

WALTER TULL's scrapbook



STAR FOOTBALLER
AND
WORLD WAR ONE HERO



THEY WANT ME!

MICHAELA MORGAN





STAR FOOTBALLER
AND
WAR HERO

WALTER TULL's *Scrapbook*



MICHAELA MORGAN

F

FRANCES LINCOLN
CHILDREN'S BOOKS

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My name is Walter Tull. This is my scrapbook.

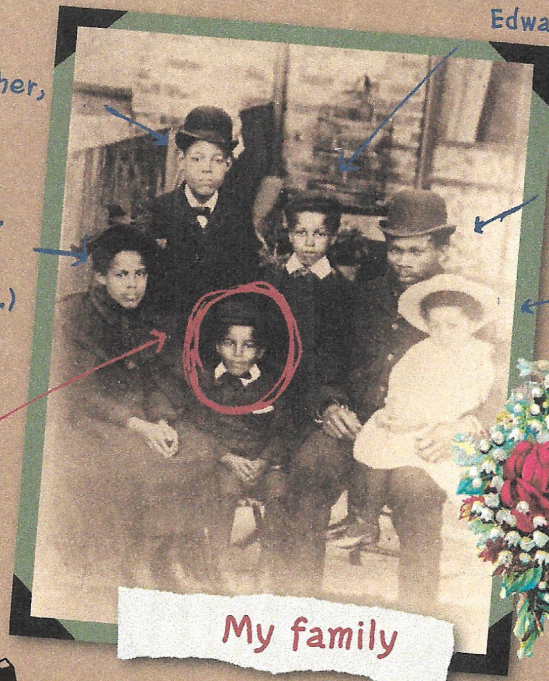
1888-1898

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

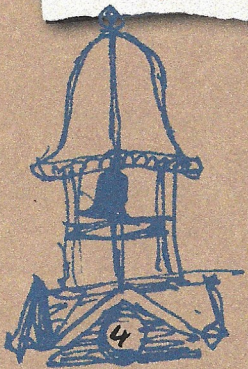
My big sister Bertha isn't in this photo. She died when she was a little girl. My mum isn't in the picture either.

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

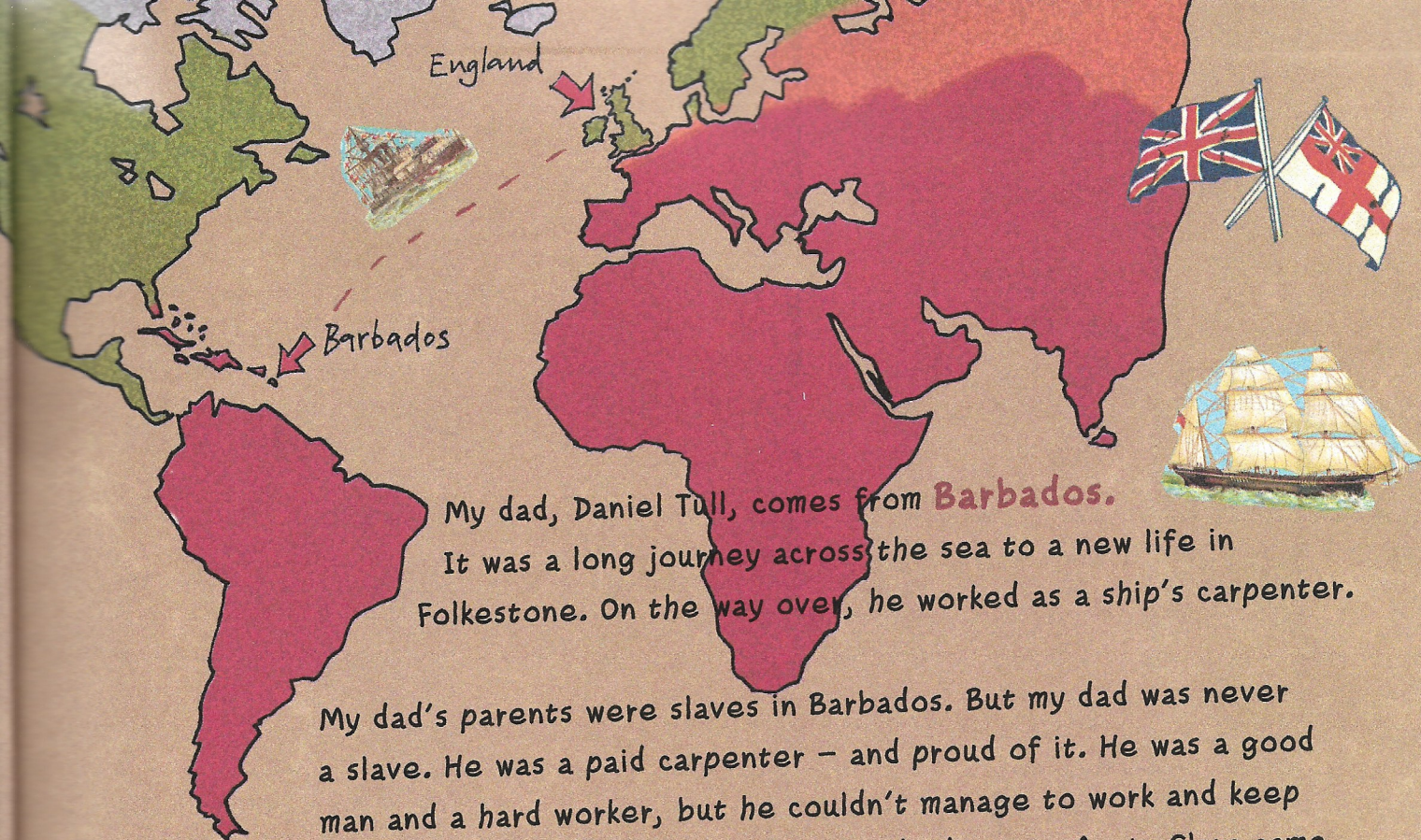
51 WALTON STREET,
HYTHE, FOLKESTONE,
ENGLAND,
THE WORLD.

