

JOURNAL
54

Channel Islands
Great War
Study Group
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2014



The outpouring heart of the British Empire

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IN REMEMBRANCE OF THOSE WHO FELL



1st August to 31st October, 1914

August, 1914

- | | |
|--|--|
| 14. Davy, George Constant Joseph Marie | 24. Shiel, Alfred G |
| 14. Lindley, John | 26. Sharp, William |
| 21. Gorrec, François Marie | 28. Bowden-Smith, Walter Adrian Carnegie |
| 22. Poussin, Leon Pierre Marie Alexandre | 28. Stevens, Reginald Walter Morton |
| 22. Regnault, Alphonse Arsene Albert | 29. Decourtit, Leopold Noel Marie |
| 23. Last, Walter G | 29. Le Borgne, Louis François |
| 23. Ryan, Patrick John | 29. Le Millin, Guillaume Marie |
| 24. Briard, Ernest Felix Victor | 30. Aubin, Alfred Charles |

September, 1914

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 01. Bechelet, Edmond René | 14. Walsh, William Edward |
| 05. Le Bail, Alexandre | 15. Sexton, Arthur |
| 05. Le Mauviot, Albert Jules Constantin | 16. Durand, Jules Eugene |
| 05. Whitehead, William | 16. Mauger, Edward |
| 06. Colas de Malmusse, Louis Marie Olivier | 16. Price, Charles Lempière |
| 06. Reynolds, Francis Herbert | 17. Marett, Edward Clarence |
| 08. Hewat, Anthony Morris Coats | 22. Bazire, Auguste Noel |
| 09. Farmer, Arthur George Charles | 22. Hoffman, Francis Edward Charles |
| 09. Hamon, Valentin Marie Pierre | 22. White, George Edward |
| 09. Lelong, Jules François Justin | 24. Hewitt, Gordon Hughes |
| 09. Small, Arthur | 24. Maxwell, Peter Benson |
| 11. Bulteau, Roger Jules Louis Paul | 25. Edmunds, Samuel Frank |
| 13. Mills, George Ernest | 25. Freeman, Alfred |
| 14. Bridou, Joseph | 27. Moreau, François Alexandre CJ |
| 14. Brochard, Louis Jean | 27. Moreau, Jean Baptiste HF |
| 14. Edwards, John Arthur | 28. Roberts, Frederick Fieldhouse |
| 14. Guilbert, Thomas Martin | 29. Mahy, James Le Page |
| 14. King, John Joseph | 30. O'Kerrins, Gérard Marie Charles |
| 14. Kirkby, John Sheerman | 30. Paradis, Ernest Marie Louis |
| 14. Le Marchant, Louis St Gratien | |



IN REMEMBRANCE OF THOSE WHO FELL



1st August to 31st October, 1914

01. Mainguy Raphael LJ
03. Booker, Frederick
03. Le Verdier, Auguste Adolphe Paul
04. Le Garsmeur, Yves Marie
05. Mobry, Louis Marie François
05. Ozouf, Louis Jacques Joseph
07. Aldridge, Reginald John Petty
08. Le Hellidu, Noel Etienne
09. Guibout, Paul Alphonse Joseph
09. Tank, Charles Hellyer
12. Lennard, William Herbert
12. Ralph, Ernest
12. Tagg, Harold Arthur
13. Dumond, Alphonse
13. Hurley, Herbert George
13. Orchard, Clarence William
14. Efford, Cecil
18. Coutanche, Stanley Vernon
18. Lerat, Alfred Yves
18. O'Hanlon, Thomas A
18. Querotret, Peter
19. Carey, Leicester William Le Marchant
19. Churchill, Charles David
19. Lydon, James
20. Lecky, Averell
21. Fairs, Walter
21. Lambie, James
22. Corbet, Louis Pierre
22. Gruchy, Frank Le Maistre

October, 1914

22. Roberts, George
23. Bazire, Lèon Paul Arsene
23. Jouguet, Harold Wilfred
23. Knight, Edward
24. Ashley, Ernest Arthur
24. Dunlop, Julian Silver Strickland
24. Le Mouton, Joseph
24. Stagg, George Frederick
25. Fefeu, Pierre Marie
25. Taylor, Cecil Albert
26. Du Feu, John Romeril
26. Hamon, Leon François
26. Harding, Jack Maynard
26. Lerner, George Henry
27. Howard, Percy Edgar Napier
27. Marquis, Clifford James
28. Legg, George F
30. Burnet, Auguste Pierre Marie
30. Joyce, Ralph
30. Broun, Ernest Scott
30. Cadoret, Joseph
30. Du Jardin, Adolphus
30. Dymond, Samuel James
30. Michel, Philip
30. Noel, Charles Herbert Pallot
30. Warr, Charles
31. Crousaz, Cecil Francis
31. Vilbeau, François Jean Marie
31. Yrand, François Jean

Note: Thanks go to Mark Bougourd for conceiving the idea for these pages. They will continue 'for the duration'.

Hello All

All of a sudden it is August, 2014, the centenary of a large mobilisation of men, material, animals and whatever else was necessary to prosecute war, not least the financial engines to keep meeting, or deferring the bills. The British ‘...it would all be over by Christmas’ was marginally better than ‘You will be home before the leaves have fallen from the trees!’ as had been Kaiser Wilhelm II’s promise to his troops as they marched off to war in August, 1914. Nations had embarked upon a massive commitment of resources to a war that they did not know the length of, the risks that it would entail, and whether they would achieve their hoped for outcome.

Coming back to today, we have already seen an almost equally large mobilisation take place, one of commemorative effort, which has seen just about every part of the British Isles, and much of the commonwealth besides, engaged in some form of ceremony, be it large or small. Events have similarly occurred in Europe, and will no doubt do so in the USA from 2017 onwards. All of this will continue for the next four to five years, and one wonders whether there will be the same degree of commitment throughout, albeit that it will surely be of a different nature.

For my part, as I write this, a few days before the Battle of Mons in centennial terms, I am already suffering from a form of war commemoration fatigue. A number of you will already know that I have an odd sense of humour, but I am not in any way being funny, for it does seem that the floodgates of ceremonies, information, memories and new book releases have opened, and it is nigh impossible to intelligently digest everything that pops out. Yet, having reprised the outputs of Channel TV and the two major Island newspapers, along with various Group member inputs, there has been a lot happening, some of it which this Journal has hopefully covered.

One may predict that events such as Jersey’s ‘Ceremony of Light’ will be mercifully few and far between, but oddly, such events, although they can be hard work in preparation, are far easier to undertake because of the short ‘flash to bang’ timescale. Their real benefit is in bringing participants and audience together to share a common purpose. The real trick then is to try and maintain that bonding and common purpose once the event is over when the flags and bunting have come down. It therefore prompts the question of whether the Group can now help out in that maintenance role.

Elsewhere in this Journal, the new books that have been produced by Liz Walton and Ian Ronayne are referred to. Having had a copy of Liz’s book for about a week, I have not yet read it, but would say that it is visually striking and that it deserves a wide audience. Not resting on her laurels, even now she may be writing her next book about her Aunt Ada! In the case of Ian’s book, I have yet to see the final article, though I had proof-read his drafts some time ago. So I am familiar with the basic content never mind the final word-crafting and structure. Overall, the two books are chalk and cheese in style, content and, I would suggest, in their durability.

Explain? Liz’s book will continue to sell, *sans change*, until the cows come home! It is that sort of book for its contents will not very likely degrade in terms of historical fact or accuracy. Ian’s book is unique, and this is because he has set the historical benchmark for others to follow regarding Jersey. You look at most books today, you will see their authors refer to another author’s book and ‘lift’ quotes. Very few books contain pure unadulterated virgin material, and, in its broadest sense, the Great War is not novel.

The same cannot be said of 'Jersey's Great War'. The book does not provide a historic conclusion, rather that, because no other individual has written a comprehensive book on the subject previously, it should prompt further research and the emergence of hitherto unknown information. In a comparatively short time, say in three to five years, it may very likely be out of date. I keep telling Ian that he has not finished his work, he has only just started, and has produced an Aunt Sally!

Can the bonding and common purpose, referred to on the previous page, be combined with research. While a considerable amount of research has been carried by many Group members, there is always scope for more. As can be seen in 'Website Workings', there was a sizeable spike in the number of visits on the 4th August, so there were quite a few looking to see if grandfather was mentioned. We need to find a bridge between the ceremonial when everybody puts on their Sunday best and their medals, and the day-to-day mundane effort that goes into establishing an ever-improving understanding about what happened to the Islands and the Islanders. For my part regarding this, I owe the Bailiff of Jersey's Chief Officer a note, and I will put to him the idea of funding research. I would suggest that others do so with any ideas that they might have.

There is money set aside for school visits to the battlefields, certainly by the States of Jersey, and while this of value, some of the budget could be used to support or encourage schoolchildren to undertake research without leaving the Islands. Alternatively, the research could directly feed into a related field trip for example. This is an area where there is scope for examination at least.

Turning to this Journal, I want to thank to the contributors, some of them first-timers as well as the regulars, of whom I have lost count! More by fluke than by any cunning plan of mine, a few have provided articles dealing with the first few months prior to and during the Great War. They may have set out a principle that could be maintained in Journals over the next few years. On that basis, I will look to produce an article on First Ypres based upon a talk I recently gave (and which I made a complete pig's ear of!), but do not feel constrained if you have a non-1914 topic to write about.

The Front Cover

Few readers will have missed seeing pictures of the field of ceramic poppies in the Tower of London's moat. Titled 'Blood Swept Lands and Sea of Red', it has been variously described as artwork, a sculptor and an installation. When complete in 1918, there will be nearly 890,000 poppies placed. Our photograph was taken by Roger Frisby during a recent visit to the Tower.

The Imperial War Museum

The IWM reopened in July following its multi-million pound facelift. My daughter, with her husband and two children, visited it one weekday about ten days after it had opened, and found that, overall, it was impressive, but...!

The new Great War galleries were extremely popular and this had resulted in managing visitor access to provide a comfortable and safe environment for those inside. As a result, there was an extremely lengthy queue. Anybody intending to visit may wish to consider this in the near future. Of course at the time of my daughter's visit, it was during the summer school holiday period, so she never made it in!

Guernsey goes to War: Through American Eyes By Paul Dorey

In early July, 1914 a recently-retired American gentleman from San Francisco arrived with his family in Guernsey for a holiday. He was no doubt aware that an Austrian archduke had been assassinated a few days before, but can hardly have imagined that by the end of the month the Royal Guernsey Militia would be called up and the great powers of Europe would be mobilising for war.

These were not just any American tourists, however. Captain John Leale (1850-1932), Master Mariner and veteran of 125,000 round trips on ferries across San Francisco Bay, had grown up on the Bridge at St. Sampson's Harbour, a son of Henry and Hannah Leale and nephew of John Leale (1817-1885), founder of the 'General and Furnishing Ironmonger' that later became Leale Ltd. As a child he had spent the 'long twilight hours on the Bridge at St. Sampson's watching (the) stone boats load, while the skipper told tales and the boy dreamed dreams'. At the age of 14 he was presented with an extraordinary opportunity to make those dreams of sea-going and adventure come true.



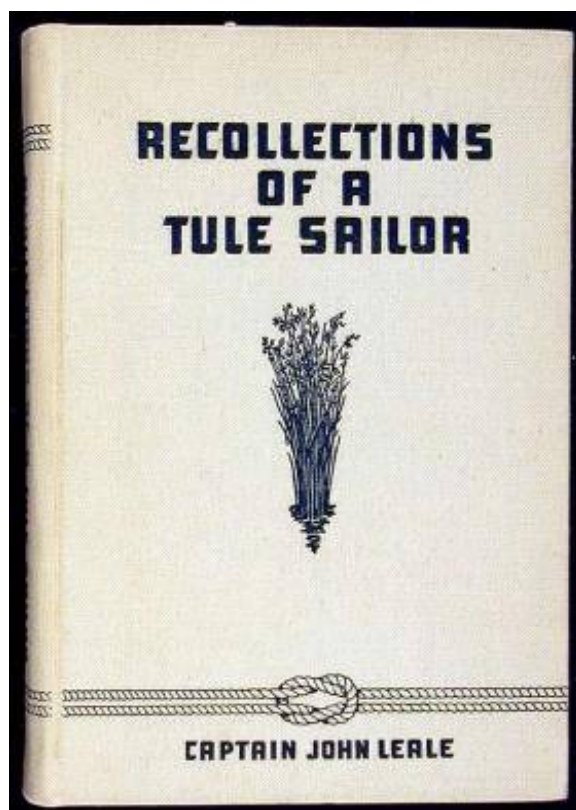
Leale's on the Bridge at St. Sampson's, where everything "from a needle to an anchor was sold".

Invited by his aunt and her sea captain husband, a Swedish-born California pioneer, young John left the Island to seek his fortune in the Golden State. Returning only once, in 1872, for a few weeks (he became a naturalized US citizen in the same year), he then did not see the Island again for 42 years until the SS *Roebuck* came alongside the White Rock in the late afternoon of 3rd July, 1914. With him were his New York-born wife Fannie and their two daughters, Marion and Edith, in Europe for the first time in their lives, but eager to see for themselves this Island that had figured so frequently in their father's yarns and to meet their Guernsey relatives for the first time – that tribe largely based in St. Sampson's, whom Ebenezer Le Page refers to as the 'Leales and the Birds and the Doreys and the Johns

and such people, who was all well-to-do and relations of each other in one way or another.' Little did they know that they would end up staying a whole year, witnessing and recording the passing of an age and the onset of a cataclysmic war.

Captain John Leale died in 1932, but his daughter Marion published his memoirs in 1939, under the title 'Recollections of a Tule Sailor: by Master Mariner John Leale (1850-1932), with interpolations by Marion Leale'. Marion Whitfield Leale (1882-1955) had graduated in law in 1904 from the University of California, and was a highly literate and sharp observer of all that she experienced in Guernsey during this time. She added in italics her own 'interpolations' to the text of her father's work, which adds to the interest of the book. The following quotations from the book, though lengthy, will be fascinating to those interested in life and conditions in Guernsey just before and after the onset of the Great War.

"GUERNSEY—1914



Captain John Leale and his "Recollections", published after his death by his daughter, Marion.

Ten days after my retirement, on the 9th June, 1914, the Leale family — all four — started for a trip to Europe. The Guernseyman was taking his American wife and two daughters back to his Island home. All happy to go, with no set time for return. We took the 9:20 pm boat (again the "Newark") for Oakland Pier, with every boat we met blowing a farewell salute, my wife weeping. The sentiment of it all was too much for her. We went north and across Canada by Canadian Pacific.

(...) No other trip to England ever equals the first. The sighting of the Scilly Islands, wee black specs on the horizon ahead, and a few hours later the coast of England with its white banks, and a few hours later still the Eddystone Lighthouse — the excitement is so tense that it beggars description.

And then that first glimpse of the Hoe at Plymouth, whence the Pilgrims set sail, and in our case the tender which came out to meet us in the dark, bringing our little English cousin, Francis, in his cap and Eton jacket — so British!¹

And oh! The first English lane, and the Devon River with Newton and Noss “carrying on” just as they were in Queen Elizabeth’s time, and the perfume of the wild roses in the hedges and the song of birds!

Perceptions come seldom to grown-ups but my first European trip was to be full of them, and being such, they were met with tense emotion.

We spent five happy days visiting at “Lealholm” and my cousins motored us through pretty much of glorious Devon and much of Cornwall. The thatched roofs, flowers in the copses, and hedges blooming with wild roses stepped out of story-book to reality. The word “adorable” overworked by my daughters was a source of amusement to their English cousins.

We went from Plymouth to Weymouth when we boarded the boat to Guernsey, an eighty-mile journey across the Channel. We hove in sight of the Island about four pm, when I began to point out to my family old familiar places which I had not seen for forty-two years.



The SS *Roebuck*, which so impressed the Leales with its “most modern style”.

At last the “White Rock,” our landing place. I am trying to pick out relatives from the crowd on the pier. Almost the only clue I have is that I think I have found a group who have discovered four Americans.

As soon as the gangway is out, the first man to step on board is my cousin John Leale of Guernsey²—no pass demanded, as he is one of the Jurats who govern the Island.

The other greeters awaited our disembarking. After a sorting of “who’s who,” we were rushed

to four awaiting cars for a three-mile journey to the “Hawthorns”³ (John’s new home since my day), everybody talking, and I try to point out to my family, The Esplanade, Salarie, Castle Cornet, Banks, and at last St. Sampson’s, the place where I played marbles.

Cousin John’s family consisted of self and wife, one daughter and two sons—one son a minister and Cambridge graduate,⁴ the other in business with his father, the daughter busy in civic work. While his father lived, Cousin John’s home was in the same building with the shop on St. Sampson’s Bridge.

¹ Francis Leo de Moulpied Lawson (1906-1983), son of Francis Thomas B. Lawson and Louise (née Leale).

² John Leale (1865-1928), owner of Leale Ltd. and Jurat of the Royal Court from 1907 to 1928.

³ Now named ‘Billingbear House’, on Bulwer Avenue. Three miles is something of an exaggeration.

