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**Nothing to stop the Hun reaching Amiens,
Except a few Australians!**

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Hello All

What price history? This question arose from a telephone conversation that Ned Malet de Carteret and I were having recently, where we wondered whether we 'gifted amateur historians' (and maybe not so gifted!) were selling ourselves short by providing our research and acquired knowledge to others freely, if not cheaply.

Take our website for example. Occasional visitors are invariably complimentary about it, with superlatives such as 'Excellent' or 'First Class' well to the fore. Roger Frisby's outstanding role as Webmaster has been the major factor that has led to those plaudits along with the contributions from others. For those of us who are not versed in the arcane mysteries of JAVA and PDF files, he has taken on board the data conversion, re-sized images and other activities that go to running the website. Similarly, over the last ten years or so for example, Mike and Rosemary Thomas have amassed a superb volume of information that is currently being used to enhance what is presented about individuals. Given the amount of man-hours that the website represents, and utilising a nominal figure of £10 per man-hour, would it surprise members that the monetary value of the website is probably worth more than £250,000 in human effort alone?

Similarly one might expect that those like Ian Ronayne or Eddie Parks, who have had books published, would say that the royalties from sales in no way reflect the time and effort that they have put in. However, they would surely have derived a great degree of personal satisfaction in getting their work published. In a similar vein, there are also articles that occasionally are published in magazines and the press, and invariably for free. Examples of the latter are some recent forays of mine in the Jersey Evening Post on the Vedra incident and the King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment in Jersey, while the JEP also made use of our Jersey Roll of Honour for their Armistice supplement in 2008. Should the JEP pay, after all, they attract revenue via their advertising?

But, whether work is provided for a fee or just free, the wider interpretation of history must rely on 'gifted amateur historians' and their contribution. Educationally, the UK had moved away somewhat from the traditional methods of teaching history that underpinned a sense of nationhood to a method that seemed more focused on interpreting a particular event without considering what went before or came after, or even the context. It may be that there are fewer 'professional historians' as a result, although this trend could reverse in future years, if the new government effect the changes that they had proposed in the teaching of history.

It might be of interest to note that there is a continuing debate about the role of historians compared to curators, archivists and presentation staff at the Imperial War Museum. Undoubtedly there is an element of maintaining the status quo, but those who regard themselves as historians feel that the IWM's role will be diminished if the artefacts cannot be presented in a well-explained historical context without their input in the process. To a simple mind like mine, curators are there just to look after the hardware and archivists the paperwork, so there might be some justifiable cause for concern. It was therefore also interesting to have seen a recent summary saying that for the 12-15 months up to mid-2009, the third biggest growth area in UK jobs was in the category of archivists and curators at around 78%! Although I suspect that it is from a low starting point in numbers of people, and that they do not enjoy very high

pay rates, the growth figure reflects, nevertheless, an increase in the numbers helping to preserve our historical assets.

Given the apparent growth in the UK, counter that with Jersey's situation, with the closure of the historic site of Hamptonne Farm, along with the possible reduction in opening hours at the Maritime Museum. All of this has meant staff reductions. Jersey Archive's hours were already reduced, this, as I understand it, as a result of financial difficulties between the States and the Jersey Heritage Trust. I'm too far removed to offer qualified comment on the detail of the finances and the quality of heritage management, but a remark was made that possibly there were too many historic sites in Jersey that compete for the tourist's pound, euro or dollar. Undoubtedly, Jersey (and indeed Guernsey for that matter) is 'heritage-rich' given its comparative size to the UK, and that cannot change, unless of course, the bulldozer is taken to La Hougue Bie, Mont Orgueil and other such sites! But, with a tourist market that has declined, possibly through leaden-footed marketing by Jersey Tourism, reducing tourist attractions will surely go towards further reducing future tourist numbers, and will therefore reinforce the trajectory of the downward spiral.

So, it may not just be a question of what will be the price of history, but who will pay. The tourist (or visitor) will undoubtedly pay a share, but this must be at a price that factors in the tourist's other expenditure in getting there to make the visit worthwhile, the state has a responsibility in maintaining the heritage infrastructure for future generations, whether it is the castle or the archive, while there must be a third element, and that is the philanthropic individual who will willingly give of his time and money in support of his favourite interest.

Looking forward, it might be thought that the balance between these three elements will change, given the parlous state of government finances, in the UK certainly. But, both the tourist and the philanthropist may have less disposable income to keep the heritage projects running in viable order. It may be that the provision of free labour is the short-term solution, but with a risk that government, and other organisations, will not resume their responsibilities in a timely fashion, and will take undue advantage of an individual's good-nature. An interesting time ahead on the heritage front!

Page Numbering in Journal 31

I managed to foul up the page numbering in the last Journal by truncating the numbers somehow. Hopefully I have cured it in this Journal and will retrospectively do so on the website copy of J31. My apologies!

This Month's Cover

I must confess that I have purloined one of Ian Ronayne's photographs from his article for the front cover. Taken from 100 feet up the Australian National Memorial and looking westward over the Villers-Bretonneux Military Cemetery towards Amiens, it shows the terrain that the Germans could have easily traversed during had they achieved their hoped for breakthrough a week into Operation Michael in March, 1918. The road runs north-south at the far end of the cemetery, with the town of Villers-Bretonneux a mile to the left, and Fouilloy a similar distance in the other direction adjoining Corbie. For some reason, the CWGC have removed the trees that separated every other block of graves.

Wilfred Picton Warlow – a Flyer Lost at Sea By Liz Walton

Lost at sea was the final verdict on the death of Captain Wilfred Picton Warlow of the Welsh Regiment, attached to the Royal Flying Corps (RFC), who died aged 30 on the 20th, or possibly the 5th December, 1914. Born on the 6th April, 1884 in Wales, he was the son of Colonel John Picton Turbervill, previously Picton Warlow, a former officer in the Madras Staff Corps, who had changed his name by deed poll as a result of inheriting Ewenny Manor, a large property in Wales, in 1891. Wilfred was one of a large family - in 1891 there were six children living at home in Wales. They were Violet, aged 21, Edith and Bea, twins aged 18, Ivor and Arthur, twins aged 9, and Wilfred aged 7. All were children of John Picton Warlow's second wife Eleanor, by whom he had twelve children including three sets of twins. After Eleanor's death in 1887 he had remarried and his third wife, Caroline Turbervill completed the family at this stage, though she went on to have several more children. In 1901 Wilfred was at Clifton College in Bristol, but he transferred to Elizabeth College (Roll Number 3015) later that year. Ivor was a Second Lieutenant with the 3rd Gordon Highlanders Imperial Yeomanry at Aldershot, whilst Arthur, his twin, was living in Guernsey and working on his own account as a fruit grower at the Castel. By 1911, Arthur had moved to Brighton where he worked as a market gardener, Ivor was still with the Gordon Highlanders and Wilfred was an Army officer in the Welsh Regiment, staying with another older brother, Robert at the time of the census. He had been gazetted Second Lieutenant to the 2nd Battalion, the Welsh Regiment from the Royal Guernsey Militia on 28th January, 1903, then was promoted to Lieutenant on 28th November, 1906, then Captain on 7th June, 1913.



So when war broke out, two of the three brothers listed above were already in the armed forces, but all three would go on to serve. Ivor remained with the 1st Battalion, the Gordon Highlanders, was taken prisoner of war¹ and ended up as a Lieutenant Colonel, later changing his name by deed poll to Picton Turbervill. Wilfred (left) was by this time attached to the RFC. The Corps had been formed in April, 1912 as the military began to recognise the potential for aircraft as observation platforms. The archives of *Flight* magazine show that he had gained his Aviator's certificate (Number 451) in a Bristol Biplane at the Bristol School of Flying, Brooklands on 1st April, 1913. He was with Number 3 Squadron, RFC based at Netheravon at that time. The *London Gazette* for 2nd September, 1913 shows that he was appointed Flying Officer on 14th August, 1913, and he then joined Number 6 Squadron and was promoted to

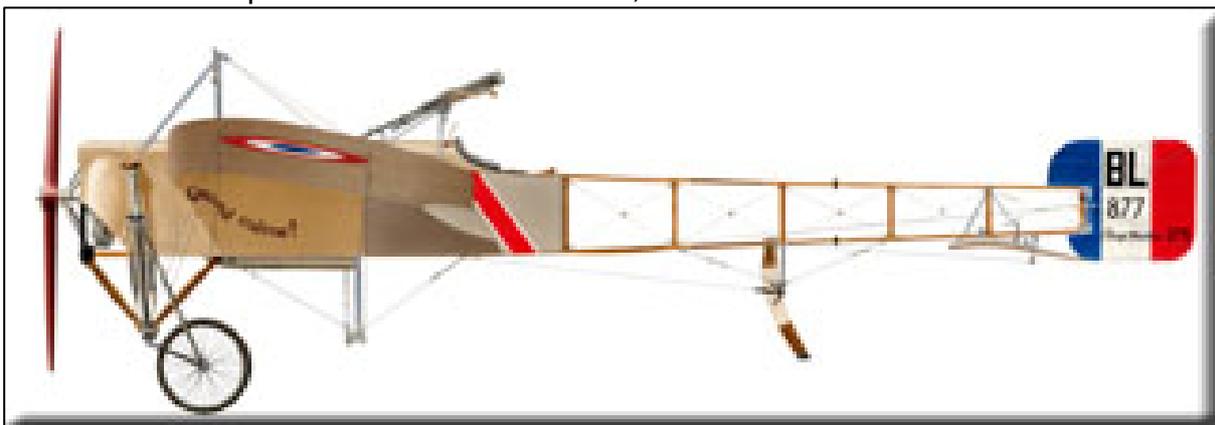
Flight Commander of 'A' Flight in May, 1914. He later changed Squadrons but there appears to be no record as to which Squadron he belonged to at the time of his death.

¹ Editor's Comment: He was taken prisoner on the 10th September, 1914, interned in Holland on 22nd January, 1918 and repatriated to the UK on 22nd November, 1918

Wilfred Picton Warlow went to France as soon as war broke out. Between the 13th and 15th August, 1914 Numbers 2, 3, 4 and 5 Squadrons, RFC, under the command of Brigadier-General David Henderson, deployed to France in support of the British Expeditionary Force (BEF). These four Squadrons with 12 aircraft each, together with aircraft in depots, gave a total strength of 63 aircraft supported by 900 men. Their main job at this stage was to undertake reconnaissance and artillery observation. On 19th August, 1914 the first RFC reconnaissance flight of the war was made from Maubeuge in Belgium by Captain Joubert de la Ferte in a Bleriot of Number 3 Squadron and Lieutenant GW Mapplebeck in a BE2 of Number 4 Squadron. During September at the Battle of the Aisne, the RFC made its first operational use of aerial photography and also made use of wireless telegraphy to communicate with those on the ground and with other aircraft during observation flights over enemy artillery positions.

As early as December, 1914 *Flight* magazine stated that: "...new uses for aircraft and their pilots are daily being found." Soon there was conflict between aircraft doing the same job for different sides, and from this developed the famous aerial duels. Few aircraft were armed but pilots and observers were issued with revolvers. Raids on Dusseldorf, Cologne and Friedrichshafen are mentioned, where the pilots would have to drop bombs from their flimsy aeroplanes. Planes were also used for spotting enemy mines and submarines in the North Sea, though this was more the province of the Royal Naval Air Service (RNAS), the RFC dealing primarily with flights over land. At the start of the Great War, Britain had some 113 aircraft in military service, the French Aviation Service 160 and the German Air Service 246. By the end of the war each side was deploying thousands of aircraft.

it was against this background that on 20th December, 1914 (according to most sources) or 5th December, 1914 (according to his service record which is in the National Archives), after four months of war service Wilfred Picton Warlow took off from the Air Park at St Omer in a Bleriot two seater monoplane, with the intention of flying back to England on leave. The Air Park had deployed initially from Farnborough in England to Boulogne when war broke out, then after four more moves ended up in St Omer in October, 1914. It was first called the Lines of



Communication Workshop, then the Flying Depot and finally Air(craft) Park, and it was where aircraft maintenance and repair took place. Picton Warlow was flying a two seater monoplane, the Blériot XI² (above), a two-seat tractor monoplane with 80 hp Gnome rotary engines, designed from the start as a battlefield observation aeroplane. When the war broke in Europe in 1914, Numbers 3, 9, 10, 18 and 30 Squadrons of the French "Aviation Militaire" were equipped with this type, along with

Numbers 1, 3, 7 and 16 Squadrons from the RFC, and a few were also assigned to the RNAS. However by late 1914 they were in the process of being taken out of service as they had been found to be too slow to climb with a full military load. Redundant aircraft were taken back to the Air Park where they would either be scrapped and used for spares or flown back to England where they could still be used as training aircraft. Picton Warlow was flying one of these elderly aeroplanes back to England but he never arrived.

