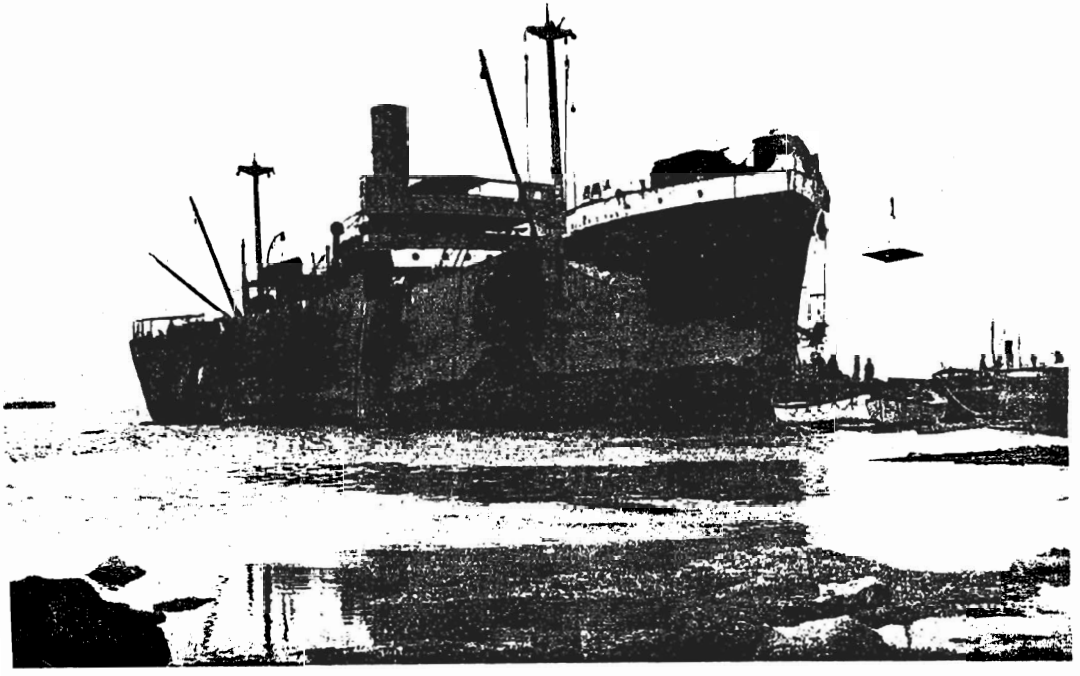
THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS 25p No. [illegible] SPRING 1978

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

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Mr Winston S Churchill M P

is to be our Guest of Honour at Dinner this year.

WELCOME TO OUR NEXT REUNION
ANNUAL LUNCHEON TUESDAY 25th APRIL 1978

As usual this will be at the Duke of York's HQ, King's Road, Chelsea, near Sloane Square, SW3. Underground routes to Sloane Street Station. Bus routes 11, 19 and 222 pass the gates. Parking for cars free. Members are asked to wear their Association ties and medals or miniatures. A small name label worn above the medals is recommended, for ready identification. As usual.
Male guests are welcome.
The cost will be £1.50 payable at the table. Drinks will be available at the bar from 12 noon, payable in cash.
Luncheon to start at about 1 pm.
Immediately following the luncheon the short A G M will be held. The 1977 Accounts are sent out herewith.

APPLICATIONS. Please write to the Honorary Secretary if you will be coming, but SEND NO MONEY. This is necessary for catering purposes. Applications should be in by the 19th April to ensure seats.
Please write your name in BLOCK LETTERS and your number is helpful too.
SUBSCRIPTIONS must be up to date for 1978.

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GONGS

The R S M had his troops on inspection prior to a ceremonial parade. He saw one man with his medals worn very low down and asked him 'What did thee get thee medals for. Eating?' 'No, Sir,' replied the surprised man. 'Well, wear thee medals on thee chest, not on thee belly.'

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COMMONWEALTH WAR GRAVES COMMISSION - GALLIPOLI

An Association shield is being prepared for handing over to the Commission building on the Peninsula. This will be on view to all visitors who make contact with the C W G Commission representative.

ANZAC DAY PARADE AT THE CENOTAPH

As always we are kindly invited to join the Anzacs at the Cenotaph on the 25th April. This is not an Association parade but all who can are asked to attend. Please be at the Cenotaph by 10.45 and look for the marker. A line will be formed across the roadway, facing the Cenotaph and with backs to Trafalgar Square.

The Gallipoli Association wreath will be laid by

Capt E W Bush DSO DSC RN.

On dispersal, members may reach the Duke of York's HQ for luncheon either by bus 11 from Parliament Square to Sloane Street, or by underground.
There is an Anzac Day service in the Abbey at 12 noon, but this conflicts with our Luncheon.

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THE LATE BARONESS SPENCER-CHURCHILL

The following letter was sent to Mr Winston Churchill:

Dear Mr Churchill

I am writing to you, as one of our Honorary Members and on behalf of this Association, to tender our sincere condolence on the death of your Grandmother Lady Spencer-Churchill, whose name, with Sir Winston's, will forever be part of our history.

Yours sincerely

The following reply was received:

Dear Major Banner

Thank you so much for your kind note of sympathy, which I greatly appreciate.

Please convey our gratitude on behalf of my whole family to the members of your Association.

Yours sincerely
(Winston S Churchill)

NEW MEMBERS (Up to 15 February 1978)

In the original printed journal, this page contains names and full details of new members as well as address amendment. For reasons of data protection and personal privacy, this content has been omitted.

OBITUARY (At 15 February 1978)

Oswald Garrish DMC TEM City of London Yeomanry	(252)
Capt E S Tait RAMC 11 CCS	(11)
Col the Lord Rowallan KT KBE KStJ TD Ayrshire Y	(434)
R W Crick RAMC 34 Fld Amb 11 Div	(486)
Capt J M Knighton MRCVS RAVC	(115)
Lt-Col W Briggs Constable MC RFA 69 Bty	(364)
The Rev E C Alston AIF 12 Bn 1 Div	(596)
Edmund Gilbert RA 42 Div & 29 Div	(357)
D J Lamb RGA 29 Div	(162)
J V Rowlands 7 R Welch Fus 53 Div	(621)

LORD ROWALLAN KT KBE KStJ TD

Lord Rowallan was present at our Dinner in 1977 when H R H Prince Philip was our Guest of Honour. Both were Knights of the Thistle. He was known to many of us, as old Scouts, having been Chief Scout. Officially he had been Governor of Tasmania. At Gallipoli he served in the Ayrshire Yeomanry and in the second war commanded the 6th Royal Scots Fusiliers. He accepted Vice-Presidency in our Association.

THE REVEREND E C ALSTON

Padre Alston was one of our Anzac members living in this country, attending some of our reunions and at the Dinners he was called on to say grace. He served in the 12th Battalion A I F and later was commissioned in the Lincolnshire Regiment.

