THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

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No. 30 AUTUMN 1979

THE GALLIPOLIAN

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

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ANNUAL DINNER — 2 October 1979
Guest of Honour — Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher Foxley-Norris GCB DSO OBE RAF(Ret)

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THE MINUTES OF THE A G M are enclosed with this issue, also the revised MEMBERSHIP LIST to 1 June 1979

THE DINNER 2 OCTOBER 1979

Thanks to our being sponsored by our Vice-President Lt-Col P J Gething we are again holding the Annual Dinner at the Royal Air Force Club, 128 Piccadilly, London. The club is between Hyde Park and Green Park tube stations and parking in nearby roads is free after 6.30

TIME: 6.30 for 7

DRESS: Dinner jacket (or dark suit)
Miniatures (or medals)

NAME TAB: As usual. To indicate your name and unit. Note that this is NOT the place-card which will be sent out on receipt of the application

GUESTS: Male guests are welcome. Please state names.

PRICE: £7.00

APPLICATIONS: Latest date for receipt of applications, with cheque, 27 September. Please note that 2nd class postage may take a week.
Please enclose a stamped return envelope and give your name in BLOCK LETTERS, and number.

PLACE-CARDS: These will be sent out and should be brought to the dinner, as a ticket. They are meant to be placed, standing, on the dining table where the member desires to sit. Place-cards already in position must not be moved.
This card is NOT the name tab, above.

DRINKS: Payable in cash at the bar and at the table.

WELCOME: For maximum enjoyment do make yourself known to your neighbours. You may be new, but so were they a few years ago.

WARNING: Members should pay heed to the warning notices in the cloakroom.

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ASSOCIATION TIES

At the new price of £1.75 they are still good value in comparison with shop prices for equal standard. Due to the unexpected big increase in membership recently there may now be a delay in supplying, (A tie of similar quality - Crimplene - supplied by a certain professional Institution costs £3.50).

GALLIPOLI DAY 1979

The Anzac Day wreath-laying ceremony at the Cenotaph was attended by a number of us as usual and Captain E W Bush R N laid the wreath on behalf of the Association.

We then repaird to the Duke of York's for a drink, chat and lunch, with 60 members and guests. After the excellent meal the President first paid tribute to those who died in the campaign, together with those who have died during the year, including Tim Heeley, a committee member. He remarked that we had enrolled our first Woman Member, Mrs Laffin who as Sister N A Pike had served with the 3rd Australian General Hospital on Lemnos. (See p 19)

Donald Bland, our Honorary Treasurer, presented the Accounts, stating that they were healthy, partly due to a legacy of £100 from the estate of John D Pears who had served as a Petty Officer in the Howe Battalion of the R N D. The accounts were adopted with acclamation and a vote of thanks passed to the treasurer, and to the Auditors who had performed the task without charge to us. A letter of thanks would be forwarded to them.

Edgar Banner then gave a short report on the state of the Association which was flourishing and still finding new members, some of whom were present and stood up. He particularly thanked Donald Bland for his ever-ready help, also the committee and Denis Pollard who provides the copies of Minutes etc for us. He pointed out the fine picture of the 'River Clyde' hanging on the wall which had been very kindly given to us by J W Gearing, and also showed one of our shields which we had given to the Duke of York's for display.

General Savory thanked Edgar Banner for his report and all those others who had given their services. He welcomed the guests, especially Mr Gordon Cheater of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission who later showed an excellent film of war graves all over the world where Britons had served. This brought back memories to all and the whole film was very moving and thought-provoking. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded Mr Cheater for kindly giving us the opportunity of seeing it.

Major J F Ford

DECADE BUT NOT DECAYED

This was the heading of a letter sent to the Daily Telegraph in April. The letter was published all right, but evidently the title was considered to be too involved for the average reader and the letter appeared under the more prosaic title of . . .

But that is going too far ahead.

A year ago the story 'GALLIPOLI - and the sequel' was written, hopefully for general reading, not just for our members. It was submitted to the Daily Telegraph but not accepted on the grounds that that paper had decided not to publish anything more on First-War anniversaries. It was then published in The Gallipolian, number 26, Autumn 1978.

In April this year a story appeared in the Daily Telegraph about the Zebrugge exploit of 1918; definitely first war. A few days later a second reference to that affair was published, on which your editor thought it worth while to try again, reminding readers of the paper that this reunion was taking place just ten years after the Gallipoli Association was founded. The letter was accepted and published on the 19th April, not long before our reunion lunch on the 25th. It appeared as a Letter to the Editor, reading:

GALLIPOLI REUNION

Sir - Ten years ago your newspaper called veterans of Gallipoli to a reunion to be held on April 25, 1969, the anniversary of the landings in 1915. The proposed reunion was expected to be a farewell party but at the meeting all present wanted an organization to continue such reunions.

Thus the Gallipoli Association was born: it holds a lunch on April 25 and a dinner in October. To date over 700 veterans have joined although, as is to be expected, only about half are still going strong.

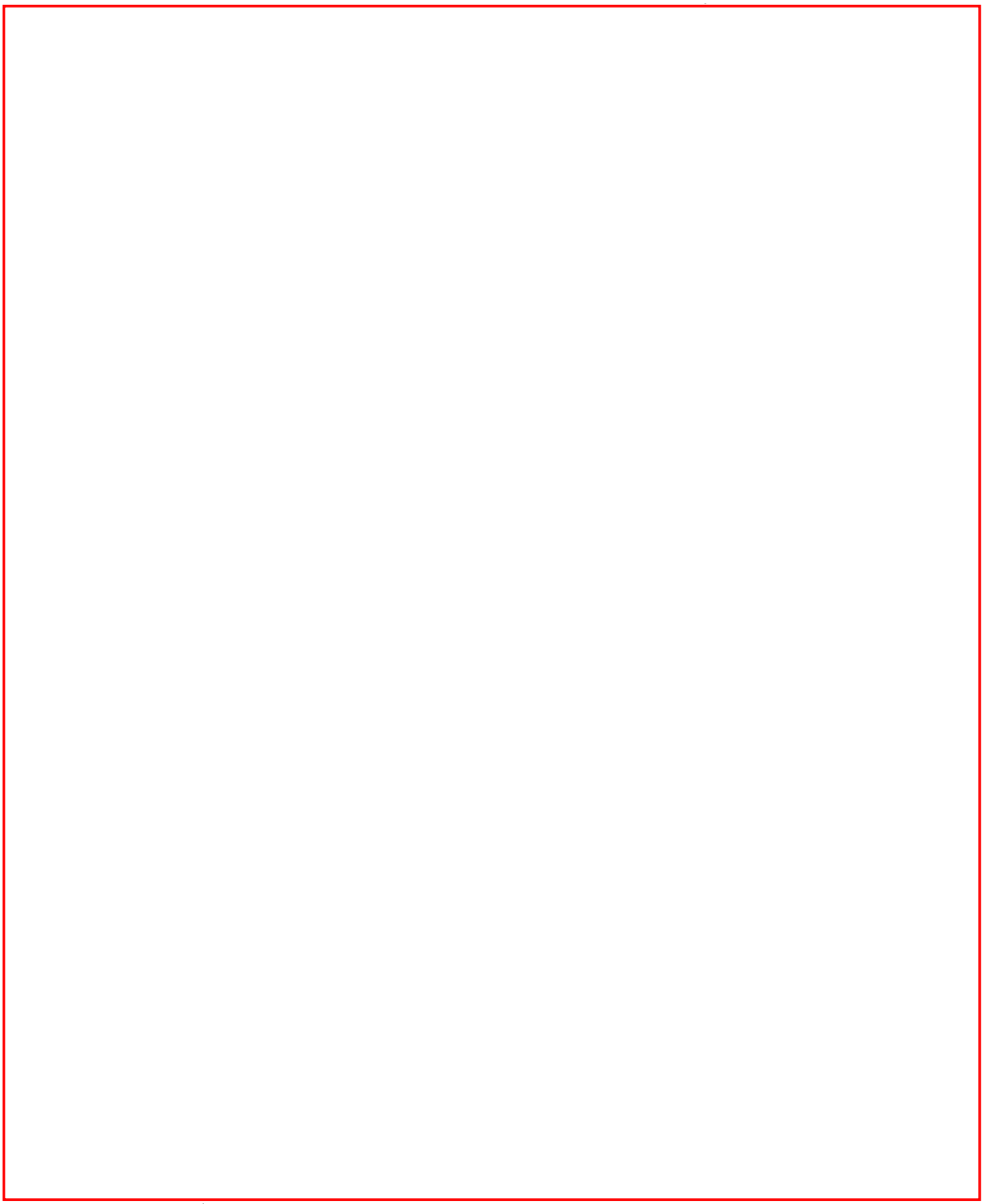
This year the lunch is to be held at the Duke of York's headquarters in London, on April 25, following the laying of a wreath at the Cenotaph for Anzac Day. New members are still being found and are very welcome.

