

**JOURNAL
36**

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



**February
2011**



Welcome Home, 1919

Please note that Copyright for any articles contained in this Journal rests with the Authors as shown. Please contact them directly if you wish to use their material.

Hello All

It is not everyone has the chance to spend most of their days as I am able to do researching, but it seems that more and more information is being made available on the World Wide Web, whether freely, or through subscription. Having at long last dipped into my wallet (a difficult chore for a Jerseyman) a couple of weeks ago, I took out a much delayed subscription to 'ancestry.co.uk'. Making use of such data helps in the 'housekeeping' tasks involved in adding information to the Jersey Roll of Service as one example, and it can also provide more of a man's background as the article on François Desvergez shows later.

However, in my initial, and highly unscientific, excursions into 'ancestry' I have begun to notice some other, yet more broader, aspects. It struck me that, after conscription came into being in Jersey, there were men who were being sent to the Army in the UK who were not sufficiently 'fit for purpose'. There were cases of flat feet (not ideal for those long route marches!) for example, one man who had a rickety tibia. There were also conditions that were diet- or poverty-related. Was there pressure on the civil authorities, the military tribunals, the medical boards and others to keep the numbers up by simply passing men regardless of their condition? Or was it a case that those bodies, operating as they did on a '9 by 5' island, could not appreciate the physical demands on men that a European conflict imposed and were unable to ensure that the Island's contribution was able to serve effectively? Whatever the reason, it was unlikely that the Island was unique in terms of the lack of the men's physical quality being sent in the latter half of the Great War.

Now, the question is, applying those circumstances, would men conscripted from the current population prove to be in any better condition today?

This Month's Cover

Liz Walton has kindly provided this the picture for this Journal's cover. Taken in St Peter Port sometime in 1919, the spectators are treated to a mixture of men from the Royal Navy being lead by the RGLI band. Look closely and you will notice that a number of the sailors have cigarettes in their mouths. The band meanwhile is also relaxed, the bass drummer in his leopard skin carrying the drum between himself and his chum on the right. I suspect that the men are moving to some point where the parade might start. There is a hint of mixed dress among the sailors while a number wear the inverted chevrons denoting overseas service, something that I had not appreciated. As for the civilians, most of the ladies are wearing their Sunday best hats, and just a few children are bare-headed. Liz thinks that one of the RGLI band is Charles Duncombe.

Has anyone know anything further about the event, the location or is able to identify others in the photograph?

Volunteer(s) Still Wanted

The Guernsey Roll of Service still needs one or more volunteers who could create and maintain it. Do contact Roger Frisby or myself if you would like to have a go?

Two Young Victims of the Great War? By Liz Walton



The two small dark stones in the foreground of the picture above mark the last resting place of Arthur Dickson and Harry Bateman at Guernsey's Fort George Military Cemetery. On the afternoon of Sunday, 13th February, 1916, the two boys had decided to go for a walk around the Fort with some friends. They must have known the area well, as 9 year old Arthur David Dickson, was the son of Mr John Dickson, a clerk at the Ordnance Office at the Fort. His friend, Lichfield born Martin Henry (Harry) Bateman, age 8, was the son of Sergeant Martin Bateman of the 4th (Extra Reserve) Battalion, the North Staffordshire Regiment, which had been garrisoned there since war broke out. Arthur Dickson was Guernsey born, and in 1911 lived at the Croutes Havilland, just across the Fort Road with his parents and older brother Charles. Young Harry's father had come to Guernsey with his unit which was formed in Lichfield, Staffordshire in August, 1914 and which would remain garrisoned at Fort George until October, 1916 when it moved to Marske in North Yorkshire. Both boys attended the Fort School. On that Sunday afternoon Sergeant Bateman was away for the weekend, attending a rifle shooting course at Hayling Island.

According to the local newspapers¹, a group of boys were playing and collecting sticks at the cricket field at the Fort when either Dickson or a boy called Pederson found a hand grenade, which they initially left in the soft earth ear some trenches. It appears that they eventually decided to take it with them when they left, and one of them dropped it whilst walking through the Croutes Havilland Lane at about 5.30 pm. Bateman was trying to pick it up when it exploded. It was immediately obvious that Dickson and Bateman had been badly injured. Bystanders carried Dickson, who had leg injuries, into his home where Messrs. Whelan, Renouf and Willis administered First Aid.

¹ The *Guernsey Star* and the *Guernsey Weekly Press*, February and March 1916.

Bateman was more severely injured, with wounds to his abdomen and he was carried by a Sergeant of the North Staffordshires to Fort George Hospital. His injuries were considered to be too severe to be dealt with there so he was taken by motor car to the Victoria Cottage Hospital, a Grade 'A' Military Hospital with full surgical facilities. Here he was X-rayed and his stomach wound was said to contain "no foreign bodies" so he was treated and kept in hospital. Dickson was also taken there later where he had a toe amputated and stitches put in other parts of his feet. A large splinter of wood was also removed from his thigh. The other boys appear to have escaped unscathed.

The *Star* newspaper in its first report on Monday, 14th February stated that Bateman was doing as well as could be expected but on the following day it reported that he had died as a result of shock and the trauma to his stomach wall, and that his father had since been recalled to the island. An inquest into his death was held on Thursday, 17th February at the Police Court. One of the first witnesses to be called was Bateman's mother, who said that she was out calling her children when the bomb exploded near her house. The next witness was Sergeant Major Southwood of the Royal Army Medical Corps, who examined Bateman at Fort George Hospital and decided that he needed to be transferred to the Victoria Cottage Hospital into the care of the senior surgeon, Doctor Robinson. Doctor Robinson described how he cared for the boy, who sadly died of heart failure as a result of shock on the afternoon of Monday, 14th February.

The boy Pederson was interviewed next. He described how they were all playing on the Fort Field near some trenches when he found a brass tipped stick which he put in the hedge. He said that they had not been warned not to go near the area. They returned later so that he could collect the stick and take it home, and Dickson picked up the grenade at the same time. Pederson said that the grenade was in soft ground near the trenches and he had seen it in the area the previous weekend. Three other boys, John Ingram, David Ingram and William Hennessey gave similar evidence, though John Ingram said that the Master of the Fort School had warned the boys not to go near the trenches.

Second Lieutenant Schnadhorst was then called to give evidence as to how the grenade came to be there. There had been a practice on 28th January when "bombs" had been thrown, several of which had failed to explode. It was reported to him that one unexploded grenade was unaccounted for, so he ordered a search. However nothing was found. Sergeant Pearce, Royal Engineers (RE) was responsible for checking the number of grenades issued and returned and he also noted that one was unaccounted for. Corporal Matthews of the North Staffordshires who had been in the class involved in the bombing practice reported that when one grenade failed to explode, others were thrown at it and it was assumed that it had exploded along with the others, so they eventually stopped searching. Mr JH Morgan who lived in the Croutes Havilland, where the explosion took place, expressed his concern at the fact that the field was not fenced off in any way and there were no notices stating that it could be dangerous to go there, nor were there any sentries posted.

However in their summing up the Jurats decided that no blame for the incident could be attached to anyone but "...perhaps the military authorities would see that every precaution in the future was taken to account for any of these missing dangerous missiles. Perhaps also the military authorities would see that as far as possible the field was kept for their own use." The Court extended its sympathies and that of the Lieutenant Governor, to the parents. The Bailiff recorded a verdict of accidental death,

and suggested that the authorities should safeguard the field as far as possible and that boys should be warned of the dangers of picking up dangerous objects. Bateman was buried in the Military Cemetery at Fort George, with the Reverend Penfold, Vicar of St James, the Garrison Church, conducting the graveside service which was attended by a contingent from the North Staffordshire Regiment as well as Bateman's family and schoolmates from the Fort School.



"Harry" Bateman's Headstone

On 7th March, 1916 the *Star* newspaper reported another inquest, that of 9 year old Arthur David Dickson, the second victim of the grenade accident who had died at the Victoria Cottage Hospital on the previous Saturday. The boys who had given evidence at Bateman's inquest repeated the process for Dickson, giving more or less the same information, as did Lieutenant Schnadhorst and Sergeant Pearce. In addition, Quarter Master Sergeant Shelley who lived in Croutes Havilland reported helping Dickson and putting him to bed and Mr Whelan, a chemist, reported removing Dickson's damaged boots, seeing to his wounds and administering brandy and warm milk for shock. Dickson was then transferred to the Victoria Cottage Hospital. After Dickson's father had given evidence, Colonel Churcher, the Staff Officer, said that since the accident the Lieutenant Governor Sir Reginald Hart, VC, had instructed that notices should be placed around the practice ground forbidding children to enter the area. Sentries were to be placed on the ground and buglers would sound "Commence" and "Cease Fire". The Commander RE was also instructed that all bombs had to be accounted for. It was felt that these added precautions should be enough to prevent any more such tragedies.

Dr Robinson, the Island's Medical Officer of Health was the next to be called to give evidence. He told the inquest that although Dickson's foot injuries were quite severe he was doing well until Saturday, 26th February when tetanus set in. Tetanus was extremely rare in Guernsey, and Dr Robinson had only seen eight cases in the thirty two years that he had been in practice on the island. There was a serum available but it was difficult to obtain as since the outbreak of war it had been commandeered by the military

authorities. The court again delivered a verdict of accidental death, after expressing their condolences to Dickson's parents. They also said that they were pleased to hear that precautions had been taken to prevent the recurrence of such an "unfortunate accident".



Arthur Dickson's Headstone

Dickson's funeral, like Bateman's, took place at the Military Cemetery at Fort George, the coffins having been taken there on foot from his home by his schoolfellows from the Fort school. The Reverend BV Penfold again officiated at the graveside ceremony and the coffin was lowered by Sergeants of the North Staffordshire Regiment. The boys are buried side by side, and small blue granite stones engraved simply with their names, ages and the dates of their deaths mark their graves. They are not listed as casualties of war as the Commonwealth War Graves Commission did not commemorate civilian casualties at that time. However in 1939, because of the increased number of civilians who died as a result of the Second World War, Winston Churchill agreed with Sir Fabian Ware, the founder of the CWGC who proposed that the Commission also maintain a record of Commonwealth civilian war deaths.

These civilians are commemorated in a different way from those who died as a result of military service. They are listed in the Civilian War Dead Roll of Honour located in St George's Chapel in Westminster Abbey. This contains the names of nearly 67,000 men, women and children, and has been kept in Westminster Abbey since 1956. Had this accident happened 25 years later, the sad deaths of these two boys would probably have been recorded there but as it is their story was only rediscovered from a fragment on the edge of a photo of a page of a local paper, taken whilst researching something totally different.

Incidentally there are several small granite grave markers identical to those of Dickson and Bateman at Fort George. They appear to be quite modern. Many of them mark the graves of children but some carry the names of soldiers and are in the main dated

before the Great War. Does anybody know whether they are in fact a later addition and if so how they came to be erected? Initial research hasn't yet come up with any answers.

A Double Entry

With twenty-twenty hindsight it might seem obvious that two adjacent entries in Jersey's 1919 Roll of Service (RoS) were for one and the same man. But, perhaps the fact that one name which was spelt out as François Pierre Louis Desvergez could not have been associated with the other being Francis Peter Desvergez not least because they also appeared to have come from different parishes. Besides, many of the same names were repeated across families, especially the French.

We'll take 'Francis' first, and although the RoS entry records him as belonging to the Bedfordshire Regiment, his Attestation Form indicates that he joined the Hampshire Regiment from Jersey on the 4th December, 1916, being given the number 32812. The Form shows that he went to the Hampshires' 3rd Battalion at Gosport five days later and that he was aged 18 years and 1 month, while his NOK was his mother, Selina Desvergez, who at that time resided at Varin Cottage in Vallée des Vaux. He does not appear to have been a strapping lad, being only 5 feet 1½ inches tall. Of course, he signed to say that all of his details were correct! It may have been that he regarded the Great War as fun, or that he could not recognise a Drill Sergeant's irony on parade, with text drawn from that little book that all such NCOs are given. For, while with the Hampshires, 'Francis' received his first spell of 'jankers' for that most heinous of military crimes, 'Laughing on Parade' in March, 1917. A month or so later, ten days in hospital and further eighteen convalescing followed, thanks to a bout of influenza. In mid-June a transfer was made to the 2nd/5th Battalion of the Bedfordshires, then located at Carburton adjacent to Clumber Park in the Dukeries, when he was now allocated a new number, 47030. His trail of military crime now continued, and further spells of 'jankers' ensued for being 'Dirty on Parade' and 'Neglecting his Duty as a Mess Orderly'. It is unclear why the transfer took place, and it might be that he was regarded as an unsuitable soldier, or that other factors were now emerging. Perhaps the following letter goes some way as a possible explanation:

Jersey, Aug. 13th 1917

*To The Colonel
Carburton Camp*

I beg to ask you to send back my son home. Enclosed his birth certificate, he is under age, being not yet 17, and has signed his enlistment too, without my permission. I have two sons in the Army, one is missing and the other one is [a] prisoner of war in Germany. François Pierre Louis is my youngest, he can assist me by his work, my husband being an invalid and I have no fortune at all. I hope you will comply to my request and that my son will be soon sent back home.

*For Madame Desvergez
Varin Cottage
Les Grands Vaux
St Helier, Jersey*

[PS] Please to let me have back his birth certificate.

At the end of Madame Desvergez's letter there followed detail much of it that has been covered above, yet also clearly stating that his date of birth was the 12th December, 1900. One assumes this period was a trying time for Selina (Celine) Desvergez, and I suspect that her command of English was very limited, and that a friend wrote the letter. Yet, it also seems that the Army, in the shape of the Hampshires, was also aware in late April, 1917, and like so many organisations, the cogs grind slowly around! Her piteous plea was answered eventually, for on the 17th September, 1917, 'Francis' was discharged from the Army after 288 days of service, and became 'François' once more.

But before we continue to look further at 'François', we might like to consider the contents of Selina's letter in which she refers to her invalid husband and two other sons. From the 1911 Census, when the family lived in a cottage at Mont au Prêtre, it appears that her husband was Etienne, while there were three sons, Auguste (18), Pierre (15) and the errant 'François' (then aged 10). There was also a daughter Marie (5). Pierre must have been the prisoner of war, for Auguste had been killed in action at La Harazée, Marne, while serving with the French 94^e Regiment d'Infanterie on 10th February, 1915, a fact that Selina had not had formally confirmed in 1917.

So, what happened to 'François'? His RoS entry records him as being in the Royal Navy and this is correct also. For, at some date between 21st February and 5th March, 1918, probably, he enlisted, was given the service number J87016, and having learnt his lesson, cited his correct date of birth! At this stage, I do not have his service record to hand, but he now made the Navy his life. Given that he would marry Nellie May Atkins in the second quarter of 1932 at Plymouth, one can assume that he was still serving, given the wedding's location.

However, there is a more regrettable clue to his continuing RN service in that his name appears in the CWGC Debt of Honour Register as having died during World War 2. As an Able Seaman, and with the number D/87016 (the 'D' standing for Devonport probably?), he was serving onboard *HMS Exeter*. Like many, I associate the *Exeter* with the Battle of the River Plate that saw the German *Graf Spee* engaged by the *Exeter*, along with the *Ajax* and the *Achilles*, and then subsequently scuttled outside Montevideo. Whether François was on board at the time, I do not know, but the *Exeter* was badly damaged and immediately required a major repair and refit.

In due course, with Japan entering the war, *Exeter* was sent to the Far East, and during the Second Battle of the Java Sea on 1st March, 1942, was sunk. François survived this but was picked up, I was going to say rescued but it seems inappropriate, and was made a prisoner of war by the Japanese. Two years of privations and ill-treatment followed, and on the 16th April, 1944, François would die, and his widow would later remarry a George Levy in 1946. Today, François' burial place is in the Ambon War Cemetery in one of the groups of islands that makes up Indonesia.

There is a puzzling little postscript to this account. The CWGC Debt of Honour Register correctly records that François' wife was Nellie May, but reports that his parents were Peter Louis and Yvonne Desvergez. Clearly this differs from the 1911 Census and details that 'Francis' had provided in 1916. Was Peter Louis in fact the prisoner of war Pierre?

In conclusion, François Pierre Louis Desvergez was little different to many who saw the Great War as an adventure and a way-out from home into the big world, and his

enforced return to Jersey lasted a mere six months. He was, most likely, a very ordinary, yet brave, Jersey-French lad, whose two entries on the RoS conceal an interesting tale that only becomes apparent when the paperwork is there to be read and the connections made.

Seeking Chester Church

In looking for further leads into Chester Church's family connections, two new pieces of information have emerged, one that is of passing interest only, the other which may turn out to be of value. The first concerns Chester's brother Theodore who, having died while serving in the RE in 1915, had previously served in the East Surrey Regiment with the regimental number (L/?) 8718, joining that Regiment while it was based in Jersey between October, 1905 and November, 1908. He had, in fact, earlier enlisted at Fort Regent on the 19th January, 1904, aged 18 years and 2 months. However, he joined the Army Service Corps (it was not given its Royal title until November, 1918) and three days later was at Aldershot. His stay at the 'Home of the British Army' was comparatively short, for he was then discharged on the 30th May as he was considered 'Unfitted for the Duties of the Corps'! Lest it is thought that this was another Theodore Church, his NOK was his mother who lived at the Grasshopper Hotel. As an aside, an East Surrey soldier who was given the regimental number L/8755, enlisted on 23rd April, 1906. This narrows the time gap of when Theodore again enlisted, this time in the East Surreys, and he may have done so at the same time as Harold Edward Holland (L/8719) who is also the JRoH.

The second item is can be found in the Australian Red Cross files that deal with the wounded and missing that are to be found on the Australian War Memorial website. That for Chester contains reports from various soldiers, and much of it is conflicting information as to where he fell, but it does appear that he may have reached the German second-line trench and that he was seen lying alongside a Corporal Frank Isaac Steed whose file also contains a number of sightings less contradictory. Having read the 30th Battalion War Diary, 'C' Company to which Chester belonged, was on ammunition carrying duties during the battle, and Chester would certainly have been going forward. However, there is one interesting statement from a 40 Sergeant George Arthur Garland who had served with 36th Brigade, Australian Siege Artillery, and when the statement was recorded in December, 1916, was at No 1 Southern General Hospital in Birmingham. Sergeant Garland said:

I was told by Bert Hayes that he saw this man lying dead in the second line of trenches at Armentières. Sergeant Church is my cousin.

Clearly, George Garland was not an eyewitness, while the reference to Armentières is not quite exact, yet there is the claim of a family link. Can this be borne out? Obviously there was no need to say it if it was not true and there is support for the claim in that Sergeant Garland's service papers state that he was born in Bristol. Moreover, Chester's father Augustus Mark learnt his hairdressing skills in Bristol! There are some contradictions as to his age, but we're talking of a difference of only two years. We know that George Garland returned home to Australia and died in 1933, while his widow Ella would later die in 1954, having had eight children, and by 1954, six grandchildren. There must be descendants of George and his wife and it may be possible, by going up the tree there may be someone who can identify the Church connection. This will be followed up in the next month or two.