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

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

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 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.

320

ME!

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 School team



BONNER ROAD

My timetable

6.30 a.m. - Get up and make beds. Wash well and quickly (with VERY cold water).

Chores - Clean boots - at least 15 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!)

5 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.



I am learning to be a printer - so that I can earn my living when I leave the Home.

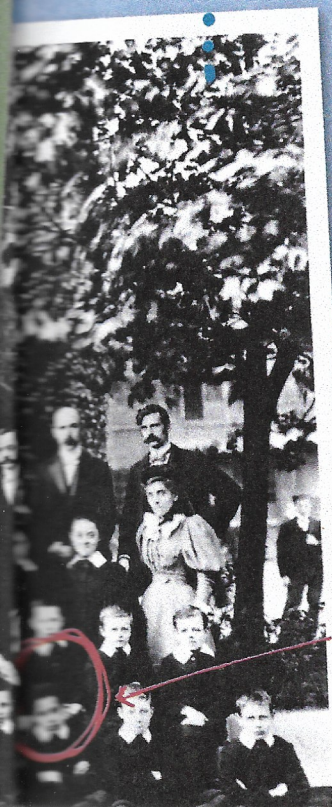
The best times here are when I get a letter from the family in Folkestone. We both get letters and cards and sometimes visits too. That is the very best bit of all.

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...

ME!

Now I'm on my own.



Good luck in your new home

Walker

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. . .



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!!!

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.



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!

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

From the LONDON FOOTBALL STAR

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.