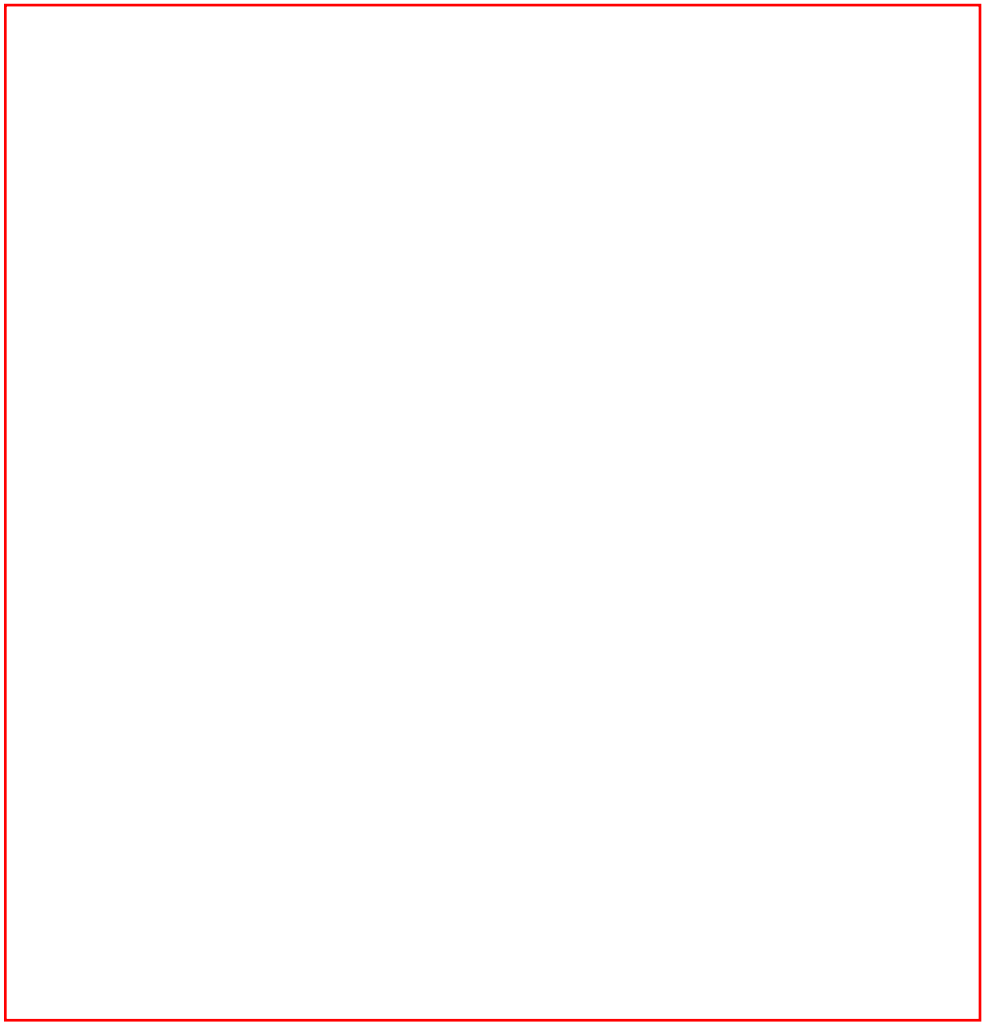
E H W Banner

Resulting from that letter many telephone calls and letters came along. The first telephone call came at 11 o'clock on the morning of publication and the last of the day at 11 o'clock pm. Four members were enrolled in time to come to the lunch, at very short notice and the total number of new members, resulting from the Daily Telegraph letter is 32 plus one A M, This was the net result from 45 replies. Last year a (paid) Personal Column note in the same paper brought in six new members.

NEW MEMBERS (Up to 1 July 1979)

In the original printed journal, this page and the two following contain names and full addresses of new members. additionally a small section on page 9 contains address amendments. For data protection and personal privacy reasons, this content has been omitted.





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MAJOR J G C MACKINLAY

Our happy relationship with the Gurkhas is now increased by the addition of Major Mackinlay as an Associate Member (757). He is the permanent cadre officer of the 6th Queen's Own Gurkha Rifles, the regiment whose Colonel, Brigadier D Powell-Jones was our Guest of Honour at Dinner in 1977. (See p 15)

OBITUARY (At 1 July 1979)

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

A G Marlow (ASC 29 Div)	(222)
E Harris (1 Border R 29 Div)	(590)
W Openshaw (2 South Wales Borderers 29 Div)	(631)
S Byrne BEM (2 Hants R 29 Div)	(399)
Capt J H Mankin RE (Tpr 3 Co Lon Y)	(563)
W C Moore MSM ISM (Bdr RFA 17 Bde)	(519)
J H Heeley (Spr RE 458 Fld Coy 29 Div)	(501)
W Millar (Pte City of Lon R Fus)	(370)
J S Houston (Pte RAMC 1/3 Lowland Fld Amb 52 Div)	(637)

J H HEELEY

'Tim' Heeley served in the campaign as a sapper in the 458 Field Company R E, 29th Division. He joined the Association in 1972 as soon as he found of its existence and was one of the younger type with more than average activity, leading to his election to the committee, where he is much missed. He was a chartered mechanical engineer by profession.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

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GILTY OR NOT GILTY

A demobilized Gallipolian received his war gratuity. He did not cash the postal order (this was in 1919) but took it to his bank manager for advice. He was recommended to put his money into Government bonds, being assured that 'You can't go wrong with gilt-edged'. But after a bit of thought he replied: 'I'm not so sure. I knew a girl, once; she was a lovely piece, blue-eyed, golden-haired, the lot! Then one day I happened to get a close-up look at her head and saw that her hair was really grey, gilt-edged.'