Alderney's War Memorial By Roger Frisby



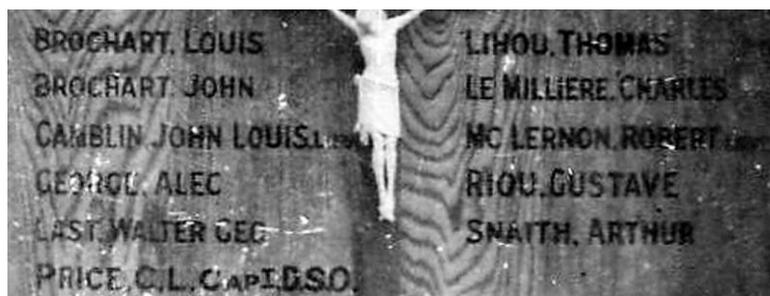
Alderney's War Memorial was erected in about 1921 in a small garden off Victoria Street and lists 41 casualties of the Great War of which 5 still have to be identified by us. It was erected on land donated by Judge Nicholas Barbenson of Grosnez House, Alderney.

Many were Alderney born but several also reflect the Island's garrison status. Private Walter Last of the Royal Irish Regiment is one of those, being stationed there in 1911. He was also one of the first casualties of the war, being killed in action during the Battle of Mons in August 1914. We still need to identify Joseph Brady, Thomas Butler, Alex George, George Sharpe and Edwin Underdown, whose names appear. The people of Alderney also included Gunner Frank Le Bideau whose records state that he was discharged in 1919. He would have been included for good reason so this is being investigated.

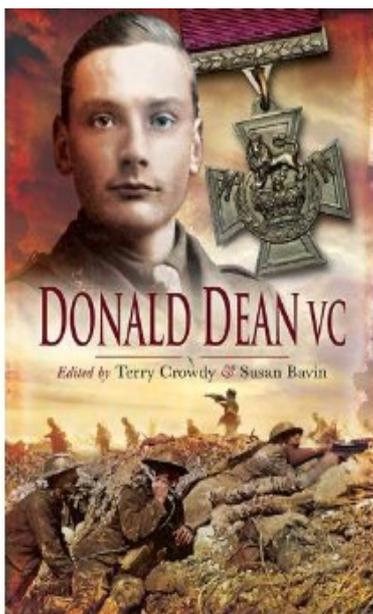


On a recent visit to Alderney, Diana Jackson discovered this remarkable photograph in the Alderney Museum.

Predating the current memorial, this wooden triptych appears to be divided into four sections, Army, Alderney Contingent, Royal Navy and Roll of Honour. Only the latter is readable and the names match those on the stone memorial. It is hoped that by studying the background of the full print, the original location can be pinpointed.



Book Reviews



Donald Dean VC Edited by Terry Crowdy Pen and Sword Books

I should have waited a month and I would have saved myself a pound by buying it at £12.98 from Amazon. But it would not have been reviewed in time! It was about two years ago that I became aware of Donald, and it followed an enquiry to the Imperial Hotel in London about Coutart de Butts Taylor's stay there back in 1916. Although my question could not be answered, I had a very charming reply from the grandson of one Harold Walduck who had built the hotel in the early 1900s. Harold's sister Grace was Donald's mother, and my contact recounted that he was seeking to have Donald's story published. This book is that story.

First, it is a book of "three halves" as one football commentator once said, and I will just focus on the first half which deals with the period of the Great War. The other two halves look very briefly at the inter-war years, when Donald progresses in the Territorial Army, and then at his service in World War 2. But the book, overall, is an excellent and fascinating read. The editor has adopted a somewhat different approach in that the book is a collection of Donald's notes and comments that were Donald's. Little, if any, attempt has been made to link one paragraph with the next seamlessly by the editor, and this adds to the value of the words, for in effect, this was Donald talking.

Looking at Donald's picture, it may be hard to discern, but that baby-face has tired eyes, and unsurprisingly so, having served with the BEF from August 1915 for a little more than three years. Like so many, he lied about his age, adding a year on to join the Artist Rifles in April 1915, before going out that August where the Rifles were the GHQ guard, first at St Omer and then at Montreuil, but not without a stint or two in the trenches in 'Plug Street'. Then a return trip home followed with a spell at officer cadet school resulting in a commission in the Royal West Kents, before returning to the front.

For all the imagery of the Great War, men were not always at the sharp end fighting the 'Boche'. What emerges from the account are the little things that were just as important such as delousing uniforms behind the lines, or the rations coming up the line. We may not appreciate that a young officer had to be like a father to his platoon which would have older, more worldly wise individuals. This is best summed up with one of his anecdotes that mentions receiving a letter from the prospective father-in-law of one of his men enquiring whether 'Private Bloggs' would make a good husband for the bride to be. Undoubtedly that would have been the case, but Donald had to point out the existence of the current 'Mrs Bloggs' in his reply!

Donald's original notes modestly skimmed over the award of his Victoria Cross for his actions on the outskirts of Lens in 1918, and the Chapter that deals with it is largely Crowdy's work, assembled from those notes, from other accounts such as the Regimental History and of course the VC citation itself. However, Donald was not

averse to 'flashing' his medal ribbon. When Donald was subsequently undergoing training, the instructor stated that a position should not be defended in such a manner to which he replied that he had done exactly that, and that the King had given him a medal for that!

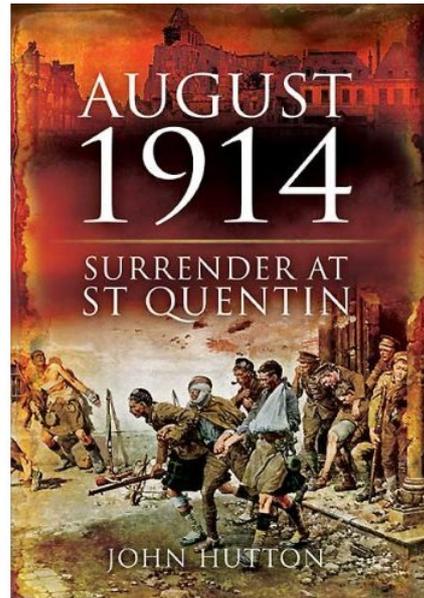
I thoroughly enjoyed the book, and would certainly recommend its purchase if one is a 'VC buff'. But, if you are not and it is on the shelf of the local library, do borrow it. Donald's personality and character comes out on each page, and although much of his service was in the Territorial Army, in no way could he be regarded as a 'weekend soldier' of the type despised by so many regulars.

August 1914: Surrender at St Quentin

By John Hutton

Pen and Sword Books

This book looks at the tale of two Colonels, John Elkington and Arthur Mainwaring, who take their Battalions to France as part of 10th Brigade, 4th Division on the 22nd/23rd August, 1914 and are thrust almost immediately into battle. Caught up in the stand at Le Cateau and the general retreat from Mons the two men, with remnants of their Battalions, reach St Quentin on the 27th and, believing that the town is surrounded by a superior German force. At the Mayor's behest that the town is not destroyed by any subsequent fighting they sign a surrender document.



A British cavalry force appears, reports that St Quentin is not surrounded, rallies the exhausted infantrymen with some initial difficulty, and their retreat is resumed, to reach the British lines once more. For Elkington and Mainwaring a court martial followed on the 12th September, and they were charged on two counts, namely that of 'Cowardice' and 'Scandalous conduct unbecoming an Officer'. Had they been found guilty of the former charge which carried the death penalty, they would have been shot by the firing party which was waiting in the wings. As it is, the Court Martial found the two Colonels guilty of the latter, and both are cashiered and are sent back to England.

Here, the two men would subsequently follow different paths. Mainwaring return to his estate and a comfortable retirement, however, Elkington chose otherwise. Clearly feeling the disgrace, he enlisted into the French Foreign Legion as a private soldier, but still using his own name. Fighting with considerable valour as a *Legionnaire*, in the Souchez and Vimy sectors during 1916 he was awarded the *Medaille Militaire* and the *Croix de Guerre Avec Palmes*. There had been high-level concern about his treatment, and as news of his bravery filtered through to the British, moves were made that would see him receive the King's pardon and reinstatement.

Sounds familiar? There are parallels with the case of Coutart de Butts Taylor. Moreover, having read the book, one wonders if Elkington's redemption directly influenced Coutart for the initial moves were taking place around 22nd August, 1916, at about the time that Coutart heard that he had relinquished his commission. Elkington's return to being a

Colonel was formally notified in the London Gazette on the 9th September, during the period of time when Coutart had vanished. I am now taking the view that Coutart knew of what was happening to Elkington, and may have been provided 'inside' information and guidance by his brother Haydon D'Aubrey who, I suspect, was working in the War Office then. Of course, in another coincidence, we should recall that Colonel Elkington had attended Elizabeth College in Guernsey.

Turning to the book itself, first of all, the author is the former Labour MP for Barrow in Furness who was, for a time, the Defence Secretary amongst his other Cabinet posts. He has put together an interesting account that takes the reader backwards on the retreat on a by-day basis. It becomes apparent that the British Army, for all its skills with the Lee-Enfield, was inadequate in other respects. Having been drawn from the units based in the UK, most of these units depended on the influx of reservists to ensure that their full establishment was present for deployment. The inherent problem with this process was that the longer a man had been on reserve, the less fit he was, resulting from either good living or through poverty. With new kit issued at the regimental depot, there was much that needed breaking in. This was especially so with the issue of boots, a crucial item of wear in terms of battlefield mobility, whether going forwards or back. It is a thought that, in those hot days of August, 1914, the BEF might have been beaten by British blisters as opposed to German bullets!

It is clear that command and control also broke down. While 4th Division was holding the line for the others in Smith-Dorrien's Corps to pass through, the 10th Brigade's commander was out of touch with his Battalions, and this was a situation that persisted throughout the BEF, and not solely within this Division. Furthermore, the 4th Division's circumstances had not been helped by the direction, given by the War Office before they went to France, that they were not to deploy their supporting arms, including cavalry reconnaissance and signals!

The author looks at the characters, and highlights that 10th Brigade's Commander had not very been very impressed with Mainwaring and another regimental Colonel (Churcher who was incidentally removed from his position after the retreat) in the past, though Elkington, by contrast, seems to have been well thought of. If the sore-footed reservists were unfit, both Colonels were little less so, Elkington being 48 while Mainwaring, who was not a well man in any case, was 50. It is clear that by the time both men reached St Quentin, both were exhausted, their troops were exhausted, and they were at the limit of their mental ability to make sound decisions. The physical effort, the heat, the confusion, the lack of direction and attendant information, the lack of sleep, all contributed to the unfortunate signing of the surrender document.

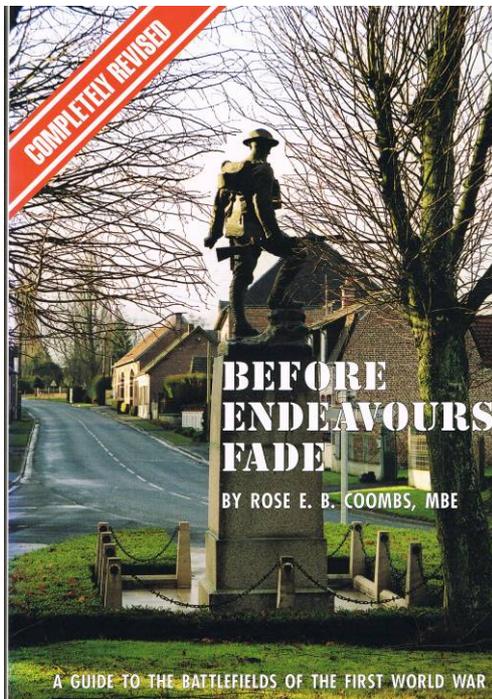
The book can only deal with the court martial in a limited manner, for the author is faced by a limited amount of references, and these are primarily the accounts of Elkington and Mainwaring. Unfortunately, for author and reader alike, papers associated with the trial have long vanished, and one can only guess at the quandary that faced the officers who had to determine innocence and guilt. A guilty verdict on the charge of cowardice would have run the risk of the trial appearing to be a kangaroo court, and in any case, there is no evidence to say either way, and we must think that the right decision was reached.

It is difficult to gauge whether Lord Hutton (he has now been ennobled!) anticipated the book to be more than a simple account of those events in 1914. For me, there are several layers, each of which merits study, and which contains lessons. There is the

adequacy of the reservists in terms of their fitness and equipment, the command and control process in terms of its resilience, the fitness of Elkington and Mainwaring to be in command when faced by, for them, a new type of warfare. What of the British Army in 1914? It was still very much part of the Edwardian society's upper echelons and officers tended to advance or hold appointments based upon their connections. If Mainwaring and Churcher had been so bad, why had they not been shifted.

Given all of the circumstances that placed Elkington and Mainwaring in St Quentin, I must confess to being ambivalent about the decisions that they reached. On one hand they were at their mental and physical limits, on the other, they were still required to engage with the enemy, irrespective of the size of opposition. I would recommend the book so that others can decide for themselves the merits.

Before Endeavours Fade
(A Guide to the Battlefields of the First World War)
By Rose EB Coombs MBE
(Battle of Britain International Ltd - £19.95)
Review by Peter Tabb



“YOU haven’t talked to THE expert on the Great War until you have talked to Miss Coombs.” So claimed a letter received at the Imperial War Museum where for 36 years, from 1946 to 1982, Rose Coombs MBE worked, latterly as Special Collections Officer.

It is unusual for a history book to run to more than one or two editions but perhaps proof, if proof was needed, that Miss Coombs is indeed THE expert on her subject is that this work, first published in 1976, is now in its 12th edition. Perhaps this is not too surprising since our knowledge of the Great War grows with every year as more and more documents become available from official sources and as more and more artefacts are dug out of the battlefields, but it is definitely rare for one work to be deemed worthy of continual revision, so worthy was it to start with.

This edition has a strap-line which claims that the work has been ‘completely revised’ by the editor of *‘After the Battle’*, the quarterly publication produced by the same publisher. As the owner of the 11th edition as well as this one, I would say the strap-line overstates the case somewhat and is still largely the work that Rose Coombs first published in 1976. Nevertheless there are significant editions stemming from our greater knowledge.

Rose Coombs’ father fought in the Great War in the RAOC and she herself served as a Radar Operator with 10 and 11 Groups RAF in World War II. During her service with the IWM she made hundreds of visits to the battlefields of the Western Front. In 1976 she combined her detailed knowledge, study and research into the first edition of *Before Endeavours Fade*, a name chosen to match the initial letters of the British Expeditionary Force. She continued to update the work, revising the text, often re-photographing

monuments and memorials and adding new ones. In 1984 her contribution to the growth of knowledge about the Great War, particularly on the Western Front, was recognised with the award of the MBE. She died early in 1991 by which time the book was already in its sixth revision. So what sets *Before Endeavours Fade* apart from other battlefield guides (for that, essentially, is what it is)?

I am a great enthusiast for the concept of 'After the Battle', which compares contemporary photographs with photographs taken at the time, thus allowing those of us who tour the battlefields to recognise just where we are and what went on there. In this respect *Before Endeavours Fade* is a tour de force because there is no corner of the Western Front that Rose Coombs' researches, and her camera, left untouched. The events at every location are recorded in meticulous detail but her writing style (and presumably that of subsequent editors) make it easy reading. The book also features detailed maps and plans, both contemporary and current, which further expand the reader's knowledge.

However this is not a glove-box guide, one that you can have open on the dashboard or slip easily into your pocket nor was it ever intended to be. Rather it is a definitive guide to the Front and its history. Notwithstanding, many of the chapters give suggestions for tours, e.g. Chapter 8 CALAIS –YPRES gives a route via Bergues, Chapter 9 CALAIS-YPRES gives a route via Cassel and Chapter 10 CALAIS-YPRES gives the route via St Omer and there are now fewer than five different routes prescribed around the Ypres Salient.

There are no areas explored that would not already be familiar by name but what Rose Coombs does is take the reader on tours which will add substantially to his or her appreciation as she shares her huge fund of knowledge.

As you will gather I am a fan. The book's introduction shows the redoubtable Miss Coombs explaining to visitors exploring the battlefields the story of the first and last British casualties of the Great War – Private J. Parr killed on 21 August 1914 and Private E.G. Ellison killed on 11 November 1918 - both lying in the same cemetery at St Symphorien near Mons in Belgium.

This very well sums up *Before Endeavours Fade*; it covers the Great War on the Western Front from the first to the last and is a worthy tribute to an author and historian who recognised that history is never static.

Ronayne Reports **By Ian Ronayne**

A Jersey Contingent Memorial: Since my input in the last Journal, I have been in touch with Tracey Ingle in the States of Jersey Planning Department to discuss what needs to happen to get a memorial erected. She in turn has reviewed the suggestion with a number of other people including the Harbourmaster, and has very recently advised me that everyone was happy in principle. My next step, now, is to meet again with Jodie Hingston to agree a design and final location, before discussing it further with the Planning Department.

Ours: In respect to the book sales of 'Ours', I was disappointed to find that it was no longer available at Waterstones in Jersey prior to Christmas. They stated that they

could not obtain any further stock, and so I contacted my publisher. It appears that they have sold out the original run of 900 and were waiting for back orders to build before reprinting. I pointed out they may wait a while given number of outlets in Jersey and the amount they would order. After some to-ing and fro-ing, they agreed to reprint, but this has been delayed to the 16th February. It is a shame as it missed the Christmas period.

Talks and Walks: I recently completed my three week adult education course held at Highlands College. Neither they nor I knew whether the course, advertised as ‘Forgotten History: Jersey and the First World War’, would be received, but we set the minimum number of students at eight – and eight is what I got. Well in fact only seven because one person was unable to make it, but, I am pleased to say, that the other seven attended until the end and this was definitely a good sign. I pitched the course at a mixture of Powerpoint backed lecturing and interactive searches of possible sources of information on the web. It seemed to go down well, and I thoroughly enjoyed it. So much in fact that I have proposed an expanded syllabus for next term:

1. In the Frontline: The Napoleonic Wars and Jersey
2. Forgotten History: The First World War and Jersey
3. Global Conflict: The Second World War and Jersey

Each will be of three weeks duration and will run sequentially so anyone wanting to do all three will be able to. Highlands are more than happy to include it in their prospectus, so, do watch this space for further news



“I think that it’s next left!”