⁴ Rev. John Leale (1892-1969).

About the time Uncle John died, Guernsey was in the transition stage of business, that is from exporting of granite to horticulture development under glass. It seems almost a provision of favoured Providence that just as the decline (of granite) set in, there were “in our midst” those pioneers ready and alert to develop the Island’s horticulture under glass and thus lay the foundation for the biggest industry the Island had ever known. John, being in full command, was equal to the situation. He imported his glass by the ship-load, likewise boilers and piping for heating. He built a small foundry and in addition became representative of the Standard and Shell Oil companies. He dropped the grocery department. It is now the Leale Limited.⁵

I found Cousin John holding a unique position in the community for although in trade, he had been several years a Jurat. This honorary position is held for life and given by vote of the people. He was personally a court of appeal for any Islander and held a peculiar corner in their affections. The Shop now required the whole building and he had therefore built the “Hawthorns,” a beautiful home with its three acres of ground by the sea.



Jurat Leale’s home, “The Hawthorns”, where young Jack and Roy taught Captain Leale billiards.

(...) There were also my cousins, John’s two sisters,⁶ and their families and some of my old school-mates. All seem to have prospered. Practically all were interested in greenhouses or had stock in them, for Guernsey had become the greenhouse of Covent Garden by this time. Two and three steamers a day leave Guernsey for the English market

⁵ Leale Ltd. is now the 'Friends of Citizens Advice Charity Shop' on the north end of the Bridge.

⁶ Clara, who was married to Arthur Dorey, and Elise, married to Arthur’s brother Philemon Dorey. Both of these Doreys were well-known growers in St. Sampson’s. Arthur owned the Belgrave vineries, and was Ebenezer Le Page’s boss in the famous novel. He was appointed Jurat in 1922. Philemon (P. F. Dorey & Sons) owned the Fountain Vinery.

with tomatoes, grapes, melons, figs and flowers in their varying seasons, all of which are grown beneath glass. It may sound like coals to Newcastle but they even export bulbs to Holland, which bulbs in turn are exported from there as Holland-grown.

I could hardly believe that the pictures in the Den at home were actually coming to life before my very eyes, and yet there they were—Hocart's Mill and Abraham's Bosom, St. Sampson's Harbor, The Hawthorns, Delancey Hill; finally Castle Cornet, the White Rock, St. Peter Port with Victoria Tower protectingly rising on the hill above. All four of us were so excited that we were sick with emotion. Dad was pale above his black beard and the American trio were weak-kneed. St. Peter Port with its Esplanade along its lovely grey Guernsey granite bulkhead, mellowed by age, was a gem of Norman architecture as we approached it from the Channel. Mother had warned us not to be too disappointed if we found that Dad had exaggerated Guernsey, explaining that it would be quite natural if love had colored his memory, but after that first glimpse, she acknowledged that she need not have feared. There could be no exaggeration!

This is no moment to overwhelm the log of the "tule sailor" of California by a description of his Guernsey birthplace, but that could be easily done, so much is there to tell of this dear isle. I simply must speak however of a few of my first impressions.

First of these was the steamer "Roebuck," which had brought us across the Channel. I had heard that Guernsey did not change, and coupled with that I recalled the story of the resistance to the first steamer when the motto of the day was "If it was good enough for my father it is good enough for us," and I knew that the first boat had been described as "desecrating the air with black and poisonous smoke and using coal needed for other purposes." None of us, not even Dad who thought he knew all about Guernsey, was prepared then for the first-class packet which was carrying us across the Channel in most modern style. (I was to learn of many incongruities in the next fortnight, ancient opposite modern).

The next astonishment, although I should have been prepared for it, was the language I heard at the White Rock — sometimes Guernsey-French and sometimes English, and I was fascinated by the quaint fishing-boats on the harbor and the high granite carts we passed with their drivers walking beside the horse, directing by calls "wak" (right) and "bidaway" (left).

But I was yet to see Guernsey.

The next day was Saturday and by ten o'clock we were on our way to the Market. Along Les Banques and the Esplanade we sped with our left-hand driving, on past the White Rock and the blue Yacht Harbor with modern craft bobbing peacefully at anchor. And then at the foot of High Street we stopped, for motors are not allowed on Market Days in the narrow, winding streets of town, and even boys on "bikes" make slow headway.

Right here I have scratched what I originally wrote of that first Market Day to insert in its place what I have since found—Mother's description in her diary. I cannot do so well with my own pen, and although it may be a bit longer than I would now write, I know it to be a perfect description of one of the quaintest spots left undisturbed in this moving world, and so I risk its length!

“How shall I write of The Market Place, so thoroughly foreign, so typically Guernsey, so absolutely fascinating. To begin with everyone goes to market on Saturday morning, and at ten o’clock on that memorable first day in Guernsey, that unique 4th of July, we were only too happy to start forth, each provided with a little wicker-basket, quite in line with the traditions we have had quoted to us for lo! these many years. The one touch of modernity which seemed a little out of place was the motor-car in which we were whisked to the market-steps, but that was most comfortable and we readily forgave the innovation, and forgot all about it, when we turned up the narrow little hill street, passed the venerable old Town Church, and alighted at the foot of broad stone-steps, with handrail in the middle. At the top of the steps, opened out the market-square, and facing it stood the fine substantial structure which now houses most of the stalls, all of which, of course, formally (sic) stood about the square. On the top of the stairs stood a few donkey-carts and an old man grinding out a Salvation Army hymn from a wheezy old hurdy-gurdy, and at the foot of the steps, wonder of wonders sat the very old scissors-grinder-man who had ground scissors and knives in the very same old spot since Jack was a boy. (A few days later Jack entrusted his knife to him and it hasn’t cut since, but that’s another story.) We threaded our way between the carts and the multitude of men, women, children and baskets to the door of the market and then walked into the dream of our imaginations.

Every tradition was fulfilled save the costumes of the market-women—and the head-gear of many suggested even those. The butter, in golden pats (one, two and three pounds) and wrapped in the cabbage-leaves was there. The string-beans laid side by side counted, no doubt, and tied in neat little bunches, were there. The peas all shelled and sold by the pint-cup were there. The peaches, each wrapped in a bit of white wadding and another little wrapping of paper and laid oh! so carefully, twelve in a box and not one touching another, were there. Black currants, white currants and red currants were there, and raspberries, white and red, and flowers and grasses and all sorts of vegetables, fruit, to say nothing of dairy produce and delicatessen of various kinds. All these attractions were arranged most temptingly in little stalls which line the sides of two long halls so to speak, the one at right angles to the other, and each of the many stalls presided over by two or three women, many of them very old and all very quaint-looking. Over each stall a number and a name, Mrs Priaulx, Mrs Jeffreys, Mrs Falla, etc., and many of those names had been there decades, I had almost said centuries. Each stall seemed more temptingly arrayed than the last, and from hot-house grapes on their beautiful leaves to the commonest bunch of green onions or dried herbs, each thing seemed washed and polished and groomed for the occasion, but the various mixtures of sorts were funny.

Pampas plumes stood side by side with stacks of golden carrots, huge bunches of sweet lavender jostled cabbages quite as huge but not so fragrant. Tight little bouquets caught the eye, in one case composed of calla-lilies and forget-me-nots with a few marigolds tucked in here and there which reminds me of another legend fulfilled. The soup-vegetables were tied in little bunches ready for the pot and two or three marigold blossoms were in each bunch. Crossing the transverse passage which runs from street to street, we entered the fish-market, a much more wonderful sight to us than the other section. Stalls, numbers, names, women, arrangements quite the same, but in a hall fully as large as the first one, nothing but fish! Fish in the most marvelous variety, size, shape, and quantity, and the whole place spotlessly clean and actually fragrant! All the shell-fish alive—crabs, lobsters, shrimps, crawfish—brown, wriggling, ‘all trying to escape,’ as Edith says; and it certainly was most laughable and interesting to see the fish mongers, men and women, poking them about or packing them into the baskets, without fear or favor, while the customers themselves thought nothing of a wriggling claw waving here and there from a

basket green with cabbage-leaves or bright with flowers. I never saw so many fish except in Tahiti, and I never anywhere saw a more tempting market. The market-place more than fulfils our anticipations and even all traditions as I have said except the one of the quaint old costumes and the knitting! On Saturdays every stall is open and the occupants remain in their places until all their wares are disposed of—sometimes late into the night.

After our purchases were made, we sauntered along the Commercial Arcade, High Street, and to the top of Smith Street, intensely interested with the crowd of rich and poor, old and young, men, women, children, most with a basket, all intent upon the same errand; all coming, sooner or later, to the market-place. The sidewalks are a farce and the streets are really more used by pedestrians than by vehicles. There are sidewalks on some of the streets, but they are very narrow and uneven in width, often curving off to nothing, and leaving the street for your use, willy nilly.”

Of course we Americans were a curiosity on that first Market Day, for the town knew immediately of our arrival the day before, and our accents were “too wonderful.” On the



The Fish Market, pre-World War I.

other hand their Franco-Norman dialect, so interesting to philologists, was utter Greek to us. Being “different” had its advantage however, for we were allowed to ask questions (and when we enquired for Guernsey “gâche,” we were immediately taken into the fold). Everyone graciously helped us with the complicated change, which certainly cried out for help, French silver, English pounds, shillings and pence, Guernsey doubles with a few Jersey coppers thrown in—a liberal education for an American, this mixture of exchange.

And then came that first Saturday afternoon — that first drive through miles and miles of lovely winding lanes (over 500 miles of road thread this wee island which is only twenty-five by forty miles), the turfed banks with hawthorn and gorse brushing the sides of the motor which sometimes had to back if it met another, (for lanes were made for cow and man, not modern equipage), the views from cragged cliffs to sheltered beaches (Saint’s Bay, Petit Bot), the deep blue waters of the Channel with its currents swift and strong, the water-lanes, the picturesque Guernsey granite hedges around the fields, the hay piled on stone supports in the tiny fields and an arched stone well standing here and there, the sweet hedged-in farms (rarely more than five or six acres), and the quaint stone farm-houses, with thatched or tiled roofs and inside the greenbed and the dressers displaying luster and pewter-ware.

And soon the first visit to “Aunt Hannah’s” home in Hauteville,⁷ with outside its sweet view of St. Peter Port from the terrace, and inside its high-boy and feather bed and wonderful old furniture, some of which “Grandma Leale”⁸ had described to us.

⁷ Hannah-Jane White, née Leale, who lived at ‘Brighton Villa’.

⁸ Hannah Leale, née Atthowe, Henry Leale’s wife.

And then contrasting all this “ancient,” yet strangely not incongruous, were the miles and miles or modern glass-houses, the up-to-date English hotel, the latest model English and French automobiles and the Yacht Harbor with smartest of craft.

We were to love it all, and the English blood in my sister’s veins and mine responded instinctively to the pride with which the Captain brought his American family “home to Guernsey” for the first time—in that July of 1914.

VICTOR HUGO FETES

Our arrival in Guernsey was on the 3rd July, 1914 and on the 7th and 8th were the Victor Hugo fêtes. These were to celebrate the unveiling of a statue of the great writer and the acceptance by the French Government of the Victor Hugo home, Hauteville House—the latter the gift of the Hugo family. (**Author’s Note:** Hauteville House was the home of the author during his exile in Guernsey. Here he wrote *Les Misérables*, *Toilers of the Sea*, and others of his books). For these fêtes official representatives came over from France in two French cruisers and a special boat arrived from France chartered by the Victor Hugo Society. I recall having seen the great writer when I was a boy.

(...) This great event so soon after their arrival gave my family its first opportunity of seeing the old-country way of celebrating “on holiday.” But it turned out that this first European trip of theirs was to be a unique experience all the way, for in less than a month, France was sending vessels to Guernsey to transport her reserves back home, for war had been declared between France and Germany.



French Minister for Public Instruction Mr Augagneur, giving a speech at the inauguration of the statue of Victor Hugo in Candie Gardens, on the 7th July, 1914.



Jurat Arthur Dorey's house, "Rockmount", in Delancey, as it looks today.

THE GREAT WAR

Our feelings on the eve of England's entry into the War can best be told by an excerpt from my daughter's diary of that year. The entry of 3rd August, 1914, reads:

After all the peaceful times I have been recording, it seems incredible that the Peace Conferences have been in vain, and that strong nations of the world will clash arms for supremacy, and yet the news today is so grave that the men of the community are much impressed with the seriousness of the situation, and I have resolved to keep a daily diary in this log. Little did we guess on Thursday last, when we were enjoying to the full the hospitality of Rockmount,⁹ that the Militia of Guernsey would have to continue in service for real war, but today we realize the possibility. Those whom we can trust as cognizant of details kept from the British public, predict a war touching practically every nation of the world, and who knows but that the deeds this log records may be history. Be that as it may. Though these details of quiet little Guernsey may not interest others, they will be stirring reminders to the four who lived them!

There will be no attempt in this tale to detail our experiences of the first year of the War. I merely pick out certain episodes which may be of particular interest.

⁹ Arthur and Clara Dorey's house in Delancey, overlooking Camp Code Lane.

First of all we had to register as friendly aliens, and on the 12th August, 1914, I was booked in the States office on the "Stranger Register" in my old home town. This made it necessary for me to report and secure a permit if I wished to travel. Through the courtesy of the owners, I was invited to take a trip to London on the "Channel Queen." She was a nice little vessel, and how I admired her skipper Captain Weatherall as he took her up the London River, the last end of the journey being after dark! Going up Channel we were boarded twice, once by the French and once by the English. Now I had strict instructions from my family to register immediately on arrival at London, but Captain Weatherall, being a good sport, said to the British officer who demanded an account of his passengers—"five passengers—all British." Well my name fitted that of a very good Guernseyman, so why not? We were in London three days and I failed to register. We sailed for Jersey and back to Guernsey, arriving at 4 o'clock in the morning, allowing me to sneak on shore without having to present a visa. I must not fail to mention that our little vessel had one gun on her stern with one man detailed who could use it.

After being guests at the Hawthorns for nearly three months with no prospect of further European travel, we secured apartments in "town" and my family settled down to "do their bit." Among other activities they took a course in The St. John Ambulance Association.

For friendly aliens in a country at war, there is naturally restricted entertainment, but opportunities for service are manifold. The training we took in the St. John Ambulance which was pre-requisite (Home-nursing and Emergency Work) was so valuable in its British thoroughness that I have never ceased to be thankful for it. There was also work to be done for the Belgian refugees and entertainment to be furnished for the men who were in the Officers Training Camp at Fort George on the Island, and bandages to be rolled and socks to be knitted. Thus the months passed quickly, despite the days and weeks which in themselves were long while we waited for news from the Front.

While I personally did not get into any special war service, I had the unique experience of working in the Shop. It was just a packing job, Cousin John being short of men. The war was reducing his help continuously.

I became a member of the United Club, where I spent many pleasant hours with a congenial lot of old and new cronies. They dubbed me "Woodrow" and when the news of the "Lusitania" came, on entering the Club one day, I was asked "Well, Woodrow, what are you going to do now?" I well remember the question, but have forgotten the answer.



Left to right: Captain John Leale, Fannie, Edith, and Marion (photos for their 1915 passports).

GUERNSEY—1914-1915

We remained in Guernsey about a year and it turned out that the American cousins proved most congenial to their English cousins with whom, even I, after my long absence, had to get acquainted.

Often times when entering the slip at San Francisco, coming in out of a strong tide, the eye is particularly active, first in taking two objects on shore to get the drift, again using the jack-staff as a sight on a gun. It is sometime advisable to hit a hard, glancing thump in order to arrest the swing on the after-end. Sometimes the blow would be so heavy that it would seem the Captain was "making a poor job of it," when in reality it would be a very good landing. I used sometimes to compare it with playing billiards and to flatter myself that I would learn easily to play the game. So when we landed at the Hawthorns and I found a perfectly good billiard-table with Cousin John and his sons, Jack and Roy,¹⁰ good and willing tutors, I started to learn the game. Also at the United Club I would take lessons from friend, Gerve.¹¹ But I soon found out that the idea that my steamboat experience would count was overestimated.

As Dad has quoted from my diary of the beginning of that year, and has himself written in no detail, it may not be out of place to add some of my memories of that tense as part of a picture of "War" on an island in the British Channel.

Mid-July in Guernsey in 1914 was one round of pleasure, but August cast its shadow before, and on July thirtieth the Militia was called out. By the time August Fourth had arrived, we were tense with emotion. The one-page bright-red Special Edition of the "Star" had sent terror to our souls, with its headline "British Ultimatum to Germany. Time expires at Midnight. Mr. Asquith's announcement regarding Belgium's neutrality."

The words which woke us August fifth, "England and Germany will fight," were electric.

On the seventh of August, Cousin John had word that the King's Proclamation was to be received.

British laws are not current in the Channel Islands unless specifically so stated, and in this instance legal procedure was punctiliously followed. The Royal Court heard the Royal Edict, Guernsey then offered its services to the King as Duke of Normandy, letting it plainly be known that this was a voluntary act.