GALLIPOLI - 1915

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

(Continued from number 28)

We went on and found ourselves in a circular trench running in a hook from our path, round and down to the sea. For the most part, it faced across the Peninsula then turned, facing the Turkish lines, that is, it faced east and north. It was at least 1,200 yards behind the original Turkish front line and was only connected with our new front line by a single hastily-dug trench running along the top of the cliffs, halfway up which ran the path by which we had approached. It was the furthest point ever reached by our troops and, because it was captured and held, mostly by the 86th Brigade, was known as Fusilier Bluff.

When we got into this trench it was still light enough to see it and its surroundings, as well as the many bodies lying all around. Many of these were Gurkhas, who had crawled far behind the enemy lines on previous days and dealt out destruction with their kukris before being killed. These Gurkhas were greatly feared by the Turks.

The J.11 and J.12 trenches, running out at right angles to the Fusilier Bluff trench from the cliff communication trench and two or three hundred yards back from the Bluff, were held by the Gurkhas and were the scene of the fierce fighting during the night to come. These trenches faced north up the Peninsula and ran out, perhaps three or four hundred yards into the upper and shallow end of Gully Ravine, facing us, which was strongly held by the Turks. The trenches were thus enfiladed all the time and the Turks kept attacking along them with bomb and bayonet. The Gurkhas resisted fiercely, but were pushed out and re-took the trenches seven times that night. They lost all their British officers early and were led by Indian officers and, afterwards, by N C Os. Twice, once during the panic, of which more later, and one other time, they came back and sheltered behind us for a while until they had taken breath, and then they attacked again. I thought then and I have often thought since, that not enough has been said or written, if anything has been, about the extra-ordinary bravery and

sticking powers they showed that night. This lack of notice was, I suppose, due to the fact that none of their British officers survived, also because the Gurkhas and ourselves had got into the habit of looking on fighting as all part of the day's work, to be carried out, finished with and seldom to be even spoken about afterwards by the survivors. The valorous dead told no tales. There must have been three British officers and about two hundred rank and file of the Gurkhas. In the J.11 and J.12 trenches at dusk on the 28th. No British officer and perhaps only forty Gurkha rank and file got out the following morning, but the J trenches were held finally and handed over intact on the 29th June. We owed a lot to our Indian soldiers on the Peninsula and elsewhere. Their bravery was beyond praise and their sticking powers phenominal.

On Fusilier Bluff we had some two hundred men, mostly from the Munsters, but with many men from the other battalions of the 86th Brigade, who had got mixed up during the advance and, as far as I could find as dusk fell, only four officers were there including myself. One of these officers did not show up during the whole night and I only saw him the following morning, well up among the survivors crawling down the communicating trench leading to our front line. He was one of the attached officers, not a Regular, and he disappeared from the battalion a few days afterwards, sick, I believe. The two other officers were my friends Smith and Jones, whom I had met on the Mauretania and who, as I have said, were too old for this kind of warfare. I am afraid they were of little use for they could not stand the strain and physical hardship they had to endure, or the 'joy and excitement' which our General said we were feeling. At about 2 a.m. that morning I came upon Smith madly digging a deep hole behind the trench, utterly distraught and quite unable to explain his actions. A little later I found Jones lying behind the parados absolutely exhausted. I managed to send them down to a boat which had come ashore from one of the destroyers which was busily taking off wounded, and I hope they got safely away. I never saw them again.

I just had time before daylight failed, to go round the trench, see that it was properly manned, the N C Os distributed, and a proportion of men in holes behind the parados to take their turn of rest and to act as reserves and to feel that, as far as possible, all was as it should be under the circumstances, when the Turks made their first attack on us.

They came forward out of Gully Ravine, here about a hundred yards ahead, literally in masses. The men reacted wonderfully and poured in a terrific fire, rapid, well-aimed and low. It was like a threshing machine going through a field of corn. None of the Turks came within twenty yards of us that time and as they reeled back we saw what appeared to be hundreds of bodies on the ground, many of them burning, and some being blown up by the bombs they carried. Then, and in later attacks, these little fires seemed to be burning all over the landscape and the writhing bodies they lit up did not add to our 'joy'. It was not necessary here, as it was with our General, to 'imagine' horrors!

The Turks let us alone after their first effort for four hours or so and did not attack us again until about 11 p.m. We got what rest we could, whilst improving the trench in this interval. However, they tried to shell us with pip squeaks and this went on intermittently all night. It did not bother us much as the Turk had not got our range and he shot mostly over our heads, though a few fell short. I do not think he hit our trench once during the night. Meanwhile, however, another and worse worry beset us. We had plenty of ammunition, brought up earlier, and a few jam tin bombs, but most of the men had drunk their water during the strenuous day and were now very thirsty; and thirst is not a pleasant thing, especially when you are fighting in a sandy and hot country. All along the trench I could hear cries of 'Water, water' and water there was none. My own water bottle was empty. There was none, even for the wounded men and somehow I had failed to get any message through to the destroyers when their boats came ashore to pick up wounded. They were only able to do this two or three times during the night and one never knew when or where they would come. No regular arrangements to deal with the wounded had been made as far as I knew though, as has been seen, our General knew that we 'were being hard beset to hold on to what we had won.' A little more imagination might have suggested that the prayers for valour might have had included in them a few for the transport of wounded and for a little water or, better still, the necessary arrangements might have been made.

The Turks attacked us four or five times that night but only once did a few of them get into the trench - none of these got out - our men were as good with the bayonet as with the rifle. To be continued.

THE DARDANELLES AND U F Os

Notwithstanding the accounts in The Gallipolian of 1973 and 1974 (numbers 13 & 14) and in the last issue, number 29, which decry the story of a company of the 5th Royal Norfolks going up in a U F O at Suvla there is still a story to be told, as the following narrative from the wife of a Gallipoli tour member relates:

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Reading Major Verschoyle's reminiscences of former visits to Gallipoli (number 29, pages 6-10) recalled my personal memories of the 1957 pilgrimage to Salonika and Gallipoli. It was a smallish party including six ladies, of whom I was one; some had been nursing sisters in the Salonika campaign.

The main party arrived at Chanakkale by air from Istanbul; this included four ladies and we were booked to stay at the Dogan Palas Hotel. It had been a tiring journey as we had had a day and night rail journey from Salonika to Istanbul and so the name Dogan Palace (!) conjured up - hot drinks, comfortable beds, plenty of hot water, etc. etc. The reality was that our rooms, some dormitory type, were already occupied by local visitors who were hurriedly evicted. I didn't think they were paying guests anyway. The communal tap on the landing had lots of running cold water, in fact it never stopped running and the rest of the plumbing (?) close by was never less than two inches under water, if you see what I mean. However, water is water.

While our rooms were being prepared we asked if we could have a cup of tea and a smiling and enthusiastic 'Yes' was very welcome. About an hour later I investigated the nether regions in search of the tea and found a tiny charcoal fire, with a funnel to take a kettle, on the point of extinction - and no people. After a bit, with much blowing of the fire the kettle did eventually produce some boiling water. With the help of a young boy who had by then appeared a small quantity of tea was discovered.

I always maintain that while the kettle was boiling he taught me Turkish and I taught him English, especially when the tea was eventually made, after a three-hour wait. I had great difficulty in persuading him to allow me to take it to the other ladies, particularly as he himself would not take it. But at last we had our cup of tea.