In January, I gave a talk on Jersey and the First World War to the St John’s Women’s Institute (WI), which seemed to go down well, and I have another talk for St Helier’s WI planned for June. In April, I am giving the same talk at the Channel Island Occupation Society monthly meeting. Also on my calendar now, I have a monthly Sunday morning

fortifications/history walk taking in a range of locations. On Sunday, 6th February, we did one that took in Gorey Harbour and Mont Orgeuil Castle, Victoria Tower and the First World War memorial to the fallen boys of the Jersey Industrial School, which of course we will all know from its more recent history as Haut de la Garenne.



The walk reaches Haut de la Garenne

Through a Snotty's Eyes

Ned Malet de Carteret has again transcribed a number of letters from his family archive, this time from Philip Malet de Carteret. They are a fascinating insight into a young man growing up and being thrust into a war, a fact that he would never have envisaged when he wrote the first letter below, and like so many of his contemporaries. Coincidentally, I am currently coming to the end of a book on Edward Cadogan's time with the Suffolk Yeomanry, and it is particularly interesting to compare the account of Cadogan's miserable experience in the trenches at Gallipoli with young Philip's life on board the *Canopus*. While the degree of comfort differed however, both men were subject to the risk of death, albeit that its method of delivery may have differed. Some minor editing has been carried out.

January 31st, 1909

Eltham College, Eltham, Kent

My dear Dad

Last Wednesday it froze hard, so that the boys who had skates went skating, but the rest of us went down the field, where there was a small pond, and we made a slide and slid about on it. You must have been having rather strong winds to blow all those trees down.

One of the drains in the head-master's house was leaking and when it froze it was all covered in ice. I was 4th in the form last week and am 1st this week. Last Thursday as it was not cold enough to snow, so it rained all night, so that in the morning there was a large swamp on the junior football field and part of it was under water. If it had frozen then we would have had a lot of ice.

It won't be very nice if all the water in Paris freezes, as its people have to be carried about in boats. I saw a picture of someone who had come to Paris being taken to the hotel in a sort of punt, and he had to be hoisted up through a window.

*With much love to you all, your loving son
P Malet de Carteret*

March 13th, 1910

Eltham College, Eltham, Kent

My dear Dad

Thank you very much for the postal order for 2/6. We had the match on Wednesday and we lost by 10 to 5. It was pouring with rain all the time and so it was very hard to run because the ground was so sloshy. I expect why the reason I was so low in English was because my Reproduction marks are always low and Dictation, Reproduction and Reading are all counted as English. For that story competition we are not allowed to write anything that we had read about, or what had happened to us, but it had to be absolutely invented by ourselves. The prize was given by the voting of the class. The boy's who got the prize was called "The Capture of the Steel Pirate."

We had a half? Last Friday for half-term and there is still another to come for one of the boys who has passed his London Matriculation. It will be rather hard for me to keep my place at the top of the form because I only just beat the boy behind me by about 10 marks in the whole of the half term. One boy, who is going up for his Osborne exam has brought back the last time examination paper and when I looked at them everything was fairly easy, except the Latin, which I thought was very hard.

*With love to all, your loving son
P Malet de Carteret*

May 15th, 1910

Eltham College, Eltham, Kent

My dear Guy

I wish you a very happy birthday. Have you yet begun Latin, as you said you were going to at the beginning of this term, if so how do you like it? Have you yet seen the comet? I believe it will be visible to the naked eye in a few days. Nothing special has been happening here lately. You might tell Mammie that I was 3rd this week. I found that out this afternoon. How is Kenneth getting on he must have been in bed for over a month on end by now. I hope that you are all quite well

With love from Philip.

Royal Naval College (RNC) Dartmouth, Devon

My dear Dad

The sports came off last Tuesday. It was quite a fine day for them. One chap, after winning the quarter mile and half-mile created a record for the college for the mile by doing it in 4 minutes and 51 seconds. As well as having prizes for the first two or three places as the case may be, the first chap in the race counted for three points, the second two, and the third one. All these points counted towards a Sports Cup, which Drake's (4th term) won, as they got the greatest number of points. Beside the ordinary events, they had two more – a "wheel barrow" and a "sack race". Anyone could go in for these, and you just went in on the spot. I went in for the wheelbarrow race, with another chap who wheeled me. We only got about half-way over the course before the first chaps got in, so we gave up as all the others had done.

After the sports, prizes were distributed by the Skipper's wife.

On Wednesday there was a swimming relay race. Each term had 20 competitors who each swam two lengths in the swimming bath and as soon as one finished another started off just like an ordinary relay race. The Drake's won this as well. The Exmouth (sixth term) being second. Our term was last by about half a length, which was not so bad, as last term the first term (so I heard) were three lengths behind.

On Thursday there was the Cross Country Race! It was divided into two parts – the people over 5 feet 4 inches, and those under. Of course I was an "under". The course was all over ploughed fields, through hedges, up most awful hills, and down just as bad ones.

You pretty well had to run all the way. I was absolutely done by the time I came in. In this race there were points for the Cross Country cup just like there were for the Sports cup. The first chap home in the "overs" got 60 points, the second 59 etc. In the "under" the first chap got 40 points, the second 39 etc. I did not get a place. The 5th term won this and our term was not last in order but 4th out of 6.

Altogether it was rather a strenuous week, and as everything is now over, we can go to the canteen and get out of training as much as we like, which is always a great thing. With love from your affectionate son Philip.

July 17th, 1913

RNC Dartmouth, Devon

My dear Dad

Mumps have fairly broken out here, it has been going on for three or four weeks, but up till last Sunday there were not more than about 10 cases, but now there are from 70 to 80. At one time there was talk of sending us home, but that idea has been given up. I have not yet got it although the chaps whose beds and chests are all around mine have got it. It has chiefly broken out in the Third term where there are only 30 cadets left. The doctor said it was a good thing to sweat to keep them off, so you see chaps running round and round the gym with three sweaters on, on a hot afternoon, doing their best to sweat as much as possible!

I got my first game of tennis the other day, and found I was most frightfully out of practice – could hardly hit a ball decently, and got double faults every other serve.

We have just reached the few days before the exams when there are no marks. You might think it was rather a slack time, but really it is rather the reverse, as all our spare time is used up in copying in pilotage notes, history notes and engineering sketches.

Today the Osborne padre and ours swop places, the Osborne one coming here for the day, and ours going off to Osborne.

A new coloured window has been put in the chapel, and it has been dedicated to Captain Scott. Most of the money for it has been got by collections in church.

I have heard that Goddard is coming over to Jersey for the latter part of leave. He has been asking me for information as to how to get back to Dartmouth from there. By the

by he won the under 5 foot 4 inches swimming races last Thursday, another chap in our term being second.

With much love from your affectionate son Philip.

February 1st, 1914

RNC Dartmouth, Devon

My dear Dad

How ripping it must have been when the pond was frozen over hard enough for you to stand on. If the frost had continued for a little, I suppose you would have been able to skate. It has been quite the reverse over here. It is quite warm (for February), and sometimes we have a little rain, but never any snow or frost.

I saw in the English papers a few days ago about the extra taxes that were being imposed upon tea and tobacco.

Have the punctures in the motor been mended yet? I suppose it must have rather inconvenienced Grandpa while it was punctured. Did both punctures happen at the same time, and were they in the same wheel or different ones?

Next Saturday is our first whole holiday. We stop work at 11 o'clock in the morning, and then Wynne, Maclean and I are going off to Newton Abbot to watch the usual football match of the College against Blundells school. As a matter of fact, probably Wynne will be playing for the 2nd XV but anyhow Maclean and I will still go and will be able to watch him play.

After the second whole-holiday which comes about three weeks after the first, the next item on the term's programme is the Entertainment. This comes off on the 7th of March. There is some rumour that Commander Evans is going to give a lecture on the South Polar expedition which he was in, but nobody knows for certain whether the rumour is true or not.

Some balm has been poured into my gaping wound caused by the information that there is going to be a Cross Country race this term, by a rumour which says that only the best dozen or so runners in each term will be chosen to run in the Cross-Country will be chosen by the form they showed in the Sports. I hope to goodness that rumour, at any rate, is true.

Love to all from your affectionate son Philip.

May 16th, 1914

RNC Dartmouth, Devon

My dear Guy

Many happy returns of the day. I hope the cartridges were all right – they are of the anchor variety as Vint's have no acorns in stock I hope they will do as well, you can always get them changed I suppose if they don't.

I don't know whether you have heard of the hash I made of things in trying to get to Dartmouth at the beginning of term – I took about 10 wrong trains, and went up and down between Plymouth and Newton Abbot about 20 times, finally arriving at the College at 10.30pm instead of 4 o'clock.

We are having quite decent weather here, and one is able to get in a respectable amount of tennis and boating etc. I hope you are having ditto.

I am afraid there is not much news. As no doubt you know most days are the same at college. I got a letter from Ellie the other day which I suppose I had better answer so I will now wind up

Yours etc Philip

No date

[Assumed HMS Canopus]

My dear Dad

I expect you have guessed the reason why you have not been receiving regular letters – viz: we are not always in harbour. Of course you know that I am not allowed to divulge anything about where we are etc and as a censor examines all letters before leaving the ship, it is not much good trying. I don't need any winter underclothing or suits etc – in fact I am much too hot as it is, besides I would not be able to give you any definite address to send them to.

There is absolutely nothing to tell you without trespassing on forbidden ground so I am afraid all my letters will have to be short.

I am quite well and flourishing and I hope you are the same. How are Ellie and Guy?

I hope Grandpapa is getting better, I am glad to hear that he has made a slight recovery.

With much love to Mammie and you from your affectionate son Philip

PS: Now that I am "snotty", letters should be addressed "PR MdeC esq. RN"

No date

[Assumed HMS Canopus]

My dear Dad

Thank you very much for the Postal order which you sent me. We have been rated midshipman and are wearing patches which look most gorgeous. I have got a telescope from Gieve's and we have all drawn oilskins and sou'westers from the ship's stores so that's all right.

Yesterday afternoon the old Reindeer [GWR Cross Channel mailboat on the CI routes] passed under our stern pitching horribly and carrying a whole lot of troops, I suppose they were a new regiment for Jersey or something. Anyhow I fairly glared at her through my telescope, I think the Tommies were feeling pretty sick – they looked it.

The "snotties" here have been let off keeping watch because we have such a lot of other work to do. I wish I knew where we are going or what we are going to do, but of course I don't know anything about it. Anyhow the Germans seem to be getting rather a rotten time – jolly good job too seeing that they have been getting far too sidey lately. I hope you and Mammie are quite well and Ellie and Guy. There is nothing more to say, so I had better wind up.

*With much love to all from your affectionate son
Philip M de Carteret, Midshipman RN*

PS: The Commander of this ship Commander Stopford says that he knew some people out in New Zealand called de Carteret Malet – I wonder if there is any connection.

November 20th. 1914

[Assumed HMS Canopus]

My dear Dad

Perhaps you would like an account of our late doings, so I will tell you what happened since last you heard of me, which I think was when we were in the Falkland Islands.

We left the Falkland Islands on October 23rd, and made for the Straits of Magellan which we entered the next day. The next few days we spent in going through the Straits which were very fine. Although the mountains on each side were not very high, the tops of them were covered with snow, and they looked quite like Swiss Mountains. The sea was as calm as anything, and the scenery was for all the world like the Lake of Geneva from Lausanne. Of course it was very cold. I took several photos of both Tierra del Fuego and the American side, but they did not come out very well.

We got out of the Straits on the evening of the 27th and proceeded Northwards well out of sight of land.

We had two store ships in company which we were escorting. On the night of November 1st we had the action, an account of which you have doubtless by now received from me. It was during this night that we lost touch with our convoy because we increased speed and left them behind. The Captain spent a long and anxious time until he learnt they had reached port safely and his responsibility was over. As you know, after the action we and the Glasgow proceeded south again. On the evening of November 3rd we entered a channel called Messier Channel which runs parallel to the Chilean coast and joins the Straits of Magellan, East of the ordinary entrance. We had no charts of this channel, but luckily we had an officer on board who had been through it 36 times and practically knew the navigation of it by heart, and he took us through without charts. In some places the channel was no more than 200 yards across. The reason why we used this channel was in case the Germans got ahead of us and cut us off at the proper entrance to the Straits. However, nothing happened and we reached the Straits on the 5th. We went through the Straits and made for the Falkland Islands which we reached on the 8th. We had orders to proceed to Montevideo, but we simply had to stop at the Falklands for a day to coal. When we had finished we proceeded to Montevideo. But when we were half way there our orders were suddenly cancelled and we were told to return to the Falklands which we reached on the afternoon of the 12th. We have been there ever since. There is one great advantage in staying at one place and that is that we will probably get our mails fairly regularly. I hope everyone at home is quite well. We have got hold of some month old newspapers and are very pleased with life. With much love to all from Philip.

December 4th. 1914

HMS Canopus at the Falkland Isles

My dear Dad

I wish you a very happy Christmas! We are still in the Falkland Islands and are organising a proper defence in case the enemy meditate an attack. The only thing worth having is the wireless station which is invaluable to us as it is the only British wireless station in these parts.

You have doubtless seen in the papers all about the German owned merchantman [SS] Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse being sunk by our cruiser Highflyer [on the 26th August]. We had been specially sent out to the North Atlantic to sink her, but before we got there we found our work had been done for us by the Highflyer. We were frightfully sick.

Do you remember seeing about a Midshipman of the Cressy who saved 87 lives (or thereabouts) including that of his Commander, when the Cressy, Hogue and Aboukir went down. His name was Cazalet. Well he was a chap in our term who had mobilized with us from Dartmouth. Of course we were very glad to see it although we were sorry to see the list of the drowned Midshipmen, all of whom were in our term also. Talking of drowned people, eight people were drowned here while crossing a creek in a punt three days ago. The punt capsized, and none of them could swim so they were all drowned. They were not men from the ship, but from the shore. They grappled, dredged and dived for their dead bodies and succeeded in recovering 7. I had to convey them to town in my boat. It was pretty ghastly work!

Although Canopus seems to have taken but small part in the war, yet she has really done more than other ships hereabouts, and a good deal more than most ships in the Navy, for although we have not fought an action, yet we have kept all the trade routes clear and unmolested and frightened away any marauding German armed merchantmen or cruisers, that might have been skulking around.

We have run the ship hard and fast on to the mud (on purpose) so it looks as if we were going to stay here till the end of the war – whenever that will be.

Our poor dilapidated old engines have at least got a rest after tramping up and down the Atlantic and Pacific oceans for weeks on end with scarcely an interval.

I hope everyone at home is quite fit and well.

With love to all from your affectionate son, Philip.

December 26th. 1914

[Assumed HMS Canopus]

My dear Dad

We have left the Falkland Islands at last and have arrived at dear old Abrolhos Rocks again. My hat! But it's hot, being, of course, midsummer. We have not heard anything of the [SMS] Dresden since the action, and she seems to have escaped altogether although several of our ships are still looking for her. I wonder where our next destination will be, as I am sick of this hole. There are rumours flying around that we are going home, although I do not think this is likely; probably we will go back to Port Stanley again.

Yesterday was Christmas Day. We draped the gunroom with flags and made it look as cheerful as possible and scraped together a plum pudding (tinned) and a few crackers but a Christmas at sea is a very different one from one at home. Sunday in this ship always seems to be our unlucky day. For instance to-morrow (Sunday) we are going to coal ship and a pretty hot job it'll be.

The [SMS] Karlsruhe is still at large, doing occasional damage to our merchantmen, but we are getting up an organized hunt for her, so I expect she will soon be run to earth.

Hoping you are all well at home, and with much love to all.

I remain your loving son – Philip.

January 6th, 1915

[Assumed HMS Canopus]

My dear Guy

The mails seem to be going more regularly nowadays, so I seize the opportunity of writing.

There is another rumour going round the ship that we have to be in dock in Devonport by February 19th and so we are going to leave here on the 15th of this month. However, I don't suppose there is any truth in it, - there never is in these rumours.

We have been having a lot of target practice lately with 3 pounder sub-calibre stuck inside the 6" guns, and to-morrow we are going to have a regular battle-practice with the big guns at a target stuck in between two masts of a sunken wreck which is quite close.

We received a mail yesterday. I got a letter which apparently had been stuffed into one of the Commander's letters. It contained a set of photos of the family which I had already been sent some time ago. They were very good – did you take them?

There has been no confirmation as yet to the rumour about the [SMS] Dresden being sunk – I wish to goodness there were [the SMS Dresden was scuttled off Chile on 14th March, 1915].

There is an awful rumour that the [SMS] von der Tann" – one of Germany's battle-cruisers has escaped from the North Sea, and is coming down here to slaughter us. I hope, if that is true, that she will at any rate meet the Invincible and the Inflexible, who are homewards bound, before she comes to tackle us, as if not she will wipe us off the face of the earth.

I hope everyone at home is quite well and flourishing.

With much love to all from Philip.

February 15th, 1915

[Assumed HMS Canopus]

My dear Dad

We are in dock at the present moment, although not in dry dock. We expected to go into dry dock a day or two ago, but another ship bagged our place. We are expecting a store ship from England here soon – either tomorrow or the day after – and if it comes it ought with luck to bring us some mails, in which case I ought to get a uniform suit which I ordered from Gieve's while we were at the Falkland Islands. There is also a month's mail due to us which was sent to Abrolhos after we had left there, and that ought to arrive soon I suppose.

We are allowed ashore here every afternoon when we are not on duty, but have to be on board again by 7pm.

Last night some French officers came on board from one of the French ships which are here, and were entertained by our officers until very late. They sang songs and had drinks etc, and finished up by chanting the Marseillaise and "It's a long way to Tipperary" several times over and kicking up a most unholy shindy.

There is a Sports Club here which we have been invited to join. You pay your subscription, and you get lawn tennis, racquets, squash and all kinds of other games. It is a great placed. Most of the Gunroom has joined.

There are several snotties here whom we knew at Dartmouth, some even are the same term as we, and we ask some of them to dinner in the Canopus, and in return they ought to (but have not as yet) asked us back. We discuss the numerous actions which we have taken part [in] and such like interesting subjects.

Allow me with my own lily-white (?) hand to congratulate you on being appointed to the high and mighty post of Jurat! I suppose you spend most of your time now in town attending to the wants of the Island.

I hope everyone at home is quite well and flourishing.

With much love to all, your affectionate son, Philip.

March 6th, 1915

HMS Canopus

My dear Dad

I wish you many happy returns of the day. I hope this letter will arrive more or less on the right date, but of course one can't choose one's own time for letter-writing nowadays – one takes one's chance.

