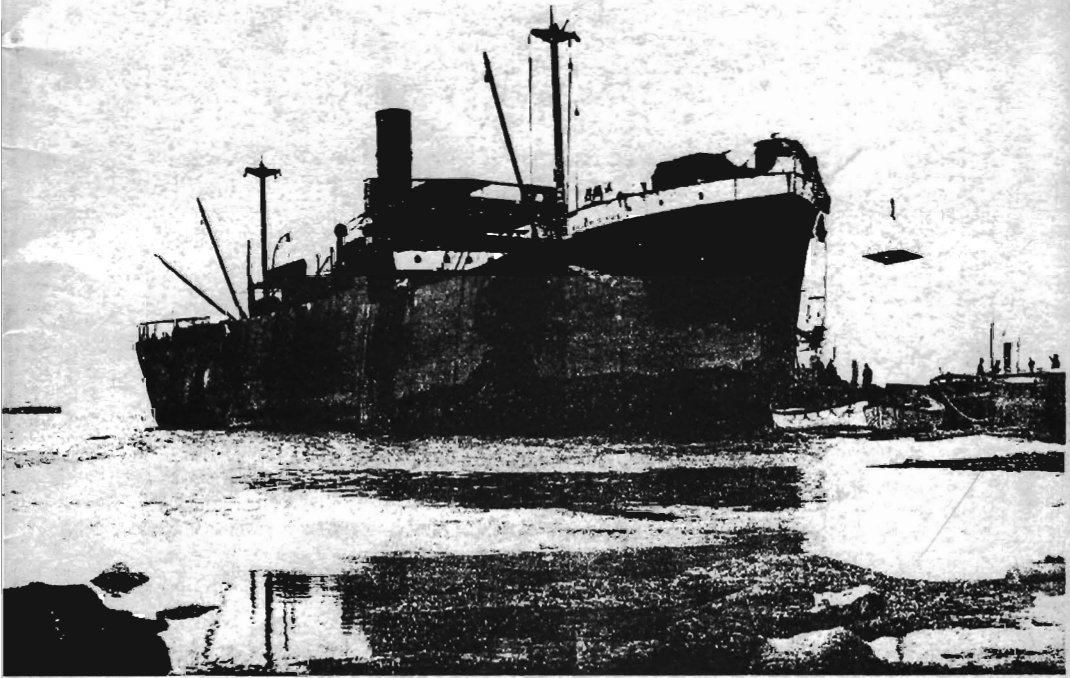
THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS 25p No. 28 CHRISTMAS 1978

THE GALLIPOLIAN

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

PRESIDENT	Lt-General Sir Reginald Savory KCIE CB DSO MC DL
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REUNIONS IN 1979

25 April	Annual lunch and General Meeting
2 October	Annual Dinner

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

All members of the Committee

send the Season's Greetings to

all members of the Association

It is known personally and by
correspondence that the spirit
of Gallipoli comradeship continues
and we are most grateful for the
support of veterans of the campaign
who have joined the Association

With special thoughts
for those Members who
are infirm and unable
to join our reunions

THE DINNER

3rd October, at the Royal Air Force Club, London

In the Chair: Our President, Lieutenant-General Sir Reginald Savory KCIE CB DSO MC DL

This day we came to dine and meet our friends
And others whom we hope, good health attends.
Our President is with us, calls for 'grace';
The Padre does this duty from his place.
We dine and then Sir Reggie, in the chair,
Now reads to us a message he holds there
From Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Queen.
(The actual words will, lower down, be seen)
But now we rise and drink the loyal toast
With fervency and zeal, led by our 'host'.
Our President then welcomes our chief guest
In cordial words, him, and us, addressed.
Among the little bits of which he spoke
Were time, which now appears to us a joke:
Of modern transport, motorized in schools,
But in those days were horses, donkeys, mules:
And how our guest could not have come before
If there was an election, but his score
Was good indeed for, as the day drew near,
The thing was cancelled so we had him here.
And as a happy gesture at this stage
Invests him with our tie (notes: later page!)
For this is Winston Churchill and this name
Rings loudly in our ears as one of fame.
This Winston is the grandson of the man
Who saw the need for a diversive plan
To break the dead-lock on the Western Front
Which those in Europe, then, had borne the brunt.
The scheme was this - to force the Dardanelles.
The details of this action history tells
Young Churchill rises and, in his reply,
Explains his earlier absence and tells why
But now he's thrilled to be here at long last
And tells us of his grandsire's luckless past.
He spoke at length of much of what he knew
Of what his grandsire really had in view.

