THE GALLIPOLIAN

1915-1980 65th ANNIVERSARY

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS 25p No. 32 SPRING 1980

THE GALLIPOLIAN

The Journal of the GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION
(Founded in 1969 on the campaign of 1915)

PRESIDENT	Lt-General Sir Reginald Savory KCIE CB DSO MC
PAST PRESIDENT	Brigadier B B Rackham CBE MC DL
VICE-PRESIDENTS	Vice-Admiral Sir Peverill B R W William-Powlett KCB KCMG CBE DSO Major-General T H Jameson CBE DSO RM Colonel the Lord Barnby CMG CBE MVO Vice-Admiral E W Longley-Cook CB CBE DSO Major G B Horridge TD
CHAIRMAN & HON SEC & EDITOR of THE GALLIPOLIAN	Major E H W Banner TD MSc CEng FIEE FIMechE FInstP Delphi Maresfield Park UCKFIELD East Sussex TN22 2HB (Uckfield (STD 0825) 4949)
HON TREASURER	D F Bland (AM) Torview 4 Ridgeway Close DORKING Surrey RH4 3AS (Dorking (STD 0306) 5360)
COMMITTEE	Captain D M Penrose TD S Parker Bird FRICS Major J F Ford Major A G Coulson (AM) K Tranmer (AM) D A Pollard Lt TA/ACF (AM)

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1980 REUNIONS

25th APRIL	LUNCHEON AND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING ANZAC DAY PARADE AT THE CENOTAPH ANZAC DAY SERVICE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY
27th APRIL	29th DIVISION SERVICE, ELTHAM, LONDON
1st OCTOBER	ANNUAL DINNER (Details in No 33)

ANNUAL LUNCHEON ON FRIDAY THE 25TH APRIL

Once again we are being accommodated at the Duke of York's H Q, Kings Road, Chelsea, a short ride from the Cenotaph and the Abbey. Buses 11, 19 and 222 pass the gates. There is free parking space for cars.

Members should wear their medals and the usual small card label bearing their name and unit for ready identification.

The cost will be £ 1.75 payable at the table. Male guests are welcome.

The bar will open at 12 noon but as some members desire to attend the service in Westminster Abbey (see page 4) the Luncheon will be held up until 2 pm so that members can attend the Cenotaph, the Abbey and the Luncheon, followed by the Annual General Meeting.

Those proposing to attend the LUNCHEON should notify the HON SECRETARY by 18th April in order that the necessary catering can be prepared.

Please give your name in BLOCK LETTERS, with number,
Please send no money.

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POSSIBLE HELP WITH MEMBERS' TRANSPORT

As suggested in number 31, Christmas 1979, it may be possible for some members travelling to London by car to arrange to collect other members for the inward and return journeys. This cannot be arranged centrally as it needs car members' co-operation. They can search the Membership List, or they may know already of such members in their district who would like to attend and cannot manage public transport. Then it is up to the members concerned to make contact. Where this can be arranged it is unnecessary for the Hon Secretary to be notified, except of course for each member to write in for luncheon catering purposes.

ANZAC DAY PARADE AT THE CENOTAPH

As usual we are invited to join the Anzac party at the wreath-laying ceremony. The Gallipoli Association wreath will be laid by Captain E W Bush DSO DSC RN. Members should arrive at the Cenotaph by 10.45, with medals and should take up positions under Major J F Ford.

It is not necessary for Members to notify the Hon Secretary of their intention to parade.

ANZAC DAY SERVICE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

This annual service takes place following the Cenotaph parade and commences at 12 noon.
A block of seats is being reserved for our members and those intending to be present are asked to notify the Hon Secretary by 16th April for reserved seats. These tickets will be available at the Cenotaph parade and should be collected from Major Ford.
Late applicants will still be able to attend but will not be able to occupy our reserved seats.

Following these two parades members can best reach the Duke of York's H Q by Underground from Parliament Square to Sloane Square. Or by bus if the No 11 service is restored after the Cenotaph diversion.

29TH DIVISION COMMEMORATION SERVICE

This was referred to in The Gallipolian number 31, page 38. All our members are welcome to the service which takes place in the 29th Division Memorial Chapel in the Parish Church of Holy Trinity, Southend Crescent, Eltham, London S E 9. The service commences at 6.30 pm. The date is Sunday the 27th April.

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Following our Dinner in 1975 at which we were honoured by the presence of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh a copy of

THE GALLIPOLIAN

is regularly sent to His Royal Highness.

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LOCAL WREATH-LAYING CEREMONIES

Apart from the official Anzac Day parade at the Cenotaph many towns and villages having a special connexion with Gallipoli hold their own parades on or near the 25th of April annually.

Where possible a record of this is given in The Gallipolian, provided that the necessary information is submitted. A photograph may also be acceptable, if with permission to publish.

The best thanks of the Association are accorded to those enterprising members who organize such parades.

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HONORARY TREASURER'S REPORT

A print of the Audited Accounts and Balance Sheet for the year ended 31st December, 1979, which I trust members will find self explanatory, is forwarded with this issue of the Journal.

Largely due to the production of the revised List of Members as at 1st June last at a cost of £113, expenditure has exceeded income by some £38.

However, I am pleased to report that our cash position remains in a healthy state due mainly to the generosity of a few members in making donations and subscriptions in excess of the minimum rates.

We are greatly indebted to a generous action on the part of a former member who very kindly bequeathed the sum of £100 in his will.

D F B

NEW MEMBERS (Up to 21 February 1980)

In the original printed journal, this page contains names and full addresses of new members, and also address amendments.

For reasons of data protection and personal privacy, this content has been omitted.

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DISTINGUISHED NEW ASSOCIATE MEMBER

We are pleased to acknowledge Mr B G Dexter who has claims to mention in this way. He is the Australian Ambassador to Belgrade (Yugoslavia) and he and his wife are respectively the son and daughter of (real origihal 1915) Anzacs. He has served in the Royal Australian Navy as a Lieutenant.

He is our first Anzac Associate Member.