After leaving Malta, we went up to the Dardanelles [where] there are heaps of other ships bombarding the place. We have made a base of a small island just outside the entrance, and take it in turns to bombard. The other day it was our turn. We went up about 10 miles, past all the forts which have already been silenced, till we came to those which had not. It was our business to silence No 8 Fort which is on the European side [Fort 8 was actually on the Asiatic side of the straits!]. We opened fire on it, and got the range pretty quickly, and kept on firing with our 6" guns and an occasional shot from our 12". It was not until about 1 ½ hours after the start that the forts thought of returning our fire, but when they did so they were pretty accurate. They brought our main topmast down, made a large hole in the Quarterdeck, the shot going through and damaging the Ward Room, a hole was made in our after funnel, besides the damage done by splinters to the superstructure, boats, bridge etc. I picked up a small fragment of a shell, (they had been firing shrapnel) which I found on the Quarterdeck after the action. Anyhow we went on firing till sunset which was at about 4 o'clock, and then we chucked it in having silenced the fort. Next day we went along the Asiatic coast outside the Dardanelles hunting about for hidden field guns and things that might open fire if we attempted to land men or anything. We rooted out several and silenced them with our 6 inch – blew most of them into the air since we were at such close range. To-day we were mostly employed in watching where the shots from the big ships went who were firing overland and correcting their range for them since they could not see – we fired a few desultory shots ourselves P.

March 12th, 1915

HMS Canopus

My dear Dad

I received a letter from you yesterday, in which you made three guesses as to what we were going to do after leaving Malta. As you know already the first one was right. The other night we delivered a night attack on the Dardanelles, the whole ship being pitch dark herself. The mine-sweepers went ahead to sweep for mines of which they picked

up several, while we followed on astern, firing at any lights and searchlights which we saw on either shore. Some batteries replied to our fire, but no shells hit us. However it seemed that the Turks did more damage to us than we did to them, for although we only managed to extinguish one or two searchlights, yet they sank two of our mine-sweepers, one I am afraid going down with all hands, the other all were saved.

I believe we are going to start on the bigger forts in a day or two – the Canopus always seems to be in the thick of things. I am enclosing a picture of the Dardanelles taken out of a daily paper. It may help to give you some idea of how far we have got up them. If you hear any fatuous rumours about our having advanced 18 miles up the Dardanelles, you may be petty sure they are false, as I don't suppose we are more than 8 to 10 miles up at the very most, but then of course things always do get exaggerated don't they.

The Admiral has called for volunteers of officers (including Gunroom officers) to go in these trawlers and mine-sweepers. All the Gunroom of Canopus has volunteered, but then so many other people have, so I don't suppose we will get much of a chance.

Hoping you are all well at home.

With much love to all from Philip.

March 15th, 1915

HMS Canopus

My dear Guy

We spent all last night patrolling about outside the entrance to the Dardanelles, and in the morning, we came across a floating mine. We opened fire on it with rifles hoping to sink it, but nothing happened, although we hit it heaps of times. Then we tried a Maxim, which however was equally ineffective. A 3 pound gun was next tried, and after several shots we at last managed to sink it. That morning we went up the straits a bit, and later on came across another mine, which we sank as before by gun-fire.

In the afternoon we went to general quarters, and started firing on some shore batteries which had annoyed us on previous occasions. They returned our fire, and, although the range was very great, they managed to drop some shells pretty close to our Quarterdeck without hitting us however. About 3 o'clock or so we saw three more mines which were all sunk in the same way as the others had been.

The reason why so many floating mines were seen about was because every night, the mine sweepers go up to where the mine-field is, and by "creeping" they set free the mines from their moorings, and they float down with the current. About 5.30 pm we were relieved of our job by another ship and before leaving for our base or temporary "home" we pointed out two more mines to her which we had just caught sight of, and left her to sink them. But by this time the forts had woken up, and started to fire on her, hitting her several times. She returned the fire with great gusto.

I hope you are all well at home.

Love from Philip.

March 29th, 1915

HMS Canopus

My dear Dad

We have just been to one of the Greek islands round here for a couple of days' stand off.

During the afternoons, the officers were allowed to land, and on the second day I went ashore. The island itself was pretty dull, but there was an Australian camp there with a lot of Australian soldiers in it, and also there were a lot of black troops (Senegalese) who were practising disembarking from a troop-ship. They had all got claw-marks and scars on their faces as if they had been scratched by a panther (of course it was really artificial) but I expect they will give the Turks gyp. We went along the beach, and, as it was rather warm we thought we'd have a bathe, which we did. The water was very shallow, and we had to wade out for miles before it got deep enough to go under water.

It was pretty cold, too, and we were only able to stay in for about 10 minutes. After that we walked about the town (such as it was) and I bought a postcard and a box of Turkish Delight (they call it Greek Delight, as of course they will have nothing to do with Turkey now that war is declared). At 4 o'clock we returned to the ship.

While we were away from our base we heard that a hostile aeroplane had turned up and had dropped two bombs at our aeroplane ship, the first of which went about 100 yards ahead of it and the second only 10 feet away from her side. No damage was done, however, and the aeroplane went away because it was fired on by some anti-aircraft guns.

We are back again at our base, and last night we were patrolling. I don't know when we are going to make our next attack on the forts, but I hope it will be soon. I should have thought it would be fatal to leave them alone for such a long time as we have done, as they have probably mounted more guns all over the place now, but still, I suppose the Admiral knows best. There was some talk of our escorting a damaged ship back to Malta which would have been rather decent especially if we could have got ashore, but that plan has fallen through.

Did you know that Commander Samson the great airman is out here? Anyhow he is, and I expect he will shake things up a bit with his bombs.

Thank you for the Gieve waistcoat which turned up a few days ago. It is rather a fine and large contraption, [and] several of the officers here have got them. We call them "funk-waistcoats", and they can scarcely be noticed when worn underneath an ordinary coat. I always stuff mine on before going into action. Wynne said he owed his life to his "funk-waistcoat" when the Formidable went down.

With much love to all from your affectionate son Philip.

April 4th, 1915

HMS Canopus

My dear Guy

I am sending you a box of Turkish Delight obtained from one of the Greek islands hereabouts. I hope it will reach you safely, and if so that you will like it. I dare say you have heard of Commander Samson the great aviator, well he has sent out for midshipman volunteers to go up in his aeroplane for signalling duties – taking in and sending out Morse messages. Of course all our Gunroom volunteered, and I believe there may be a chance of my going, as I am fairly light and of course the lighter you are the better. I hope so anyhow, as it will be rather fun flying over the Chanak forts and dropping bombs on the 14 inch guns, and seeing them blow up. Of course they will snipe at us, and probably fire shrapnel at us, and we may even have a duel with another aeroplane (there are one or two hostile ones out here) but of course that will all be in the

day's work. All one has to do is take in messages probably made by searchlight, and send them out on a little wireless installation which they have got on most of these aeroplanes. Altogether it ought to be rather fine sport I should think unless we tumble out or get sniped.

The other day we went "Hunning" (as we call it) up the Straits. We came across a few small field guns which opened fire chiefly on the mine-sweepers, but we silenced them without much trouble.

I have not been out mine-sweeping again since that time I wrote about.

Excuse the shortness of this letter, but it is rather doubtful whether I shall catch the mail or not, so there is a bit of a hurry.

With much love to all from Philip.

April 15th, 1915

HMS Canopus at Skyros

My dear Dad

I am very sorry to hear that you have got mumps. I hope by the time you get this letter you will have got over them. Are you isolated from the rest of the family like I was? It always seems to be my fate to write home on coaling days. The last three or four letters have been written just after coaling besides numerous other odd times. Today we are also coaling. I have been having rather a fine time lately. We have just come back from Malta, where however we only stayed for one day to take in stores etc: and then we went to an island called Skyros which we have converted into a base, and we seem to be waiting here indefinitely for transports and things to turn up, as I believe, our Captain is in charge of the landing. We can bathe every day, as of course it is quite warm out here at this time of year. We have been ashore quite often, too, and the other day several of us landed with our rifles, but there is nothing whatsoever to shoot, in fact the island is practically uninhabited except for a few shepherds and some goats which roam about wildly

They don't seem to be getting much 'forrader' with this Dardanelles show in spite of all the things they say in the papers. The latest aeroplane reports state that they have mounted tons of new guns in places of the old ones which had been destroyed, and the place is practically as impregnable as ever. Still, I suppose these troops ought to shake things up a bit if the landing is successful, especially these black Senegalese troops who have been brought out.

I hope everyone at home is quite well, and that you and Guy have got over your mumps.

With much love to all from your affectionate son Philip.

May 2nd, 1915

HMS Canopus

My dear Guy

I wish you many happy returns of the day. Of course this letter will reach you about 3 weeks late, but out here one has to take one's chance of a mail leaving, a thing which never happens unless some steamship or collier has to go to Malta for supplies in which case she takes the fleet's mails with her.

I suppose I may as well tell you about the lucky accident which resulted in my getting a slight scratch which I proudly call a "wound". I was sitting in my boat which was alongside the pontoon on the beach waiting for the wounded to come along. Shrapnel was bursting overhead, and the bullets were splashing all around us, several in fact, got into the boat. I was hit on the head by a shrapnel bullet and started bleeding like a pig. Luckily the thing was spent, and so, after being bandaged up at a Field Ambulance place, I was quite all right. The firing was very heavy that day, and bullets were dropping all around us. I picked up a couple as souvenirs. Besides all that, a Turkish warship anchored up the straits, suddenly opened fire across the Gallipoli peninsular, at the British transports and men-of-war. However, no harm was done. Since then, every morning at about 4 a.m. that ship has fired about 10 rounds at the British fleet concentrated off Gaba Tepe without doing any damage. After letting this go on for a day or two, passively, we thought we would give her a little surprise, so one fine morning an hour before their normal show began (viz 3 a.m.) every battleship, at a given signal, loosed off a couple of 12 inch guns at her, while a seaplane went up to see what the effect was. The latter reported that our salvo went about 100 yards short and had had the effect of clearing the ship out. She reappeared again however and since then, almost every morning at about 3.30 a.m. we exchange the compliments of the season with her. She has registered a hit on a collier (nothing serious) and several shots have pitched quite close to the Canopus, fragments of the shells falling on the Quarterdeck. A Hun aeroplane has also started to make itself objectionable, and has turned up here, and this morning started dropping bombs at a sort of captive balloon affair which we keep from which to observe how the land fighting goes on. The animals (meaning the captive balloon) escaped being bombed, and the Hun aeroplane got well peppered with shrapnel for its pains and cleared out.

The Admiral here seems rather a wag. Anyhow he is rather fond of surprise packets for the unsuspecting Turks at a given signal from him. The other day he gave the order that at 7 p.m. that day all ships were to open fire with shrapnel (concentrating on a certain square of land where the Turkish trenches were) and fired rapid salvos for ¼ of an hour when every ship would cease fire. Accordingly we did this, and, at a given signal we all opened fire together and gave the Turks one of the warmest ¼ of an hours they have ever had. I should think that every ship (warship) there must have got rid of 75 to 100 rounds of 6 inch shrapnel in those momentous 15 minutes.

You ought to be out here if you are feeling at all dull – I can assure you there is no lack of excitement in this part of the world. Of course I have given up all hopes of aeroplaning.

I see a good deal of de Wet [Eric Oloff de Wet (on JRoH)?] here, I suppose you know he is in the London which is out here. He is quite well and flourishing. I hope everyone at home is quite well.

With love to all – hope I shall be home soon from Philip.

PS: We have been coaling today again.

May 6th, 1915

HMS Canopus

My dear Dad

I am sending you two photographs. They are not up to much, I know. One is of the Canopus (the thing in the foreground is an oar) taken by me, and the other is of her

Commander (PJ Stopford RN) not taken by me. There has been rather a fuss made about photos lately as it turns out that someone has been sending films containing pictures valuable to the enemy to Malta to be developed, and the photographers there have let some percolate through to Italy, so nowadays one has to obtain permission to send any photos at all out of the ship.

All the Canopus' snotties except two (myself being one) are being borne temporarily in the London where they are employed in conveying the wounded men in boats from the shore to various transports which are acting as hospital ships. I am glad I am not one of them as it appears that they get practically no food on board the London, besides that there are 29 people in the Gunroom, which means an unholy squash, and they have to sling their own hammocks, whereas if they want clean clothes they have to wash their own dirty ones themselves. Altogether they do not get much of a time, the only advantage being that they can pick up as many shells etc, as curios off the beach as they like, but as I have already got a Turkish bayonet and several rifle and shrapnel bullets, that does not worry me any. The other day four of them managed to get off to this ship for a few hours and they seemed very sorry for themselves.

A few days ago we were treated to rather an interesting spectacle. The Admiral had sent us to see about an observation hut of which he suspected the existence round the corner, and he sent us to wipe it out. We went along there and landed some troops from a destroyer who found a trench containing 26 Turks all fast asleep. Our fellows charged the trench, woke the Turks up rather suddenly with cold steel, killing 8, capturing 16 of which 3 were wounded and 2 escaped without a single casualty on our side. They then demolished the observation hut and returned to the destroyer. The whole thing took place not very far inland so we could watch it quite comfortably from the ship through our telescopes.

George (as we call the Turkish ship which I mentioned in my last letter to Guy) has not been doing much in the matinee line lately. Yesterday he fired two ineffectual shots, but before that and since then he has been remarkably quiet. I expect he had been thoroughly cowed.

We seem to be getting on as well as is to be expected on land though not much news is given to us as to what results are being obtained.

There has been rather an absence of mails lately, the last lot we received being a good fortnight ago, but of course we think nothing of that having been without them for two months or so at the beginning of the commission.

I hope you are quite well and are bearing up bravely under the strain of being a Jurat. With much love to all from your affectionate son, Philip.

May 1915

HMS Canopus

My dear Dad

The submarine scare turned out to be quite a justifiable one after all. Several times we heard that there was one in the neighbourhood, whereupon we had closed all water-tight doors (which meant that the Gunroom is inaccessible) and steamed about in circles keeping a sharp look-out but it was not until yesterday that we actually saw the effects of it. The flap started at 7.30 a.m., so we were under way all the forenoon. We

were off Gaba Tepe at the time, but we were expecting to be relieved by the Vengeance some time during the forenoon after which we were going to Mudros to coal and ammunition. At about 10.00 a.m. we sighted the Vengeance coming along to relieve us, when she was about five miles off she suddenly altered course, and appeared to be steaming away from us. We wondered what was up, but presently she signalled to us that she had sighted a submarine and was trying to avoid it. Later on she signalled that the submarine had fired a torpedo at her which had barely missed. The scare immediately got worse, and all ships which were anchored, weighed, and we all cruised about independently. By that time the Vengeance was close to us, but our Captain, being the senior NO [Naval Officer] out there, shifted over to the Vengeance, while we cleared out for Mudros without him and [with] a Destroyer as escort. At 12.30 I was standing on the Quarterdeck with several other people, when someone shouted out "They've bagged the Triumph". We all looked at her through our glasses (we were about 4 miles away) and saw her heeled over at about an angle of 60 degrees. She was actually struck at 12.26 and sank soon after 12.30. All torpedo craft and trawlers immediately dashed to her aid and about 700 survivors were picked up, which was very good work indeed as it seems very few people were lost. Still, it is a very great disaster, as besides the loss to the Navy, one has to consider the effect it will have on the Turks bucking them up considerably. In fact some Turkish officers who were captured said that the Turks would have chucked up the sponge long ago if it had not been for the sinking of the Irresistible, Ocean and Bouvet on March 18th.

The Triumph was a pre-Dreadnought battleship, a sister ship to the Swiftsure both of which were purchased by us from Chile. She carried 4 10 inch guns and 14 7.5's besides several smaller ones. The Swiftsure is also out here. The Triumph was engaged in the capture of Tsing-tao at the beginning of the war, and had not been home for 3 years, so it was especially bad luck for the people of those who were drowned.

I think Canopus is about the luckiest ship in the service (Touch wood). Whenever a disaster occurs we always seem either to miss it or clear out just in time – viz 1. Off the coast of Brazil where we were nearly torpedoed by the [SMS] Karlsruhe. 2. Missing the Coronel action. 3. Admiral Sturdee's fleet turned up just in time to save us from Von Spee at [the] Falkland Islands. 4. Missing the TB which sank the Goliath by 10 minutes. 5. Missing the submarine which sank the Triumph by a hair's breath. Still, we are not out of the woods yet.

It is quite hot out here nowadays, and we bathe whenever we get a chance, and occasionally sleep on deck. Do my letters have any stamps on them? It is of course impossible to get stamps on board, and no one puts any on their letter, but I often wonder if you have to pay double at the other end, or whether they stamp "On active service. No stamps available" on them as I have seen done to many letters.

The old Reindeer on which we have done many a cross-channel journey, is now out here – probably her last job as she is pretty old isn't she? She was along with us at Gaba Tepe when last I saw her (a few days ago). Was it she or the Roebuck which was almost torpedoed in the Channel some time ago?

Please write as often as possible – I have not received a letter from home for 3 mails running. Of course I get the illustrateds regularly (thank you very much for them) but a letter is much more highly prized than an illustrated.

I hope everyone at home is quite all right. I suppose this war will end some day, and we shall all get some leave.

With much love to all from your affectionate son, Philip.

June 19th, 1915

HMS Canopus at Malta

My dear Dad

I am sending you the key of my sea-chest in case you have not been able to open it. Towards the bottom of it you will find heaps of books. Out of these please select "Inman's Nautical Tables" and "Hall's Navigation", and send them to me. We have started instructions again having knocked off while at the Dardanelles, and our Navigating Officer has refused to teach us Navigation unless we each have these books and has ordered us to send home for them at once which I hereby have done.

It appears that we have been ordered to remain in Malta until at least the end of the month to have some repairs done in the engine room. We are taking the opportunity therefore of having several other minor repairs done in other parts of the ship, and although we have not actually gone into dry-dock, yet the ship is crowded with dockyard hands, and the hammering and riveting goes on practically day and night. Unfortunately they are mending the hole in the Quarterdeck amongst other things, and so now it will be no longer noticeable, and we will present a much more pacified and less warlike appearance to visitors, but I expect that will soon be remedied after another month or so at the Dardanelles.

We are getting as much leave as possible, although now that we are doing instructions in addition to our ordinary work it does not amount to very much, and we are living on the accumulated surplus of our pay. We had hoped at one time that the Commander might give us snotties 48 hours leave if we stayed long enough in Malta, but have long since given up all idea of that.

The Albion sailed this morning – presumably for the Dardanelles – with both Maclean and Bev de Jersey on board.

While in Malta we are taking the chance of replenishing and adding to our store of gramophone records – we have got rather a decent gramophone which belongs to the Gunroom Mess – for of course having heard the same old records for months on end without a change, they are apt to get a bit stale, besides several having been broken in the crash of cannonades and the furious strife!

The walls of the Gunroom, although bare of woodwork which was stripped down ages ago when we had a fire scare in the South Atlantic, are now ornamented with Turkish rifles, bayonets, entrenching tools and shells arranged in fantastic positions all over the place and they look very imposing and warlike.

I never asked permission to send that last set of photos which I sent home, as I clean forgot all about it, But I don't suppose any fuss will be made about them, in fact I doubt if they will even censor the letter, and anyhow the photos are so rotten as to be absolutely useless to a Hun.

