attitudes that affected their outlook as they conducted themselves on the China station. He notes the racism that was part of the intellectual assumption of many, but not all, personnel at the time and how this factor influenced behaviour. Heaslip also does not shy away from the inherent violence in which imperial policy was conducted, condoned, and expected in China and elsewhere. Wiser officers well understood the criticality of resorting to violence sparingly as a last resort and to the minimum possible degree. Not all were wise.

All in all, Heaslip has provided an important account of the interwar Royal Navy’s China Station. He has filled a significant gap in the historiography, while identifying areas that would benefit from additional research. It is hoped that he will seek to follow his own guidance in this regard. He has made excellent use of primary sources in various archives, principally in Britain, but also in China. Also of obvious value were the articles written by those on the spot and published in the Naval Review. The listing of secondary sources is extensive and will serve as an excellent introduction to any who wish to explore further. The book includes some photographs that illuminate the narrative, as well as a few useful maps and diagrams. Two short appendices provide lists of the senior RN officers on the station and the particulars of the typical warships assigned to Chinese waters. I happily recommend this book to all interested in the period. The only negative is the price. As is common with such monographs, the cost is over $100.00, which many will find beyond their purse.

Ian Yeates,
Regina, Saskatchewan


*The Sonarman’s War* is H.G. Jones’ personal journey through the Second World War. Although the cover touts his tale as “A Memoir of Submarine Chasing and Mine Sweeping,” his story focuses on the latter. Occasional teases of anti-submarine warfare (ASW) are strewn throughout the book, but readers with an appetite for ASW will be left hungry.

H.G. Jones served aboard Submarine Chaser 525, which he affectionately named Cing-Deux-Cinq. During his time aboard, he would serve in some of the most infamous military operations during the Second World War, including Anzio and Okinawa. He does not tell his story from the beaches or a foxhole, but from the sea, where he, along with his crew, earned their place in history.

*The Sonar Man’s War* recounts in detail the excitement and dreariness endured by those at sea in war. Despite his impressive credentials as a PhD and historian, Jones’ book captures his pride serving as a young, enlisted man during the formative years of his adult life. Instead of a monologue based on possibly faulty memory, Jones carefully details his experiences through diaries, archived records, personal photos, and letters from his time abroad. He occasionally sprinkles in his less-than-flattering opinion about officers, although he writes with reverence about the officers under whom he served.

The book objectively lays out his growth from a boy from a small farm to a seasoned veteran over the course of the war. He does not try to polish or sanitize any part of his story. For every
admiral that left his indelible mark on history, like Chester Nimitz or William Halsey Jr., thousands of lesser-ranking naval officers and countless enlisted personnel served behind the scenes, never telling their stories. Jones’ is one of those untold stories. The author offers a rare glimpse into minesweepers and submarine chasers, the small-unheralded workhorses of naval combat; most uniquely, he tells the story from an enlisted sailor’s perspective. Although not a Second World War classic in the conventional sense of leadership lessons enlivened with spurts of bravery and self-sacrifice, each detailed ship’s log is a window into the life that not only Jones, but countless other sailors, lived. From detailing his favorite meals to destroying mines, each log entry was dutifully recovered from naval archives and personal journal entries in order to tell his story.

The author tells his story as a crewmember aboard a small, 110-foot wooden submarine chaser and later, as a crewmember aboard the USS *Speed* and USS *Strive*, both 221-foot minesweepers. Built to be expendable, ships like the ones Jones deployed and fought with, served like canaries in a coal mine, warning the fleet of dangers that lurked ahead. In one recollection, Jones speculated that the large capital ships encouraged them to open fire on the enemy regardless of how ineffective it was, in an attempt at self-preservation. He recalls how he and his crew, along with numerous other small boats, dutifully swept the enemy waters of mines and threats at infamous locations such as Anzio and Okinawa. The sailors of these small boats were proud to boast, “Where the fleet goes, we’ve already been.”