OBITUARY (21 February 1980)

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

Lt-Col P J Gething MC (9 R Warwicks R 13 Div) Vice President	(4)
Capt A L Shutes (Norfolk R)	(711)
Major W B Oven DCM (RE 1 West Riding Coy)	(520)
F Boswarva (Royal Devon Yeomanry)	(583)
J Barlow (RND Anson & Benbow Bns)	(175)
W Stagles (AIF 11 Bn 1 Div) (in Australia)	(67)
J L James MM (AIF 26 Queensland Bn)	(704)

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LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PHILIP JAMES GETHING M C
Royal Warwickshire Regiment

It is inevitable that an association formed and commemorating events some 65 years earlier loses its members at an ever increasing rate. It is with sadness yet thanks for the life of Philip James Gething who passed away on the 26th November 1979. He with our Chairman and a few others formed the Gallipoli Association. He was instrumental in obtaining the use of the Royal Air Force club in Piccadilly (of which he was a Life Member) for our annual dinners.

Born in 1894 and educated at King Edward's Grammar School, Aston, Birmingham he enlisted in 1914 in the newly formed City Battalion. He was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant in 1915 in the 12th Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment and sent to Gallipoli in September 1915. Awarded the Military Cross for bravery at the Dardenelles - wounded - and later served in Egypt and Mesopotamia and again wounded. He was given a permanent commission in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment in 1916, later seconded to the Royal Flying Corps until March 1919.

He served in many spheres between the wars including India. At the outbreak of the second world war he was in France fighting the rear-guard action and was wounded and evacuated at Dunkirk. On the cessation of hostilities served under the Military Government in Germany.

Retiring from the Army he taught at two Birmingham Preparatory schools and concentrated on the Cadet Force and Rugger (in which he had appeared for the Midland Counties and the Army) also for his local church for

which he worked so assiduously. He was a Freemason with a distinguished record and received recognition from the Grand Lodge of England. A most benevolent nature and was instrumental in raising much money for charity.

The world is the poorer for the loss of such good and brave souls.

His son, Major Richard Gething is an Associate Member

C V G S

MAJOR GENERAL H G ARAN Turkish Army Retired

General Aran was a most welcome Honorary Member of the Association. He himself served in W W 2 and for a time was on the staff of the School of Artillery at Larkhill. He was so Anglicised that he was often mistaken for a Briton. His father served in the Gallipoli campaign as chief medical officer to the second Turkish Division.

General Aran was the President of the World Veterans Federation and later a member of his country's delegation to its financial control committee.

He was particularly helpful to us on the occasion of our visit to Gallipoli and Istanbul in 1971 when he helped us enormously by providing a transport section under Colonel Hanci which took us anywhere we wanted to go on the Peninsula. He arranged for us to receive army medical treatment if necessary for illness or accident; however, this was not required.

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SALONIKA - THE MOSQUITO

Members who were also Salonikans will be very sorry to learn of the death late in 1979 of Mr G E WILLIS OBE who was the Editor of the Journal of the Salonika Reunion Association called 'The Mosquito'. He had been a Council member of the Salonika Reunion Association for many years until the S R A closed down in 1968, fifty years after the end of WW1. He had been most helpful to me especially in the early days of The Gallipolian and I valued his appreciation.

He had been the Mayor of Newbury.

EHWB

H G J MOSELEY

Henry Gwyn Jeffreys Moseley was born in November 1887 and was killed at Gallipoli, so he was never a member of the Gallipoli Association. However, it is appropriate to acknowledge here a distinguished young scientist who served, voluntarily of course, in the campaign in which we all served. He was a subaltern in the Royal Engineers and served as Signal Officer to the 38 Brigade, landing at Suvla on the 6th August and being killed on the 10th. He was under recall to continue his scientific work but the order did not reach him in time.

His two grandfathers were Fellows of the Royal Society, one a mathematical physicist and the other a Zoologist. He went to Eton and then to Trinity College Oxford, gaining a Millard scholarship in Natural Science, graduating in Natural Science in 1910.

His particular field of work was in X-ray crystal-cgraphy and his pioneering work led to far reaching results. At the time of the commencement of his work the atomic theory was being developed as a positively charged necleus surrounded by negatively charged electrons. From this it was deduced that the atomic charge on the nucleus increased with the atomic weight, but it was not determined whether it was the atomic number or the atomic weight which defined the properties of elements. Moseley developed a photo-graphic method of determining X-ray spectra which showed that the atomic number was significant. From this he was able to predict some elements which had not then been found and identified.

EHWB

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MAJOR G R MOTT

Once again we are sending a Birthday Card to Major Mott for the 23rd March.

This will be his one hundred and second birthday.

PROUD TROOPER CONVERTED TO 'P B I'

By Alex Barclay D C M Ayrshire Yeomanry (509)

(Continued from No 31)

On the 24th December, just after midday, the Turks suddenly subjected us to a terrific bombardment with everything that they had; this was directed chiefly at the part of the front held by the Yeomanry. 'Broomstick' bombs, shrapnel and 'coal boxes' (as we called shells from the heavy mortars that the enemy had recently started to use against us) simply rained down on us. Most of the heavy stuff seemed to fall on the reserve and support area and continued for about 1½ hours; after this time the bombardment slackened off but continued with less intensity during the remainder of the night. Surprisingly, we did not have many casualties. When the worst of the shelling was over, Mr Montgomery came to see me and I accompanied him on a check of the bombs that we held in reserve in the various stores which we had in the support and reserve trenches. (I did not know at the time, but later learned, that this was done to assess the requirements of the bombers over the next two weeks in view of the decision to evacuate Helles). We had to find and check the bombs in about 6 bomb reserve stores, which took us about ¾ of an hour; during this time we had two near misses from 'coal boxes' and were partly covered by earth. On one of these occasions, since we knew from the sound that it was coming close to us, we both ducked for cover and our heads collided, - (this was the only time that I ever struck an Officer).

On my arrival back at my 'bunk hole' I found two troopers from the firing line inspecting it. It had been struck by a shell and everything I had was buried, with the exception of my waterproof sheet which had been blown over into the firing line and had caused the troopers to go round to see what had happened to me.

As there was rain, I moved my 'home' about 20 yards to where I found an overhead traverse which I thought would give me some shelter from the wet. No other trooper was within 20 yards of me, with the exception of one dead body which was laid out in the bottom of the trench just beyond the traverse. At about 11 o'clock I woke up, felt restless, and decided to move nearer the firing line where there was

some living company. It was lucky that I did so, as before morning the 'overhead' had a shell all to itself.

