

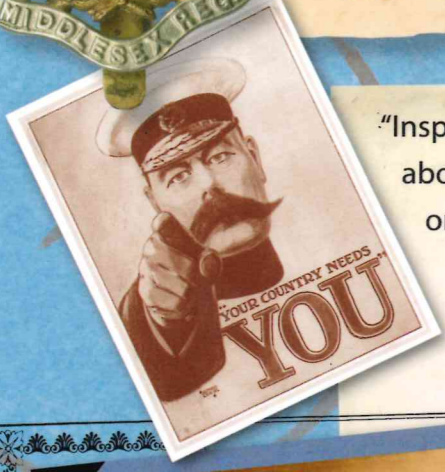


WALTER TULL is a hero of our time.

A star player for Tottenham Hotspur and the first black outfield professional footballer, Walter Tull went on to become the first black officer in the British Army. He rose above prejudice on the pitch and his leadership and courage in the trenches won him a recommendation for the Military Cross.

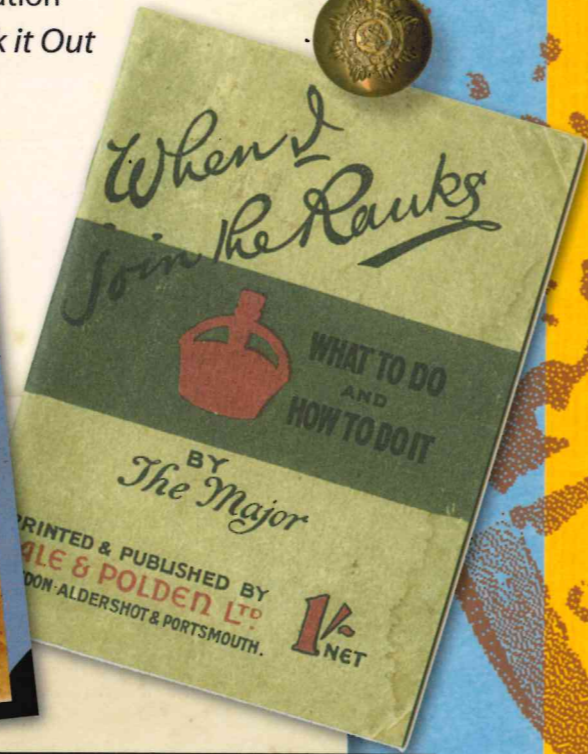
WALTER TULL'S scrapbook tells his remarkable story – from his childhood in an orphanage, to his eventual, tragic death during the First World War.

"An inspiring account of courage and leadership."
– Books for Keeps



"Inspiring and relevant... an important story about overcoming discrimination on and off the pitch." – Kick it Out

ME!



ISBN 978-1-84780-491-4



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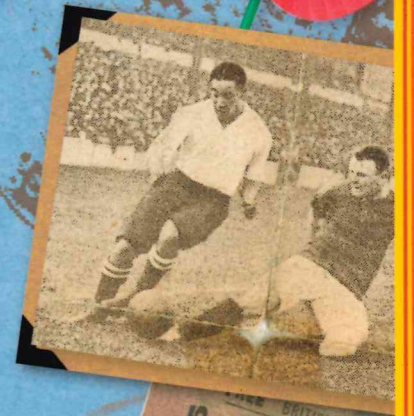
WALTER TULL'S scrapbook



STAR FOOTBALLER AND WORLD WAR ONE HERO



THEY WANT ME!



MICHAELA MORGAN

This is the true story of Walter Tull's life presented as a fictionalised scrapbook and using actual photos, documents and records.

To Tom Murphy for all his help and support - M.M.

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TULL



My name is Walter Tull. This is my scrapbook.

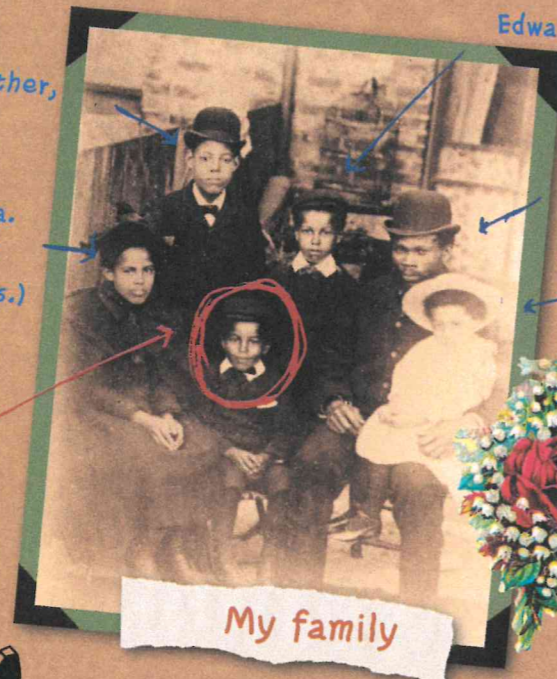
1888-1898

My oldest brother,
William.

My sis, Cecilia.
(We call her
Cissy sometimes.)

ME!

Walter Daniel John Tull
Born 28th April 1888



Edward, my brother -
two years older
than me.

My dad

Baby Elsie. Possibly the
noisiest baby in the world!

My family

My big sister Bertha isn't in this photo. She died when she was a little girl. My mum isn't in the picture either.

Here she is. Her name was Alice and she was from a Folkestone family, the Palmers. I think she was the best mum in the world - but she kept getting ill and by the time the photo of us all was taken, she was dead. She died two weeks before my 7th birthday.

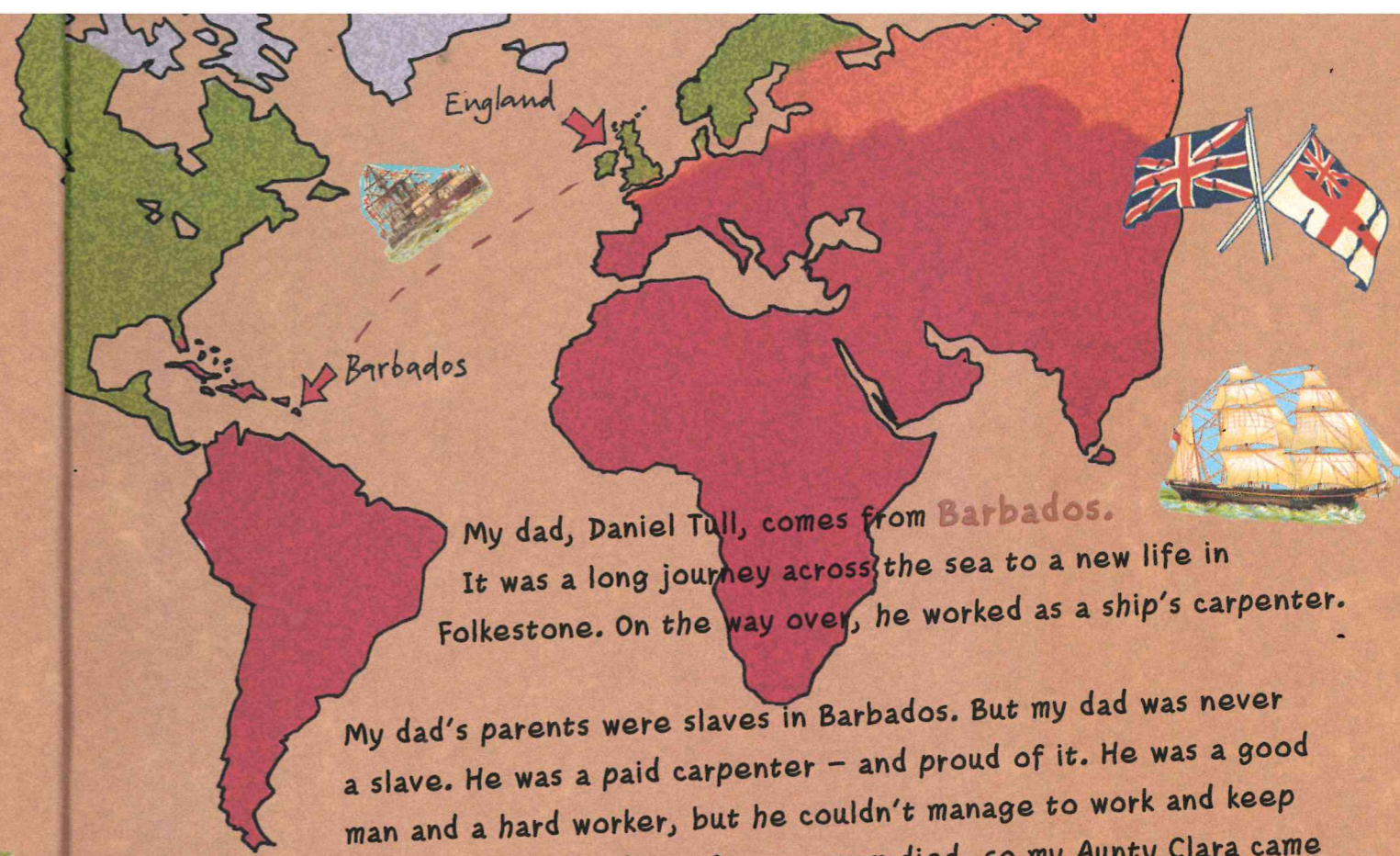
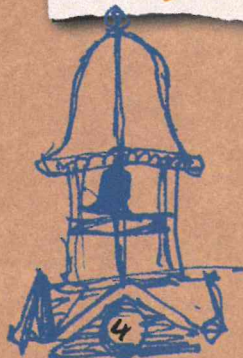
We all live together at