Perhaps the most famous of these small boats is *PT-109* where John F. Kennedy served as Captain. The harrowing stories while serving on *PT-109* ultimately helped propel him to the US Presidency. For those who want to go beyond the immortalized tales and legendary feats of *PT-109*, *The Sonarman’s War* offers a window into the other, unglamorous, side of naval combat. Gear adrift in rough seas, inedible food, cramped living quarters, and a single, cold shower shared among enlisted sailors offers only a small glimpse into what the crews of these small boats, referred to as Small Boys, endured day after day over the course of the Second World War. Today, Small Boy is a term reserved for the steel hulled 509-foot destroyers and 567-foot cruisers that sail with the modern naval flight fleet – a far cry from the *Cinq-Deux-Cinq’s* 110-foot length and wooden hull. Jones served at a time when ships were made of wood and men were made of steel.

For every operation in which the *Cinq-Deux-Cinq* participated, Jones painstakingly lists each ship and its personnel from naval archives and his personal journals. Although readers may gloss over the long list of crew and ship names, each vessel and crewmember mentioned has its own untold stories. Each name mentioned is both homage and attempt to ensure that none of their stories are lost.

Readers looking for insight on sonar operations and anti-submarine tactics used in the Second World War will be disappointed. Although it briefly covers the origin of the Sonarman rating and some technical details of how sonar worked, the book is a compendium of mine-hunting, escort duties, and colourful port visits. There are no heroics or hyperbole in Jones’ story telling. The raison d’être of this book is to share the fear, monotony, and excitement as it was, not how it could be. It is raw and uninhibited, constituting a personal journey that would have otherwise been
lost to the waters of time. This book is a testament to those who did not tell their stories but performed their duty faithfully.

Dylan Phillips-Levine
Buenos Aires, Argentina


For over a century, the debate over the 1915-16 Dardanelles offensive has been shaped by a series of assumptions that took hold even before it had ended. The first is that the campaign was launched because Winston Churchill, the ebullient First Lord of the Admiralty, singlehandedly persuaded HH Asquith’s Liberal government to launch an attack on Turkish positions guarding the mouth of the Dardanelles Straits. The second is that this offensive was inspired by purely military considerations and sought mainly military goals: specifically, to force the Ottoman government to surrender and to open a route to Russia’s Black Sea ports in order to facilitate arms shipments for their under-equipped armies. In this book, Lambert challenges both of these premises by developing arguments made in his previous book on British economic warfare during the First World War, *Planning Armageddon*. To that end, he re-examines the debates within the government in the months leading up to the campaign and draws from them the broader political, financial, and economic motivations that led them to support it.

To Lambert, what is missing from the traditional narrative of the origins of the Dardanelles offensive is the role played in the cabinet’s deliberations by concerns over food security. This was a novel problem for British policymakers in wartime, as during the last global war waged a century before, the United Kingdom was able on its own to produce enough wheat to feed its populace. This changed over the course of the nineteenth century thanks to the accelerating globalization of trade. Within forty years of Napoleon’s defeat, Britain imported approximately one quarter of the grains consumed by their populace; by the end of the century, that number rose to 80%. While this global trade made possible the cheaper foodstuffs enjoyed by British workers, it left their economy dependent on the ability of the new international grain market to supply them. Cognizant of this problem, the government took steps to control the food supply virtually from the moment they entered the conflict in August 1914, by prohibiting the export of foodstuffs and monitoring agricultural production and supply. While sugar was the most immediate concern, wheat was the more important commodity, and in the months that followed, rising global wheat prices became a source of anxiety at the highest levels.

The most important factor driving up wheat prices in the futures markets in the last months of 1914 was the loss of access to Russian wheat once Ottoman Turkey closed the Dardanelles at the end of September. Not only did this cut off the global market from an important producer of wheat exports, it also denied the cash-strapped Russians a critical means of earning much-needed foreign currency for munitions purchases abroad. With Russia’s offensive capacity crippled in part by the lack of munitions, the supreme commander of