LT-COLONEL W BRIGGS CONSTABLE M C

Colonel Constable was one of our members who took the initiative in providing and laying a wreath on behalf of our Association at War Memorials, his being that at Edinburgh Castle. This is a very fine thought and we can be proud of such members who have such a sense of fitness. Long before the Gallipoli Association was founded he was a committee member of the five Gallipoli Association, now alas long disbanded.

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EASTBOURNE BRIGADE

An invitation has been received for a further tea-party to be held at the H Q of the Royal British Legion in Pevensea Road, where there is a bus stop. This has very kindly been organized again by the Women's Section. The date is THURSDAY the 18th MAY, starting at 2.30. Will all who propose to attend kindly notify either Jack Attwood, at the Gable Rest Home, 12 Enys Road (Tel 27168) or Stanley Mann, at 1 de Roos Court, 19 de Roos Road (Tel 36895) about a week beforehand. For those quite unable to attend without special transport please contact either of the above members who will endeavour to help. Another pleasant reunion is anticipated.

The only original of edition 26 available for scanning was found to have this upper section of pages 7/8 physically removed. It would appear that a photograph or diagram was present on this page, judging from the just-discernable remnants of a caption below.

Appeals for an intact original have been made, but none was available at the time of completion of the archive CD. Should one come to light, a re-scanned version of edition 26 will be made available on the association website.

If any reader possesses an original or copy of this page and is prepared to loan it for scanning, please email:

webmaster@gallipoli-association.org

This issue contains 36 pages overall. The cost is of course higher and also the postage is increased but it has been done to enable some of the outstanding articles to be published, those in serial form.

It will be thought anomalous that members should be called on for contributions while much is in hand. This is because of the need for a balanced programme - it would not be satisfactory for a whole issue to be devoted to one long article. Some of our helpful members have submitted articles of several thousand words which can only be serialised over many issues, hence the delay in printing some of them.

There is always a need for the shorter article, say for one page of around 400 words. With this length a number of such articles can be included and readers find the mixture more readable. A legibly written or preferably typed article naturally gets attention in preference to one which is difficult to read. Please quote the number of words when writing: this helps a lot.

E H W B

Please see the comment on page 7, above.

feet above the blue waters of the Aegean Sea, its lower part sloping gently to the sea-shore and its upper part rising more and more steeply to the summit; its surface covered with rough scrub and rocky ravines and steep-sided nullahs - most difficult country over which to launch an attack.

The period to which my thoughts turned so vividly was the sultry 8th and 9th of August 1915, when, lying alongside Allanson and Cornish in Bn H Q - a rough dugout or foxhole some 300 yards from the summit on a moonless night, we awaited the critical advance to the summit, timed to begin about dawn, and preceded by a bombardment by the Navy of the area beyond the ridge.

The attack started just before dawn when Allanson dashed forward with his line of troops, while I remained at Bn H Q to await developments. Allanson was wearing a bright red cloth patch on the back of his uniform to make him easily recognisable from the rear. It reminded me of the Crusaders and indeed there was a good deal of the Crusader in Allanson.

The battle was soon joined and raged furiously on the ridge beyond it, just outside my range of vision. The noise of battle became more and more deafening when it was suddenly interrupted by six massive explosions of shells fired by the Navy, who evidently mistook our Gurkhas for Turkish troops. Most of us thought that they came from H M S Euryalus, a familiar and encouraging sight at anchor in the bay, but Allanson thought, and perhaps correctly, that they came from a Monitor's 12-inch guns. The results of those six mighty explosions, Allanson said, were ghastly at such close quarters, and led to a sudden retreat of the troops to the line from which they started. The blast was so tremendous that, although protected by the ridge, I was blown backwards heels over head out of the fox-hole, but I was not hurt.

I shall never forget the sight of the casualties - dead and wounded - after the naval shelling. They looked as if they had been sprayed with canary-yellow colour-wash - the effect of the Lyddite used in the high explosive shells of 1915.

Allanson stayed a little while on the ridge, gazing, as he said, on the Promised Land, but soon saw that the attack had failed, and that the Turks were massing for a counter attack. He limped back to Bn H Q, wounded in the thigh and very dejected, and in considerable pain. I attended to his wound and he set about getting the troops back to their earlier position from which they had started to attack.

The same evening Allanson, whose wound was by then very painful, was ordered down by Bde H Q and, before leaving, to hand over the command to Geoffrey Tomes (53rd Sikhs) who had been sent up for the purpose. But Tomes was killed a very short time after he had taken over, and I was able, at least, to soothe his last moments.

When I told Allanson of his death, he thought for a minute and said, 'A splendid fellow, Tomes. Well,

Phippy, there's no one left to hand over to but you. Do all you can to help Gambirsing Pun (the Subadar-Major), he'll never let you down.' Truer words were never spoken. Then, assisted by two stretcher-bearers, he began to limp painfully down the steep and rocky hillside.

Left to myself and feeling rather lonely, I started to take stock of the situation. My first thought, oddly enough, was that I must cease to claim the protection (if any) of the Geneva Convention, and so I removed my Red Cross Brassard, and put it in my haversack. I might, I thought, have to deal with combatant officers of other units, and although at that time I held no combatant commission myself, I thought it was just as well to look as if I did. I was soon to have to put it to the test.

My next step was to send a salaam to Gambirsing Pun, with whom I had been on friendly terms since I had first joined the Regiment in October 1914. He told me of our severe losses in G O s and G O R s, and that all our field telephones were out of action. I told him that I thought I should try and find some troops in reserve to help us out.

I sought out what appeared to be the nearest, which was a unit of Kitchener's Army: I found them comfortably disposed in a small open glade, surrounded by trees about half way down the main nullah, having a hearty meal from steaming field-kettles, which were being handed round to them. I explained our situation to the C O who, in answer to my earnest request for reinforcements firmly, and rather indignantly refused, saying he could not think of disturbing his 'lads' who had not had a square meal since breakfast at Suvla that morning! He might well have added, noticing my junior rank, 'Who do you think you are?' but refrained. I could perceive that argument would be fruitless, so I returned empty-handed to my Bn H Q.

As we had no field telephones, I decided not to leave my H Q any more, but to try sending written messages, but this proved equally abortive. The troops on our flanks, when I wrote to them in the capacity of C O - the South Wales Borderers, the 9th Worcesters and the South Lancs - replied that they had either retired, or expected to retire, and themselves needed reinforcements or were momentarily expecting an attack, so it was evident that we were out on a limb and in no shape to hold a determined Turkish counter-attack which, indeed, seemed imminent.

I reported the situation to Bde H Q and I had a note from Allanson, who then was at Bde HQ, saying that we might with luck be relieved that night.

