent, St Peter's Barracks and other locations, heading off to France, via Exeter and Plymouth where they first collected their reservists. Meanwhile, the 20th Company, Royal Garrison Artillery would not be far behind. Seemingly, apart from Jersey's Militia and the Headquarters, Jersey District Staff, under the command of the Lieutenant-Governor, there was no other military presence.

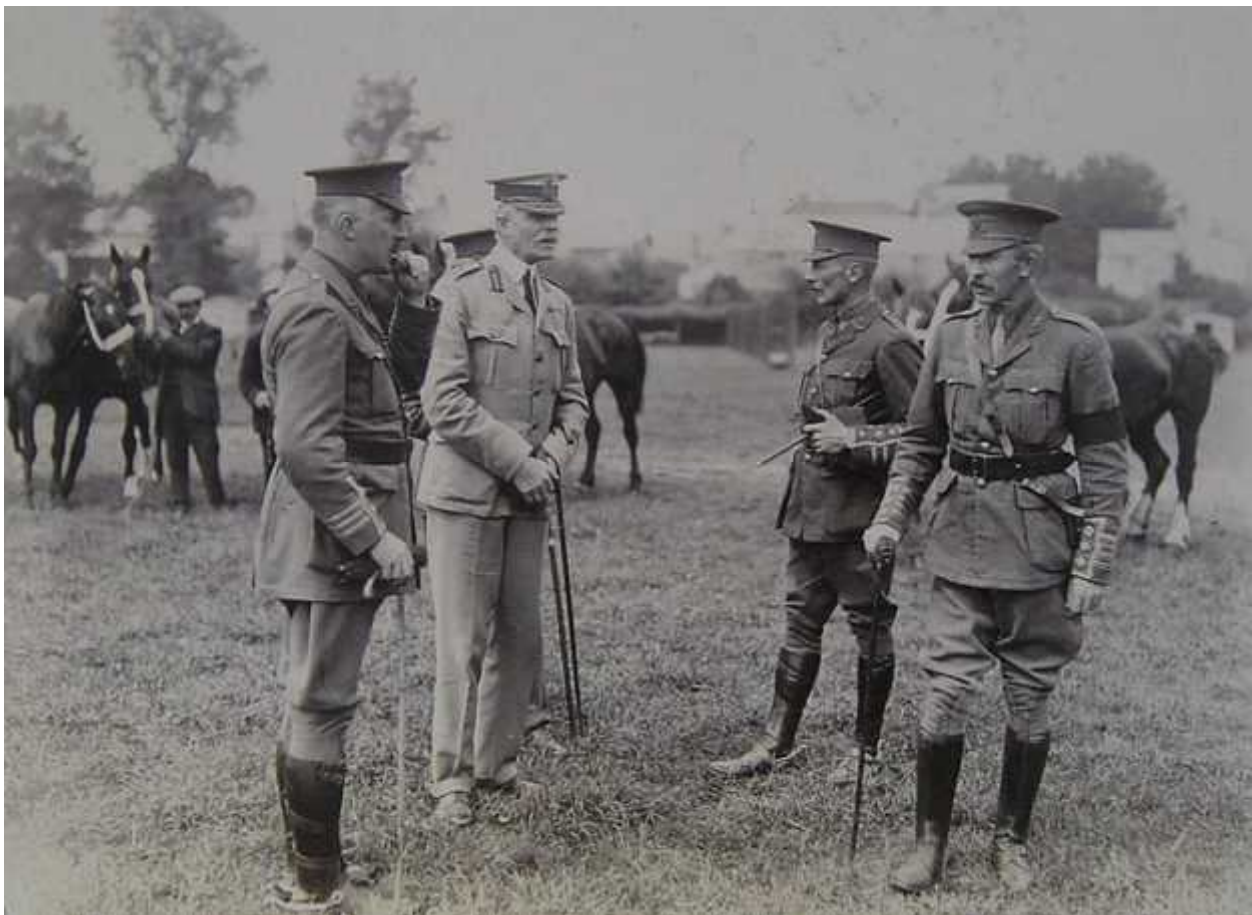


But mailboats were heading in the opposite direction, and on the 9th August, the South Staffordshire Regiment's 4th (Extra Reserve) Battalion landed at St Helier's Harbour at

5.00 am, being led off by their Commanding Officer (CO), Lieutenant-Colonel Edward AE Bulwer (on the right) and his Second in Command (2ic), Major Douglas T Seckham.

In these early days of the War, divisions, units and the men were moving hither and thither, in what probably appeared to be utter chaos to the casual onlooker. The barracks were being emptied of the resident infantry Battalions as they moved to the divisional assembly areas and, from there, onto the ports of disembarkation for France. But the Special Reserve was flocking back to the colours, and with Depots unable to cope with the numbers, infantry reserve Battalions (generally the 3rd and 4th Battalions) were sent to occupy 'empty premises' in those few days following mobilisation. In the South Staffordshire Regiment's case, both of its reserve Battalions had formed up at Lichfield on the 4th August, but the 3rd Battalion would then head off to Plymouth, the 4th as we can see turning up in Jersey. Kitchener's recruiting drives for 100,000 men would soon create a further accommodation problem for the military, but that is another story, while the shuffling of the Reserves pack may not have been so chaotic after all!

Establishing themselves at the Fort and elsewhere in Jersey, the Battalion now required two things so that they could get down to the important business of training men for war. The second seems to be the men themselves, but the first requirement was for the officers' chargers, and thus they embarked upon buying remounts during that month.



In the above photograph we see, from left to right, the CO, the Lieutenant-Governor, General Sir Alexander Rochfort, the Battalion's Adjutant, Jersey-born Captain William JJ Collas, and Jersey's Commander Royal Artillery, Colonel Evelyn Pollock, It is unclear where it was taken, but it is thought to be the RJA&HS Showground at Springfield. But,

the photograph below, with the 2ic and the Adjutant up in the saddle and trying out their new steeds are passing the Pomme d'Or and Southampton Hotels at the Weighbridge.



Now the men would turn up, as the photograph above and the next two overleaf show, to be greeted by a welcoming party of senior NCOs more bent on whipping their new charges into shape, than to show them the beautiful side of Jersey. In any case, they would soon see much of the scenery during route marches and rifle range practice.



Welcome to Sunny Jersey, Lads!

If the Kaiser had seen the last photograph, one suspects that it would have confirmed his view that his reference to the BEF being a 'contemptible little army' was not too wide of the mark. Certainly the men drawn up on parade appear to look like Fred Karno's Army in their mixed dress of khaki and cloth caps, and one has to look twice to check that the chap in the foreground, wearing the derby bowler, was not Charlie Chaplin! But, these men were reservists and had probably retained their uniforms from the period of their colour service, and would have been advised to leave as much of their civilian clothes at home as possible when picking up their travel warrants. In hindsight, sensible advice as it was unlikely that 'civvies' were needed where they were eventually bound, and the burden on the Post Office and the Exchequer might prove unwelcome.

As an aside, these photographs are a vivid reminder of the days when every male wore a hat!

By late October, 1914, the Battalion was beginning to cut a dash as a military unit as opposed to appearing like a rag, tag and bobtail outfit. The following photograph shows the officers and men drawn up on St Aubin's Bay, having been given the order 'Right Incline' (This is a 45° Right Turn as opposed to the full 90° one). One can pick out, here and there, those officers who were mounted, while the Quartermaster's GS Wagon is at the rear. And, is that the CO's dog sat in front of the right-hand marker?



An accompanying photograph to that above notes the fact that the number on parade totalled a remarkable 1,918 all ranks, a figure that was almost double the establishment for a regular Battalion, and thus requiring more than the standard quantity of rifles, sets of equipment and uniforms to kit the men out. But these were strange times. More pertinent is the fact that this number was probably two to three times the combined strength of the Devonshires and the Artillerymen who had left the Island shortly after

mobilisation. So, more bed spaces would have needed and there were more mouths to be fed. There was space at Fort Regent and St Peter's Barracks clearly, while it seems from the collection that a number of the officers were billeted in the Grand Hotel at West Park. Bell tents were also erected at the Barracks, and it is likely that vacated married quarters at Green Street and St Peter's Barracks also housed men. There are some photographs taken at Elizabeth Castle, but it is not evident that it was used as accommodation. Would those extra hungry mouths have been a problem? One suspects not. Before the War the garrisons would have had contracts placed upon civilian suppliers, arranged by the District HQ, and this would have continued with increased numbers. Suppliers would welcome this increase given that civilian trade would have dropped with the mobilised French and British reservists leaving the Island.

Once settled in, the new drafts would find soon become very familiar with the Fort's drill square and the intricacies of the Drill Manual. The photograph below probably contains some of the men featured on pages 9 and 10. It is doubly interesting in that there are six artillery pieces, probably 15-pdrs, partially concealed on the left. Presumably left by the RGA men, they would soon be made use of by the Artillerymen of Jersey's Militia.



Drill is an important feature in the training of men as it engenders an *esprit de corps* in terms of having pride in ones unit and appearance, builds teamwork, and establishes the sense of military discipline that is necessary for obeying the orders of one's superior. On a battlefield this is critical. But, training also includes other military skills. If so, it had to be relevant. As the front cover photograph and the next one show, men were being trained in visual communication techniques. These skills, more suited to the open veldt of Africa and the mountains in India, would prove to be largely irrelevant as the front lines became static. This is not a criticism as, at the time that these photographs were taken, the nature of the War was still one of movement.



One of the
Lancashire
regiments
which the
1st Army
took to
France in
1914.



As the war progressed, training had to be adapted to take on board new weaponry such as hand grenades. It also proved dangerous as the two young officers above would discover at St Peter's Barracks, one tragically. The officer on the left is Lieutenant Charles EC Bartlett who in February, 1916, when a man dropped a grenade when he

was loading it into a catapult thrower and then panicked, quickly picked up the live grenade and threw it over the parapet where it soon exploded, the fuse time being a somewhat brief 5 seconds. For this he was awarded the Albert Medal (LG 29588, page 4971) to add to a Military Cross received the year previously while serving with the Regiment's 1st Battalion. The other officer, on the right, was Second Lieutenant Gerald Dutton whose luck, in very similar circumstances to Bartlett's, ran out on the 5th May, 1916 just under six months after receiving a probationary commission. He was buried with full military honours at St Peter's Church, and because of that he is in the JRoH.



But, in 1916, other new weapons such as the BSA produced 0.303" Lewis Gun were now becoming readily available as is illustrated above. Waiting for their turn to have a go at the range near the Barrack's, the officer nearest to the camera certainly looks a little apprehensive while his shovel might soon be put to unintended use! Looking behind the instructing officer's right shoulder there is a linear structure. Is that the pipeline that fed water to the Prisoner of War Camp at Blanche Banques?