The next day (Christmas Day) the Regiment was moved back to the support lines, having been relieved by the Lanark Yeo., but we bombers stayed put. Bombers were scarce because of wastage, due perhaps to the extra vigilance required to maintain constant watch and alertness; - bombsaps were sited in front of our own wire and usually within 40-50 yards of the enemy trenches. The consequent strain under which we 'survived' must have had some effect on us by lessening our physical resistance to dysentery and jaundice, both of which ailments were taking their toll. I myself was lucky in keeping clear of both ailments and in fact was the only Bombing N C O who started as a bomber in the Regiment on Gallipoli and came off having never had an illness requiring me to be off duty; I saw 19 N C Os on and off the job.

I had this day cleared up and reoccupied my old 'bunk hole' which had been blown up on the previous day and, just after midday, I met Cpl Watson and Trooper W Watson in the communication trench just about 25 yards from the firing line. They had come to have a talk, as I had not met them since I last saw them in the rest camp about a week before this. They were members of my original troop and I had 'chummed up' with Cpl Watson since mobilisation. We were being shelled more than average and then, suddenly, we found the area being subjected to a shelling which was quite as heavy as the previous day. It seemed to be directed on the support and communication lines and all types of missiles were thrown at us, including a very high percentage of 10" mortar shells. We were made to feel uneasy by the fact that, as in the bombardment of the previous day, very few of our guns were firing in retaliation, (this we discovered a fortnight later, was due to the rationing of the supply of ammunition and shells and the withdrawal of our best guns as the first move in the final evacuation of Helles).

When the intensive shelling suddenly started, we three 'got down to it' in the communication trench where we had met. The majority of the shells were directed in the rear of our position, which was close to our own firing line and about 70-80 yards from the Turks' own front line. The heavy shelling lasted for about two hours and we had a few very 'near ones' which bombarded us with clods of earth.

Towards the end of the bombardment one battery seemed to be concentrating on the communication trench in which we were lying. Their shells had been going over us to begin with, but towards the end of the shelling the range was gradually being shortened; I remember trooper Watson saying, as each shell burst nearer to us than the previous one, 'the next one will be ours'. However, we were lucky, as one of the last burst about 8-10 yards behind us and wrecked the trench. After about 1½-2 hours the shelling suddenly slackened and gradually conditions returned to normal. During that night we had a busy time repairing the trenches. We also suffered from rather wet weather during this period and conditions were anything but pleasant, however I did not hear much grumbling 'among the boys' and there was certainly no 'swinging the lead'. Everyone in the regiment was willingly doing his best and that was no small effort.

On the 26th the enemy shell fire continued to be heavy, the rain continued to fall, conditions were far from pleasant and still our artillery remained strangely unresponsive. We were all very tired, but that did not stop us from doing a large amount of work on the trenches, which had suffered badly during the bombardments. On this night, owing to lack of senior N C Os, I was taking duty as orderly N C O in attendance on the officer who was visiting sentries during the night. He was one of our most efficient and popular officers, but shall be nameless. All members of the regiment were very tired and as I followed my officer round one of the traverses he suddenly stopped; I collided with him before I could stop - owing to the darkness. On looking over his shoulder I saw the sentry in that bay was standing up on the firing step with his back in the corner sound asleep. After a few seconds, my officer carried on and as he passed the sleeping sentry he stumbled roughly against him, causing him to wake up, and then carried on to the next firing bay where he had a few words with the sentry there. He then returned to the bay in which the sentry had been asleep and had quite a long conversation with him - thus he ensured that the sentry was awake, but never mentioning that he had been asleep on duty in the firing line, which was a court martial offence.

I think that the officer knew from the state of his own degree of fatigue that the sentry simply could not keep awake.

On the following day, the 27th, the enemy shellfire intensified and started much earlier in the day. From 10 am onwards the shellfire was very heavy indeed and more accurate than previously; more shells were dropping in, or near to, the front line and by mid-afternoon we were suffering the most intense bombardment that any part of the peninsula ever had to endure. It was estimated that over 1000 'coalboxes' (10-inch howitzer shells) exploded in the area of the Horseshoe during the day, in addition to other high-explosive and shrapnel shells which came along with them. The trenches were being very badly wrecked but, surprisingly, we did not have a large number of casualties. At one stage a pair of trousers was seen to be blown high into the air - it transpired later that they belonged to one of our officers whose dug-out had been hit - Luckily this officer was not wearing them at the time.

At about mid-afternoon, when the bombardment was at its heaviest, I received a message to report to Regimental Headquarters where I found the Colonel and Adjutant, who informed me that Mr Montgomery (my bombing officer) had been wounded and they wanted me to 'take-over' all the regimental bombers and asked if I would do it. This seemed to me to be rather a large job as it was usually carried out by an officer and a sergeant. However, I said that I would do it but pointed out that the NCOs in charge of bomb squads of the other two squadrons were both full corporals and that they were therefore both senior to me. I was then told that, owing to my greater experience as a bomber, (I was the only one left of the original NCOs and indeed had seen 19 come and go) they thought that I was best fitted for the job. I was made an acting sergeant immediately and found myself with a new responsibility.

To be continued

First East Lancs. Field Ambulance
R.A.M.C. Terriers'

12th Re-Union

Saddle Hotel, Bolton.

Saturday, November 15th, 1930.

Twelth Night

Supper Production
direct from Brooks' Bar in:-

**Arabic, French, Flemish,
Yiddish and Lancashire**

Preceded at 6 pip-emma by Special

Super Hot Supper Pot

**Eggsy Cook, Gripeys, Pompegranites,
All-A-Ripe.**

Look out for Next Year's Super Production
for One Night only of the

THIRTEENTH CHAIR

—— Bout Back

BEFORE THE GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION
WAS ENVISAGED

A reproduction from 1930. The Unit, of the 42nd Division, held reunions until 1939, but they were not revived after that war.

Sent by N Pratt (747)

STRAY SHOTS From the Dardanelles

A collection by Lance Corporal W F Rollo dedicated to All Ranks of the 1st Battalion the Border Regiment.

2 THE LANDING 25th April 1915

The hour is night, expectancy is o'er us,
A strange excitement fills each soldier's breast,
We know not what the day may hold before us,
We know not whom the day will bring to rest.

The thunders of the naval guns are ceasing,
The battleships draw closer to the shore,
And cheer on cheer our pent-up breath releasing,
We feel the spirit shrined in soldier lore.

Commands ring out at last in stirring orders,
Fresh fuel on our martial fires to add,
The cry we wait for comes - 'Get dressed the Borders!'
And off we go for fortune good or bad.