Posters of the proclamation soon appeared pasted on the town pump, and the frightful excitement of that day and the week that followed will remain with me always. Cablegrams regarding exportation of food-stuffs to Guernsey, transmission of telegrams, registration of foreigners, papers printed on the Sundays succeeding August fourth (Sunday editions had never before appeared), made us aware of the seriousness of the Serbian aftermath and its significance to us, Americans in England.

After a month's time when it became an unquestioned fact that our trip to Norway was not to be, we settled down to wait, confident that the war would "end in a few months." But it did not end, and from month to month for eleven months, we lived on in Guernsey —

¹⁰ Jack was later to be known as Jurat the Reverend Sir John Leale, knighted for his role as President of the Controlling Committee, December 1940 – August 1945. His brother was Roy Leale (1894-1919).

¹¹ Gervase Footitt Peek (1855-1943).

“friendly aliens.” Thus we entered into the life of the Island at a time when the spirit of the people was sore oppressed. We saw seventeen cousins go to war. We saw sad but Spartan separation and glad welcome “on leave.” The boat from England each day was the messenger of hope and despair. We saw raw recruits become uniformed officers and we entertained many of these Kitchener’s officers training at Fort George. Between these English boys and “the Americans” there was a particular bond, for we all were strangers in a strange land. Under the circumstances Guernsey was as far away to them as to us.

Little by little the real meaning of War sank into our souls. Refugee Belgians, allocated from London Headquarters, first brought the battle-line to us. Submarines and French vessels ducked into harbor for a few hours. Soon came black lanes at night, sealed window-shades and no visible lights in houses, restricted postals from the Front “in hospital” and cryptic telegrams from the War Department “Missing,” rumors of the nearness of the enemy to Calais with emphasis on the value of the Channel Islands as a supply-depot for the enemy should this occupation come about, visits to Jersey to an isolated German prison-camp, bandage-making every morning and St. John Ambulance courses in the afternoon and evening, days and nights when home and California seemed very far away—danger of food-supply shortage, uncertainty, inability to get facts while wild rumor surged about and “they say” was on every tongue. These were the civilian’s share of war in Guernsey in 1914. These were our unexpected experiences in the Island which we had met for the first time such a few weeks before, when it had blithely celebrated the Victor Hugo Fête, and the gaily-decorated French battleship and the silk-hatted officials with their smartly-dressed Parisian wives had brought the greetings of the French Government.

The human mind would unbalance under such circumstances if it were not for a healthy contrast. Wisely the English people recognized this, and played cricket “behind the lines” and “carried on” as normally as possible at home. And so in the weeks that followed, “The Americans” were invited to the teas and entertainments, the Sunday-school “treats” where every child had a huge cup of strong tea and a square of Guernsey gache (the island fruit cake)—and digested it! Cinema, and benefits for this-and-that war-fund were inaugurated. The beach picnics on the Thursday half-holidays, with bathing first and then the basket lunch to follow, charmed us, and up the lane, the teas at the sweet thatched Guernsey stone house (as we wended our way up to the motor) were so typical of these island afternoons that for an hour or two war seemed a long way off. The Guernsey country farms whose owners had sometimes never been as far as St. Peter Port and whose tales of witches still were whispered, seemed to us to be of another world. Could war come to such as these—these simple people who had harmed no creature?

When the Court of Chief Pleas met, the Captain was included as guest at the “Dinêr” (sic) at Old Government House, all four of us having earlier gone to the Feudal Court of one of the Country Fiefs, conducted with all the traditional rites which appertain to a part of an original grant.

Ormer fishing, crab-pot setting and shrimping interested our Dad, while tennis, golf, cricket and swimming filled many an hour for the younger generation. In the summer the long twilights and the late afternoon teas on the lawn, when the men left at home and the boys “on leave” joined in the sports (most popularly tennis) were so English, and in the winter the crumpets and scones at candle-light teas in the parlor were equally foreign to our American habits. A morning wedding, this hour because the boat left for England at eight o’clock, was followed by a breakfast, in fact as well as name. Guernsey recognizes no

divorce and we teased our Cousin Roy because he went to England for his wedding ceremony.

Always readily accepted were invitations to the Duveaux, a farm dating back to 1604, with its prize Guernsey cattle and its ancient Guernesiate furnishing, and as an astonishing part of its interest, rows of modern glass-houses with their beautiful grape vines and tomatoes and figs and melons. Guernsey folk are most hospitable and show with pride the homes that have continued on down through the centuries in one family.

A Guernsey vinery is a picture, with its ceiling of perfect branches of muscat and blue grapes and trellises of melons and tomatoes, (fruit almost without blemish). The White Rock at "loading time," when the baskets of precious fruit, are passed from hand to hand to prevent tipping is most picturesque. Covent Garden would not pay high prices for Guernsey produce unless there was a real reason, and the "growing industry" of Guernsey has a technique that is carefully guarded.

However, despite the importance and value of this industry, many people know of Guernsey only because of her cows, whose quality of milk is world-famous. These cattle certainly add to Guernsey's beauty, for they are just that. Large than the Jerseys, brown and slick and well-washed, they proudly boast the oldest pure-bred stock known, having come over from France before William the Conqueror, brought by monks from Normandy and Brittany, and having remained an unadulterated stock ever since. Any "intruder" who attempts to land is slaughtered in the house provided for his welcome at the White Rock, the main jetty of the island, at St. Peter Port. The milking, directly through a fine cloth, stretched tightly across the broad neck of the quaint Guernsey can is necessitated by the richness of butter-fat. "Topsy," World Champion now in America, produces twenty-five times her weight in milk in one year, and is milked four times a day.

My mouth waters now at the thought of the delectable teas with bath-buns in summer and crumpets and scones in winter, each dripping with Guernsey butter. Yellow in color, this butter is sold in round pads and in the Market Place resting on fresh green cabbage leaves, as had been told. Milk is served for tea, for the cream is so thick it is not even attempted.

Seasons succeeded each other — primroses in the hedges, bluebells in the dells, fields of daffodils, hawthorn down the lanes, roses in the gardens—flowers in profusion after a winter of storm and tempest in the English Channel, and despite a war, the scene of which was such a short distance away.

So days passed into weeks and on into months, until the sinking of the "Lusitania" on May seventh startled the world and American blood was spilled, an act which the United States had officially declared would conclude her neutrality. A family conference deemed it wise for the Americans to leave for home, and as Dad now tells, we set sail for London on our way to Liverpool and the SS "St Louis"—and HOME!"

The San Francisco Leales returned to Guernsey in the summer of 1924, in more peaceful times, with Marion joining them later and flying over in the new Supermarine Sea Eagle flying boat service from Southampton in just 1½ hours. As before, they stayed at 'The Hawthorns' and 'Rockmount' and again enjoyed their stay, though it is clear from the Captain's account that this second stay never hoped to rival the first, with all its poignant memories of the pre-war golden age.

To the old Captain it was 'good to be there with no war restrictions on, such as we had left ten years previous. But the toll had taken one member of the Hawthorns' household, that of Captain Roy Leale, second son of Cousins John and Millie.' Roy had seen service in France with the Royal Irish Fusiliers and was injured in a grenade training accident. He died at home ('Braemar', Delancey, next to Rockmount) at the age of 24, after six weeks of undiagnosed illness.



Photograph taken in the garden at 'Rockmount', Delancey, on the occasion of Captain John Leale's visit to Guernsey from San Francisco with his wife Fannie and daughter Marion, summer 1924.

Left to right, Back row: Andrew N. White, Adelina Dorey, Alice A. White.

Standing: Miriam Leale, Marion Whitfield Leale, Leonie Leale (née Dorey), Annie Burton Leale (née Hall, widow of Captain Roy Leale, RIF, RGLI), Jurat Arthur Dorey, Dora Dorey (née Jackson), Edward Arthur Dorey (RGLI 1st Lieut, Mentioned in Despatches).

Sitting: Jurat John Leale (with granddaughter Marian Leale), Fannie Adelaide Leale (née Cheney), Captain John Leale, Hannah-Jane White (née Leale), Clara Dorey (née Leale).

Front row: Elizabeth Leale (daughter of Captain Roy Leale), Paul Leale, Brian Downing White.

Interestingly, Marion not only wrote copious interpolations in her father's book; she also kept an unpublished diary (which Captain Leale quotes from above) during her Guernsey stay. The 'Marion W. Leale diary' which 'Relates to conditions on Guernsey Island during World War I', can be found at the Hoover Institution Archives at Stanford University. According to the Institution's website,¹² it weighs in at a hefty 6 volumes, taking up 1.2 feet of shelf space, and is available for perusal, but, sadly, those interested in the Island during the Great War will need to visit California in order to do so.

¹² http://www.oac.cdlib.org/findaid/ark:/13030/kt309nd93v/entire_text/

If you are ever strolling along San Francisco's Pacific Avenue, you will find there, among other fine specimens of the city's Victorian architecture, number 2475, the old home of Captain John Leale, who had left St. Sampson's with nothing at the age of 14 and retired in 1914 as a wealthy, popular, and respected pillar of San Franciscan society, but who never forgot his beloved native island.



Captain John Leale's House, 2475, Pacific Avenue,
San Francisco, CA

Dedication of the Cross of Sacrifice at Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, By Alan Cross

It was a great privilege for me to be invited to attend this ceremony on the 31st July, 2014, to represent the Bailiwick of Guernsey, on behalf of the Bailiff, Sir Richard Collas, who was in Glasgow for the Commonwealth Games, and to be given the opportunity to further cement the links between Ireland and the Channel Islands in these commemorative years, particularly in memory of those volunteers from the Islands who fought in Irish regiments from 1915 onwards.

The Cross of Sacrifice, now installed at Glasnevin Cemetery, is identical with those to be found in cemeteries across the world wherever Commonwealth servicemen from both World Wars have been laid to rest. This one, of Irish blue limestone with bronze sword embedded, is, as with all the others, the gift of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, but Ireland has waited far longer for this recognition because of deep-rooted political sensitivities resulting from the Easter Rising, the War of Independence, and the Civil War, with the resulting confusion over how to memorialise the dead of those conflicts as well. Despite this troubled background, however, the climate of Irish opinion is now almost universally in favour of honouring all those men who fought in the British Army and believed that by so doing they were also fighting for an improved future for their homeland.

At the ceremony held in Glasnevin Cemetery between 1.00 pm and 3.30 pm, the President of Ireland, Michael D Higgins, and the President of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, HRH the Duke of Kent, dedicated the Cross of Sacrifice. Also present were Theresa Villiers, Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, Heather Humphreys, the newly appointed Irish Minister for Arts, Heritage and the Gaeltacht, diplomatic representatives from countries who took part in the Great War and all the constituent jurisdictions of the British-Irish Council.



The Representatives at Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin – 31st July, 2014

The weather was pleasantly clement despite forebodings of rain, and a military band comprised of Irish and British service personnel provided suitable music before and during the ceremony.

The President of the Glasnevin Trust made the formal welcomes and assured the visitors that “the spirit of reconciliation that exists here does spread far and wide beyond these walls”. A necessary comment for visitors to Ireland, perhaps, because by this time persistent sounds of barracking from behind the tall railings at the far side of the cemetery boundary road were evident to all – those responsible being small, flag-waving groups of extreme republicans from various organisations, “The 32 County Sovereignty Movement”, “Republican Sinn Fein”, “The 1916 Society”, etc. Their ire was aimed mainly at the Duke and the British military present, although they did not hesitate to shout slogans laced with offensive language during Michael D Higgins’ speech, and, more disturbingly, the One Minute’s Silence to honour the War dead. It was reported later that the Garda made two arrests. Thankfully the intrusion of these few dozen demonstrators was placed in perspective by the several hundred Irish people and visitors who lined the fence on the near side of the road to watch the ceremony in respectful silence.

Within the cemetery, too, a dignified refusal to appear in the least ruffled by the demonstrators was evident throughout. Indeed it would have been hard not to have been caught up in the spirit of an occasion in which – symbolically at least – all those Irishmen who laid down their lives in the British and Allied cause, some 50,000, were being very belatedly but very wholeheartedly honoured in their home country.

Speeches were made before the laying of wreaths by an academic historian, Dr Edward Madigan of Royal Holloway, University of London, (formerly historian to the Commonwealth War Graves Commission), the Duke of Kent, Theresa Villiers, Heather

Humphreys, and finally, and most impressively, by Michael D Higgins himself. His was an outstanding piece of oratory, available in full on www.president.ie, and well worth reading. I quote a small sample:

On an occasion such as this we eliminate all barriers that have stood between those Irish soldiers whose lives were taken in the war, whose remains for which we have responsibility, and whose memories we have a duty to respect...We cannot give back their lives to the dead, nor whole bodies to those who were wounded, or repair the grief, undo the disrespect that was sometimes shown to those who fought or their families. But we honour them all now, even if at a distance, and we do not ask, nor would it be appropriate to interrogate, their reasons for enlisting.....To all of them in their silence we offer our own silence, without judgement, and with respect for their ideals.....And we offer our sorrow that they and their families were not given the compassion and understanding over the decades that they should have received. The suffering visited upon our own people at home had perhaps blinded our sight and hardened hearts in so many ways.

After the ceremony had concluded with the laying of wreaths by the President and the Duke, the guests were invited to refreshments in the Cemetery Trust's Museum and Library.

Here I met again the Irish Ambassador to London, Daniel Mulhall, whom I had briefed at the British-Irish Council meeting about the enrolment, in March 1915, of the Guernsey volunteers from the Royal Guernsey Militia into the 6th Battalion, Royal Irish Regiment and 7th Battalion, Royal Irish Fusiliers, their training in Ireland between March and September, 1915, and their active service with the 16th (Irish) Division, many of them remaining with their Irish regiments even beyond the subsequent formation of the Royal Guernsey Light Infantry.

He kindly introduced me to the President, to whom I was able to express my appreciation, and to Heather Humphreys who was very interested in the Channel Islands links with the Irish regiments. I was then able to present her with the shield of the Guernsey Sporting Club, a mixture of the Royal Irish Regiment and Guernsey Militia symbolism, reflecting its foundation by the returning men of the Island's First Service Company, D (Guernsey) Coy, 6th Battalion, Royal Irish Regiment. She and John Kennedy (the Principal Officer for the Irish National Commemoration Programme) expressed great support for the idea of joint event being held in 2015 to mark the centenary of the wartime links forged between Guernsey and Ireland. I do hope that something may come of this.

William Shorto and his Retreat From Mons By Roger Frisby

William Henry Shorto was born at St Peter Port, Guernsey in 1883 to John (a stonemason and a member of the Royal Naval Reserve) and Susan Shorto. He himself became a mason, and then enlisted in the Royal Engineers in 1901, including service for a year in Somaliland, for which he received the African General Service Medal with the 'Somaliland 1902-1904' clasp. Transferred to the reserve in 1905 he was re-engaged as a Sapper in 1913 and mobilised in August, 1914. By then he was married to Ethel and they had four children while he was working as a 'Mason Waller.'



**Corporal William Henry Shorto, RE
(Photograph taken in 1947)**

After mobilisation, service in France and the UK followed, before he was discharged as a Corporal in 1919, and returned to Guernsey. In about 1927, the family, by then there were eight children, moved to Romford in Essex where he served as a railway policeman and where he died around 1964.

A member of the BEF, William took part in the retreat from Mons and described some of his experiences in his diary, recently discovered by his granddaughter, Michelle Parnwell (née Shorto) who we must thank for providing the photograph and for her transcription of his diary below.



1914 Star

It was at 11.30 pm on the evening of the 5th August, 1914 that we reserves received the order to mobilize. It was on the 7th August, 12.30 am before I arrived at Chatham. I remained there until I had been fitted with clothing then left Chatham on the 10th August, for Curragh Camp Ireland to join 59th Field Company, Royal Engineers [which became part of the 5th Division, II Corps].

It was not until Sunday the 16th August that we received orders and at North Wall Harbour [Dublin] we embarked on the Bellerophon. It took us practically all day to embark and at 7.00 in the evening before crowds of people we moved off from the Quay while the people on the Quay sang many of our National songs.

On board the Bellerophon we were destined to hear the first shot fired – it was at 12.30 am on the 18th August, a French Cruiser fired on us because we did not answer his signal. In the course of the day a Telegram of good luck and God speed was read to the troops from the King. It was on the boat that we were told where we were going and it was at Le Havre that we disembarked. After a whole day in the embarkation shed we started to march to the rest camp going right through the City and up the hill. This rest camp was situated on a potato field – the crop having been dug up in a hurry. We made a nice dinner for ourselves of fried potatoes and bacon and I may say that this was practically our first experience of roughing it – but many a worse day was in store for us.

It was 20th August that we entrenched [probably entrained?] at Le Havre Station on route for Belgium landing at Landrecies early on the 21st August and marched to Bavay at a distance of 15 miles. On the march one thing was very noticeable that the people of this part of France were much relieved at the sight of English troops and we had a great reception, the people giving the troops sweets, flowers, fruit, cigarettes, wine and eggs.

Arriving at Bavay at 3.00 pm we made a halt for the night and the next morning started out on a forced march of 21 miles to Mons – arriving there in the evening of 22nd August, on Saturday night. As soon as we halted at Mons the cyclists were detailed to go and dig a

firing trench and next morning the remainder of my section went to demolish a bridge. It was a girder plated bridge with paved stones and had to be excavated at once as a lot of troops had to go forward to meet the enemy. This was only completed in the nick of time and after a good days work on Sunday the enemy were reported to be within a mile of the bridge.