He spoke, too, of the strength the Russians find
In arms and ships of every war-like kind
Which we, it seemed, were tending to ignore,
A fault which we had often made before!
He mentioned Rupert Brook and his great verse
Extolling death in war in words most terse,
Because of us, it was, and those who'd died
His own young generation lived in pride.
He asked that all our guests should stand and drink
A toast to our Association and then think
Of all that this now meant - yes really think.
They rose and at his wish, then, that was done:
An action which much pleased us, every one.

There did not seem a call for more replies
So then our General asked us all to rise
And think of fellow comrades, all who'd died
And silently remembered with great pride.

We won't forget the pipers, these were two
Who played their music oft the evening through.
They once were Gordon Highlanders but here
Are of the London Scottish, it is clear.
Sir Ian Hamilton, some years ago
Was once the Gordon Highlanders' C.O.
Proceedings, now, were almost at an end
And we to travel homewards did intend.
The General wished to thank the pipers here
So they were brought up to him very near.
They wanted to salute him but, instead
They very nearly smote him on the head!
So you may guess our nerves were in suspense
Which passed off soon though still we gazed intense.
To strike Commissioned Officers is a crime
To send a man to prison for some time!
However low his rank, no matter who
But this one is our General! What a do!

Now one last word, and very cordial too,
Our grateful thanks, indeed it is his due,
To Edgar Banner who, of all our men
Spares not himself, his heart, his hand, his pen.

To bring success again to each event
And all the other work; his sole intent
To keep alive this name, and us content.

Now here is the list of all our special guests,
one sees
To versify their names, their titles, their degree
Is not a task I'd undertake with ease!
List them here including the Padre who said 'grace'.

D M P

(EDITOR)

Other guests included Air Commodore F A Cousins OBE RAAF (Australia); Colonel Roger Pearce (New Zealand); Brigadier Mayadass (India); A private guest of the President was Dr Noble Frankland CBE DFC, Director of the Imperial War Museum. The Reverend Gordon Taylor MA RD RNR, Chaplain to the RNVR and latterly Honorary Chaplain to the RND Association as the guest of Captain E W Bush DSO DSC RN.

The total number present was sixty members, associate members and guests plus two pipers of the London Scottish Regiment of the Gordon Highlanders.

For this Dinner, sixty years after the end of the war, a special invitation had been issued to veterans of the Palestine and Mesopotamia campaigns, the sequel to Gallipoli 1915 (See The Gallipolian number 26). However, the Press expressed no interest and few veterans were aware of it. Five such veterans did attend; two of them being also Gallipoli veterans, they are now numbers 716 and 717.

I find it most pleasing to record that the wife of one of the five wrote to me that the thought of meeting others of his own age group, and especially learning that we had a centenarian among our membership, had 'completely rejuvenated' her husband.

Finally, members will have realized that the DMP above is none other than our poet Captain D M Penrose TD, of Gallipoli and Palestine.

At the dinner the following message from Her Majesty was read by the President:

I am commanded by The Queen to ask you to convey her warm thanks to all members of the Gallipoli Association for their kind message of loyalty and devotion, sent on the occasion of their Annual Dinner. Her Majesty was delighted to receive this message and sends her best wishes for an enjoyable evening.

BALMORAL CASTLE PRIVATE SECRETARY

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REUNIONS IN 1979

25 APRIL Annual Luncheon and General Meeting
2 OCTOBER Annual dinner

Details of the luncheon will be given in the GALLIPOLIAN for the Spring 1979, number 29.
Particulars of the dinner will be given in number 30 of the Gallipolian, Autumn 1979.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS

The Treasurer thanks those members who have paid their subscriptions for 1978, and in particular those who generously sent a donation in addition. There are, however, still a number who have failed to pay their dues and he would be glad if they would do so before the year end.