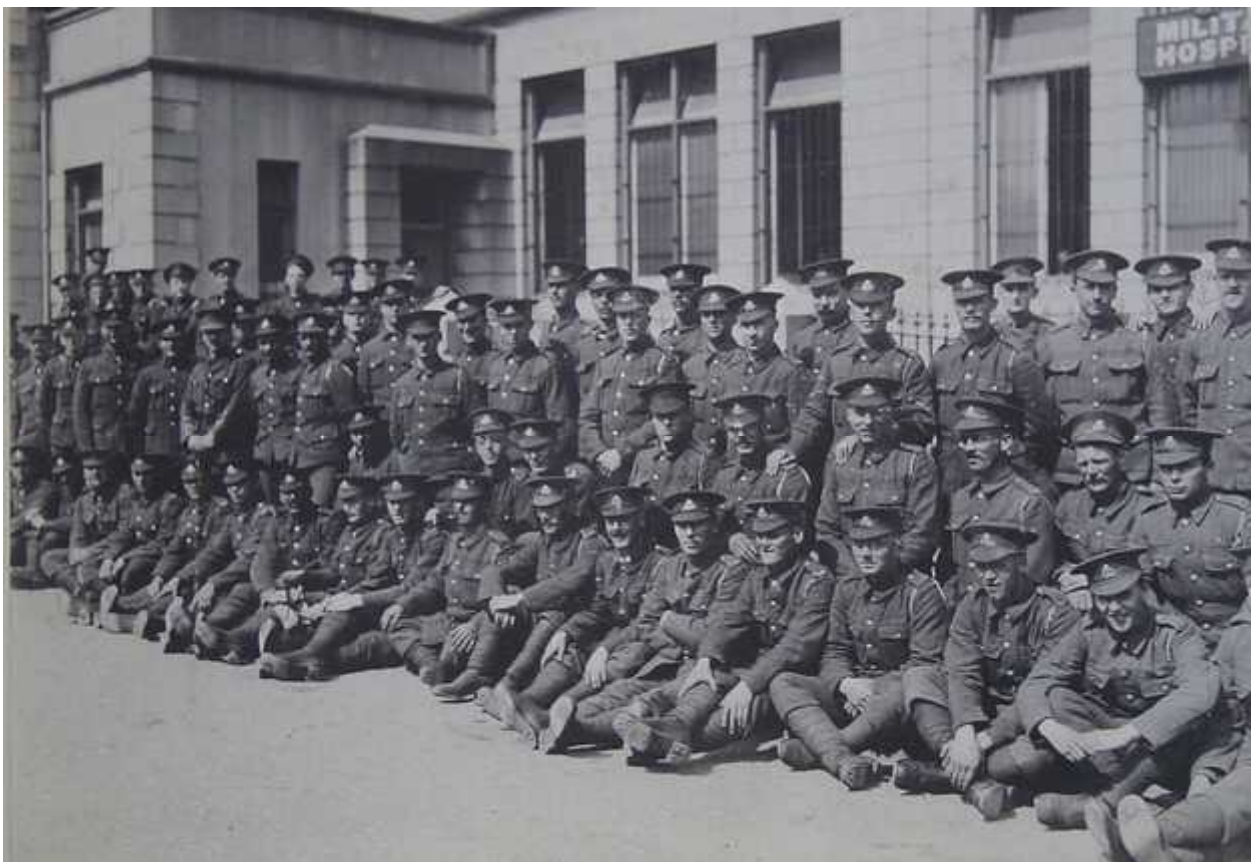
Of the seven officers above, only the instructing officer, Second Lieutenant Edmund Sacheverell Wilmot would die, on the 13th November, 1916, and is buried at Serre Road No 2 British Cemetery (II.A.11). He had come from Canada and had been a Sergeant in the Canadian Mounted Rifles (107604?). In some ways it is interesting note the survival rate of six out of these seven given the much higher ratio of subalterns who died.

The culmination of the recruits' basic training would probably take the form of a 'passing out' parade where the men would 'bull' their kit and parade in front of the inspecting officer. The photograph overleaf shows just such a parade at Fort Regent with the men drawn up. They are also accompanied by the Corps of Drums, and after being inspected, they would have marched around the square a few times, led by the 'Drums', and one assumes that, at this time, they were ready to be sent as part of a draft for the 1st or 2nd Battalions.

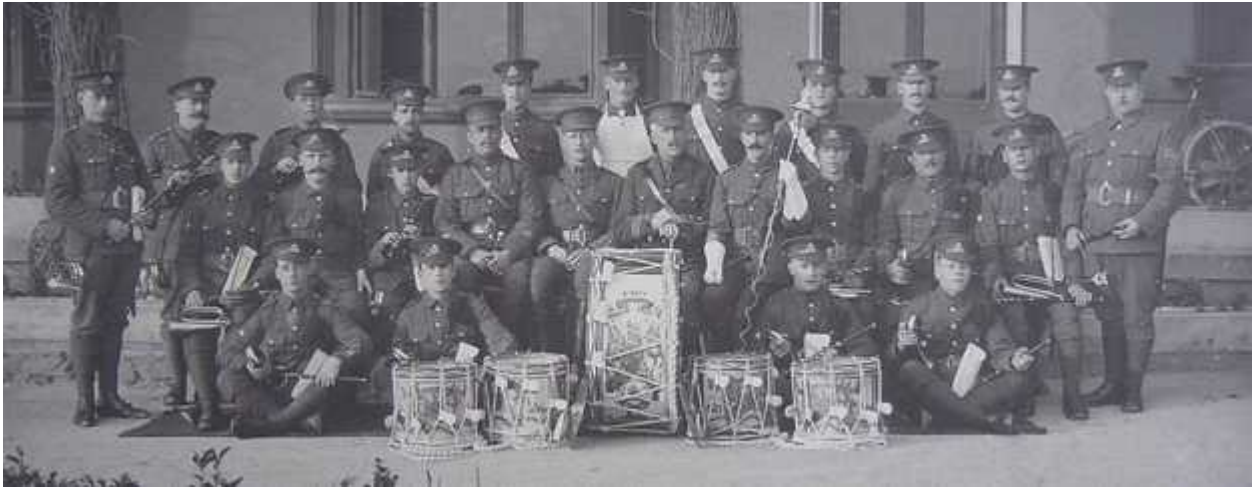


A brief spot of leave would now follow, but not before the men had received a medical inspection, inoculations, railway warrants and travel instructions. And of course, if they had the opportunity to leave barracks, they may have also needed to say fond farewells to one or two Jersey ladies! The next photograph shows a draft of men each waiting their turn to be examined by the Medical Officer at the Military Hospital in March, 1915.

Author's Note: I have assumed that this was the Brighton Road Military Hospital which later became Rouge Bouillon School, confirmation would be very much welcomed.



The photograph overleaf offers a close up of the 'Drums' with the CO and Adjutant in the centre flanked by Sergeant Major Irlam and Sergeant Drummer Slater in 1915.



Sport and Pastimes in the Army (also the title of an Army Manual – they have a Manual for everything by the way!) are considered as essential ways of engendering fitness, team spirit, morale and rivalry between the various units wherever they may be in the military hierarchy. Similarly, as with the idea behind Toc H, if properly handled, a man's rank can be of little importance on a football pitch. The next few photographs show the South Staffordshire men engaging themselves in various sports and games.



The picture of the team above is, however, one drawn from the unit's officers, but we do not know whether it is the Battalion's team or just the officer's team playing in an in-house competition. I suspect that it was the former and that they may have been playing a Jersey team. The social and sports historians amongst us may be able to advise whether in the 1900s the game of hockey had a mass appeal or whether it was purely

confined to those from the professional and managerial classes. Among the team members there are three officers from Jersey, Newnham Winstanley who was killed in November of that year, Lewis Hassell and Horace Guiton.



One supposes that the photograph above, from the 1916 Regimental Sports Day held at St Peter's Barracks, might be subtitled 'Lessons in how to mop up an enemy', but, it does appear to have been a robust and unforgiving event as the faces of the two men of 'C' Company on the left clearly show. Less brutal, but probably a much more punishing event, the photograph from 1916 below shows the starters lined up for a marathon.



This photograph is one of my favourites in the collection, mainly because of the surrounds. For those not familiar with Jersey, to the right is Green Street where a

hundred or so yards on the left, there were the married quarters. The building on the left with the wooden panels was, at one time, the site of Thomas Bisson's ship-building yard, later (in 1931) becoming the site of the Hotel de la Plage. Just beyond this site, there some trees (long since vanished) and there is the road going up to Fort Regent, South Hill and Mount Bingham to the left, collectively one might say the nerve centre of Jersey's military defences given that HQ, Jersey District was located up there.

But, the three storey private property fitted with a balcony is Bramerton House, and it is where for a brief period in 1893 that the 4 year old Lawrence of Arabia stayed there, during his mother's confinement with the fourth of the five Lawrence boys, Frank Helier Lawrence who was killed in 1915. The Lawrences (Chapmans) moved around a lot. With the exception of Frank, each other brother was born in a separate home country, while Frank's birth in Jersey was honoured with the middle name of Helier.

It is too obvious to say, but a hundred years ago Jersey was far less developed than it is today (who said sadly?), and the north of the island was open enough to allow for units to conduct manoeuvres. In the next set of photographs, from July, 1915, we see the two forces, one side wearing white bands around their caps, grabbing a well-earned bite to eat.



Clearly this photograph and the next two were taken at Greve de Lecq. One presumes that the meal on offer was a mix of bread and butter, cheese, bully beef and jam, all to be washed down with mugs of tea. Given that it was taken in July, it is curious to note the smoke from the chimney, was that building a cookhouse?



From a similar vantage point, the photographer is looking northwards to the sea. Some men have neck shades (right centre) suggesting that it is indeed a warm day. However, I am curious about the man in the left foreground. Is he doing what I think he is?



Looking in the opposite direction, the officers photographed above are most likely to have been observers from HQ, and were discussing the morning's events. Meanwhile centre left, the horse is enjoying lunch also.



A further pause for a break, this time at Wolf's Caves, where the drinks' cabinet has been deployed for action with the clear understanding that any fool can rough it! The officers have not been identified by the Museum or the photographer, but the chap on the right is a full Colonel and may have been BJ Seckham, the 2ic's brother.



Four Lieutenants, Campbell, Brown who was also the Battalion's Quartermaster, Green and Wilmot letting the train take the strain. As best as can be determined this was taken

at Don Bridge Station and during 1916. If so, again, the adjacent area has since become heavily developed, but from consulting NRP Bonsor's 'The Jersey Railway (1962)', other accounts of routine military travel to and from the west of the Island, and seeing the twin track layout shown, it is difficult to suggest an alternative station to Don Bridge. But, if there are other ideas, they would be welcome.



Then, on the evening of the 6th September, 1916, the 4th Battalion said goodbye to Jersey, and headed off to Marske and then Redcar in Yorkshire. It subsequently evolved from being an Extra Reserve Battalion into an active service Battalion where after a period of training at Canterbury between June and October, 1917, it landed at Le Havre to join the 25th Division. In June, 1918 it was transferred to the 50th Division but three weeks later reduced to a training cadre before joining the 39th Division at Etaples on the 16th August, 1918. On the 6th November, 1918 it was disbanded.

The background scenery in the photograph of their departure is only too familiar, but it could appear that, by this time, a bit of war-weariness had set in on the Island given that there were comparatively few spectators to see the men off. But of course, it may have been tea time and there were far more to watch further along the Albert Pier. From this point forward, Jersey's Militia would become solely responsible for defending the Island until its disbandment prior to the Garrison Battalion taking over in March, 1917.

Summarising this item on the 4th Battalion, it has only been possible to assemble it due to what is a marvellous collection of photographs which, as far as can be determined, has not been seen in public. The collection has enabled a picture to be drawn from the Battalion's arrival to its departure, and although only a fraction (just 1/8th) of it has been used, we can see it at work and play during that two year period. In the next Journal we will see more detail when the focus is on faces and one or two pictures of the Barracks at St Peter. Finally, I can only reiterate my thanks to the Staffordshire Regimental Museum team for providing the material.

Melancholy Interest - Bennet Burleigh

About a year ago Ian Ronayne and I were liaising with ex-Jersey Deputy, Bob Hill, on some research that Bob was doing with regards to farming and farms in St Martin, when he forwarded a copy of a few pages of a Jersey Almanac published in 1915. Reading through these pages, my curiosity was very soon aroused when the following brief sentence: '*M. Bennet Burleigh, autrefois du "Morning News", a été tué à la guerre*' was spotted in an entry being dated 24th July, 1915. Why had he never featured in the JRoH?

Checking the CWGC Register, Bennet had indeed died, from wounds, some few days earlier on the 15th July, while serving as a Lieutenant with the 1st/7th Battalion, Lancashire Fusiliers (TF) at Gallipoli, being buried at Lancashire Landing Cemetery (A.50). But, a link could not be established to Jersey, although I did discover that Bennet had been a journalist, although it was with the Daily Mail in Manchester. Were his articles syndicated to regional newspapers? Last year one could not say for sure.