A Committee of Enquiry into the administration and command of the RFC sat on the 26th July, 1916 to investigate, amongst other things, the circumstances of Picton Warlow's death. A full report is given in *Flight* magazine for 17th August, 1916², and there are also brief references in editions published in the period between the sitting and the final report. It started with a report in *Hansard*, the printed transcript of parliamentary debates, of Mr Pemberton Billing MP accusing the administration and higher command of the RFC of criminal negligence, because of the number and manner of pilot deaths since the start of the war. Noel Pemberton Billing was an English aviator, inventor, entrepreneur, and the Member of Parliament for Mile End at the time of the enquiry. In politics he was known for his extreme right-wing views, and his promotion of air power, advocating the creation of a separate air force, unattached to either the Army or Navy. He was known during the First World War for his homophobic conspiracy theories, and his strong antipathy towards the Royal Aircraft Factory and its products. Captain Picton Warlow was said by him to have been one of the victims of the RFC's negligence, as the aircraft he was flying was:

"... worn out and not considered of any further use for active service in France."

An official Committee of Enquiry was ordered. In the course of the evidence, the Committee was told that:

"... it is a very pernicious habit in France that when there is an old machine that they want to get back and which is no use for any further service and a pilot is going home on leave, if he likes to go home in it he can do so. It is a dangerous habit to endanger a valuable pilot's life to get an old creak of an aeroplane back to England, and this save transport."

A Colonel Beatty, (this was probably Colonel William Dawson Beatty, RE and RFC, who was Assistant Director of Military Aeronautics at the time) who was at St Omer when Picton Warlow took off, was called to give evidence in defence. He stated that it was not a question of being ordered or allowed to fly back, it was a privilege afforded to experienced flyers who were going home on leave. He was asked:

"When it was decided to discard types of machines which were outclassed by newer types, what was done with the discarded machines?"

Colonel Beatty replied that:

"A machine which could be of real use for training purposes, whenever possible, was flown to England. If a machine was fit to fly across, then the pilot who was coming across was allowed to fly it."

² <http://www.flightglobal.com/pdfarchive/view/1916/1916%20-%200698.html>

The aircraft had been serviced recently, with the officer in charge of the repair section taking responsibility for it being fit to fly, and Picton Warlow took it on a short trial flight before taking off for England.

The weather was apparently fine but with some wind and high banks of cloud when he took off from St Omer. He had enough fuel for twice the length of his planned journey (the aircraft could carry enough for three and a half hours' flying and his journey time should have been no more than one hour twenty minutes). He was seen passing over Calais, from where it was reported to be clear enough to see the English coast. That was the last that was heard of him, and it was assumed that he flew into high cloud, got lost and ran out of fuel before plunging into the English Channel. It was said that even the best pilot could miss his bearings if he was in cloud for more than five or ten minutes, and Picton Warlow may have "missed England completely." The effects of the cold are not mentioned here but other reports of the era states that two hours' flying was about the maximum that anyone could stand, even at the relatively low level of 7,000 feet, said to be the minimum height for safety from German attack.



Wilfred Picton Warlow's service record shows that he was initially listed as missing from 20th December, 1914, then as deceased, lost at sea on 5th December, 1914. All other sources give his date of death as 20th December, and as yet no explanation has been found for this discrepancy. Also there is no record of his squadron, the most likely reason being given that he was about to take over as Squadron Leader of one of the new squadrons after

returning from leave. His death is commemorated by the CWGC but is not recorded in either of "The Sky Their Battlefield" or "Airmen Died in the Great War". As his body was never found he is commemorated on the Flying Services Memorial (above left) in the Faubourg d'Amiens cemetery in Arras, Northern France, as well as on the Elizabeth College Roll of Honour in Guernsey. He was awarded the 1914 Star, the British War Medal and the Victory Medal.

Incidentally, though Wilfred is the only member of the family listed on a local memorial, in the course of researching this article it was found that the family's links with the island were stronger than it initially appeared. Wilfred's brother Arthur³ was another victim of the Great War who had local connections. After his spell as a grower in Guernsey and Brighton he went to East Africa, where he took South African citizenship and settled as a planter at Kaimoi-Kisumu, in what is now Kenya. When war broke out he joined the East African Rifles as a Lance Corporal and served with the Expeditionary Force in Africa. He died on 8th November, 1917 at Mombasa of malaria contracted whilst on active service. He had transferred to the

³ UK, *De Ruvigny's Roll of Honour, 1914-1924, Vol 4, p 225*

African Labour Corps as a Corporal by this time. He is buried in Mbariki Military Cemetery in Mombasa. There is a further Guernsey connection in that a sister, Violet, married Ralph Durand, the son of Havilland Durand of Guernsey and his wife, Mary Hawtrey. Mary was the daughter of the Reverend Montague Hawtrey of Berkshire, who became rector of St James in Guernsey in 1839, and Louisa Dobrée of Guernsey. Ralph was Librarian at the Priaulx Library in Guernsey, where much of my research on Guernsey and the Great War has been done, from 1929 to 1945.

CWGC Non-Commemorations

Nothing to report regarding acceptances or rejections on non-commemorations, however, we have now located Major John Dustan's grave at St Paul's Langleybury near Abbot's Langley in Hertfordshire, and that the CWGC are awaiting feedback from the Royal Marines Historical Branch.

An Unfortunate Connection (Journal 31)

Having written of Lieutenant Colonel George Sutherland Guyon in the above article, I found an additional piece of information on him in Ralph N Hudson's book: 'The Bradford Pals'. In it Ralph states that by 08.35 hours, most of the officers, including the CO, Major Guyon, were killed or wounded, and the attack held up. He quotes the Battalion Intelligence Officer, a Second Lieutenant CF Laxton as follows:

"...at five minutes to zero Major Guyon, Ransome and myself left our headquarters for the front line. We had only been in Sap 'A' about two minutes when Major Guyon was struck through the helmet by a bullet. Ransome and I were alongside him at the time, and bandaged him up, though unconscious and apparently dying, the wound being in the temple. We were obliged to leave as things did not appear to be going well."

Given that Sap 'A' is clearly marked on the trench maps of the time, it would be interesting to see, today, whether the CWGC records the remains of officers and men found in that vicinity.

Fromelles - A Further Update

As part of the identification process a further nineteen men were formally identified at May's Identification Panel, making it that 94 of the 250 men found have now been identified via their DNA and other items. Sergeant Chester Cecil Church is not amongst those nineteen, and it now appears as if further Identification Panels will only be held yearly until 2014.

Meanwhile, the CWGC have acknowledged that Chester and Theodore Mark were brothers and that this relationship has been clearly stated on the Register. They are struggling to accept that the maiden name of their mother, Susannah, was not Aplin, as she married Frederick Aplin after Augustus Church's death, and that Theodore's headstone shows Frederick as Theodore's stepfather!

More Royal Air Force Officer Records 1918-1919

Introduction: A look at a number of Jerseymen who served as Officers in the RAF appeared in Journal 30, and during my last visit to Kew I was able to extract a few more names whose records have now been analysed. However, before looking at them, I would like to expand acronyms where, in Bernard Yandell's case, I used GS, HS and LD which stand for General Service, Home Service and Light Duties respectively. Now to the 'new' names.

Lionel George FAUVEL: We know from earlier research that Lionel had served with the Yorkshire Yeomanry, and this correlates with the address of his father and NOK, OC Fauvel, which was Brookside, Dore, N Sheffield.



It appears that he was commissioned in October, 1916 and then employed as a FO (O) (which I take to mean Flight Officer (Observer)) with 20 Squadron, RFC in April, 1917, but this overlaps with a four month period during which he appears to have been wounded three times in 1917, the dates being the 26th January, 3rd May, and finally 25th May. At this time, 20 Squadron were flying the FE2d over the Ypres Salient. Recovery from the third wound was lengthy, with Medical Boards stating:

- Unfit all services 6 months, LD 3 months (9th August, 1917)
- Unfit GS 8 months, HS 6 months, LD 3 months (12th November, 1917)
- Unfit GS 4 months, unfit any services 3 months (25th February, 1918)

He could not be regarded as a well man, and would relinquish his commission on account of ill-health contracted on active service on 8th March, 1919. This may appear an odd statement and implies that he developed an illness over and above his third wound. I suspect that after being wounded, he never returned to duty, and his Record simply reflects nothing more than a 'holding action'. There is no reference to the award of an MM while he was still a Sergeant in 1916.

Bertrand Lampard CLIFT: Bertrand was the son of Mr Walter L Clift who, at the time of the Great War, was the Headmaster of the Jersey Modern School. Giving his mother Mrs WL (Rose?) Clift as NOK, their address was 85 (or is it 35?) Colomberie in St Helier. With a birth date of 7th February, 1900, he is shown as attending the Modern School between 1903 and 1918 and possessing some French, a case of keeping his education in the family no doubt! He had two brothers serving, Vernon Lawrence Clift with the East Surrey Regiment, and Walter Alan Clift, with the RFA.

His record of units is surprisingly quite legible, and Census/121 records him as being at Number 1 Cadet Wing, presumably when the RAF was created, for the form was raised on 20th April, 1918. Sent to Number 5 School of Aeronautics (at Denham?) on 10th May, 1918, he then moved to 37 Training Squadron (TS) at Spitalgate on the outskirts of Grantham at the end of June, 1918. He next moved to the School of Army Cooperation, based at Worthy Down, on 16th September, 1918, but from 39 Training Depot Squadron (TDS). As part of the continuing reorganisation of the RAF, 37 TS had joined with 15 TS to become part of the new TDS in mid-August, 1918. After 11

days at Worthy Down, he was sent to Number 2 Aeroplane Supply Depot where he spent a week before being sent to 35 Squadron RAF.

Having joined 35 Squadron on 4th October, 1918, he would see what little that remained of the War flying the Armstrong-Whitworth FK8, pictured below, on Army Cooperation tasks. Returning with the Squadron to Netheravon in the UK on 18th March, 1919, he would be transferred to the Unemployed List on 17th April, 1919, his services as a pilot spotting for the artillery no longer required!



Bertrand's Great War service was comparatively brief, although he could not have foreseen that as a fresh-faced 18 year old in early 1918. However, his Record is no less interesting for all that, for it charts his period of service with the various training establishments very well. One can almost see the Orderly Room handing out rail warrants as he travelled from Grantham to Winchester for example.

Humphrey Woodland TOMS: Humphrey Toms' RAF service was as brief as that of Bertrand Clift, in that he was commissioned on the 6th June, 1918, and was transferred to the Unemployed List on 14th May, 1919. The son of Frederick Woodland Toms of 1 Claremont Terrace in St Helier, Humphrey was an OV as were his brothers Frazer who served with the Indian Police and Arthur who was killed in action on 27th November, 1914 while attached to the 2nd Battalion, the Cameronians.

Looking at his Record sheet, he joined the Medical Branch, and after some twelve weeks of training, was sent to Number 1 School of Aeronautics on 2nd September, 1918, and would spend the remainder of his service there as a Medical Officer with the rank of Lieutenant. The Record states that he was born in 1892 and combining this data with the Victoria College Book of Remembrance which notes that he attended the College between 1900 and 1911, it is safe to assume that he went to study medicine afterwards, becoming qualified to practice in 1918.

Henry Thomas Charles MESNY: Giving his address as The Hollies, St Helier, Henry Mesny was a former Second Lieutenant with the 3rd Battalion, the North Staffordshire Regiment. An OV, he had been wounded and had previously attended the College

between 1913 and 1915. Working back from the Census for 1901, he was born in 1896 or 1897.



Hooton Hall

He seems to have transferred into the RAF on 27th June, 1918 being appointed as a Lieutenant in the Administration Branch. Serving with Number 2 Cadet Wing, he spent some time at Hooton Park. The Record shows that he was posted to 'F Section' at a School of Technical Training but there is no logical information in support. However, in July, 1919 he was then sent to RAF Halton, and was later transferred to the Unemployed List on 12th April, 1920.

Edwin Thomas VAUTIER: Edwin Vautier joined the RFC and Number 1 School of Aeronautics at Oxford on 4th April, 1917, and a month later would be posted to 2 RS at Northolt. Yet, only three weeks would elapse and on 26th May, 1917 Edwin would join 65 RS. Having mistakenly thought that RS stood for Radio School (see Bernard Yandell's entry in Journal 30), I am now of the opinion that it stood for Reserve Squadron. Another eight weeks would pass and Edwin would join a Squadron with the BEF on 21st July, 1917.

Looking at the rapid progress through these units, I have wondered whether Edwin had already qualified as a pilot before he enlisted. His entry on joining 2 RS suggests that he was an 'inst aviation' while the entry for 65 RS refers to an 'appt as FO'. Whether he was qualified or not, another entry records that he was 'Admitted to Hospital' on 15th September, 1917, and we can assume that he was wounded. Like Lionel Fauvel, recovery was slow, and the Medical Boards would be moved to report:

- Unfit any service, 3 months (20th December, 1917)
- Unfit GS, 3 months, HS, 1 month, LD, 2 months (20th March, 1918)

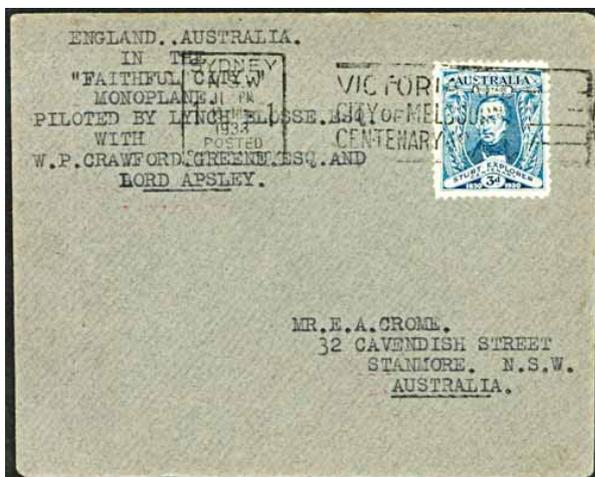
However, on 26th June, 1918, he would relinquish his commission on account of ill-health caused by wounds. His NOK was given as his father, Thomas EC Vautier who was living at the time at 21 Woodhouse Road, Leytonstone, London E11, and who had earlier been a schoolmaster in Jersey. Edwin's date of birth is not given but I suspect that it was 17th February, 1895 based upon Jersey Heritage data. Finally, a note on the Record states that Edwin died on 24th January, 1967, and that it had come from the Ministry of Pensions and National Insurance, an example then of keeping fellow government departments informed!