The night of August 9/10th was harassed by constant sniping apparently from our flanks, and desultory rifle fire along the whole of our diminished front, but the Turks never approached nearer than 20-30 yards.

Early in the morning of August 10th I received a welcome message from Pepys, the Brigade Major, Indian Brigade:- Retire on to next main position held by our troops. I sent another salaam to the S M, read the order to him and asked him how the retirement should be carried out. Fortunately we could both converse in Hindustani of a sort, and it soon became apparent, to my relief, that he knew the drill from A to Z, and I marvelled at the precision with which he described the different phases of the retirement and the proper precautions to be taken, such as the removal and disposal of the bolts of rifles which could not be taken; the disposal of surplus ammunition, collection of stores, destruction of equipment which could not be carried, and the timing of the movement itself - and what a movement!

To retire 900 feet down a rocky declivity, intersected by deep and narrow gullies, many of them choked with corpses, and the infinitely difficult job of carrying the wounded - all these problems, insoluble to me, presented little difficulty to Gambirsing Pun, whose knowledge and competence seemed complete and indefeasible. I

recalled Allanson's words, He'll never let you down.

It was a sort of nightmare but I remember sinking into a chair, dog-tired, in General Cox's H Q and his kindly words of welcome, and his rather cryptic enquiry, 'Haven't you been wounded?' On my replying, 'No, Sir,' he said 'Not even a slight one?' My repeated negative seemed, somehow, to disappoint him. Afterwards I often wondered what he had meant. I have been told that I ought to have regarded it as a high compliment.

Anyway I was sent to the Field Ambulance, under Major Battye, for 48 hours reconditioning, and fed on tinned chicken instead of 'Bully' - a wonderful change, and I was soon back in the line.

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ACHI BABA

'Brevity' on page 25 of issue number 24 records the story of a Gallipolian and his short letters. Some members and especially non-members may not see the connexion where the Turkish Achi Baba takes on an English name as Archie Barber. But on page 14 of issue number 25 it is recorded that the hill is now named Alçi Tepe, to confound us.

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Gallipoli M O, long demobilized, went to stay with friends and one day went out for a walk by himself. He got lost. A passer-by asked if he could help and the doctor said that he had left town by the new arterial road and wanted to find the veinous road back!

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PROUD TROOPER CONVERTED TO 'P B I'

By Alex Barclay Ayrshire Yeomanry (509)

I have read quite a lot about Gallipoli but very little seems to have been written, describing that campaign, from the viewpoint of the ranker - the man behind the rifle and grenade. I should like to express on paper what I and my chums experienced and felt about that disastrous campaign.

In August 1915 we were at Buddon camp, in Forfarshire, where we were undergoing our final training as Cavalry - 'Shock Action' - when we were ordered back to Annsmuir to prepare for immediate overseas service as dismounted Yeomen. On arrival there 'short' leave of 2 days was given and intensive training in trench warfare commenced. This consisted chiefly of digging trenches with traverses to limit the damage by shells exploding in a trench and, after the selection of 'bombers' and their formation into Bomb squads, a hard training session under Lieut (Drew) Montgomery. It is interesting to know how the bombers were selected. One afternoon the whole regiment was paraded and each man was instructed to throw half of a brick at a circle marked out on the parade ground about 30-35 yards away using an overhand (cricket ball) throw. After everyone had thrown S M Timson (our Squadron S M) called on 8 troopers to step one pace forward. I was called forward, with troopers Ferguson and Robb from 'B' troop and 5 others from the other 3 troops of 'B' Squadron. As my name was being written down by the S M, Captain Dunlop, who was standing near with Major N Kennedy, the Squadron Commander, turned towards the Major and said, 'Poor devils. The average effective life of a bomber at the front is 4 days.' This rather shook me as, until then, I had no idea what the parade had been all about and, so far as I knew, such things as regular bombers at the front did not exist. While we had read of attacks with bombs at the front in France, I, at least, had no knowledge that special Squads carried out those attacks. This may have been due to the fact that 'bombing' was only just starting in the line and bombs, at that time, were chiefly very crude affairs, being mostly made on the spot from jam tins and scrap metal. However, now things were changing.

In an intensive training course under Lieut Montgomery, who had been at a bombing school for instructors, we learned

all about fuzes and detonators, high, and low, explosives and various types of bombs in use, or just being developed. These included the 'jam tin', the 'cricket ball', the mills 'hand' and 'rifle', the 'hales' and a few others which I never saw. The 'jam tin' and the 'cricket ball' bombs were ignited by a spark from an ordinary match, and required the efforts of 2 men to throw them. One man lit the fuze and the other threw the bomb. The 'cricket ball' bomb weighed about 2-2½ lb and, from a position in the trench, a good throw would be about 25-30 yd. The time between ignition and explosion was between 5 and 6 seconds. We also had training in demolitions and the use and care of fuzes and detonators and wet gun cotton and other explosives used in this work.

Some time previously the Regiment had been issued with the very latest design, high velocity, rifle with a sharp pointed bullet to fit. This was designed to give more accuracy by reason of the fact that the 'trajectory' line (the line travelled by the bullet) was lower and thus made an error of judgement of distance less likely to affect the rifle fire. To become acquainted with the new rifle, we all went through a course of rifle firing at the local rifle ranges.

We were, about this time, all issued with khaki drill and pith helmets, which was the first indication of the front to which we might be sent and all of us suspected Gallipoli. This was the last front to which a British Tommy wanted to be sent. The infantry units of our division had landed on Gallipoli early in the summer and had taken a lot of punishment. Some units has lost more than 50% of their establishment within a few days of landing, in their first attack, and the casualty list published in the local papers for all to read was depressing. No home leave was ever granted from Gallipoli and the stories of the hardships there, coming from the wounded who were the only people sent home, made it the last place to which a soldier would have chosen to be sent.

On the Friday before embarkation we were issued with our infantry kit and on the following day we handed over our horses, etc., to the 2nd Line A.Y. and, with the help

of some infantry details sent for the purpose, we assembled the new kit and marched around Anns Moor training ground. I think that no Yeoman dared to take the kit to pieces that night in case he would not be able to put it back together again. On the Sunday morning we marched to the train, en route for an unknown front.

Thus ended the career of 'Boswell's Galloping Farmers' - as such - and the 1/1 Ayrshire Yeomanry entered its first stage of engaging contact with enemy fighting troops, as dismounted Yeomen, indistinguishable from P B I.

During that day and night we travelled through England to Devonport, where we embarked in the 'Arcadian' and next morning found ourselves out of sight of land, travelling south-west in the Bay of Biscay. My recollections of the next 3 days are rather vague, but I remember collecting my first breakfast, consisting chiefly of a ladleful of cold curry and rice, which I could not eat as it did not look very good when one was suffering from sea-sickness: I had sea-sickness on all of the first 3 mornings, until we passed through the Strait of Gibraltar into the Mediterranean. I also remember being issued with the daily ration of bread, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb, which did not look very big and which we had to make do with during our service abroad.