It was not long afterwards that we heard a terrible rifle fire and saw the enemy advancing on us in superior numbers and our Section had to retire to the town leaving our officer with a Lieutenant Corp [Lance Corporal?] and Sapper to complete the demolition. It was destined to be our position until the next day when we set out to dig trenches near a coal mine and opposite the railway embankment. We were in this locality most of the day until told to retire to let the infantry occupy the trenches.

It was on Wednesday morning, 26th August that the Battle of Mons was finished. We started out to dig fire trenches and on our way entered a house for wood to make head cover – pulling shutters from the windows and leaving the place in disorder. Under a terrible artillery fire we proceeded and we had hastily completed the earthwork when told to retire to make way for the infantry. We had not retired 5 minutes when 3 shells cam over the trenches – previous to our retirement shells dropped around us and we could see they had got the range for us.

Shell after shell came nearer and nearer until they dropped on to the trenches. We were eventually told to retire to the all removed cabbage patch and the enemy seeing our retirement began to shell us and as we still further retired the shells followed us down the road and we had many narrow escapes. Shells passing over our heads and bursting in the hedge the opposite side of the road and each shell that came we felt its effect – it was here we lost one of our men for he was missing and could not be accounted for – no one saw him from that day to this – this was the beginning of the great retirement which was to become world famous.

As soon as we got to the village we were told to make our way to [?] and the distance was done the best way you could – some of us in motor lorries - I must say I for one. In the evening raining as it was we had to sleep in the open and with sticks of corn to cover us. We got to sleep to be at it again early the next morning, the 27th August, to start a forced march of 25 miles reaching our destination at about 12.30 pm. We had a sleep for two hours then marched two more miles to rest for the night. Artillery firing all day, and raining again in the evening. Next morning we were up at 1.00 am to march to St..... [?], arriving there about 10.00 am.

Rested until 12.30 pm then continuing our march until we made a halt about 5 pm and were ordered to blow up a railway bridge at a distance of 3 miles. Arrived at bridge at 1.pm. Commenced preparations for demolition which was completed in the early hours of the morning. A Second Corporal was ordered to stay behind with Lieutenant to complete the demolition but they were not destined to see this bridge blown up – after being there all the next day to return to the Company and they handed the bridge over to the Artillery Major who was remaining until the next morning as his Battery were still over the bridge fighting the rear guard action.

This bridge was eventually demolished on the 29th August. Leaving the Bridge on the 28th August they [the Lieutenant and Second Corporal?] had a distance of 28 miles to go on their cycles and after doing about 12 miles were advised not to go further as the Germans

were close in the direction of their destination. They had to complete their journey the next morning arriving in camp – they had their first day's rest – the first time for all of us. We all had a share and a wash and sorted our kit. I had none to sort as it was lost on the road. Our first correspondence from home – I received a letter from home that same night we were obliged to leave our camp and march 5 miles to get a sleep in peace.

Sunday 30th August. Reveille at 2.30 am, owing to the enemy being located – marched 12 miles. Then bivouacked for the night – it was here that we could not get any drinking water.

31st August. Reveille 4.00 am, enemy situated on our right flank – still continuing to retire we covered a distance of 20 miles – reaching destination about 4.00 pm and camped for the night.

1st September. Reveille 4.00 am, could not proceed until 7.30 that evening having got around us our artillery shelling the enemy and our infantry attacked them. At 11.00 am we were ordered to dig trenches on our left in case of a retirement - was placed on outpost duty near railway and on returning to Company we were each given a bottle of wine - seven of us in all - which we had up the front of our coats when reporting to our officers that we had returned. Bivouacking at 7.00 pm for the night.

2nd September. Reveille 1.45 am, had a good breakfast but not too much time for it. Continuing our retirement we reached our destination about 10.30 am. Short rest and the Section had to do inline picket – called in for the evening and rested for the night under arms.

3rd September. Reveille 4.00 am. Joined column at 7.00 am, continuing our retirement. We arrived at[?] 10.00 am and ordered to sink boats along river bank. Had great efficiency in sinking some of them. Passed through orchards with apples still on the trees. Sappers take some and get into trouble. Started to demolish girder of bridge in the first attempt explosion it failed owing to insufficient charge. Enemy just reported entering village not 100 yards away. Had to make a hasty second attempt which was successful, passed over a second bridge which was prepared by the French and had to attach new fuzes on account of first one failing [?] took it in hand of the French and had retire after demolishing bridge at full speed – eventually reaching [?] and bivouacking for the night.

4th September. Remaining at [?] to rest. 8.00 am ordered to stand by to continue the retreat in the direction of [?]

5th September. Continuing our march of the 4th September at 1.00 am, lost our way in forest and after proceeding about 5 miles was put right – making the march that day 20 miles instead of 15 miles. We reached our destination at 8.00 am and rested for the day under the wall of a farm.

6th September. Rise at 4.00 am, within 20 miles of Paris. We continued our retreat at 6.00 am, marching 10 miles still in the direction of Paris.

Resting from 12.30 pm until 3.00 pm when we continued our retreat. Marching 5 miles until 7.00 pm when we rested as we thought for the night but were roused at 11.30 pm to start again – being within 12 miles of Paris.

On this march we made a side step of about 6 miles and halted at 3.00 am on the 7th September. This side step resulted in a retreat of the enemy and ended one of the greatest retreats the British have ever made.

I remain yours sincerely - W H Shorto

References:

- Handwritten diary by WH Shorto transcribed by Michelle Parnwell (née Shorto)
- 1901 and 1911 Guernsey Census returns
- British Army Service Records
- Michelle Parnwell - family history

Raphael Auguste Genée By Tony Collins

It is somewhat appropriate that in 2014 with the 100th anniversary of the start of the Great War, and in joining the Channel Islands Great War Study Group that I can finally compile the story of my Great Uncle Ralph Genée and his naval career.

My interest first started in my family's military history many years ago when I came across a small faded photo of a sailor encased in a locket in our family's possession. When enquiring as to whom it was, what happened to him, etc., there was only a vague knowledge due to the generation gap so I decided to contact the Commonwealth War Graves Commission to find out more. The CWGC replied giving me the information that my Great Uncle Raphael Genée was a Stoker Petty Officer who had been killed on board HMS Glatton in September, 1918. Intrigued, I started to research more into my Great Uncle's naval career, the more information I found, the more determined I was that his part in the Great War should be researched, including finding other family photos and information, he was no longer just a faded photo....

Raphael Auguste Genée (right – Steve Jeune) was born on the 6th March, 1888 in St Ouen, Jersey. His parents originally came from Brittany in France during the mid- to late-1800's, to work as agricultural labourers in Jersey, and would subsequently settle down there. Ralph was the oldest of four children, one of his two brothers, Peter, would go on to serve in the Merchant Navy during the Great War and survived to return to the Island. His other brother, Francis, was to serve, while he had a sister called Therese.

He would join the Royal Navy (RN) in June, 1907, signing up for 12 years. On his enlistment form his previous occupation was listed as a 'mariner'. It also seemed his surname of Genée may have been *too* French for the RN as he served as 'Gence'. Ralph joined the service as a Stoker, 2nd class, probably one of the hardest (and dirtiest) jobs in the RN of that era when the majority of its ships relied upon coal for fuel.



His first posting was HMS *Nelson* where he spent a year training to be a Stoker before being posted to HMS *Helca* in June, 1908, a torpedo depot ship, during which time he was promoted to Stoker 1st class. He then joined one of the 'big' ships, HMS *Invincible*, where he spent the next two years before moving on to further postings such as HMS *Hampshire*, on which he served for nearly three years. As Europe suddenly hurtled towards a world war in the summer of 1914, my Great Uncle was serving on HMS *Fisgard* (this was a shore training establishment at Portsmouth), before being deployed to HMS *Kent* as a Leading Stoker in October, 1914, a ship that he was to remain upon for much of the war.

While everyone thought 'the war would be over by Christmas' opposing armies soon realised that this was to going to be a long bloody war, and so it was the case at sea. The RN suffered its first major defeat at the Battle of Coronel in November, 1914 in which Rear Admiral Christopher Craddock died along with 1,600 of his men; his force being attacked by a more modern and superior German force led by Vice-Admiral Maximilian Graf von Spee, who sank both HMS *Good Hope* (Craddock's flagship) and HMS *Monmouth*, on which a number of Channel Islanders serving in the RN also perished. Only HMS *Glasgow* and HMS *Canopus* escaped the battle heading towards the Falkland Islands.

When news of this disastrous loss reached Britain it was greeted with shock and dismay. The Admiralty were determined to seek revenge and put together a task force to seek out and destroy von Spee and his naval Squadron.

HMS *Kent* was one of the ships deployed to join the task force, along with the 'big ships' HMS *Invincible* and *Inflexible*. They later met HMS *Bristol*, *Carnarvon*, *Cornwall*, *Glasgow* and the Armed Merchant Cruiser, HMS *Orama* at a secret rendezvous off the Brazilian coast in late November, 1914. The task force then set sail for the Falkland Islands. Meanwhile, flushed with success, von Spee and his naval squadron decided to head towards the Falkland Islands to launch a surprise attack, unaware of the British task force also heading in the same direction.

The British ships arrived in Port Stanley on the 7th December and immediately began coaling the ships and undertaking repairs, the old ship HMS *Canopus*, which had survived the Battle of Coronel, was anchored on the other side of the Island as a lookout/guard ship.

Unaware that there was a large British task force in Port Stanley, von Spee arrived off the Falkland Islands on the 8th December. He ordered two of his cruisers SMS *Nurnberg* and SMS *Gneisenau* closer in to investigate, when they were surprised by an incoming shot from HMS *Canopus*; the German ships also suddenly realised there was a much superior British naval force facing them, when the news was relayed to von Spee who ordered his fleet to head for the open sea in order to try and outrun the British fleet, the only ship which had built up enough steam to chase them was the aging *Kent*. It was later argued that had von Spee ordered his two ships to open fire the outcome might have been different - the other British ships were still at anchor furiously fuelling in order to leave and give chase.

HMS *Invincible* and *Inflexible* soon left harbour along with the cruisers *Cornwall*, *Glasgow*, *Bristol* and *Carnarvon* and gave chase. They soon caught up with the German fleet and battle ensued. While the big ships were engaged in battle the British cruisers took on the smaller ships, *Kent* gave chase to the slightly faster *Nurnberg*. In order to keep up with the *Nurnberg* just about everything burnable on the *Kent* was broken up and sent down below to the stokers for fuel – legend has it that this included most of the wardroom furniture! The

Stokers were also later praised for their herculean efforts in ensuring that the *Kent* was running at full speed which enabled them to catch up with the *Nurnberg*.

The two ships engaged at approximately 1715 hrs. During the course of the battle the *Kent* suffered 8 casualties and 8 wounded, (it was later found to have been hit 36 times by the *Nurnberg*) but was scoring hits on the *Nurnberg* which finally rolled over and sank at approximately 1900 hrs, unfortunately due to the cold waters of the South Atlantic only a few survivors were picked up, many of the crew perished with their ship or died of exposure in the icy Atlantic water.



Of the German squadron of approximately eight ships only two managed to escape, the cruiser SMS *Dresden* and the auxiliary ship *Seydlitz*.

As the British fleet returned to Port Stanley it soon became apparent that they had scored a major victory, however HMS *Kent* was still missing; her radio had been put out of action during the battle. It was a day later when the ship returned to harbour to report that they had caught and sunk the *Nurnberg*. British casualties were very light, 10 sailors killed during the course of the battle. However, the German casualties were much higher, over 2,000 men being lost including von Spee and two of his sons who were serving in his naval squadron.

The British casualties were buried in Port Stanley with a memorial set up in their honour. However, Vice Admiral Sturdee was determined that the few surviving ships from von

Spee's squadron must be found and sunk, namely SMS *Dresden*, and a search then began along the coastline of South America with the British ships looking for it.

Despite their best efforts *Dresden* managed to avoid them until it was cornered off Juan Fernández Islands, in Cumberland Bay, in March, 1915. The *Kent* approached and opened fire as at first *Dresden* appeared to make ready for battle; however after the first few salvos the Captain of the *Dresden* ran up the white flag with the crew leaving in boats and heading for the shore.

The *Glasgow* soon joined the *Kent* to ensure that the *Dresden* was not going to escape a second time. As his ship was being evacuated the captain of the *Dresden* approached the *Kent* in a small steam boat flying a large white flag but was directed towards Glasgow, as it was the senior ship, to surrender. As the wounded were brought ashore one German sailor remained on board and set off charges which blew up *Dresden's* magazines, after which the ship slowly sank, thus bringing to an end German Naval power in the South Atlantic. After the sinking of the *Dresden*, HMS *Kent* slowly made her way to Esquimalt, British Columbia where she stayed for some weeks to make good repairs she had received during her battle with SMS *Nurnberg*.



HMS *Kent* and her Crew, 1915 (John Valentine)

The *Kent* remained in the Pacific until 1916 where she was deployed on convoy escort duties before finally returning to England in June, 1918. By this time Ralph had been promoted to Stoker Petty Officer and was given leave prior to being posted to HMS *Glutton*. It also seems he managed to make one last trip home to Jersey prior to joining the *Glutton* as he brought some of his naval photos and gifts that he had collected during his

travels. While first compiling my research an elderly relative remembered Ralph coming home on leave even though she was only young at the time, she described him, 'as wearing a longish coat and had a small peaked cap - not the sort of cap you usually see sailors wearing' - in short she had described him in his new uniform of a Petty Officer. She also gave me an original watercolour painting of *Kent* sinking the *Nurnberg* that Ralph had brought back with him on his final visit

There is a certain irony in that HMS *Glatton* was Ralph's thirteenth posting during his naval career. No doubt he would have heard of other ships that he had previously served on before been sunk during the course of the war with only a few survivors, such as HMS *Invincible* and HMS *Hampshire*, yet the war's end seemed to be in sight. He had planned to leave the Navy and settle down back in Jersey after his twelve years service were up; tragically for Ralph, as for so many other thousands of others, fate was to decree otherwise....



HMS Glatton

On the 31st August, 1918 he joined the crew of HMS *Glatton*, a Monitor which had been hastily reconstructed along with HMS *Gorgon* as part of the final effort to end the war. *Glatton* left the Tyne in early September for sea trials before making her way to the port of Dover. Then, on the 16th September, 1918, HMS *Glatton* was anchored within Dover harbour taking on ammunition and supplies for the naval action it was to take part in, a few days hence. However a large explosion took place aboard the ship killing many of the crew and badly injuring many others. The ship was loaded with ammunition and fuel and was burning out of control; the reluctant order was given to sink it as other ships nearby, as well as the town of Dover itself, were in danger. Many men were rescued before the ship

was sunk but 58 men went down with the ship, Ralph was one of those listed as 'missing, presumed killed'

The loss of HMS *Glatton* was published in the JEP on the 23rd September, 1918 - although the ship was not named due to wartime censorship; meanwhile, on that same day, obituary notices appeared in the JEP from his family.

After HMS *Glatton* was sunk it was left to lie within Dover harbour until 1925 when the Dover harbour board started to salvage the ship as it was becoming a hazard to shipping. The work took about a year to complete. Human remains that were found inside the ship were later sealed within a casket and buried in Gillingham Woodlands Naval cemetery in Kent. A large naval funeral took place to honour those who had been killed on board the ship that day back in September, 1918. (**Editor:** See 'A Belated Burial – HMS *Glatton*')



His two brothers travelled to England to attend the funeral along with many other families who had lost relatives abroad HMS *Glatton*. According to the newspaper reports of the day and photographs (as follows) it lashed down with rain for most of the funeral service bringing a sombre atmosphere to the final story of HMS *Glatton*.

Postscript: While recently researching on the internet for any new information about HMS *Glatton* I came across an interesting story on the Effingham Local History group website about Leading Stoker Reginald Wells.

On reading his story I noted that he had previously been a member of HMS *Kent*. Reginald joined the same day as my Great uncle back in 1914 and leaving the *Kent* on the same day as him in 1918 before they both joined HMS *Glatton* in August, 1918. Reginald Wells died a week later from wounds he had received following the explosion on 16th September, 1918.



Unknown Friend, Reginald Wells and Ralph Genee (TC) (Above)

Reginald Wells (ELHG) (Right)



Given their background I was pretty certain that Reginald Wells could well be the same chap who appeared with Ralph in the few photographs that were in my possession. I contacted Sue Morris of the Effingham Local History Group putting forward my theory and asked if they had any photos of Reginald Wells. While Sue agreed with my theory they had no known photos of Reginald Wells to compare with the photos I had.

So the case rested there....until a year later Sue contacted me. The Effingham Local History Group had been loaned an old photo album in which all the servicemen of Effingham during the Great War had had their photo taken by a local women at the time and who also had the foresight to record the person's name, service etc for posterity. Although the picture is not a high quality one I am 99% certain that this is the same young Stoker who appears in most of my photos.