Our meals while at the hotel were taken at an outside eating house, not quite a 'Corner House', along the road and it seemed as if the whole local population had turned out to escort us and then to fill every doorway and window to watch us eat our fill. It was great fun although rather like living in a goldfish bowl.

Next morning the whole party crossed the Dardanelles to Morto Bay, where there was a landing stage; this is near Sedd ul Bahr and V Beach at Cape Helles. Transport was by the Admiral's launch and from then on we were very much the concern of the Turkish navy who didn't leave us alone for a minute.

After visiting the famous beaches and walking through the rows of small headstones on the graves of your lost comrades, all so young, we were physically and emotionally exhausted so that what was needed was a refreshing bathe in that lovely clear water, the men having by then left the beach for further exploration.

The only way we ladies could escape from the Turkish navy was by using the Admiral's launch as a changing room. Then two of us were soon lazily splashing around, in splendid solitude.

On returning to base the other ladies told us that we had nearly caused an international incident. The army, patrolling along the high ground above the beach had seen two unidentified floating objects (U F Os) in the water in a prohibited area and only by frantic efforts on the part of our naval escort, much wringing of hands and the fact that we had used the Admiral's launch had the army been restrained from opening fire on us.

Our naval friends were most attentive, picking wild flowers for us every few yards (this was in springtime). Some of these I brought back and pressed and they are mounted in a book which I still treasure. My newly learned 'Teshekkur Ederin' ('Thank You' in Turkish) came in very useful here. On the following day we visited Anzac and the hills.

This was for me a first visit to Gallipoli and although I have since made other visits I have never quite regained the atmosphere of my original experience of Gallipoli, when in imagination I could visualize all those young soldiers, with their equipment, swarming on to the beaches in the face of such overwhelming odds. I

could in imagination hear the guns and see the casualties and I could feel the silence following the evacuation most of all. I could feel the sorrow of the relatives of all those left behind and in my heart I salute them. I saluted the memory of all those left in their well-earned peace at the scene of their last earthly battle and I wish you, the gallant survivors, many more years of sometimes happy, sometimes poignant remembrances of that campaign in 1915.

A Wife

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WRITES, RITES AND RIGHTS

THE GALLIPOLIAN tries to portray many faces of the campaign which seem to be of interest to members. Most of the material is contributed by veterans of the campaign; all of it is pertinent to some and, hopefully much of it to nearly all. So do continue to WRITE.

Occasional ceremonies are described such as wreath-laying at war shrines: such rites are of less and less interest to the public at large and particularly to the young, but such RITES should be observed when called for, annually, and so members are asked to give their accounts of such RITES for publication.

In these days RIGHTS are considered to be more paramount than duties but they are listed here last. Wars (and peace) are not won by our standing on our RIGHTS. RIGHTS? Well, yes, we all know . . . . .

E H W B

GURKHAS AT SARI BAIR

Major J C G Mackinlay (AM 757) is undertaking a research into the 6th Gurkha Rifles action under Major Allanson at SARI BAIR on 6-11 Aug 1915 and would greatly appreciate any eye-witness or diary accounts of this event. Please contact at: Cross Keys, East Meon, Hants. (See p 8)

PROUD TROOPER CONVERTED TO 'P B I'

By Alex Barclay Ayrshire Yeomanry (509)

(Continued from Number 29)

On 26th November, acting under instructions, I set off with my bomber squad to take over a bombing sap again. I was to go up to the 'Eski' lines, rest the night there, and move off early the next morning in order to get into the bomb sap by early light. It was the usual practice for the bombers to get into their new position a day before the regiment and spend 24 hours with the outgoing bombers. This allowed the relieving bomb squad to become acquainted with the conditions and hazards in that particular sap. We duly settled in without trouble and expected the regiment to follow the next morning. During the night, however, a terrible blizzard of wind, hail and snow developed and this delayed the regiment for 24 hours. We were still in summer clothing - khaki drill - and with one day's ration of food we had a very thin time of it. To make matters worse during that period we had sleet and thaw in the daytime and very hard frost in the night times. The bottom of the sap became mud, 3-4 inches deep, which soaked through our boots and made our clothing continually wet. At night the mud froze on our boots and the clothing froze on our bodies, so we had to continually keep on the move to stay alive. We dared not sleep, or allow anyone to sleep, as that would have been fatal.

On the morning of the 29th our S Q M S (Hughie) Brown (from Ochitree Mains Farm and an ex Boer War veteran who had served in that war as bugler to the Colonel of the Imperial Yeomanry) contacted us just before daylight. He had had great difficulty in finding us and informed us that breakfast was on the way. He had a rum bottle with him and gave us a ration out of that. I did not usually drink rum but, because of the cold, I did take it on this occasion and felt quite giddy for the next half hour due to the combination of lack of food and cold; however, the arrival of breakfast put me all right again.

For the next day or two the stormy weather continued and we had a terrible time - many of the troops had frostbite and had to be evacuated. During this period

things were very quiet, as neither the Turks nor ourselves were in any condition to engage in any fighting. Early in December the blizzard ended and the weather improved although it was still very cold. On the 4th December my squad was taken out to the reserve trenches, where we were issued with winter clothing and given a good night's rest, and on the following day we again took over a bomb sap immediately to the right of the one which we had endured the blizzard in.

For the next week or so, until we were relieved, we had quite a hectic time as we were up against Turkish troops who seemed to be more aggressive than any we had encountered before, and we also had to endure more consistent shelling. In this trench I found a supply of 'Hales' rifle grenades and thought to use them. I first made a frame from 3 empty grenade boxes to hold a rifle firmly, in order to enable us to fire successive grenades onto the same target. We could also traverse the rifle by moving the frame to the right or left and lengthen or shorten the range by moving the part of the frame, which supported the rifle barrel, out or in to give more or less elevation as required. The whole was fastened down with loaded sandbags.

The site of the bombsaps which we now had to garrison was about 200-300 yards east of the saps which we had previously garrisoned on the side of the Krithia nullah and, being on the flat, it did not drain so easily. The Turks especially were badly hit by the thaw and rain that followed the blizzard, as, although our first line trenches tended to be drained by our communication trenches, their communication trenches carried the water downhill into their firing line. After getting the contraption for the rifle grenades ready we looked around for a target and saw water being ladled out of a Turkish communication trench by the use of a long-handled ladle and thought this spot a likely target. It was about 150 yards away, in the enemy support line, and so we fired a trial shot after aiming our rifle to the best of our ability. We achieved the right distance, but the grenade landed about 3 yards to the left of the target and, much to our amusement, the weilder of the ladle put it up and signalled a 'miss'. We traversed our rifle and got a bull the next time; together with a big splash of water the ladle and its long shaft were blown from the trench and the emptying of water ceased. We now found the range of their communication trench and fired a few bombs into it daily and many more at nighttime when we presumed that more traffic would be using it.

A day or two after having started to use the Hales rifle grenade we had a visit from the Colonel and the Adjutant, who showed great interest in our 'rifle holding' contrivance. This was the only occasion on which I saw a commissioned officer of the Regiment in a bomb sap, excepting our own bombing officer. The Turks reacted to our use of the rifle grenades by a more liberal use of their 'broomstick' bombs, but these, being extremely inaccurate missiles, usually landed behind us in the support lines and did not worry us unduly. What did worry us was the accuracy of their rifle bullets during the night time when rifle fire from the enemy front line trenches, from several different directions, seemed to be aimed to hit the top of our parapet. At night time the periscope which we used during daylight was useless, so we had to keep observation by exposing our heads to look over the top of the parapet. One night one of my squad was slightly wounded, and another two men had near misses - one having his 'capcomfiter' nicked and another receiving a bullet through the upper part of his coat sleeve.