With much love to all from your affectionate son, Philip.

June 11th, 1915

HMS Canopus at Malta

My dear Guy

We arrived in Malta all right without being torpedoed, and will probably stay here at least 10 days to have several minor repairs done, so we ought to have a fairly decent time of it.

It is simply appalling the amount of French ships there are in the harbour compared with the number of English ones. There are at present a dozen large French battleships and cruisers beside several Destroyers and Torpedo boats as against 3 English battleships and about 2 cruisers. As for our Torpedo craft, they are all out looking for submarines and only come in for a day at a time to coal and provision. The French navy seem to be doing absolutely nothing.

An enemy submarine was yesterday reported to be hiding in one of the bays around Malta, and also a supply ship of ours was reported torpedoed just outside Lemnos and several other rumours have been flying around like that lately, but nothing has ever come of them.

I went on leave yesterday for the afternoon and hope to do so a good many times yet before we leave – I have reckoned it out that with luck I can get ashore 3 afternoons out of 5 which is not bad going, although there is of course a good deal to do on the two days you are aboard. There is a topping bathing place just outside the town, and of course at this time of year the water is ripping and warm. The Albion is here with us, and Maclean is in her. I am going out with him this afternoon – I believe he is going to get himself tattooed, and it will be rather fun to watch him in his agony, especially if he gets blood-poisoning or something. A good many of Canopus' Gunroom have got themselves tattooed on the arm, I have not got as far as that yet.

After we have finished with Malta most people think we are going back again to the Dardanelles. Some optimists go so far as to say that we are going home, but I don't believe that. I have given up expecting to come home ages ago after the disappointments

We have [heard], in fact I shall not believe we are going home until either I see the official orders or am told personally by the Captain, that we are going to Devonport.

I hope you will excuse the shortness of this letter, but there is no news to tell you, and being in Malta there are of course no submarines, mines, forts, torpedo boats, shells, battleships, aeroplanes or such like things to annoy us.

I hope you are quite well – I suppose you are in the middle of the summer term
With much love from Philip.

June 23rd, 1915

HMS Canopus at Malta

My dear Guy

I am sending you a few postcards, and hope that they are the kind you want. There are not so many of the kind to be had in Malta, but what there are I hope are not duplicates of what you have already got. One of them you will notice is an imaginary picture of the battle of the Falklands Islands.

We are still at Malta and having a good time. Last Monday I went out for a sail with another chap in a little sailing boat which we hired. There was a strong breeze, and we went outside the harbour and tacked up against the wind for about 5 or 6 miles. It was pretty rough in the open, but we turned into a little sheltered cove where we anchored and bathed. We stayed there for some time, and then came back to Valetta at a terrific pace with the wind directly astern of us.

They have almost finished mending the hole in our Quarterdeck, and now I don't suppose we will stay here much more than a week so we must make the best of our time here.

This morning we were to have shifted our billet and gone alongside another wharf further up the harbour, but somehow it didn't come off.

Our captain has started a scheme in which about 60 of the ships company together with 6 officers (2 Lieutenants and 4 snotties) go to a place about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile away and do rifle and squad drill at 6.15 every morning for exercise. It starts to-morrow morning. I shall be going the day after to-morrow I suppose. It is rather a bore because it stops one having a bathe before breakfast, and rifle and squad drill at the best of times is horrible. With much love from Philip.

July 3^d, 1915

HMS Canopus at Mudros

My dear Dad

I was very sorry to hear that you were having trouble with your teeth. I hope you have got over it by now without the loss of too many of them.

We left Malta, as we expected, the day after I wrote my last letter, and arrived at Mudros two days later without meeting any submarines or anything more warlike than a French hospital ship on the way. We are now stuck in the harbour, and likely to stay there for an indefinite time so far as I can see. It appears now that the reason why we stayed so long in Malta was because they were trying to decide at the Admiralty whether to send the Canopus home or to send her out here again. They eventually decided on the latter, chiefly because one of the other ships of our class out here has developed serious boiler troubles, and they have been forced to pay her off, and of course they could not spare two ships from the Dardanelles at so short an interval, and so back we had to go again and here we are. Still it was rather a pity – so near and yet so far sort of touch.

You must know we are the crack ship out here both as regards efficiency and having been out here so long. We know all the routine so to speak. All the skippers of trawlers swear by us, and say that they will never go mine-sweeping up the Straits unless the Canopus is there to back them up, as they say that all the other battleships seem frightened of letting off a round or two at the Turkish batteries, and the result is the trawlers get thoroughly shelled. We on the other hand are rather prodigal than otherwise with our ammunition, in fact once or twice our Captain has been told about it by the Admiral. But of course that was in the high and far-off times, and nowadays our guns are drooping and wilting like flowers for want of a shot through them.

Thank goodness at any rate we are in a fairly decent billet in the harbour – that is to say near the entrance. That means the water is fairly clean and consequently we are able to

bathe over the side which we were not allowed to do last time we were here when we were further up the harbour, and the water was filthy.

They seem to be getting on very well at Seddul Bahr and V beach according to the reports, although we are remaining stationary at Gaba Tepe. This of course we are doing on purpose as we don't wish to advance there, and the Turks can't budge us out of our position as we are so well entrenched.

The submarines which created such a scare a few weeks ago now seem to have evaporated into thin air for which I am profoundly thankful and hope they will never make their appearances again. Rumour – always to the fore - has it that there are 5 Hun submarines up at Chanak which are unable to get down because of a net which we have stretched across the Straits; but I think that is rather a fatuous yarn.

With much love to all from your affectionate son Philip.

July 13th, 1915

HMS Canopus at Meteline

My dear Dad

Thank you very much for the quid which you sent me. You ask when I was rated Midshipman. In the last Navy List the date was August 4th, 1914, and certainly I receive midshipman's pay – 1/9d a day – from that date.

We are at present lying in a place called Port Iero in the island of Meteline (pronounced Mettyleeny) off the coast of Smyrna. We are on the Smyrna Patrol, i.e. in charge of the operations out here. It is not a bad place as Greek places go – you can get good sailing as there is always a wind. The Gunroom have clubbed together to hire a native sailing boat for a week with a man to look after her. She lies alongside the ship all day, and whenever we want to go for a picnic or anything, why we take our own boat. It is much more satisfactory than having to rely on the Commander letting us have one of the ship's boats which he would be very unlikely to do, as there is a lot of boat work to do and they would all be required for duties.

One can always get good bathing too, both from the ship's side and from the shore which is a great thing. The water is always warm here, so one can bathe even in a gale of wind. By dint of much practising chiefly carried out at a ripping bathing place in Malta, I can dive off the Quarterdeck. I think we are pretty well a fixture here, although of course one can never tell – we thought we were a fixture at the Abrolhos Rocks and again at the Falkland Islands.

The snotty whom I told you about who missed the ship when he [?] went to Malta has now made up for his bad luck through the Captain's decency who has sent him to Malta for a fortnight by the first ship that left for there from Mudros. He is there now I suppose – the lucky blighter. Still, I suppose he deserves it.

I had not heard anything about de Wet's accident on a pony at Malta until I got the family's lurid tidings yesterday – I suppose he will be all right again by now, I hope so anyway.

One of our snotties applied to be sent to one of the trawlers out here engaged in patrol and despatch work – and got it too. She is one of the latest type of trawlers and mounts a 3 pounder gun and is fitted with wireless. He will be 2nd in command, the Captain

being a Lieutenant RN. I should think it would be all right, but only for a short time as you would soon get sick of it. He does not seem particularly enthusiastic about the post though he says he likes it well enough.

We coaled this morning from a collier which had been with us at Gaba Tepe during the early days of the proceedings there. She was the one (I don't remember whether I told you about her but I think I did) who got struck by a large Turkish shell during one of the old "morning hates" Although she has been repaired at Malta there are still a few splinter holes left in her ventilating cowls and funnel. She is quite an old friend therefore.

I hope your teeth and gums are not giving you any more trouble – toothache is a rotten show altogether isn't it?

With much love to all from your affectionate son Philip.

August 3^d, 1915

HMS Canopus, Metylene

My dear Dad

Some time ago I ordered 2 suits of white duck from Gieve's besides a few collars and cap-covers, which I was rather in need of. They have just arrived here, so I am just wondering about the inevitable bill (unless it has already come) – so I hope that will be all right.

The Gunroom is at present very empty of inhabitants. Our full strength used to be 1 sub, 1 clerk, 1 snotty RNR and 10 snotties – 13 all told. Since then 2 have gone sick, 2 are in trawlers, 2 are going to HMS Doris, 1 has left for home (being too delicate or something to stand the strain) and 1 is on leave in Malta. Thus we are reduced to 5 all told.

It is exactly a year since I joined the Canopus – a bit more as a matter of fact because we joined on the Monday night and it is now Tuesday afternoon. Although it seems as if we had been in the ship a long time, yet it doesn't seem as long as a year to me. Anyhow we have managed to cram a good deal of excitement into that one year. I wonder when we shall next sight Devonport – the first step towards home.

An extraordinary looking destroyer came into port this morning. She had enormously tall masts and several queerly placed guns which turned out to be 4 inch. We discovered eventually that she was a destroyer which we had been building for the Portuguese Navy, but which, on completion, we had bought from her.

We are expecting a mail some time this evening, at about 6 p.m., we generally get one regularly once a week, every Tuesday, which is not so bad. I hope there will be something for me.

We are still lying at anchor in Port Iero without much prospect of anything turning up. It is appallingly hot, but unfortunately the water round the ships is so dirty that it is impossible to get a decent bathe from the ship's side, but you have to go away from the ship in a small boat.

Nothing further seems to have been heard about submarines, but I expect there is at least one outside the harbour, waiting for all that.

There is absolutely no news to tell you – we simply exist on as best we can.

*I hope everyone is quite well.
With love from your son Philip.*

August, 1915

HMS Rattlesnake, Port Iero

My dear Dad

I have been sent to the destroyer Rattlesnake for a short time (about a fortnight I expect) to learn Navigation etc. We are engaged in Patrol work off the Smyrna coast and it is great sport. This morning we returned from a 3 day patrol having done nothing particularly thrilling although we stopped and boarded nearly every vessel and steamer we saw. You see our job is to blockade Smyrna and the surrounding coast and to prevent any contraband of war pass. As a matter of fact one of the smaller ships we stopped had a ton of wheat (which is contraband on board) but as her papers were correct we let her go. We now put in 3 days in Port Iero before going on patrol for another 3 days. It is not worth while addressing your letters to HMS Rattlesnake as we are in port every 3 days, and I can easily go across to the Canopus to collect my mail.

You went across to Guernsey in a destroyer once didn't you? But still there is no harm in describing the Rattlesnake.

She is a fairly modern craft with a complement of about 95 men and 5 officers, mounts 1 4 inch gun and 3 pounder and several 18" Torpedo tubes. She has a speed of 27 knots. Of course the Officers quarters were rather crowded seeing there was an officer on board for taking charge of the prize crew if we took a prize besides yours humbly, but I sleep on a couch in the Ward Room and shared the First Lieutenant's cabin for washing purposes and so am quite comfortable. At sea I keep 3 hours watch a day and the remainder of the time I take sights, fix the ship's position twice daily, find the error of the compass and generally mess about picking up Navigation.

We carry 5 officers as I said before. One Lieutenant Commander (the Captain) 1 Lieutenant (the 1st Lieutenant) 1 sub, 1 Gunner and 1 Engineer Officer. They are all very decent especially the 1st Lieutenant and the sub. I don't know what work I will do in harbour as it has not yet been settled (we only arrived this morning) but I expect it will consist of correcting charts and bringing the Sailing Directory and Light Lists up to date.

Altogether I am having a topping time and hope I stay here till the end of the war.

At present we have just finished coaling and most of the ship's company have gone ashore.

By the bye I made a mistake in my last letter in saying that the Torgat Reis had been sunk by a British submarine in the Sea of Marmora. Apparently the signal read "One of the Torgat Reis class" namely Barbarossa. Still it doesn't much matter which one it was though it would be decent to think that our former "hate" would hate us no more – I expect she soon will be sunk with any luck sooner or later.

I believe our troops are getting on splendidly in the Gallipoli Peninsular and advancing fast. We are of course leading a very passive existence compared with when the troops first landed at Gaba Tepe.

I only wish the Rattlesnake was covering the Australian's Left Flank as she was a couple of months ago – then we'd see some sport. Seeing that the official censor is out of the ship, I am going to censor this letter myself, and stamp it as such.

With much love to you all from your affectionate son, Philip

September 5th, 1915

HMS Canopus, Port Iero

My dear Dad

My time in the Rattlesnake is up now and I have returned to the Canopus much to my disgust. The reason for that was the new Commander (the old one having left) thought it was not advisable to have so many Midshipmen out of the ship, in trawlers and destroyers at once but that we ought to be all in the Canopus so that we could be given regular courses of instruction. Accordingly he has recalled us all and now we have a fixed routine altogether. We go for a route march at 5.30 every morning, and the rest of the day is used up with instructions, physical drills, signal exercises etc etc. He also shakes the ship's company up a good deal and has totally revised the stations for coaling ship. The consequence was that this morning we took in 400 tons in slightly under 2 ½ hours, an average of about 165 tons an hour and our record.

Another item of news is that our sub (AEB Giles) has received the DSO. He got it quite suddenly a day or two ago. Apparently during the Falkland Islands action (He was in the Inflexible) he went down below and closed some water-tight doors or something of the sort thus saving the ship from sinking or at any rate being disabled. Nobody quite knows what he did and he refuses to tell anyone about it and gets quite shy and bashful if you mention anything about it and positively bored if anyone congratulates him. Still it is a great achievement, though it was funny him not hearing of it till now.

Not until the 15th of this month does our time as Midshipman properly start. All the time before this had it been peace time would have been spent at Dartmouth, in the training cruiser or on leave. I don't suppose the extra time we have put in will make any difference to our seniority, but we will take our time with the others starting from Sept 15th.

Mammy and Guy seem to be having a very pleasant time in London in spite of it being wartime, and they do not seem to find it so changed as one might expect. I only hope to goodness the Zeppelins keep clear of London while they are there.

All kinds of rumours have been reaching us as to England being so hard up for men on the continent that they are not going to send out any more troops to Gallipoli, also that the Italians are going to send an Expeditionary Force to the Dardanelles and Bulgaria has joined in against us.

I wish one could get some reliable information out here without having to wait for the English papers, also that the Press Messages were more definite and truthful.

There was a concert on board the Canopus a night or two ago got up amongst ourselves, but I was in the Rattlesnake at the time and so did not see it, but I was told that it was a great success. The Captain afterwards got up and said he expected the Canopus would stay here the whole of the winter.

*I believe our old sub (Flynn) who left us to go to a destroyer is coming back again so that we will have 2 subs though of course it is not quite certain.
Hoping that you are all quite well and love from
Your affectionate son, Philip.*

September 14th, 1915

HMS Canopus

My dear Guy

You must have had a ripping time of it in London (or are you still there?) Of course it is ages since you were there last but I should think that would make it all the more interesting to go there after such a long time and having forgotten most of the things there.

I was very pleased to receive a photograph of Mammy and you this afternoon, although I did not think it was a very good likeness seeing that you looked as if you had just received news that all your living relatives had kicked the bucket not to mention the Germans having won the war.

Last Sunday being of course a free day more or less we got the Commander's permission to use one of the boats, and after dinner the whole Gunroom set off on a picnic taking our tea with us. We sailed across the harbour to a place which we call Naboth's vineyard because it is full up with the most delicious grapes. As soon as we got there, all the Greeks fussed round and insisted on supplying us with a huge basket of the most luscious grapes (which of course we accept with great vim giving him a tin of biscuits, some sardines and condensed milk in exchange at which he seemed mightily pleased).

We bathed before tea and then boiled our own water on an open-air fire and sat down to a sumptuous feed on the grub which we brought with us and which proved ample. After tea we slacked about generally, some going for walks and others stopping behind. By this time the wind had dropped completely and there was a flat calm. Luckily for us however at about 5.30 a breeze sprang up and we were able to sail back to the ship instead of having to pull back which we should otherwise have had to do.

I am writing this letter under very trying circumstances as Flynn (the sub) insists on my playing the gramophone at the same time, so I have to sort of jam on a record and write a few lines while it is playing and trust to luck to remembering where I left off in the letter. Also I have to catch the post before turning in seeing the mail leaves at some unearthly hour to-morrow morning (about 4 a.m.)

This afternoon I received my second dose of inoculation and am now finished with the "body-snatchers" (doctors). One good result of this inoculation is that they let one off the route march at 5.30 a.m. to-morrow morning because it is supposed to be bad to take exercise immediately after the operation.

For some obscure and mysterious reason the Commander has decreed that no snotties shall bathe before breakfast. Of course we are all frightfully sick at this as the early morning is about the best time to have a dip although the water is pretty filthy, but anyhow we can always get into the ditch in the dog-watches after a strenuous game of deck-hockey which we almost invariably play, the Wardroom joining in with the Gunroom and playing together.

*At present we have got two subs in the mess (Flynn having arrived this morning) but I think the other one (Giles) is soon leaving, anyhow he has applied to go in a destroyer.
Love to all from Philip*

October 3^d, 1915

HMS Canopus, Port Iero

My dear Dad

I hoped the Loan Exhibition came off well and plenty of oof [?] was forthcoming. The photos are all old ones and very badly taken but as I happened to be in a photographic mood I printed them for something to do and hereby enclose a few copies some of which I have already sent home.

Both our Wardroom and Gunroom have got up a racing galley's crew. We go out rowing in the Captain's galley every morning and some times in the evening as well. The idea is to eventually take on a rival crew of the Euryalus (our fellow sufferer at Port Iero of the same class as the Aboukir, Cressy and Hogue). But seeing that the Euryalus cannot raise more than 5 snotties altogether and a galley's crew consists of 7 hands (6 and a coxswain) I doubt very much whether our race at any rate will come off. Still we practice very assiduously under the Padre's coaching.

The Euryalus by-the-bye has been at Port Iero even longer than we have so I should think she must be pretty well fed up with it. If you remember, she played a very minor part in the Battle of the Bight at the beginning of the war when Rear Admiral Christian flew his flag there.

We are engaged in making numerous preparations for the winter, so it looks as if we were going to stay here for months yet. For instance all the flimsy wooden piers and landing stages used by the Greeks are being replaced by respectable concrete ones built at the expense of the Admiralty and guaranteed to stand the winter gales. Also another very good thing which is being done is that a make-shift hockey ground is being made ashore. Where, with any luck we should be able to have some good amusement later on, they have only just found a suitable place and have not yet actually started levelling it off roughly so I don't know whether the enterprise will be a success or not.

The weather has suddenly taken a remarkable turn for the better, so although last week we were in full blues, now we are in ducks again and bathing daily. I only hope it lasts.