Patrick Windsor LYNCH-BLOSSE: We have previously mentioned Patrick in Journal 30 as having been killed during WW2, but we can look at his Great War career in some detail, and given that he was born on 11th April, 1900, it was comparatively brief. His father, Edward Falconer Lynch-Blosse, was his NOK, and the Record shows that they lived at The Heathfield, Crowcombe in Somerset, about 10 miles north-west of Taunton. The record shows that Patrick had attended Victoria College between May, 1914 and December, 1916, before going onto Blundells

School at Tiverton in Devon between January and December of 1917. He was a member of the OTC at both schools.

The first dated entry of note is 17th March, 1918 when he is at Greenwich and the form shows that he was a Naval entry and a Probationary Flight Officer, hence he had joined the RNAS. One may presume that he had enlisted soon after finishing at Blundells the previous year. There is a Census reference 701. From Greenwich he went to a School of Aeronautics at Reading, before joining 201 TS at the beginning of September, 1918. The print is a little fuzzy here, but it looks as if 201 TS provided Torpedo training. This consistent with his next unit, 185 Squadron, RAF which had formed at East Fortune in the Torpedo-bomber role on 21st October, 1918, and equipped with the Sopwith Cuckoo. It had been intended to embark the Squadron aboard *HMS Argus* and to launch an attack against the German High Seas Fleet at its anchorage, but the Armistice intervened and the squadron never reached operational status, disbanding on 14th April, 1919.

Patrick had joined the Squadron at the beginning of November, but was off its strength by the 7th March, 1919 when he was sent to Edinburgh Castle, and from there had been transferred to the Unemployed List two days later. Looking at his Record and noting that he was killed on a bombing raid on Germany on the night of 8th/9th May 1942, having just taken over as 44 Squadron's CO, I became curious as to his subsequent life. The marriage column in the Times placed him in Colombo, Ceylon on 25th April, 1920 being wed to a Beatrice Marjorie Laugharne, his parents having moved to Brecon by this time. Between the Wars he had continued to fly, mostly in Australia, and for whatever reason, later married an Edna Hill in Australia during or before 1933. I picked out two bits of data.



HET VLIEGENDE PARLEMENTSLID.
Een vogel veroorzaakt een noodlanding te Semarang.

Lynch Blossse, de bestuurder van het vliegtuig, waarmee de Engelsche parlementsleden Crawford Greene en Lord Apsley een reis naar Australië maken, heeft gisteren, na zijn tusschenlanding te Batavia, Soerabaja niet kunnen halen, doch een noodlanding moeten doen te Semarang. Een telegram van Londen meldde, dat de bakboordmotor van het toestel met drie motoren, bij Semarang weigerde, doordat er een vogel in was geraakt.



Then working for Spartan Airlines in the Isle of Wight he was chartered to take two MPs on a return trip to Australia from England in late 1933. Flying the 7-seat 3-engined Spartan Cruiser II pictured, they left on the 10th October, returning home on the 26th December. The trip was not without incident as the port engine failed. Flying on with the other two, he landed at Semarang in the Dutch East Indies, and discovered that a swallow had been swallowed into the air intake. With the bird removed, the trip of some 32,000 miles would be complete with no further problems! Or were there?

Due to fog he had to land on Clacton's beach on his return! The other item of note was that, in returning to Australia, he would fly the QANTAS inaugural flying boat service from Sydney to Southampton on the 5th July, 1938 in the Short 'Empire' flying boat 'Cooee' pictured. It is unclear however, whether he was a QANTAS pilot or an Imperial Airways pilot at this point.



With Patrick, I have strayed from the aim of looking at his Great War service, but in his case, he clearly forged a meaningful aviation career after having been 'put out to grass' in 1919, a period which would have had him competing with many other former RAF pilots, most of them looking for jobs that could make use of their flying skills.

Alfred Reginald VINCENT: If the entry for Henry Mesny was terse, this will be just as much! No home address, no NOK, no date of birth!

It appears that he had enlisted on 2nd May, 1918 and four days later was sent to Number 10 Technical Training Wing, before going onto Number 5 Officer Cadet Wing at the end of May, 1918. A move to Number 2 School of Aeronautics followed on 26th July, 1918 before continuing training at the Ground Armament School at Uxbridge on 14th September, 1918. He was then sent to 190 (Night) TS in the rank of Flight Cadet on 25th October, 1918 which was then operating BE2c, BE2e, DH6 and Avro 504K at Newmarket. Peace broke out, and he was sent to Manchester's Heaton Park to be demobilised on 25th January, 1919, when an Honorary Commission as Second Lieutenant took effect.

Dudley Eric NICOLLE: Last but by no means least in this item on RAF Officers, Dudley's RFC/RAF career looks somewhat busy.

An OV between 1901 and 1904, the personal detail is simple enough in that he was born on the 9th May, 1891, and his NOK was his mother, Mrs CJ Nicolle who lived at Thornton Hall, Upper King's Cliff in St Helier. He also gave that as his address although it was later changed to 1 Belle Vue Villas which may also be on Upper King's Cliff. His civilian employment was as an Electrical Engineer and he had worked for a Cable Company in Birmingham in 1914 to 1915.

The Census report, numbered 303, recorded the considerable amount of aircraft types that he had flown by 1918, and these were the Maurice Farman Short- and Long-Horns, the BE2c, BE2d, BE2e, BE12, BE12a, DH6, RE7 and the FE2b. There was also mentioned the Avro (the 504K presumably), a small Armstrong-Whitworth, and a Curtiss, however, it is difficult to determine the last two aircraft types in more detail. The record shows that he went to Oxford (the Number 1 School of Aeronautics?) on the 13th May, 1916, eight days later he went to 14 RS, and then on the 14th June, 1916, was transferred to 18 RS. There is a considerable rapidity in his progress to becoming a qualified pilot. Was it because of haste in satisfying the demands caused by casualty rates on the Western Front?



The Flight magazine of 2nd March, 1916 indicates otherwise with some 1,300+ Officers and Civilians on the waiting list. So, was the explanation more benign in that young men seeking to be pilots were able to take themselves off to civilian flying schools, obtain their pilot's license, and then wave a Royal Aero Club (RAeC) certificate at the Army's powers that be? If so, the Army would then pay successful pilots the sum of £75 to cover the flying tuition fees.

There is some evidence that Dudley took this route, as the Flight magazines for late 1915 and early 1916 list a Nicolle receiving flight training at the Hall Flying School at Hendon, and Dudley is listed as having a RAeC certificate.

Following the stint with 18 RS, Dudley was sent to 53 Squadron, RFC at Catterick in June, 1916, where they were flying the Avro 504K, and then to 47 Squadron, RFC in August, 1916 then based at Beverley. 47 Squadron went to Salonika at the beginning of September but it is not clear whether Dudley went with them for he was transferred to 22 RS in early November. Looking overall at the 1916 entries, it does appear that Dudley Nicolle was frequently moving from unit to unit and with little to indicate why. The only logical thought is that he had become an instructor.

1917 is a little clearer in that he moved to 38 Squadron, RFC in January and then 33 Squadron, RFC briefly at the beginning of July. Both Squadrons were based in the UK and had dual roles. During the day they were to train pilots while at night they were on Home Defence duties, respectively covering the North Midlands and Yorkshire. But July saw another move, this time to 101 Squadron, RFC which, on the 12th, had formed as a night bomber squadron at Farnborough before being sent to France on the 25th. Yet Dudley's travels were not over as he would return to the UK in December to another unit. Again the entry is fuzzy, so the unit cannot be fully determined but it looks like a School, but he is assigned to Number 1 School of Navigation and Bomb Dropping at Stonehenge on the 6th March, 1918. Perhaps it was a unit title change?

Stonehenge does seem a strange location for an airfield but, with Larkhill nearby, and Netheravon and Upavon a few miles to the north, the area was regarded as the cradle of army flying, and there were comparatively few trees to fly into! Yet, Airman's Corner to the west of the famous ancient monument commemorates the deaths of two flyers in 1912, while the monument was not gifted to the nation until September, 1918. In Dudley's case, the next date of note is 22nd April, 1918 when he was reported as injured. It is possible that this was an aircraft crash, and he was hospitalised at the nearby Fargo Military Hospital. Over the next few months, the Medical Board assessments were as follows:

- Unfit any service 2 months, to remain in hospital (At Fargo, 30th April)
- Unfit GS and HS 1 month, Fit for LD without flying (At Fargo, 17th June)
- Unfit GS 4 weeks, HS 2 weeks, Fit LD flying (At Hampstead, 15th July)

He remained at Stonehenge until 7th December, 1918 when he once more became an itinerant. Over the next ten months until he was transferred to the Unemployed List on 17th October, 1919, it appears that he was based at Newcastle, the Isle of Grain, Upavon, Bircham Newton and Tern Hill at various times. Clearly this was a period when RAF officers were leaving the service, but the RAF also remained the proud owners of a vast fleet of aircraft, and there was much to be moved to collection points and sold off. Of course the service was still in the throes of organisational change. Annotations against these units indicate that he had also flown the Handley Page bombers and had trained on the Vickers Vimy.

However, with some 220+ other officers, in 1921 he was recalled to Active Duty on the 10th April until 4th June, when, with most of the other officers, he was once more returned to the Unemployed List. There is no obvious reason for this unless the RAF was looking for a small cadre of former pilots to take part in the forthcoming Hendon Air Pageant. In most respects Dudley Nicolle's service record has proved the most perplexing, not least because it has the most entries, and he seemed to have been a highly experienced aviator. Like many, he seems to have vanished without trace after the War.

Conclusion: Having almost doubled the number of Officers reviewed (from nine to seventeen) with this article, the analysis has shown to me the considerable complexity of air power as it developed in the British services in its early years, needing much in the way of organisation and structure. There was far more to it than canvas and wire, and 'Fill her up, Corporal!' As with Henri Biard in the first article, Patrick Lynch-Blosse carved out a successful career in aviation, but the majority would just return to an uncertain civilian life, and one must reflect on the fact that commercial businesses do not need artillery spotters in peacetime!

Dawdling in Dorset

Over the years I have largely regarded Dorset as a county to pass through to get somewhere else, whether it was in the military, on holiday, or subsequently in business. I suspect that it was regarded in similar vein by many thousands of Islanders, who, in the hey-day of the mail-boats, would pass along the quayside on the boat train between Weymouth and London, and looking out at the countryside would regard the county as very rural, as indeed it was and is today. But that rural appearance can mask the fact that it has strong military connections in terms of its population and use. These connections were reason enough for me to spend a week there in April.

Coming into Weymouth by mail-boat, one could not miss the large Portland Harbour, the home to much of the fleet before it headed off northwards to Scapa Flow in 1914, and where I discovered that an earlier HMS Hood was sunk, or rather scuttled, to prevent German submarines entering via the southern entrance. The remains of the boat are still there. Briefly visiting Portland Bill, I was struck by the impression that it is some 40 years behind the times, and have promised myself that I will spend more time walking and exploring on a return visit next year hopefully.

One may regard Dorset as rural, but it also provided men for the Great War, and we should recall the late Jack Counter, VC who worked as a postman in Jersey for many years, and who had been born in Blandford Forum. The county's Dorsetshire

Regiment would provide an attraction many for Channel Islanders to widen their horizons, even before the Great War, the Recruiting Sergeant being just a boat ride away.

Weymouth (along with Southampton) was effectively a gateway to the Great War, and an estimated 500 Jerseymen served with the Dorsetshires, volunteer and conscript alike, albeit some briefly, before being transferred to other Regiments. Many others would pass on through to other units, but the Island's military link to Dorset is not fully appreciated today. Whatever the men's eventual destination, the training camps at Wool, Wareham and Swanage would become a temporary home as the military sausage machine turned out troops to serve in the front-line.

The Dorsetshires' military heritage is excellently served by Museum at the Keep in Dorchester for the Devons and Dorsets, the Devonshires also having been a single county Regiment until both amalgamated in 1958. Over four floors (five if you count the battlements) and with a lift, the range of Great War memorabilia is extensive, and moreover, well exhibited in terms of layout and lighting. Weaponry, medals, uniforms and the ephemera of trench life can be seen there. Having gone to see Dorsetshire Great War material, any material for the Devonshires did not appear evident however, I believe that there is a dedicated gallery for them at the Museum of North Devon in Barnstaple. The Keep is well worth spending a few hours visiting by taking a small diversion from the main Weymouth road on the Dorchester outskirts.