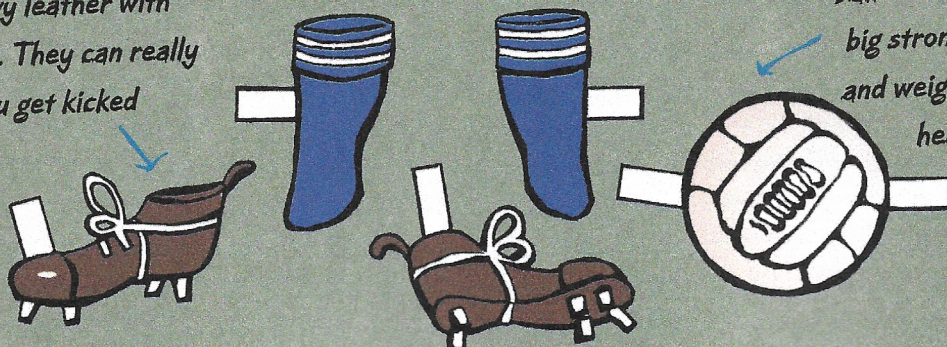
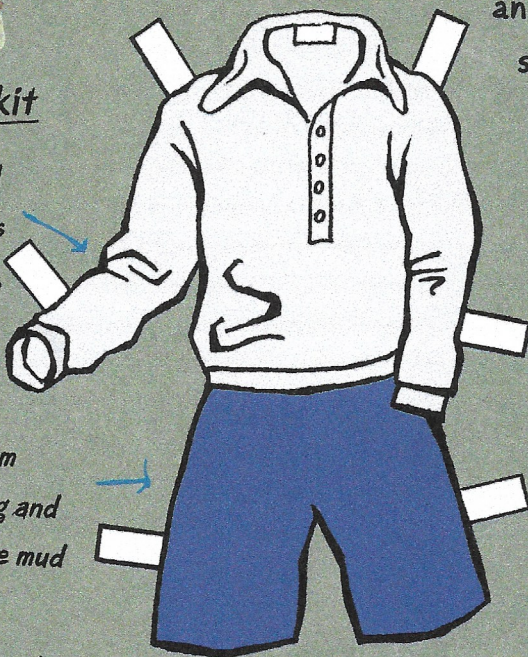
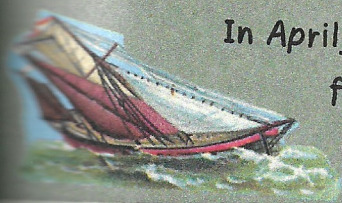
My football kit

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

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!



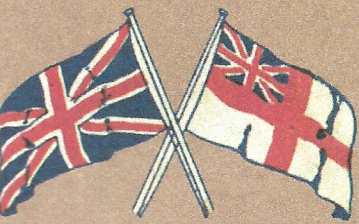
Spurs

1909-1911

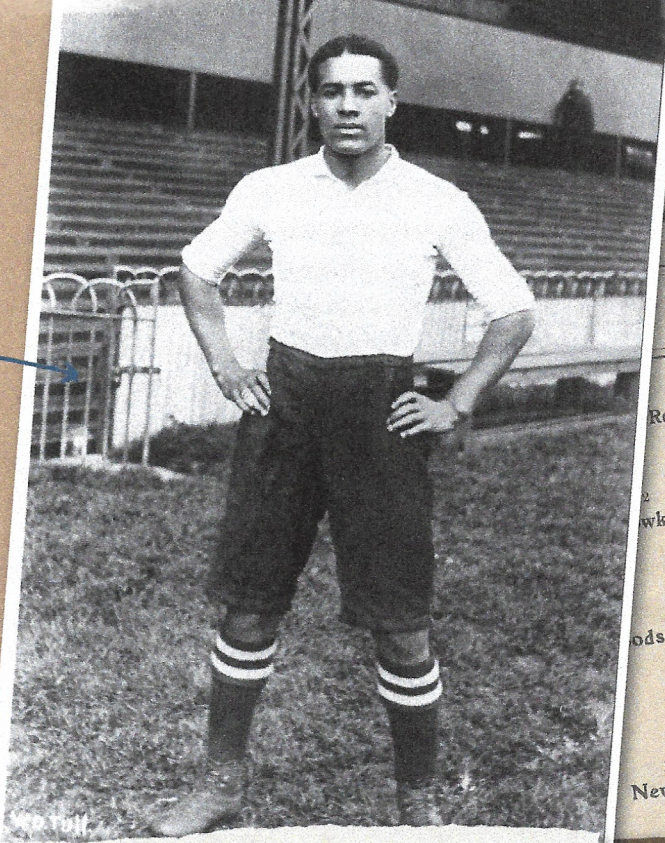
On 20th July 1909 I signed for Tottenham Hotspur. They say I'm the first black British professional out field player.

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.



Tottenham Hotspur Football Club

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.



Hotspur.

1911.

p.m.

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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

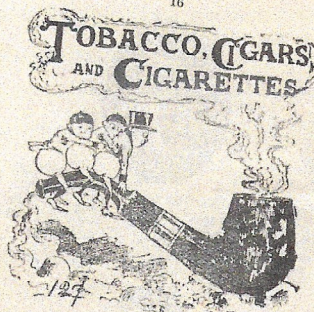
LONDON
FOOTBALL
STAR.

The Star

LONDON, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1913.

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.