During our voyage east along the Mediterranean we had lectures in First Aid, by the Regimental Doctor, and a continuance of our training in bombing and we became quite efficient, as far as we could, on a training based on lectures and diagrams. The regiment continued its series of lectures on trench fighting and it was then definitely confirmed that we were to be landed at Gallipoli. Although we all suspected that this was our destination, I think that most of our lads were rather shocked; at least I was.

After a very pleasant voyage (apart from the dreadfully crowded quarters into which we were squeezed) we arrived at Mudros and 24 hours later we were trans-shipped to the old cattle ship 'Partridge', which transported cattle to Glasgow from Belfast before war broke out. After standing packed like herring in a barrel for 3-4 hours in full marching order we finally landed on 'W' beach, Gallipoli, in darkness, some time before midnight. On disembarking, we immediately marched up to the 'rest camp' and slept in narrow trenches

during the night. By daybreak we were all awake, filled with curiosity, eagerly looking around to see all that could be seen. Some of the 'boys' started football and one of them tripped over a heap of earth; on getting up he discovered that he had uncovered the foot of a dead body which had not been put in a grave but had been covered with some earth just where he had died. There was quite a rush to see the body but we were warned by some of the more experienced soldiers, who passed by, that if we did not keep cover we would be shelled. Sure enough, we were shelled, for 5-10 minutes. When the shelling stopped we rushed out to the new shell holes in search of fragments and were promptly shelled again; no further warning were needed to make us keep to cover.

During the next 2-3 days, a number of senior Officers and N C O s did duty in the firing line to become acquainted with the conditions there and we 'bombers' attended the bombing school layout of trenches, where we were introduced to the handling and throwing of 'live' bombs for the first time. After the first few lessons our natural feeling of nervousness wore off and we settled down to our job with a good amount of confidence, thanks to the instruction by Lieut. Montgomery, whom I had the good fortune to serve under until he was wounded on the following 27th December - but more of that later.

During this period the regiment supplied fatigue parties for various jobs, which included the unloading of stores and equipment on the beaches, and right away had 2 commendations on the speed with which they did some of the work involved. I had copies of the commendations in my diary, which I have unfortunately mislaid, but from memory they ran on the following lines:

...'unloading cargoes in (?) hours, which was about 60% of the time it normally took parties from other regiments to unload, and for carrying on and disregarding the shelling of the area, while parties on fatigue from other units tookshelter.' It of course must be remembered that the A Y was composed largely of men who, in civil life, were used to hard manual work.

To be continued.

GALLIPOLI - And the sequel

Major E H W Banner T D

Chairman and Honorary Secretary
The Gallipoli Association

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The year 1978 is the sixtieth anniversary of the end of the war with Turkey, then with Germany, in 1918, and the 25th April is the anniversary of the Gallipoli landings. The campaign ended nine months later with its main aim unfulfilled; but was it really the disaster some historians claim and many believe?

At the start of the war with Germany in 1914 Turkey was a friendly nation and Russia was an ally, calling for help late that year, when the army in France was bogged down in trench warfare and an alternative drive was sought. Access to Russia was only via the Dardanelles in winter, which passage was controlled by Turkey. Help to Russia by supplying armaments and receiving Russian grain in return required Turkish co-operation but Germany forced Turkey to refuse passage to us. Our success here could favourably influence hesitating Balkan neutrals. In this way the Dardanelles campaign began.

THE NAVAL ATTACK AT THE DARDANELLES

With some misgivings at high level a purely naval attack was agreed as there was reason to believe that the forts could be put out of action: it was known that the guns were short of ammunition. Bombardments late in 1914 and then early in 1915 were hopeful but on the 18th March three old battleships were sunk by a fresh row of mines. The attack was not renewed next day, to await further minesweeping which in fact did not materialize. On the 22nd March the admiral declared that he could not get through without the help of all the troops.

THE ARMY AND GALLIPOLI

At this stage the army was called on to make opposed landings and the Gallipoli campaign was born. The Mediterranean Expeditionary Force was originally the newly-created 29th Division, in England, but was now needed to be augmented. The Admiralty, under Winston Churchill, provided the Royal Naval Division, with some Marines, to act mainly as infantry. In Egypt a new force was in training and the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps, known familiarly as the 'Anzacs' came into their own. To this day very many people know only of Anzac participation in the campaign. There was also a French colonial force and later in the campaign Sikhs, Gurkhas and Punjabis.

As the army's role was to support the navy Sir Ian Hamilton, the G O C, planned a landing of his main force at beaches around Cape Helles, with diversionary flank attacks; one on the west coast by the Anzacs and the other by the French at Kum Kale on the Asiatic coast of the Dardanelles entrance. This was a temporary drive. The 29th Division being then on the way from England the ships had not been loaded for an opposed landing, causing them to be diverted to Alexandria for reloading, entailing a delay. No secrecy could be observed at this stage, only those of actual place and time.

THE LANDINGS

The 25th April saw the main landings as planned, with supreme heroism although the troops were unable to advance through lack of reinforcements. The Anzacs landed just before dawn, leading to 'Anzac Day', the 'Day they became a Nation'. The French landing remained for two days and then crossed to the Peninsula as planned. The R N D in their troopships made a diversionary feint in the Gulf of Saros, off Bulair. Allied warships, which included the 'Queen Elizabeth' and the five-funnelled Russian cruiser 'Askold' helped by gunfire until later on German submarines forced them from the open sea. At 'V' beach an old ship, the 'River Clyde' was run aground to aid landing; it has been likened to the classical 'Wooden Horse of Troy'.

STALEMATE AND A NEW START

In spite of all the heroism our casualties were so high that at each attack the troops were unable to exploit the situation so that our objectives were never reached. A fresh landing was made in August at Suvla Bay, above Anzac Cove. The divisions were fresh from England and the landings were almost entirely unopposed, with great possibilities. But due to complete lack of drive by the commander at Suvla the opportunity was lost. Kemal Ataturk, later to be the founder of modern Turkey, seized the opportunity and brought up his troops from miles away, forestalling our troops and in effect winning the war for the Turks. The nearest point to success came at this time when a small force of Gurkha and English troops reached the top of the commanding hill of Sari Bair, from where the Dardanelles is visible across the Peninsula. Disastrously, they were shelled off in mistake for Turks.

EVACUATION

With the onset of winter and no prospect of further troops the expedition was reluctantly called off and on the 19th December all troops were secretly withdrawn from Anzac and Suvla, completely without loss. This was followed by a similar withdrawal from Cape Helles on the night of 8/9th January 1916. On the face of it this was a defeat for the allies, but it was not correct for the Turks to claim that we had been 'pushed into the sea'. In fact, Kemal Ataturk, who should know, wrote for his people: 'The British were not defeated and pushed into the sea. The enemy had simply retired of his own free will'. There is a common saying that the British lose all battles except the last: an oversimplification with a basis of truth.