I've already mentioned Blandford Forum. During the first few months of the Great War it served as the base camp for the recently formed Royal Naval Division (RND), as I had understood it, in the period after Antwerp and before Gallipoli, but there is evidence to suggest that the RND presence was there well into 1916. A camp housing German POW was also constructed there. After the RND left, the RFC took the camp over, even building a branch railway line. Today, the rail link has gone, while the Camp is now home to the Royal Corps of Signals and that Corps' Museum. During the Great War the 'communications function' was performed by the Royal Engineers, so it is to be hoped that features. Sadly, my time did not allow for a visit there, and so that is another item added to my 'To Do' list!

Dorset's jewel in the crown, from a military standpoint, has to be Bovington and the Tank Museum there. My April visit there was the fifth time, having first gone there in 1958. It has undoubtedly expanded and now has a range of some 300+ tanks ranging from Little Willie to examples of recent main battle tanks from the Soviet and NATO blocs. The building is a combination of metal sheds, but since my previous visit 10-12 years ago, it has been 'glammed up' with an impressive glass fronted block housing the entrance, toilets, restaurant and shop added. Touching briefly on the shop, although sizeable, it somehow lacked something in terms of the merchandise, and unfortunately I cannot say what.

A new feature is that of the Great War trench (now becoming the norm for all military museums?). However, this is reached via the Recruiting Sergeant's office, who will bark out "Name?" to the unsuspecting individual standing in front of his desk! Past the French estaminet and the sidings with the railway wagon (and with the 36 Hommes, 8 Chevaux cliché) and you are in the front line with dug outs and rats (plastic only) to inspect. Weaving through trenches and passages, somehow you find

yourself in the German lines to join Huns terrified at the sight of a British tank about to squash them into the Cambrai landscape.

Once out of the trench complex, the displays of tanks and armoured cars are reached with the oldest first, and progressing from hall to hall to more recent types, as well as showing a number of 'funnies' along the way, and not just those of Hobart's WW2 designs. A Mark IV is accessible with a guide explaining how the crews managed to drive and operate the beast, and it became very apparent that 'those of a claustrophobic disposition need not apply for the Tank Corps!' Crank starting would have also proved a dubious pleasure.

There is truly much to see, and once you get your bearings, the place has a logical flow. There is a small display on Lawrence of Arabia (a little more on him later), while there are handy points for children's amusements if they tire of the walking and the odd 'Pound in the Slot' PIAT anti-tank or Vickers machine gun to fire.

Venturing once over the county border, we visited Yeovilton and the Fleet Air Arm Museum. Given that aircraft flew a mere dozen years or so before tanks 'walked up the main street of Flers', the FAA Museum proportionally has more modern equipment on display than that of the Tank Museum, and in that, there are fewer aircraft of Great War vintage, indeed if I remember correctly, there was only a Sopwith Pup on display and the salvaged centre structure of a Short 184. I have recollection that a Sopwith Triplane was also displayed at one time, but my memory might be wrong

Although it is limited as to Great War aircraft, it is still a very good museum and the WW2 and the 1950s to 1970s range of aircraft is excellent, but with a small range of aircraft in the current FAA, a stock refresh will be long in coming. There is also a good display on the Women's Royal Naval Service (WRNS) – the Wrens – with quite a bit of Great War information. The shop is good also as my credit card will testify.

Penultimately, we return to TE Lawrence who, for a time, was in the Tank Corps as a private soldier. In 1925 he bought a small cottage, Clouds Hill, a few miles north of Bovington Camp as a retreat, and would use it as much as he could over the next ten years until riding back from the Camp on his motor bike, he crashed trying to avoid a couple of lads on bicycles, and died of his injuries a few days later. The cottage is now maintained by the National Trust very much as TE would have done, and it is very spartan. I had a close look at the books in his reading room, but was advised that the originals had been sadly disposed of after his death, the examples on the shelves being replacements according to his estate's inventory. He was buried in nearby Moreton.

So, that was Dorset (with a little bit of Somerset thrown in!) in khaki, a county with a considerable military heritage which I know that I barely touched in just a week's stay. Hopefully my next trip there (in a year or so?) will turn up more items of interest. I have not mentioned Nothe Castle which overlooks the harbour at Weymouth, which has some form of heritage centre within its walls, while I am sure that the former naval base at Portland will turn up something more than the spare parts for Mulberry Harbours taken to Normandy after D-Day.

A photograph album of Dorset sights and sites appears on pages 44 and 45.

John Malet Armstrong
A Naval Officer in both World Wars
By Ned Malet de Carteret

John Malet Armstrong (known throughout the family as 'Jock') was born on 5th January, 1900 at Elizabeth Bay, Sydney, the younger child and only son of William George Armstrong, a doctor, who was the first Director of Medical Services for New South Wales, and Elizabeth Jane née Garnsey.

He was educated at Sydney Grammar School and All Saints College, Bathurst. In 1914 he entered the Royal Australian Navy College (RANC), Osborne House, Geelong, Victoria. The college was then relocated to Jervis Bay, Federal Capital Territory in February, 1915. The first two years intakes joined the college, Jock in the second year. A natural leader and sportsman, he became a Chief Cadet Captain and received colours for rugby and swimming before he graduated in 1917.



HMAS Creswell

HMAS Creswell above is the former RANC Jervis Bay, which was named in honour of Admiral John Jervis, 1st Viscount St Vincent, whose relative the 7th Viscount, Jim Jervis RN, died at St Ouen in Jersey in 2006 aged 101, and whom my father, Philip had known for nearly 40 years. (Coincidentally, as many will be aware, the new Condor Rapide ferry for the CI to St Malo route that has just been purchased from the Royal Australian Navy had previously been named HMAS Jervis Bay!)

Jock was appointed Midshipman on 1st January, 1918, and he joined the battle cruiser HMAS Australia in April of that year at Scapa Flow in the Orkneys. He wrote numerous war service letters to his parents at home in Sydney, and these are housed in the National Library in Canberra and I have great pleasure in reproducing

transcriptions of the most important ones here. They are mainly written from his Aunt's (Amy) house, St Ouen's Manor (where my father is the current Seigneur), in Jersey. As I guide, I am outlining a potted family tree to show how Jock and I are related.

Jock's great grandfather was Francis Wheeler Armstrong (1779-1868) who was born in Ireland, but moved to Jersey and bought St Peter's House, in about 1820. He died on the 15th April, 1868 and was living at No 3 Almorah Crescent. Francis had married Esther Frances de Quetteville (a Noirmont Manor heiress), who was born in 1797. They had married in Grouville in 1819. She predeceased her husband on the 31st August, 1865.

Francis is buried with his wife in Green Street Cemetery, St Helier. Francis fought in all the major battles of the Peninsula War as a Lieutenant in the 48th Regiment of Foot (Northamptonshire Regiment) from 1809-1814.

Jock's grandfather was Commodore Richard Ramsay Armstrong RN (1833-1910) who was born on 28th February, 1833 in Jersey. Richard and his elder brother Robert both fought in the Crimea, and Richard was unlucky not to win a Victoria Cross at the taking of the Redan at Sevastopol. He married Eliza Suzanna Malet of St Helier on 20th August, 1857. She is related to the Malets of La Maletiere (Les Prés Manor) in Grouville. Richard's memoirs are available in print.



Richard and Eliza produced Jock's father, the said William George, and his aunt, Amy Anne Armstrong, who was born in 1865. She married my great-grandfather Jurat Reginald Malet de Carteret of St Ouen's Manor Jersey. So Jock and I are first cousins twice removed? (I beg to be told my correct relationship to him!)

Reginald and Amy were married on 21st December, 1895 in Sydney, Australia, where my great uncle Philip Reginald Malet de Carteret was born in 1898 (he was the Midshipman killed on HMS Queen Mary at Jutland on 31st May, 1916). My grandfather, Guy, born in 1901, and my great aunt Ella Marie (Ellie or Elley) who was the eldest had been born in 1896.

All of these family members feature heavily in Jock's letters home.

The photograph on the previous page was taken in front of the old front door at St Ouen's Manor in approximately 1906 or 1907 by, we think, Dr William Armstrong. The two gentlemen at the back are Jurat Reginald Malet de Carteret and Colonel Edward Charles Malet de Carteret (with hat). Amy Malet de Carteret (née Armstrong) is seated on the left (also with hat), while the young girl holding the bird and the young boy pointing are Ellie and Guy, the children of Reginald and Amy. Enid Armstrong, Jock's elder sister, is stood on the right while Jock's mother, Elizabeth Armstrong, is also seated. Finally, the little boy wearing the fez is Jock himself.

Apart from Dr William Armstrong the only other family member who was missing was Philip Reginald Malet de Carteret who was then attending at school in Lausanne.

Jock's new ship, HMAS Australia, was an Indefatigable-class battle cruiser, built by John Brown on the Clyde between 1910 and 1911, before being commissioned in the summer of 1913 as the Royal Australian Navy's first capital ship. The ship was involved in a collision with HMS New Zealand in April, 1916 and would thus miss the Battle of Jutland as she was being repaired. In fact I believe that she never fired a shot in anger during the whole of the war, as she had also not been involved in the Dogger Bank action of 1915.



HMAS Australia (WWI)

I now reveal below Jock's letters written home mainly from St Ouen's Manor where he regularly spent his leaves. His sister Enid, who was ten years older than he, was nursing in a hospital in Leicester during the war and he spent his other leaves with her there and in London. I have lightly edited the letters. However, the spelling mistakes are Jock's! (Editor: A nice move, Ned!)

St Ouen's Manor
November 3^d 1918
(Received in Sydney 26th December, 1918)

Dear People

I am sorry I did not write last Sunday but as you will see we have been very busy. To begin, during the week before last we carried on much the same as usual, nothing of note happened as usual. On the Thursday we played the NZ's gun room rugby and won fifteen-nil. The match was a very good one. Their forwards were mostly public school snots and it took us all our time to hold them.

We had tea at the golf house afterwards and yarned to the NZ's snots. None of their lot passed their sub exams, they all failed on one of the gunnery papers [Jock became Gunnery officer of HMAS Australia, the county class cruiser in WW2 – Ned]

We got the final news about the subs exam too. Two out of seven failed to pass this gunnery exam but as they had passed seamanship they are all acting subs. Reilly one of the two who failed had very bad luck. He got four "firsts" out of six subjects and then failed in the most important Gunnery paper. As it was his total percentage for gunnery was 84. The Captain and Admiral are doing their best to get him through.

On the Friday we were told unofficially that our leave and in fact all Grand F leave had been indefinitely postponed and on the same evening I got a letter from Enid to say that she was ill with the "Flu" but she was getting better again. On Sunday last at midday it was piped around the ship that we were going into dock on Monday morning. You can guess our excitement. We began raising steam at once and Admiral Halsey hastily got all his gear and staff over to the NZ and we steamed out of Scapa with band playing and ship company lining the side, just as it was getting dark. We arrived at Rosyth by eight next morning and by ten we were in the dock. I came south by the leave train which got into London at three am on Tuesday morning. There were five of us and we could not get a room anywhere so we camped in the smoking room of Euston station. I went off by the 8.30 train for Leicester and went up to see Enid in the afternoon. She was still in bed and will be for a week or so, but she was looking much better than expected. She was rather thin but had most of her colour back. Miss Brennan was also down with flu. It appears that Enid had been ill with flu for three or four days before she went to bed with it. They had been short handed in her ward, reported to the matron as being ill. They sent her to bed at once and there she is.

I put up at the Grand Hotel in Leicester and sat with Enid as much as I could. I spent Wednesday there and as Enid was well on the mend decided to go over to Jersey as soon as possible.

I left Leicester on Thursday morning and arrived in London at midday only to find on enquiring at Waterloo that the boat for Jersey did not leave till Friday night. I took my gear to the Australian Club and went off to see Uncle Edward [Armstrong – Ned]. He was suffering from very slight flu but not enough to keep him indoors. We had lunch at the Cheshire Cheese and then I payed a visit to the bank to draw the rest of my £25. In the afternoon Uncle Edward took me down to the Author's Club and spent quite an enjoyable time. We listened to some arguments about the war which were

very interesting. Turkey surrendered unconditionally, and Austria is in a state of revolution. Some of the papers give what they think are Foch's terms for an Armistice with Germany and they are hard too. The Germans to lay down their arms and march back to Germany. We are to occupy German territory for thirty miles. For the German Fleet to hand itself over to the British Fleet, all prisoners of war to be returned at once. If Germany accepts them she will be having her nose rubbed in the dirt as no nation has ever been humiliated in history.

The evening I spent at the Australian and met a lot of officers I know. There were two of the new subs from the "Glorious", they had just their appointments to destroyers. Then I met the older of the Payne boys. He was on leave from France. I also saw several officers who came over in the "Beltana" Friday morning I chased round town with Tompson one of the subs and we had a cocktail at the "Picadilly". The boat train left Waterloo at 2.30 and got down to Southampton at four. After a lot of parlarver about Passports which I escaped we were allowed on board. I being an Officer was permitted to land again and had dinner in Southampton. We left at 1.00pm and I turned in at once.