Now, the CWGC does not give much away on young Bennet, no age, no parents being identified. Then I made the fascinating discovery that Bennet's father, who was also called Bennet, was himself a journalist, and was, indeed, one of the most famous and colourful, some might even say notorious, war correspondents, reporting for the Daily Telegraph in an age when reporters were also men of action. But, it did not advance the research into the younger Bennet in any way, so it was parked until another day.

Then out of the blue the Daily Telegraph carried an article, a few months ago, on a new book out titled, 'Wild Bennet Burleigh: The Pen and the Pistol' which was written by his triple great grandson, Graeden Greaves. While the grammar and punctuation could be improved, the account is real 'Boys Own' material, and very much captures the man and the times in which he lived. It should be a film, and Graeden is working on a script at present. To précis the book:

Born in Glasgow, Bennet (Gordon) Burleigh Senior, he had changed his surname from Burley, was certainly active, fathering ten children, not all of them legitimate, while entering into three marriages, one of them supposedly bigamous. He briefly served alongside Garibaldi in Italy, but then joined the Confederacy, becoming a privateer during the American Civil War, twice being imprisoned by the Union and subsequently escaping both times.



On the second of those occasions, his neck was very much on the line, one of his fellow privateers, John Yeats Beall being executed for piracy. After a more placid spell in the family business of broom handles and related products, a path in journalism and politics was followed, the former occupying him for more than forty years before his death in Bognor Regis, aged 74 in 1914, covering some 24 wars in Egypt, the Sudan, Ashanti, Somaliland, South Africa, Madagascar, the Russo-Japanese War and the Balkans.

To read the book's Chapter on Family Life is difficult when trying to link it with Census records and make sense. But that is not the author's fault! Amongst other facts, it does appear that Bennet Senior was living with his future third wife, Bertha Preuss, while his second (bigamous) wife was still alive, and that two daughters (Beatrice (1886) and Bertha (1892)) and four sons (Robert (1893), Bennet (1894), James (1897) and Bertie (1898)) were born before Bennet and Bertha took the plunge! At this point I shall stop playing Happy Families and just focus on young Bennet for the moment.



Subsequent research into his background has highlighted a two year gap in his short life of 21 years that cannot be readily explained. He had attended the City of London School from 1908 until April, 1912, when he had left with his two younger brothers, having been a Cadet Sergeant in its OTC. He was also Senior Champion at the School's sports day the summer prior to leaving. He next reappears, this time on the pages of the London Gazette, when in April 1914, he was granted a Territorial Forces commission with the Lancashire Fusiliers, while working for the Daily Mail in Manchester.

In response to the earlier question whether he had been in Jersey working for the Morning News during that gap, rather than having his articles syndicated? It now appeared so since an item in that defunct newspaper on the 31st, July, 1915 carried his photograph and the following sentence:

'The above photograph – for which we are indebted to the courtesy of The Daily Mail - will be viewed with melancholy interest by the many Channel Island friends of a former member of our staff.'

(Note: The photograph actually came from a chum who is involved with the Fusilier Museum in Bury. The Morning News version would have been too fuzzy after copying.)

The Jersey Merchant Seaman's Memorial

A volunteer is still being sought! Is there someone in Jersey who would like to look at the twenty two names, with Doug Ford probably, to gain further information into the circumstances that resulted in the men's deaths? Hopefully, this could lead to further submissions for commemoration for consideration by the CWGC.

With a father as well connected as Bennet Senior was, it would not have been hard for a job to be found with the Morning News where young Bennet could cut his journalistic teeth, and having reported from numerous British military campaigns, a place to stay could have been also quickly provided to stay with friends such as a retired Army officer and his family.

As the table of subsequent events listed below show, young Bennet would have surely left Jersey for Manchester by the time that he was commissioned, if not a few months earlier given that even a TF Commission takes time to process. However, the gap remains unplugged and it is clear that further research is needed, not least his file at Kew (WO 374/10949) to be examined.

21 st April 1914	Commissioned into the 7 th Bn, Lancashire Fusiliers (7/LF), (LG 28832)
4 th August 1914	Mobilisation, 7/LF located at the Drill Hall, Cross Lane, Salford (British Regiments 1914-1918 (BR))
20 th August 1914	7/LF moved to Turton Camp (BR)
TBA August 1914	Promoted Lieutenant, (LG reference not found/Clapham/in LF annual)
9 th September 1914	7/LF embarked at Southampton (BR)
25 th September 1914	7/LF disembarked Alexandria, Egypt (BR)
5 th May 1915	7/LF landed at Gallipoli (BR)
14 th July 1915	Wounded (Clapham)
15 th July 1915	Died of Wounds (CWGC)
6 th November 1915	Posthumously Mentioned in Dispatches (LG 29354)

The table had been set out before I read 'Hell Let Loose' (See the Book Reviews), so it was pleasing to see that the dates tallied, and some further detail has emerged. In July probably, he would have attended the Battalion's summer camp at Prestatyn, while he left England with it in September.

The day following their arrival at Gallipoli and after a night March, the Battalion were thrust straight into the Second Battle of Krithia and as part of the Lancashire Fusilier Brigade were given two objectives. Unsurprisingly the attack was not successful, given that the units' knowledge of the ground and the enemy's disposition was limited, if not non-existent. It is fortunate that there were not more casualties. We do read that on the 10th June the Battalion was moved under heavy fire to the west of Krithia Nullah and from their new location young Bennet led a successful reconnaissance of two Turkish trenches (H9 and H11) that were between the Nullah and Gully Ravine. Presumably this was the action that gained him the MiD. On the 17th of that month he was then in charge of 65 men in the firing line, while his 'B' Company fellow officers were on the sick list.

In July, 'Hell Let Loose' recounts that the Battalion was taken off the peninsula to Imbros at midnight on the 8th, to have a few days out of the line for a rest. Then, on the 13th they were suddenly ordered back, sailing at 9.30 pm and disembarking in the early hours of the 14th, arriving back at their dugouts at 4.00 am. That afternoon, they relieved the Manchester Regiment's 8th Battalion in the Support and Redoubt lines astride the Krithia Nullah and it was here that Bennet was most likely wounded, along with seven men. One suspects that this was as a result of the Turkish shelling these positions. He died of his wounds the following day.

So, for the moment that draws a temporary halt to the account of young Bennet Burleigh's life, however in the research I found that his older sister had also been getting tangled up in the Great War. The Warrnambool Standard of the 5th June, 1915 contained the following which I've included as being of general interest:

Adventures in Belgium: Told by Miss Bertha Bennet Burleigh: The spirit of adventure and enterprise which help the late Mr Bennet Burleigh, the famous war correspondent, to accomplish so many brilliant achievements in past campaigns has evidentially been inherited by his daughter, Miss Bertha Bennet Burleigh. No sooner had war been declared that she made up her mind to get as near as possible to the fighting-line, and three days later found her on Belgian soil.

'In the light of after events', she remarked, as we chatted a few days ago of her astonishing experiences in Belgium, 'it was a very venturesome thing to do, although at the time I was simply actuated by the thought of seeing what modern fighting was like. What do I think of twentieth-century warfare? It is terrible – horrible. I have spent many happy holidays in Belgium, and it seems awful to me that there are practically only three important towns – Brussels, Bruges and Ghent – which have not suffered from the German guns. And I'm afraid Brussels, if not the other two, will also suffer when the Germans are driven back.'

Twice Miss Burleigh passed through the German lines into Brussels. She afterwards visited Louvain, when that town had been sacked and destroyed by the Germans, and it was there that she realised all the horrors of what German occupation meant, for street after street was nothing but a mass of ruins and the graves of thousands.

'It was somewhat dangerous,' she said, 'but although the little peasant carts in front of me were continually being stopped on the road by the German patrols, I was allowed to proceed unmolested. I spoke French, and carried no papers or letters. I suppose I was simply regarded as a refugee.'

'It was while on the way to Brussels and Louvain that I had the exciting experience of seeing five Belgian soldiers, who had hidden themselves in a small wood, keeping back a whole German corps who evidently thought that the Belgians were in greater force and feared a trap. I afterwards passed through this corps, and had an excellent view of the German methods of commissariat and general organisation.'

'I was particularly struck, however, with the fine physique of the German soldiers, particularly the Uhlans, who at that time were doing a tremendous amount of work. They have certainly neglected nothing in the way of making themselves physically fit, while the expeditious manner in which they flung twenty or thirty thousand troops from point to point was really amazing. But their habits are filthy in the extreme. They are more like beasts than men.'

About the beginning of October Miss Burleigh reached Mons, and met there a Belgian nurse, and with her was able to get into one of the German military hospitals.

'There were a number of wounded British soldiers there,' she said, 'and one had to be very careful what one said or did, for there seemed to be spies everywhere, waiting to report any incautious talk or conduct.'

'Ultimately, however, I decided to make my way to Ostend as soon as possible, for travelling facilities were tightening up and became increasingly difficult. When the British 'Tommies' heard that I was going, several of them asked me to take letters for them. This was a very dangerous thing to do, for if one was found carrying letters or a camera, it generally meant being shot, for you must understand that since the Germans have occupied Belgium they have been fortifying the various important places that they have captured, making strong defence works everywhere.'

'Shortly after leaving Mons I had one of the most thrilling moments of my life, for in addition to the letters which I carried, I also had a black velvet bag containing a camera, on top of which I had placed a number of articles of food, so that if the bag were opened, it would seem to contain nothing suspicious. I had not gone far from Mons when the cart in which I was travelling was stopped by a small Uhlan patrol, which wanting to know who and what I was. After many questions they allowed me to proceed.'

'Evidently, however, they were still suspicious of my real character, for I had not gone far when they came after me, and scanned me once again. Three times they repeated this, but at last I apparently satisfied them, and they allowed me to go on without further molestation.'

From Ostend Miss Burleigh managed to make her way to Dunkirk, and from thence to England, after suffering many hardships. On one occasion she had very little to eat for six days, food being scarce, and her bed more often than not was a straw pallet.

A Stay-Over in Staffordshire

Introduction: Having had to cut short a visit to Jersey in March, and then subsequently to cancel a trip to the Somme in June/July, both for a health issue happily now clear, the Memsahib and I took the opportunity to fill a gap in between appointments with a brief trip to Staffordshire, and of course, my trips are never made without a Great War connection of some sort! Staying a few miles outside of Lichfield, we tried to fill the four days we were there, and we had specifically set out to visit four locations.

The **RAF Museum, Cosford** was the first even though it is in Shropshire, and we had to get our passports stamped at the border. It proved to be the site with the least amount of Great War material, even though I was initially excited by a large scale model of a Sopwith Camel! An offshoot of the larger RAF Museum at Hendon, it is the latter that holds the vast bulk of aircraft and other ephemera from 1914-1918.

That said, the aircraft collection is impressive, and it focuses on two aspects, the first being the experimental and development aircraft types which took to the air, some times too briefly, including the TSR2 sadly cancelled by Wilson's government in the mid-1960s. The other area of considerable note is the Cold War exhibition, and its aircraft collection drawn from the UK, the USA and the Soviet bloc is matchless, being supplemented by vehicles and equipment. It is worth visiting, although I was advised that attendance at Cosford Air Days can involve four or more hours of queuing on the M54! There were two disappointments for us. One was our timing in that we visited three days before the Dornier 17z wreckage, brought up out of the English Channel, was delivered there for long term preservation. The other was that the range of goods in

the gift shop was not as tasteful or as wide-ranging as it could be. On the plus side however, the catering was good and reasonably priced.



Our other major port of call was the **National Memorial Arboretum, Alrewas**, and although we had seen items on television regarding it, we had been blithely unaware of how large the site was (at 150 acres) beforehand. At the outset, it becomes clear that a map is a vital survival aid in helping one to navigate ones way around the site, which currently has some 180 memorials of various shapes and sizes, of differing periods and events covered, and sadly a range of taste that, in a few cases, could be better.