The minefield's daring sweeper takes us nearer,
We pass where floating castles belch again
Their storm of shell to deafen every hearer,
And cover our advance with deadly train.

We change to lesser boats, and throbbing launches
The seated soldiers race towards the land,
Like lions crouching, ready on their haunches
To spring the moment gunwale touches sand.

The launches leave, and brawny arms are rowing
The last few yards between us and the beach,
A wild hurrah! and now our spirits showing
In action, as we rush the cliffs to reach.

Up, up we mount, with buoyancy untiring,
The crest to gain before we join the fray,
And there a moment hark to heavy firing,
Betraying battle fierce to win the day.

A last long thought of home, of love and beauty,
A last long thought to heaven, then we rise
And onward rush to do a soldier's duty,
Where death is stalking grim before our eyes.

Now, fire's grim baptism - yet but vaguely
pondered -
Is here for everyone to undergo,
All thoughts save lust to kill from hearts are
sundered,
Each comrade's death adds vengeance 'gainst
the foe.

The wounded cheer their comrades still advancing
Against the leaden hail that sweeps the ground,
And bayonets with gory rays are glancing,
While battle's medleyed din the hills resound.

So, through the fearsome day, the Borders
fighting
And desperately holding to their place,
Sent Cumberland a blaze of glory, lighting
The silken flags that hang in sacred space.

Right well they shared the honour of the landing
Where landing deemed impracticable was,
Right well they shared the laurels Time is
handing
To those who fight with freedom for a cause.

And so, while Hist'ry lasts will live their story:
'Immortal Twenty-ninth Division', tells
In clarion tones the deeds that filled with glory
Their landing at the sullen Dardanelles.

To be continued



SNAKES WITHOUT LADDERS

Mrs A J Malpass, wife of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission Supervisor based at Chanakkale, holding a snake of about four feet long on Gallipoli.

No doubt this is a successor to the one described by E G MARLOW (702) in THE GALLIPOLIAN number 30, Autumn 1979.

EASTBOURNE WAS NOT THE FIRST OF MANY

towns to show their appreciation for Gallipoli veterans. It is the ONLY one. From 1976 the Women's Section of the Royal British Legion has invited local veterans to a tea party and this has been well publicised in their local press. The arrangement is due to the enthusiasm of one of our members, Jack Attwood, who contacted those Eastbourne and district veterans that he knew, then via the press others were found. Although each has been reported in The Gallipolian, sometimes with a photograph, no other district seems to have 'gone and done likewise'.

This year the tea party is to be held on Wednesday the 21st of May, at the H Q of the R B L in Pevensey Road, near a bus stop. This is as before.

All are welcome. Will any of the 'regulars' who are unable to attend kindly notify Jack Attwood about a week before, for catering purposes.

JACK ATTWOOD Telephone 27168 (12 Enys Road) or
STANLEY MANN Telephone 36895

HAUNTED

By Harry Moody 5 Connaught Rangers (233)

The house was haunted, I was told
But being very very bold
I took the place - well almost
Because I never fear a ghost.
And yet!
I moved in for one week's trial
From the village about one mile.
'Tho this may seem an idle boast,
I do not fear a real live ghost!
And yet!
I lay me down to sleep one night
When suddenly I shook with fright:
Did I hear that awful scream
Or was it only just a dream?
And yet!
Another night - was I asleep?
I clearly saw two eyeballs peep.
And heard a creak outside the door
My bones were rigid as before!
Would my feet never touch the floor
The door seemed then to open wide
Something moving there - outside!
From the bed I took one leap
To see what had disturbed my sleep
Look up and down and everywhere
But there was nothing - here nor there
And yet!
Was there a family mystery here
What is this something that I fear?
I will not stay another night
To be stricken stiff with fright!
Was it a ghost that paced the floor?
Or just the wind - and nothing more?
And yet!

TESTIMONY OF WAR 1914-1918 By Peter Liddle

Michael Russell (Publishing) Ltd 1979 £6.95

Most books are of course printed in type with or without photographs as illustrations; in this way readability is a maximum. But in some cases the reader is more impressed by a first-hand account such as a handwritten letter. While this does help credibility it is usually at the expense of ease of reading. The re-production of 'official' documents etc. such as proclamations, orders, notices etc., particularly in the form of posters, is in most cases much more effective if reproduced in facsimile form where the typeset form cannot match the unlimited range of the poster lettering.

This book gives the case for the facsimile reproduction of war accounts, showing a number of such poster, placards etc. as illustrative of the theme, together with reproductions of photographs which themselves create no new point.

All the material covered is taken from the author's collection of letters, diaries, photographs, maps etc. which is housed at the Sunderland Polytechnic. The collection extends back for some twelve years and is still growing.

The case is somewhat analogous to that of the visitor to a record office who wants to see an original document rather than a printed copy, which in fact he may have at home.

Of the 90-odd pages eleven of them refer to the Dardanelles and Gallipoli, mainly extracts from letters from combatants sent home, and parts of a log book. No new historical matter is given. Soldiers' humour is well shown up.

The book is well produced on art paper about 12 in by 8 in. It follows the author's 'Men of Gallipoli', quoted in number 31. Many members will know of Mr Liddle through his collection of Gallipoli material. He is an Associate Member.

E H W B

MORE MEMORIES OF GALLIPOLI

By E G Marlow 2 Hants R 29 Div (702)

After the Landing on the 25th April Major Dean, a very brave man, led the attack of our Battalion. He would walk up and down, a revolver in one hand and a pair of binoculars in the other and would issue orders. I seem to hear him now. He would give the order '600 yards, rapid fire'. Provided the orders were correct it didn't seem possible we could miss the enemy, they seemed to be advancing towards us in a huge column. Our advance was rapid and within a week we thought we had nearly reached Achi Baba. But our casualties were very heavy and our ammunition was running short. On the Friday after landing I was put on the bombing sap with another lad where we worked for two hours, when an order came for us to return to the front line as we were being relieved with two more from my platoon, namely Savage and Dorothy. Just as we were changing over a shell pitched within a few feet of us, blowing us several yards along the trench. I had minor scratches and Savage was struck in the hand. Dorothy had his left hand smashed. I don't really know what happened to my mate, I was feeling very dazed but managed to pull myself together. I said to Dorothy 'Come on Jack along to the firestep and I'll put on your field dressing'. I was doing this when R S M Shergold called 'All right, Marlow, leave him and I'll see to him, and come here'. When I reached him he asked 'Do you think you could get this fellow to a first-aid post. He has a smashed hand and needs medical treatment?' I said 'Yes, Sir'. I knew I couldn't pick him up, he was much bigger and heavier than I was, but putting his arm over my shoulder we started off, when the sergeant said we couldn't use the communication trench; 'Places are blown in with shell fire and others are blocked with killed and wounded, so we'd have to keep on top'. This was all hell let loose, shells bursting all around and shrapnel bursting overhead, bullets spitting up the sandy surface. I prayed I would get through, so my prayers were answered, thank God.