We had a very rough passage and I am sorry to say I was sick. The boat got into St Helier at 10am instead of seven.

Uncle Rex was there to meet me and sent me up to the Manor at once. He himself had work in town. I got up to the manor in time for lunch. Everyone is well except Guy who is recovering from a weak heart and much to his disgust is not allowed to rush about.

Aunt Amy looks very well and so do Elley and Uncle Rex. The manor is looking bare as they have cut down all the ivy and Virginia creeper has not spread very much as yet.

All the servants are away with Flu so we do everything for ourselves and it is rather fun. Everyone sends you their love and wish to be remembered to you. I am sending Mother that Christmas card I spoke of. The picture is of Australia firing.

Your loving son

Johnmarmstrong

**HMAS Australia
November 13th 1918**

Dear Mother

We are back again on board after a most enjoyable leave and fourteen days of most excitable events. In my last letter I had just arrived in Jersey. Guy and Elley still have to be careful of their hearts but otherwise everyone was very well. All Aunt Amy's servants are away with Flu so we did all our own housework. Or rather Elley did most of it. The ivy has been cut down from the manor as it was blocking up the drains and it makes the place rather bare otherwise it has not changed as far as I can remember.

On Sunday Uncle Rex, Elley and I went down and visited cousin Marie (my great grand aunt?) at "Bon Air" but of course I did not remember her. On the Monday we went over to see some people called Rod. They live about the middle of the island. Elley and I walked and Aunt Amy and Guy drove in the pony cart. Uncle Rex called in on his bicycle. Mr Rod is an Australian and knows Uncle Tancred, at one time he was champion amateur boxer in Sydney. His sister taught Enid swimming. He has married a second time to a very pretty American girl. We talked a good deal about Australia and looked at Mr Rod's photos, he seems to have been almost everywhere at one time or another.

He has a son in the "Lord Nelson" a pre-dreadnaught which is stationed in the Mediteranian and the latest news was that they are likely to go up the Dardanelles soon.

On Wednesday we all had lunch with Sir R Vernon at St Peters House. Sir R is the headman of the Jersey court. St Peters House was very interesting being a sort of ancestral mansion.

On Wednesday [Does he mean Thursday? – Ned] we were going for a picnic to the north of the Island but the people at the hotel were all down with the "Flu" so we went to St Brelades Bay instead. It was too cold to picnic out so we had lunch at the hotel and then Ellie, Guy and I went for a walk round the rocks. There is a little church yard there with some graves of the German prisoners of war whom there are a fair number in Jersey. They had chosen the most prominent spot in the whole churchyard right up against the road where they would be most noticeable.

Among the rocks was a huge cave which is said to be a prehistoric dwelling. They have been cutting away the rock looking for remains and the whole thing has been spoilt. There were some more ancient remains at St Ouens Bay, an old burying place after the manor of Stone Henge. We saw some of the shells of shellfish which had been put for some thousands of years ago for the late lamented to eat when they came too.

On Thursday (has he has lost a day somewhere?) we went down to St Helier and had lunch with Cousin Anne. She showed me Jack's Croix de Guerre. The latest news of Fred was that he would most probably have to stay out in Messopotamia for about six months longer and he was not at all pleased about it as you can imagine.

On Friday it rained but cleared up for the afternoon and Elley, Guy and I went for a long walk along the top of St Ouens Bay.

In the evenings we sat in Aunt Amy's room off the hall and talked. Elley was very keen to get news about the Navy and in fact so were Aunt Amy and Uncle Rex. They even talked occasionally about Philip and the Queen Mary. All except Aunt Amy dislike the Americans intensely. Elley was very bitter on the subject, she considers that they only entered the war to make what they could out of it and having come in at the end took all the credit to themselves. I rather stuck up for them and we had a long argument on the subject. I left on Saturday morning by the "Alberta" which had brought me over after having had a most enjoyable time. The sea was as calm as could be, very different from the former crossing. We called in at Guernsey and who should come aboard buy Frank Benn. He had been on a weeks leave and was just

returning. We had a long talk, he has been in France most of this year and described some of the fighting to me.

He knew the Captain of the "Alberta" and we went up to his cabin after dinner. The Captain said that he had not received any messages about submarines for over a week. They let us into Southampton at night to which they have not been doing since the U boat Campaign began. We slept on board and I caught a train on Sunday morning up to London.

Frank went off to Salisbury Plains. The train was very slow and did not arrive in London till midday. However the news in the papers was enough to keep anyone interested. Great headlines about the Kaiser's abdication and the meeting between Foch and the German Delegates. I had lunch at the Australia Club and caught the afternoon train for Leicester where I found Enid out of bed but not very strong.

On the Monday morning I slept till nine o'clock, and ordered a taxi for ten thirty so I wanted to take Enid for a joy ride if possible. The taxi man agreed to take us and said that I could always have business of sort on hand if any questions were asked. Just as I was leaving for the Hospital the news boys came running out of a newspaper office close to the Hotel with the news that the Armistice had been signed. Having picked Enid up, we returned through the town and drove out to a small village about six miles out. Even then people were hanging out flags and when we got back Leicester was packed with people and flags were flying everywhere. We had dinner at my hotel and toasted the Armistice in champagne.

I had to leave by the six o'clock train and arrived in London at nine and transferred myself and gear to Euston as our special train left at ten ten.

I had started out from Jersey with the idea of spending Sunday at Leicester and meeting Uncle Tancred on Monday but as things turned out it was just as well I did not. Euston was crammed with Australian soldiers and sailors. The "diggers" had come to see their pals off i.e. those of their pals who were able to leave. Two hundred found the armistice rejoicings too much for them and returned on board in detachments anything from twenty four to forty eight hours adrift. We arrived at Rosyth on midday on Tuesday. The ship was in the most appalling mess you ever saw. Mud inches thick on the decks and remains of scaffolding littered round which tripped one up and sent you head first into the mud. There have been numerous alterations, mostly as regards the magazines which have been made entirely flashproof.

We left the dock in the afternoon and moved in our usual position. The remainder of our squadron were down here so as soon as the ship was ammunitioned, coaled and comparatively clean Admiral Halsey transferred his flag to the NZ. I was running a picket boat and so escaped the coaling which was a rotten one although only a comparatively small amount to get in being short handed made it very long.

The men kept coming off in small parties by each train which came north and the picket boats met each one. To make things worse we have had perpetual fog for over a week. On the evening of the 11th i.e. the Armistice night the fleet "spliced the main brace" and sirens were going from six pm to 10pm. Of course I did not see it but I am told that the searchlights, rockets and vareyes lights were all going at the same time.

The men who were only twenty four hours adrift were let off fairly easily as the Captain said that there was a certain amount of excuse for them. The snots who were in London for the Armistice day say that people almost went mad. The streets were packed and they had great difficulty in getting their gear and themselves from the Australian Club to Euston.

Jack Rayment who spent a week at Lady Northcotes place said they made them feel at home as soon as they stepped inside.

The "Koenigsberg" who is bringing the German delegates to Admiral Beatty is arriving on Friday.

Sunday 17th – We went to sea on Wednesday and I was not able to finish my letter. We thought we were going to meet the "Koenigsberg" but we had no such luck and were only a covering force for the light cruisers and destroyers just to see that the Hun played no tricks. However when it was found that he was up to nothing we returned to harbour without even seeing him. In side the fog is still as thick as ever and although it lifted this afternoon I hear the bell going again now so I suppose it has come sown again.

The "Koenigsberg" is rather was anchored below Burnt island which is further down the Firth than our anchorage. One of the RN subs who was on a destroyer which escorted her in says that when they met her they all circled round taking photos. He also says that the men were loafing round on deck and doing no work on board the "Koeningsberg".

Admiral Beatty received the German admiral but refused to see the Workmens and Sailors delegates. He sent round a signal this afternoon which stated that the ships to be interned were ten of their newest battleships, all battle cruisers (6), and seven newest light cruisers and fifty destroyers and 160 submarines to be given up to us. The ships are to rendezvous with the Grand Fleet some time this week and will be taken to some harbour, examined and interned the harbour of internment is most probably Scapa Flow where they will be left with caretakers onboard. I have managed to get two unused films for my camera.

There are numerous buzes going round about our movements, by ours I mean the "Australia's". We hoisted our Australian Jack by special permission last week. The latest buzz and it seems fairly substantial is that fairly soon we go into John Brown's hands (he is the firm that built us) and do a long refit and then proceed to Australia picking up our cruisers which are here and our destroyers which are in the Mediteranian on the way and incidentally calling in at allied and neutral ports. Let's hope it is true.

Enid is not sure when she will be able to get out but she will let you know her rumours and plans. Three of our RAN subs who have left us. Two are doing a course at Whale Island and one is joining the "Huon" [HMAS Huon, a River Class TBD? – Ned] a notice has been posted in the gunroom to the effect that any RN officers who do not wish to go to Australia are to give in their names as soon as possible.

The enclosed photo is taken from a Sunday paper. Might I mention that the "Koeningsberg" entered the Firth in a fog and left in a fog so I wonder where they got the sunlight.

*Your affectionate son
Johnmarmstrong*

**HMAS Australia
November 24th 1918**

Dear Dad

Many thanks for your letters. I got two from you and one from Mother on Monday last. I have not got the parcels yet that you mentioned however any thing up to two months late is the usual thing.

We have had a most exciting time. The 21st was "Der Tag" to some tune. Up till Thursday it had been very foggy and we thought it would not clear up however it did much to everybodys satisfaction. We were lying below the Forth Bridge at the end of the Battle Cruiser line. At one in the morning we unmoored and weighed at three, We steamed out at the head of the line until outside May Island which marks the entrance to the Forth, where the whole fleet formed in two lines six miles apart, and the squadrons in reserve order so that when we turned about to return everybody would be in their right place. In this manner we advanced at 10 knots and about 8 am the head of our line which was the southern one signalled back that the German fleet was in sight.

We sighted the leaders at 9.40. The Cardiff a light cruiser led the German line and when she was abreast of our squadron we turned about and headed for the Forth in three parallel lines. The "Lion" led the Northern line and we led the Southern. The whole fleet was at action stations but all the guns were trained for and aft. When we arrived back at May Island which was about midday our lines turned outward and the Huns went on to their anchorage.

Our ships came in after them. The Huns anchored in the form of a square about twenty miles up the Forth and below the Fleet anchorage. The 1st Battle Squadron consisting of the Revenges the Iron Dukes and the Canada and our noble selves the second Battle Cruiser Squadron were the guard ships. We anchored outside the Huns. When we steamed up to our anchorage the Queen Elizabeth was some way ahead watching the ships coming in and as each ship passed they cheered the Commander in Chief. We went full speed to reach her before she moved off as Admiral Halsey wanted to cheer, however the C in C was not having any and went off at full speed himself. As a result we overshot our berth and had to steam right round the German fleet so we had a very good view of them at close quarters and I got a couple of photos.

Each of the guard ships had to send an inspection party on board one of the Huns. We were told off for the "Hindenburg" one of the latest Battle Cruisers. I went to take notes for the Commander who is a German interpreter. They piped us on board and we were taken to the Admirals cabin. The admiral was not on board and a "Commander" was in command. This was the same all through the German fleet all

the senior officers had been left behind. The German Commander was a typical Prussian and the atmosphere was rather strained. Our Gunnery Torpedo and Engineering parties were given guides and made a short inspection of their departments. Our Commander went round the upper deck and then gave the German Commander his orders.

The "Hindenburg" is a very fine ship and would be a good match for the "Tiger" although not up to the "Repulse" About half the crew were onboard the remainder being "on leave". A couple of petty officers wearing armulets with "arbeiter und soldaten" on them seemed to have equal control with the officers. The crew were very orderly and saluted the officers when passing.

On Friday morning another party went onboard to make a more thorough inspection. I again went as the Commanders doggie and three other snots came as well having got various people to say they needed ADC. The Commander went all over the ship and I had to follow making notes on anything and everything.

Later on in the morning Admiral Halsey and fifteen or so brass hats came on board. I then went round on my own and tried to get a German ensign but there were none on the bridge so instead I pinched a signal with Workmens and Soldiers stamp on it. Before we went onboard we were given strict orders to treat the Huns with the very barest civility which you may bet we did.

Some of the men tried to get into conversation with us but the officers were very aloof, and did not like it one little bit, In their wardroom they had a large portrait of the Kaiser in all his warpaint. The tables were arranged in a half moon so that they would all face old Bill. The gunroom had Hindenburg in the place of honour. Their turrets are much larger than ours for the same size guns and the rangefinders were thirty two foot base while our largest is fifteen feet. Of course all the lenses had been taken out and certain of the important parts of the guns also.

Yesterday I got a number of snaps of the Huns but spoilt them in developing so I will try and get some more to send you.

*Your affectionate son
Jock.*

**St Ouens Manor
Jersey
December 13th 1918**

Dear Mother

Very many thanks for the parcels you sent me. I got the Balaclavas and honey which arrived in one lot and the cardigan jacket in another. I also got the parcel from Mrs Jennings. The woollens are great, just the thing I wanted

I have got a couple of home letters which arrived by last mail, they were sent just after the armistice and by all accounts you seem to have had a very good time in Sydney. The Sydney mails also arrived with the pictures of the celebrations. What a time you must have had.