Probably the most well-known memorial is the 'Shot at Dawn' memorial pictured left, showing an under-age soldier having been blindfold and about to be shot.

Surrounded by more than 300 plus stakes representing the men executed, during the Great War, for a range of military offences, it is clearly meant to appeal to emotions. Unfortunately, some men received rough justice with their medical conditions not fully recognised or taken into account, but the sentence of execution was on the statute book, discipline had to be maintained, and many of their comrades had felt such a sentence to be appropriate, having felt that they had been let down by desertion.

Most of the Army's regiments have memorials such as that for the RTR pictured right. But it is clear that, with reorganisations followed by yet more reorganisations in the army, these memorials are now having to reflect the complexities of the new regimental structures. However, some such as that for the 10th Royal Hussars and the 11th Hussars, the Cherrypickers, have yet to succumb to change, and long may it be so. As can be seen, the RTR's memorial does show progression with its badges displayed.



The military's centre piece memorial is the Armed Forces Memorial and that commemorates the loss of servicemen subsequent to World War 2. It is poignant to pick out names of former friends and acquaintances as I did. It is a large circular structure

with the names engraved on the panels inside. Unfortunately with the crowd of visitors there, I took no photographs within, but the picture below gives some idea of scale.



If there was one memorial that disappointed, then it was that for Gallipoli and which is pictured below. It has three oversized stainless steel croquet hoops and in the centre, a mosaic map of the Dardanelle Strait and the peninsula.



But, apart from the map, I struggled (and still do) to understand the symbolism that is meant. It did not convey anything and while I'm sure that it was well crafted, well, words fail me...! It is obvious that I was disappointed.



Among the more quirky memorials there is that of the fairground horse shown above. The two seats and the stones are also part of the memorial recalling members of the Showmen's Guild of Great Britain who died in both wars.



The photograph left will please Ned Malet de Carteret given that it remembers his great-grandfather. In a way very similar to King's Park in Perth, Western Australia, albeit on a smaller scale, the RASC has planted trees to commemorate VC winners. I think that some of the other service branches, such as the RAF, are also doing this (Apologies for the pun).

The bulk of the memorials or for the services, but there are a few that look at civilian groups or affiliations such as the Freemasons and the Women's Institute. There is Toc H with its lamp, so familiar to those who have visited Talbot House, the Roadpeace Wood remembering the victims of traffic accidents, and the Twin Towers.

Looking at the wider facilities at Alrewas, there is a very good, reasonably priced cafeteria, gift shops and a large number of volunteers to point you in any direction. The area is sizeable, and to reiterate, the map is essential to help one find their way around. If distance is a problem there is also a '*petit train*' to do tours. The Memsahib thought, in her case, that it was preferable, and had the train to her self on the first tour of the day. Unfortunately, she had chosen the only carriage where the roof leaked!

However, I somehow felt uncomfortable with the place. It was very plain to see that there was a considerable element of 'Work in Progress', while many trees and hedges have not matured sufficiently to ensure that individual memorials do not look like lumps of stone dotted around a largely open field as opposed to being secluded in their groves. I feel sure that in some cases that memorials duplicate others around the UK, and as a simple example of what I mean, one would not expect a memorial to the RGLI in any place but Guernsey. Perhaps a future visit should take place when the trees are more mature?

The third item on our agenda was a visit to the **Staffordshire Regiment Museum, Whittington**, between Lichfield and Tamworth, the Regiment being a 1959 amalgamation of the South and North Staffordshires. It is very compact, friendly Museum and looks at both Regiments' histories going back 300 and 250 years respectively. As is typical of many such Museums, this one depends on the support of volunteers, both to man the tills and also to help in research in a sizeable reading room. Also, as can be seen elsewhere in this Journal, they have been very supportive, subsequently, with the collection of photographs of the South Staffordshires' 4th Battalion's sojourn in Jersey.

Where the Museum differs, is that it is still on MoD land, and it benefits from being able to use that land for re-enactments and other functions, even to the point of having a replica Great War trench, known as the Coltman Trench, to show a typical, very mud-free, representation of life in the front line. Sadly, there were no rats on display! The Trench, which is named after the North Staffordshires VC winner and most decorated other rank during the Great War, William Coltman, is wired for sound, and at the press of a button, a Maxim gun chatters imaginary bullets in your direction.



As to the Great War, the artefacts and ephemera are much as might be seen in other regimental museums, and it was difficult to get photographs given that a school party

was visiting also. For all that, it is no less worth a visit if you are in the area and tire of Doctor Johnson and the Tamworth Pigs.

Finally, it was time to head north, but not without briefly stopping at **Cannock Chase** en-route. During the Great War, the Chase was given over to the training of over 250,000 British and Empire troops, the latter mainly being the New Zealand Rifle Brigade. In addition, the Chase also housed a German Prisoner of War Camp.



Today, there are vestiges of the military presence dotted around, the remains of the camps, facilities such as a disused rifle range and the railway lines that served them. The traces of hospitals and messes can also be found on the Chase. To help visitors locate these, there is a small visitor's centre that sells simple 'Cannock Chase Military History' map guides for the princely sum of 30 pence. There is also a small café located in the centre and a sizeable yet inexpensive car park adjacent.



German Headstones

Adjacent to the visitor's centre (pictured above), there is a Great War barrack hut which has been restored and furnished in two halves. Half is given over to a barrack room arrangement while the other half is a display area. Timing is everything, and the hut is currently open on Sunday afternoons (2 pm - 4.30 pm) only.



New Zealand Headstones

Given that more than 250,000 British and Empire troops passed through the camps at Brocton and Rugeley, it should not be a surprise if there were deaths amongst the men during that time, nor indeed among the Germans held there. As such, Cannock Chase War Cemetery was established for the burial of friends and foes alike, and it today contains 97 British Great War dead, of which the majority are New Zealanders while the number of Germans is almost triple that at 286 graves. But, the Cemetery is not the only one on the Chase as, four hundred yards further on, there is also the German Military Cemetery.

This Cemetery contains 2143 dead from the Great War and a further 2798 from World War 2. Incidentally, there is a similar cemetery at Glenree in Ireland, and it contains 6 men of the Great War brought in from the various counties within the Republic.

Cannock Chase's German War Cemetery resulted from an agreement between the UK and the West German governments in 1959 whereby the *Volksbund Deutsche Kriegsgräberfürsorge (VDK)*, the German equivalent of the CWGC, was to design and construct the Cemetery, and subsequently to transfer the German dead from locations throughout Great Britain and Northern Ireland.



As to why the Chase was chosen for the location, it was because the area resembles *Lüneburger Heide*, in northern Germany, where so many German soldiers had been trained (as were the British in the hey-days of BAOR!).



As can be seen in the photograph on the previous page, Zeppelin crews were also transferred here. But, there are German graves still dotted around the UK where the CWGC is responsible for their maintenance. As we know, there are still German World War 2 graves at Fort George in Guernsey, while those from both Wars in Jersey were moved to the Ossuary at Mont-des-Huisnes near Mont St Michel in the early 1960s.

Having now been to a number of German War Cemeteries in France, it struck me that, in appearance terms, Cannock Chase is by far the most presentable and is a credit to the VDK staff who tend it. It lacks the starkness of Neuville-St-Vaast or La Cambe for example, while I am very sorry to say that Mont-des-Huisnes is an experience to be missed. Incidentally, the Cannock Chase Cemetery contains the remains of an airman who was a crew member from Cosford's Do17z.



Before leaving the Chase, we can return to the training of British and New Zealand troops. In the period leading up to the Battle of Messines preparations were made to ensure that the men were well briefed, and as was shown in Journal 12 (February 2007), a large scale model of the area was constructed behind the lines in France. This enabled the men to familiarize themselves with what they might face. But, another model was constructed by German POW near Brocton on Cannock Chase.

Furthermore, that model, a picture of which is shown below, still exists, although it is currently covered over with soil and undergrowth.



During the latter half of this month, and certainly throughout September, there is to be an archaeological exploration of the site with the model being temporarily uncovered and measurements taken. My understanding is that this will continue through future years with it being fully displayed at some future point. Certainly it is featured on BBC Midlands programmes, and may also receive air time on nationwide BBC news. Do keep an eye open for news of it on TV and the web.

Conclusion: All four locations visited proved interesting in their respective ways, and a stay in Staffordshire can offer a range of sites from the national to the very local interest. Each is important in preserving the historic for future generations. For my part I shall certainly look to revisit the Chase and the regimental museum before too long. There is plenty of Great War material to be seen throughout the British Isles, it is knowing where to look.

Quite the best specimen of Army Chaplain I've ever met Father Simon Knapp - A Further Update

It can be a problem with updating ongoing research in the Journal that it can appear unrelated to previous material on a subject. Hopefully, this latest update on Padre Knapp will not seem so, but it is clear that, after some 18 months of work, that I'll have to spend a few forthcoming winter evenings putting it together for the website, in a more cohesive form. However, more immediately, there is further detail that helps fill a few gaps and brings answers to one or two outstanding questions, while there a few photographs.

A surprising source of new information has been 'The Tablet', and this is not a reference to the Ipad, Kindle or such similar devices. Rather it is 'The International Catholic News Weekly', and over a period of 48 years it was found to have carried reports regarding various aspects of his life.

As we know, he was educated at St. Edmund's College, Ware, but his Obituary on the 18th August, 1917, states that he, '*... left before the completion of his studies with a view to consecrating his life to the service of God in the Carmelite Order.*' Before leaving at the end of 1877, he had been quite active in the wider life of the College. At the Annual Exhibition and Prize-Giving in 1874, for example, he had recited Felicia Hemans' '*The Spanish Champion*' (Should this have actually been, '*The Spanish Chapel*' or '*Bernardo del Carpio*'?). The next year he received the Third Prize for Syntax, and in 1876 at the College's athletic sport's day, '*The 'High Jump' prize was awarded to F Knapp for a clean jump of 5 ft 3 in.*'

There is now a gap of 10 years between the dates when Padre Knapp's name appeared in 'The Tablet'. Some of that clearly covered the period of his studies to become a Carmelite priest. But, from the next report that was in December, 1886, we found him attending a Confirmation service, supporting the Bishop of Clifton at Trowbridge in Wiltshire. It identified that he was then at Wincanton, and as such, goes to correcting my previous incorrect assumption that he could not have been there before 1889.

Next, 'The Tablet' informs us that the year 1893 was the centenary year of the foundation of St Edmund's College at Ware and that this was celebrated on the 23rd July at St Edmund's. Among the many attendees listed, the name of the Reverend Simon Knapp appeared.