By close observation during the next morning we discovered that the enemy front line had some new loopholes, about five as far as we could see, and we surmised that they were being used in conjunction with tripods to set rifles aimed at our sap. These were set and aimed by day and set off at night at irregular intervals with the hope of catching us with our heads exposed. We endeavoured to destroy these loopholes by throwing bombs to explode against them but, owing to the distance (about 35-40 yards) and to the interference by Turkish wire, which was sited a few yards in front of their trenches, we were unable to get successful results. I then asked one of our snipers, who was armed with a periscope rifle, to shoot bullets into the sandbags directly above the enemy loopholes, after having personally cut the tips off the bullets with my wire cutters. The result of this treatment was that the nicked bullet expanded on hitting the sandbags and the earth contained in them dropped down and blocked the front of the loophole; no matter how the Turks 'poked' at the holes with a stick, they were unable to clear them as the dirt just continued to fall down.

We were doing very well and had accounted for about half of the recognised loopholes when I heard a voice behind me say, 'What the h... do you think you are doing Barclay?' It was my bombing officer who had come into the sap from behind me without being heard. I explained that, as he was well aware, we had experienced a new hazard from the loopholes, that I had tried to destroy these loopholes with bombs, unsuccessfully, and that I was trying another method which was having more success. He said that I was breaking the rules of civilised warfare, but I pointed out that I was not using the treated bullets against the enemy, only against the sandbags covering the loopholes. After some head scratching he moved away after telling me to remember that he had not visited the bombsap that afternoon but that I was to post a sentry to prevent anyone from coming in unexpectedly. We completed the job and had no further trouble from that source.

On another early morning, we suddenly had several bombs explode just outside the bombsap, thrown, we surmised, simultaneously by 3-4 Turks who must have crept from their trench under cover of darkness. Luckily all the bombs exploded outside our sap and we threw a few grenades, which must have driven them back to their trench, as no more bombs followed. We did not know how lucky we had been until day break, when we found an unexploded bomb in the sap. It was similar to our 'cricket ball' bomb, but of much better design, being fitted with a device to allow it to be ignited and thrown by one man. Our bombs had to have one man to light them and another one to throw. I still have this bomb in my possession, although it is now rendered harmless.

To be continued.

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MRS LAFFIN (SISTER N A PIKE) (ANZAC) (723)

Following the A G M our President sent a warm letter of greeting to our first lady member and received a kind letter of appreciation in reply. She regards her membership as representative of all the nurses in Mudros and elsewhere.

THE 'ROYAL EDWARD' - REINFORCEMENTS FOR GALLIPOLI

By the late J S Houston RAMC 52 (Lowland) Div (637)

When we left Devonport at the latter end of July, 1915, I seem to remember there were about 1300 aboard, made up of small parties of reinforcements for various units on Gallipoli, including the 29 Regular Division, the 52nd Lowland Scottish Division, the 42nd Lancashire Division, the 53rd Welsh Division, the Royal Naval Division and possibly other units which I regret I've forgotten.

I write from memory of some 64 years ago when I had just turned 15 that week, and I was one of a party of about 50 reinforcements from the 3rd line of the 2nd, and possibly the 1st, Lowland Field Ambulance stationed at Yorkhill, Glasgow, most of whom had had about 8-10 weeks' training and who had volunteered for active service. No doubt we lacked training and experience but I feel we made up for this in enthusiasm and confidence.

The ROYAL EDWARD was a Canadian Pacific liner, fairly modern, and had been hurriedly prepared as a troopship along with her sister ship, the ROYAL GEORGE which I understand left England twelve hours after us, bound also for the Eastern Mediterranean Army. It seemed that it was no secret that the ROYAL EDWARD was bound for Gallipoli and when we got aboard we were able to purchase postcards of the ship to send home.

The Bay of Biscay was pretty rough and many of us were seasick but as we entered the Mediterranean and made a short stop at Gibraltar the sea was calm and smooth as glass as we made our way for another short stop at Malta, then on to Alexandria where we coaled up. We spend two days at Alexandria with Egyptian coolies running up and down our gangways, carrying bags of coal while small boats sold us cigarettes (50 for 1/-) and passed them up to us on long ropes tied to our sun helmets. There were swarms of young 'Gyppos' diving for small coins which we threw down.

Next stop was to be Mudros Bay on Lemnos Island where we would disembark on to small coastal vessels for the final leg of our journey to Cape Helles or Suvla Bay on

the Gallipoli peninsula. However, few of those who survived the sinking of the ROYAL EDWARD ultimately did reach Mudros and Gallipoli, and not the ROYAL EDWARD and about 1,000 men aboard her.

We were now on the 13th August sailing through the Greek archipelago of fairly small islands in the Aegian Sea. I have heard later that we were seven miles off Kandalusi Lighthouse. Early that Friday morning, about 7 a.m., we passed the Red Cross ship, the SUDAN, loaded with wounded off Gallipoli, and making for Alexandria. We appeared to be having trouble with our crew, particularly the stokers and some of these were arrested and put under guard and their places taken by volunteers from the troops. The ship came to a stop for a short period while the trouble was sorted out.

We had no escort and no defence other than a dummy wooden gun, made by the ship's carpenters and mounted on deck at the stern. In the event of a submarine attack I understood our defence would be from riflemen and machine gunners lining up all around the decks and attempting to divert a torpedo by riflefire.

A strange feature which I heard later was that about an hour or so after we passed the SUDAN, a submarine had surfaced alongside her and had dived under her and surfaced again on her other side and then made off in our direction. The strange feature was the the ROYAL EDWARD could outpace a submarine easily but the ROYAL EDWARD was taking a zigzag course; also, due to our trouble with stokers, we had lost a bit of headway.

About 9.15 a.m., there was a tremendous explosion and a great cloud of black smoke poured up through the open hatchway and out of the side below the lower of the three decks where three of my pals and I were having a game of cards. Our first thought was for life jackets but there was a big queue where these were stored on deck. The next movement was downstairs to another life jacket store but the stairs were packed with men coming up, also the stairs leading up to the top decks.

I looked down the hatchway and saw through the smoke clouds men running about, probably stokers and engineers, while the ship dipped at the stern and the sea poured over our deck and down the hatchway. I made for the rails and started to climb up outside as the stern dipped again and I

was washed away. No boats whatever had been lowered; everything had happened too quickly. As I surfaced, I watched as the ROYAL EDWARD stood on her stern with all her decks packed. She slipped back down completely out of sight as a second explosion, probably the boilers, threw a great cloud of white and black smoke and debris high into the air.

About 50 yards away I could see an empty collapsible boat and I managed to reach it and climb aboard. Almost immediately, many others reached it and we helped them aboard and tried to find and fit the canvas collapsible sides but these had apparently been washed away along with other equipment and the oars. The boat was now filled to capacity with other men holding on to the side. The sea was choppy and becoming more and more rough as we shipped more and more water until she was completely submerged and ultimately turned over, throwing us all out.