I arrived here on the 5th after a very good passage although the boat was very much overcrowded. Everyone at the manor is very well, Guy is still under Doctors orders for his heart but is rapidly recovering.

The Island has been very gay, Ellie has had seven dances already. There was a small one held the day after I arrived and Uncle Rex had got an invitation for me. It was great fun, Ellie introduced me to heaps of girls [Including Philippa Marett of La Haule Manor who Jock married in 1924 - Ned] and I had my program filled in no time. It was the first dance of any size I have ever been too and I enjoyed it immensely, we were to leave at one o clock but our taxi did not arrive till nearly two so we saw the dance right out.

Who do you think came over in the same boat as me? The Coxes, they came up to the Manor on Thursday afternoon and I remembered seeing them onboard, although I had not recognised them. They are thinking of taking a house and living in the island, they like the climate so much. Mrs Cox said they were going to see it at its worst before they decided finally.

On Wednesday afternoon I played in a hockey match, officers on leave v Victoria College. Harold Collet-White a friend of Guys who is spending the holidays at the Manor played for the College so we bicycled down together. The match was played on the sands of St Ouen's bay. Unfortunately some of the College team did not turn up. However we had a good game. Officers on leave wining by five goals to one.

There are two brothers Collet-White staying at the Manor. Their people are out in India and Guy has them to spend their holidays with him. The younger brother has some idea of entering the navy but he is rather delicate and I doubt if he would pass the doctors.

On Friday evening some of the members of Uncle Rex's club gave a large dance called the "antediluvian" as it was given by a lot of old "dugouts". The music was of twenty years ago and fox trotting etc did not come into the program. It was a top hole dance, I had my program full right off. Valerie Cox was there, she likes Jersey very much but I doubt if she wants to live here for good.

By the way I met Jack Marrat whose sister you have seen something of. He had a weeks leave and is going back to a destroyer, he hopes to get to Cambridge fairly soon. I am having a ripping leave, Aunt Amy sends her love and asks when you intend to come over.

*Your affectionate son
Johnmarmstrong*

**Australian Club
138 Picadilly
January 19th, 1919**

Dear Dad

You will see by my address that I am back again in London. I spent a very enjoyable time at St Ouens altogether. During the last week it was rather bad weather and

several outings had to be put off. On Wednesday some people came up to see Aunt Amy including Lady Wilson the Governors wife, A Russian fugitive princess and the Cox's. The Russian princess was quite celebrated. Her father had been a Russian Prince, her mother an Italian princess and her husband an Austrian count, the latter was killed three months after the wedding. She herself had escaped from the Bolshevics and at last taken refuge in Jersey.

She would not talk of her adventures, and was very astounded at the way people discussed politics in England.

In the evening Ellie and I had dinner at the Vernons and afterwards went to a concert given by the St Peters people. There were songs and dancing, an amusing sketch and an operetta, it was quite good and Mrs Vernon was charming to us. The Next evening the St Ouens people went to the same show so I saw it twice. After the second show they sold numerous cakes by auction for some charity or other, it was great fun bidding but not quite so funny when you found yourself left with a rather stale cake at a good deal over shop price.

I left Jersey on Friday morning and met Enid late that evening at the Ivanhoe hotel where she had booked rooms. Next morning we got up at half past nine and I went to the bank.

There are a couple of men I know staying at the club but not as many Australian snots, the leave was too long and on their cash running out they decamped back to the ship. There is not much more news at present

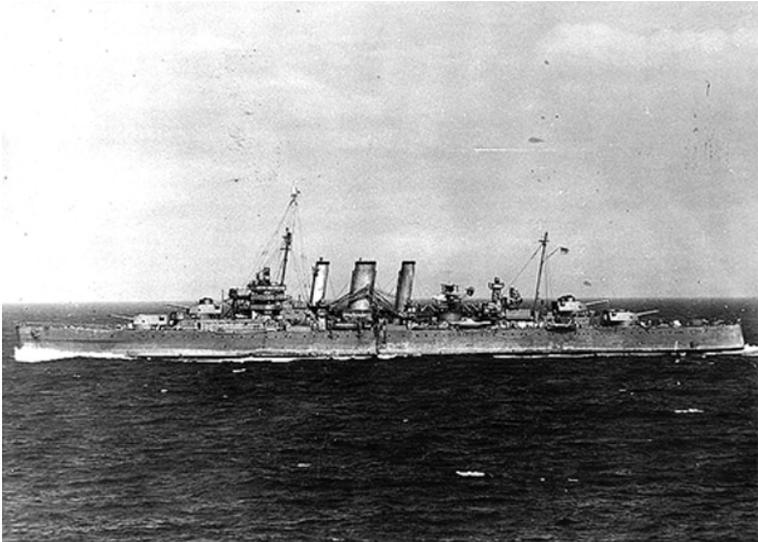
Your affectionate son
JohnMArmstrong



Thus ended Jock's time in the Great War on HMAS Australia and he would go on to many greater adventures of daring in World War 2, becoming Captain in 1944, of the next HMAS Australia, the County-class heavy cruiser. He was awarded the DSO and the US Navy Cross for his actions commanding the ship at the Battle of Lingayen Gulf in the Philippines in January, 1945, when the ship was hit by five Japanese kamikazes, but that is another story.

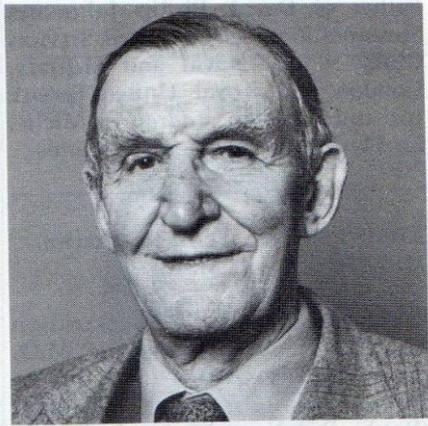


Jock retired to Jersey in 1962 with Philippa, whom he had married in 1924, and they lived at La Mielle at Bel Royal, he died in 1988, aged 88 and is buried in the Marett of La Haule family grave in St Brelade's Churchyard.



HMAS Australia (WWII)

ARMSTRONG, Captain John Malet, M.I.D., D.S.O., US Navy Cross, C.B.E.,



Jock in Later Life



In The Bag

I am not sure how many people had heard of Cox's List before the reference to it here, but I had not a few months ago when I attended a talk on the topic of British Prisoners of War given by a fellow WFA branch member.

The document is a record of those officers who were taken POW by the Germans and their Allies during the Great War. With so many queries coming into the War Office, Cox and Company, the bankers who looked after officers' bank accounts, took it upon themselves to monitor those would had been reported missing and captured. How comprehensive is the List? It is difficult to say, but I suspect that there were some omissions. The official statistics of the war records 7,610 officers captured of whom, 492 died. In analysing the List in conjunction with the Group's data, an initial list of 28 Channel Island names have been identified, and these are on page 42.

The same official statistics records the capture of 185,238 other ranks, most following the German Offensives of 1918, and of which 15,910 died. To date, I have not been able to establish whether there is a comparable list for them, which could be used to identify further CI men. Can anybody advise?

Faces Remembered

14430 Pte Thomas BENSEL, MM (or Yves M BENOIT)

A careful study of the medal cases during my recent visit to the Devon and Dorsets Museum in Dorchester reaped dividends in that I would no longer be a headless chicken in the search for Yves Benoit! Originally, I had found his name in the Evening Post but although we had listed him, any further detail was lacking. There was no trace of him in the CWGC and not in the SGA database, the French equivalent. Thomas Bensel had been listed in the SDGW database and so he had been added, since he was not shown in the 1919 JRoH&S. From whatever data that we had, it was impossible to make any connection. But the medal cases provided the answer, and moreover, a photograph. As can be seen from the lowest image, Yves Benoit adopted an alias and travelled to Weymouth to enlist, so that he would not have been called up by the French Army. It is hard to see whether, being born in Jersey, he would have been conscripted, for there were many other Jersey-born French who served with the British services, but perhaps he had never been recorded as British born. The Recruiting Sergeant undoubtedly cared not!

Postscript: Thanks to Roger Frisby for straightening the images used.

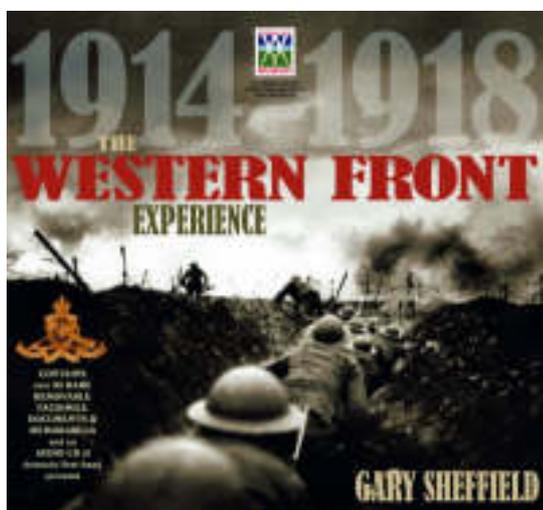


Pte Thomas Bensel MM
1st Battalion, Dorset Regiment.

Born St Helier, Jersey, of French parents, enlisted into the 1st Bn in May 1915. Using a false name, as he would have been liable for conscription into the French Army. His real name was Y M Benoit. After basic training, was posted to France, landing on the 20/8/1915. Took part in fighting on the Somme, Battle of Ancre and the Hindenburg Line, seriously wounded in 1918. On 28th April he succumbed to his wounds and was buried at Bois Guillaume Cemetery. Awarded the Military Medal for Bravery (LG 20/4/1918). Thomas probably died unaware of the Award. Awarded the 1914/15 Star, British War and Victory Medals.

Book Reviews

The Western Front Experience
By Gary Sheffield
(Carlton Books in association with the IWM -
2008)
Review by Peter Tabb



This is far more than a book – it is a collection.

Carlton Books, in association with the Imperial War Museum, have produced an impressive series of volumes covering aspects of the First and Second World Wars but where these books differ from other histories is that you get much more than just a book with pictures – you get a CD and a collection of memorabilia and facsimile documents, many of which are so authentic that were it not for on often minute IWM imprimatur you really would believe they are the real thing.

The Western Front Experience is compiled and written by Professor Gary Sheffield, one of the world's leading experts on the military history of the Great War. He is Professor of War Studies at Birmingham University and while not quote: "as prolific as Richard Holmes", he has penned several best-sellers including *Forgotten Victory* (which posits the theory that we really did win the First World War and the result wasn't just a bloody draw) and co-edited Field Marshal Douglas Haig's war diaries. His text is supplemented by more than 200 photographs and battle maps and thirty rare facsimile documents – personal and unit war diaries, letters secret plans and telegrams, orders, maps and posters – that until this book have been filed or exhibited in museums and archives around the world.

This is a substantial book – fifteen inches by twelve and an inch and half thick – inside a solid slip cover and is lavishly illustrated throughout. It looks very good on a coffee table.

The Western Front continues to appal and fascinate in equal measure. For many the Great War was the Western Front and indeed these were the killing fields whose names – Ypres, Somme, Verdun – still resonate. The trenches live on in our minds and the Western Front remains a fertile source of inspiration for writers, television and filmmakers, artists and poets. The way the war on the Western Front was fought still invites controversy. Were the soldiers really lions led by donkeys? Will the Battle of the Somme always be remembered as the bloodiest day ever endured by the British Army or the campaign that ultimately led to victory? Does the view expressed by some historians (and future political leaders) that by November, 1918 the men of the German Army had actually won the war on the Western Front because the Allies hadn't annihilated them have any merit?

This book takes the reader through a chronological history of the Western Front starting with 'The Slide towards Conflict', concluding with 'Aftermath and Legacy' some thirty-five chapters later. Each Battle of Ypres warrants its own chapter and the Somme, Verdun and the German Spring Offensive have two chapters each. Readers are unlikely to gain new insights from the brief chapters since, despite the fact that there are thirty-six of them, the book itself has only eighty pages. In fact it is a tribute to the author that he is capable of conveying the horrors of the Somme and Verdun and the whole history of the Front in so few pages. What makes this book so different is that every page has an additional feature, an extra pocket or sleeve into which is slipped some fascinating piece of memorabilia.

Havre 5th Nov. 1915
3rd IRISH GUARDS
KIPLING, 2nd Lieut. J.
 W. & M. Bel. P. Puits No. 14 27/Sept 1915
 Mr. Kipling was with the 2nd Battalion - The 3rd Battalion is still at home at Warley. Mr. Kipling was with the 3rd Coy. He was killed about 5 o'clock on the afternoon of Sept. 27. I was only 5 or 6 yards away. We were advancing over open ground under a terrific fire of shells and machine guns, and we were losing heavily. My Company, No. 4, were in advance of No. 3 on their left and I was at the right of my Coy. Mr. Kipling was about 50 yards in front of his platoon and was shouting "Come on boys". He was about the bravest Officer I ever saw and would, I believe, have won the V.C. A couple of shrapnel burst right over his head and I saw him fall. We did not stop. Coys. 2, 3 & 4 got up to a wood and bayoneted about 500 Germans and drove the rest right through the wood. I was wounded and gassed in the wood and got no further. I came to in half an hour or so and started with the help of a stick for the dressing station. On the way back I

There are thirty different items ranging from an Allied Uniforms Recognition Poster to Lord Kitchener's orders to Sir John French in 1914. There is also a poignant account of the death of John Kipling, son of Rudyard, who had used his influence with Lord Roberts to obtain for his son a commission in the 3rd Battalion, Irish Guards despite his chronically poor eyesight. The report is typed on two yellowing documents dated 5th November, 1915 and is the account of Sgt Kinnelly of the 2nd Battalion, Irish Guards who found his body.