51 WALTON STREET,
HYTHE, FOLKESTONE,
ENGLAND,
THE WORLD.

My mum, Alice



I go to North Board School in Black Bull Road. The school is just at the top of our road. We can see the classrooms and playground from our front windows and I can walk there in a minute. My brother Eddie gets there in half a minute. He has longer legs.



My dad, Daniel Tull, comes from Barbados. It was a long journey across the sea to a new life in Folkestone. On the way over, he worked as a ship's carpenter.

My dad's parents were slaves in Barbados. But my dad was never a slave. He was a paid carpenter - and proud of it. He was a good man and a hard worker, but he couldn't manage to work and keep the house and children after my mum died, so my Aunty Clara came to help run the house. She and my dad got married and she became my stepmother. They had a baby girl, Miriam. So there were lots of us. We all slept in two beds, one for the boys and one for the girls.



10TH DECEMBER 1897.
DAD DIED.
HEART ATTACK.

Aunty Clara isn't my real mum, so we are now orphans. Money is tight. Stepmum really tried, but she just couldn't look after all of us. She has good friends in the local Methodist church and they have found a place for us. Me and my brother Eddie are being sent away on Valentine's Day to be looked after at a Methodist Children's Home.



The Home 1898-1900

The children's home is miles away, in London. It's our first train journey ever – and the first time we've ever been out of Folkestone. The East End of London is very different from where we grew up. Everything is big and noisy. It's exciting, but frightening too. I tried to be brave when our step-mum waved goodbye and we went through the big iron gates into our new home.

BONNER ROAD
CHILDREN'S HOME
Hackney.
Care of Dr Stephenson



Bonner Road Home

The Home is enormous. It is a group of big houses each looked after by a "sister". Edward and I are both in the same house. It is carefully organised and everyone knows exactly what they have to do. We all have jobs.

My timetable
 7.20 a.m. – Get up and make beds. Wash well and quickly (with VERY cold water).
Chores – Clean boots – at least 16 pairs, or wash floors. I prefer polishing boots. Scrubbing floors hurts your hands – and knees! When you finish your chores, Sister inspects your work and if you pass inspection, you go for breakfast.
Breakfast – Bread and marge with cocoa (with skin on top. Yuk!)
 Prayers in the school chapel (or church in the town – twice on Sundays).
School – Lessons for the youngsters, plus training in printing or baking for the older children.
Lunch – One course – soup, pie or fish (plenty more skin. Yuk!)
School – Lessons for everyone. Arithmetic. Reading. Bible.
Personal hygiene – Thorough strip wash. Scrub. Then Sister's inspection of our scrubbed ears, necks, hands, nails.
5 p.m. tea – Bread and marge with cocoa (even more yuk!)
6 p.m. to 7 p.m. – Two hours' free time (cricket or football for me, plus writing letters home)
8 p.m. – Bed, lights out.

HOW TO WASH A FLOOR AT BONNER ROAD SCHOOL
 Take a tin bucket, scrubbing brush, cloth and bar of soap.
 Fill bucket with cold water.
 Scrub your line of floorboards.
 Change the water after every fourth board.

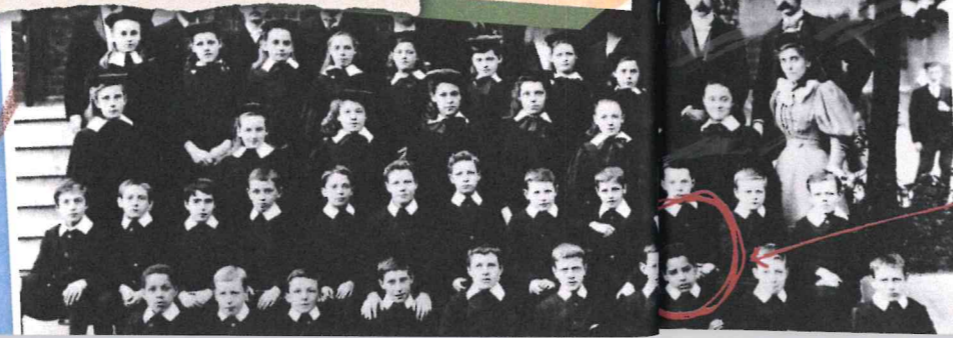


There are 320 children. We have our own school with lessons every day. Doctor Stephenson runs the Home. He is strict, but makes sure we have two hours off every evening. That's when I play cricket and, best of all, football. I am really good at football – I even made the Bonner Road School team!

BONNER ROAD



Bonner Road School team



I am learning to be a printer – so that I can earn my living when I leave the Home. The best times here are when I get a letter from the family in Folkestone. We both get letters and cards and sometimes visits too. That is the very best bit of all.

14th November 1900
 Eddie has been adopted. He's leaving the Home and going all the way to Glasgow, in Scotland, to live with a dentist's family. It's hundreds of miles away. I am glad his new family are going to give him a good education and a chance in life, but still...

Now I'm on my own.

Good luck in your new home
 Walter
 I'll miss you

Football!

1900-1909

I'm finally out of Bonner Road. At first I was in a hostel run by the Methodists. Now I've moved into digs with a nice family. It's almost like a real home.

My cricket and football are being noticed. A friend suggested I write to **CLAPTON FOOTBALL CLUB** to ask for a trial. That was a hard letter to write. I wrote it over and over again until I got it right. Then it took some nerve to post it. But I have been given a trial and...

THEY WANT ME!

Six weeks ago I was playing in the Park for the Bonner Road School team. Now I am playing for **CLAPTON F.C.** - one of the best amateur teams in the country. I am training hard and making lots of progress.

My record at Clapton F.C.