I went down with a Maltese stoker clinging to me. Eventually he released his hold on my neck and I came up under the upturned boat and found I could breathe. I pushed myself down several times and finally came up clear but quite a bit away. There were only three men riding on the keel and I managed to make it and was helped aboard. I was exhausted and as I lay over the keel, water gushed out of my mouth. It was quite stormy and as we hung on to the keel the waves lifted our legs up and they crashed down on the sides.

I had got rid of all my clothes except my trousers and belt. Unthinkingly I unbuckled my belt and as I watched it drifting away out of reach I remembered my watch and a golden sovereign in the belt pocket. Too late.

In the late afternoon we sighted a ship on the horizon but it passed out of sight without seeing us. There didn't seem to be many survivors and these were now very widely scattered as the waves were now fairly big and we had to hang on to the keel. Most bodies which were occasionally quickly swept past us were men who had tied on life jackets much too low and they were turned upside down.

One chap was still swimming and as he passed us one of our companions threw him a life jacket which he managed to catch but he was swept out of our reach or

help. Some 60 years later I very unexpectedly received a letter from this man, Mr. A J Bonney of Dennycott, Oxford Road, Tatling End, Gerrards, Bucks. Now he has joined as number 728, he had got my address from another survivor, a Mr. Alec Fraser of the Border Regiment, who was number 723 when he lived at Ellwyn, Traquair Road, Innerleithen, Peeblesshire, and who got my address from The Gallipolian.

One thing greatly impressed me and that was that I never saw one instance of panic but saw many instances of men helping one another. One of our companions on the upturned boat was really a born leader; he would dive off and come back pushing an oar or a life jacket. Also he dived off repeatedly to examine the bodies drifting past us in case there was one that wasn't beyond help. Then he got us singing, 'On the Mississippi' but I must admit I couldn't sing because I was chittering with cold. I would guess it was later afternoon when the hospital ship, the SUDAN, which had passed us early that morning, came into view and stopped. We managed to paddle over to her and climb up the rope ladder. She was packed with wounded off Gallipoli as a fresh landing had just been made at Suvla Bay, and at Cape Helles our own 52nd Lowland Scottish Division had been involved in a supporting attack which resulted in heavy casualties.

Several times on our way back to Alexandria we stopped to bury some of the lads at sea after a short but very impressive service. On board the SUDAN we got a cup of Bovril and a blanket and a share of what food they could spare, until we arrived back in Alexandria's docks where we disembarked and got rigged out with proper clothing and marched off to camp under canvas a few miles outside the town.

Next morning at about 6 a.m., it was physical jerks before breakfast. During a rest period, a Corporal with us asked permission to speak to the Lieutenant in charge. He told him many of us needed medical attention, having survived the sinking of the ROYAL EDWARD, only to be told there was a war on and we were not on a Cook's Tour. However, after breakfast, we lined up single file for Medical Inspection held by two or three officers seated at a table in a marquee. As we filed past, the chairman said, 'Well, how are you? O.K., move along.'

A few days later we went aboard the DERFLINGER bound for Cape Helles again. I camped down on the top deck, resolved never to be caught below decks if there was any chance of being torpedoed again, and if it did happen I wouldn't wait for boats to be lowered but would dive off and swim for it.

A week later we passed approximately the same area where the ROYAL EDWARD went down. Along came Sergeant. He pointed, saying, 'You, you and you' to about a dozen of us. 'Follow me'. Down we went below one deck after another, past the boilers and down a straight up and down iron ladder at the very bottom of the ship. We started to carry up sides of mutton to the cookhouse. As we waited at the bottom for our turn to get up the ladder, the alarm sounded. My heart stopped as the ship's hooter sounded. We were being drowned like the stokers I had looked down the hatchways on a few days earlier on the ROYAL EDWARD.

Those half way up the ladder dropped their loads which clattered down as if they would go down through the bottom. There was no panic, however, and finally we all got safely on deck. Everyone was standing to on the boat deck and riflemen were lined all along the rails. A Marine officer took us all round but all boats had their complement. Ultimately he led us to a pile of rafts and instructed us that in the event of abandoning ship we would take a raft, one at each corner, and throw it overboard and jump after it. It was good advice. However, we were ultimately told to stand down. The torpedo had missed us or we had outdistanced the sub.

Next day, we entered Mudros Bay and boarded a small coastal ship which still showed bills advertising Clyde holiday resorts, Dunoon and Rothesay and Campbeltown, and we set sail for Cape Helles, a few hours' away.

We could hear the guns on Achi Baba but managed to get in close under the cliffs safely and fairly sheltered (alongside the old RIVER CLYDE) from Asiatic Annie on the Asian side across the channel.

We disembarked on to the RIVER CLYDE which was stuck fast on the rocks, down into her and out on to a makeshift pier of barges. I gazed with wonder and amazement at the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, the Royal Munster

Fusiliers and part of the Hants Regiment had faced on that morning of the 25th April, the fort at Sedd el Bahr and the wired beach where they landed. At the same time the Lancashire Fusiliers had landed at W Beach, afterwards known as 'Lancashire Landing', where they won 'six VCs before breakfast', and achieved what seemed impossible. Commander Samson of the Royal Naval Air Service reported that at V and W Beaches he saw the sea red with blood.

On the DERFLINGER when we arrived at Mudros Bay I parted with my Australian cobber, Bill Hayward as he was going back up to Suvla Bay after being wounded there at the landing. Bill, I learned from his pals, had been recommended for the Victoria Cross but had instead been made a King's Corporal. We never met again.

We landed in small parties, spaced out, and made our way up the cliffs in single file and, with a few paces between each man, made our way to trenches where the 3rd Lowland Field Ambulance had their main dressing station. The Edinburgh boys welcomed us 'Glesca Keelies' and gladly accepted our much needed reinforcement.

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CLUBBED

A bunch of clubmen leaving together late one night were accosted by some 'ladies of the town' and as they went on their way one asked the others what collective term they would use to describe them; he said he would call them a 'Jam of Tarts'. Another said 'What about a 'Clutch of Darlings?' An author thought that a 'Novel of Trollops' would be appropriate. The fourth was a rowing man and his term was a 'Paddle of Oars'. Not to be outdone the others continued, a 'Posse of Pussies'. and a legal man put forward a 'Panel of Solicitors'. Then a 'Batch of Bitches' was followed up with a 'Tight Bunch of Loose Women'. The last one was more easy-going and said he thought them a 'Gaggle of Giggles'. It is not reported which was the Gallipolian.

A SAPPER RECALLS

By L J Matthews R Monmouth Engineers (694)

Chapter 1

The Drums of War; Enlistment; Early Training.

AUGUST 1914; As I remember it now it was a hot, peaceful summer. There were murmurings of trouble somewhere in the Balkan Countries, but very little attention was paid to such news for there had been some difficulties and considerable warfare there since about 1910. Soon however matters took a much more serious trend; a King had been assasinated, poor little Serbia was being required to make an apology and to give reparations - or else!! Serbia refused, and before many weeks had passed, France and Russia were drawn into the argument on one side, Austria, Hungary and Germany on the other. Immediately Germany attacked poor little Belgium and then on the fateful day - AUGUST 4th 1915, England declared war on Germany.