Another interesting point that I noted was on Ralph's naval service record it is written and circled - 'according to relatives this man's full name is Raphael Auguste Genée!' It seems that either my Grandfather or his brother was determined to ensure that the RN was made aware of the full facts!

A Belated Burial

Almost a century on from the Great War, we are often reminded that men have long been missing by the occasional report of yet another set of human remains having been discovered in France and Flanders. In 2008, for example, there was the discovery of burial pits containing 250 Australian and British soldiers at Fromelles, while in 2013, some 26 French *poilus* were recovered from the forest surrounding the *Village Détruit* of Fleury-devant-Douaumont. RN casualties, today recorded as missing, were mainly those lost at sea along with their ships which would become generally accepted as official war graves.

The overwhelming majority of British naval ship losses had resulted from enemy action in one form or another. This would have been through direct ship-to-ship engagements such

as at the Battle of Jutland in 1916, or through a torpedo fired or a mine laid by a U-Boat. However, the wartime loss of the monitor, HMS *Glatton*, did not fit any of those scenarios, as the following statement of facts (with some minor editorial amendments), which were published on the 10th April, 1930 with the authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, informs us:

'At 17 minutes past 6 on the afternoon of 16th September, 1918, a serious explosion occurred amidships on board HMS Glatton in Dover Harbour, resulting in the deaths of 79 officers and men and the injury of 105 others.

The explosion was followed immediately by an outbreak of fire, the oil fuel burning furiously and spreading fore and aft. While the injured were being removed from the ship attempts were made to suppress the fire and flood the magazines. The foremost magazine was successfully flooded, but the after magazine could not be got at. For over an hour every effort was made to get the fire under [control], but as it had then reached the vicinity of the after magazine, and as all the injured had been removed, it was decided to sink the ship to avoid the disastrous consequences [to the ships in her vicinity] of an explosion in the after magazine. As the opening of such sea cocks as were available made little impression, the ship was torpedoed and sunk at 8 pm.'

What had prompted the publication of that statement more than eleven years after the sinking? A week earlier, on the 3rd April, the burial had taken place of the remains of an officer and 57 ratings, including that of Jerseyman 312415 Stoker Petty Officer Raphael Genée (who served as Gence), whose bodies had been recovered from the wreck of HMS *Glatton* and taken to Chatham's Naval Hospital a few weeks previously, as a result of ship-breaking operations.

There may have been some recent lurid or inaccurate reporting of the events that had taken place in 1918, but at least one paper, *The Times*, would carry an account of the funeral, and which has been refined and summarised below:

'The remains of the 58 sailors who sank with HMS Glatton in Dover Harbour in September 1918, were placed in a single grave in Gillingham Cemetery today having been brought from Chatham's Naval Hospital with full naval honours.

The weather that accompanied these belated rites was sufficiently comfortless for many to recall, to mind and body, the sensations of active service. The attendant rain was heavy throughout! From the time that the large coffin was lowered until the service was over, the group of naval officers who were present at the graveside had stood impassive and bare-headed, with their cocked hats held under their arms. The black oilskins of the firing party shone and dripped as their owners stood with heads bowed, their bayonets fixed and rifles reversed. The gowns and vestments of the four Chaplains who conducted the service were wringing wet, while almost 100 relatives of the dead sailors, including the widow of Commander Drew, the sole officer being buried, were gathered under umbrellas, there being few other civilians who had come out to brave the weather. In all, the crowd was silent and sombre and the khaki greatcoats and white helmets of the Royal Marines offered little more than a subdued contrast to the indigo and black appearance of the others present. The firing party fired three volleys, which rattled damply, to mark the committal service's completion, and after buglers had sounded the Last Post, they presented arms in a final salute, before marching off in the direction from which they had come, lashed by the driving rain.

The survivors of the disaster were represented by Commander Neston Diggle who had been HMS Glatton's captain at the time.

The Royal Navy mourners were:

- *Admiral Sir Edwyn Alexander-Sinclair, C-in-C, The Nore*
- *Commander J Brooke, representing Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, C-in-C, Portsmouth*
- *Rear-Admiral AJB Stirling, Admiral Superintendent, Chatham Dockyard*
- *Commodore AL Snagge*
- *Lieutenant-Colonel HB Inman, RM, representing FH Griffiths, Colonel-Commandant, Chatham Division*
- *Captain LE Holland, representing Admiral Sir Ernle Chatfield, C-in-C, Atlantic Fleet*
- *Captain DB Le Mottée, Chief of Staff, The Nore*

Sailors from the Royal Naval Barracks at Chatham had hauled the gun carriage bearing the single coffin covered with the Union Jack, and it was accompanied by a procession of 300 officers and men, with detachments having been provided by the Royal Marine Barracks, the Atlantic Fleet and the Reserve Fleet, Chatham.

The service was conducted by the Reverend A Shell, RN, and the Reverend HV Kemp, RN took the committal for those of the dead who were members of the Church of England. Father Jones, RN took the service for the Roman Catholics. Prayers for the Non-Conformists were said by the Reverend Arthur Haig, RN.

The Times also observed that:

It was at dusk on the 16th September, 1918 that the town of Dover was shaken by a tremendous explosion, and from there, crowds soon flocked to the sea front, from where they could see the Glatton furiously burning. Other explosions followed, and a few hours later it was sunk by torpedoes fired from a destroyer as it was thought that the fires would reach the ship's magazines, posing a serious risk to other naval vessels, including a munitions ship, all carrying explosives. The order to undertake this had been given by Acting Vice-Admiral Sir Roger Keyes who had been in command of the Dover Patrol at the time of the disaster. Before such a painful order had been implemented however, it was ensured that all of the injured were removed by a small collection of pinnaces and tug-boats.

The ship was a monitor, and with her sister ship HMS Gorgon, had originally been laid down for the Royal Norwegian Navy in 1913 and launched 1914. She was not commissioned until 1918 and was thus considered to have been a new ship. She had a complement of 305 men.

As to the cause of the disaster, the Admiralty statement of the 10th April, 1930 gave no indication, although the Times, a week previously, had reported that:

The cause of the disaster was never established, and it was not until after the Armistice that the public learned more than the bare fact that a monitor had been lost with some 50 lives.

However, there is strong circumstantial evidence to suggest that the cause of HMS *Glatton's* loss was due to poor workmanship at the shipbuilder's yard. Cork lagging, that was to be fitted to the bulkhead separating the boiler room from the mid-ship magazine, was found to be missing on board HMS *Gorgon* and the resultant gap was filled by newspapers. Furthermore, 0.5" rivets had not been fitted and the open holes could have allowed the passage of gases, fumes and the odd spark into the magazine.

Although the burial on the 3rd April, 1930 was of the remains of 58 sailors, a further 21 men had been lost, and these were men who sadly died of their injuries following their rescue. As to HMS *Glatton* itself, the ship was largely broken up, but some of the remnants were then moved to so that it would no longer continue to be a shipping hazard.

These remnants were eventually built over, and today lie under Dover's Cross-Channel Ferry Terminal, a sobering fact that is generally unknown to the many tens of thousands who undertake the crossing between France and England every year.

Acknowledgements for the 'non-Tony Collins' photographs used in **Raphael Auguste Genée** and **A Belated Burial** are due as follows:

Raphael Auguste Genée:	Steve Jeune.
HMS Kent and her Crew, 1915:	John Valentine, HMS Kent 1914-18 Blog.
Reginald Wells:	Sue Morris and the Effingham Local History Group.



The Burial Party sets out from Chatham (T Collins)



Ready for the Final Voyage (T Collins)



Arriving at Gillingham (Woodlands) Cemetery (T Collins)

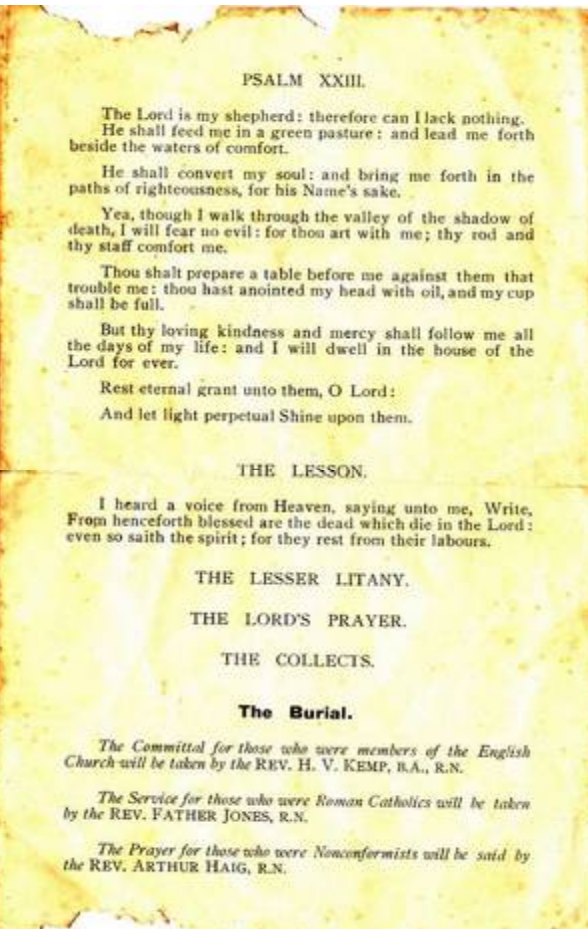
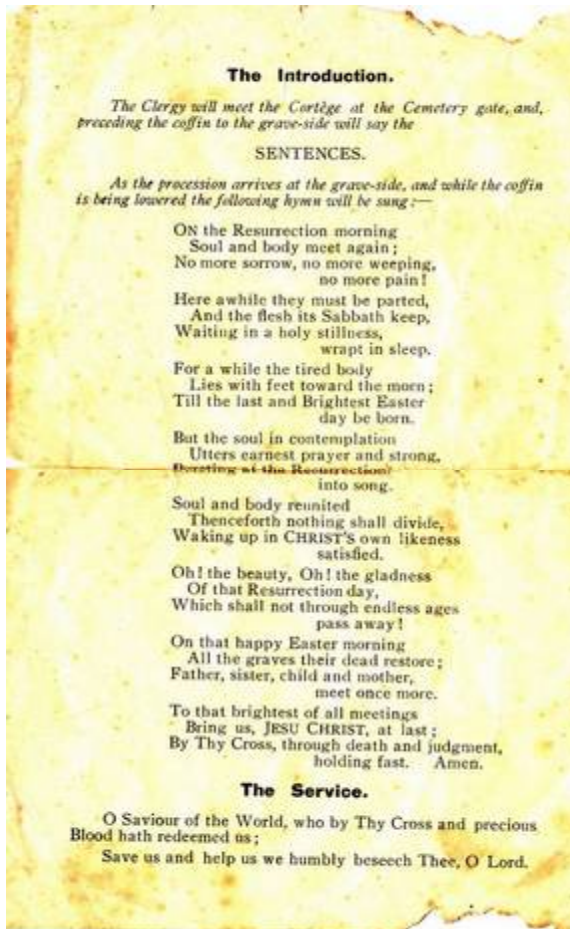
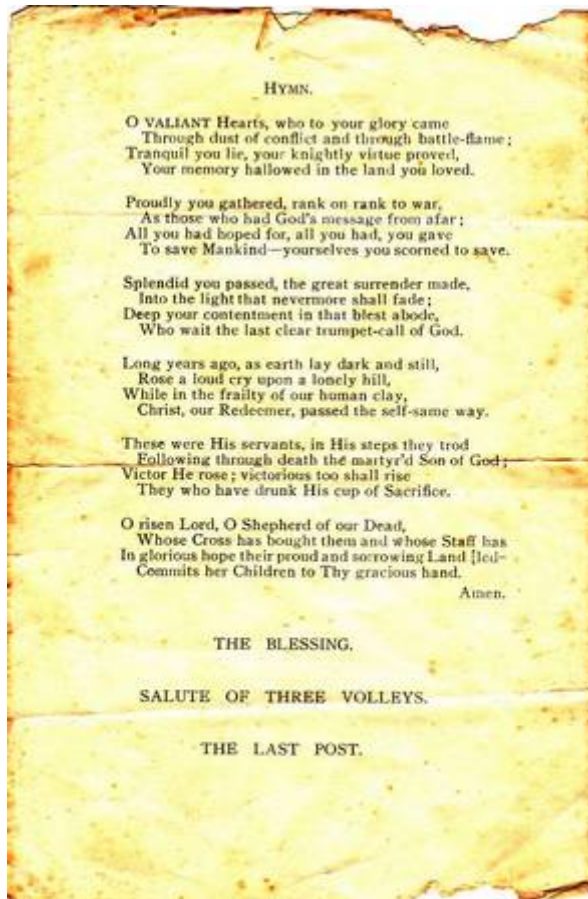
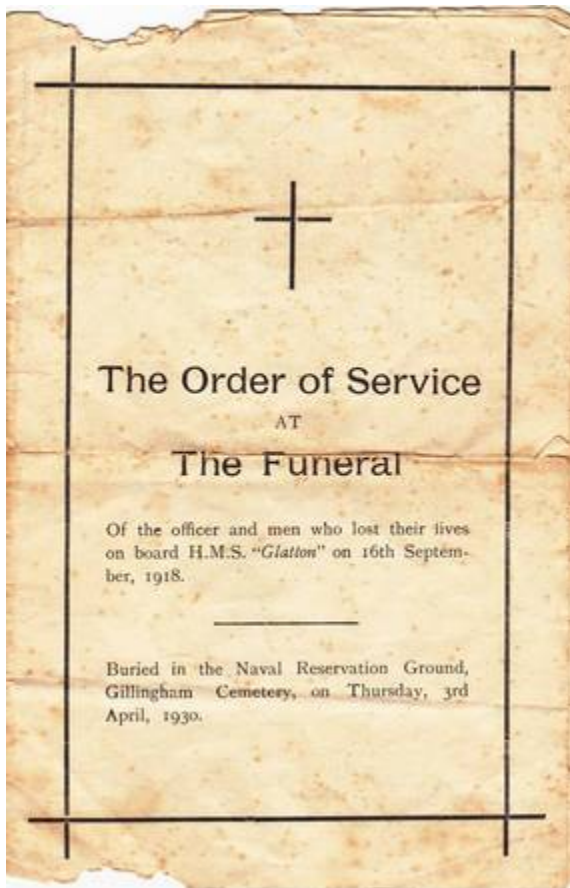


The Firing Party (T Collins)



The sea of umbrellas at the graveside (T Collins)

A copy of The Order of Service appears on the next page.



Commemoration of the first Jerseyman to lose his life in the Great War

Nearly one hundred years after he was killed during the first battle of the Great War, Captain Ernest Felix Victor Briard (known to all in his family as Victor) will be remembered by the naming of a new housing development in his honour.

On the 22nd August, 2014, Phase 1 of the Belle Vue development designed to deliver 35 lifelong apartments, by Andium Homes, will be officially named Ernest Briard Crescent. Captain Briard was serving with 1st Battalion, the Norfolk Regiment and was killed during the retreat from Mons on the 24th August, 1914. He was just 25 years old, and was born and was living in St Brelade before joining the army and completing his officer training.

The idea to name the development after Captain Briard came from St Brelade Vingtenier Ian Le Sueur, who said that:

“...it seemed like a great opportunity to see Captain Briard, who we believe was the first Jerseyman to be killed in the Great War, remembered in the Parish where he was born and brought up, particularly in this the 100th Anniversary year. I made contact with Andium Homes to see if the new development could carry the Captain’s name and am delighted that this was agreed”.

Working in partnership with Mr Le Sueur, the Parish and surviving members of Captains Briard’s family, Andium Homes was only too delighted to support this initiative.

The ceremony will be held at 14.00 hrs on Friday, 22nd August. His Excellency General Sir John McColl and Lady McColl will be attending, along with members of Captain Briard’s family, and a number of Parish and States representatives. The programme is as follows:

14.00	Arrival (the entrance will be via the bus stop adjacent to the site from Route du Quennevais)
14.05	Introduction and Welcome – Constable Steve Pallett
14.10	Captain Briard’s History – Ian Le Sueur
14.15	Dedication – Reverend Mark Bond
14.20	Last Post
14.30	The Parish has kindly arranged for a small reception to be held in the nearby sports and social club.

NB - Although this is the official naming ceremony, the actual site name will be on a temporary structure, while the permanent marker will be placed later in the year when the site is complete.

Additional information relating to Captain Ernest Briard is attached below.

Captain Ernest Felix Victor Briard (1888–1914)

On Sunday the 23rd August, 1914 the British Expeditionary Force under the command of

Field Marshal Sir John French fought their first battle of the Great War against the Germans.

For most of the day, in and around the small Belgium town of Mons, the smaller British force fought doggedly to hold their positions in the face of a fierce German onslaught. As evening set in, it became clear that French forces which were on either side of the British were giving way under heavy pressure, and thus the Field Marshal was left with little option but to order his army to retreat. Giving the order was one thing, carrying it out in the face of a determined enemy was something else. Field Marshal French knew that it was going to require organisation, leadership and discipline to be successful. It would also need some determined rear-guard actions to be fought.