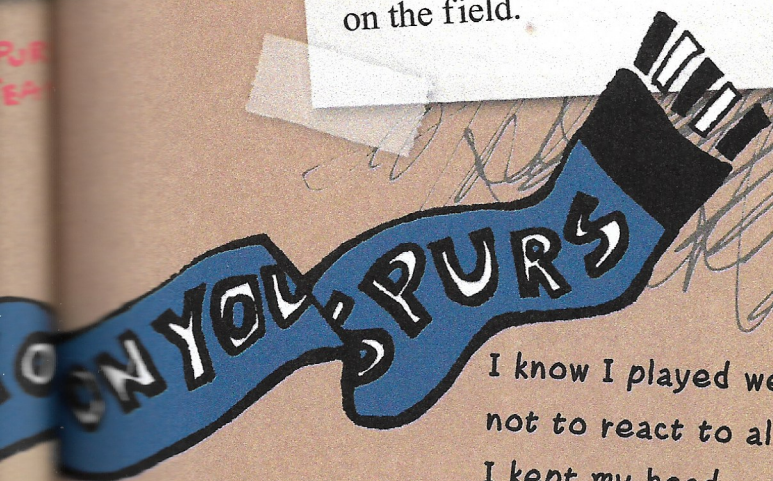
ME



W. D. TULL, Centre of Inst. for height 5ft 5ins., weight 11st. Played for Team and Clapton F.C., helped Cl. Amateur Cup and the London County. He gained 3 gold medals in his first 3 football.



C. H. TURNALL, -Outside Right. 5 County Captain. Age 23, height 5ft. 11in. 11st. 11lb. 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.

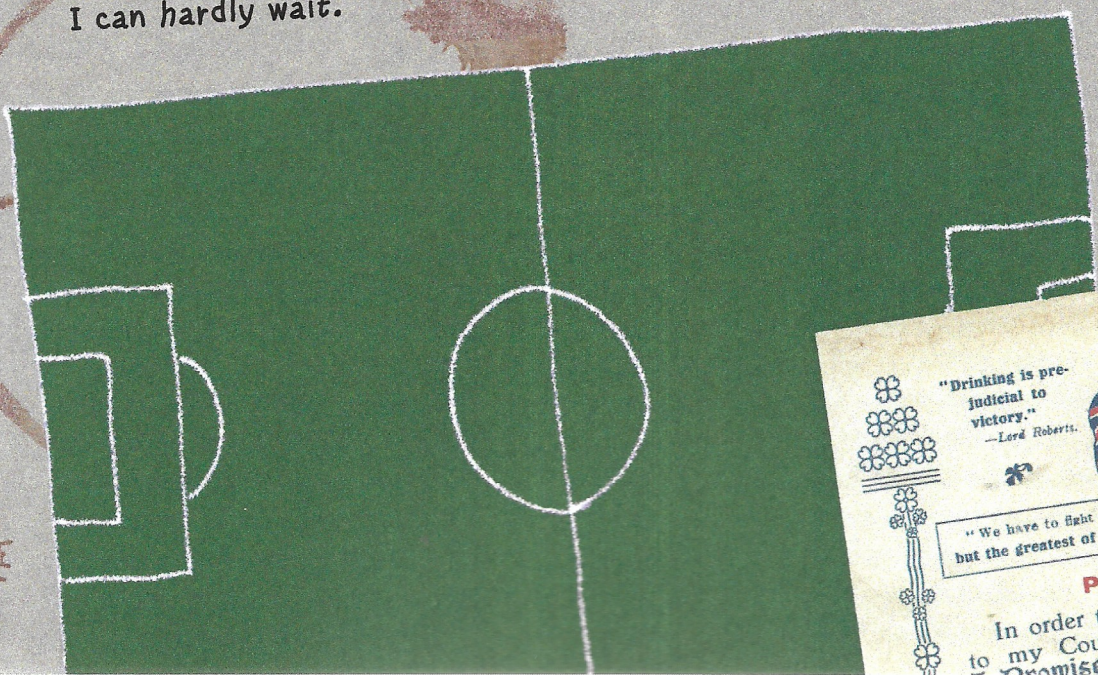
I've settled down well at Northampton, made some good friends and played some great games. I am popular with the team and the crowd. I've now played more that 100 times for Northampton. And I've scored four goals in one match! Best of all, **GLASGOW RANGERS** want me to play for them. They're one of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

THE G

Extract from



and **GIVE**
PLAY
and **JOIN**



"Drinking is prejudicial to victory."
—Lord Roberts.