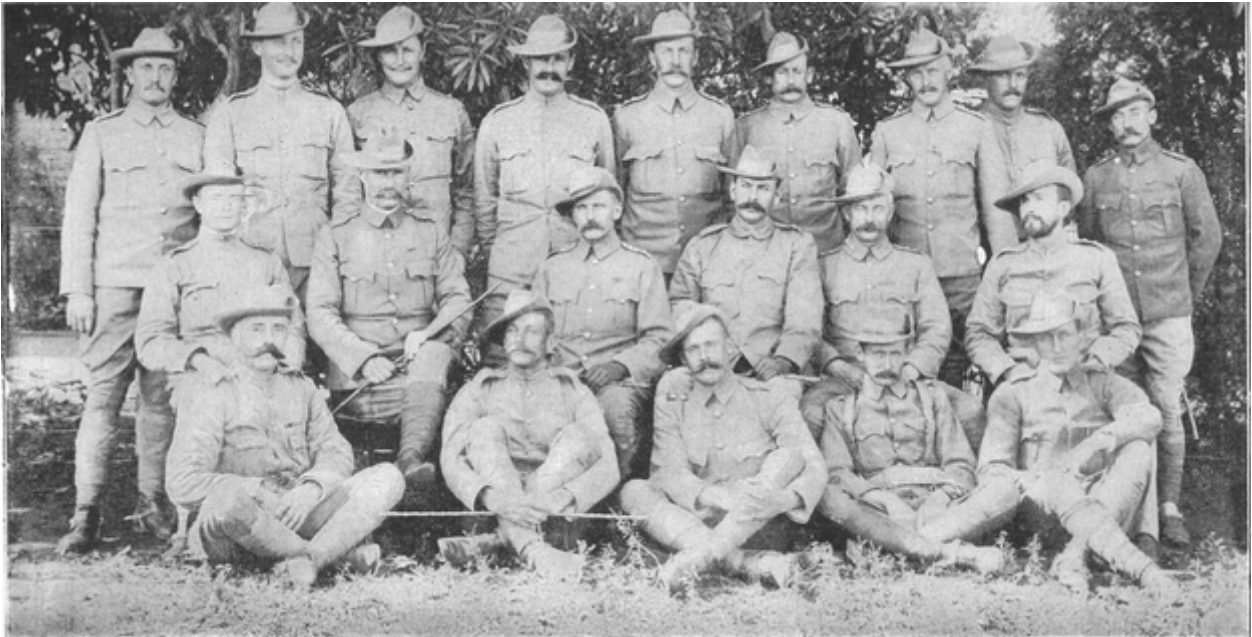
But, a more important entry appears on the 18th November, 1899 when:

'A mention of particular regret must here be made of Captain Knapp, one of the gallant officers who have fallen in the [Anglo-Boer] war. A Requiem Mass for the repose of his

soul was sung on Thursday morning by his brother, Father Simon, at the Carmelite Church, Kensington.'

Given that John Charles Knapp had been killed on the 3rd, the entry was clearly proof positive of the family link, while briefly jumping ahead to the entry, 'The South African dispatches published this week, included the late Captain JC Knapp' on the 19th February, 1901 provides further confirmation.

Knowing that John Knapp had served with the Imperial Light Horse, one wonder whether he is among the officers shown in the photograph below?



As far as is known, the photograph is undated, but it is assumed to have been taken in 1899. If so, John Knapp may be among them. I wonder if he is the tall officer, standing and second from the left, looking towards his left, rather than directly at the camera. There does appear to be some facial similarities with brother Simon whose 1900 photograph is repeated left. Another assumption has been slipped in, namely that of height by referring to John as being tall. Was Simon tall also? This is quite possible given that he cleared the height of 5 ft 3 in when winning the High Jump back in July, 1876 while still at St Edmund's.

But, there is another source, namely, 'The Kensington and West London Times', of the 10th August, 1917 which, in Padre Knapp's Obituary, said that:

'He will be long remembered in Kensington, a tall gaunt figure with a strikingly pronounced princely bearing, he has been described as one of the finest horse soldiers of his day.'

Unfortunately, his War Office file contains nothing regarding height and weight, but the best guess can only be that he and his brother John were about 6 feet tall.

In May, 1900, 'The Tablet' carries synopses of two letters referring to Padre Knapp who had left the UK for South Africa back in late-March. The first, in an article titled 'Arrivals in Cape Town', a Sister Mary de Chantal wrote from the Nazareth House on the 11th April that:

'Father Simon Knapp (Carmelite) has just called, he is coming again this afternoon. He leaves for the front tomorrow evening. He is charmed with the simple faith of the soldiers, but more particularly with the Connaught Rangers. He says that during the voyage close on six hundred men went to Holy Communion. He buried two of the Connaught Rangers at sea. What a blessing they had a priest with them!'

Two weeks later, the Sister Superior [de Chantal?], Nazareth House, Cape Town, writing on the 25th April to the Reverend Mother General, Nazareth House, Hammersmith, says:

'Father Simon Knapp writes that he is truly grateful for the box of scapulars, etc, which reached him at Southampton. He enrolled all the men on board the transport who had not previously got the brown scapular. His supply ran short, so that when the Sisters went on board at Cape Town they had to return to the house three times for a fresh supply. When he reached De Aar he got orders to proceed to Bloemfontein. At the request of Lord Edmund Talbot, Lord Roberts has cabled home for eight more military chaplains. Lord Edmund has engaged the services of Father Knapp in order to give the cavalry division a chance of making their Easter duties. What an immense amount of influence one good Catholic officer [Talbot?] has!'

These two letters clearly show that Padre Knapp had got 'stuck in' straightaway with his religious duties, and he had not, as had been originally assumed, entered hospital immediately. De Aar, to the north of Cape Town, was a strategic rail junction for the British, and would not have had a hospital.

The remainder of Padre Knapp's time in South Africa has been previously referred to, and 'The Tablet' shows that he was again 'in harness' at the Carmelite Church in Kensington between 1902 and 1904, and during this period he attended the Requiem Mass for the War Dead at the Brompton Oratory.

There is now another gap that brings us to the Great War. But, 'The Kensington and West London Times' covers a part of those ten years with:

*'He served in the Boer War with Major Allenby, and received the medal with four clasps. **Some years later he retired to a desert in Spain, where he sojourned for three years.** Then he returned home once more to his beloved Monastery in Kensington, and was one of the first to volunteer in the present crisis.'*

His service during the Great War is covered, and 'The Tablet' notes that he went as a chaplain during the Boer War, 'where he won golden opinions from all', and again offered his services as soon as the present war broke out. While quoting a letter written from France to a friend in Ireland, Rifleman S O'Neill described him as, 'a regular saint', and:

'I think he is of Irish descent, and he has faced death at least forty times since we came out. No other priest have I seen in the front trenches but himself - hearing confessions, and bullets in showers, like hailstones, passing over the heads of the penitents. This is what makes soldiers fight well and die calm.'

In the case of Second Lieutenant Everard Joseph Druitt, 2nd Battalion, Royal Berkshire Regiment killed in May, 1915, Padre Knapp wrote a letter to the grieving parents of him saying:

'It may perhaps be some little consolation to you to know that your dear boy received absolution and Holy Communion the evening before he was taken, and the day before as well, together with the Papal blessing and plenary indulgence. He asked me after confession to pray for him that he might be brave and do his duty well. He realized that to do this was to do the will of God, and that he was offering his life to Him, obedient, if necessary, even unto death.'

Later, when the CO and Adjutant, Captain the Honourable Dermot Browne, of 1st Battalion, Coldstream Guards were killed by the same shell at Hill 70 in September, 1915, a brother officer wrote:

'We buried them on the battlefield last night, side by side; Father Knapp, Irish Guards, RC Chaplain, read the service for Dermot. The guns and Maxims were firing all the night and rockets were going up by which we could see.'

It is clear, from the three excerpts above, that Padre Knapp was highly regarded for his priestly duties, seeking to comfort and console, when the circumstances of the Great War clearly challenged the religious beliefs of many. Moreover, as we can read, this was done at the sharp end, and not in the comparative security of villages or towns some miles behind the lines. The word 'fearless' is probably too inadequate a description of him.

In 1917, 'The Tablet' and 'The Kensington and West London Times' both carried Obituaries. These largely reinforce what has already been stated in previous Journals. But, that Obituary in 'The Tablet', containing what appeared to be a sleight on Padre Knapp, drew the following from an officer who had served with him:

'Sir, In your issue of Saturday, 18th August, appeared an obituary notice of Father Simon Stock. As an officer of the Battalion to which he was attached, I should like to be allowed to say a few words in appreciation of his work with the Irish Guards. My reason for this is twofold; firstly, because of the intense respect and admiration in, which we held Father Knapp as he was known in the Regiment; and, secondly, to remove the utterly wrong impression created by the unkind and baseless remark which closed the obituary notice. Your correspondent states, 'He was . . . full of consideration for others, in return for which he also expected a full meed of consideration for himself.'

Some of us in the Battalion have known Father Knapp since 1897, and we can testify that during those twenty years no more unselfish and no more self-less man has it been our privilege to meet. No matter what amount of hardship had to be borne, no matter how trying the conditions under which we fought, Father Knapp, during the last three years of his life, was the soul of consideration for others and bore without a murmur whatever hardships fell to his lot. Times there were, no doubt, when he must have felt

sorely tried by the mental limitation of, some of those who were connected with the ecclesiastical conferences out here, but even in such cases, when points were all apparent to his quick and clear brain, he never for a moment showed the slightest sign of impatience.

To officers and men alike he was the fount of sympathy and good fellowship. The good he did was incalculable, and the number of kindly actions by which he was responsible for the comfort and happiness of the troops was legion. To suggest, then, that he always expected a return for his consideration for others is not only preposterously untrue, but, to those of us who knew his saintly and spiritual character, utterly incredible.

Father Knapp, at an age when men may well claim to live a life of peace and quiet, came out to France to share the perils and dangers that must inevitably follow in the wake of a soldier's career, a career that only calls for the young and the strong. Why did he do this? Why did he sacrifice his life on the field of battle? The answer to us out here is plain enough. By the holiness of the life he had led, he had prepared himself for all that 'lies beyond', and in order to bring a certain measure of comfort to the hearts of those who were laying down their lives and were not ready to die, he came out to help with his example and his experience.

His very death is typical of his whole life and personality. He died for love of his fellow-men; because he loved them and because he appreciated how hard it is to die without preparation, he came out to share their dangers and comfort their souls. This was never done with any hope of consideration or of return; it was done to make others happy, and it has succeeded beyond all belief. He died for the love of the men, and every officer and every man of the Irish Guards will always love and honour the memory of Father Knapp.

Yours, etc, RHF'



Whoever RHF was, and his name is yet to be ascertained, he may have been in the photograph, showing officers of 2nd Battalion, Irish Guards, and including a somewhat wistful-looking Padre Knapp seated at the left of the middle row, with what looks like his MC ribbon clearly visible. Incidentally, at the opposite end of the row sits the future Field-Marshal Lord Alexander of Tunis, at that time a Major.

We close 1917 with the following excerpt of a much longer letter, written late that year, from another Padre to his mother:

*'My journey took me over the whole scene of the recent advance made by the Guards at the time the Pilckem Ridge was captured. Nowhere on the Somme did I see anything more bleak and dreary than this battlefield in an evening of this wintry August which we, have had. My first objective was the ruined railway station of Langemarck, the scene of an awful fight between a Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment and some utterly desperate defenders. I set off at 5 pm with a young officer just returned from leave, and about to rejoin his Battalion. **We passed the spot where Father Knapp had been struck down on that fateful 31st July - the main street of what had once been the village of Boesinghe - and crossed the historic Yser Canal by a massive pontoon bridge which the Sappers had thrown across it.'***



The last excerpt is from 'The Tablet' dated 5th August, 1922, and it picks up on the conundrum of Hermione:

'A more recent anniversary is commemorated in an advertisement which strikes a note of loyalty sure to awaken wide responses. A priest has renounced the domestic ties that mostly find expression in the 'In Memoriam' notices in the press; and therefore all the more touching is this entry: 'Knapp.—In loving memory of Father SS Knapp, DSO, MC, ODC, CF, Chaplain to 2nd Battalion, Irish Guards, who died of wounds 1st August, 1917. RIP.- Hermione.' Those are letters of credit that only the Great War brought into

proximity, when a man could be a Monk or a Major, the wearer of a Distinguished Service Order's badge on the habit of St Simon Stock.

Father Simon Knapp is commemorated in the Carmelite Church, Kensington, by a stained-glass window, placed there by the 2nd Battalion, Irish Guards, and unveiled by Lord French, who said that the great bravery of the Irish Guards was due in part to the word and deed of the Chaplain. Other memories haunt that church, and need no stained glass to reinforce them - the memory of his tall, gentle figure, and of the sound of his voice when, in Holy Week, he sang the part of Our Lord in the Gospel of the Passion. Born in Brighton in 1858, Father Knapp, at an age when most men seek repose, volunteered for an Army Chaplaincy on the very first day of the Great War. He had served his apprenticeship; for ill-health had taken him on far travels. He had crossed the Atlantic; had lived for a year on Mount Carmel; had twice tried the extreme strictness of an eremitical house of his Order in Spain; and, in the Boer War, where he first served as a Chaplain, had discovered his second vocation.