The M O, an Australian, said 'Lay him down and put

something under his head' and with that I made my way back, still in full view of the enemy, but having no wounded man to see to I was able to take what little cover there was available. When I reached the front line it seemed to be deserted but soon Mason appeared. I asked where everybody was and he answered 'Since youtook Vassey back a few more have been killed, a few more are missing'. However, a few wounded managed to get back on their own. I said 'Where's Corporal Adams, my best friend?' With a sad expression on his face and tears in his eyes he answered 'Poor old Daisy (that was the corporal's nickname) was killed outright. I unbuttoned his tunic and there was a bullet hole in his chest. I turned him over and at the back he had a hole as big as the palm of my hand. There was not a movement, he was not even breathing, so I guessed he had been struck with a dum-dum bullet which struck his breast and he must have been killed instantly. I could do nothing for him so I covered him with his groundsheet.' This was a terrible blow for me but we just had to carry on. We were relieved from the front line for the first time on the 16th July by the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry and taken to the island of Lemnos for a fortnight's rest. On our return to the Peninsula I was stricken with fever and my life lay in the balance. I was delerious and my temperature was over 104 so a stretcher was called for and I was taken away, put on a hospital ship and sent to Kasel army hospital in Cairo.

I knew nothing from the time I was put on the stretcher until I came to in hospital. I asked where I was and a Red Cross nurse, stroking my forehead said 'Lie down and don't worry, you're all right'. I spent several weeks there, eventually being sent back to England and the Nottingham General Hospital, staying there until I was fit to go on sick leave, then to report to my Unit base at Fort Gomer near Gosport. On reaching Fort Gomer I passed a sentry on guard where I stopped dead in my tracks, for I had walked towards Corporal Adama. He could see that I was taken by surprise as he said 'It's Daisy all right' rushed towards me and shook me by the hand. His first words were 'How the hell did you get through?' Previous to my story I kept a pocket diary but somehow I lost it

but it's still clear in my memory. After sixty-five years and it seems like yesterday! Corporal Adams took me along to the Orderly Room, gave me a cup of tea and we had a good chat. He then fixed me up with bedding and took me to a hut which was almost full of lads from various war areas - Western front, Salonika etc. - while we all sat on four long forms placed around the stove where we sat eating biscuits and discussing our war experiences. At first I saw no face I recognized then suddenly I noticed the big burley Irishman Jack Dorothy who stood over six feet. Looking at his smashed left hand I asked 'Do you remember when you got that packet Jack?' Without turning round he answered 'Shall I ever forget?' When I said 'I remember too, I put on your field dressing for you'.

They found me a job in the Orderly Room. I made excuses that I was no scholar but he said I had no need to worry so for the next eight or nine months I worked in the Orderly Room until I was marked A 1 again, making me fit for active service. I was eventually sent to the Western Front to join my old regiment, but the 11th Battalion. I was also attached to the R F A, spending some fifteen months altogether. On the 21st January 1918 the Germans launched their last big offensive. I received a slight head wound and was sent back to England, where I was discharged from the army in February 1919.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

WHAT! U F Os AGAIN?

BEGINNERS START HERE:

Earlier issues have quoted the story of an Australian newspaper which claimed that an 'army' had been taken up in a U F O during the operations after the Suvla Bay army had landed. Presumably the U F O was considered to have come from outer space, such as Mars, but the story continued that after the war the Turkish government was asked for the return of these men, but, as is to be expected there was no joy there.

Now the point is; did we really think that the Turks controlled such extra-terrestial objects?

 If in fact such things existed.

GALLIPOLI 1915

By the late Lt-Col R F E Laidlaw
Royal Munster Fusiliers (518)

(Continued from number 30)

War is a terrible thing; far from its being joyful or exciting, it is terrible, agonising and wasteful. Why should brave men have to kill, torture and maim each other, simply because they belong to different races and are told to do so at the behest of politicians who stay at home comfortably - and talk.

Moralising, even with fearful examples before one to illustrate one's points, seldom does any good even to those likely to benefit by it, so let us get on with the factual description of a battle few alive now have ever heard of. I describe it in order to show what fighting really is as compared with the published accounts.

Soon after midnight, after the Turks had again attacked and been driven off, leaving a few in our trenches, Sergeant Rathfelder, who belonged to another company of the Munsters, came along to me and asked in a voice harsh with thirst 'Can I go and get water Sir?' Sergeant Rathfelder was a South African and what had brought him into the ranks of a Regular Irish Battalion composed exclusively of Irishmen and Cockneys, was never known to me. What was known to me was that, like all the N C Os of the battalion, he was a first class man and that he had more than pulled his weight in controlling the men and their fire in the trench that night. For a moment I had an unworthy suspicion. Was it getting too hot a corner even for Sergeant Rathfelder? Then, as quickly, I thought (No, this is Sergeant Rathfelder' and with no idea as to how he was to bring back water, for I knew and he knew, that we were cut off, I gave him permission. There was no time to discuss how he was to carry out his mission and he quietly disappeared into the darkness.

The Turks attacked twice more and then about 3 a.m. Rathfelder returned, a pick handle over one shoulder. From it dangled nine water bottles filled with water. He put them beside me saying 'The boys will be glad of that Sir'. 'Thanks Rathfelder, now get some rest behind the parados'. He turned away and as he did so I saw two more men shot down in the trench and shouted out 'Send two more men into

the trench'. The sergeant halted to catch the order which rose faintly above the surrounding din, and then pitched forward, shot through the head, spattering me with his blood and brains. To this day, over fifty years after, I blame myself bitterly for having spoken those words. Without them a brave man the world could ill spare might have been preserved to it. May he rest in peace and may all those men who that day, like him, died doing their duty, rest with him.