"We have to fight three enemies—the Germans, the
but the greatest of these is Drink."—Chancellor of the Exchequer

PATRIOTIC PLEDGE

In order that I may be of the
to my Country at this time
I promise by God's help to
the end of the

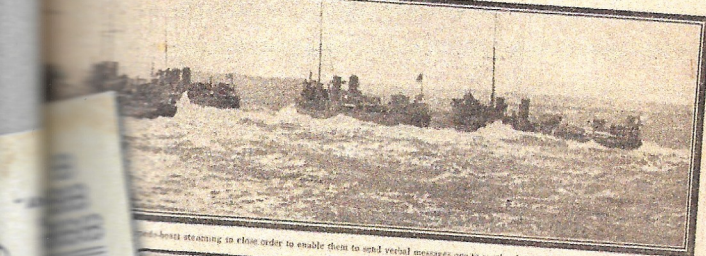
BRITAIN !! SAID YOU WERE NOT IN EARNEST

Zeitung :-
Britons prefer to exercise their long limbs
ground rather than to expose them to any
service of their country."



WHEN THE LIE !
GREATER GAME
FOOTBALL BATTALION

GREAT BRITAIN DECLARES WAR ON GERMANY.
The Daily Mirror
CIRCULATION MORE THAN 1,000,000 COPIES PER DAY
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1914
One Halfpenny.
STATEMENT OF WAR BY GREAT BRITAIN AFTER UNSATIS-
FACTORY REPLY TO YESTERDAY'S ULTIMATUM.

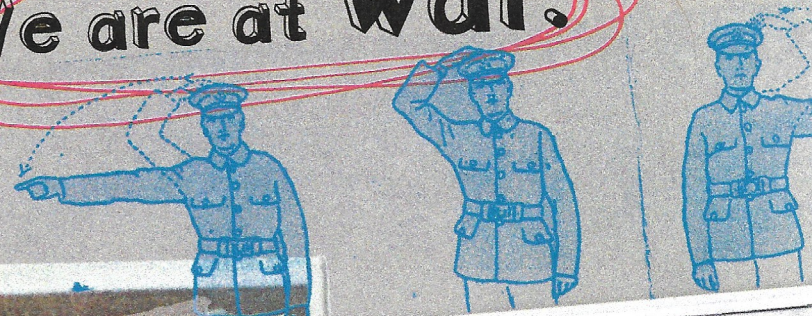


WAR

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.



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 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

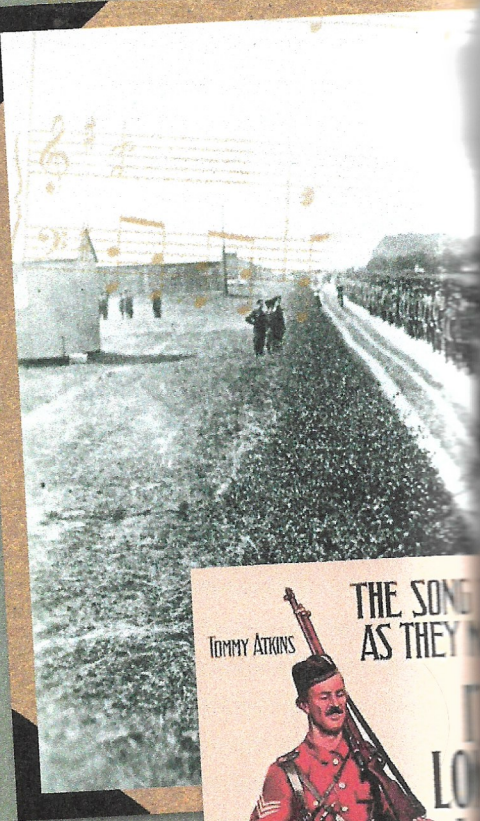
Boots – Very strong, very heavy, very uncomfortable

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!





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.



Pack Up
Your Troubles
In Your Kit Bag

Smile!

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.