At thattime I was working in a Men's Wear shop in Bristol, the idea being that I should learn details of the Clothing side of my father's business, which was one of Boot Manufacture, General Clothing store in the Mid-Somerset town of Midsomer Norton. I was, in fact being trained to become the future owner of what promised to be a very good business in a wide mining district of the Somerset Area. I stayed in Bristol, with my Aunt Blanche and Uncle Jim, where I was extremely happy, and at week-ends I returned to Midsomer Norton, to be with my parents, sisters and brother, other relatives and my personal pals, of whom Fred Gay was the closest. Naturally, at this time there was much talk of the war. It was thought that all would be over before Christmas and many men were rushing off to join the forces, before it was too late.

Naturally, Fred and I talked about joining up. I was really too young, but that was not much of a problem. Then, one week end our cousin Bert Keevil, who had joined the Somerset Light Infantry Battalion in August 1914, was home on his first leave. He looked good in his Army uniform, was keen, and when he came to visit us at our house in North Road my mind was made up. Fred and I

would follow him into the army. We did not, even then rush blindly into uniform. Fred and I talked it over, it was discussed with our parents, who stressed, to me, at any rate, that there was no need to hurry as I was not then of military age. However, in November 1914 we went along to see our School Headmaster - he being also one of the Local Magistrates - discussed it with him and after some enquiry about age, which I said was 19, Fred was 21; George Delve took our attestations and swore us in.

We were sent off to Taunton, and we had in mind to join a line regiment; I, myself, fancied The Black Watch; but - how small things can affect one's whole life - on our way to the station we met and talked to Arthur Rowden, who was an old volunteer. He advised us very strongly not to join a line regiment, but to think up a trade of some kind and to join the Royal Engineers. As we journeyed to Taunton Fred and I talked this out and as Fred was a professional painter and decorator, and I was very adaptable, could, in fact turn my hand to anything, I decided to become a painter too, for, naturally, Fred and I worked for the same firm. (Ourselves!!) This advice was very sound and when we arrived at the Recruiting Office we were urged, very strongly, to join the Gloucester Regiment. Possibly, who knows, had there been vacancies in the Somersets, we might have yielded to the pressure, but the Gloucesters; no nothing doing. Eventually we were sent on to Monmouth to enlist in the ROYAL MONMOUTH ROYAL ENGINEERS.

Well!! thereit was; we were in the Army; we were sent on to the training camp, in pouring rain, mud, up to our knees and our previously high spirits certainly taking a drubbing. Of course, we were but numbers on a list; we were given palliases, sent into a barn to fill them with straw and on to a large hall where we were to sleep. We did wonder what in hell we had taken on, conditions were appalling, the trouble being that so many men had joined that the authorities could not cope with such numbers.

However, after a few weeks things began to be sorted out, and it is here that I must pay tribute to the wonderful hospitality which the people of Monmouth and the surrounding district extended to us. They knew that we had come from comfortable homes, they too, had sons, brothers and husbands who had gone off into one service or another. They took us into their homes, when we had a few hours free, they arranged

concerts, outings, in the form of picnics, invited us in to their homes for meals; knowing that Army food was substantial but somewhat dull. Always will I be grateful for their many kindnesses - Jenks and Phil - especially.

Within a week or so we were issued uniforms and various bits of equipment and we really looked like 'Fred Carno's Army'. That, however was soon to change. We were put right away, through a hectic course of 'Square bashing' rifle drill and weapon training, for we had to become 'Trained Soldiers!! ' before we could become Engineer Specialists.

My first home leave came shortly after Christmas 1914, and we were both very glad to have a few days back among family and friends. Our early days in the Army were, even then beginning to fade in our memories and we were acting, instinctively I suppose, more like trained soldiers.

On arrival back in camp we were put on to specialist training. This seemed to us to be more like the training we expected to put us into the role we would later be called upon to play. We were trained how to handle various types of explosives, bridge building, and, what, in future proved to be of real value; the assembling and building of Pontoon Bridges. We knew that part of our duties would be handling barbed wire and erecting and repairing front line defences - of course in silence and in the dark hours of the night. Trench digging, they laying of water pipe lines, triangular frame work for the building of piers, landing stages and the countless minute of an engineer's trade or profession. Again, being adaptable, I found that I had a flare for sign writing and before long one of my duties was to write name and number of many pieces of equipment. Then, too, as our equipment would have to be hauled by horses or mules!!! (Obstinate brutes) we had to learn how to handle and care for our horses.

It was becoming increasingly obvious that it would not be very long before we would be posted overseas into a theatre of war. We speculated as to where we would be sent, and most of us thought that we would find ourselves before long, in France, where a great deal of heavy fighting was in progress. I don't think we were bothered as to where we would be sent.

I think that it is appropriate now, to comment on the Officers who were in charge of the Monmouths. We were indeed fortunate, in that we had good officers from the C O down to Platoon Commander. They made us work hard, but they knew their jobs as Professional Engineers and they were determined to make us, not only good soldiers, but efficient engineers. It transpired, later, that we were to be grateful for their efforts, for without that training we would not have come through the great trials and difficulties which lay ahead.

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MINING STATIONS

By F G Dixon AB HMS Angora (737)

After the outbreak of the 1914 War two German warships, the GOEBEN and BRESLAU eluded our naval patrols in the Mediterranean and eventually entered the Dardanelles and anchored off Constantinople. Their presence no doubt influenced Turkey to go to war against us. In that event it was essential that these ships must be prevented from re-entering the Aegean Sea. In 1915 I was a young AB in the minelayer HMS ANGORA and I recall the excitement when our ship was ordered at Mudros to prepare and lay a minefield across the Narrows at Chanak. We carried 320 mines ready except for the insertion of primers, detonators and depth settings. When this was done they became lethal and even a small shell entering the mining deck would be a disaster. Minelaying in enemy waters is usually done at night and on this occasion HMS RUSSELL created a diversion by bombarding the Chanak area, where there were also searchlights. On reaching our position we turned and laid our mines on the way back to Mudros. Other minefields were later laid at strategic points.

Our ships left the Aegean in January 1915 and I understand that in January 1918 the two German ships came out and struck mines off Imbros. The BRESLAU was sunk and the GOEBEN holed and beached herself in the Narrows. They must have swept the Chanak minefield, but it had kept them in for a long time.

The only pleasant memories I have were of a few days at Mytilene; what a change from Mudros and Salonika!

HELP! I'M CIRCUMAMBULATING

Oh Doctor Mine come rally round,
Your tablets I must gobble.
For, like a man with two left legs,
Whenever I walk - I wobble.

It's wibble, wobble, swerve and sway,
And it really makes me fume,
When from the path some pretty maid,
Steps off to leave me room!

Once I marched erect and smart,
And 'doubled' like a hare.
When the word came, 'Dinner's up! '
Always the first man there.

At 'jerks' so keen and full of beans,
(Well worth my bob-a-day).
But now a simple 'Full knees bend',
Would leave me stuck that way.

Later, on Gallipoli,
I galloped with renown.
Thro' shot and shell to reach my goal,
Knees up - like Mother Brown.

Get me back my soldier legs,
Dear Doc, with no delay.
Then the helmsman will regain,
The straight and narrow way.

G E D

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The Gallipoli Tour proposed by Keith Tranmer (AM381) will not now take place, because of political unrest in the country and inflation and the unreal rate of foreign exchange.