One of these actions took place on 24th August near the Belgium village of Elouges. Assembled were two battalions of British Infantry, the 1st Battalions of the Norfolk and the Cheshire Regiments, supported by some artillery and a Brigade of Cavalry. Their task was to prevent a far larger German force from swinging round to cut-off the retreating British. In contrast with later battles during the Great War, there would be no trenches or barbed wire for protection, the British soldiers would have to fight in the open or find any available cover to face a determined enemy. Stoically they held their ground. From late morning and into the afternoon the German attacks were repulsed, although at one stage a desperate cavalry charge was needed to ensure they maintained their ground.

With the main British army now disengaged and out of danger, the order was given at around 4 pm for the rear-guard to pull back.

Their endeavours had been successful – but at a heavy cost. Whilst the 1st Battalion of the Cheshire Regiment was virtually wiped out, the 1st Battalion of the Norfolk Regiment was forced to leave behind some 250 of its men. Amongst them was one Lieutenant Ernest Briard.

Ernest Felix Victor Briard was born in the Island of Jersey on 4th October 1888, the eldest of the five children of Ernest and Maud Briard.

Mr Briard senior was a shipping agent - a good business to be in during the late nineteenth century given the boom in the exports of the famous Jersey Royal Potato – and the family appears to have been prosperous. By the time young Ernest leaves Victoria College in 1900, they have moved to the rather grand and prominently positioned Bulwark House in the popular village of St Aubin, and he was sent to spend the next seven years at the prestigious Felsted School in Essex.

Upon finishing his education, Ernest chose a career in the military. In 1907, on the eve of his nineteenth birthday, he applied for, and was accepted into, the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst, passing out a year later ranked 88th in the order of merit as a Second Lieutenant in the Norfolk Regiment.

Why he chose the Norfolk Regiment is unknown, but he seems to have been a competent soldier, gaining a promotion to full Lieutenant a year later. He served with the 1st Battalion of his Regiment, which was stationed in Belfast in the years before the war. Garrison life was slow and Ernest busied himself pursuing a natural passion for sports, playing cricket and football for the regiment, even representing the army at hockey. But this life was coming to a close: in Europe war clouds had been gathering for some time and finally

burst on 4th August, 1914.

In Jersey, Maud Briard, widowed after the death of her husband in 1906, waited at home in St Aubin to hear from her son. Ernest last wrote on 17th August, 1914, the day that the Norfolks had landed at Boulogne and had then begun their march towards the war in Belgium. Nothing had been received from him since.

By the end of August, the first reports of the Battle of Mons filled Island's newspapers, followed invariably by the first lists of casualties. But nothing was heard from Ernest. Then, on the 1st September, a War Office telegraph arrived. In a terse, but shattering, fashion it conveyed the news that every mother must have dreaded:

Regret to inform you that: Lieutenant EFV Briard, Norfolk Regiment, is reported missing.

'Regret to inform' telegrams were the most common way during the Great War that families first learned of a loved one's fate. Some were better received than others because they at least offered hope with statements such as 'Wounded', or 'Prisoner of War'. Others, however, firmly and forever closed the door by stating: 'Died', or 'Killed in Action'. In the middle, and arguably more distressing, were those containing the statement 'Missing', and this was especially true at this early stage in the war.

At this time a formalised process for passing information on prisoners was yet to be established between the belligerents, and departments to deal with family enquiries still needed setting up.

Nevertheless, seeking more news on the fate of her son, Maud Briard dispatched a number of letters and telegrams to the War Office. To her great relief, they had some success because on 28th September another telegram arrived in Jersey:

Regret to inform you that Lieutenant EFV Briard, Norfolk Regiment, has been wounded and captured.

The welcome news had purportedly come from an un-named Corporal in the Norfolk Regiment who had been captured at the same time but who had later managed to escape. No further information was available on the extent of Ernest's wounds, or where he was now being held. His mother set about finding out.

The correspondence between Maud Briard and various departments of the War Office at the time, highlight that the means of obtaining information available on Prisoners of War was limited.

Officially, captured men should have received registration cards to fill in and return through diplomatic channels in order to provide details on their status. In practice and certainly at this time in the war the process was adhered to in a limited fashion.

A number of other less conventional methods were created. One of the most widespread – and remarkable – was the use of personal cheques. Once in Germany, captured British officers were allowed to cash low value cheques. On the back they wrote their names and those of men being held with them in the knowledge that eventually the cheque would find itself back to a bank in England. Many were drawn on a London Bank called 'Cox & Co', who seized upon the opportunity and established a semi-official 'prisoner of war

information bureau' using their connections.

Sometime in late 1914 or early 1915, Cox & Co was asked by the War Office to attempt to establish exactly where Lieutenant Ernest Briard was being held, and the extent of his wounds.

Ominously, the form was returned 'unknown'. No further information was forthcoming from any source, Maud Briard searched desperately for possible explanations. One possibility that seemed to offer most hope was that her son's rank had been incorrectly identified and in March, 1915 she wrote to the War Office:

Dear Sir

Your communication re Lieutenant EFV Briard received recently. I am much disheartened at there being no news of him. Is it possible that he has been classed as a Private and interned as such? My son's is an unusual name, and if you could very kindly find out if there is a private interned anywhere in Germany or Belgium, of that name, it would probably be he and if there is a prisoner of war of any such name it almost certainly is him I should be so grateful if you could make that enquiry, as I do not think there is another Briard in the English Army.

Yours

Maud Briard.

It was not long before the reply was received:

"Beg to inform that no Private or Non-Commissioned Officer is reported as Prisoner of War under the name Briard."

It was another dead end. But it kept the pressure on the War Office, which responded by sending out requests for information to a number of units in the field and agencies involved in Prisoner of War welfare. Initially most proved to be fruitless; but in November the first solid information of Ernest's fate was received. A Private Henry Grigglesstone of the Norfolk Regiment was located in a German Prisoner of War camp near Wesel in the Rhineland. In August, 1914 he had been serving in the same platoon as Lieutenant Briard and was present with him during the battle near Elouges.

In early 1916 he wrote to Maud Briard to explain what had happened once and for all:

Dear Mrs Briard

I was in the same section as Lieutenant Briard was in charge of on the 24th August, 1914. He was directing operations and I stayed next to him. I saw him killed about two minutes before I was captured. It is impossible for the Corporal you mentioned to have seen him on the 25th of August. I cannot tell you any more, but all I can say is "He died a Hero". I will let you know more about him when I return home. I have said about all this time.

Yours sincerely

HP Grigglesstone

It would seem that at last the search for Lieutenant Briard had finally come to an end. Any

lingering doubts were removed a few weeks later when a fellow prisoner from the Norfolk Regiment wrote to corroborate the testimony of Private Griggstone.

At roughly the same time, in a remarkable development, someone in the War Office also recalled that the name Briard had appeared on a list of casualties received from the Administrative Communale d'Elouges after the battle. It seemed that once the fighting was over near their village, the authorities of the small Belgium community had recovered a number of bodies from the field of battle and buried them in the local cemetery. From the identity discs on the deceased they made a list of names. There were 24 from the Norfolk Regiment: amongst them was "Briard, EF (Lieut).

There was no doubt: Lieutenant Ernest Felix Victor Briard had been killed in action on 24th August, 1914 and so gained the distinction of being the first Jerseyman to lose his life in the Great War.

This brought closure to Maud Briard. She had suspected that this would be the outcome, and was anxious to settle his affairs and move on. The military authorities procrastinated for a few months, and then agreed that, based upon the evidence presented. Ernest Briard had been killed in action on the 24th August, 1914. All that remained was some confusion over his rank: during the time he was officially 'missing', the army had, by virtue of time served, promoted him to Captain. It is under this rank that Ernest appears on the Roll of Honour and the gravestone that now stands in the small communal cemetery at Elouges.



In his home of Jersey, Captain Ernest Briard is remembered today on the St Brelade's parish war memorial, a family plaque in the parish church in St Brelade's Bay, and now a new housing development in St Brelade, which will be named Ernest Briard Crescent in his honour.

Captain Ernest Briard

**Son of Ernest and Maud Briard, (née de Gruchy),
of Bulwark House, St Aubin, Jersey. Known
within his family as 'Victor'.**

One of two brothers who both fell

**Educated at Victoria College, Felsted School and
the Royal Military College, Sandhurst.**

Killed in action, aged 25 years.

For further information, please contact:

- Vingtenier of St Brelade, Mr Ian Le Sueur, on 01534 741 270, 07829 741 271 or ian@kandidprints.com
- Constable of St Brelade, Steve Pallett, on 741141, or s.pallett@gov.je

- Andium Homes Marketing and Communications Director, Dominique Counce, on 500713 or d.counce@andiumhomes.je

The Ministerial Decision relating to the renaming proposal can be found on the www.gov.je website:-

http://www.gov.je/Government/PlanningPerformance/Pages/MinisterialDecisions.aspx?docid=6b8a64c8f18236489b4c4b04c4d3b224_MDs2013

Acknowledgements to Andium Homes (www.andiumhomes.je) and Ian Ronayne

From Grouville to Gauche Wood



Researching Edward de Faye has very much taken a back seat since March of this year, due to more pressing work, although, that being said, I have obtain photographs of his brother Philip's WO file. A 'quick and dirty' analysis has not revealed anything of particular note, and it does seem that what has been recorded to date for Philip will not change unduly.

However, of greater interest, is the fact that Edward's family had a portrait of Edward painted posthumously in 1921, by no less an artist than Jersey-born John St Helier Lander. I had the privilege of seeing it about 18 months ago, but for a number of reasons until now, could not advise others of its existence.



Now, the painting has been very kindly loaned for public display at the Museum by its present owner, Guy de Faye (Edward's great nephew and former Island politician). As of the 12th it had not yet been hung up, but it will be shortly. It has a number of aspects which are quite interesting. Edward is 'wearing' the 1914-15 Star as well as the Victory and British War medals, not possible in 1917, while his collar badges are those of the Tank Corps as opposed to the MGC, while the red shoulder flashes are of 'A' Battalion.

Not shown, the framer was JJ Patrickson in Chelsea whose work was fairly widespread, while scratched on the wooden frame is FG de Faye, Edward's father. It may be an interesting exercise to find out how Lander's and Patrickson's work was commissioned.

Roll up, roll up! Get your new books here!



Some good news! With both looking as pleased as Punch above, Liz Walton is busy with a book-signing of her maiden opus 'A Guernseyman Goes To War' while old-hand Ian Ronayne is showing off 'Jersey's Great War' to anyone who might want it!

I received a copy of Liz's book a few days before writing this, so I have not had a chance to study it in detail, but in presentational terms, it is outstanding with many excellent photographs, drawings and maps. In terms of a marketplace for the book, I would suggest that that it is suitable for readers from 9 to 90 and the 1000 copies should sell. Ian's book is yet to pop through my letterbox but, in any case having been involved in its proof-reading, I could not offer comment other than to say that the dust jacket looks interesting!

Now for the not so good news! Channel Island residents will have no difficulty in buying a copy of their Island's version, i.e. 'Jersey's Great War' is available in Jersey (also a 1000 copies). But, since the only outlets are Jersey Heritage and Guernsey Museums, neither book is, nor will it very likely be, available via major booksellers such as Waterstone's or on-line sellers such as Amazon. In the short- to middle-term this is unlikely to change.

How non-residents might obtain either book, or indeed both, is complicated by (to me anyway) the surprising fact that neither Jersey Heritage nor Guernsey Museum has an on-line sales facility, although I gather that one has to ring a number in Guernsey's case. One would have thought that for both organisations, they would have only been too keen to promote the Islands' heritage through the sales of books, mugs, souvenirs, mementos and so on, while providing indirect marketing support for the tourism industry. Furthermore, the investment costs in producing Liz' and Ian's books would be recovered far sooner with off-Islands sales to a larger market place full of expatriate Islanders and those with a Great War industry. So, individuals who would want a copy will need to make the appropriate arrangements with friends or family still in the Islands at the present time. However, I'll make a few enquiries, and if it is possible for some interim facility, this will be highlighted on our website.

CWGC Non-Commemorations

All this has again proved to be a quiet quarter, on the plus side is the fact that, after two years, the CWGC have recently acknowledged Edwin de Vismes Godfray as a Great War casualty. As he is in an unmarked grave, this will entail the CWGC providing a standard headstone in due course. As to the location of Edwin's grave, Lancaster City Council has the precise details.

On a more general note, the National Army Museum has been contracted to evaluate all submissions for acceptance in place of the UK MoD undertaking that task on behalf of the CWGC.

Accepted

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

Being Progressed

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

Pending

Owen, Guy
De Ste Croix, Harold P
Tite, Winter JS
Troy, Edward J

TBA

Anderson, Frank B
Touzel, Walter H
Ferrer, Amant

Not for Submission

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

With the CWGC

Rundle, Cubitt S
Vautier, Alfred P *
De Gruchy, Alfred
Marquand, Clarence D

Rejected by CWGC

Adams, Frank H
Vibert, John E

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

In the Media - Around the Press and Television

The centenary of the Great War's outbreak has certainly attracted numerous additional television programmes as well as many more column inches in the newspapers. Undoubtedly, major ceremonies such as that at St Symphorien Cemetery near Mons on the 4th August, and the commemorative service held at Glasgow Cathedral earlier that day were well covered by the media, so it is almost superfluous to add comment, save to say that I was totally moved by the young Scottish actress reciting the words of Helen Thomas as she said farewell to her husband, the poet Edward Thomas, as he left to serve at the

front with the Artists' Rifles. The emotion in her plaintive 'Coo-ees' brought a tear to many an eye, including mine!

With the anniversary, there was much emphasis placed beforehand that this year's Tour de France would pass through various Great War battlefields, taking in Ypres, Arras, the Somme, Verdun and so forth, and, having caught much of the *Grand Départ* from Leeds whilst still in France, I was optimistic that I would enjoy similar TV views back home. But, the reality was different, seemingly limited to little more than a few aerial shots of Tyne Cot and the Ossuary at Douaumont. When the latter came into view, the 'pedal-head' commentator could only offer the statement that, 'There was a large battle here!' Clearly there was either a lack of the wider appreciation of the history behind the route choice, or that little preparation had been undertaken ahead of the Tour.

Of course, ITV Channel 4 was taking the video stream directly from France 2 and 3, so to extent they were not the masters of their own destiny. Mind you, France 2/3 were little better with their programme! Stage 7 took the Tour through Charny-sur-Meuse and then right into Bras-sur-Meuse before the left turn up past the *Tranchee des Baïonnettes* to Douaumont. My *gîte* owning friends at Charny were somewhat miffed that this section of the Stage had been given over to those tedious French TV advertisements, after the whole village having lined the route!

However, there has still been some good TV programmes in the UK, of which I would like to single out three which reputedly looked at little known aspects of the Great War, all on BBC 2. The first was a programme with Kate Adie looking at the feminine role in 'Women of World War One'. Much of her account is well known, with munitionettes, VADs and land girls, along with activities on the buses, railways and so forth, but it was more interesting to hear of ladies works football teams and how they enjoyed their new found wealth. Little different to today's ladettes it seems!

'Forgotten Warriors of Empire' by David Olusoga looked at how the major protagonists sought to use the manpower of their colonies and from elsewhere, particularly the Africans, West Indians, Indians and Chinese to prosecute their war aims. Comprising of two one hour programmes, viewers were treated to a considered examination of each nation's treatment. Britain's approach for example, to using the various Indian races, i.e. the Sikhs, the Pathans, the Gurkhas and so forth, was based upon their perceived martial qualities, while it was noted that great consideration was given to the different religious, dietary and cultural needs in all aspects of military service. This incidentally has been reiterated in a more recent article on the use of Brighton's Royal Pavilion as a hospital for the Indian troops sent back from the Western Front.

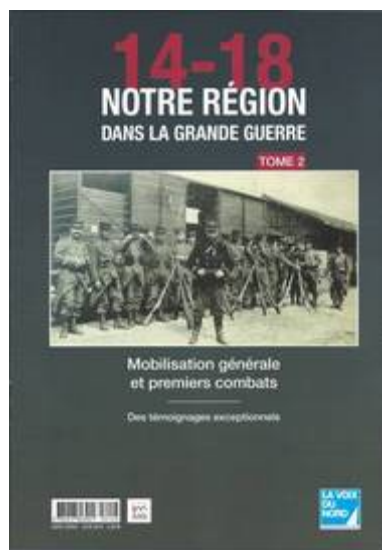
Germany's activities prove interesting. Certainly there was little regard shown to African natives by von Lettow-Vorbeck, and many were kidnapped to be used as bearers or *askaris* as the Germans trekked through East Africa. German efforts with Muslims, and in particular those in the British Empire, were made, but without much success, to promote a *jihad* against the British. With the American entry into the Great War, the introduction of the Afro-Americans posed a new dimension to tolerance of coloured troops. Association across the black and white divide was not welcome by the Americans who asked their allies to reduce fraternisation, particularly with the *demoiselles*! Furthermore, coloured troops did not serve alongside their white 'comrades' in the same units, and were invariably sent to coloured American units serving as part of the French formations.