Someone said of him that he was at his post in the Great War because he could not conceivably have been anywhere else. It was said, too, that the death he met, while attending to the dying on the battlefield, was the death he had longed for. A brother officer has put upon record: 'He always went into action with the Battalion. Personal danger never entered his mind, and he chased shells as a spaniel chases birds' - since shells meant the wounded man that was his quarry. In leaving the aloofness of his monastic life, this member alike of the Carmelite Order and of the Distinguished Service Order did not leave behind him a certain reserve and shyness which were part of his disposition, and which, instead of interfering with his perfect comradeship with others, only made intercourse with him more solid, more precious, more sincere. This natural retirement of his debarred him, however, from being the subject of many reminiscences; nor was he the facile writer of letters by which his personality might endure. All the more have those who carry a memory of him in their hearts a singular treasure; and this sentiment it is which gives a point and pathos of its own to the 'In Memoriam' notice we have quoted.

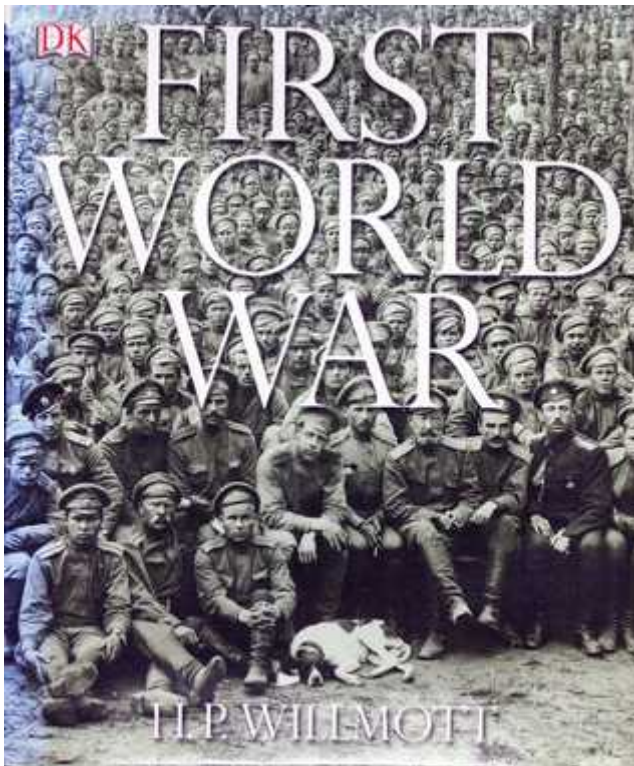
Given that 'The Tablet' was very 'Catholic', it diplomatically skirts round any conjecture as to Hermione's reasons for an entry that spanned 1919 to 1947. 'The Tablet' touches, also, on the subject of the stained glass window installed in Padre Knapp's memory, and unveiled by Lord French, the former commander of the BEF. Hitherto, it had been difficult to put a date to the event, but, 'The Kensington and West London Times' came to the rescue with an article on the ceremony in its issue of the 28th December, 1918. Given that the date was a Saturday, it refers to the event occurring on 'Friday last', which it has been assumed was the 20th December. Yet, it could have been the Friday following, as Lord French was in London on the 27th, given that he was to attend a banquet at Buckingham Palace that evening!

There are two further areas regarding Padre Knapp which have yet to be researched. The first is the Knapp O'Brien connection, and contact with family members has not yet proved successful. The second are a number of academic papers which look at the role of Catholic padres during the Great War. This is slightly complicated as there was another catholic Padre Knapp with the first name of Andrew also involved, and I would wish to be accurate as to who did what.

To conclude, the recent material has been able to expand what we know of Padre Knapp, and it has been possible to fill some of the gaps of his career. A few assumptions have been confirmed while a few more are now proven wrong. This article cannot close without acknowledgements. The first is to Denis Cleary and his unidentified Archivist colleague, both gentlemen with the Regimental HQ, Irish Guards at Wellington Barracks in London. They, very kindly, provided the photograph of the officers' group. The other is to Geoff Inglis, the author of 'The Kensington Battalion: Never Lost a Yard of Trench', and who is now undertaking research for another book regarding men from Kensington who served in the Great War. We've pooled our research on Padre Knapp, and Geoff very kindly provided me with 'The Kensington and West London Times' data.

Book Reviews

First World War -HP Willmott (Dorling Kindersley – 2003) Review by Peter Tabb



'We were all cogs in a great machine which sometimes rolled forward, nobody knew where, sometimes backwards, nobody knew why.'

These words, attributed to a German soldier of the Great War, sum it up rather well.

First World War, is a lavishly illustrated 'coffee table' book was one of the first I acquired when my interest in the Great War was roused by my acquisition of medals from an uncle who had actually fought in the conflict. He was a merchant seaman, albeit 'adopted' by the Royal Navy briefly in 1917, so his medals weren't 'Pip, Squeak and Wilfred' but the British War Medal and the Board of Trade Medal. I have told his story many times, as I know it.

What appealed to me about this work – I was looking at it with much less detailed knowledge than I have now – is that it sought to both illustrate why its title was justified because of its world-wide reach but also, being a Dorling-Kindersley publication was full of photographs, digitally created maps and plans and highly detailed colour illustrations of ordnance of every type – more an encyclopedia than a history book.

The book is large, almost A3, and runs to more than 300 pages so it is in every way a weighty tome and for the student or the historian just coming to the Great War. It is an excellent introduction to not only why the conflict began, but how and where it developed and how it ended.

The First World War was so terrible and so titanic a struggle that its memory haunts us still – and will, of course, be even more fired up as the centenary of its genesis creeps up on us.

No previous conflict had ever been so brutal and as vast in scale and its scars were so deep that it became to be known simply as ‘The Great War’.

The battles fought so ferociously on land, at sea and for the first time in the air, form the book's narrative core. However historian HP Willmott has also focussed a penetrating investigation beyond the military chronicle to produce a discerning analysis of the war's labyrinthine causes and its wider consequences for politics, economics, culture and society.

The scale of the world's first truly global war is accurately reflected in this panoramic survey which illustrates how a conflict that began among the European powers swiftly escalated to embroil their colonial empires.

A vast range of original documentary and visual sources has been assembled to offer the reader on all perspectives of the war. Personal impressions of the fighting, letters home from the fronts and haunting war poetry – it's all here and in the always compelling DK format which delivers images after images that are always illustrative and always memorable.

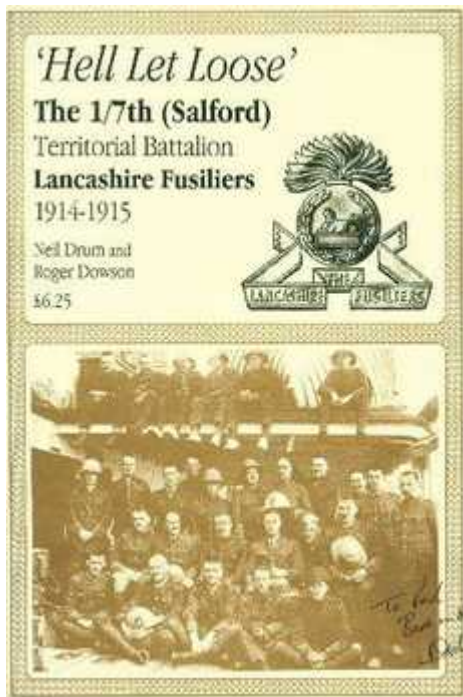
While this is a book with much illustration, the pictures illuminate the text rather than dominate it, a tribute to the skill of the DK designers who while clearly being aware that a picture is worth a thousand words recognise that you still need words to tell a story.

Although HP Willmott's was a name I was not familiar with – I had already made the acquaintance of Richard Holmes because he was always popping up on television – the credentials of the man himself are impressive. He is a former Senior Lecturer in the Department of War Studies at Sandhurst and for a time was Chairman of Naval History with the Department of Military Strategy and Operations at the National War College, Washington DC. Other recent publications include *When Men Lost Faith and Reason: Reflections on Warfare in the Twentieth Century* and *Battleship*.

Despite the plethora of books about the Great War, this is one that, in my view, should already be on every historian's bookshelf (despite its size). It ticks a box that appeals to me in particular – it recognises that the Great War was about much more than the horrors of the Western Front and while, inevitably, it covers the Western Front in great detail, the other fronts are not forgotten and even the loss of Germany's scattered possessions across the wide Pacific Ocean are covered in some detail.

When I moved house I discovered that I have more than 40 books about the Great War, although the number I have about World War II ran well into three figures. However the Great War continues to catch up!

(Editor's Note: Like Peter, this book is also on my bookshelf although I confess that I look at it far less than I should when I need a starting point on a particular topic. Peter makes very good points regarding DK's presentational approach, and that it is an ideal book for students. In fact, I bought a copy for my two grandsons to share not long ago. Perhaps looking back I should have bought one each? Every kid should have one!)



Hell Let Loose
By Neil Drum and Roger Dowson
Published by Neil Richardson (2005)
92 Pages - £6.25 (+ £2.95 p&p)
(From the Fusiliers Museum, Bury)

This book is a gem! Although one may not be particularly interested in the Lancashire Fusiliers, Territorial Battalions or Gallipoli, it provides a concise history for one Battalion from its creation until its exit from Gallipoli at the end of that unfortunate campaign. Messrs Drum and Dowson are not authors *per se*. Rather that they have brought together data from various sources, and they then have assembled it chronologically. It is very well illustrated, the maps are suitably positioned in relation to the text, and there is no vast expanse of white space. The pages are A4.

In what nearly descended into a bloody coup, I obtained from the local library service a few days ago, the intention had been to obtain further background into Bennet Burleigh Junior's all too brief military career (see pages 22 to 26), and I achieved that. In two parts, the first part deals with the 1/7th (Salford) Battalion's history from its roots in the Volunteer Corps and then Haldane's 1908 reforms, and their recruiting area, not surprisingly, around Salford. The Battalion with the 1/5th, 1/6th and 1/8th Battalions formed the Lancashire Fusilier Brigade within the East Lancashire Division. Later on, in May 18915, the Brigade became the 125th Brigade while the Division became the 42nd.

The book recounts that, in the event that a mobilisation was to take place, the Battalion were due to go to Ireland for coastal duties. However, this turned out not to be so with the Brigade heading to the north of Bolton for training and consolidation, where, a month later they received their movement orders for Egypt, to take over defensive responsibilities from regular army units. This period near Bolton, and the subsequent sea voyage and stay in Egypt are addressed through the use of newspaper articles and letters, covering the period from the beginning of August, 1914 until early May, 1915.

Then, on the 4th May, the Battalion finds itself on board SS Nile off Cape Helles and where they disembark the following morning. They would find themselves immediately thrust into the line the following morning, when the Second Battle of Krithia was launched. At this point, the chronology until January, 1916, when the last of the men from the Battalion left the Peninsula, the narrative is sustained by amplified War Diary entries. Unsurprisingly, from the outset, the Battalion is taking casualties, three being killed on that 6th May, namely Privates Coackley, Hanley and Wray, and the book now begins to provide pen pictures, and in some cases photographs, from the newspapers, of many individuals. These photographs are interspersed with many containing shots of groups and individuals going around their daily routine as well as more scenic (?) views of the peninsula if we can describe them as that!

Then came an unexpected surprise. During the period 28th to 31st May, the War Diary stated that six men were killed, four of which being buried at Redoubt Cemetery.

We find among them that:

Pte Stanley Hall, aged 29, was killed on the 29th. He was born in St Helier, Jersey, the son of Charles Henry Hall, lived at 53 Southern Street, Seedley and worked for Westinghouse in Trafford Park. 476245 Lcpl Walter Charles Henry Hall of the 15th KOYLI was at the same address in 1918.