October 1908: first trial match. We win 6-1.
December 26th 1908: I play for the first team.
1909: I am now a regular player and we win... EVERYTHING! We win the Football Association Amateur Challenge Cup, the London Senior Cup and the County Amateur Cup. An incredible record!!!



Clapton F.C. cup-winners



The newspapers are beginning to notice me and some of the big football clubs have noticed me too...

In April, **Tottenham Hotspur** asked me to try for their reserve team against **West Ham** and then **Brighton**. What a chance!

I did well, so then I played for Spurs again in a friendly, and they have asked me to go on tour with them - to South America! For two whole months!!!

In 1909 I set off on an enormous ship for a football tour of South America - Argentina and Uruguay.

Imagine me - a big star on a big ship going to Argentina!

Tottenham Hotspur F.C. have just asked me to sign for them. I wasn't sure about becoming a professional and taking money for playing

sport. I think sport should build your character and make you stronger in body and mind.

But in the end I did sign. It is better to be paid out in the open rather than pretending to be an amateur and taking money under the table, which some clubs have offered me. It is always best to be honest.

Ball - made of thick leather with a big strong lace. It soaks up water and weight. When it's wet, it's like heading a brick. Ouch!

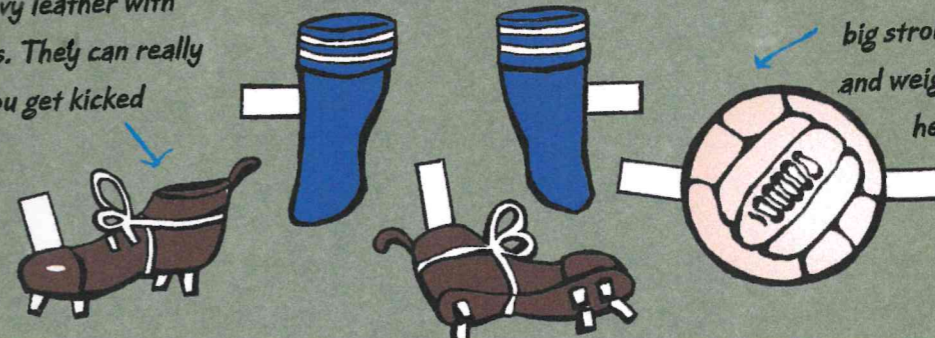


My football kit

Shirt - thick, warm and good for a cold day - but when it's wet it's like wearing a heavy, damp sponge

Shorts - we call them "knickers". They are long and loose and they soak up the mud

Boots - heavy leather with great big studs. They can really hurt if you get kicked

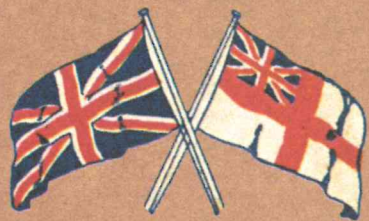


"Walter Tull... with his clever footwork is undoubtedly the catch of the season."

From the LONDON FOOTBALL STAR

Spurs 1909-1911

On 20th July 1909 I signed for Tottenham Hotspur. They say I'm the first black British professional out field player. I got a signing-on fee. TEN POUNDS! Ten whole pounds – and a wage of FOUR POUNDS a week. This is the maximum – and they gave it to me! While waiting for the football season to start I played cricket. It's a good way to spend a sunny day. The Spurs players took on the



CHELSEA team, and I scored a good number of runs – and took a couple of wickets. We footballers like to play cricket in the off season.

ME AGAINST MANCHESTER UNITED



Me in my Spurs kit. A proud day.



ME IN THE SPURS TEAM

For my first Spurs match I took over from Vivian Woodward, the Spurs star centre forward and Olympic champ, so I had to do well. It was Spurs' first ever Division One game after promotion. I played against **MANCHESTER UNITED**.

Final score: a **2-2** draw.

Tottenham Hotspur.
Y, APR 9 11.



BRISTOL

I had a terrible time at the BRISTOL match. Every time I got the ball, the crowd broke into jeers and insults about my skin colour. It was hard to carry on, but I made it to the end of the game.

A journalist wrote about the match in the

LONDON FOOTBALL STAR.

The Star

Football and Colour Prejudice

... Tull is the Hotspurs' most brainy forward. Candidly, he has much to contend with on account of his colour. His tactics were absolutely beyond reproach, but he became the butt of the ignorant partisan... a section of the spectators made a cowardly attack upon him in language lower than Billingsgate... Let me tell the Bristol hooligans... that Tull is so clean in mind and method as to be a model for all white men who play football. Tull was the best forward on the field.

TOBACCO CIGARS AND CIGARETTES



And the Finest Value for Money IN THE DISTRICT

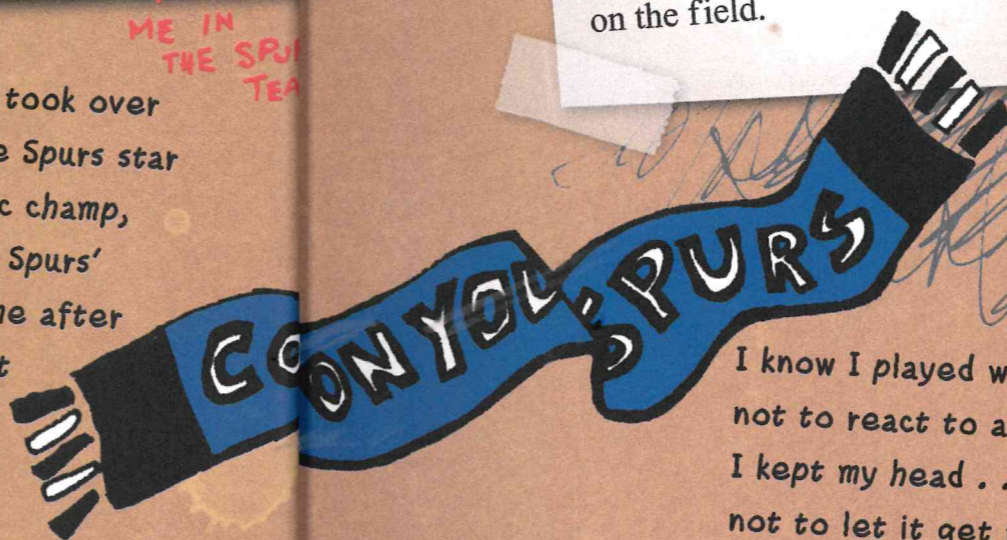
Can be obtained from the Old-Established Firm of TOBACCONISTS—

WILLIAM ROE & CO.,
(Outside Bruce Grove Station),
515-7, HIGH ROAD,
TOTTENHAM.

ME

W. D. TULL, Centre or Inside Right. Height 5ft. 8ins., weight 12st. Played for Tottenham and Clapton F.C., helped Tottenham to win the Amateur Cup and the League Cup. He gained 2 gold medals in his first football.

C. H. TURBALL—Outside Right. County Captain. Age 33, height 5ft. 11st. 3lbs. Played for Brantree, Chelmsford Town and Essex County.



I know I played well – everybody says so, and I tried not to react to all the insults that people threw at me. I kept my head... but somehow I'm losing heart. I try not to let it get to me, but it's hard.