MEMORIES OF 1915

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

As a new member I found the last journal (28) most interesting, having been engaged in the Gallipoli landing on Sunday the 25th April 1915. My age was 18 years but I have vivid memories after over 64 years. I have one recollection in particular; whilst on the Peninsula the enemy had been bombarding us from the landing for almost a week, day and night. In all this time none of us had had any sleep but about five or six days after the landing there was a slight lull in the bombardment a message came along the line to say that any man who wished to have a little shut-eye could lie in, fully equipped, leaving one man in ten to keep a lookout in case the enemy made any surprise attacks. I was on look-out, the next man being about 40 yards along the trench. I could see him but suddenly he disappeared and another movement caught my eye; that I am colour-blind my sight was very strong and I detected a snake crawling over our lads who were asleep. None of them were disturbed, being tired and exhausted. The snake was getting closer and closer to me as I stood in the trench when within about ten feet of me it suddenly stopped, reared its head 2 or 3 feet and stared at me.

I kept my eye on the snake's eyes and we just stared at each other. I waited for it to get within striking distance then suddenly, like a flash it sprang, not at me but up and over the trench. It was about 8 to 10 feet long and as big around as my arm. I jumped forward and struck at it with my entrenching tool handle, only to see my blow a few inches short of its tail and that was the last I saw of it but a little later the next look-out man came along. I said 'Did you see that snake, Fred, crawling over our fellows who were sleeping?' He answered 'Yes'. I said 'Did you try to kill it?' He answered 'No, I'm terrified of snakes so I jumped out of its way'. I have often wondered since what might have happened had I hit it. With its speed I don't think I would have stood an earthly chance.

This is only one of my memorable experiences but the story is true - and it doesn't seem like sixty-four years ago.

ANZAC DAY AT EDINBURGH CASTLE

For many years there has been a moving ceremony at Edinburgh Castle on the occasion of laying wreaths for Gallipoli remembrance. It is organized by the Royal British Legion, Scotland and this year it was well attended as usual, on the 25th April.

The sequence was: Scripture Sentences; Prayer; Wreaths; Silence; Lament; Prayer; Blessing.

The wreaths were laid at the Scottish National War Memorial in sequence by the:

Gallipoli Association
High Commissioner for Australia
High Commissioner for New Zealand
Returned Services League
Royal British Legion Scotland
Armed Services in Scotland
English Speaking Union
Royal Overseas League

The Lament was played during the wreath laying. The officiating Chaplain was the Very Reverend R Selby Wright CVO TD DD, Chaplain to H M the Queen.

The Gallipoli Association wreath was laid by two Gallipoli veterans.

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MAJOR G R MOTT: CENTENARIAN

A birthday card was duly sent to Major Mott for his birthday at the age of 101. Last year a card was found for the age of 100 but this year no card for 101 could be found. So a card with no age was sent which bore a picture of a convivial bottle and glasses. The label on the bottle was superscribed with 'VAT 101'.

ANZAC DAY AT SUTTON VENEY

In each of two world wars a considerable Australian camp was established on the outskirts of Sutton Veney, in south-west Wiltshire. During the 1914-18 war the camp was swept by the influenza epidemic of 1918 and, largely as a result of this there lie buried in the churchyard of St John's 143 soldiers and 3 nurses whose graves are tended by the children of the village school.

Each year since 1920 a memorial service has been held on the Sunday nearest Anzac Day so that this year saw the 60th commemoration. The High Commissioner for Australia sends representatives, who lay a wreath and the church is always filled with the local congregation (including standard bearers of several Branches of the Royal British Legion), as well as a few from farther afield. This year the preacher had served as incumbent of an Australian parish; and it was heartening to hear from him of the undiminished enthusiasm with which Anzac Day is still observed in Australia, commencing universally with dawn services and continuing with large-scale parades. Here we cannot be expected to rise to such heights and so we should welcome all the more the determination of Sutton Veney to keep such bitter-sweet memories alive.

Major T Verschoyle

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SIGN AT ENTRANCE TO PIRBRIGHT CAMP

THIS ROAD IS CLOSED TO ALL VEHICULAR TRAFFIC EXCEPT GOVERNMENT VEHICLES AND THOSE BELONGING TO PERSONS HAVING BUSINESS AT PIRBRIGHT AND NOT EXCEEDING 126 INCHES IN HEIGHT WHO MAY USE IT AT THEIR OWN RISK.

EASTBOURNE & DISTRICT TEA-PARTY

On Thursday the 17th May the fourth Annual Tea and Get-together took place at the Royal British Legion Headquarters, thanks to the continued kindness of their Women's Section who charmingly say they look upon it as an honour to entertain us. Owing to illness and incapability of travelling our numbers were reduced this year to fourteen, but personal and telephone apologies were received for non-attendance.

Thanks to being on the right side of the local press a prominent advance notice and 'Write-up' appeared in the local paper which also sent along a reporter and photographer to the meeting. As a result of this advance publicity two more enquiries regarding membership were received.

Our Chairman made the journey from Maresfield and his presence was much appreciated as was that of one of our Associate Members (and a committee member) Keith Tranmer who greatly helped to pass the time pleasantly with a most absorbing and detailed account, with photographs and souvenirs, following one of his tours of the battlefields which was made when the rate of exchange and conditions generally permitted, which is not the case at present.

With members pairing off and reminiscing generally two and a half hours quickly passed and a repeat is promised for next year.

If any members can persuade their local paper to act similarly I feel sure that similar satisfactory results will ensue to the advantage of our membership. It is surprising to find so many eligible veterans who somehow still do not know of the Association's existence.

Jack Attwood (187)

PHOTOGRAPH ON FACING PAGE



EASTBOURNE TEA-PARTY 17 MAY 1979 (See facing page)
From Left: Standing: Harold Crowder, Major Alfred Fuller, Arthur Garrison MC, Dick Swinnerton, Stanley Mann, Major Bob Watson, David Kempton, Front Row: Robert Bird, Major Edgar Banner, Jack Attwood, Francis Nichols, Thomas Woodward.

A NEWFOUNDLAND MOTHER WRITING TO HER SON

(Sent by W G Cave B E M 457)

Dear Son

Just a few lines to let you know that I am still alive. I am writing this letter slowly because I know you can't read fast. You won't know the house when you come home - we moved. It was a lot of trouble moving; the most difficult thing was the bed. You see the man wouldn't let us put it in the taxi. It wouldn't have been too bad if your father hand't been sleeping in it at the time.

About your father; he has a lovely job. He had 500 men under him. He is cutting grass at the cemetery.

Your sister got herself engaged to that fellow she's been going out with. He gave her a beautiful ring with three stones missing.

Our neighbours the Browns started to keep pigs. We got wind of it this morning. I got my appendix out and a dishwasher put in. There was a washing machine in the new house when we moved in but it wasn't working too good. Last week I put in four shirts, pulled the chain and I haven't seen the shirts since.

Your little brother came home from school yesterday crying. All the other boys have got new suits, but we weren't able to buy him a new suit but we're going to buy him a new hat and let him look out of the window.

Kate is now working in a factory in Birmingham. She's been there now for six weeks. I'm sending her some clean underwear as she says she's in the same shift since she started.

Your father didn't have much to drink at Christmas. I put some castor oil in his pint of beer and it kept him going till New Year's Day. I went to the doctor on Thursday, your father went with me. The doctor put a small glass tube in my mouth and told me not to open it for ten minutes. Your father wanted to buy it from him.

It only rained twice last week. First for 3 days and then for 4. Monday was so windy that one of the chicks laid the same egg four times.

Your sister Mary had a baby this morning. I haven't heard yet whether its a boy or a girl so I don't know if you are an Uncle or an Aunt.