In response to the request of many members, a form of Banker's Order is enclosed with this issue of the Journal. Those members who would like to make payment in this manner are invited to complete the form and send it to the Treasurer at the address stated on page 2.

Members who have already completed such a form should ignore this.

NEW MEMBERS (Up to 1 November 1978)

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

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

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DON'T BUY AN ASSOCIATION TIE
if you want to give a present to your friend.

OBITUARY (At 1 November 1978)

With deepest regret the following names are recorded:

H J Sayers RND Benbow & Howe Bns (5)
Dr G G Campbell RFA 55th Bde 10 Div (508)
Sqd-Ldr C T Theobald 3 City of Lon Y (Sharpshooters) (276)
Col N H Huttenbach DSO OBE RHA B Bty 29 Div (634)
Major V H Scott MBE (5 R Inniskilling Fus 29 Div) (12)
A L Ward MM (Pte 2/10 Middlesex R 53 Div) (335)
Clifford Steele (Pte 1/8 Lan Fus 42 Div) (497)
Capt J T Harrod MBE MM (RE Signals 29 Div) (29)

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HOWARD SAYERS

Howard Sayers was the last of the original committee which was formed at the foundation lunch on the 25th April 1969 and which first met on the 20th July. With the others he started our funds with £5 each and so deserves our thanks. He joined the Royal Naval Division and saw service at Gallipoli with the Howe and Benbow battalions.

DR GEORGE G CAMPBELL

Dr Campbell served in the 10th Division with the 55th Brigade R F A. He joined in 1972 when he was the Chancellor of the University of Natal, South Africa. He was distinguished in medicine and in literature, holding the degrees of LLD MB ChB FRCS and was an honorary Fellow of the Royal Society of S Africa.

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GALLIPOLI PRIVATE TOUR 1979

Keith Tranmer, (Associate Member 381) is planning a small private tour of the Peninsula for next Autumn and invites applications. The party is to be limited to ten or so and will exclude official visits and ceremonies but will of course allow opportunities for private viewing. Some hotel accommodation would be booked but at times local accommodation and meals would be laid on. It is hoped to keep the cost down but prices still increase. Will any members interested please write direct to him.

EXTRACT FROM 'LOST ENDEAVOUR'

By Charles Watkins 6 Lan Fus 42 Div (167)

(continued from No.27)

THE HARBINGER

Reading through all this you could get the impression that I was the only decent bloke in my Company. There's an air of sickening self-righteousness so far that appals me. Let me purge me of my grievous fault.

In the long procession of good officers and N C Os - stretching way back in the history of the British Army - I doubt if the ensuing months ever produced a better bunch than ours. Our Officers - with the same bare rations as ourselves, the same privations, the same bed of the bare trench floor, the same necessity for the thrice-daily delousing act - and yet maintaining that subtle 'above-it-all' bearing which is the hall mark of the good officer. Well manicured thumb nails crushed between them the same foul little body lice that our own more grubby thumbs crushed. More gentlemanly expressed cuss words consigned to perdition these foul little bastards that plagued us. Our cusses that we used so freely had the coarser and more explosive tang - but the intent was the same. In the quieter moments an officer would occasionally do a spot of 'morale-boosting' - sitting chummily with us on the fire-step. In the politeness of good fellowship we maintained the fiction of believing every word he said and of the optimistic future he painted. The good manners of good fellowship have their own immutable laws.

Lower down the scale the N C Os did their little best, too. Their North Country pawky humour lent a welcome mockery to the vicissitudes of life and sustained us in moments of crisis. The art of bullying good humour - so characteristic of the charge-hands in the cotton mills, was now extended in its us to Active Service conditions and was not unwelcome. It had a comforting ring of the sameness of existence - in the mill or in the trenches. Like as if life was just the same, anytime, anywhere. They'd mock at you - those

N C Os - laugh at you, laugh with you - even cry with you if necessary - but always with you in real understanding. And if it was like this with the officers and N C Os, it was no less rich with the others of the same humble rank of Private like myself.