The theme running throughout was that the nations, with colonies to draw upon, had not generally been happy to use coloured troops as part of the military prior to the war, and afterwards, yet were happy to set them against white opponents during the war. Whereas Kate Adie might have seen women's emancipation as the natural, if slow, outcome, coloured troops soon returned from whence they had come. A very good and thought-provoking subject.

The third TV programme series of note has been Michael Portillo's 'Railways of the Great War' which, like the other two programmes, has a book to accompany it, while in the 'Railways' case, there is also a DVD of the series. Many facets of the use of railways are examined, from mobilisation to bringing home the Unknown Soldier, to the use of light railways and artillery trains, accidents such as Quintinshill, and the Belgian train-spotters who noted down German troops and supplies being moved by rail to areas of the front. This last aspect may go some way to explain references to a number of 'Belgian Agents' in the Medal Index Cards.

The series is one of five half-hour programmes, and there tends to be some duplication, but above all, Portillo rightfully highlights the management and organisational skills of Sir Eric Geddes who, brought into the army as a general from the rail industry, set about ensuring that men and material could be effectively moved to where it was required. Of the three programmes, I would rate 'Railways' as the best. Whether they covered 'little known subjects', it is difficult to say as an amateur researcher. I think that this may be in the case of a wider population, many of whom have only recently heard that a Great War began in 1914!

Looking to the national press, a number of papers put out facsimile copies of their front pages of the time, while they had been carrying the human interest tales. Locally, the JEP produced a twelve page supplement titled 'Jersey's Heroes from the First World War', while it also produced a listing on the front page which oddly looked like our work! The Guernsey Press had featured a few articles, and some excellent facsimiles of the Weekly Press for the first seven Saturdays of the War.

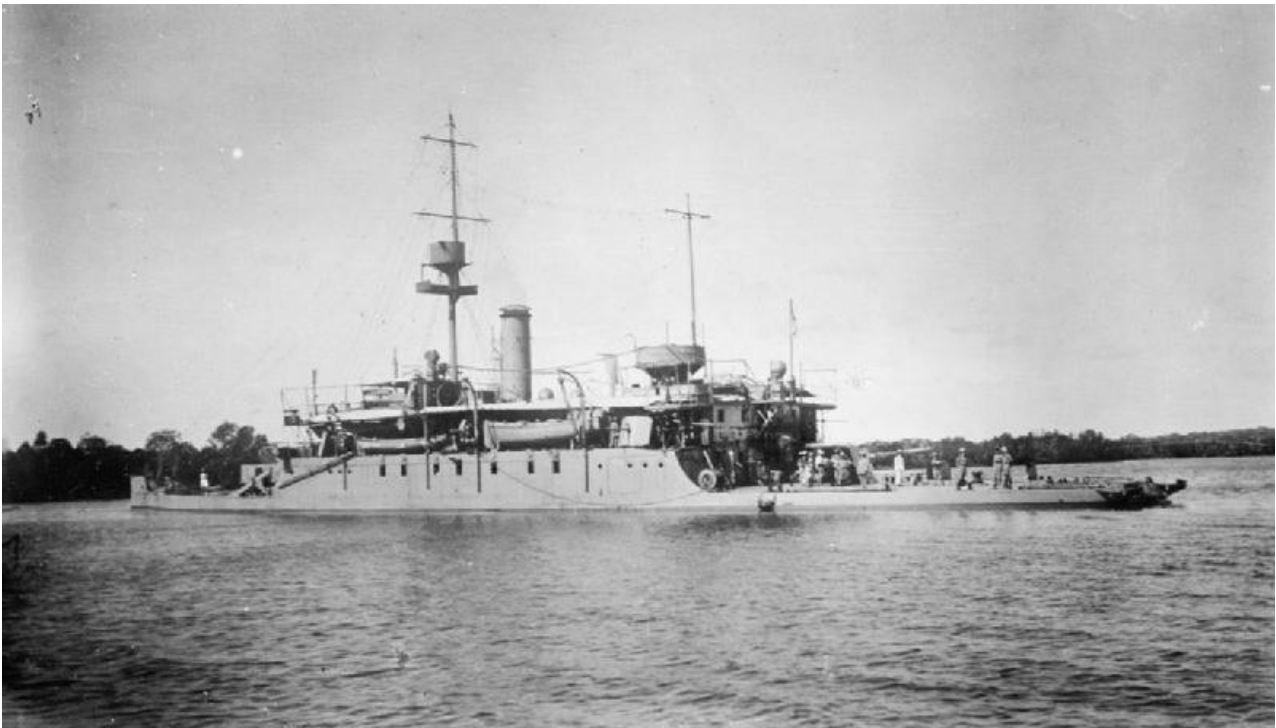


Lastly, shown above are some of the one off (or *hors series*) magazines in the £3-8 price range that are appearing on the shelves in shops and stores. The '1914' magazine is put out by the 'Britain at War' people and, it is suspected, will be followed by future yearly

issues. The '14-18 *Notre Région*' issue will no doubt similarly enjoy later issues, this one having followed a first volume that looked at the Nord-Pas de Calais region. It is issued by the 'La Voix du Nord' regional newspaper group who is selling it via their website. Lastly, the Daily Mail's 'The First World War' is a worth a look at. Although all three are geared to national readerships, there are articles and photographs, in many cases these being new to readers, worth examining.

HMS Severn

Many will no doubt recall the story of Archibald Keeping who died of wounds at a German hospital in East Africa in 1917 and whose story features on his website page. He had served on the monitor HMS Severn (pictured below) when it had taken part in the sinking of the German SMS Königsberg.



The name, HMS Severn continues to be used by the Royal Navy, and the present ship (pictured left) is a frequent visitor to CI waters and to both Islands. Back in May of this year it was tied up at St Helier, the event being the Jersey Boat Show, and Peter and Thérèse Tabb took their camera along in the hope of getting photographs of the vessel's Battle Honours board. And, with the assistance of a young lady officer who, Peter assures me was very knowledgeable regarding the Königsberg sinking, led the Tabbs to the board.

The RN has long since (I think?) ceased to 'swing cats', as space is at a premium with all the equipment that is packed in ships. As a result, Peter could not get a 'full frontal' of the board. But, the Königsberg and the date 1915 can be immediately seen third one down, and below the mention of 'Belgian Coast' and 1914.



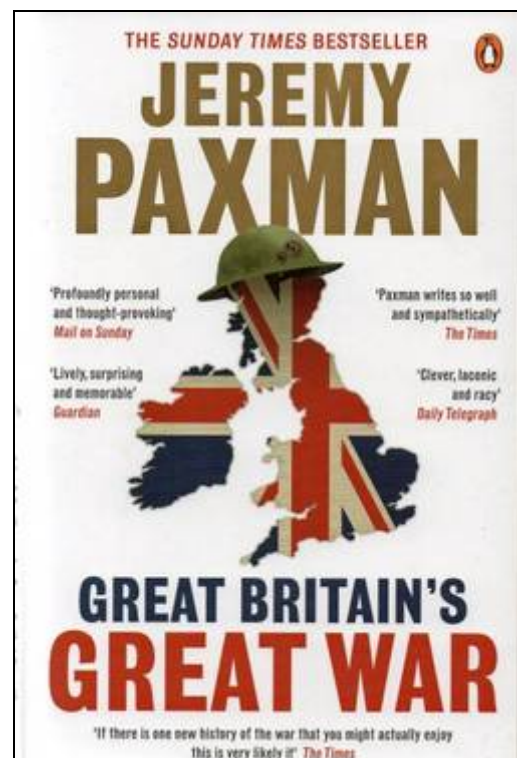
**HMS Severn (P282)
The Battle Honours Board**

**Book Review
by Peter Tabb**

**Great Britain's Great War
By Jeremy Paxman
(Penguin - £8.99)**

There are few, if any, evenings of the week that my wife does not tune our television to BBC2 at 10.30 pm so that she can watch *Newsnight*. This is when I usually repair to the study to do something else. The most usual reason?

I find the principal presenter, Jeremy Paxman, intensely irritating (I even find him irritating as question master on *University Challenge*); often bombastic and sneering and although most of the politicians that he interviews are most worthy of his evident scorn, on the few occasions that I was compelled to watch, I found myself often snarling at the screen (and being snarled at for snarling).



I had assumed that his 'style' would be carried over into his writing and although he has penned several titles in which, theoretically I would have an interest, *Great Britain's Great War* has been my first experience of the deadly inquisitor as a wordsmith. I became so at the suggestion of the manager of WH Smith who suggested that 'I would enjoy it' and

having read the remarks of the press critics on the cover decided to overcome my prejudice against the author and bought the book. I am glad that I did.

Of *Great Britain's Great War*, *The Times* critic wrote: 'Paxman writes so well and sympathetically that if there is one new history of the war that you might actually enjoy this is very likely it'. And he's right.

I am well versed in the broad history of the Great War (and much of the minutiae) and so did not expect to find anything significantly new, but much in the same way that seeing the *First World War in Colour* (on TV and then on DVD) gave me different insights into scenes I knew so well, so did *Great Britain's Great War*.

This is largely due to the author's writing technique which is both engaging and vivid and also his using the recorded experiences of those who lived it – nurses, soldiers, politicians, factory workers, journalists and children – brings his text to life. His precept is that life in Britain during the Great War was far stranger than many of us realise but, above all, the Great Britain that so willingly went to war was a very different Great Britain from the one that emerged from it four years later. In a country awash with mad rumour, frenzied patriotism and intense personal anguish, it became illegal to light a bonfire, fly a kite or even to buy a round of drinks. For the first time ever a war was brought to the doorsteps of the families of those who were away fighting it with the advent of the shelling of coastal towns by the battle-cruisers of the High Seas Fleet and later the bombing of cities and communities by Zeppelins and the infinitely more deadly Gotha bombers.

He uses the experience of those who were there to explain why the war was fought so willingly, how and why it was endured for so long and how it transformed the country. Although substantially shorter than many other 'histories', he quite comprehensively includes the ill-fated Easter Rising in Dublin and how the suffragettes suspended operations to encourage women into 'war-work' so that their menfolk could go to the Front. 'The men must take the swords and we must take the ploughs' was the first line of the marching song of the newly formed Women's Land Army.

If the book has a weakness (and some readers might even consider this a strength) it is short on illustrations which, unusually for a paperback (the hard cover version is also available but I was making my first acquaintanceship with Jeremy Paxman, author, on a budget) are spread through the text as chapter headings with often telling captions such as that of the chapter largely devoted to the Battle of the Somme which is headed by a photograph of soldiers crouching in a trench about to 'go over the top'. The caption states succinctly – 'Whistles blow and the dying begins'.

Any history of the Great War is difficult to enjoy but the experience of reading the book is an enjoyable one since whatever he may be as an interviewer Jeremy Paxman is both a compelling historian and very readable. What is more he encourages his reader to believe that there will be something more on the next page – and there always is. As the *Sunday Times* review suggested: 'One is left with a better understanding of how the Great Britain that began the war became more like ordinary Britain by its end.'

Ronayne Writes

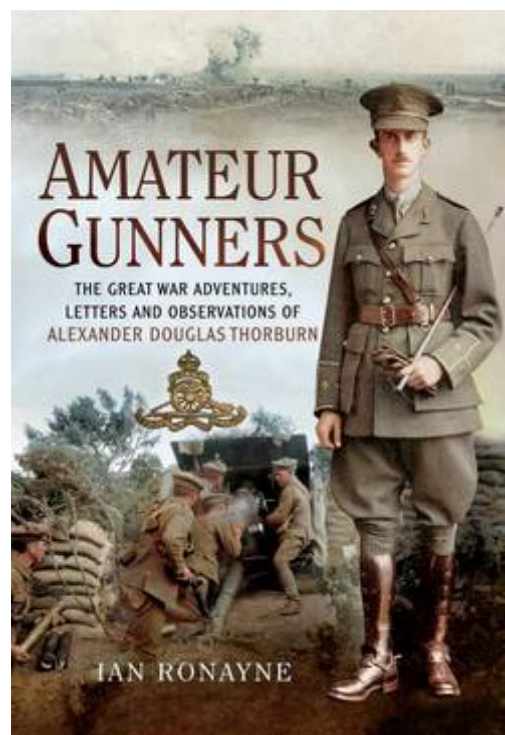
Jersey's Great War: The book arrived in the Island just in time for its formal launch and book signing at the Jersey Museum on the 31st July. All the great and the good assembled

for drinks from around six o'clock, with speeches being given by Clive Jones, Chairman of Jersey Heritage, and the Bailiff of Jersey, Sir Michael Birt. The Lieutenant Governor and his lady were also present. As well as the book, the Faces of the Great War exhibition was opened the Jersey Archive weekly Great War blog formally launched.

It was a very pleasant evening all round with lots of interest being shown in Jersey's First World War. Quite a few books were signed on the night, so I hope sales that went well while there was some good follow-up publicity in the JEP at least. One of the challenges is find channels for marketing and selling the book (**Editor:** See Roll up, Roll up ...! about this issue). Jersey Heritage is hesitant to sell in places such as Waterstones because of the high commission margin that they demand. But I have since met with Heritage's Commercial Manager to discuss possible promotional activity.

Despite vowing 'never again' during the writing process, thoughts are turning to the next book...

Amateur Gunners: This book, which is basically a reprint of a 1930s publication plus previously unpublished letters, is due at out at the start of September. The publishers are Pen and Sword, so it should be widely available. I am arranging a launch at Waterstones for signing and then perhaps a bit of a bash later in the day. For anyone interesting in the war fought by the Royal Artillery and the army's animals, it is a really good read.



Walks: To support Société Jersiaise's Archaeology Week, I led a walk in St Ouen's Bay focusing on the Great War, including Militia defences and the POW Camp. It was very well attended, about 30 people in all, and very well received. There was genuine surprise from many to hear of the camp, as most had no idea it was there.

St Helier Great War Memorial: Work is ongoing to identify and verify names for a proposed memorial.

WW1 Blog: As mentioned above, Jersey Archive has launched a weekly Great War Blog, that I have been commissioned to write. The brief was to link each week to a relevant document they have in their collection. The research undertaken for my book obviously helps me identify potential candidates. My approach is to choose a wide range of subjects, not necessarily the 'big picture' stuff, but more day-to-day items that hopefully show what was going on in people's lives one hundred years ago. The challenge is to fit it all in to 200 words or less! The Blog appears at www.jerseyheritage.org/ww1-blog.

Talks and Presentations: Presentations are shortly to be given to the St Clement's Women's Institute and the Jersey Women's Methodist Association.

Go Battlefield Tours: 2014 WW1 Tour: The tour took place at the end of June this year. There were 43 participants visiting locations on the Somme, at Cambrai and Ypres. The beautiful weather helped make it a great tour. There was a great amount of positive

feedback, with many of the people following in the footsteps of their ancestors. Special stops were made at Guillemont, Ginchy, Masnières and Le Doulieu (Outtersteene Cemetery).

I had never noticed it previously, but in the latter cemetery there are two RGLI burials either side of a Jersey Militia unknown (see picture below). I wondered whether the latter was one of the original Jersey Company who was killed in that area sometime in 1918?



(Editor's Note: Based upon the picture and that the man on the left is 1409 Pte Arthur Chapman, we know that the Jerseyman's grave number is II.G.59. With that, the CWGC has been asked to provide further detail as to the location of where the man's remains were originally recovered from, and for any other detail that might assist in identification. Pending a response, it is assumed that the man was wearing Jersey shoulder titles. This is the third unknown Jersey Militia member so identified, the others being at Cerisy-Gailly and Bazentin-Le-Petit.)

**Jersey Museum
The Launch of the Great War Exhibition, the Jersey Archive Blog
And the book, Jersey's Great War
By Ned Malet de Carteret**

Approximately 70-100 people attended the above launch party at the Jersey Museum on the 31st July at 18.00. After half an hour of socialising with a glass of fizz, the Chairman of Jersey Heritage's Trust, Clive Jones said a few introductory words as a pre-ambule for the

official speech of opening by the Bailiff of Jersey, Sir Michael Birt. Doug Ford, the Director of Community Learning (who is retiring at the end of 2014) was thanked for the inspiration and content of the exhibition (which has been two years in the process)

Ian Ronayne was twice mentioned in despatches as being the author of the Archive's Blog, which he is producing weekly for the next four years, as to the affairs of interest to the island regarding the Great War (www.jerseyheritage.org/ww1-blog), as well as his fine book (**Editor:** Sir Michael's words?), 'Jersey's Great War'.



**The Bailiff, Sir Michael Birt, officially launching the Exhibition, Blog and Book
(Ian Ronayne trying to get in the way of the Camera!)**

Sir Michael drew a laugh by saying that Blogging was beyond his sphere of activity and that he had never participated! He then mentioned as Clive had also done, the Channel Island Great War Study Group and in particular (you have guessed it) Ian Ronayne, but also a certain Ned Malet de Carteret! Sir Michael went on to explain that the exhibition was seen through the eyes of twelve participants:

The Soldier, Sailor, Airman, Merchant Marine, Frenchman, Nurse, Medical Orderly, Wife, Child, Conscientious Objector, Prisoner of War, Artist.