The other day the Euryalus went out for a few days to take General Hamilton across to Salonika, but she is back again up this morning. Goodness knows what Sir Ian Hamilton wants to go to Salonika for, but still he went there, and I saw the fact mentioned in the press telegram. Where on earth did you see that report about a German submarine being caught just off Metylene? I assure you it is quite a fictitious rumour since no submarine has been caught anywhere near here although one has been seen several times. I expect the report got into some papers through Athens which is almost as unreliable as the Berlin fabrications. I only wish to goodness a submarine could be caught out here as goodness knows they have done enough damage; although not lately, I saw the Rattlesnake mentioned in Admiral de Robeck's despatches the other day for good work in sweeping up the Straits.

With much love from your affectionate son Philip.

October 11th, 1915

HMS Canopus, Port Mudros

My dear Guy

I hope the family has received a mail or two lately from me because I hear that it is quite possible that the collier Craigstone which took one of our mails from Port Iero to Malta has been sunk by a German submarine on its way there. This however is not at all certain but only rumour but anyhow I thought it would do no harm to scribe another epistle.

The [SS] Olympic went out of harbour this morning at about 7.30, not however before we had pulled once round her in the galley to examine her at close quarters. My word she is colossal! She dwarfs every other ship in the harbour, and the wash which she kicked up with her screws as she was turning round would have swamped a small boat.

There are all sorts and kinds of ships in the harbour – how I wish I had my camera! French ships of every description, English transport and liners, battleships from the Lord Nelson class down to the ancient Mars, cruisers ancient and modern, monitors with 14” guns and tripod masts, smaller monitors with 9.2” and 6” guns, some of the latest destroyers of the L class, submarines, hospital ships, colliers, store-ships, mine-sweepers, mine-layers, trawlers, torpedo boats etc etc etc. almost every kind of ship that was ever built has a representative in Mudros harbour, and all are under Admiral Wemyss. Of course it is impossible to bathe since the whole harbour is covered with ships refuse, soapy water, old tins and boxes etc and all floating about promiscuously, and the stink which rises from it is the distinctive smell of Mudros harbour.

War with Bulgaria is I believe very imminent. Some Bulgarian guns are said to have fired a few shots the other day at our trawlers and destroyers patrolling the Bulgarian coast near Dedeagatch [now Alexandroupoli] in the Gulf of Xeros, and the Russian trawlers are also supposed to have been engaged, Certain ships have already been told off to deal with the town of Dedeagatch in case of war, they have got their orders cut and dried so that immediately war is declared they can carry on.

There are rumours also that Greece is not as friendly towards us as she might be. Goodness knows what will happen if we go to war with her which personally I think is not likely to happen. We shall at any rate bag all their islands like Lemnos, Imbros, Tenedos and Metylene etc which would be quite worth having, also it would be rather fun to bombard Salonika and Athens and a few more of their towns near the coast.

I wonder whether we shall go to Suvla Bay. It is rather a fine place I hear. At any rate there is plenty of excitement for you get fired at the whole time – much worse than Gaba Tepe which is now from all accounts quite harmless. Of course it is quite possible that we shall go back to Iero again as soon as our Captain is well, but I hope we go to Suvla or do some bombarding on the Bulgarian Coast.

Hope you are quite well. Chin-chins to all from Philip.

October 19th, 1915

HMS Canopus, Suvla Bay

My dear Grandmamma

Thank you so much for the quid which you sent me. As you know we are at Suvla at present which is the place where the latest landing took place. It is quite a different place from Gaba Tepe, as it is much flatter and there are no steep cliffs but only a

gentle slope leading up to the top of a cliff about a mile away from the beach. Our trenches are about 1 ½ miles inland.

Apparently there was not anything like so much opposition to this landing as there had been to the other ones, in fact if it had not been for misunderstood orders or something our troops could have pushed on much further inland before entrenching themselves. But then there is always some bungle or other somewhere on these occasions.

It seems to be a very half-hearted show here altogether. True the ships fire a few rounds every day, but the Turks scarcely ever seem to reply to our fire and even when they do they don't seem to do much damage. As a matter of fact during the last two or three days or so they have bucked up considerably, I think it must be because they have received their fortnightly (or whatever it may be) supply of ammunition. Anyhow last Sunday they blazed off in fine style, first at a store ship or two lying inside the net and which they only missed by a few feet, then they had a go at our artillery ashore and succeeded in knocking out a 60 pounder field gun, they then started shelling the beaches with a result of several dead mules. Altogether it was quite a "hate" for them.

They don't seem to pay much attention to us battleships, and although the Glory (our fellow comrade out here) has been struck three times (before we appeared) yet up to date we are scatheless although shells meant for the unprotected transports etc: beyond us frequently go whistling over our heads.

The greatest pests here are the flies. They simply swarm. Of course they all come from the shore, being blown on board by the winds. I should have thought that in the middle of October it would have been too cold for them to live, but they apparently seem to flourish, although the cold has made them very sluggish so that instead of settling on your face for an instant like any self-respecting fly and flying away again, they stay there for simply ages – until they are driven off in fact. Still that same sluggishness makes them all easier to swat. In time I suspect they will all die like cockroaches have of which we have also had a pest.

The wounded here amount to about 100 a day, of which only from 20 to 30 are casualties by gunfire etc, the remainder being all dysentery cases, a disease which has been raging through the whole of the Gallipoli peninsular for months past. A short time in Malta, however soon sets them right.

I wonder whether they will ever wind up this show out here or whether it will drag on until the European War is over – it certainly looks like it at present.

I hope you are all well at Bon air.

Love to all from your affectionate son (!) Philip

October 21st, 1915

HMS Canopus, Suvla Bay

My dear Dad

I got ashore this afternoon much to my astonishment. Apparently the Commander has either forgotten that my leave is stopped or else he has had compassion on one in my loneliness, anyhow he let me go. We did not go very far (of course one is not allowed up to the trenches unless in khaki) but stayed with the beach-master at C beach who is an RNR Lieutenant who used to be in the Canopus. He gave us tea and we gave him some newspapers, he took us to his various dug-outs which are very sumptuous as he

is in command of the whole of the peninsular on the Southern side of Suvla Bay and therefore a great personage. We yarned the time away, and he sent us back in his picket boat together with several pieces of shells etc, in the way of curios. We had intended to search the region of the Great Salt Lake for old shells or bayonets and also climb up Chocolate Hill, but as we did not do so to-day we will have to leave it for some other time. I am going to appease the Commander with the cartridge-case of an 18 pounder field gun which I brought off today- it may work wonders in the leave line.

The night before last was a fearfully rough night, of course it was my turn for the patrol. It was much too rough to patrol, so we simply tied up to one of the buoys of the gate and showed a light whenever a ship wanted to get in or out. Only the Glory, a destroyer and a trawler wished to go either in or out, so we spent all the night in a miserable condition, rolling and pitching like anything, with the seas breaking green over us incessantly. Of course it was impossible to get any sleep even in the stern cabin as the water came in over there and soaked us through. At 5 a.m. it became so bad that the Senior Officer ordered us back to the ship as we were in danger of being swamped.

Winter has begun to set in properly here and we have got fires lit both in the Wardroom and Gunroom. I always pity the military in winter-time – they must have a thin time of it in the trenches what with the cold and the wet while we live in comparative comfort in the ships.

The other day I was out in the picket boat about ½ a mile off W beach when the Turks, realising I suppose what a chance they had of wiping out one of the most promising young officers in the British Navy, slung a shell across which pitched in the water about 20 yards from us. Whether it was meant for the beach or for the trawlers which were anchored about ½ a mile away I don't know; it would have been a pretty bad shot for either, anyhow it was quite close enough to us for my liking.

Last night at 11.15 p.m. a Stoker expired in his hammock quite suddenly. They had a post-mortem examination this morning and came to the conclusion it was from heart failure that he died. Anyhow he was buried at sea from a trawler at 10.30 this morning.

I have come to the conclusion that it was an English mail that was sunk the other day and not a homeward bound one as I have not received an epistle for quite a lengthy period of time.

They say ashore here that if only the Turks had enough ammunition they would be able to force us to evacuate the whole of Suvla Bay as the country round is so flat that they would be able to make the place altogether too hot for us with their artillery.

On either Thursday or Friday we are leaving here for Mudros for a week off after which we will return here for another fortnight.

Love to all from Philip

November 3^d, 1915

HMS Canopus, Mudros

My dear Dad

We left Suvla on Saturday night at about midnight and arrived at Mudros early on Sunday morning. Everybody was certain that we were going to be torpedoed and as we ought to have been by rights, considering the clockwork regularity with which a

battleship leaves the net at Suvla once a week at night. In fact whenever the Turks see three battleships together in Suvla Bay they know for certain that one of them will leave that night between 10 p.m. and midnight so all they have got to do is station a submarine just outside the net and they are sure to get a bag. One of us is sure to be copped sooner or later unless they alter the routine. However we managed to escape them this time but to wake up for it, when about an hour's time from our destination the fog which up till then had been fairly thick suddenly lifted for an instant and disclosed to the horrified officers on the bridge the bleak coast of Lemnos not $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile ahead. We were moving along at 13 knots at the time too. A warning cry from the look-out: "Breakers right ahead!" Both engines went full speed astern together, and we came to a dead stop about 400 yards from the shore luckily in deep water. A current must have set us off course and of course the fog made navigation very difficult as we dared not go too slow for fear of submarines. However we proceeded on our way nothing daunted and arrived in Mudros at about 7 a.m. quite safely. That day we had a bit of a slack time and received a fairly large mail as we had not had one for a good fortnight, also an outfitter from Gieve's who has taken up his abode here came on board. I was forced to order another blue uniform as I have only got one which I wear everyday and which is getting decidedly shabby. He took my measurements and despatched the order to Gieve's which included a couple of shirts and $\frac{1}{2}$ a dozen socks which are not procurable out here. Things like boots etc can be got on board.

Next day – November 1st – (I don't think I shall forget that date as long as I live, the anniversary of the sinking of the Good Hope and the Monmouth) we celebrated it by taking in ammunition to replenish the stock we had fired away at Suvla. After 'ammunition-ing' ship we prepared for provisioning ship. The store ship did not come alongside till next day (yesterday) and we spent the morning filling up with provisions and stores

November 26th, 1915

HMS Canopus, Mudros

My dear Guy

Congratulations on passing the Cambridge Junior exam and receiving such a high class-certificate. I got your letter of Nov 18th and also the one containing the two photos of the family at its ease in the tent in front of the chapel which I thought were very good - thanks awfully for them.

What miserable luck on the chap who got shot in the face by his pal whom you were telling me about. I should think his people must be pretty sick about it especially as he was their one and only.

I suppose we shall coal ship tomorrow; there are 900 tons to come in which will take a goodish time unless we do an extra record coaling. We were to have provisioned ship today but somehow or other the store ship never turned up so we will have to leave that for another day. When we are complete with all the necessaries of life we will wend our slow way to Port Iero there to lie in stagnation till the end of the war while our own sides become chocked with clusters of barnacles and seaweed. Three months at Port Iero, like Albrolos Rocks gives one some faint idea of what German sailors must be feeling like after 16 months of decay in the Kiel Canal. Certainly I don't envy them.

Judging from the state of the wind and sea in Mudros Harbour at present I should say they were having a rare old south-westerly gale at Suvla Bay. Thank goodness we are

not there as we had quite enough trouble last time besides losing a picket boat and a steam pinnace. I rather doubt if they will be able to hold on to the Suvla position all through the winter as it is so exposed both by land and sea. Of course ever since Lord Kitchener was out here (you remember he came out here the other day) there have been the most astonishing rumours flying around as to what he is supposed to have said. Suvla Bay is to be evacuated or the troops there at any rate to retire to Anzac, a new landing to be effected shortly, 300,000 more troops coming out here etc etc etc. You know how these rumours start. – someone overhears someone else telling a third person who got it direct from so-and-so who is Kitchener's valet.

After that last bust-up when the Prince George put into Kephals [is this Kephallonia?] to avoid a submarine, these craft seem rather to have obliterated themselves at any rate in these waters though I still believe they are still pretty active in the Doro Channel which is the shortest route from Malta to Salonika and where they hope to torpedo a few of our transports or store ships. Of course for that very reason the Doro Channel is studiously avoided by our ships and the wily Hun submarine has perforce to go hungry or at any rate to content himself with a few small unimportant craft.

*Hope you are quite fit and well
Love to all from Philip.*

Nov 26th, 1915

HMS Canopus, Mudros

My dear Dad

Many thanks for that ripping warm muffler which you knitted for me. It was just the thing I wanted for some enterprising person had "lifted" my one and only remaining one with the result that I would have gone muffler-less during the middle watch last night if I hadn't borrowed some one else's for the occasion. This morning your gift arrived. We had a topping big mail this morning. I think the idea of a mail having been sunk is rather far-fetched as the last two mails have been particularly large from my point of view as well as everyone else's so I think they must have been only delayed in the transmission and not sunk after all.

All is at peace again between the Commander and myself (his name is GD Stevenson, Mammy asked me in her last letter what it was). He has restored my camera to me and honours are easy so to speak. Not that a camera is much use now as we are having regular winter weather (and about time too) and we scarcely see the sun from days' end to days' end.

Last night we left Suvla for Mudros having been relieved by the Glory. That is the last we shall see of Suvla Bay for some time I expect as (the cat is out of the bag at last and the fell secret is no longer a "wichtiges geheimnis") after coaling and provisioning etc at Mudros we are going back to Port Iero again! Most people are thoroughly fed up at going back to "that hole again" Certainly it is a dull hole to be in, but, like the wild wet cat in the Just So Stories, "all places are alike to me" and it doesn't worry me much where we go though it would have been rather decent to have gone to Salonika for a change. The Cornwallis is taking our place at Suvla and we are relieving the Euryalus at Iero while she goes to Malta. Our turn for Malta is next February.

We were making a hockey ground last time we were at Port Iero which we left to the Euryalus to finish. I wonder if they have finished it yet; if so we ought to be able to put in

some decent games as we have all got sticks. We might even challenge the Frenchmen, that is to say if there is still a French ship there like there used to be.

Perhaps the Captain will let us snotties go out in the patrol boats again like he did last time, you remember I was in the Rattlesnake, which bye the bye has gone home now. Personally I don't think it's very likely though of course there's no knowing. Of course it wouldn't be half as decent now in winter-time as it was in the summer when last we were there but I think it would be better than sticking in the ship all the time.

I wish it were possible to send some of my trophies home as it would ensure them being safe, but the Post Office on board ship refuse to take them as it is strictly "verboden" to send anything in that line through the post so I just have to sit tight until the ship pays off when I will cart the whole caboodle along to adorn the ancestral halls and mantle-pieces.

Love to all from your affectionate son Philip.

December 7th, 1915

HMS Canopus, Port Iero

My dear Dad

I wish you a merry Christmas and hope you are in the best of health.

We are back again in Port Iero after a couple of months' absence. We got back last Thursday (I think it was) and as soon as the Euryalus had cleared out we moved up in her old billet. We haven't got so many anchors out as we had last time (the old Commander was dreadful in the way of anchors) but we can swing round head to wind instead of being quite stationary like we were last time which is always a good thing. The next day a collier came alongside and we started to coal. As we had not coaled at Mudros this was a pretty lengthy operation; to be exact we had 1100 tons to come in. However we were finished by 2.30 p.m. when the collier shoved off.

We found that in our absence the Euryalus had finished off all of the jobs which we had begun and made several other improvements such as pier-building etc. The chief thing was, however, that they had finished the hockey ground which we had begun. At first the Captain would not give leave to anybody because he wanted to make quite certain what the attitude of the people ashore was to the British. Finding that they were quite friendly towards us, he gave short leave the next day to officers and men, but no one was allowed to go to Metylene. Immediately of course the men got up a football team and asked permission to go ashore and have a game which was granted. Of course there was no one for them to play against, the Euryalus having left, so they just had to have a pick-up game amongst themselves. The next day the officers had the ground and so arranged a hockey games amongst themselves. Unfortunately I was not able to play as I had the afternoon watch. Apparently the ground is a very small one so although they only played 7 a side it did not seem too few. After the game a few energetic members of the Gunroom had a bathe. They said the water wasn't very cold and I can quite believe them as the weather is very mild here and we are so landlocked we scarcely ever get any rough weather inside the harbour.

A trawler came in this morning bringing a mail for us. The rotten part about it is though that the trawler returns to Mudros at 4 p.m. this afternoon, therefore the mail for Mudros closes at 2 p.m. and as I had the forenoon watch (from 8.30 a.m to 12.30 p.m.) I have got to squash in all my Xmas letters to the family in 1 hour, allowing ½ an hour for

dinner, which I am doing my best to do – hence my frantic haste. I only wish the trawler didn't shove off so soon.

By the time this letter reaches you I expect the Grecian question will have been settled, but at present it is in a most critical state, Of course the Greek people themselves are on our side but it is their King who is pro-German and who is trying to egg them on into a war against England which would be most unpopular and probably lead to a revolution.

*Hope you are quite fit – hurry up and send me that photo of yourself.
Love from your affectionate son Philip.*

December 7th, 1915

HMS Canopus, Port Iero

My dear Guy

I wish you a very happy Christmas and hope you are enjoying yourself.

There has been rather a bust-up here lately which I must tell you about. Apparently at a place called Mosko Island, which is quite close to Aivali (the place of the mythical submarine which I wrote about ages ago) there has been a bit of a scrap. There are some Greek guards there who are supposed to look after the Greek inhabitants of Mosko Island which is a Turkish island. Well the other day some of the Greek guards (some of whom were in our pay) thought they would have a bit of fun, so they calmly murdered a few Turks who were living on this island and whom they did not like. The Turks (excluding the dead ones) replied by massacring all the Greeks they could lay hands on. Then a regular old fight began between the Turks and these Greek guards. Apparently the Greeks began to get rather the worst of it so they sent a deputy in the shape of an ancient and decrepit old priest to us to implore us to help his beloved people by sending them rifles as seeing that the people who started the whole show were in our pay, he considered it up to us to see them safely through it. I don't know what the result of the conflagration was but I think we did something to help them. Anyhow the result was that the Gazelle brought off over 1000 Greek refugees from Mosko Island. Our Commander went along in a trawler to see what was going on, and, I think to direct operations. I don't know who won the fight, in fact for all I know it may still be going on now.

Anyhow I think it will have the effect of making the Greeks out here still more friendly with us as they consider we treated them handsomely. Things are going on here exactly the same as when we were last here. The snotties go out pulling every morning in the galley before breakfast the same as before, and everything else is the same.

Simply must stop now as mail is closing.

Love to all from Philip.