Earlier, the Turks had surged through to the main communication trench, cutting us off and isolating us. How he had got through the Turkish lines shooting, worming and crawling his way along for a mile and a half; how he had found water and how he had got back again, will never be known. South Africa had produced a man, trained for a super-human task. Little as it was, that water saved the position, and the lives of the remaining men, for they were nearly at the end of their tether owing to thirst.

Just after 3 a.m. the Turks put in another strong attack, at the same time again attacking down the two J trenches and once more driving the Gurkhas out of them. This time a number of the Gurkhas ran behind us for shelter and, I suppose, seeing the rush of dark men coming from behind, a number of the men in the trench suddenly panicked and started running down the cliff slope towards the sea. For a few minutes there was some shooting among them and I am bound to say that panic seized me as well for a moment or two. Then I found myself reasoning 'As well be bayoneted here as on the brink of the sea' and I began to shout to the men to come back and, I am afraid, to emphasise my orders by pricking one or two of them with my bayonet.

The tide turned and, as quickly as it had started, the panic died down and the men returned and jumped back into the trench. They were thoroughly ashamed of themselves and nothing would have moved them after that. Although most of them had only gone a few yards.

In the few seconds that had elapsed, I ran back to the parados and there saw a curious sight. Seven or eight of our men, under a very fine Munster sergeant, were there, never having moved, and were firing steadily at the Turks, scarcely thirty yards away; these Turks had also panicked and were running back in a disorganised

mob towards the Gully. It cannot often occur that a panic seizes both sides and that each side runs from the other! Seeing us once again in our trench and firing rapidly, the Gurkhas returned and quickly re-took the J trenches, from which the Turks were also fleeing.

It was during their next attack at, I should suppose, about 5 a.m., that I saw what I think was one of the finest displays of discipline possible. With very little respite we have been firing hard all night, the men having had little time to clean their rifles, and the soil was very sandy, so that when the Turk came forward again in what seemed particularly great numbers, I could hear our fire diminishing instead of riding to a crescendo. Rifle after rifle packed up from overheating and it looked as if the Turk would be on top of us. Then I saw two or three men calmly put down their rifles and open the breech and I got the idea. With the Turks a mere sixty or seventy yards from us and coming on steadily, I shouted 'Cease fire'. This was taken up by the N C Os right down the line to right and left of me, and I saw each may lay his rifle on the parados and pull back the bolt. They knew exactly why the order was given and so let their rifles cool down.

When the Turks came to within thirty yards I yelled 'Fire', every rifle spoke, and with the burst of rapid and continuous fire, the attack withered away. Only a very few fellows got into our trench, to be finished there.

This could never have been done except with men of the highest discipline and of the type of these old Regulars. No one else could have waited motionless while the enemy was rushing forward, attacking them. This was a fine example of the valour our General was praying for, but about which he need not have worried.

There were one or two more sporadic attacks by a few men only, but these were easily dealt with. As the new day dawned I was able to tell the men to stand down, and post sentries and, for the first time all that night we were able to stand or sit easily and to take stock of our position and of things generally. It was not a very happy stocktaking. The trench appeared full of dead; the wounded had mostly been got out and down to the boats at odd times, and the numbers of Turkish dead and wounded out in front seemed enormous.

To be continued

THE CAMPAIGN IN GALLIPOLI

By Hans Kannengiesser Pasha
Prussian and Turkish Major General, Retired

Translated from the German by Major C J P Ball : 1927

This old book, written by a German officer who held senior posts in the Turkish army is probably known to few Members and so a short review may be of interest, particularly as it is a well balanced account of the campaign as seen from the German High Command, the author being appointed by the German General Liman Von Sanders, created a Turkish Marshal, who was the head of the Turkish Military Mission in 1914. He had a total of five hundred Germans among the Turkish forces under his command during the campaign.

The Turkish army then included Armenians, Greeks, Jews and Levantines as the non-Mahomedans, most being country bred and unable to read or write but able to subsist on very little food and welfare.

As is usual with continentals, the Allied side is generally referred to as the English, with some occasional mentions of Scottish, Anzac, Indian and French troops. He mentions with friendly appreciation the names of General Sir Ian Hamilton, General Birdwood and Major Alanson of the Gurkhas.

The author confirms that the real entry of Turkey into the war was the German instruction to Enver Pasha, the Turkish War Minister, to allow the ships Goeben and Breslau to enter the Dardanelles en route for Constantinople, and then to refuse passage to the following British warships.

The early offensive by the Turks against Egypt in 1914 was supported by the Germans, in effect showing that the later war of 1916-18 was related to the Dardanelles-Gallipoli campaign.

There is a surprising and heartening reference to: 'Under England's leadership and in the usual methodical way, well thought-out and lasting . . . ' This will evoke wry doubts, particularly among those who landed at Suvla and say they were 'just left to get on with it'. He adds that the English were magnificently equipped and rationed; their operations were based on correct principles and were splendidly thought-out and prepared

to the smallest detail, and were carried out accurately and methodically. He agrees with Churchill's optimistic early outcome of a wide strategic success.

Kannengiesser's opinion of Stopford is scathing and he agrees that the Allies should have pressed on quickly after landing, before the Turkish reserves could be brought up to aid the German Major Willmer who was in command of the widely-spread Turks around Anafarta. This action was taken by Liman Von Sanders himself and Colonel Mustapha Kemal was put in command of the whole of the Turkish forces in the area.

The Suvla failure led to Bulgaria joining the German side, leading to further attacks, with Austria, Serbia, calling for Allied aid which was the origin of the Macedonia campaign, based on Salonika. This in turn led to the conquest of Bulgaria, then Turkey in late 1918 and so to the defeat of Germany in November.

Kannengiesser quotes Gallipoli as a special case of combined operations using all forces then known, other than cavalry, compressed into narrow limits of space and time.

The author's considered opinion of the Allies just missing success was the cumbersome War Council in London, comprising constantly changing membership, predominantly civilian with many members having no knowledge of, or connexion with military matters but overwhelmed with their own business. He also considers that the (voluntary) army had insufficient peace-time training.

Finally he supports his own side by giving the lesson of Gallipoli: 'Firm will, stubborn devotion to duty and unshakeable loyalty on the part of the Turks gained them the victory against superior might and crushing material of the Entente.'