He then went on to single out Midshipman Philip Malet de Carteret as an example of a participant who had tragically been killed on HMS Queen Mary at Jutland at the age of 18. Sir Michael also duly thanked Charlie Malet de Carteret for the loan of various family memorabilia from St Ouen's Manor regarding Philip, including his medals, a framed

photograph of him on HMS Canopus and a letter written from the Falkland Islands in November, 1914.

Following the launch, the doors then metaphorically opened, and people then flocked in to see the exhibition. The exhibition is very fine indeed and informative. I was particularly fascinated by a piece of scrimshaw Prisoner of War depicting the POW Camp at Les Blanchés Banques – beautifully painted on a large piece of bone. It runs until the 30th November, 2014, and its sponsors Credit Suisse deserve our grateful thanks.

Channel Television were filming throughout the speeches and interviewed the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John McColl, with his wife, who attended in an unofficial capacity

Philatelic Matters

Jersey's Philatelic Bureau recently released the final (?) artwork of their 1914 Great War issue, due for release in August and which is displayed below:



The only positive comments that I can offer is that the set does show involvement of the various nationalities, ages and sexes, of the Island's population of the time while avoiding themes that are not directly related to Jersey, not least, Kitchener's recruiting poster with 'Your Country Needs You'.

There I stop and ask two questions. The first is why must Jersey stamp topics in general always have a background that has to have some view of a Jersey scene behind it? The second is about the artist's work regarding the elongated features of the six people, do they strike others that they possess an ovine quality each enhanced with a touch of rouge? There is one observation, and that is regarding the 62 pence stamp showing a French worker about to be mobilised. The artwork is incomplete and that there should be dark blue behind the head to complete the French *tricolore*. It has been corrected.

The UK, meanwhile, issued its set of six stamps in July. In their case, they are running the same six themes for the next four-five years. As can be seen, they have used the media of photographs, which strikes me as a more efficient way of getting a good final product. Paintings carry more risk with little margin for error. Without the Jersey stamps to hand, it is difficult to compare the quality of the two sets, but my money is on the UK.



The Guernsey Military History Company



Members will be interested to hear that, under the guidance of Russell Doherty, the Guernsey Military History Company has reformed with the aim of depicting life as it was at the time of the Great War, during the course of the next four-five years. Comprising ex-servicemen, cadets and historians, the Company is intending to be present at various events throughout the Bailiwick, while it maintains high standards of turn out and drill. So far they have been self-funding in acquiring uniforms and equipment, but Russell is knocking on doors to seek sponsorship, and would certainly welcome States funding should there be any money left over in the piggy bank. to help support the work of the Guernsey Military History Company, to accurately re-create the lives of men and woman of Guernsey during the Great War, and to display on and off the Island at commemorative events, schools and museums.



The Company will be commissioning a number of exclusive limited edition commemorative hand crafted items beginning with the following item as illustrated in August, 2014:

A traditional 1 pint copper tankard, bearing the cap badge of the Royal Guernsey Light Infantry, with the centenary date on the base, exclusively hand crafted by Trevor Rodgers-Davies, at Guernsey Cans.

Price: £55

Faces Remembered



The picture on the left is of Corporal Walter Clarence Carson for which we have to thank Andree de la Mare as Walter was her great grand-father. Thanks to her input, we have also been able to correct a few 'Carson' entries in the JRoS, and those of the 'de la Mares'.

We know that the picture was taken in mid-1921 at Aldershot. At this time he was a Lance Corporal in the Military Foot Police (MFP), hence the whistle chain, but he had already served 15 years to earn his three good conduct badges, during which time, he had been in the thick of it, as his 1914 Star and three wound stripes showed, and he had also travelled!

Born in Jersey on the 1st January, 1889, he would join the Royal Scots Fusiliers (RSF) at its Depot at Ayr in October, 1906. In December, 1907 he would arrive in India to serve with the Regiment's 1st Battalion and would later move with them to South Africa in October, 1910. In March, 1914, after 18 years of foreign service the Battalion returned to Britain, under its then CO, Lieutenant Colonel William Douglas Smith, who would later become Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey. However, Walter would disembark at Gibraltar, where he now joined the 2nd Battalion which had been there since January of that year.

Now, with the declaration of War, the British Army would be quickly mustering its forces. In September, 1914 the 2nd Battalion's stay in Gibraltar was curtailed, and the Battalion returned to Britain to meet up with other units, including the 2nd Battalion, Yorkshire Regiment, who had arrived from Guernsey, to form the 7th Division. Within three weeks, the Division was sent via Ostend to help support the Belgians in their defence of Antwerp, but before the Division arrived at that city, it had fallen, and the role of the Division now changed to screening routes through Bruges and Ghent westward, allowing the Belgians to withdraw and eventually reach the line of the River Yser. The 7th Division now withdrew to defend Ypres on a somewhat extended line to the east of the town.

Walter would find himself in the line, and would have been heavily engaged in the First (?) Battle of Langemarck, commonly known as the 'Kindermord' between the 21st and 24th October. Casualties on both sides were heavy, and on the 24th Walter would suffer a GSW to his left hand that saw him returning back in Britain a few days later. Oddly this is not recorded as a 'Wounded in Action'. Returning to France in July, 1915 he was again wounded, first on the 1st July, 1916, and then again on the 30th with a 'blighty' one! The service records become rather unclear at this point, but it appears that he may have been wounded once or two more, in 1917 and then again the following year. So, he leaves us with the puzzle of whether he should have had three, four or five wound stripes? I suspect that the first wounding, the GSW in 1914, resulted from a negligent discharge after the main fighting was over, at a point when the survivors of the battle were completely worn out physically and mentally. John Buchan's History of the RSF might give us a few clues.

After the War, Walter transferred to the MFP for a time, married Florence Annie Clark in Jersey in October, 1920, and in 1921 his first child was born at Aldershot.

However, he then returned to the RSF's 2nd Battalion on the 1st September, 1922. By now, it was in India, and based at Sialkot (in present day Pakistan) where a son would be born in 1924. The year following, he asked to be discharged, having served over 18 years, and returned to Jersey, where he sadly died on the 12th August, 1926.

Great War Commemorative Events

By chance a few days ago, I was directed to the 'Morning Thought' slot on BBC Radio Jersey with the Reverend David Logan talking. It was interesting to hear his concern that there was already a risk of Great War Commemoration fatigue, and there is some merit in that. I would hope that, over the next few years, there would be more scholarship into the Islands' involvement. In the Reverend's case, he is going to do exactly that in looking at Ruskin Richardson who 'has' his own memorial window in St Columba's Church. Perhaps the events of the 4th August, 2014 will prompt much more of this? But we will look at a few of the events in the Islands.

St Brelade, from where Ian Le Sueur writes:

Two memorial services took place in St Brelade on the 3rd August. The first was at 10:00 am at the Parish War Memorial which was attended by a small congregation. The Great War names on the memorial were read out by two scouts, along with another six names that are not currently listed.



Later, at 3.00 pm, a ceremony, based upon the one to be held in Westminster Abbey the next day, was held in front of the Parish Hall at St Aubin. The service began with the arrival of the Band of the Corps of Royal Engineers who marched from the Bulwarks in onto the area in front of the Hall and then accompanied the congregation in a number of appropriate hymns. At the end of the ceremony, the band reformed in front of the Boat House Restaurant to round off the event by entertaining locals and visitors with a combined medley of tunes and marching display. Approximately 400 people were present to enjoy the remembrance service in the sun. The most poignant moment of the event was the Reverend Mark Bond's ending of the religious service with the piercing blast on a whistle. He had used the very whistle that his Grandfather had blown on the Somme in 1916 to send his troops 'Over the Top.' As he said, "For many it would be the last sound that they would ever hear!"

Sound also featured at **St Peter Port**, from where Mark Bougourd wrote of the mournful toll by the Bells of St Peter Port's parish church:

On this special day of One hundred years since the First day of the Great War, I walked freely through St Peter Port on the sun kissed afternoon of the 4th August, 2014. A distinct yet mournful solemn single toll could be heard as you neared the Town Church and once again twenty seconds closer, again twenty seconds, and on throughout the day, minute after minute and hour after hour, every twenty seconds the bell tolled, in all one thousand, four hundred and seventy times.

During the muffled magnitude of these tolls I too took a solemn duty in honour to ring the St. Peter Port church bell. My turn came at 3.00 pm, one of many volunteer members of the public taking my dutiful place to queue in memory of those fallen souls. For one and all it was very poignant moment of reflection as to what each toll did signify, a life, lost and cut short, of a soldier believed lost from the Bailiwick of Guernsey during the Great War...

In personal reflection after the toll, the book of remembrance was available to sign. A moment to share peace with those lost one hundred years since.

(Editor's Note: I believe that an ocean cruise ship was moored off Guernsey that day and that some passengers also joined in the ceremony).



Light joined sound to assail the public's senses in **St Helier** on the evening of the 4th August with a Ceremony of Light that was held in the Royal Square and attended by 2000+ Islanders. In a programme lasting just over two hours, the evening consisted of music, hymns, speeches, prayers, readings and visual displays of photographs of some 450 men and women who served. Images of how the Island appeared before the outbreak of War were featured as a prelude and subsequently, scenes were shown of Island events throughout the war. All in all it was a well orchestrated event.

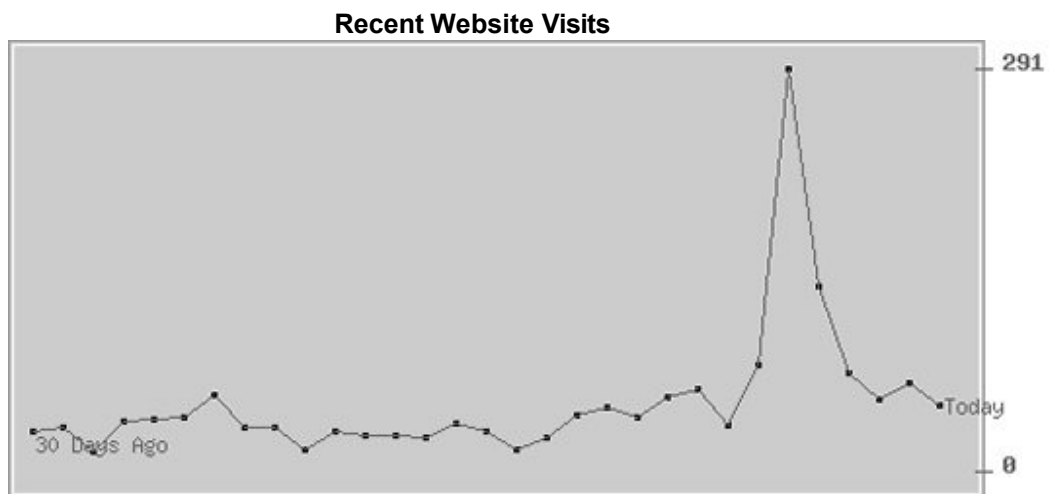
The centrepiece of the evening was the arrival of the Parish Lantern Parade in the Square with each of the twelve parishes represented by its Connétable, its Standard and ten parishioners each bearing a lantern. At the appointed time, of 11.00 pm, the lanterns were extinguished one by one until just a solitary light was left.

By all accounts, the evening was most impressive, Peter Tabb describing it as 'Superb' while Ned Malet de Carteret was one of the Lantern Bearers for St Helier.

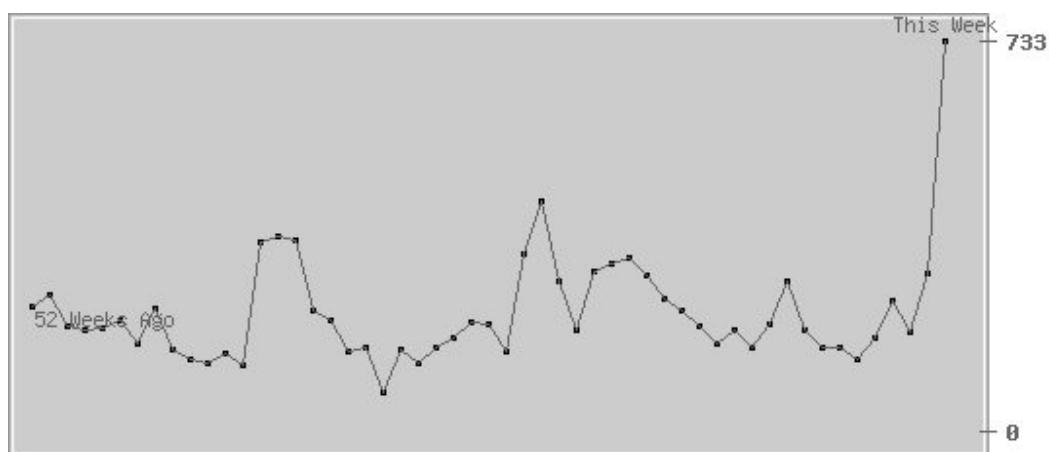
Website Workings By Roger Frisby

The total number of website visits has now reached around 45,672, an additional 3,292 visits since the last Journal was published in May. The large spike shows the increased activity on the 4th August.

Our website was out of action for several days recently. It appears that our host did not renew our www.greatwarci.net domain name correctly even though it had been paid for in good time. Once they were persuaded that it was their fault it then took a few days for the name to propagate worldwide again.



The Past Month



The Past Year

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

- Guernsey Roll of Honour – 1,470 names (unchanged)
- Guernsey Roll of Service – 6,038 names (up by 222)
- Jersey Roll of Honour – 1,640 names (unchanged)
- Jersey Roll of Service* – 7,446 names (unchanged)

* Jersey RoS is updated in batches.

(Editor's Note: Jersey's Roll of Service should be updated by the end of August, and should be around 7,500 men and women).

Regarding the Rolls of Honour, I undertook a four day whistle-stop tour around Belgium and northern France in late May and this has almost completed our combined RoH British photographic requirements for the Western Front. We still have many Frenchmen to locate and the current French programme of records digitisation may help with this in a year or two.

The recent centenary publicity resulted in many family members requesting and offering information and photographs to add to our Rolls, including several additions to the Guernsey Roll of Service. My current focus is adding approximately 700 names taken from the Elizabeth College Roll of Service. After that, it will be back to Kew to trawl through more naval records.

New Data Sources

Readers may wish to visit the following websites which are either new or that have been recently updated:

International Red Cross Committee. Just out, it is nowhere near being complete, and having struggled with it, Mark Bougourd advises that there are numerous adverse comments on various Forums about it. However he has managed to access some POW Repatriation lists that include members of the RGLI.

<http://www.icrc.org/eng/resources/icrc-archives/>

CWGC. The CWGC have recently modified their website, by the introduction of further material regarding men's graves or commemorations on memorials. At present there is no tie up from where a body might have been recovered from, especially if the man's name is unknown. Not of great value, but it is there.

The link can be made via our website.

Royal Air Force. This is in a similar condition to the ICRC's website in that that the information is nowhere complete. Air Force Lists and the Muster Roll for 1st April, 1918 has been digitised, as have been a few casualty cards, but it does appear that there is some way to go regarding service records.

<http://www.rafmuseumstoryvault.org.uk/>

Out and About

Looking Back: I was on holiday in the Montreuil-sur-Mer and Hesdin area for fortnight in June/July. A delayed visit report will follow in Journal 55.

Looking Forward: I will again be heading to Charny-sur-Meuse, near Verdun for another fortnight in September/October.

Odds and Ends

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

Help Still Sought: We're still trying to piece together an idea of the British Army's organisation in the Channel Islands during the Great War. We know, for example that after the respective Military Service Acts that home defence fell on the 2nd (Reserve) Battalion,

RGLI and the RJGB, while 109 and 110 Companies, RGA were formed. But any data as to the command under the two Lieutenant-Governors would be of interest. If you can help, please contact Mark Bougourd.

JerseyMail: This E-Mail is to be discontinued from the 18th August by Jersey Post. If you use this facility, please look to change to another provider and also to advise me of your new E-Mail address.

Jersey's Militia Pay Lists, 1914-1917: This has enjoyed a brief resumption, and this will now slowly continue. A couple of interesting stories have emerged, but these are being held over to the Journal. In one case, it is hoped that information will be forthcoming from the Coldstream Guards' Archivist in Wellington Barracks, London.

Jersey Archive: The Archive's remaining 2014 talks on Jersey's streets are as follows:

16 th August	- Corbière and Petit Port
20 th September	- Bouley Bay
18 th October	- Plémont and Portinfer
15 th November	- Broad Street, Charing Cross and Sand Street
20 th December	- Talk on Researching Your House History

Call 833300 or email archives@jerseyheritage.org to book your place. Entry is free. All talks start at 10 am.

Journal to Website Transfers: There are a lot of articles appearing in past Journals that could also feature on the website with a limited amount of editing. Can authors give thought to see what might feature on our site and supply fresh copy?

Enfin

Again, my thanks to those who contributed to this Journal for their inputs, both large and small, particularly to the new contributors.

Regards
Barrie H Bertram
20th August, 2014

Journal Issue Dates For 2014

Journal 55 is currently planned to be published on the 15th of November, or very shortly after that dates. As ever, I shall be looking for articles by the 10th of that month.