A New Start

1911-1914

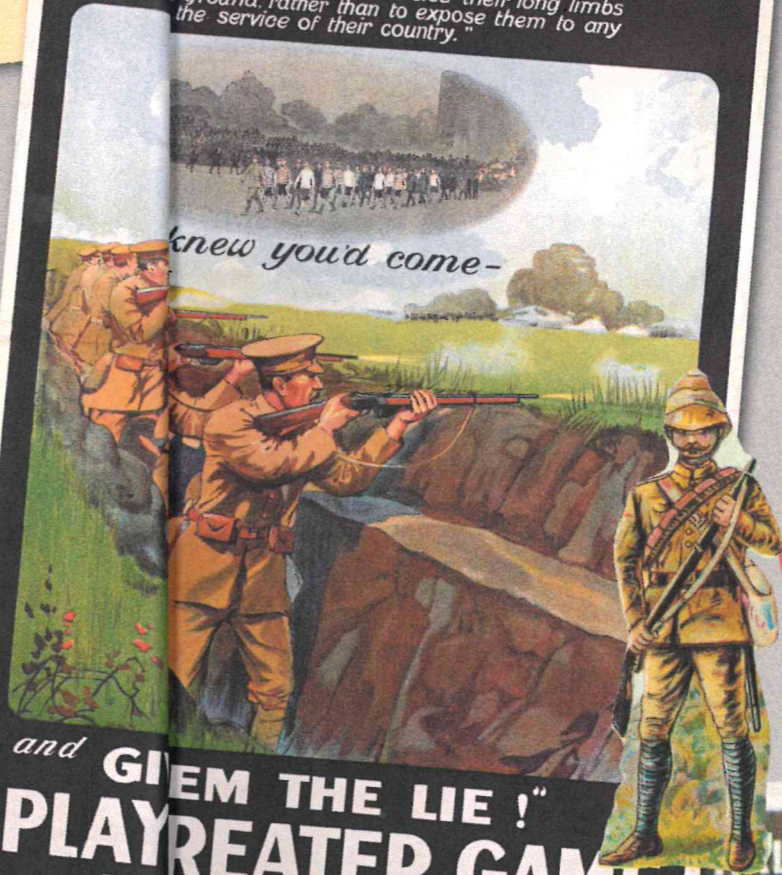
I've been through a bad patch where I lost sight of my aims and my energy leaked away. I lost heart, I lost form. But bit by bit I've regained my spirits, gathered my courage and started again. I've been transferred (for a huge fee) to **NORTHAMPTON** - a big team these days.

LIVE LIKE A LION
Proud and Strong.

I've settled down well at Northampton, made some good friends and played some great games. I am popular with the team and the crowd. I've now played more than 100 times for Northampton. And I've scored four goals in one match! Best of all, **GLASGOW RANGERS** want me to play for them. They're one of the top teams in Scotland. If I transfer to Glasgow I'll be living near my brother Edward! I can hardly wait.

THE MEN OF BRITAIN !! THE NEWS SAID YOU WERE NOT IN EARNEST

Extract from a German Zeitung -
"The Britons prefer to exercise their long limbs on the ground, rather than to expose them to any service of their country."



and **GIVEM THE LIE!**
PLAYREATER GAME
and **JOHOBALL BATTALION**

WAR

There's been talk in the papers about trouble in Europe. Now it looks as if we are at war with Germany and the Army is looking for volunteers. Posters have started to advertise for a special battalion made up of footballers. When I saw the posters I didn't think twice. I have to stand up for my country.

No more football for me for a while.
No transfer to Glasgow.

We are at war.



GREAT BRITAIN DECLARES WAR ON GERMANY.
The Daily Mirror
CERTIFIED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 1,000,000 COPIES PER DAY
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1914
DECLARATION OF WAR BY GREAT BRITAIN AFTER UNSATISFACTORY REPLY TO YESTERDAY'S ULTIMATUM.



"Drinking is prejudicial to victory."
- Lord Roberts.
"We have to fight three enemies - the Germans, the Austrians, and the Boers - but the greatest of these is Drink."
- Chancellor of the Exchequer.
PATRIOTIC PLEDGE
In order that I may be of the greatest use to my Country at this time of crisis, I hereby pledge myself to abstain from drinking.

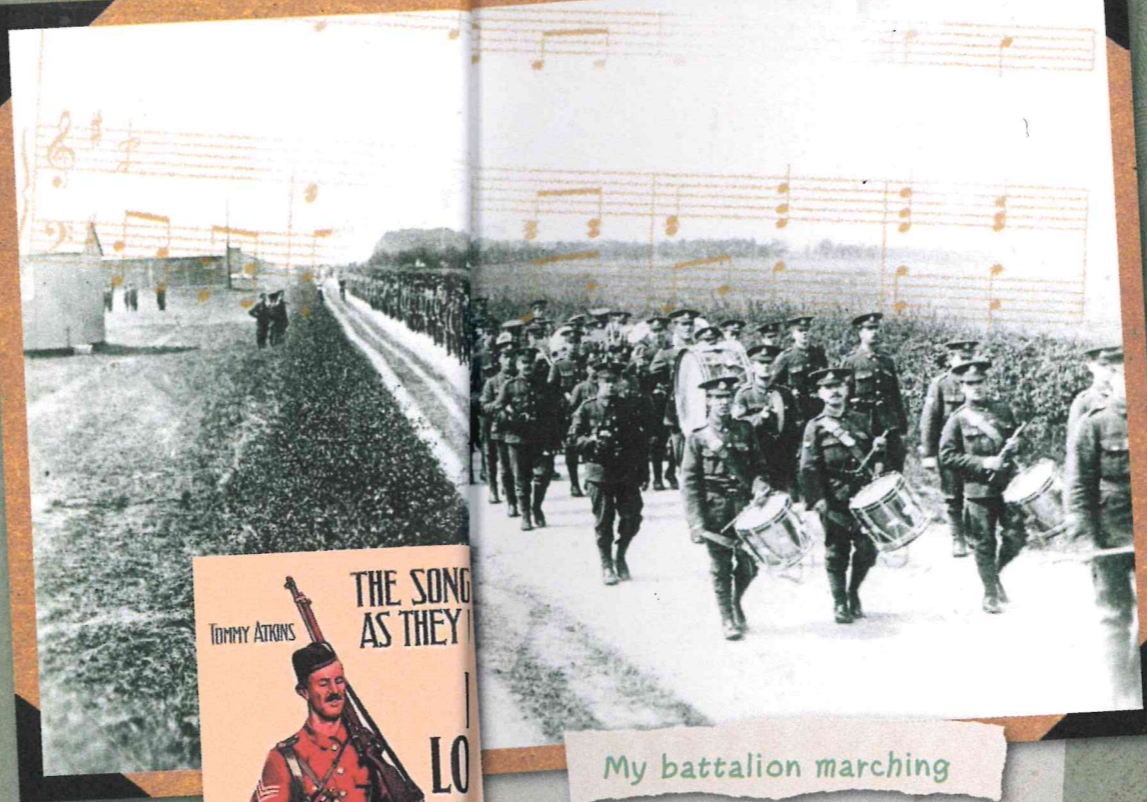


Marching Off to War

December 1914



I've joined up. I am now Private Walter Tull of the 17th Middlesex Regiment – the Footballers Battalion – ready to fight for King and Country. Everyone in the Football Battalion is either a player, a supporter or has worked for a club. We are training and parading and marching. I have a very different sort of kit now – in khaki. All the soldiers in my unit are good men and I'm sure we will do well.



My battalion marching

At last we are off to France. After months of training and marching and polishing we are going to the front. We should be in the trenches by Christmas.

We keep our courage high by singing as we march.

There is lots to learn. It's a whole new world in the front line – with its own new words.



My uniform

Heavy khaki jacket with room for a shirt and a sweater – or several – underneath

Plenty of pockets and webbing cloth belts

We also carry a huge, heavy coat called a "great coat"

Putties – to stop your trouser-legs getting caught on wire

Boots – Very strong, very heavy, very uncomfortable

Peaked cap

Canvas bag with gasmask

Plus kit bag

containing ground sheet and blanket, rifle with canvas cover to keep out mud, mess tin (that's what we eat our food in) and tool for digging

All this stuff is so heavy that when we tried the full kit on Skinny Albert, he just fell over backwards and lay there waving his legs in the air like a helpless beetle!