Herbert Henry de Jersey, Private in the AIF

Philip Malet de Carteret referred to a Bev de Jersey. It prompted my curiosity to look for other men with the de Jersey surname, including three that served with the Australian Imperial Force, one of them being Herbert. He reached Durban as part of the fourth group of reinforcements for the 35th Infantry Battalion and went ashore, leaving all his kit on the troopship. He never returned to continue on to France and was later declared a deserter. Up until 1923 his mother had not heard from him. What happened?

Survivors in one War, Casualties the Next

Working in conjunction with St Helier Town Hall's Richard MacKenzie over the last couple of months, we have, it is hoped, a more comprehensive list of Jersey men who served in and survived the Great War only to die during World War 2. Undoubtedly, one or two names will yet emerge.

The list of the 32 names identified can be found on pages 53 to 54. What is fascinating in such a small sample is that their deaths occurred across the whole gamut of World War 2, from the sinking of the Royal Oak to death in a Japanese prisoner of war camp as we have seen in François Desvergez's case, from the German bombing of the Channel Islands to the reciprocal bombing of Germany, and from internment to the blitz.

Other Great War survivors were not untouched, and at least another 40 men would lose their sons.

Faces Remembered



Thanks goes to Daniel Benest for the accompanying photograph of Lieutenant Charles Southwell de Gruchy, MC. In fact, Daniel also did the research to establish the Jersey link that does seem obvious from the surname, and we are now able to include him in the JRoH. Charles' father was Jersey-born Philip de Gruchy who worked as a draper in London, marrying Eliza Marshall, daughter of Southwell Marshall. The couple then emigrated to Canada in about 1880. Charles attended McGill University in Toronto where he gained his BSc in civil engineering.

Daniel has been going through the Walter Le Quesne and Guy Dixon book, *'The de Gruchys of Jersey'* and had highlighted that there was also an RFC man, Aubin Ewald de Gruchy, from a South African branch of the family, who we had not included in the JRoS. The Le Quesne/Dixon book is longer available, but it is hoped that a further reprint will be forthcoming.

CWGC Non-Commemorations

Currently a number of submissions to the CWGC remain unanswered. These include Sergeant Lionel H Logan, Lieutenant Garnet Cory Burton, AB Thomas Helman and Sapper Walter Le Noury. I have still to provide further material on Surgeon Lieutenant Alfred Nicolle de Gruchy.

On the plus side, Gunner Herbert H Cudlipp has been accepted, and his name is to be added to the CWGC Debt of Honour Register once their 'inspector off graves' has paid a visit.

Looking ahead, it is clear that we need to progress our outstanding submissions, and in the cases of Helman and Le Noury, Liz Walton has indeed been doing that. However,

as a result of some excellent work in transcribing articles from JEPs of the time, that was undertaken a few years ago by Mike and Rosemary Thomas, we are now assembling material that will support the cases of fifteen men, listed below, who were buried in Jersey and who are not commemorated.

• CHENEY, Walter Andrew	RMIJ	7 th February, 1915
• POINGDESTRE, Alfred	RMIJ	11 th February, 1915
• SYVRET, Edward Hocquard	RMIJ	24 th March, 1915
• JOUANNE, Auguste Francis	RMIJ	4 th April, 1915
• LIHOU, Joseph Thomas	RMIJ	4 th September, 1915
• RUNDLE, Cubitt Sindall	RAMC	11 th November, 1916
• LE BRETON, Wilfred John	RMIJ	23 rd November, 1916
• MUTTON, Harold Charles	RE	29 th December, 1916
• ELLIS, John (Jack)	E Surreys	23 rd March, 1917
• TURNER, William Alliston	RN	13 th April, 1917
• OUNAN, Thomas Peter	RN	6 th October, 1917
• VIBERT, John Este	RN	10 th November, 1917
• WHITTLE, Thomas John D'Authreau	RIRifles	30 th October, 1918
• PIROUET, Charles Anthony	Devonshires	30 th October, 1918
• ORANGE, Walter	RFA	24 th December, 1918

In all cases, death certificates (or equivalent) will be required, and a letter with details of the men has been sent to Jersey's Constables asking them if these can be arranged and, more importantly, funded. At £20 a certificate, there is a clear cost that we could not afford as individuals! One exception is Harold Mutton who, as the following JEP item of 2nd January, 1917 shows, died in Portsmouth:

The Late Mr HC Mutton. The body was landed today from the SS Alberta of Mr Harold Charles Mutton, only son of Mrs Mutton of Rocquaine, Parade Road. The deceased, who was in his 21st year was engaged as an engineer on submarine work at Portsmouth and died on 29 December of kidney trouble. He leaves many friends who will regret to hear of his untimely decease. The remains were landed covered with the Union Jack and will be interred tomorrow morning the first portion of the funeral service takes place at St Marks Church at 11 o'clock.

As just one example, his case has a very high likelihood of success, for having enlisted in September, 1914, his pension papers show that he was discharged in July, 1916 suffering from chronic nephritis (kidney trouble) brought about as a result of military service. However, one or two submissions will undoubtedly prove more challenging!

Late News: The 'In from the Cold Project' is now actively progressing Harold Mutton's case, and according to his death certificate, a copy of which I've received in the last day, the cause of death was chronic nephritis. At the time of his death he had become an apprentice in HM Dockyard in Portsmouth.

Naval Gazing, Part 7

The visit that I made to Kew back in November generated another group of men whose details needed to be analysed. The simple numbers were that 83 were looked at, of whom 20 could be disregarded as having died or left the RN before the Great War. That still left 30 men whose JRoH or JRoS details need amendment, while there was one addition to the JRoH and another 21 to the JRoS to be made. These have been done.

However, there was a mild bit of cheating in that I had suspected the JRoH addition, James Beauchamp, to have been the son of Benjamin Beauchamp previously! I also had to get Benjamin's papers, which were surprisingly many and detailed for an 1866 enlistment, to prove the connection.

The other man of particular interest was Harold WW Single who had apparently served and died as William Holley. Notes from the JEP had stated that he had transferred from the RN to the Wiltshire Regiment. Well he had, but not officially! Like Horace Champion (see Taps for a Jerseyman in Journal 35), Harold Single had also gone on the run, but in his case, he needed to adopt an alias although it does appear that the navy did not put much effort in searching for him later.

The full list of names is included on pages 55 to 61 and, as usual, the Jersey Archive now has the record sheets. I shall be looking to obtain a further batch from Kew on the 22nd February.

Website Workings By Roger Frisby

The Jersey RoH is undergoing updates with much new and excellent information having been supplied by Mike and Rosemarie Thomas from their visits to war cemeteries and to the press microfiche in the Jersey Library. Additional names and web pages have also been incorporated for recent RoH additions supplied by Barrie.

Some extra personal information and photographs added to the Guernsey RoH from copies of press archives from the Priaulx Library in Guernsey, these being supplied by Liz Walton.

The website memorials section now has details of both Haut de la Garenne memorials, one being in Gouray Church. There must be many more memorials in churches and offices in Jersey that can and should be photographed and added – any volunteers? This is important as with building changes over the years, they are being lost. This is certainly our experience in Guernsey.

Out and About

Looking Back: A quite period – nothing to report.

Looking Ahead: Daniel Benest is on the Somme, 25th June – 2nd July. I will be at Kew on the 22nd February, and hopefully lunching with Tony Coleman and his researcher chum.

Odds and Ends

Administrative Matters: Nothing of note.

St Helier Baptism Records: Thanks to the 'Donkipedia' website (Yes, that is the correct name!), analysis is now progressing faster, more so as the data is presented in alphabetic order and segment whereas the Jersey Archive version was date based. So far, surnames beginning 'S' to 'Z' have been addressed, and additions and amendments to the JRoH and the JRoS have been identified. It cannot be a 100% analysis as those

with a more common name (e.g. Fred Smith) cannot be established as having served in the Great War with any certainty.

Jersey Industrial School For Boys: There is some data on the Jersey Archive website that we're looking at as useful cross-reference material to back up work on the Baptism Records mentioned in the above paragraph.

Jersey Archive Talks: Following on from last year's excellent series of talks on various streets in Jersey, the Archive is holding more in 2011. Their schedule is as follows, but, as yet, they have not advised of the start time:

- The history of Gorey Pier on 19th March, 2011
- The history of Greve de Lecq on 16th April, 2011
- The history of Millbrook on 21st May, 2011
- The history of St Martin's Village on 18th June, 2011
- The history of Grand Vaux on 16th July, 2011
- The history of Mont Mado on 20th August, 2011
- The history of Les Quennevais on 17th September, 2011
- The history of Five Mile Road on 15th October, 2011
- The history of La Rocque on 19th November, 2011

Last year I attended the first one on Havre des Pas and found it very interesting.

Ours: Whilst Ian's book is out of stock at the Jersey Waterstones branch, it is still available from the Jersey Museum, and as far as I know from Amazon.

Ernest Shackleton's 1914-1917 Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition: Having made the journey down to Liverpool's Maritime Museum to see this exhibition, I now find that it is now being featured in nearby Lancaster!

Journey's End: For any members located or planning to visit the UK this year, the West End production of RC Sherriff's Journey's End has recently started a tour in the provincial theatres. For details, check out the theatre pages in the national newspapers or visit the website: www.journeysendtheplay.com. It is an excellent yet moving piece of theatre.

DVD - Beneath Hill 60: Continuing with the theatrical theme, look out for this DVD of the film that was produced in Australia. As far as I know, the film itself has not featured in any UK cinemas, but it deserves to be. The plot is based upon the activities of the 1st Australian Tunnelling Company leading up to the setting off of the mines at the outset of the Battle of Messines, coupled with the Company Commander's actions and life both before and subsequent to enlisting. For my part, it appears to portray the subterranean life of the miners very well, and sets great store on the various tasks from listening out for the enemy to rescuing men from falls, as well as their camaraderie. If anything there seems to be mud everywhere above ground but the underground scenes are suitably claustrophobic.

A Typo: If you refer back to Journal 29, page 20, line 4, please note that the name of Charles should be corrected to Archibald. The version on the web has been corrected.

Enfin

Completion of this Journal coincides with being at the end of a long month of plumbing, decorating and carpet fitting *chez nous*. I trust that there isn't too much matt emulsion on your copy!

On a more serious note, I hope that, as ever, you have found this Journal interesting in terms of the articles and news. These items give just a snapshot of the work that has been going on to broaden the collective knowledge and understanding of what the Islands, and more importantly, Islanders were doing during the Great War. I was going to suggest that our work is distinct from family history research but it is not, rather it is an important element. More and more I find that I am crossing the line from pure military research to a broader consideration of a man's background.

Looking ahead, I hope that we can maintain impetus on getting the non-commemorated, commemorated. We have had some successes in the last few years, but there are still many men who have never been acknowledged by the CWGC and in my view, deserve to be.

Regards
Barrie H Bertram
15th February, 2011

Journal Issue Dates For 2011

The planned issue dates for 2011 are shown below:

Issue	Month	Articles To BB	Posted Web/Mail
36	February 2011	10 th	15 th
37	April 2011	10 th	15 th
38	June 2011	10 th	15 th
39	August 2011	10 th	15 th
40	October 2011	10 th	15 th
41	December 2011	10 th	15 th

As in previous years I will advise if there are any changes for individual issues as publication dates approach.

SURVIVORS IN ONE WAR, CASUALTIES THE NEXT

Surname	Forenames	Great War Service	WW2 Details	Age	DoD
Bisson	Cyril Joshua	Served with the Canadians and had been wounded	Sergeant with Royal Engineers, buried at Stratford on Avon Cemetery	44	25/04/1943
Blanchard	Emile Gustave	Stoker RN having enlisted in 1913	Stoker 1st Class RN, killed in blitz, buried at Plymouth (Weston Mill) Cemetery.	47	22/04/1941
Burch	Alfred Charles	Sergeant R Berkshire Regt, also served Labour Corps	Civilian, Light Rescue Service, possible V1 death, buried Wandsworth Met Borough Cemetery.	54	27/07/1944
Crees	Albany Edward	Private Lancashire Fusiliers	Private, 11th Hampshires, buried in Parkhurst Military Cemetery, IoW	54	08/07/1940
Dauvin	Francis Albert	Enlisted 2 Jan 1919 as Boy 2nd Class in RN	AB RN, KIA when HMS Cossack torpedoed by U563, Portsmouth Naval Memorial	39	23/10/1941
Desvergez	Francois Pierre Louis	RN, details to be established	AB RN, died as a POW after HMS Exeter had been sunk, buried at Ambon War Cemetery, Indonesia.	44	16/04/1944
Drouin	Arthur Hodgson	Boy 2nd Class RN, details to be established	AB RN, KIA when HMS Rajputana, an armed merchant cruiser, was torpedoed by U108 off Iceland, Plymouth Naval Memorial.	41	13/04/1941
Duchemin	Henry Alfred	Leading Stoker, RN, but no trace of record	Fireman, MN, killed when SS Mersey (Goole) struck a mine and sank between Antwerp and Goole, Tower Hill Memorial.	47	20/04/1940
Faramus	John Marie Francois	Driver, RHA	Gunner, RA assume died. Buried Teffont Magna Church Cemetery	48	15/07/1942
Fauvel	Stanley Harold	Officer's Steward 2nd Class RN	PO Steward, RN, KIA when HMS sunk by German bombers 20m off Aldeburgh, Portsmouth Naval Memorial.	45	27/07/1940
Fox	George James	Piper, R Dublin Fusiliers, Jersey Contingent, had been wounded and gassed	Civilian, died at Naumberg Camp, Saale in Germany.	49	11/03/1945
Freeman	Frederick Charles	Driver, RFA	Private, Pioneer Corps, died and buried at Poole Cemetery.	53	19/09/1945
Georgelin	Frank Marie	Boy, RN, details to be established	Stoker 1st Class RN, KIA when HMS Esk struck a mine 40nm NW of Texel when on mine laying duty, Portsmouth Naval Memorial	38	01/09/1940
Honeycombe	William Samuel McAvoy	AB RN, details to be established	CPO RN, died serving on (at) HMS Excellent, buried at Portsmouth (Milton) Cemetery.	49	12/04/1945
Langlois	Jack Vincent	Private, Wiltshire Regt though this has not been confirmed	Gunner, RA, died, cause not known, and buried in Kirkee War Cemetery, India	43	10/07/1943
Le Gallais	Albert George L'Estrange	Major, R Scots Fusiliers, awarded MC, had been POW	Civilian, killed by German bomber, buried in Sherborne Urban District Cemetery, Hants.	60	30/09/1940

Le Sueur	John Henry Rondel	Lieutenant, RE	Lieutenant-Colonel, RE, CRE 5 Divn, KIA at Dunkirk, buried De Panne Communal Cemetery.	41	31/05/1940
Lynch-Blosse	Patrick Windsor	Second Lieutenant, RAF	Wing Commander, RAF, CO 44 Squadron, DFC, lost in a bombing raid over Germany, buried Berlin 1939-45 War Cemetery	42	09/05/1942
Marett	John Ranulph de la Haule	Sub-Lieutenant, RN	Lieutenant-Commander, RN, KIA on HMS Glorious which was sunk by the Gneisenau and the Scharnhorst, Plymouth Naval Memorial	40	08/06/1940
Mauger	George Hamptonne	Rank NK/MN. Wrongly listed as killed in 1919 JRoH&S	AB, MN, killed when SS Darino (Liverpool) torpedoed by U41 en-route Oporto to Liverpool, Tower Hill Memorial	47	19/11/1939
Moignard	Arthur James	Lance Corporal, Hampshires, detail still required	Fire Watcher Civilian. Probably killed during Blitz, Portsmouth County Borough Cemetery	43	27/04/1941
Moody	William Charles	Private, RJGB	Civilian, DOW received day previous at the Weighbridge when Germans bombed Jersey.	62	29/06/1940
Norman	Albert John	PO 1st Class, RN	PO RN, died and buried in St Helier (Mont a l'Abbe) New Cemetery.	52	27/07/1945
Ogier	Leonce l'Hermitte	Captain, RJGB, OBE MiD	Civilian, died at Ulm, Germany having been imprisoned due to son having sketches of German defensive positions in Jersey.	62	01/08/1943
Perron	Francois	AB RN, details to be established	Lance Corporal, Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps, died Dunkirk Memorial.	41	23/09/1940
Pritchard	Alexander John Loft	Captain, South Staffords, MC	Lieutenant-Colonel, British Columbia Regt RCAC, buried Burnaby (Ocean View) Burial Pk	48	13/03/1944
Rebindaine	John Philip	RN, details to be established, enlisted 9 Jan 1919	Stoker 1st Class, RN, KIA on HMS Jersey when torpedoed by German destroyer Z12, Portsmouth Naval Memorial	39	07/12/1939
Tisson	Eugene Mauger	Stoker 1st Class, RN, YOB confusion.	PO Stoker, RN, killed when HMS Acheron hit air-dropped mine near St Catherine's Point, IoW, Portsmouth Naval Memorial.	47?	17/12/1940
Tisson	Henri (Harry) John	AB RN	AB, RN, HMS Foxglove, Cardiff (Cathays) Cemetery. Death not from enemy action?	45	16/02/1941
Trenchard	Walter Henry	RN, details to be established	AB RN, HMS Daedalus, buried Littlehampton Cemetery. Death not from enemy action?	48	11/04/1943
Valpy	Adolphus George	Bombardier, RGA	Civilian, Home Guard, DOW NK and buried at Battersea Metropolitan Council Cemetery.	60	12/01/1941
Watts	Herbert Cecil	RN, details to be established	AB RN, Killed when HMS Royal Oak sunk in Scapa Flow by U47, Portsmouth Naval Memorial	39	14/10/1939