Especially with Jimmy N---------

A man of herculean build, solid iron from neck to feet - but solid ivory I'm afraid, quite often, from the neck upwards. A native of the Wigan district himself, miner and son of a miner, he should according to the fashion of those times have enlisted in his own battalion - the 5th Lancs. Fusiliers. He explained his happening to be with us by -

'Well, we'd bin watching Wigan playing Rochdale Hornets at rugby'. 'Playing away they was - that's how I came to find meself in yer bloody town of Rochdale'. 'After the match, me and my mates was 'avin a bit of a booze-up, like, and when I'd sobered up I found I'd joined up in your lousy bloody lot'.

He was perpetually good-natured, always smiling, and with an uncritical acceptance of life's daily botherations that was a source of constant envy to me. Not at all a simpleton - rather a guileless sort of chap - but so 100% genuine that not even the smartest of the smart-alecs in our Company ever tried to take the rise out of him.

Between him and me was a bizarre sort of friendship. He stood in awe of the little scraps of learning I had. Once, during a booze-up in Cairo he heard me carrying on a short conversation at the bar with a French sailor on leave there - me, in my elementary schoolboy French, and the sailor himself rattling on at the usual 200 words-to-the-minute speed which is the curse of the Latin races.

'There he was he related to the lads afterwards - 'im and this 'ere Froggie rattling on, and Cobber talkin' his lingo just like a native'. He forgot to say like a native of Lancashire, for there can be few tortures more exquisite to a Frenchman - even a French sailor - than to hear his own beautiful language murdered in schoolboy syntax and broad Lancashire accent.

But thereafter my reputation with Jimmy as the Learned Oracle was assured. Illiterate himself - he could neither read nor write - but at hands of cards and games of Pontoon and Brag he could reckon up as quick as any accountant. The onerous duty of reading his letters from home and of replying to them, just naturally fell on me. Not that I minded - for this bloke anyway. When he's see me staggering along the gully on our many trips up and down, and carrying that 80 lb Machine Gun on my shoulder, he'd take if off me with a gruff ' 'Ere - give us that bloody gun, Cobber' and toss it over his own shoulder as if it had been a bag of feathers. He was a strong bloke alright. When I used to ask him what to write home, he'd say vaguely ' Oh! just tell 'em we're alright, tha' knows, and all that'. 'Tha knows wot to say better'n me' - so I'd compose a simple letter saying that the food was lousy, but apart from that everything was hunky-dory - and that we'd soon have the Turks on the run. And end up asking for some fags to be sent out. Translating the letters from Jim's Mum was however quite an achievement. I guess their family was more renowned for qualities of heart than for literacy. However, with care, and embroidering a bit from a fertile imagination, I'd read out something that sounded plausible. Jimmy used to sit on the fire-step, expectant-like - and with a happy smile on his face, eagerlyawaiting the news from home, - much like a kid waiting for the curtain to go up at a concert. Goddam me for a louse-bound bastard - the little lies I'd invent, just to see the happy grin on his face - and even if it was all done with good intent.

His three brothers were serving in France in the same battery of artillery. In the '14 war, if you were brothers you had the right to claim to serve together in the same unit, so these three brothers enlisted in the same battery soon after the war started. Jimmy was never tired of telling us little anecdotes of these younger brothers of his - how he'd taught 'em to scrap, etc. 'They could beat anyone of their own age for miles around' he told us proudly.

One grey mizzling day in November later that year

came a letter from Jim's Mum I had to read to him - and I'd have swapped my hopes in Paradise to have side-stepped the job. Jimmy waited patiently as always for me to digest and then translate his Mum's epistle. Growing restive he gave his good-natured guffaw and asked 'did I want a pair of specs' or summat?' I lacked the guts to tell him. The job had to be done, but damn the fates that picked me for this particular one. 'It's bad news, Jimmy' I said, and he tensed up, sudden-like. 'Which one is it?' he asked quickly. 'John, Dick or David?' He knew from whence to expect such news, there's no doubt. So I read on :-

> My dear son,
> I am sorry to hav to let u no that David, Dick and John hav bin kild. They was kild the same day wen a shell hit their battery. My hart is broke. Your loving Mum.