Battle phrase book

Whizz-bang – Enemy cannon. It's named after the sound it makes. If you hear a WHIZZ, it will be followed by a BANG, and you'll have copped it.

Copped it – Been killed.

Jack Johnson – A shot from a heavy cannon, (named after a heavyweight boxer, because it packs a very big punch!)

No Man's Land – The area between your trenches and the enemy's. A very, very dangerous place.

Over the top – Leaving your trenches to attack the enemy. Maybe the last time you see your friends alive.

Shrapnel – The jagged bits of cannon shell that come flying at you. Very sharp and very nasty.

Sniper – A soldier who shoots at anything sticking out of a trench. It is a very good idea to keep your head down!

Stand to – Standing in your trenches, waiting for an enemy attack. There's a stand-to twice every day, at first light and at dusk.

When the whistle blows – Not like a referee's whistle! This is the officer's signal to leave the trenches and attack.

It's got your name on it – The bullet or cannon shell that's coming to get you.

Trench Foot – Horrible foot-rot that you get from standing in mud and water for weeks and never drying out.

A Christmas Miracle

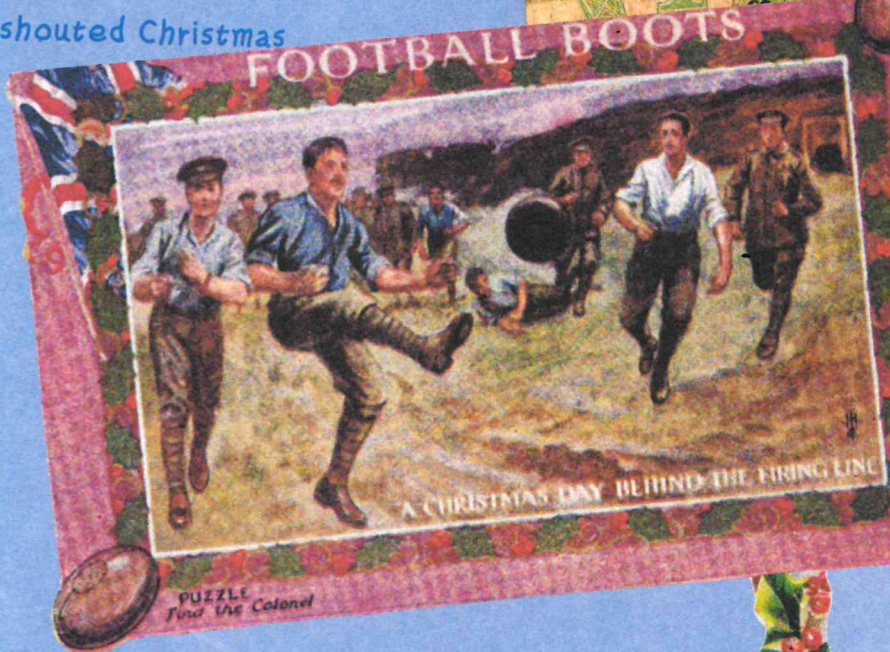
December 1915

I'm in the Front Line. I'm cold. I'm wet. I'm muddy. I'm exhausted. My ears are still ringing with the sounds of explosions. I've heard and seen things I could never have imagined – not even in my worst nightmares. But I've heard of a miracle, too... Private Jones told us about it. We were huddled in our trench trying to shelter from the biting cold when he started his story:



It was heartbreakingly beautiful in that murky setting. Back home in Wales they call me 'Jones the Voice', so I was the one who stood up and sang 'Silent Night' back to them. Then it began. We all sang together, British and Germans celebrating peace on Earth and goodwill to all men. We shouted Christmas greetings.

"Merry Christmas"
"Frohe Weihnachten"



The Christmas Truce



"It was cold and frosty and almost midnight on December 24th last year. Christmas Eve – and I was spending it in an icy trench. I saw something glimmering not far away. Then I saw another glimmer and another. The enemy soldiers had lit candles all around their trench! That's when we heard it – a clear German voice ringing out in the frosty night, singing a Christmas carol. We all held our breath and listened as the German soldier sang his version of 'Silent Night'. The last line rang out clear as a bell.



Finally, one by one, we crawled out of our muddy holes and walked across No Man's Land to shake hands and exchange greetings with the enemy. One of the men had a football, so we played a match with the Germans! There weren't many rules and there were about 50 men on each side – but such spirit! No shots were fired that night. Nor the next day."

I found Private Jones' story hard to believe, but later I heard that peace had broken out like this all along the battlefront. Up to 100,000 men had stopped shooting and started talking and giving presents. The Germans and the British gave each other pound notes or mark notes, cigarettes, sweets and even coat buttons.



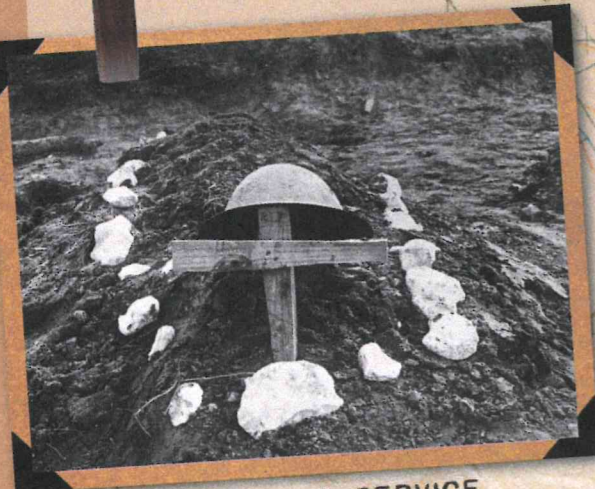
It was a Christmas miracle.



The Battle Continues

1916

News today: Ben copped it. The first footballer in our battalion to die. He was a strong player and a good man.



R.I.P. Ben Butler.
 Queen's Park Rangers centre half, Soldier in
 Footballer's Battalion 17th Middlesex Regiment.
 Killed in action.

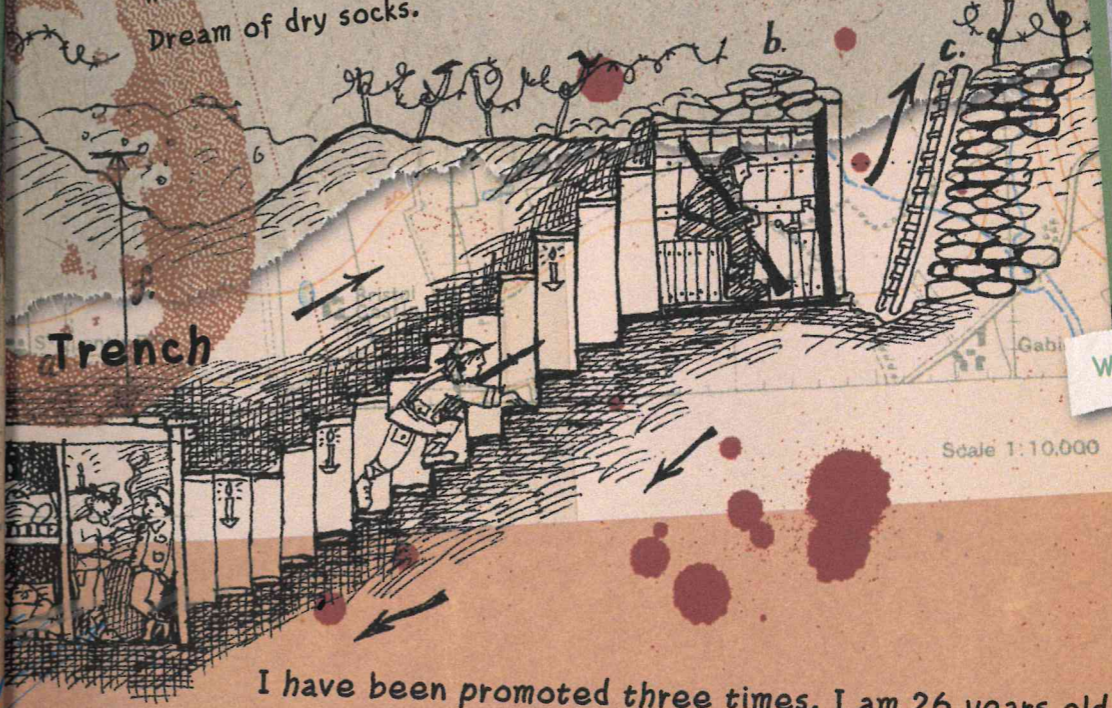
ON ACTIVE SERVICE.