* * * * * * * * * * * * * E H W B

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TO A WAR MEMORIAL

By the late Captain Leslie Briggs Lawrance
5th Royal Iniskilling Fusiliers (436)

In the Toronto daily paper in the early twenties there appeared a cartoon which depicted a wounded soldier standing at the base of the Cenotaph. He had a look which suggested 'was it worth it?' In this poem we hear the soldier addressing the statue on the Cenotaph.

So you're my buddy they carved in the stone,
That's standing on guard and all alone,
The silent memory of a bygone day
When a 'stray one' came and took you away.
I often wonder what you'd say
If you could leave your post one day,
To tell us if you'd rather be
A statue, or alive like me.

One day each year the public meet
To place a poppy wreath at your feet.
They sing a hymn and offer praise,
They laud your sacrifice, and raise
A huge subscription to build another
Buddy of stone - maybe your brother;
While we who are left look on and sigh,
And wonder why we too can't die.

I haven't eaten these last few days,
'Cos nickles and dimes are hard to raise.
I can't panhandle - it hurts my pride.
I'd willingly work, and daily I've tried
At knocking doors and ringing bells,
A-peddlin' magazines everyone sells;
And always the ladies seem to say,
'I'm tired o' you chaps - you're the fourth today'.

What wouldn't I give for a bowl of stew,
Or bully and biscuits on which to chew.
I used to grumble at Army tea,
But I wouldn't now - just try me and see.
You say - 'what the 'ell have I done since the war?
Don't ask me that chum, it hurts to the core,
'Cos I should 'a been learning, not mixing in strife
Of a war, what took the best years of my life.

What's that you say? - 'do I get a pension?,
Or Gov'ment relief as was their intention.
And aint they fulfilled all them promises swell
Which was made to the boys what went through that 'ell?
Speak up a bit buddy what's carved in stone,
For this 'lectric ear aint as good as my own
That was shot off in France on the fourteenth o' May
Is that when you got yours, did I hear you say?

Well never mind buddy, you aint missed much,
'Cept now and then the human touch
Of some who recall the sacrifice made,
And the bloody price which many paid,
So that on earth there might be peace,
And war throughout the land might cease.
But it didn't work - they're fighting yet,
And will keep it up - d'you wanta bet?

So remain a memorial, and forever be
My buddy in stone, so you and me
Can wander 'midst the battlefields trod,
To talk of you boys who've gone to God.
And when my 'Last Post' has sounded the 'G',
O buddy in stone, please come for me,
And take me to that heavenly goal,
Where Jesus may receive my soul.

GALLIPOLI MEMORIES

By Major P G H Cripps M C 1 R Dublin Fusiliers (464)

It is a pity that there are now very few Gallipoli veterans alive for after all that campaign was no less than 65 years ago and those taking part still alive must be well into their eighties!.

My own roughly seven weeks before I caught a Turkish bullet were hectic in every way and I was in the front line for most of that exciting period.

A few interesting events came my way such as soon after arrival I was made Orderly Officer at the base camp at Cape Helles.

I recall having a luxurious breakfast of bacon and eggs on the River Clyde with Captain Unwin and my job with my men of the Dublin Fusiliers ordered to drive a lot of striking Greek Labourers along the cliffs blocked at one end; a job undertaken with enthusiasm by my men but what a very frightened and dirty crowd these Greek labourers proved to be and I have often wondered how these Greek labourers liked the daily arrival of that famous Asiatic Annie shell!

Another memory was of my finding a very large fragment of a Queen Elizabeth 15-in shell and nearby a tortoise's nest with eggs like ping pong balls.

Another memory is of our capture of a German Naval Officer in charge of a Turkish Machine Gun emplacement, badly wounded and whilst I was doing my best to bandage him up, I told him in German that we had just got news of Italy's entrance to our side, only to be drastically and courageously told that the Germans did not care a damn.

Another memory was of my great desire to find some water to wash in and indeed I found a partly dug trench with some greenish water but when a snake slithered in, I thought it best to let him have his bath.

Another memory is on a rare occasion when I was not in the front line, I was in a dug-out on the cliffs but objected to an enormous spider which wanted apparently to share the dug-out.

Another memory soon after our arrival I was sent out to find a route to the Achi Baba front line past the PINK FARM, across a very open plain and believed that lots of Turkish eyes were watching me and even two shrapnel shells

came over but the Dublins eventually went up the Krithia Nullah for the attempted advance of the 4th June.

This attempted attack of the 4th June was a big failure and I recall we followed up after the Sikhs where Lt General Sir Reginald Savory, then a 2nd Lieutenant was the only Officer left and personally I was a darned lucky individual as that morning I was appointed Machine Gun Officer and had to leave my Platoon, not that I had been trained in the Vickers, but my platoon was wiped out to a man in the attack following after the Sikhs when dashing round a sharp bend in the Nullah.

I remember doing my best to find a suitable place in that Nullah to place my 4 Vickers and at one moment got mightly close to the Turkish front line where a still alive Sikh made me duck my head as I was within say 30 yards of a lot of Turks in a shallow trench. Talking of the Sikhs, I recall they were also near us in the front line before Krithia on the Turkish attack of the 5th July,

On my arrival at the Hospital ship DONGOLA after being rowed out on a stretcher to a trawler from Grimsby and getting a very black cup of tea, a Nectar as I was damnably thirsty after losing so much blood, my stretcher was lifted on board and on arrival at the reception deck, a very pretty nice Red Cross Nurse said 'My dear boy the first thing we will give you is a bath.' What with so much blood from a wound in my forehead, another in my right arm and a fragment in my tummy muscles plus weeks of trench warfare with mighty little water, personal cleanliness was none too easy.

As soon as I was received on board, a large French Transport was torpedoed close by our Hospital ship.

In a way it was fun to first get thoroughly cleaned up, my sundry wounds attended to, then to be placed upside down on the operating table with my rear end exposed for I had received lots of fragments from my own Jam Tin Bomb, thrown hopefully back-handed by me from my crouching position at our side of the sandbag block in the old Turkish Fire trench; which had unfortunately hit the top sandbag and dropped just behind me, so all I could do was to present my beam end hopefully and very painfully.

I recall going up the Nullah and having a Turkish shrapnel shell burst ahead and I was able to gather the actual shell and its nose cap which on return to England, I gave to a relation and it was in their drawing room, and looked ever

so shiny and interesting with its Turkish writing etc.