Havre 5th Nov. 1915
3rd Irish Guards
Kipling 2nd Lt. J. (Contd.)
 I came on Mr. Law who was dead and then met Sergt. Cole, No. 4 Co. now back at the front. He said "Poor Mr. Kipling is killed". Then I came on Mr. Kipling myself. He was lying on his face and his head was covered with blood. I am ~~sure~~ sure he was then dead. This must have been about an hour after he was hit. It would not have been possible for Mr. Kipling to have been taken prisoner. The whole Guards' Division was between the Germans and the place where he lay, and we have held the ground ever since. I can easily explain his body not being found and brought in. The ground where he lay was very heavily shelled from the big guns; and men lying there might be buried in a crater or disappear in other ways. It was impossible to bring in even all the wounded men.
 Informant: Sergt. Kinnelly No. 6473 *reclis Rudolph*
 2nd Irish Guards No. 4 Coy
 Guards Camp, Harfleur
 (Y.M.C.A. Hut adj.) WMA.

Other fascinating documents include a letter describing the Christmas Truce of 1914 and Douglas Haig's handwritten draft of his famous "Backs to the Wall" order.

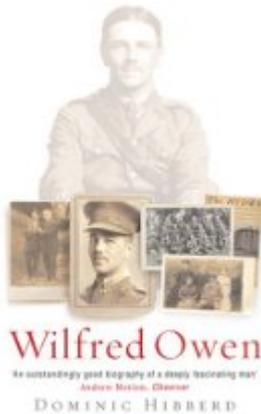
While tucked behind a photograph on page 33, there is a letter written to his cousin by Lt Will Mulholland from the No.1 Red Cross Hospital where he was recovering from wounds received on the Somme. He was serving with the 21st Battalion, Manchester Regiment (30th Division) and describes (in more or less decipherable handwriting) the events of the first day of the battle. In fact, the report is so detailed one wonders why the censor did not wield his blue pencil!

Not all the memorabilia is from the Allied side. On page 47 there is an intriguing document which folds out to reveal itself as a German artillery spotter's panorama of Ypres showing key features of the town and their range while attached to the next page is the hand-written diary of Major Rudolf Lange, commander of the 2nd Battalion, 237 Reserve Infantry Regiment during the Third Battle of Ypres. Fortunately the publishers also include a translation. It is almost uncanny holding such an artefact since although well aware that it is a facsimile, so well executed is it that it feels almost chillingly real. On the same page is the letter written by 2nd Lt MSS

Moore of the 15th Hampshires to his 'Dear Old Mum' describing the action for which he was awarded the VC. He won it on 20th September, 1917 during an action at "Tower Hamlets" in the Ypres Salient. The letter is written in pencil on squared paper clearly removed from a school exercise book. Lt Moore gives his address as "BEF as before".

Some historians might regard such books as rather gimmicky. They are not cheap - £35.00 for eighty pages (although cheaper from Amazon) – and the history is, of necessity, slender. However thanks to the inserts they give an insight rarely conveyed in a conventional work and as interest in the Western Front and the Great War shows every sign of increasing, it is these artefacts and memorabilia as much as the books themselves that will become the means whereby we can appreciate just a little of what our forebears went through.

A companion volume concentrates on 1916 and thus the battles of Verdun and the Somme. It too is a fascinating read.



Wilfred Owen
By Dominic Hibberd.
Review by Alan Bertram

Sometimes one is met by sign such as...'Beware all ye who enter here'..... Such is a thought that goes through my mind as I reflect on this absolutely absorbing publication. Dominic Hibberd is a writer of great strength. His research is faultless and anyone who has read his previous publication 'The Story of the Unknown Soldier' will attest to his meticulous research and attention to detail. In this biography of Wilfred Owen Hibberd leaves none of these components behind.

This book is not for the faint hearted. It is an extremely complex visit and journey through the life of a young man who when he died at the age of 25 had only had five pieces of work published. This is 460 pages and 20 chapters of a phenomenal insight into the complexity and enigma that was Wilfred Owen. The book is supported by 39 pages of notes... you see where I'm coming from!

The chapters run through Owen's childhood, his relationship with his siblings, and other close members of his family. It is a generous in-depth study of someone from boy to man who is burdened with the feeling that he was born for better things. How he copes, for example, with the early exposure, to the strong religious beliefs of his mother, someone who in reality has an overbearingly suffocating influence on his life. This in turn leads to an immense feeling and guilt about his sexuality and how he conducts his life. Hibberd unravels the false information that has evolved over the years about Owen (Much it can be said from the writings of his brother Harold, whose book 'Journey through Obscurity' is more about promoting Harold Owen than it is about publishing the life and work of Wilfred)

As the book progresses the reader is taken through a journey of discovery, one whereby Owen discovers his talent for writing. How his style is influenced initially by Keats, and during his time in France by the radical French poet Laurent Thailhade.

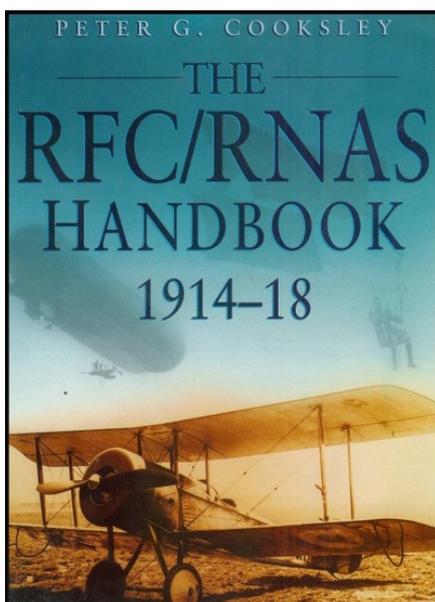
As everyone who has an interest in the Great War and the poets of that time, will agree the 'meat of the sandwich' is Owen's time in the Army. Owen's enlistment in the Artists' Rifles, his eventual move to the Manchester Regiment, and his training and subsequent posting as a trainer, are topics into which Hibberd goes into great detail. The reader gains an insight into Owen's character during these periods. Initially excited by a new challenge then boredom as it fails to meet aspirations but comforted by the thought that his superiors liked him!

No book or indeed review of Owen could fail to mention his time recovering from neurasthenia at Craiglockhart under the care of Dr Arthur Brock. How Brock's use of ergo therapy to unlock the minds of patients led to their recovery. Owen was encouraged to write and for a time even became the editor of the hospital magazine 'Hydra' Of course in the case of Owen: all this was incidental to, of course, his meeting with Siegfried Sassoon. (A meeting by most reports which left a greater influence on Owen than it did Sassoon!).

There is now doubt reading Hibberds' account that Sassoon influenced Owen's life in a number of ways. Certainly his style of writing developed became stronger and indeed darker. Owen was introduced to a wider circle of friends many of which put greater focus on Owen's sexuality.

As we know eventually Owen 'was cured' of what, which to some like Brock and his fellow Doctor Rivers regarded as a serious illness, and to many others a 'degenerate abdication of responsibility' in doing one's bit for King and Country.

Owen's time 'in the line' is again well researched and is a very good read for all interested parties. The accusation of cowardice has stigmatised the memory of Wilfred Owen over the years. It is clear from the research conducted by Hibberd that Owen was a soldier and indeed an officer of the first order. He fought bravely, cared for his men and died in action helping others. He deservedly 'won' his Military Cross, and should be remembered as much for that as for the legacy of strong verse that conveyed the horrors and disconsolation of that era.



The RFC/RNAS Handbook 1914-18
By Peter G Cooksley
Sutton Publishing

Having bought and then reviewed the sister books on the Royal Navy in Journal 30 and the Army as far back as Journal 12, a few months ago I bought The RFC/RNAS Handbook to complete what I assume to be a 'trilogy', although I cannot be sure that another on the Royal Marines is not on the way! A different author but the same publisher, it will not come as a surprise that the inherent failure to present suitable material in charts and tables is again present. But, one assumes that they have seen an Appendix, containing the lyrics of two dozen songs that the RFC sang, to compensate for this omission!

You can say that this should have been expected. But my only excuse was that it was for sale at half price! Yet, as ever there is some interesting material if sometimes it becomes a little too detailed on such topics as the cloth badge with RFC written on it. In terms of the RNAS, there are some gaps in the RN Handbook that are closed, but not all, so the RNAS 'picture' remains incomplete. The publishers were clearly at fault here since they should have clearly established the boundaries for the two books. In fairness, there is practically nothing on aircraft carriers in the RFC/RNAS handbook, it being covered in the RN book.

There are some plusses in that the book gives some attention to the early days of military flying with the use of man-lifting kites and balloons. Although, in the former instance the use of kites were fortunately no longer an option come the outbreak of war. What was particularly noticeable was the variety of aircraft types in the years leading up to August, 1914 and those that were initially taken to France. In some respects this was due to the experimental nature of a new form of technology, as exemplified by the 'monoplane v. biplane' argument. Standardisation may have been the ideal, but no one was qualified to determine the best solution to standardise upon! However, the maintenance crews were sufficiently skilled in woodwork and in internal combustion engines to deal with the repairs and servicing tasks that were needed.

The book is very well illustrated throughout, as indeed, the others have been, and from that point it is good to see new material. However, if there is one fundamental flaw that runs through all of these books, it is that the three authors have sought to be informative with their material rather than being authoritative, and this reflects an insufficient breadth on what were very complex organisations. The responsibility must lie with the publishers.

In Foreign Fields Once More – The Ronayne Battlefield Tour 2010 **By Ian Ronayne**

If it's early May, and a bank holiday weekend, then surely it must be time for yet another Ronayne battlefield tour. A few weeks ago it certainly was. Once more Paul and I found ourselves driving north for another visit to those foreign fields forever British – or in the case of some of them, forever Jersey.

I was accompanied this time by my brother Peter and his friend Chris – our companions of last year – plus two first-timers, Mick and Russell, we decided to stick to well-trodden paths and visit those locations most appealing to the newcomers. It meant that some of the fields did not seem so foreign, but the emphasis was on enjoying the trip rather than worrying too much about discovering new sites.

The original plan was to follow the same route as last year (and the year before for that matter), starting in Ypres, then down to Arras and finally a night in Honfleur. Problems with volcanic ash a week earlier left me stranded in Rome, however, and an unexpectedly long break from work. Mindful of this, I was reluctant to take any more time off, so the agreed compromise was to leave Jersey later on Day One and spend our first night in St Malo rather than make the big drive up to Belgium. Instead, we set off in a hired six-seater on the morning of Day Two, with a plan to hit Amiens around lunchtime and start the tour there.

After passing through a sleepy Villers-Bretonneux, the Australian National Memorial just outside that town was our first stop. This was a new site for Paul and me, having only ever passed it by without visiting a few years back on the way down from Albert to Amiens. I am pleased we stopped this time – it's a very impressive monument. The serried ranks of graves – so many of them those of young Australians - led up to the tower and its magnificent panorama. From the viewing platform at the top, the spires and towers of Amiens are only too visible – showing how close the German actually came to taking this vital city in March and April, 1918. The top of the memorial is also pock-marked by the machine gun bullets and shrapnel of another invading German Army in 1940, showing how futile the courage and sacrifice of the young Australian, British and French soldiers of 1918 ultimately turned out to be.



Back on the road, our next stop was Heilly Station Cemetery (pictured above) . Established in April, 1916, it served throughout the Somme battles as the burial ground for a nearby Casualty Clearing Station. It was also the last resting place of Sergeant Arthur Pirouet of the Jersey Company who died there on 9th September, 1916 from a wound received at Guillemont four days earlier. Tragic though his death was the fact it happened here rather than on the battlefield does at least mean Sergeant Pirouet lies today in a marked grave. With one exception, all of the other Jersey Company dead of Guillemont and Ginchy are now lost or rest in unmarked graves.

Visits to Guillemont and Ginchy followed that afternoon after a brief detour to Albert for refreshments and a walk round the emotive Devonshire Cemetery above Mametz. After a drive round the key sites from the Jersey Company's September, 1916

battles, it was on to Delville Wood for the final stop. Day Two over, a night in Arras beckoned.

Day Three started in Arras with a visit to the Wellington Quarries, a preserved subterranean world carved out of the limestone and inhabited by British soldiers prior to the April, 1917 offensive. Although this was a second visit there for Paul and I, (the last time was two years ago with Ned), it was still an evocative visit – particularly enjoyed by our four companions who were seeing it for the first time. From there it was a drive down to Serre and a walk to the Sheffield Memorial Park, followed by lunch at Bar Tommy in Pozieres. A visit to the nearby Lochnagar Crater (pictured below) needed to be hasty because we had an appointment at the Ulster Tower at three o'clock that afternoon, and the start of a tour of the Thiepval Wood trenches.