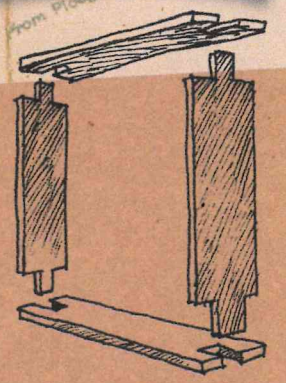
Some kids lie about their age in order to join up.
 They are often the first to cop it.

Notes from the trenches

Morning - Get up very early after a night of snatched sleep - often woken by the cold, by the scuttling rats or the sound of shells or shots. Try to straighten up and get moving. Stand to, with bayonets drawn, watching the opposite trenches. Fire a few rounds at the enemy (usually you can't see them). Some of the men call this the Morning Hate. Stand down, get some breakfast and keep warm. Try to find time to write home and clean my rifle. Keep my head down and take care not to get shot by a sniper. Look for a spot of sunshine and stand in it for a short moment of hope and prayer. Repair a trench wall. Clean the mud off my face - often no water to wash in. Hungry for my dinner - tinned bully beef, hard biscuits and tea. It's not much but I'm desperate for it. Always a tinge of fear. If a shell has your name on it you are done for. You never know when it is coming. Tired. The men try to joke with each other and pass time chasing the rats away. We try to keep our chins up. I pray to God I can do my duty and then go home to peace. Evening stand to. Hope for a bit of warmth and sleep without too many fleas or explosions to disturb us. Dream of dry socks.



Waiting in the trenches



I have been promoted three times. I am 26 years old and I am now a Lance Sergeant. That means I do a Sergeant's job but don't get his pay. I hope that next time I get a proper promotion.



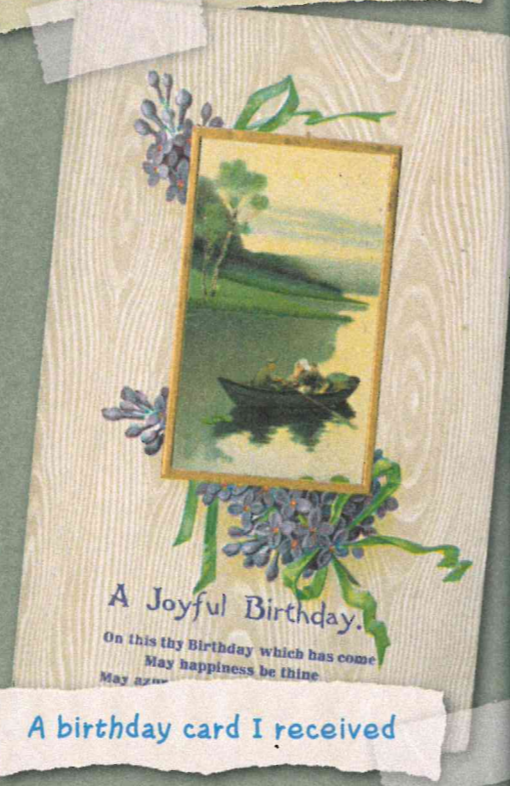
28th April 1916 - My Birthday

My presents:

- ✓ Nine days on the front without rest.
- ✓ A big box of exhaustion.
- ✓ Seven months in France without leave.
- ✓ Terrible nightmares.



The other day I woke up feeling terribly ill. My ears were ringing and my body was shaking. I could hardly stand up. My head was foggy and full of the sights I had seen . . . explosions, men blown to bits, drowning in mud. . . I tried to start the day but I couldn't.



A birthday card I received

My officer knew I was not the sort to make a fuss so he sent me off to the nearest hospital. When I got there they gave me a bed of wire netting - and I could lie on it FULL LENGTH, stretched out. This is LUXURY after crouching in the trenches night after night.

The nurses gave me evaporated milk to make me stronger. The



doctor decided to send me back to Britain. He said I had "shell shock". I'm not sure what this means. Maybe the endless explosions have shocked my system. What bliss it is to sleep. . .



Hospital train

In hospital back in Britain

I'm surrounded by men with what's called "Trench Fever" or "Shell Shock". The doctors have lots of official names for it, like Acute Mania, Neurasthenia, Acute Exhaustion. They all mean the same thing - men with shattered nerves who shake as if they have a permanent fever, men who dream and scream. They have become empty shells, shivering and shaking at the slightest noise. One of the doctors told me that many soldiers don't recover. Not ever. But I did.



September 1916

It has taken three months, but now I'm heading back to the battle front.



Original
CONFIDENTIAL.
 PROCEEDINGS OF A MEDICAL BOARD
 (Rank and Name).....Walter Tull
 9/63/2216
 Army Form A. 45.



Ordered to the Somme

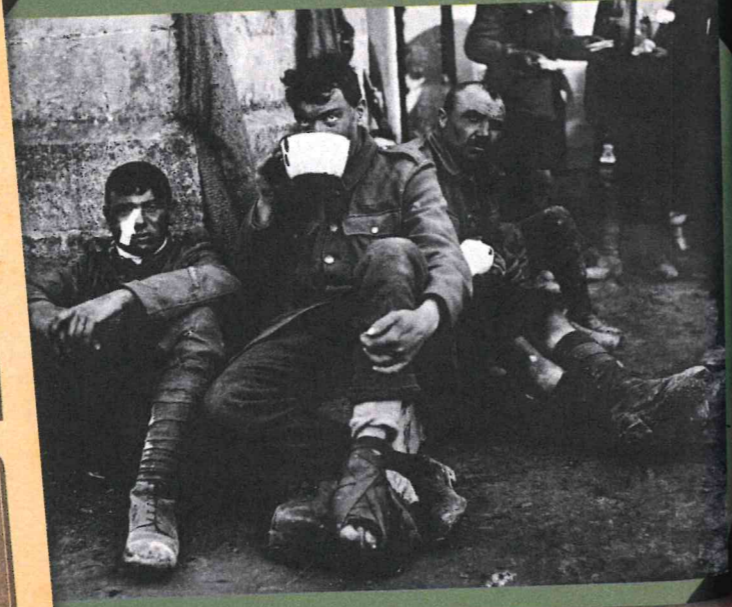
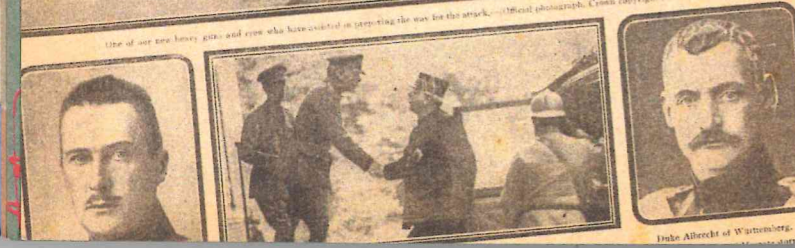
October 1916

This place is a vision of Hell. The smells. . . the sounds. . .