28th April 1916 – My Birthday

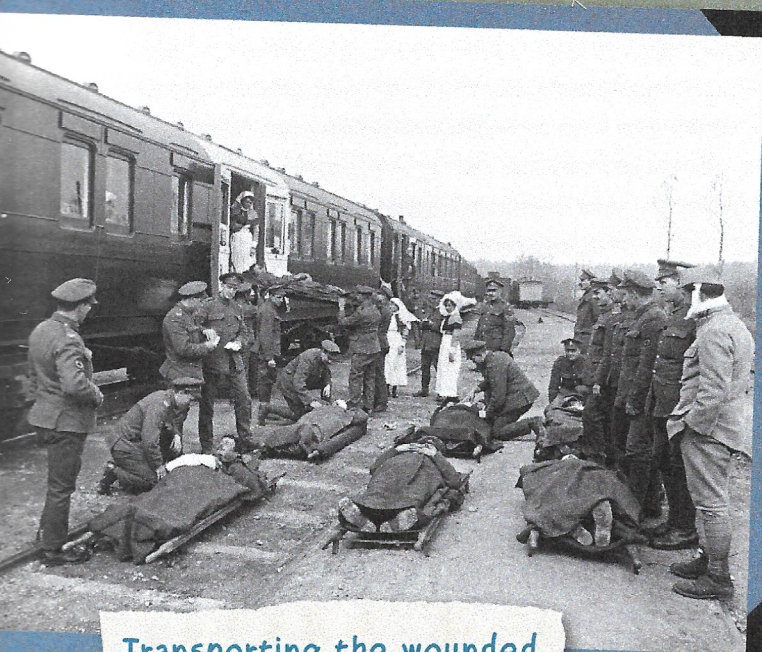
My presents:

- ✓ 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



Transporting the wounded

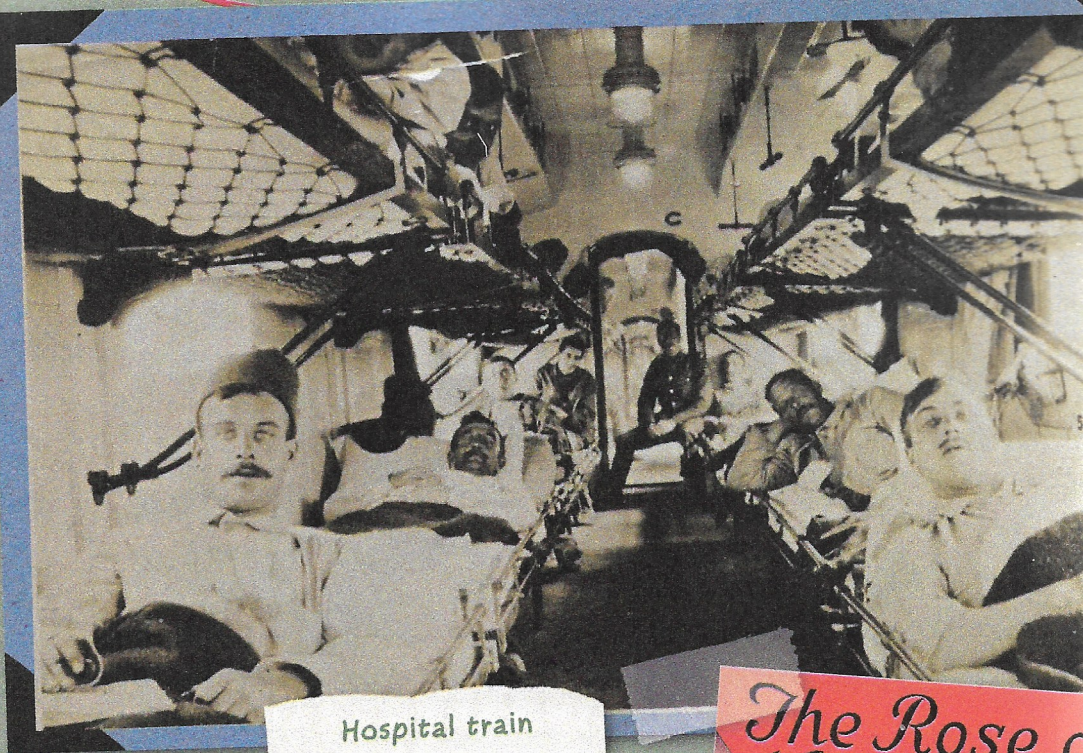
My officer knew I was not the sort to make a fuss so he sent me off to the nearest hospital. When I got there they gave me a bed of wire netting – and I could lie on it FULL LENGTH, stretched out. This is LUXURY after crouching in the trenches night after night.