I did a lot of sniping as I was a Marksman and used a stripped rifle most successfully.

One stupid Turk left his front line trench on the other side of the Nullah to let down his trousers. He leapt high as my 600 yard bullet got home and then lay still.

Another good shot was much closer and at a Turk digging with his head popping up above the parapet, but my first shot just missed and he stupidly started to dig again, but this time I centred and his body was just thrown out almost at once.

Another shot was at an apparent dug-out at the junction of the Fork at a longish range, with the result that a Turk crawled out very painfully.

Another successful bit of sniping was at a fairly long range visible say 15-20 yards of a Turkish communicating trench on the other side of the Nullah. I first got a chap in a white shirt and immediately two others who rushed to help him and that day I seemed to have hit eleven, but next morning the Turks had built a high protecting heap of sandbags so blocked my further chance.

Another memory was when I called an Artillery Observation Officer to our Trench to show him in actual action a Turkish Field Gun battery shrapnelling our front line trench. He was quite excited using his field glasses but when I asked him to do something about it, he replied 'What with?' The U K batteries had mighty little amunition and had to save for an extreme emergency.

The famous Ghurkas with their kukri knives, only meant so I believe, to draw blood, but maybe used for peeling potatoes, were used by these very able men sneaking out at night and getting their Turk, slicing his throat, slicing off his two ears which were then attached to a knotted string like the way figs are sold in Turkey and there were very proud Ghurkas afoot with quite a few such Turkish ears on their strings!!

One thing I recall was that we always considered the Turk a clean fighter, extremely brave even foolishly and recall one of their attacks with a very tall Turk bearing a Crescent flag, marching more or less calmly towards our fire trench calling loudly to ALLAH, ALLAH

and the Turkish attackers clustering behind him, their leader of course being mown down by our rifles and machine guns without pity.

Another very unpleasant job which I had to do was to creep out of our fire trench to see who were the two British Officers dead say 20 yards out, but when I got there, it was a beastly job digging my fingers into their nastily swelling necks, as it was pretty hot at that period.

I was much amazed later in England to meet the Major in charge of the Dublins during my 7 weeks on that Peninsula and I met the then Adjutant Stirling in the last war in Cairo.

One last thought is that one speaks of a mad Irishman but in Gallipoli they called me the 'Mad Mullah' or something similar.

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A TALL STORY

Browsing through the GUINNESS BOOK OF RECORDS I found an interesting tall story. It is that the British Army's tallest soldier was one BENJAMIN CROWE who joined the army on post-war call-up in Litchfield in November 1947. He was seven feet one inch and being non-standard spent most of his time hanging around waiting for uniform and equipment to fit him.

I know this is true as he is a nephew of mine.

E H W B

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A Gallipolian got on in the world, after the war. So did his wife who had had very little education but knew the value of it, telling her friends that when their young son grew up he was going to a good school. 'Eton or 'arrods, I don't mind which'.

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Sweet young V A D in a hospital ship off W Beach told her patient: 'I've got to give you a teaspoonful of castor oil' but with memories of school cookery lessons added: 'The M O didn't say if it was to be a level teaspoonful or a heaped one'.

RHYMES OF FOUR FRONTS

Extracts from the book by Thomas W Hutton
(1st Scottish Horse Brigade)(13th Bn Black Watch)

Sent by J H Crosby T E M Scottish Horse 1912-1919 (320)

FOR THE SECOND TIME OF ASKING

For the second time of asking, boys, for the second time
it's au revoir
Ah, yes, we like to think it will be so,
But Life's a play uncertain, and Fate's an opaque curtain
And so perhaps its 'Good-bye' ere we go.
There's the gamble of Gallipoli, where we helped to
throw the dice,
There's just a cross or two to mark the place,
But, boys, you know full well 'twas a gamble sure of hell,
And we didn't start squarely in the race.

For the second time of asking, boys, but we'll get a
better show maybe.
Well, some are bullet-scarred, but none dismayed.
We only ask a fair fight in the dark or the daylight
And will gladly pay the price to be paid.
We will render to the God of Battles what's justly His
to claim,
Our tribute will be blood-wine flowing red;
There'll be roaring hell to pay, for we also
toast 'The Day'.
When we'll say the last word that's to be said.

For the second time of asking, boys, we'll kiss the
little lass farewell,
And we'll part with a tiny throb of pain.
We will talk of golden hours and of mem'ry's cherished
flowers
And country lanes and shining yellow grain.
We will sing the old camp choruses as we leave
Auld Scotia's braes.
There'll be 'Annie Laurie', 'Downhearted?' 'No!'
And 'The sunshine of your Smile' and then every
little while,
'Just a Wee Deoch an' Doris' ere we go.



A REMINDER OF 1971

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH ON GALLIPOLI GREETING CAPTAIN H N LYSTER MBE MC
(Shaking hands) and MAJOR H McK WHITTALL DSO

CHRONICAL TALES FROM THE GALLIPOLI CHRONICLES

SECOND SPASM

A Gallipolian had a granddaughter who helped on his farm. One day she took loads of manure around for local sale in gardens. At one house she saw rhubarb growing and asked the owner, nearby, if he would like some manure to put on his rhubarb. His retort was: 'Garn, we put custard on our rhubarb!'

Another Gallipolian had a granddaughter who was air mad. She had an airman boyfriend and so she said she knew all about aircraft. One day when an aircraft flew nearby someone asked her what sort of machine it was. She thought hard for a time and then said with relief and a smile 'It's a monoplane!'

The soldier grandson of a Gallipolian was off to the Gulf - Bahrain. He knew that his grandfather had been out there after Gallipoli and so asked what climate it was. He was promptly told 'They get all sorts of weather bar rain.'

A much depleted battalion at Gallipoli was withdrawn from the line and sent away for 'rest'. The C O knew the need for keeping up morale by work and mental stimulation and arranged one day for an officer who was a poet to give a lecture on Keats. Before the parade the R S M got his blokes on parade and warned the men not to show their ignorance by asking what keats were!'

A Gallipolian was caring for his granddaughter. She eloped one day and as he couldn't stand the fellow he chased her by car and by train and by helicopter.

A Gallipolian visited his doctor and was told:
'Your trouble is gastric.'
'But doctor it can't be. We are all electric.'

A Gallipolian and his wife had a girl from Iceland as a home help. They said that when she got homesick she would spend her days off sitting in the frig.