The battle of the Somme (a river in northern France) has been going on for months. The place is a quagmire of mud. We live in our hole in the ground as if we have already been buried. We are attacking hard, and the enemy are defending every step of the way. I run through mud and barbed wire, explosions, machine gun fire. Men die around me, friends. . .

I see terrible, terrible things. . . My own regiment started out with 400 men. Only 79 were still alive when we left. And I was one of the lucky few.

THE GREAT BRITISH ADVANCE STILL CONTINUES: 7,000 PRISONERS
The Daily Mirror
 LARGEST CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER
 MONDAY, JULY 3, 1916
 OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE GREAT BRITISH ADVANCE ON THE WESTERN FRONT.



Taken Under Fire: THE GREAT
DAILY SKETCH
 GUARANTEED DAILY NETT SALE MORE THAN 1,000,000
 No. 2,291. LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1916.
HOW OUR LADS WENT TO

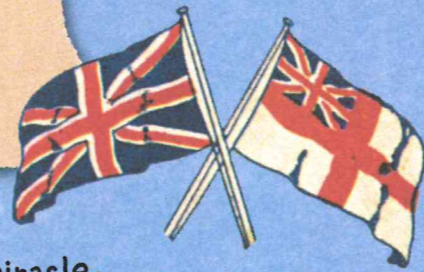
Rescuing horses in the mud

A Roll Call in the trenches on the afternoon of July 1.—(Official Photographs.)
 You have read the story of how British Troops went into battle with a smile and a cheer. The top photograph shows that the wonderful stories of our war correspondents, our official and semi-official eye-witnesses were not exaggerated. The camera shows you plainly the spirit of our men.

Roses of Picardy
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 LYRICS BY FRED E. WEATHERLY
 MUSIC BY HAYDN WOOD
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An Officer! Boxing Day 1916



The most amazing thing. Another Christmas miracle. I am being sent on leave (my first official leave since joining the Army) and I am to be trained as an officer. **Me - a real officer and a gentleman!**

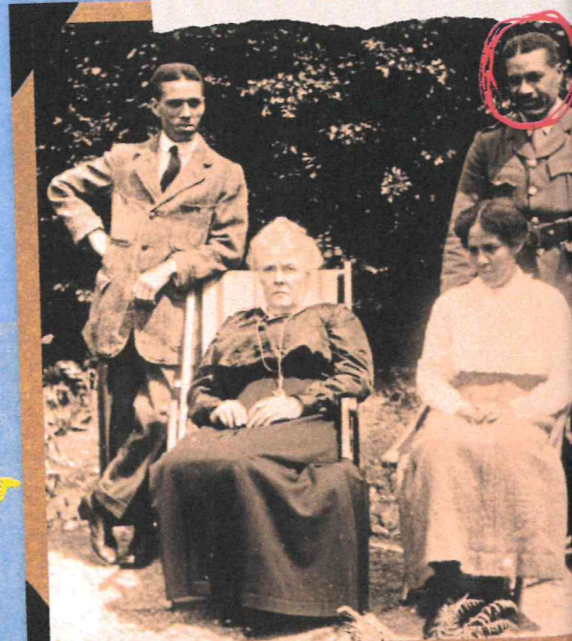
My commanders have been very impressed by me. They say I keep a cool head and a strong heart. I have one big worry. I've heard that black men cannot be officers in the British Army. I've looked it up - this is what I found:

14. These officers are subject to recall to Army Service in a time of national emergency, and become subject to military law in the circumstances mentioned in s. 175 (10) of the Army Act.
15. The Special Reserve of Officers is a branch of the Reserve of Officers established by Royal Warrant (a). This Reserve of Officers is designed to ensure that all units, services and departments of the regular forces shall be complete in officers on mobilization; to make good the wastage which will occur in the regular forces in war, and to provide officers for special reserve units. Militia officers received commissions in this reserve when the militia was transferred to the Special Reserve in 1908 (b).
Commissions in the Special Reserve of Officers are given to qualified candidates who are natural born or naturalised British subjects of pure European descent.
16. In the Cavalry, Royal Field and Garrison Artillery, Royal Engineers, Postal Section, Motor Cyclist Section, Foot Guards, Army Service Corps, Royal Army Medical Corps and Army Veterinary Corps such officers are borne supplementary to those corps; in the North or South Irish Horse, King Edward's Horse (The King's Oversea Dominions Regiment), the Antrim or Cork R.G.A., the Royal Anglesey or Royal Monmouthshire Royal Engineers they are borne on the strength of those units, and in the infantry they are either borne on the strength of the Special Reserve battalion, or supplementary to a regiment.
17. Except in the case of candidates who have previously served in the regular army all appointments are made on probation in the rank of subaltern. During the period of probation an officer is usually attached to a regular unit, and if he is reported upon favourably and passes the required examination he is confirmed

A Commission in the Special Reserve of Officers published by His Majesty's Stationery Office, 1912.



Visiting my brother



Despite military regulations forbidding "any negro or person of colour" being commissioned as an officer, I am now 2nd Lieutenant Walter Tull - and here I am in my new uniform.

An officer at war
Imagine - me an officer with my old battalion! It is a very responsible job. I now have my men to look after and I work hard to keep their spirits up. They seem to like me and I have a very good sergeant to help me.

My Uniform



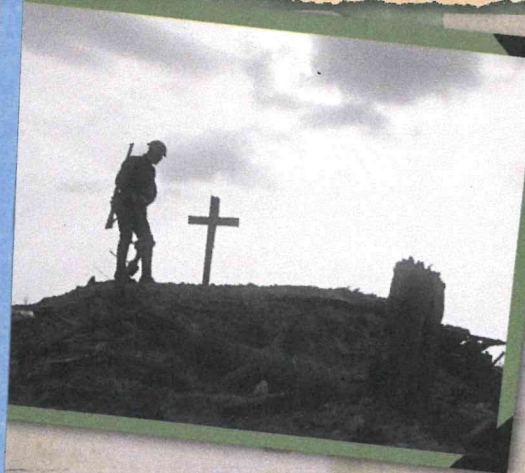
Me as an Officer



I even have my own servant to look after me (he's called a "batman"), and I have a bit more to eat, but it is still very, very hard work. There are some tough battles ahead. I pray I do well.



Passchendaele Belgium 1917-1918



June 1917.

We've had a hard time capturing some high ground called the Messines Ridge. Our lads planted a huge bomb under enemy lines. We won the high ground and captured 80 prisoners, but half the battalion's men were killed or wounded.

July 1917.

Again we are trying to capture some high ground, this time around Pilkem - also known as Passchendaele. Me and my troop of lads did everything we were asked to and I suppose we won, but we lost a lot of men. So many killed! I can say this here, but I wouldn't tell anyone at home. The numbers killed are too terrible.



September 1917

Now we are attacking another hill held by the enemy. It's called the Menin Ridge. My men do wonderfully well and we capture the trenches as ordered. I am very proud of my soldiers, but even when we are winning, we lose men. Today - 15 killed, 121 wounded and 23 missing just from my battalion.