DIVIDED COUNSELS

A major cause of the allied lack of success was in the divided opinions in the War Cabinet, which did not always support Winston Churchill's plan of attacking Germany via the Dardanelles when stalemate was reached in France. Another was the understandable reluctance to divert troops from France. Of course another reason was that in 1914 no war had been envisaged, unlike Germany which had long prepared for war.

LOSSES

A total of about half a million allied troops were engaged with a casualty list of about 250 thousand; this included 34 thousand of the 'Incomparable 29th' alone, the battalions of which had been renewed many times over. Anzac casualties were about 26 thousand and the French 47 thousand. The Turkish casualty list was about 350 thousand.

OTHER FRONTS

Now to examine the sequel. Late in 1914 we had sent troops to the Suez Canal area against expected Turkish attacks; they were reinforced by some of the troops from Gallipoli early in 1916. With the Canal as a starting point the army advanced through Sinai and Palestine, capturing Gaza in November 1917, then went on to capture Beersheba, Hebron and Jerusalem. A further advance into Syria captured Damascus on the 1st October 1918. Finally on the 4th November the Turks called for an armistice: the end of the war with Turkey. Also in 1914 the oilfields inland from the Persian Gulf required protection and troops advanced through what was then called Mesopotamia, capturing Baghdad, but with a defeat at Kut which was later recaptured. The army pressed on and led jointly to the Turkish collapse. This campaign saw a legendary figure - Lawrence of Arabia - a Briton who attracted a large Arab following. Another line of attack was mounted in September 1918 when the British Salonika Force fighting the Bulgars was able to advance so that the Bulgars called for an armistice on the 30th September. At that stage the army was switched towards Turkey which country capitulated before contact was made.

VINDICATION

All this leads to the considered opinion that the strategic plan of attacking Turkey via the Dardanelles and Gallipoli was justified, leading to the other lines of attack on Turkey as a direct help for the armies in France which were unable to move. Winston Churchill's strategy is thus vindicated as an inspired vision, the sequel to which was the capitulation of Turkey and the preamble to the real aim - the end of the war with Germany.

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 13 1977

FROM IPPLEPEN, DEVON

By Geoffrey Duckworth (Associate Member 365)

The War Memorial in our Village Square at Ipplepen is a granite cross, and round it our significant tribute took place on Remembrance Sunday, followed by our Church Service.

The Gallipoli Association wreath of Poppies was placed by Lt Col D G P Shewen OBE 2/10th Gurkha Rifles, 29th Indian Brigade who served at Anzac.

We welcomed a large contingent of our local Scout Group, and in the service in Church our Vicar, the Rev F Buffett (a War-time Padre himself) spoke about badges, decorations and gradually led us up to speak of the Cross, the greatest symbol of love and sacrifice man has known. Through part of the service my thoughts were in Gallipoli, walking over sacred ground and of the men who:

'At the call of King and Country, left all that was dear to them, endured hardness, faced danger, and finally passed out of the sight of men by the path of duty and self sacrifice, giving up their own lives, that others might live in freedom. Let those who come after see to it that their names be not forgotten.'

What a beautiful Hymn is 'Oh Valiant Hearts' but it brings out a good many handkerchiefs, including mine.

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A very bright specimen from Gallipoli walked into the boss's office and asked for a rise, putting in some good points. He ended with 'Three companies are after me! The boss thought that perhaps he'd better give him the rise or he might lose a good man. Which he did. As an afterthought he asked the man what three companies they were. 'The electric company, the water company and the telephone company.' As he quickly left the room.

LIFE WILL BE YOUR FRIEND

by Harry Moody 5 Connaught Rangers (233)

A country walk, when troubles drift your way,
Restores your faith - you'll ride the roughest day.
Spare a thought for others - sometime pray
And Life will be your friend.

Words can wound as sharply as a blow,
Keep your tongue, never let it go.
Warm hearts will reflect a certain glow
And Life will be your friend.

Search and find the good in every foe
Catch the words of wisdom as they flow
Bravely bear the sting of pain and woe
And Life will be your friend.

As you climb the straight and narrow road
Value peace of mind above the gold
Keep joy within your heart; tis wealth untold.
And Life will be your friend.

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A regimental M O became a country doctor after Gallipoli. After a very busy day he was called out one night to see a lady and on arrival found he had forgotten his stethoscope. He explained that he had to listen to her heart with his head on her chest and she didn't mind. He asked her to start counting until he told her to stop. But his busy day and night had exhausted him and in the morning the lady's daughter got up and went to her mother's room, hearing 'Two thousand six hundred and forty five. Two thousand six hundred and forty six . . . '

GALLIPOLI - 1915

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

(continued from number 25)

The two days in Reserve went very quickly and on the third day we moved out at dusk to take over a long section of the front line from another battalion of the Division. We went up what seemed an interminable winding communication trench in single file, I leading my Burkes and the Murphy, with a wary eye on the rear of the platoon ahead, and Sergeant Bluemell bringing up the rear of mine. Then, suddenly, we found ourselves in the front line - a trench running at right angles with a traverse every few yards. The outgoing platoon, led by a sergeant, handed over its living space and trench stores to me and, with Sergeant Bluemell's watchful eye on me, I allotted the various firebays to the men of my platoon. There seemed a very few men to go round and I found that my 18 men had to cover some ten bays, so we left one in the middle for platoon headquarters, the Sergeant and myself. It was still 'stand to' when we took over, and quite dark, and all the men got on to the fire step and peered into the darkness ahead, keeping as low as possible. Bluemell pointed out to me where the Turks' line ran as far as we could see and I was astonished at its nearness, about 60 yards I should imagine. Verey lights were going up all along the line and there were bursts of rifle and machine gun fire every now and again at various points.

We stood down about 8 o'clock that night and, with Bluemell, I posted my sentries, one man in every four; that is, as I had my men distributed, one in every other fire bay. Each sentry was on duty for two hours so that he had two hours on and six off. This was a quiet part of the line. Generally, one sentry was posted in every three men so that in that case they had two hours on and four off. Bluemell and I took it in turns to be on watch and to visit the sentries, doing four hours each on and off, but I think he gave me more than my share off duty. In any case I did not get much sleep those first few nights, the enemy seemed too near and I had not then realised that our men were as reliable as they were. Russell came round once or twice during the night and we had

a whispered conversation, a few useful nints on his part and some questions on mine.

Just before dawn we 'stood to' for an hour with every man awake and in his place on the fire step at the ready. After standing down I left Bluemell in charge and went along the whole trench held by D Company. It seemed a long length to be held by so few men. The Company only mustered just over 80 men and they had to cover nearly 300 yards of trench. My training yard-stick of a man a yard looked rather silly. We had three companies in the line, holding over 900 yards, with one company and battalion headquarters in support one or two trench lines back. They were by no means idle, for it was their job to send back to the forward dump for rations, wire, stakes etc., as well as to improve the trenches and perhaps sap out at night. Our 400 men were carrying out the duties of well over 1,100, had we had them.