While his age may be a few years out, his example shows the level of detail that can be found, and in many cases there is much more. Incidentally, Walter was five years older, his number was from the Labour Corps, but there is no sign of service with the KOYLI. In any case, he has been added to the JRoS while Stanley was already on the JRoH, while I had forgotten that I'd visited to his headstone.

The second part is a straightforward affair in that it comprehensively lists those men who served with the 1st/7th Battalion with as much detail as can be mustered by each name, noting when they arrived in Gallipoli for example, whether gallantry medals had been awarded, and their subsequent service. This has reflected considerable effort in trawling through many sources of data. But Drum and Dowson have been very clever at the outset, in that they have been careful not to take too big a bite. They have stayed focussed on the Battalion, and have bounded the book to the period from mobilisation to the final evacuation from Gallipoli on the 16th January, 1916.

It is interesting to note, that on the 31st December, 1915, the Battalion had paraded on Mudros, having had hot baths and their uniforms disinfected, most likely for the first time since early July! The parade strength was 15 Officers and 233 Other Ranks, while another 1 Officer plus 20 men were still on the peninsula. The numbers were about a quarter of the Battalion's establishment, a staggering fraction, a measure of what they had been put through. Indeed, one might suggest that the fraction was smaller when reinforcements are added in.

In closing, I would say that structurally, the book is an excellent example of what can be achieved in terms of staying focussed on the boundaries that the authors had set themselves, and it should be a template for similar ventures. There is, of course, the Battalion's history that is comprehensive to the point of remembering the most junior private and that is also valuable. Having referred to it as a gem, I've now bought a copy!

The Jersey Branch of 'Les Ancien Combattants Francais de la Grande Guerre'

The item on Augustin Vitel above has again highlighted the lack of information on the 2000 or so Frenchmen who headed off from Jersey to serve in France's military. Is there someone else willing to come forward and look to identify where the records for Les Ancien Combattants might be today? For, there must surely be some.

Faces Remembered



Just two faces this in this Journal. On the left, thanks to Eileen Lerche-Thompson, we have Adolphus Clifford Syvret. He has been a puzzle for sometime, as the 1919 JRoS claimed him to be in the RNAS, but, to date I have been unable to track down his naval record to confirm this. We now know that he was born on the 3rd February, 1900 in Trinity, attended school at Oxenford House, and then apparently enlisted under-age. If so, what details, if any, may he have misrepresented? Or, has his file simply not been copied over at Kew? The above photograph and the one below both confirm RNAS membership thanks to the cap badge and the likelihood that he had transferred to the RAF. Having enlarged the photographs, his buttons do appear to be those of the RAF. The men in the group are wearing a variety of uniforms and insignia, and it is likely that they had not yet been issued with the new blue outfits.



You may just recognise the chap on the right if you had bought Alasdair Crosby's book 'Titanic: The Channel Islands Connections' (What, you have not?). He was Sergeant Frederick Charles Farmer who died of his wounds at a Field Hospital at Boulogne-sur-Mer in February, 1915, leaving a widow Emma (formerly Ryan). For Emma this was a second tragedy coming in just under three years. Her older brother, Thomas, was lost when the Titanic in April, 1912. Emma sadly two years after Frederick.

Frederick was the son of Victoria Cross winner Corporal John Joseph Farmer, and had settled in Jersey to work as a butcher after colour service in the East Surreys.

Thanks to Marion Rossler who very kindly allowed Daniel Benest to take the picture.



Fragments of the Western Front revisited by Peter and Therese Tabb



At the end of March this year, the Mem'sahib and I paid a brief visit to Belgium, for a few days in Bruges. Having attended a Lions Convention in Old Windsor we drove to Bruges via the Channel Tunnel.

Bruges is undoubtedly one of the prettiest cities in Europe and despite its multiple attractions I was also intent on finding, if such were to exist, any trace that this medieval

masterpiece was also the principal base for the U-boats of U-Flotille Flandern I and II of the German Imperial Navy for much of the Great War. These two flotillas accounted for a third of all the sinkings of Allied shipping particularly once unrestricted submarine warfare commenced on 1st February, 1917.

I was aware that the base was linked to the sea by the Bruges-Zeebrugge Canal and indeed the attack on Zeebrugge on 23rd April, 1918 was an attempt to block the canal to prevent the U-boats reaching the open sea. The raid earned no fewer than eight Victoria Crosses although the canal remained blocked for just a few days, since Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, newly appointed, had changed the original plans prepared by Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon who had a much greater knowledge of the tidal movements along the Belgian coast.

As I suspected, there is nothing to indicate in the basin on the northern outskirts of the city that it was once the location of U-boat bunkers. Although the bunkers of the Great War were nothing like as massive and destruction-proof as the huge WW2 edifices along France's Biscay coast, they were, from photographs which show their colonnaded fronts, quite substantial but it appears they blown up and demolished some time in the 1960s, having had little relevance for the Kriegsmarine of WW2.

So it was on to Ypres. We had visited Ypres some years ago and had been duly moved by the Last Post at the Menin Gate, performed by the buglers of the Ypres Fire Service. Our objective was the new 'In Flanders Fields' exhibition in the Cloth Hall, if for no other reason other than it had been created originally by the same team that had created the exhibitions within the Jersey War Tunnels.

Surprisingly I found I was a little disappointed, perhaps because I was consciously comparing it with the 'Historial de la Grande Guerre' at Péronne, which, in my probably somewhat limited experience, is the most comprehensive and enthralling of the Great War exhibitions. Nevertheless it is a very wide-ranging exhibition, well worth seeing and one we shared with a continuous flow of visitors of all ages. We stayed Ypres, inevitably, long enough, to hear the Last Post under the towering arch of the Menin Gate. Initially, somewhat to my disquiet, we joined by hordes of children whose loud chatter bounced off the sandstone of Reginald Blomfield's triumphal arch. However, at the stroke of eight pm, suddenly all was silent and the four buglers in their flannels and blazers performed. To my astonishment, I found the young people's silence very moving particularly since, as soon as the last notes had died away, groups of them began laying wreaths in the stairways in the middle of the Gate. What we had expected to last just a few minutes eventually lasted for a compelling three-quarters of an hour.

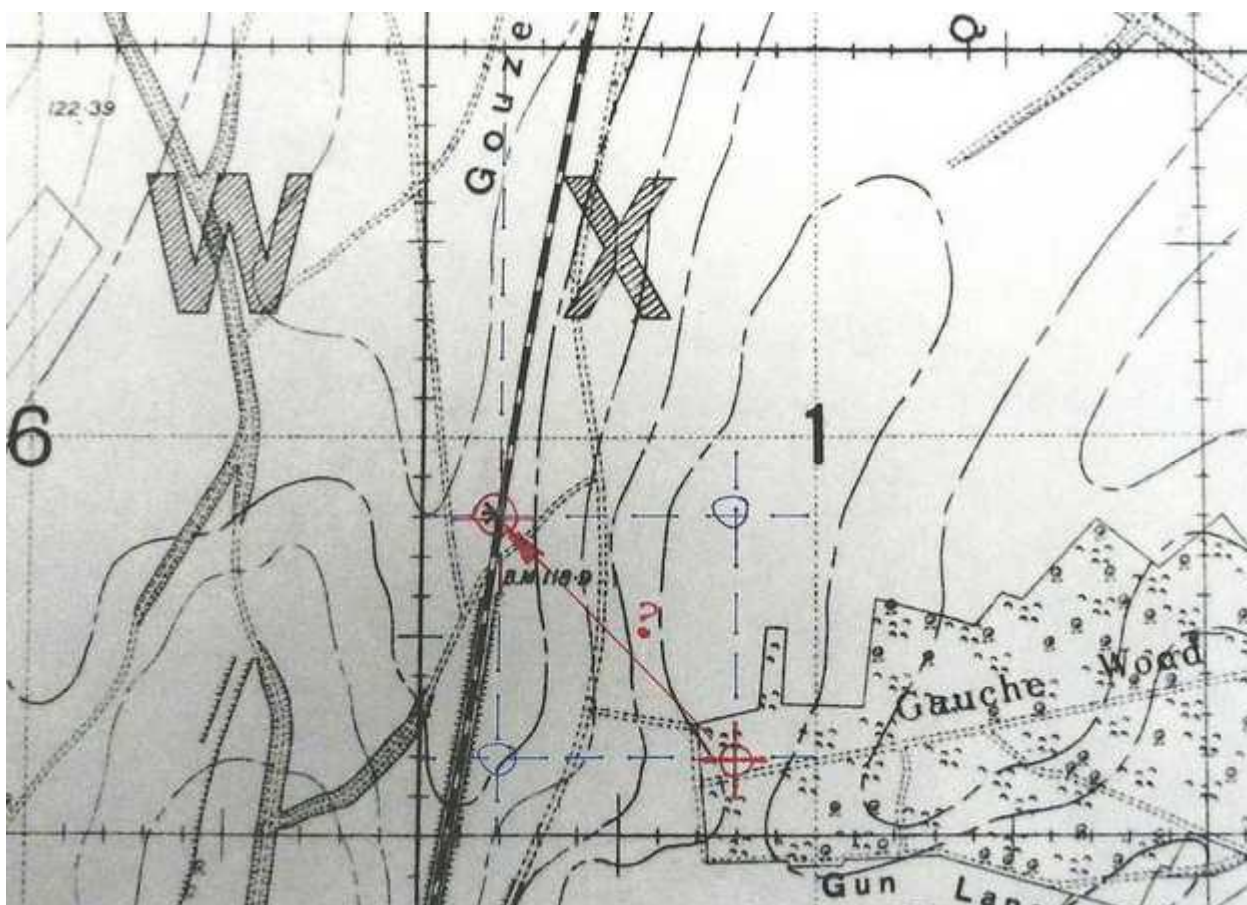
Our last call, on our way back to St Malo, was Thiepval. Once again we had visited Lutyens' towering memorial some years ago and were almost overwhelmed by the sheer magnificence of its brooding and lonely domination of the surrounding countryside. Since that last visit there has now been created a small visitor centre which, thankfully, doesn't attempt to show the Battle of the Somme except in a slide show of contemporary photographs and rather does what a visitor centre is supposed to do – provide refreshments, postcards, souvenirs (mostly tasteful) and toilets. It is also far enough away from the memorial itself not to detract from its towering and evocative dignity. So captivating is the monument's sheer presence that we stayed longer than we had planned despite having the place almost to ourselves, and almost missed our ferry.

From Gauche Wood to Grouville (Journals 47, 48 and 49)

It was rather tempting, when putting this item together, to resort to the usual clichés of the ‘grinding to a halt’, ‘hitting a brick wall’ or ‘changing tack’ variety. But, there has been no progress, over the last few months to determine the fate of Second Lieutenant Edward de Faye’s remains. The CWGC does not have the data that could assist, so far, nothing has emerged from contacts in the family, in France and through local newspapers in the Penrith area regarding Private Tinkler. The bottom line is still the fact that we have a map reference which is not recognised by the CWGC, irrespective of the other evidence that has been mustered.

But, what if the CWGC graves registration data is right and our map reference is wrong?

From my earliest days of using Ordnance Survey maps, it was drummed into me that I should go ‘along the corridor and then up the stairs’! This meant that a map reference be constructed with the horizontal coordinate being determined first, and then the vertical coordinate after. In the case of the recorded ‘57c.X.1.c.8.2’ location of Edward’s grave, I originally went with the ‘8’ horizontally, and have since re-checked it numerous times to ensure that I was not mistaken. But, the originator could have gone vertically first, there is no way of knowing!