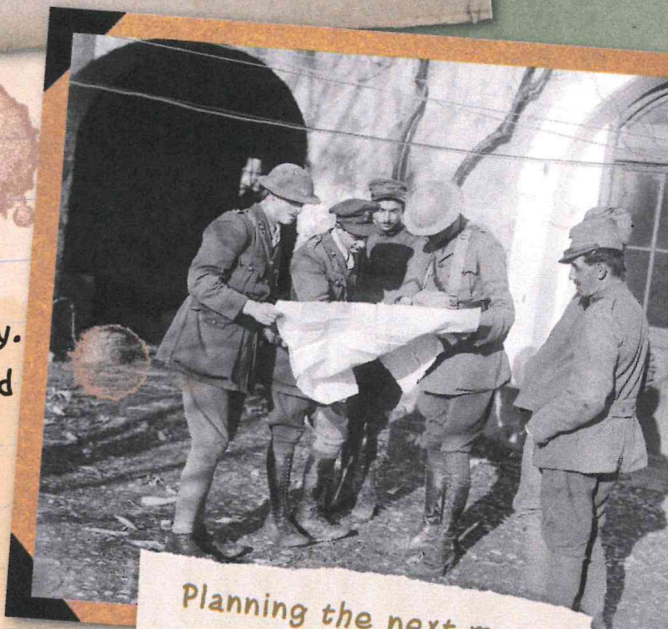
Giavera, Italy,

October

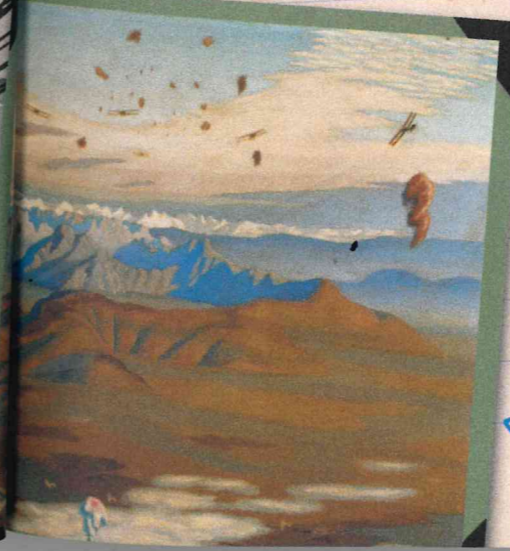
I've been sent to Italy. When I think that I started out as an orphan in London and now I've travelled to Argentina, France and Italy. We are in northern Italy, near a place called Giavera. We are on a hill overlooking the River Piave. Italy is not how I imagined it.

It is quieter than the war in France,

but a muddy trench is a muddy trench no matter which country you're in. And still the shots ring out and the shells fall. It's cold here and very, very wet.



Planning the next move



← GIAVERA

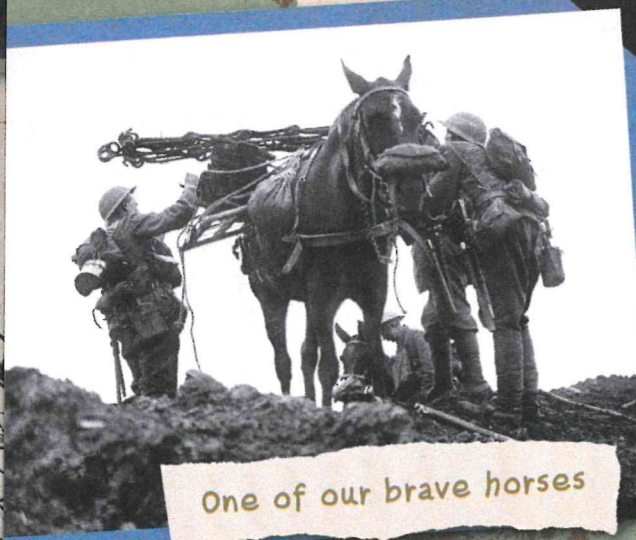
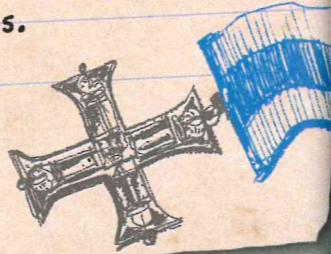
January 1918

I am leading many raids across the river. It's dangerous. Yesterday a senior officer came and saw the good work my men and I did on a raid into enemy lines. He has mentioned me in official dispatches. It makes me feel really good, and proud of my men.

This is what the officer said: "I wish to place on record my appreciation of your gallantry and coolness. You were one of the first to cross the river prior to the raid on 1st to 2nd January 1918, and during the raid you took the covering party

of the main body across and brought them back without a casualty in spite of heavy fire."

I've been told that I've been recommended for a medal - the Military Cross. I wonder if I'll get it?



One of our brave horses

Beugry, France
March 1918

The battalion only had a short stay in Italy, and here we are back in the French mud. I can hardly imagine life without mud. I've seen a horse drown in mud. Men have drowned in it too.

We are back near the Somme, almost where we started. It looks as if there will be a major attack by the enemy. I pray to God that we can stop them.

24th March 1918

Terrible news. The enemy have launched an appalling attack and we've had to retreat. It is very confusing. We are being shelled all the time. Many of our men are dead, even the battalion commander. We keep retreating.

I must do my duty. I must play the game. . .



*at present in command
the Captain was wanted
say how popular he
the Battalion. He was
for the Military
earned it; the*

REPORT of Death of an Officer to be forwarded to the War Office with the least possible delay after receipt of notification of death on Army Form B. 213 or Army Form A. 36 or from other official documentary sources.

REGIMENT (1) MATTALICH
CORPS MIDDLESEX REGIMENT
Squadron, Troop, Battery or Company
Rank Second-Lieutenant
Name T U L L. W.D.
By whom reported C.C. Battalion
Date of Death 25th March 1918
the field France or Belgium
in action

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS
C. OR B.
7H40 OHMS BUCKINGHAM PALACE 48
TULL 419 ST VINCENT ST GLN =

THE KING AND QUEEN DEEPLY REGRET THE LOSS YOU AND THE ARMY HAVE SUSTAINED BY THE DEATH OF 2ND LT W D TULL IN THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY THEIR MAJESTIES TRULY SYMPATHISE WITH YOU IN YOUR SORROW = KEEPER OF THE PRIVY PURSE :

FROM SECRETARY WAR OFFICE
The Name and Address of the Sender, IF NOT TO BE TELEGRAPHED, should be written in the space provided at the Back of the Form
No. of Telegram 120/111
I certify that this Telegram is sent on the service of the
(Signature) H. H. H. H.
Dated Stamp
Street



2nd Lieutenant Walter Daniel John Tull was killed on 25th March 1918 during the Second Battle of the Somme. He was 29 years old. He was shot while crossing No Man's Land. His men tried to recover his body. Three times they ran into No Man's Land, but were forced back by enemy fire. His body was never recovered.

IN MEMORY



WALTER TULL

BORN: FOLKESTONE, 1888

ORPHANED: AGED NINE

FOOTBALLER: THE FIRST BLACK BRITISH OUT FIELD PLAYER. STAR OF CLAPTON, TOTTENHAM HOTSPURS, NORTHAMPTON TOWN. SIGNED FOR GLASGOW RANGERS BUT NEVER PLAYED.

SOLDIER/LANCE SERGEANT: 1915-16

THE FIRST BLACK OFFICER IN THE BRITISH ARMY 1917.
RECOMMENDED FOR THE MILITARY CROSS, ITALY 1918.

THIS WAS NEVER AWARDED.

DIED: IN NORTHERN FRANCE DURING THE GERMAN
SPRING OFFENSIVE OF 1918, AGED 29.

MEMORIAL: WALTER TULL'S NAME IS INSCRIBED ON THE ARRAS
MEMORIAL TO THE MISSING IN FRANCE, ALONG WITH
35,000 OTHER FALLEN SOLDIERS.



WALTER TULL'S MEMORIAL IN NORTHAMPTON