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.

The Rose of No Man's Land

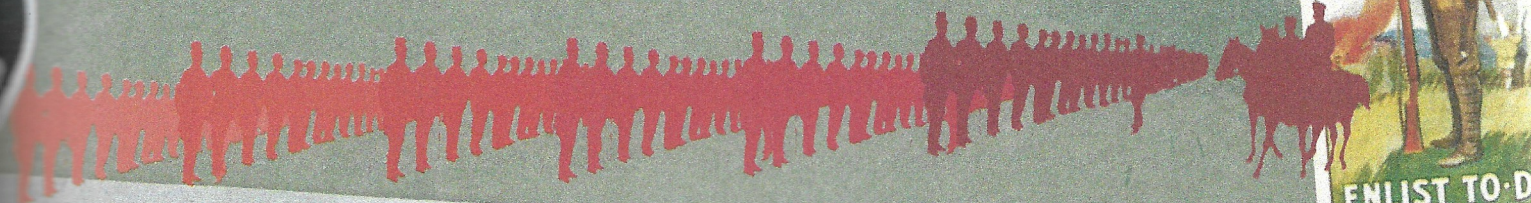
Words by Jack Caddigan
Music by James A. Brennan



Published by LEO FEIST, INC. Feist Building, New York

September 1916

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



ENLIST TO-D

Original
CONFIDENTIAL.

PROCEEDINGS OF A MEDICAL BOARD

Army Form A. 15.

(Rank and Name) *Walter Tull*

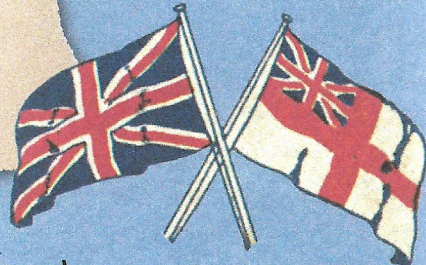
by order of *A.C.I. 423 dated 9/3/17*

(Corps)



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.

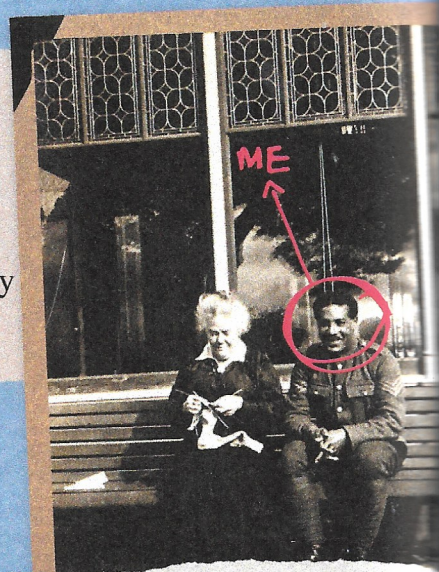
15. The Special Reserve of Officers is a branch of the Reserve of Officers established by Royal Warrant (a). This Reserve of Officers is designed to ensure that all units, services and departments of the regular forces shall be complete in officers on mobilization; to make good the wastage which will 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.

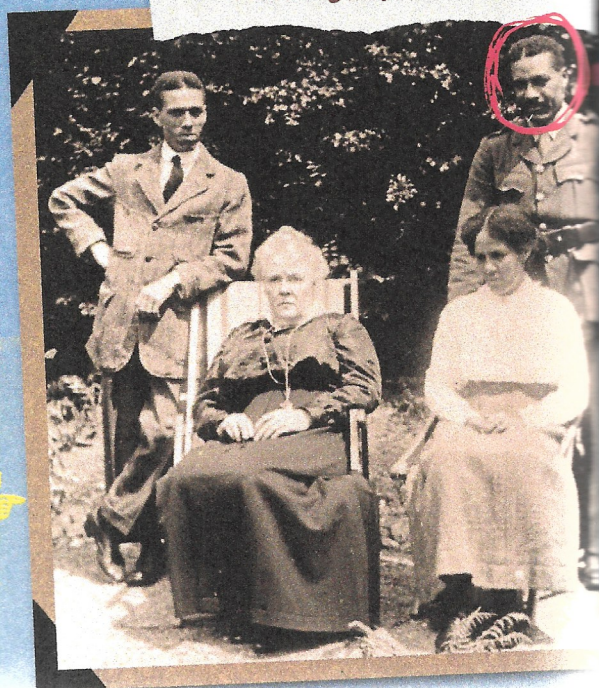
16. In the Cavalry, Royal Field and Garrison Artillery, Royal Engineers, Postal Section, Motor Cyclist Section, Foot Guards, Army Service Corps, Royal Army Medical Corps and Army Veterinary Corps such officers are borne supplementary to those corps; in the North or South Irish Horse, King Edward's Horse (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 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