One day one of the men asked me where our reserves were and I had to point to a trench a long way back and say they were there, but I am afraid I told a lie for the trench was empty. A very, very thin line held the Peninsula in those days, any men they could find in Division or Corps were kept for the constant attacks we had to make to keep the Turk pinned to his lines. His own attacks were made with far greater numbers, but, whereas ours generally succeeded and held their objective, for a time at any rate, theirs always seemed to wither away and few ever got into our trenches. The Turk was excellent in defence but not in attack. It was said that he had to be driven on by his officers with their revolvers and by machine guns posted behind him, but I never saw any indication of that and think that it was slandering brave men. Certainly his counter attacks, delivered immediately after our landing, did not want in any way and I was told that we had been driven out of our positions and lost trenches several times in the early days. The punishment he took on those occasions must have wiped out most of his best troops and discouraged the remainder. We had comparatively little artillery fire to pit against these attacks, for we were short of both guns and of the ammunition for them, but our small arms and machine gun fire was accurate, kept low, and its volume

was terrific. The British soldier of those days excelled at musketry and his rapid, well-aimed fire at short ranges was such that nothing could stand against it.

It was cold in the trenches by night, but the heat in the day was unbearable. The sun blazed down, there was no shade and any breeze there might be did not find its way into the trenches. We stewed, but grinned and bore it. I never heard any of the men complaining, except at times to wish the Turk would give us another chance to get at him.

A great part of the day was spent with our shirts off, hunting the lice with which we were infested, our waists were favourite lurking places for them and the remnants of our puttees and our socks almost walked away if we took them off. We were generally in old Turkish trenches, and the Turks and lice seemed to be on particularly good terms. We would stay 10 to 14 days in the trenches and in that time we just had enough water to drink. There was no washing only when we went into 'rest' and could get time off fatigues could we get down to the sea for a bathe - and then shell fire couldn't keep us out and, for once, we were comfortable. Then, too, we might wangle a little extra water for a shave - if we could borrow soap and a razor. I had brought a 30 lb. kit with me, but that had to be put in the Quartermaster's store when we first went up to the trenches. I hope that it was of use to someone for I never saw it again and had to subsist on the little I could carry in my haversack and pack, and even that soon got used up or lost.

As might be expected, the men got ashore at the Landing with very little and their losses had not been made up since. A few still had their packs, but there was little in them and their haversacks were needed for rations. Everyone, however, had a water bottle.

The platoon's most valuable possession was half a blanket. This was always carried up to the trenches by one of the men, Jesse in the first instance and I always found it in my sleeping place, a shelf at the rear of the trench. If by day, it would be stretched overhead, tied by means of telephone wire to give shade and, if by night, folded to form a partial covering. If I attempted to get the man who had carried it up to use it himself, it would be taken as a deadly insult. 'No Sorr, the blanket is for th'orficer'.

Th'orficer too was always brought the best of the bully beef and biscuit, if there was any choice, which there seldom was, and the first brew of the tea which was so strong and sweet that you could almost stand a spoon in it upright. At first it made me physically sick.

On the rare occasions when one could buy a tin of milk from the canteen and get the cook, for the occasion, to water the tea down, it was more drinkable, but the men themselves did not appear to like milk in their tea. The only other variant to our food was a very occasional tin of sardines from the canteen and, later, a few Maconochie rations, which I found a great change from bully beef, but too rich to eat much of. Sometimes, much later on, we had a few loaves of bread. Those were treats indeed. Bully beef, lukewarm from the sun, bully beef fried, bully beef heated with water in a dixie, was always bully beef and sometimes we got so sick of it that we used the full tins to revet the trenches, or to form a solid platform in the floor of the trench where the Turks had buried their dead too close to the surface so that one's foot often sank into a dead man's decomposed belly.

As I have said, we were generally in old Turkish trenches and the Turks had a way of burying their dead where they fell. The resultant smell can be imagined, but was not so bad as the smell when a bullet ripped up one of the hundreds of bodies lying between the trenches and the wind was the wrong way!

Perhaps the worst we had to bear was the plague of flies. There were literally millions of them. They infested the decomposing bodies lying in No Man's Land between the trenches and then flew directly on to us, or our food if we were having it. Bully beef, biscuits and jam, particularly the latter, were covered with dense layers of flies and, to save ourselves eating too many of them, we had to wave them away as far as possible and then take a quick bite, repeating this between every bite. This plague was terrible. The flies never left us alone except at night and were a constant torment. I have never seen or felt anything like it before or since.

To be continued.

LEST WE FORGET: 1914-1918 (GALLIPOLI 1915)

By Captain D M Penrose TD 7 Essex R (185)

When Mars, the god of War, sends us trouble and danger
may he also send us these men's courage.

Can you look back some sixty years or more
And picture to yourself those days of war
Which had begun with such a rush of Youth
To join the Colours and defend the Truth?

The patriotic fervour of those days
Had made so many people change their ways.
Then heroism was no artist's dream
But was, in fact, a strongly flowing stream.

Though tempers could be lost 'twixt friend and friend
And nerves and energy could have an end
And young men, old in war, could be less chaste
When Death could touch Love's heart and cry, 'Make haste'.

But when a vital trench was almost lost
They'd still hold on nor count the final cost,
And as the long and weary months passed by
They found with grief, that many more must die.

But to their honour through a blood-stained tide
They stood and fought with courage at their side.
Their strength had gone, left only heart and nerve
And still that greatest thing, the will to serve.

And when the dreadful struggle closed the day
It was the victor only who could say -
'The War is over' and could march away
And kneel in thanks to God and humbly pray.

So when again there's peace in house and town
And 'Last Post' sounds then, as black night leaned down,
Naught but the ghostly memories remained
Of courage which the war-time years sustained.

Now for those men who'd fought and safe returned
A welcome waited - very finely earned -
From cheering crowds, but what they wanted most
Was silence deep for friends whom they had lost.

Now, since the war is over, we must see,
If we would keep our freedom, that there be
No futile politicians sneaking round
To sap our strength and render us unsound.

For that we know has ever been their gain
To wreck our Country and her honour stain.
Defences must be strengthened at all cost
Or Freedom, earned by courage, will be lost.

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A demobbed Gallipolian wanted a new car. At that time new cars were very scarce and some form of bribery was common: he had been used to bargaining like that from his first-war years. One dealer told him he could put his name on the list but ... After some time he called again and while awaiting his turn at the counter he idly pulled out his wallet and seemed to drop some five-pound notes. The next time he went the dealer said he might now be able to let him have a car and this was arranged. Subsequently the deal was finalized and the car collected. At that stage the dealer said, hesitatingly, that the notes which had been left were duds. He was then told: 'Oh yes, I know they were. That's why I threw them away.'