The map above shows my original ‘correct’ position and the hypothetical ‘alternative or incorrect’ location. This ‘error theory’ has now become interesting for several reasons, the first being that the ‘alternative incorrect’ was at a location ‘well-known’ to the military since the Royal Engineers had marked it on the map as the location of a Bench Mark (BM 118.9) from which to measure the heights of prominent hills and contours. The area

was below the German line of sight from the other side of the ridges. Lastly, it was in the open and might explain the line, *'The surrounding area does not look very 'woody', but one assumes that damaged trees were being cleared and new ones about to be planted.'* in the last Journal. It is a theory that needs to be explored further.

Around the Press (and Television)

Having 'trailed' it by Email, I hope that people took the opportunity to watch the recent 90 minute BBC4 documentary on Winston Churchill's Great War where it was possible. Ned commented that the Dardanelles was dealt with at a rush, and I think that many might agree with that, as was Churchill's subsequent service as the Minister for Munitions. In between the programme may have dwelt too long on his service as CO of a Battalion, but, it did acknowledge that he had a fertile mind that sometimes paid great dividends. Other times less so! The remarkable thing that the programme brought out was Clementine Churchill's role in watching his political back while he was away at the front. On reflection, the programme, even at 90 minutes, was far too short to deal with the vast range of material that exists with regards to him during this period, and was far kinder than his performance as First Lord of the Admiralty may have merited.

The Daily Telegraph's (Saturday) Magazine recently carried an article on the 'Deadly Harvest' that still demands the undivided attention of a Belgian Army Bomb Disposal Team to deal with unexploded munitions, some of them still with poison gas in. I was intending to attach a scanned copy to this Journal, but I will instead Email it to those who are interested and get in touch.

It may just be my imagination, but it does seem that there is a slight increase in articles on aspects of the Great War appearing in the newspapers. The Telegraph is promoting the care and restoration of war memorials as the norm. There is the case of Fenton Town Hall for example, which has the War Memorial made with Minton tiles. Now it is up for sale and the Memorial may be irreparably damaged should it be necessary for it to be removed.

Looking ahead, it looks like one or more of the national dailies will be doing Great War supplements during the next year or so. The Telegraph is certainly looking to a monthly issue.

Out and About

Looking Back: Elizabeth Morey, Peter Tabb and Ian have recently been in France, with articles from Peter and Ian to be found in this Journal.

Looking Forward: Daniel Benest is staying at Hesdin for a week from the 17th to the 26th August, while Ian Ronayne will be undertaking a Verdun Tour with Go Battlefield Tours from the 7th to 11th September. I am in France from the 17th September to 6th October, the first few days of that trip on the Somme before heading to Verdun on the 21st.

Odds and Ends

Administrative Matters: As ever, it would be of help if changes to Members' Email addresses are notified as they occur. This will enable me to keep the distribution lists up to date and for members to receive prompts on particular matters.

Jersey Archive: The remaining Archive 2013 talks on Jersey's streets are as follows:

17th August – Green Island and Samarès
21st September – Noirmont and Portelet
19th October – St Peter's Valley
16th November – Clairvale, Clearview and Columbus Streets
21st December – Highlights of Jersey Film Archive

To avoid disappointment book your place by calling 833300 or email archives@jerseyheritage.org. Free entry. All talks start at 10 am.

Jersey's Militia Pay Lists, 1914-1917: This very much remains a stop-go activity but progress is very slowly being made.

Chester Cecil Church: Following the bitter disappointment felt that Chester Church had not been identified as yet, I have established that both family donors had provided samples, the one from New Zealand last year, the other from the UK just before last Christmas. It appears that neither was made available for assessment, the NZ sample because there was a paperwork glitch, while the reason that the UK one did not is unknown at the moment.

The plus out of this is that Chester can yet be identified. The negative is that I am now just a little concerned regarding the basic administrative capabilities of the overall Fromelles Identification Programme. If this state of affairs is repeated next year, watch the night skies. I will have gone ballistic!

Liz Walton – Authoress: Liz reports that her book due is out in November. It will be called "A Guernseyman Goes to War" and will be published by the Guernsey Museum Service. It will be sold through their outlets. It tells the story of Private Latimer Le Poidevin's experiences with the RGLI from 1917 to 1919. It will contain references to her annotated Casualty Lists which will appear on our website (courtesy of Roger) when the book comes out, so that readers can find out about how family members fared during events described by Private Le Poidevin. Those interested should visit the Museum's website (www.museums.gov.gg) as regards availability.

Great War Commemorations: Chris Addy and Julia Coutanche from Jersey Heritage are continuing their 'by parish' data collection service, and it does seem that it is attracting considerable interest with a few queues such as at St Clement.

At present, Daniel Benest is hoping to speak to Bigwood in early-September for them to handle the updated JRoH and is looking to identify likely publishing costs, hopefully attracting some States of Jersey money to support the project.

Should the respective Island governments and the 'owners' be prompted to refurbish the Memorials? The National Schools Memorial at the back of the Jersey Library is one such where the lettering could be 'chased' and restored.

Liz Walton will be meeting with Guernsey's Philatelic Bureau in early September regarding material concerning her aunt Ada Le Poidevin's war service with the Salvation Army, to be used in some way in their Great War special stamp issue(s). It is not yet

clear if Ada will feature on a stamp or in background material in an accompanying booklet.

Enfin

As ever, my thanks to those who contributed to this Journal for their inputs, both large and small. It certainly seems to have grown somewhat in its span of fifty issues. Can it continue for another fifty?

Regards
Barrie H Bertram
15th May, 2013

Journal Issue Dates For 2013

Journal 51 is planned to be published on the 15th of November, or very shortly after. As ever, I shall be looking for articles by the 10th of that month.

The Jersey Merchant Seamen's Memorial

This memorial in the Maritime Museum commemorates the service and sacrifice of islanders who served in the Merchant Marine in all parts of the world during the First and Second World Wars. Although their work was vital to the success of the war effort, they were vulnerable to enemy attack because their ships were generally slow, poorly armed and often loaded with dangerous cargoes. Due to the lack of adequate records, we are unlikely to know the full number of merchant seamen from the island who died in the service of their country.

<p>1914 BLAMPIED, G (AB). GALLICHAN, W (Deck Hand). GOSLING, William (AB). HARMAN, C B (First Mate) LE MASURIER, John. (2nd Officer). MAUGER, Walter George (Donkeyman). PICOT, George Philip (AB).</p>	<p>SS <i>Port Philip</i> <i>Cygnus</i> (Steam Trawler) SS <i>Bellavale</i> SS <i>Abydos</i> SS <i>Vedra</i> SS <i>Therese Heymann</i> SS <i>Kharki</i></p>	<p>1917 AUBIN, John Richard. (Master). CAVE, Henry (First Engineer). CAWS, Wallace George (Third Engineer). COLIVET, John (Chief Officer). COONEY, Thomas (AB). COOPER, Sidney Philip (Steward). GOODE, William Bramwell. (AB) GRANDIN, A (Seaman). HARZO, Francois J (AB). HOULBECQ, Francis William. (1st mate) JASPER, Henry Charles (AB). LAMERTON, Thomas (AB). LE MASURIER, John (Master). LE LIEVRE, Clarence (AB). LINDSEY, Samuel (Boatswain). MARCUS, John Philip. (Steward). MARETT, Lionel Ernest. (3rd Officer). MARKS, Theodore (Quartermaster). MILLER, Phillip Harris (Donkeyman). MONTROSE, Henry (Fireman and Trimmer). NOEL, Philip George (AB). PERCHARD, Albert (Master). RAFFRAY, Herbert Leonard (1st Engineer) RUMSEY, Arthur Ernest (2nd Engineer). SIMON, Henry Francis, (2nd Officer) TROON, Edgar Robert Henry (Waiter). VAUTIER, Stanley (AB). VIBERT, Percy (Quartermaster). WEBB, Harry (AB).</p>	<p>SS <i>Grenadier.</i> SS <i>Ilston</i> SS <i>Peshawur</i> (Glasgow). SS <i>Aylevarroo</i> SS <i>Bristol City</i> SS <i>Eloby</i> SS <i>Azul.</i> SS <i>Garron Head</i> SS <i>Gower Coast</i> SS <i>Dauntless.</i> SS <i>Connaught</i> SS <i>Lydia</i> <i>Triumph</i> <i>Briton</i> <i>Matina</i> SS <i>Lucilene.</i> SS <i>Bristol City.</i> SS <i>Aylevarroo</i> SS <i>Adenwen</i> SS <i>Tandil</i> <i>Verona (armed Yacht)</i> <i>Princess of Thule</i> SS <i>Echunga</i> SS <i>Manchuria</i> SS <i>Braeside.</i> SS <i>Arcadian</i> SS <i>Ottokar</i> <i>Aragon</i> SS <i>Vera</i></p>
<p>1915 GODFRAY, Francis Bertram (2nd Mate). RENOUF, William George (Master). BISSON, John (Trimmer). ELMY, George (2nd Mate). LE LIEVRE, P (Cook & OS). DAVEY, William (Master). LE SAUX, John (OS). LEONARD, Ernest (Mate). SMITH, James (AB).</p>	<p>SS <i>London Trader</i> SS <i>Ross</i> SS <i>Guernsey</i> SS <i>Longbenton</i> <i>Rose</i> (schooner) <i>Rose</i> (schooner) <i>Rose</i> (schooner) <i>Rose</i> (schooner) SS <i>Calcutta</i></p>		
<p>1916 BILLOT, Frederick (Master). COPP, Arthur (AB and Lamps). CRESPIN, Charles William Victor (Fireman). HAMON, Alfred De Gruchy (2nd Mate). HORMAN, William ((First Mate). JEANS, Francis James (Master). JOHNSON, James (AB) NOEL, Philip John (First mate) LE HUQUET, William (AB). WALDEN, Harold Eugene Montague (2nd Mate).</p>	<p>SS <i>Euterpe</i> SS <i>Cabotia</i> SS <i>Vanellus</i> SS <i>Sea Serpent</i> SS <i>Freshfield</i> <i>C.E.C.G. (Ketch)</i> <i>Atalanta</i> SS <i>Euterpe</i> SS <i>Alacritiy</i> SS <i>Rappahannock</i></p>		

1918		1919	
ABRAHAM, E (Steward).	<i>Shad Thomas</i>	DE STE CROIX, Harold Philip (Purser).	<i>SS Egypt.</i>
BECQUET, JG (First mate).	<i>Silvia</i>	HOTTON, Henry Summers (2nd Officer).	<i>SS Ardgartan.</i>
BARETTE, Edward Joshua Le Brocq (Boy)	<i>Edgar</i>	TOUZEL, George James (AB).	<i>SS Huntsend.</i>
BATTRICK, Percy (AB).	<i>SS Normandy.</i>		
CHURCHILL, Walter Francis Henry (AB).	<i>SS Whorlton</i>		
FIELDING, William Christopher. (AB).	<i>SS South-Western.</i>		
HACKING, Charles Henry (Cook).	<i>HMS Otranto</i>		
JEUNE, George John.	<i>Martin (Ketch).</i>		
KADREWELL, Martin Alexander Walter (2nd Cook)	<i>HMHS Llandoverly Castle</i>		
LE FEUVRE, Edward Thomas (2 nd Mate).	<i>SS Glenfruin</i>		
MILLER, Frederick Clifford (Chief Steward).	<i>SS South Western</i>		
MUSCOTT, John Godfrey (Third Officer).	<i>SS Panayiotis</i>		
MUNSON, Edwin (Seaman).	<i>SS Norfolk Coast</i>		
RICHARD, C (Quartermaster)	<i>Patani</i>		
SADLER, Arthur Rubin (AB).	<i>Neto</i>		
TIREL, George Albert Emile (OS).	<i>SS Galway Castle</i>		
VISDELOUP, Louis Felix (Matelot 3ieme Classe)	<i>SS Cambrai</i>		
WAUGH, Wallace Helier (Steward)	<i>SS Normandy</i>		

XXXX In JRoH, In CWGC

YYYY In JRoH, Not in CWGC

ZZZZ Not in JRoH, Not in CWGC