In my case, it seems they have thrown away the rule book. This could make me the first black officer in the British Army. Something for the record books! I'm off to officer training school in Scotland to train for my commission - and I will have a chance to see Edward. At last.



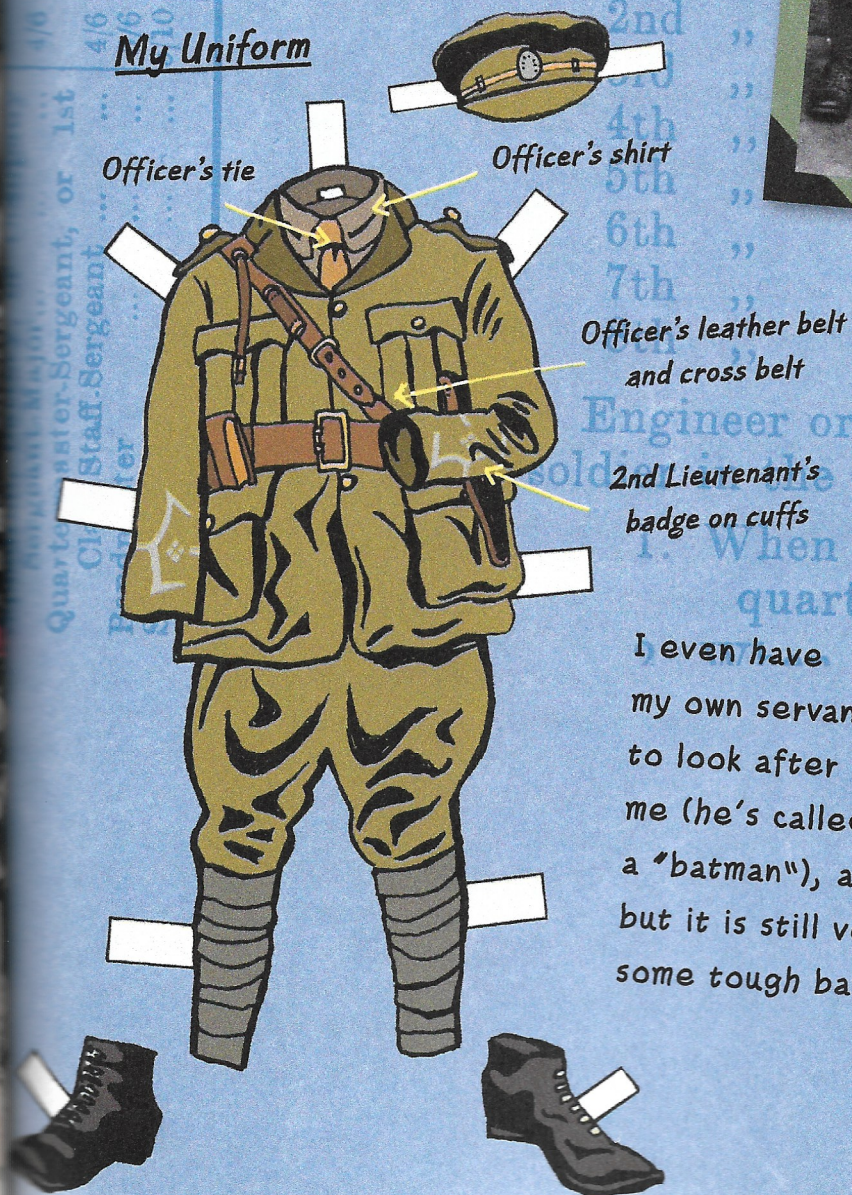
Despite military regulations forbidding "any negro or person of colour" being commissioned as an officer, I am now 2nd Lieutenant Walter Tull - and here I am in my new uniform.

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



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.