NAVAL GAZING PART 7

Surname	Forenames	Number	Rank	Service	Ship	Born	Parish	Remarks	RoS	RoH
BEAUCHAMP	James John	131449	Petty Officer 1st Class	RN	HMS Goliath	17 Nov 1868	NA	Born in Portsmouth, son of Benjamin Beauchamp (born in Jersey 19 Aug 1845)	No	Add
COTILLARD	Henry Louis	K20827	Stoker 1st Class	RN	HMS Black Prince	3 Apr 1893	NK	Served 16 Oct 1913 to 31 May 1916 when killed in action at Battle of Jutland	No	Amend
DE CAEN	Walter	178604	Petty Officer 1st Class	RN	HMS Vernon (HMS Arcadia)	7 Dec 1877	St H	Served 20 Feb 1894 to 17 Oct 1918 when he died at the RNH Haslar from pneumonia. Conduct VG throughout.	No	Amend
DE CAEN	John Alexander	178605	Petty Officer 1st Class	RN	HMS Indefatigable	7 Feb 1879	St H	Served 11 Feb 1894 to 31 May 1916 when KIA at the Battle of Jutland. Brother of Walter De Caen	No	Amend
CHAMPION	Horace Robert	239759	Able Bodied Seaman	RN	HMS Venus	15 Oct 1890	St H	Served 1 Oct 1907 to 5 Aug 1912 when he went on the Run! Appears to have been in US for 6 years, enlisted in US Army and KIA 10 Oct 1918. May have lied about age to join RN.	No	Amend
SINGLE	Harold Winter William	L7152	Officers Steward 3rd Class	RN	HMS Magpie	13 Aug 1894	NA	Served 27 Jul 1915 to 27 Dec 1915 when he went on the Run! Later enlisted in the Wiltshire Regt DOW 18 Apr 1918 using surname HOLLEY	No	Amend
DARTHENAY	Adolphus	239407	Able Bodied Seaman	RN	HMS Bulwark	25 Apr 1891	St H	Served 20 Aug 1907 to 26 Nov 1914 when KIA as HMS Bulwark was sunk. Surname should be D'ARTHENAY	No	Amend
CABOT	George	293614	Stoker 1st Class	RN	HMS Research (?) (TB80)	3 Jun 1880	St H	Served 24 Oct 1899 to 23 Oct 1921 when pensioned. Conduct VG throughout.	Add	No
CARHART	Cyril John	J9206	Leading Telegraphist	RN	HMS Victory X (TB16)	26 Aug 1894	NK	Served 26 Jul 1910 to at least 17 Apr 1925	Add	No
CAUVIN	Walter Le Miere	344649	Painter 1st Class	RN	HMS Iron Duke	15 Sep 1883	St H	Served 15 Oct 1901 to 15 Oct 1923 when pensioned. Conduct VG throughout.	Add	No
CHAMP	Alfred Henry William	172791	Petty Officer Stoker	RN	HMS Cyclops	24 Feb 1873	NK	Served 8 Apr 1893 to 28 Mar 1919 when demobilised	Add	No
CHURCHILL	Albert Sidney	SS3367	Able Bodied Seaman	RN	HMS Diligence	28 Aug 1891	St H	Served 26 Aug 1910 to 17 Mar 1919 when demobilised.	Add	No

CLARK	George Henry	153529	Officers Steward 1st Class	RN	HMS Vivid I	6 Sep 1873	NK	Served 22 Apr 1890 to 4 May 1920 when demobilised	Add	No
COLLAS	William Henry	J36581	Ordinary Seaman	RN	HMS Blenheim (HMS Alarm)	13 Sep 1897	NK	Served 11 Mar 1915 to 30 Dec 1919 when he went on the Run!	Add	No
CORBET	Wilson John	M24825	Wireman (?) 2nd Class	RN	HMS Victory II	7 Jan 1896	St P	Served 1 Jan 1917 to 20 Jul 1917 when invalided out, cause unknown.	Add	No
DARBY	Ernest Richard	158890	Senior Steward	RN	HMS Victory I	20 Feb 1876	Gr	Served 16 Jan 1891 to 23 Mar 1915, when he appears to have been commissioned. To be investigated further. Attended Greenwich School.	Add	No
DART	John Francis	157663	Able Bodied Seaman	RN	HMS Pembroke I	19 May 1875	St H	Served 18 Oct 1890 to 6 Oct 1899 when invalided out. Joined RFR 20 Jul 1904, recalled 2 Aug 1914, demobilised 9 Feb 1919.	Add	No
DAVEY	Arthur William	205269	Petty Officer	RN	HMS Malaya	4 Oct 1883	St H	Served 20 Jul 1899 to 9 Jul 1927 when discharged at own request having joined RFR in 1925	Add	No
GRANT	Edmund Charles	169732	Petty Officer Stoker	RN	HMS Victory II	6 Nov 1872	Gr	Served 4 Oct 1892 to 31 Oct 1922 when discharged due to RN reduction.	Add	No
LE CANU	Charles Eugene	226282	Leading Seaman	RN	HMS Victory I	24 Sep 1886	St H	Served 23 May 1903 to 15 Jul 1915 when invalided out with heart disease.	Add	No
DALE	Sidney Harold	M4332	Joiner 1st Class	RN	HMS Arrogant	26 Nov 1891	St H	Served 23 Apr 1912 to 30 Oct 1919 when invalided out.	Add	No
DAVIS	Robert	236889	Leading Signaller	RN	HMS Apollo (HMS Cockatrice)	23 Feb 1890	St H	Served 2 Jul 1896 to 14 Jun 1920 when invalided out with TB	Add	No
DAUVIN	Francis Albert	J94056	Boy 2nd Class	RN	HMS Impregnable	18-Feb-02	NK	Served 2 Jan 1919 to at least 23 Apr 1928 including service with RNZN.	Add	No
DAVEY	Joseph John	166066	Chief Petty Officer	RN	RN College Osborne	22 Feb 1876	St H	Served 23 Feb 1892 to 1 Mar 1919.	Add	No
DAY	William Robert	293670	Stoker 1st Class	RN	HMS Victory II	20 Oct 1881	St H	Served 6 Nov 1919 to 8 Nov 1921 when pensioned. Also service with RNZN and RAN.	Add	No
DE LA MARE	Singleton William	295951	Leading Stoker	RN	HMS Vulcan	20 Nov 1881	St H	Served 20 Sep 1900 to 19 Sep 1922 when pensioned	Add	No
DE LA MARE	John Francis George	SS5805	Able Bodied Seaman	RN	HMS Hecla	15 Mar 1897	NK	Served 5 May 1915 to 4 May 1920 then joined RFR	Add	No

DE LA MARE	Francis Phillippe	346439	Chief Petty Officer Cook	RN	HMS Furious	5 Jul 1881	St H	Served 2 Oct 1903 to 1 Oct 1925 when pensioned	Add	No
CAMP	Robert Charles	208364	Petty Officer 1st Class	RN	HMS Amphitrite	29 Jan 1883	St Mn	Served 20 Feb 1900 to 28 Jan 1923 when pensioned. Conduct VG throughout	Amend	No
CAMPION	Henry Charles Theron	180148	Chief Petty Officer	RN	HMS Speedwell	12 Dec 1878	St H	Served 16 Apr 1894 to 16 Nov 1919 when demobilised. Then joined RFR	Amend	No
CARDY	Edward Devie	357739	Officers Steward 1st Class	RN	HMS Iron Duke	20 Sep 1881	NK	Served 28 Sep 1899 to 16 Apr 1922 when pensioned. Conduct VG throughout.	Amend	No
CARRIGAN	Michael	292794	Leading Stoker	RN	HMS Prosperine	13 Oct 1875	St H	Served 15 Aug 1899 to 14 Aug 1911 when colour service expired. Then to MN	Amend	No
CARTER	Charles John	163122	Petty Officer 2nd Class	RN	HMAS Encounter	19 May 1875	St H	Served 15 Oct 1901 to 11 May 1919 when pensioned in Sydney. Conduct VG throughout. Involved in actions in German New Guinea	Amend	No
CARTER	Harold Edward	346455	Leading Cook	RN	HMS Vivid I	5 Oct 1885	St H	Served 12 Nov 1903 to 17 Jul 1913 when discharged by purchase. Later in Hampshire Regt	Amend	No
CAUVIN	John George	345972	Shipwright 3rd Class	RN	HMS Cormorant (HMS Lychnis)	14 Mar 1885	St H	Served 18 Mar 1903 to 17 Mar 1925. Later called up for a month Sep/Oct 1938	Amend	No
CHAMPION	Cyril Charles	L7522	Officers Steward 3rd Class	RN	HMS Attentive	1 Sep 1897	St H	Served 19 Oct 1915 to 24 Apr 1919 when demobilised. Previous RMIJ service noted.	Amend	No
CONDON	Arthur James	J85438	Signal Boy	RN	HMS Repulse	08-Feb-01	St H	Served 21 Feb 1918 to at least 7 Nov 1928.	Amend	No
CONDON	William James	J17366	Able Bodied Seaman	RN	HMS Attentive II	25 Jul 1895	NK	Served 14 May 1912 to 27 Oct 1922 when he died (outside of GW period) while a Leading Seaman aboard HMS Ramillies, cause unknown.	Amend	No
CONNELL	Reginald Robert	F12643	Air Mechanic 1st Class	RNAS	HMS President II (Catfirth ??)	9 Oct 1891	NK	Served 16 Nov 1916 to 31 Mar 1918 when transferred to RAF. Unclear if there was earlier service.	Amend	No
CONWAY	William George	J48831	Able Bodied Seaman	RN	HMS Glory I	14 Mar 1896	Gr	Served 25 Jan 1916 to 22 Jun 1919 when demobilised. Former RMIJ service noted.	Amend	No

CUMMINGS	Walter	J50145	Able Bodied Seaman	RN	HMS Kildonan Castle	13 Aug 1879	St H	Served 23 Feb 1916 to 15 Feb 1919 when demobilised. Frequent visitor to cells. May have gone to Labour Corps in 1920? Ex-MN Seaman?	Amend	No
CUMMINGS	Walter	184598	Able Bodied Seaman	RN	HMS Intrepid	13 May 1880	St H	Served 10 Jul 1895 to 3 Jun 1903 when discharged for disciplinary reasons. Appears to have stated incorrect age. Assume the same man as J50145, given discipline issues.	Amend	No
DANIEL	Reginald William	M8921	Armourer's Mate	RN	HMS Bendish	12 Jan 1896	St H	Served 15 Sep 1914 to 29 Jul 1919 when demobilised.	Amend	No
DE LA COUR	Reginald Elias	L7256	Officers Steward 2nd Class	RN	HMS Daedalus (Dunkirk)	11 Jan 1896	St H	Served 17 Aug 1915 to 15 Apr 1919 when demobilised. Attached to the RAF	Amend	No
GRANT	Frederick Joseph	355489	Officers Steward 1st Class	RN	HMS Inflexible	6 Nov 1873	St H	Served 24 Mar 1897 to 11 Mar 1920 when demobilised.	Amend	No
LE CORRE	Joseph	SS6374	Able Bodied Seaman	RN	HMS Renown	3 Dec 1896	St H	Served 7 Sep 1916 to 9 Jun 1921 when demobilised.	Amend	No
LE CUIROT	Philip Peter	M16636	Joiner	RN	HMS Britannia	23 Nov 1893	St H	Served 11 Nov 1915 to 13 Feb 1919 when demobilised. Former RMIJ service noted.	Amend	No
LE CUIROT	Charles Arthur	J93059	Boy 2nd Class	RN	HMS Impregnable	17-Mar-02	NK	Served 9 Oct 1918 to 20 Aug 1919 when invalidated out. Cause unclear.	Amend	No
DAVEY	William Clarence	M17306	Joiner 4th Class	RN	HMS Maidstone	11 Feb 1893	St H	Served 1 Dec 1915 to 27 Jul 1919 when demobilised	Amend	No
SKELLEY	George William	360676	Domestic 2nd Class	RN	HMS Albacore	15 May 1881	St H	Served 1 Sep 1902 to 31 Dec 1904. Served in the RFA during GW	Amend	No
CAWLEY	Bernard George	SS4400	Able Bodied Seaman	RN	HMS Wallington	8 Apr 1894	NK	Served 9 Sep 1913 to 24 Jun 1919 when demobilised. Joined RFR 25 Jun 1919. Rejoined RN 5 Nov 1921 as J104785, discharged 10 Jun 1922 on RN reduction.	Amend	No
CAWLEY	Bernard	166227	Able Bodied Seaman	RN	HMS Duke of Wellington I	29 Sep 1876	St H	Served 7 Mar 1892 to 21 Sep 1903 and then apparently transferred to RAN with whom he served until 23 Dec 1905 being discharged in Sydney. Joined RFR 14 Jan 1906, discharged abroad, 16 Jan 1911. Later served AAMC.	Amend	No

CAHILL	William John	139031	Able Bodied Seaman	RN	HMS Duke of Wellington	7 Apr 1871	St H	Served 7 Oct 1886 to 9 Nov 1899 when discharged SNLR. Frequent cells and HL.	No	No
CAPPLAN	Bertie Charles	215251	Ordinary Seaman	RN	HMS Firequeen	7 May 1884	NK	Served 17 Jun 1901 to 10 Mar 1904 when invalidated out. Was this real surname or Le Cappelain?	No	No
CATELINET	Philip Arthur	210664	Leading Seaman	RN	HMS Excellent	17 Jun 1884	St H	Served 24 Jul 1900 to 4 July 1907 when invalidated out due to eye problems. No GW service.	No	No
CHATEL	George Arsene	300430	Stoker 2nd Class	RN	HMS Duke of Wellington II	18 Feb 1884	St H	Served 5 Apr 1902 to 4 Jul 1902 when invalidated out. Cause not known.	No	No
CHEVALIER	Charles Le Vesconte	215174	Stoker 1st Class	RN	HMS Achilles	1 May 1884	Tr	Served 3 May 1901 to 8 Aug 1912 when he went on the run following 42d detention for having been on the run! Frequent cell visitor.	No	No
CHILARD	Ernest George Archibald	223519	Boy 2nd Class	RN	HMS St Vincent	7 Jun 1882	St H	Served 8 Nov 1904 to 15 May 1905 when discharged SNLR. DoB and engagement (7 Jun 1905 for 12y?) look odd to be a Boy?	No	No
CHURCHILL	Edward	211673	Able Bodied Seaman	RN	HMS Gladiator	5 Oct 1884	St H	Served 25 Sep 1900 to 25 Apr 1908 when drowned as a result of collision between HMS Gladiator and SS St Paul	No	No
CLANCY	Michael	144284	Able Bodied Seaman	RN	HMS Duke of Wellington	5 Nov 1872	St H	Served 7 Feb 1888 to 4 Nov 1902 and then joined RFR. Died on 19 Dec 1909, no GW service	No	No
CLEARY	Edward Louis	135988	Able Bodied Seaman	RN	HMS Victory I	4 Jan 1871	St H	Served 21 Jan 1886 to 25 Jul 1894 when discharged for disciplinary reasons. Frequent cell visitor. Winchester Jail. No GW service	No	No
CLUNN	Edward	290034	Leading Stoker	RN	HMS Victory II	30 May 1875	St S	Served 13 Sep 1898 to 6 Mar 1913 when invalidated out due to malignant growths in stomach. No GW service	No	No
COURCOUT	William Louis	J95794	Boy 2nd Class	RN	HMS Impregnable	01-Jan-04	Gr	Served 19 Aug 1919 to 23 Aug 1922 when RN downsized. No GW service.	No	No
CUTLAND	John William Andrew	277111	Stoker 1st Class	RN	HMS Boscawen I	5 Jun 1874	St H	Served 2 Jul 1894 to 30 Jun 1906 when engagement expired. No GW service.	No	No
DAVIDSON	George Frederick	133832	Able Bodied Seaman	RN	HMS Northumberland	19 Jun 1869	St H	Served 16 Jun 1885 to 11 Apr 1890 when invalidated out. No obvious GW service.	No	No

GRANT	William	362863	Domestic 3rd Class	RN	HMS Victory I	29 Jan 1879	St H	Served 14 Sep 1904 to 22 Jul 1905 when discharged at own request.	No	No
LE CLERCQ	John Buesnel	156522	Domestic 3rd Class	RN	HMS Mistletoe	5 May 1872	St H	Served 29 Jul 1890 to 23 Oct 1890 when twice given HL	No	No
DAVID	John Adolphus Drelaud	175025	Able Bodied Seaman	RN	HMS Vivid I	7 May 1878	St H	Served 8 Jul 1893 to 31 Aug 1903 when invalidated out. May have lied about age. Frequent cell visitor	No	No
DAUBERT	George	297147	Stoker 1st Class	RN	HMS Alexandra	10 May 1882	St B	Served 28 Mar 1901 to 6 Mar 1913 when invalidated out with TB	No	No
SINGLE	Edwin Arthur	178606	Petty Officer 2nd Class	RN	HMS Victory I	11 Nov 1877	St H	Served 20 Feb 1894 to 6 Feb 1908 when invalidated out due to diabetes	No	No
DE LA MARE	Peter Francis	173415	Able Bodied Seaman	RN	HMS Duke of Wellington	13 Dec 1877	St H	Served 10 May 1893 to 13 Apr 1900 then invalidated out.	No	No
DE LA MARE	Arthur John	219708	Able Bodied Seaman	RN	HMS Crescent	19 Sep 1885	St H	Served 18 Feb 1902 to 31 Oct 1905 when he died of pneumonia at Simonstown.	No	No
CARY	Edward Southwell	227574	Boy 2nd Class	RN	HMS St Vincent	15 Feb 1888	St B	Served 21 Aug 1903 to 8 Oct 1903 when invalidated out. Did he later serve as 1357 Sgt Cary RAMC? To be investigated.	TBA	No
CUSACK	Ernest Walter Herbert	150658	Petty Officer 1st Class	RN	HMS Defiance	5 Feb 1874	NK	Served 23 Jul 1889 to 30 Oct 1903 when he appears to have been commissioned/awarded Warrant Gunner rank. To be investigated further. Attended Greenwich School.	TBA	No
CUSSACK	William James	146159	Yeoman of Signals	RN	HMS Illustrious	15 Jan 1873	St H	Served 1 Aug 1888 to 30 Jun 1902 when he appears to have been commissioned. To be investigated further. CUSSACK or CUSACK?	TBA	No
LE DAIN	George	186036	Able Bodied Seaman	RN	HMS Hecla	17 Feb 1879	St H	Served 23 Oct 1895 to 5 Aug 1909 when invalidated out. May have joined MN as George Winter Le Dain? To be investigated further	TBA	No
DE LA MARE	Arthur	SS4829	Able Bodied Seaman	RN	HMS Attentive (P48)	13 Feb 1896	NK	Served 16 Apr 1914 to 21 May 1919 then joined RFR. Is this Arthur DLM in MN?	TBA	No
BERTRAM	Percy Stanley Gordon	J91111	Boy 2nd Class	RN	HMS Impregnable	23-Oct-02	NA	Guernsey Born, served 25 Jul 1918 to at least 12 May 1928. Jersey link?	X	X

DE LA MARE	Edward Baden	J91809	Boy 2nd Class	RN	HMS Powerful	21-Mar-01	NA	Guernsey Born, served 25 Jul 1918 to at least 12 May 1928. Jersey link?	X	X
DE LA MARE	John William	231251	Able Bodied Seaman	RN	HMS Hyacinth	25 Feb 1887	NA	Forest, Guernsey Born, served 18 Jul 1904 to 19 Apr 1911 when he drowned having fallen overboard painting the ships side	X	X
DE LA MARE	Alfred	J45230	Able Bodied Seaman	RN	Woolwich (HMS Onslaught)	24 Sep 1899	NA	Guernsey Born, served 7 Oct 1915 to at least 8 Jul 1927. Jersey link?	X	X
DE LA MARE	Adolphus	87779	Ordinary Seaman	RN	HMS Wolverene	14 Dec 1858	NA	St Peter Port, Guernsey Born, served 25 Sep 1874 to 10 Jan 1877 when he went on the run!	X	X