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SUVLA MEMORIES

By W T Cowley RAOC 11 Div (499)

On August 6th 1915, we set off in the evening from Imbros, on a 'K' Lighter, eventually landing silently on the beach in the dark. I was in charge of 400 boxes of S A ammunition and my companions were men of the West Yorkshire Regiment. The end of the Lighter was let down, and a few bullets were flying about, as 'Johnny Turk' had no doubt heard us. The Officer in charge shouted, 'Fix bayonets and not a shot to be fired' and off the lads went to their objective - 'Lala Baba', leaving me on the Lighter. After floating about the Bay all night, dodging shells, I was eventually landed with my ammunition on the Beach at about 11.00 am. I was just stranded and it was some time before I received help to deposit our ammo into Turkish trenches and cover with bracken. For the next few days I was kept busy keeping a check on my 'stocks' and picking up and sorting out equipment scattered on the beach. After two weeks of chaos (which seemed like two years) and dodging the shells and snipers bullets, not forgetting the flies, I was attached to 32nd Brigade Headquarters and we then proceeded to Chocolate Hill for the attack on August 21st, which is now history. We retraced our steps to Brigade Headquarters at Jefferson Post, when my pal (Fred HALL) and I carried out our Ordnance duties.

Each afternoon the Staff Captain would hand me a list of stores to be collected from the Ordnance depot on the Beach and which were handed over to the Units next morning. So off we went on the long trek, and if ammunition was to be collected, I had to contact the Sgt-Major of the battalion on duty for an armed escort. As you can imagine my requests were not received with much enthusiasm. On arrival at the Beach I requisitioned the necessary Indian Mule Garries and Pack Mules from the compound and loaded up for the journey 'home'. We had plenty of exciting trips, as the Indians were very apprehensive, and once we had a Garry load of ground sheets disappear over the cliff edge to the sea, including mules and driver. Then we had the notorious blizzard and we were unable to move our convoy from the Beach, but my pal and I set off back to our dug-out, much

against the advice of our colleagues. On arrival we found our dug-out was flooded out and we stood our blankets up outside, as they were frozen stiff. No sleep that night.

The weeks went on and the evacuation was rumoured, with the atmosphere very tense. On the 'big night' my pal and I were ordered to commandeer some Indian Garries, which were carrying petrol cans (used for carrying water) and we took them to as near as we could to 'Johnny Turks' trenches, to kid him that we were bringing goods up. We made as much noise as we could by running the Garries around and then quietly strolled back to Brigade Headquarters at Jefferson's Post.

We were as weak as kittens through dysentery etc., but then trudged through four lines of defences to the Beach and civilisation. After spending Christmas on Imbros, we set off to Alexandria, where we helped to re-equip the 11th Division. After a spell on the Suez Canal, we set off to France, and that is another story.

I was privileged to visit Suvla again in 1975 with our party, including my old pal Fred HALL and my son, where we laid a wreath on the memorial in Lala Bala Cemetery. How peaceful and quiet our landing place looked and how inviting the beach looked for a nice swim. Our only regret was that we couldn't get up to Jefferson's Post, as the Salt Lake was flooded, but what an unforgettable and memorable trip!

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A Gallipoli padre became a country vicar after the war. He encouraged his parishoners to visit him and one dear old lady, but not so old as all that, afterwards told her pals how nice he was. She said he offered her tea and suggestive biscuits!

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POOR OLD JACK

By Charles Watkins 6 Lan Fus (167)
(Reproduced from 'BEDFORD ON SUNDAY' by the Editor's permission).

This story - a true one - opens with myself doing a spot of sniping duty from a tiny sniping pit, some yards in front of the front line; I am joined by a sergeant of the Australian artillery, seeking a Forward Observation Post for the forthcoming offensive. With typical Aussie brashness he insists on 'having a go' - and gets himself killed in the process.

Some two hours later, three friends of the dead Sergeant came to carry his body away. As I'd finished my two hours sniping duty, and feeling a bit responsible for the whole business, I offered to make the fourth man and between us we carted him away with the intention of carrying him to an improvised cemetery that had just been started, about a mile away.

It was a very hot afternoon and after some 200 yards one of the Aussies who had been the Sergeant's closest friend back home, decided 'one place is as good as another once you're gorn', so in a tuck of the ground sheltered from rifle fire we laid our burden down and scratched out a shallow grave. A good hour's sweating work it was, too.

Alongside us, and indifferent to the proceedings, the cause of all our labours lay stiffly, his wide-open eyes coldly watching us with the baleful malevolence of the dead.

In between his labours of digging, the dead man's pal continued with his lamentations. 'How I'm going to face old Jack's Mum back in Sydney, I just don't know. Her last words to me afore we left, were 'Keep an eye on him, won't you. He's a bit headstrong. Promise me you'll keep an eye on him'. '

He gave a deep sigh and rested from his digging for a time, squatting on his haunches and regarding his dead pal. 'You always was a cocky bastard, wasn't you, Jack?' he said kindly, and wagged his head reproachfully.

It was a macabre scene - this bare-headed, big, live

Aussie - his sun-bronzed torso glistening with sweat, squatting alongside his dead pal, and carrying on a reminiscent monologue of old times together. 'Remember that sheep farmer, Jack, who tried to gyp us of the week's pay he owed us for shearing, and the way you held him upside down to empty his pockets. And then the way you chucked him into the sheep-dip trough after. I thought I'd 'a died laughing.'

Then I blurted out what I considered to be my own share of responsibility for this tragedy. But the dead man's pal laughed this aside. 'You don't suppose, do you Tommy, that an Austry-lian boy is going to let any Pommie bastard stop him doing what he wants to do'. Suddenly switching to serious and solemn vein, 'Well, I guess we'd better do old Jack the honours', and we laid him in his shallow grave.

Then the Aussie unstrapped his wide-brimmed feathered slouch hat from the top of his pack, straightened out some of the creases and knocked a cloud of dust off it before solemnly donning it, stood alongside the grave for a few seconds, then just as solemnly doffed it.

The proprieties of interment thus duly observed and completed to his satisfaction, he said, 'I suppose someone should say a bit of a prayer. Any blokes know any - I've forgotten all mine.' There was a shuffle of denial from the other two Aussies, so I volunteered the Lord's Prayer, wondering at the time how many others from this place had gone to meet 'Him, which art in Heaven', and armed with no more letters of introduction than this brief prayer. Then we filled in the space above the dead Aussie, and yet another hump appeared on this sacred ground of lost endeavour.

The two other Aussies were mostly silent and didn't say much except for an occasional interjection of the soldier's favourite obituary, 'Poor Bastard'.