As with Wellington Quarry that morning, this was a return visit to Thiepval Wood, but still very rewarding. Teddy Colligan's expert knowledge and patient delivery vividly brought the restored trenches and dugouts to life, while a young helper kitted out in British Army uniform and weapons helped everyone understand the life of a Tommy in 1916. The fact that a young lady was chosen to dress up added an extra dimension - as Teddy pointed out, there were not too many of the fairer sex around on 1st July, 1916.

Rounding off with an obligatory visit to the Thiepval Visitor Centre and Memorial, those who had not been there before were able to take in the sheer scale of the Battle of the Somme and its associated loss of life. It was an appropriate end to the tour.

Website Workings

By Roger Frisby

Time during the past two months has been spent on tidying up the Guernsey RoH, and updating it with newspaper information. Meanwhile the Jersey RoS will be added to by mid-July with some 420 further names thanks to the recent availability of Merchant Navy medal cards on the National Archive website. These names have been scrutinised for duplications, and it is clear that there are about 10% who appear to have served in one of the other services, be it the RN or the Army.

Looking a little further ahead, Jersey Archive now has an electronic record of St Helier Baptisms for the period 1880-1910 or thereabouts, and this will be scrutinised for further names. In an initial sample, one name has been identified as an addition to the RoH while it was interesting to note that Allistair McReady-Diarmid VC, before he changed his name from Arthur Drew, was baptised when he was aged 18.

Out and About

Looking Back:

No new date set as yet for Liz Walton's talk (Journal 30) on 'Guernsey-women and the Great War'.

Roger Frisby continues to undertake the occasional UK photograph trips.

I've attended a number of WFA talks. Again, time and space has run out, but I will look to put together a summary of the talks for the next time.

Looking Ahead:

Ian Ronayne's trip as the guest speaker on the forthcoming 'GoTours' from the 17th to the 20th June is on, and the itinerary appears on page 43.

I'm in France from 18th June for two weeks, but am unlikely to be near any Great War locations, while a further France and Flanders trip beckons in late September. In between, there is the Caernarfon talk. I am currently working on notes for 'Clarrie goes to War' and am making slower than hoped for progress being only a quarter of the way through.

Liz Walton is currently occupied on writing her book that looks at Guernsey in the Great War.

Odds and Ends

Coutart and Lilian Taylor: Titbits of information are still emerging. I have discovered that the first cousin of Coutart's mother, Mary Coutart McCrea Taylor, was Surgeon Frederick John McCrea, VC, who received the award for his heroism during the Basutoland Gun War of 1882, although I really should have picked this up long ago. Meanwhile, there appears to be family links via the Dobree family, through Mary's mother Charlotte Dobree, to the Hawtreay family, of whom, the Reverend Stephen Hawtreay would found St Mark's School in 1845, and where Coutart was educated.

Almost hot off the press, just a day ago, I received information on Lilian from the British Red Cross Society that I am currently busy trying to digest. First, she is recorded on the books as Lillian Flora Graham Taylor, but these discrepancies can be ignored. It seems that she enlisted on 10th September, 1915 into the Hampshire 'section' and nursed at various locations in the Southampton area before leaving on the 31st May, 1919. Although there are a one or two puzzling entries, it is broadly consistent with what has already been gleaned, and the 1919 date is consistent with her appearance at Thornleigh.

But, there was a surprise! It appears that Lilian was 'Mentioned in Dispatches' for her work on 13th August, 1918. Unfortunately I cannot corroborate this as yet, and apart from the London Gazette, I do not know where to look.

Survivors in one War, Casualties the Next: Mark Bougourd has come up with four further names of Guernseymen who fall in the category of serving in the Great War and dying in WW2 due to related action:

- Cyril Rickard, who died age 68 at Biberach on 26th November, 1944. He had served as a Private in the Royal Guernsey Light Infantry (RGLI) (regimental number 3817)
- Charles Machon who was deported from Guernsey and died in Potsdam Prison, date unknown. He had also served as a Private in the RGLI (regimental number 1375)
- Stanley Jackson who died age 68 at Biberach on 29th June, 1944. He was reported as RGLI, and it was probably Sidney Henry Jackson who had served as a Private in the RGLI (regimental number 1127)
- Ernest Boon, who died age 68 at Biberach on 3rd October 1943. He was a former Captain in the Army Education Corps.

Mark is investigating a possible further name, that of Augustus Dunkley.

Silver War Badge (SWB) List: The SWB list of Jersey men discharged from the Royal Irish Rifles (distilled from files WO 329/3010 to -/3015), and also the list of 'Channel Islands Militia' (file WO 329/3245) are both available in the Member's area on the website. The next update to the JRoS referred to in Website Workings will include the Militia and RJGB amendments.

Forthcoming Articles: I have had to put on hold the article from Ian titled 'The Medal that never was' until the next Journal, while we should also see one from him on a French family whose five sons went off to war from Jersey..

Enfin

Well, it is time to close the Journal once more, with my thanks, as ever, to the contributors. Looking ahead I can see that I have several articles already lined up for the next Journal, but that should not be interpreted as complacency, because I always look for more information to publish.

Lastly, I return to the 'Introduction' having written it about a week or more aback. The prompt for doing so is that the States of Jersey may consider a raise in contributions to Jersey Heritage, one element of it aimed towards keeping each of the sites open for an agreed number of hours per week, the other element covering the annual cost of maintaining the sites' fabric. At first glance, the proposal appears sensible and it is to be hoped that it will be accepted.

Regards
Barrie H Bertram
15th June, 2010

Journal Issue Dates For 2010

Planned Issue dates for Journals in 2010 are as shown below.

Issue	Month	Articles To BB	Posted Web/Mail
30	February 2010	10 th	15 th
31	April 2010	10 th	15 th
32	June 2010	10 th	15 th
33	August 2010	10 th	15 th
34	October 2010	10 th	15 th
35	December 2010	10 th	15 th

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

In The Bag

Surnames	First Names	Rank	Regt	Unit	Theatre	Captured	Interned	Location	Repatriated	Comment
DE CARTERET	Hugh JT	Capt	KORL	-	F&F	22-Oct-14	02-Mar-18	Holland	22-Nov-18	Attached to ?
ANDREWS	AV	Lt	E Kents	-	F&F	30-Nov-17	-	-	03-Dec-18	Attached to 1RGLI
TOOVEY	Kennedy ST C H	2Lt	KORL	1st/5th Battalion	F&F	30-Nov-17	-	-	-	Died in Captivity at Frankfurt
PIROUET	Edward KG	Lt	W Yorks	12th Battalion	F&F	12-Dec-17	-	-	27-Nov-18	Ex-RASC?
STEVENS	Alick C	Capt	RAF	-	F&F	28-Nov-16	-	-	17-Dec-18	Ex-RNAS?
DUMARESQ	Reginald GFR	Capt	MGC	24th Battalion	F&F	11-Apr-18	-	-	03-Dec-18	Further investigation required
DUPRE	HE	2Lt	Tank Corps	16th Battalion	F&F	20-Sep-18	-	-	27-Nov-18	Further investigation required
LE FEVRE	FE	2Lt	RFC	-	F&F	24-Jan-18	-	-	17-Dec-18	Further investigation required
LE MESURIER	HFA	Major	Cheshires	15th Battalion	F&F	24-Mar-18	-	-	01-Jan-19	Further investigation required
POTTS	Douglas DC	2Lt	RASC	-	F&F	-	06-Feb-18	Holland	23-Oct-18	Further investigation required
STEVENS	Charles F	Col	Late-RFA	Staff	F&F	27-Aug-14	09-Dec-17	Switzerland	09-Dec-18	Further investigation required
STEWART	Albert F	LtCol	Middx	Staff	Mespot	29-Apr-16	-	-	27-Nov-18	Further investigation required
RICHARDS	Frederick W	Lt	RE	-	F&F	04-Apr-18	-	-	31-Dec-18	Repat date suspect/Ex-8RB?
GATHERER	Arthur HN	Capt	Indian Army	46th Punjabis	Mespot	29-Apr-16	-	-	30-Dec-18	Siege of Kut
RYBOT	Norman VL	Major	Indian Army	75th Carnatic Inf	Mespot	29-Apr-16	-	-	07-Dec-18	Siege of Kut
DOKE	Trevor W	Lt	S Staffs	-	F&F	11-Jan-17	-	-	14-Dec-18	Unclear 1st/2nd Bn
LE HUQUET	George	Major	Wiltshires	-	F&F	24-Nov-14	24-Feb-18	Holland	18-Dec-18	Unclear 1st/2nd Bn
ARDAGH	Peter MJA	2Lt	R Mun Fus	2nd Battalion	F&F	27-Mar-18	-	-	01-Dec-18	
BAKER	Clifford G	Lt	KRRC	9th Battalion	F&F	21-Mar-18	-	-	11-Dec-18	
BEAZELEY	George A	LtCol	RE	-	Mespot	02-May-18	-	-	16-Dec-18	
BEUTTLER	John CO	Lt	RGLI	1st Battalion	F&F	30-Nov-17	-	-	14-Dec-18	
BORRETT	George KF	Lt	RGLI	1st Battalion	F&F	30-Nov-17	-	-	14-Dec-18	
FAIRWEATHER	Ian	Capt	Cheshires	1st Battalion	F&F	11-Sep-14	29-Dec-17	Holland	17-Nov-18	
HOVIL	FA	Lt	RGLI	1st Battalion	F&F	12-Apr-18	-	-	18-Dec-18	
LE GALLAIS	Albert GL'E	Major	R Scots Fus	1st Battalion	F&F	30-Oct-14	09-Dec-17	Switzerland	09-Dec-18	
MacALPINE	Ian F	Lt	RGLI	1st Battalion	F&F	12-Apr-18	-	-	14-Jan-19	
STRANGER	Philip	2Lt	RGLI	1st Battalion	F&F	12-Apr-18	-	-	18-Dec-18	
WALLER	Eric B	Lt	RFA	-	F&F	21-Mar-18	-	-	18-Dec-18	

GoTours - BATTLEFIELDS OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR
17th – 20th JUNE, 2010

Thursday 17th June 2010

8.00 am: Check in at the Go France desk in the Elizabeth Terminal. Please remember to bring your passport.

9.00 am: Depart Jersey for St Malo, arriving at 11.12 am French time. Coach transfer to Amiens with lunch en route at "Les Fruitier" in Villedieu- les- Poeles at 13.00pm.

6.00pm: Check in at the hotel Mercure in Amiens.

8.00pm: Dinner at the hotel.

Friday 18th June 2010

Breakfast at the hotel

09.00am: Guided visit to the Albert museum and lunch stop. After lunch, to the Lochnagar Crater, Devonshire's Cemetery at Mametz.

Special visit to Ginchy and Guillemont villages in Honour of the "Jersey Pals"

6.00pm: Check into the 3 star Hotel "Univers" in Arras completing the day with dinner at the hotel at 20.00pm.

Saturday 19th June 2010

Breakfast at the hotel.

09.00am: Tour of the battlefields continues, including the Sheffield Memorial Park, Beaumont Hamel, Newfoundland Memorial park, The Ulster Tower and the Theipval Memorial. Lunch stop followed by visit to Vimy Ridge then on to Ypres in Belgium for the ceremony at the Menin Gate.

08.00pm Dinner at the restaurant "Gasthof't Zweerd" in the main square of Ypres then return to the hotel in Arras.

Sunday 20th June 2010

Breakfast at the hotel and check out.

09.00am: Depart for St Malo.

1.00pm: Lunch and calvados tasting at the Chateau du Breuil in le Breuil en Auge.

4.45 pm: Check in at the Condor desk for the return sailing to Jersey at 5.31pm, arriving 5.46 pm Jersey time.

Victoria Bernevec
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Dawdling in Dorset – Photograph Album 1



Where to Lawrence Now?

Lawrence spent his early years in the Tank Corps. In a letter written in June 1933, he expressed a keen interest in the life of the tank and even mentioned a tank. He was a tank enthusiast, though he was not a tank driver. He was a tank enthusiast, though he was not a tank driver. He was a tank enthusiast, though he was not a tank driver.

On 13 May 1933, while returning to Chault Hill from sending a telegram from the Post Office at Bournemouth, Lawrence was involved in what proved to be a fatal accident. He collided with his motorbike while riding his motorbike and was severely injured. He was taken to the military hospital at Devonport Camp where he was treated by several very eminent doctors, but never regained consciousness and finally died six days later.

The conflicting accounts given by witnesses at the inquest and the possible sighting of a mysterious black car have led to many a conspiracy theory. Lawrence was said to be in the quiet corner of a bank's country. He was said to be in the quiet corner of a bank's country. He was said to be in the quiet corner of a bank's country.

Even in death Lawrence made the front page of the newspaper. This was quite unusual for he was not dead, but had been reported as such.

THE DAILY SKETCH
TOO BIG FOR WEALTH AND GLORY
Lawrence who had been
... to Live for Ever

12 Lawrence in the Tank Corps
13 Lawrence in the Tank Corps
14 Lawrence in the Tank Corps

"Nothing but silence. Nothing but a world made dead by the silence of him"
Florence Hardy, wife of author Thomas Hardy.



Dawdling in Dorset – Photograph Album 2