The dead man's pal raised the point of marking the grave with something - 'a bit of a cross or something'. I thought of all the other 'little bits of crosses' scattered all over this peninsula, and in all sorts of

odd places - little packets of soldier bones clamouring for immortality by means of little wooden crosses, crudely fashioned from pieces of biscuit-box wood, and with their identities scrawled in indelible pencil that the rains had by now smeared into indecipherable smudges, and said - 'Did it matter much?'.

But this great big hunk of sunburnt Australian manhood was genuinely and sentimentally shocked. 'Did it matter much? There's a liddle lady back in Sydney, Tommy, I've got to face when I get back. How can I tell her her boy's in an unmarked grave?'. One of the other Aussies begged a bit of wood from a cookhouse some distance away and returned in triumph, and with our bayonets we cut some sticks of wood, and with the aid of a spare bootlace, fashioned a rough cross and pegged out our dead man's claim to immortality. With much licking of the stub of an indelible pencil he recorded the name of the dead Sergeant and stood back to admire his handiwork.

'That's better, old-timer. Now I can tell your Ma you're all tucked up nice and comfy. How many 'I's in killed, Tommy?' I told him; also told him how to spell 'action'. As regards the date we hazarded a guess, but the Aussie thought accuracy was of first importance, and after canvassing the opinion of a few chaps idly watching, we split the difference and settled for July 10th, 1915. Even now the Aussie wasn't completely satisfied. He'd still got some more of the pencil left and the urge for registering immortality was strong upon him. Shouldn't there be some other words after the name, Tommy? A sort of good wish?'

'Requiescat in peace,' I suggested.

'Come again, Tommy?' said the Aussie puzzled. 'What's them letters they put after a bloke's name when he's dead?'

'R I P?'

'Yes, that's it, Tommy, What's it mean?'

'Oh! about the same, I guess.'

So Sergeant Ballantyne, through an unfortunate error in calligraphy, became Sergeant BALLANTYNE - R I P., which

could cause all sorts of passport delays at the Final Frontier.

One of the Aussies had some fags and we sat around a bit and smoked. Discussion ranged about the future life of Sergeant Ballantyne-RIP. 'Wonder what's it's like up there,' said the talkative Aussie, waving an arm vaguely skywards.

'Rum sort of place, from all I gather' one of the others said. 'Sitting around all day singing bleeding hymns and playing harps. Praising God and all that mush'.

'What do you think Tommy?' the talkative one asked me.

Startled, I had to admit that I didn't know much about it, but Sunday School teaching memories seemed to corroborate the description already given. 'Much about like your mate says', I opined.

The Aussie appeared troubled. 'No Sheilas?' he asked.

'Sheilas?'

'Girls. Bints,' the Aussie explained impatiently. Ain't there none there? And what about booze and fags?' 'Ain't there none there too?'

I said I didn't know, but I thought not. Memories of childhood Band of Hope Temperance Meetings were still strongly with me, with drink as the Devil's Hand-maiden.

The Aussie was pensive for a bit, then gave a long low chuckle. 'No Sheilas, no booze, no fags. Cor! I can just see old Jack's face when he finds out. Then he corrected his unseemly merriment and said piously. 'Poor old Jack. 'And as nice a bloke as you could ever wish to meet'.

ABOARD S S CITY OF EDINBURGH

The ship was one of the convoy carrying the 29th Division to the Mediterranean in early 1915. She left Avonmouth on the 17th March and other ships of the convoy left a few days before and after.

We knew only that our destination was 'somewhere east' as we had been issued with topees, proudly worn in Aldershot for some days. 'The Dardanelles' was commonly talked about, not 'Gallipoli' as at that time no landing there was foreseen - the navy would do it all. Constantinople was our target, with no secrecy whatever.

At the time the plan was that the Division, with other troops, would land and consolidate and follow-up the navy when a passage to Constantinople had been cleared. In these circumstances ships had been loaded for convenience at the docks and it was only on the 18th March, when the Division was in transit, that the navy made its final attack on the forts and unfortunately gave up, on the 22nd March thus involving the army in a forced landing. Many writers blame the stowage arrangements for the delay in the subsequent landing but this is invalid.

One incident will always stay in my mind. On the first night out I was a sentry on deck, doing the 2-4 am watch. There was nothing much to do, submarines had not yet come to be a menace and I wondered what I was in for, as a youngster of just 17. Then a door opened and a steward appeared carrying a tray. 'Going to take a nice hot drink to the bridge,' I thought. But instead he came over to me and handed me the tray with coffee and biscuits. I was amazed, and very much appreciated the gesture. It really did go down well, not only the coffee but the very helpful spirit involved. Bless the steward.

E H W B

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'Father's a farmer, raking in the shekels
Sister's in a beauty shop, getting rid of freckles.
Brother's in the chicken game, chasing every rooster
Mother's playing Bingo, a thing she never use-ter.

Stuart Hibberd (549)

MISS PRINZ AND MISS TAQUES

An opportunity not to be missed. Bath vacant in spring.
FOR SALE Wicked Bath Chair, and good mahogany table.
Keeping all food under cover is the first step towards ridding the house of aunts.
GARDENS DUG, widows washed and chimneys swept.
Dear Grocer: Please give Alfie ½ lb of tea and 1 lb of sugar as I am in bed with baby and ½ lb of dripping.
Five rmd hs to be let, 2 recep, 3 bedrms, excellent kitchen, sep baths and lavs (3 miles out, 15 min.bus)
We come to the vexed question of dying, which is one that every woman comes to if she lives long enough.
The Spare Key to the FIRST AID ROOM is available in the First Aid Room.
TURKEY CARPET for sale, good condition, the property of a lady too large for her rooms.
The three occupants of the vehicle were killed, the first two outright and the third on arrival at hospital.
LOST. Vicinity of Milton-Cameron roads, brownish black cat, light inside tail tip.
PHOTOGRAPHS of the church and vicar (interior and exterior) may be had from the Verger.
THE GREYHOUND INN. An old coaching inn dating from the fifteenth century. NO COACHES.
What is more beautiful for a blonde to wear for formal dances than white tulle? My answer is 'Nothing'.
LOST £1 REWARD. An octagonal lady's gold wrist watch.
BLOTTING PAPER WILL NOT BE PROVIDED UNTIL THE PUBLIC STOPS TAKING IT AWAY.
WRECKER SERVICE. Members' cars will be pulled out of ditch, or stuck in mud, or involved in accident, Free.
MONTHLY REGATTA. 6 pm. WATER POLO. Friendly match (If possible).
Councillor Bertrand supported the street lamp at the corner of Truro Lane. (Meeting report).
BEWARE! TO TOUCH THESE WIRES IS INSTANT DEATH. Anyone doing so will be prosecuted.
List of wedding presents ... Mrs Smithson, cheque and magnifying glass.
WANTED: Subscriptions are urgently required from those members who have not yet paid for 1978.
Is this YOUR Miss Taque?