Jimmy sat there a while uncomprehending, then turned on me, his eyes blazing. He held my wrist in a grip that nearly cracked the bone and said pleadingly 'Tha'art kiddin', Cobber, ar'nt tha'? 'Say tha's kidding. Tha'art 'avin me on, ar'nt tha' ?' Sadly I assured him that I was'nt having him on' but he still found it hard to believe and snatched the letter from my hand and passed it to a Sergeant who stood nearby cleaning his rifle. ' 'Ere, Sarge, read this, will yer, mate?' 'If Cobber's 'avin' me on I'll break every bone in 'is body, that I will'. The Sergeant demurred and passed it back to him. 'Nay, Jimmie, if Cobber's read it for thee, I guess it's true'. I myself passed the letter over to the Sergeant. He was some time deciphering the unique style but at last he mastered it, gave it back to me, then turned has back on us, fiddling noisily with the bolt of his rifle.

Jimmy sat there for a time, frozen to stone and I left him quietly and told the other lads. Their re-action was normal. Someone had just brewed a mess-tin of hot tea, and together we drained the remnants of the rum we had stored among us, lacing the tea until it was more rum than tea. One of the lads sidled up to Jim and laid it alongside him with a gruff ' 'Ere, drink this, Jimmy lad, it'll do thee good'

To a mate in trouble the solicitation of rough soldiers is about as nice a thing as you could wish to see - this side of the River Jordan anyway. But the tea stood untasted and grew cold.

'Summat's gone wrong wi' Jimmy' - one of our chaps said some days later. He certainly was a changed man. 'Summat' had gone wrong too, with our erstwhile friendship. Rarely now he'd exchange a word with me. He'd still snatch that adjectival gun from off my shoulder when I was treading my own private 'Via Dolorosa' as we moved about from place to place, but he always took it without a word.

If there's a moral in this story - and there does'nt have to be - but if there is one it is that to be the harbinger of bad news is to be on a bet to nothing.

To be continued

(Editor: A few words have been 'translated' from the author's native dialect)

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COLONEL BOGEY

At Whitsuntide 1914 I was at a Scout Camp at Worcester. We marched to the Cathedral for a church service on Whit Sunday and on the return journey we marched behind the regimental band of the Worcestershire Regiment. This was when I first heard the stirring tune of Colonel Bogey.

The next time I heard this march was on a fine morning near the end of April 1915. H M S Queen Elizabeth, between salvos fired on the Turkish positions around Cape Helles, found time to enliven all who heard by a salvo of Colonel Bogey.

E H W B

COMPANY COOKS PLEASE NOTE

Drop hot cooked rice into hot soap by spoonfulls and you will have rice dumplings.

Indiana paper

THE FIRST DECADE

Our next reunion will be on the 25th April 1979, which will be exactly ten years after the first meetings, lunch and dinner, which were expected to be a final fling before we lost each other. Instead of that it became the first of a series repeated annually, banded together as the Gallipoli Association. These veterans were those known to me personally or by name, mainly from the 29th Division.

The first lunch took place at the Duke of York's HQ, where we are still privileged to meet. How I had the nerve to approach the Coldstream Guards (in London) for a band I don't know, but we certainly were enlivened by a six-man orchestra to put us in the mood.

Of the original forty-seven Founder Members only eighteen are now known. Nearly seven hundred veterans have joined but our present number is something over three hundred.

The stirring music of the Coldstreams was recalled at our Dinner in 1977 when, with the 6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkhas represented by their Colonel, two of their pipers added materially to the mood of the occasion.

For our 1978 Dinner no pipers seemed to be available, the Gurkhas being overseas. However, I was loth to abandon the idea and looked around for an alternative. The Scots Guards, in London, were out of it as they never served at Gallipoli. Then I thought of the London Scottish and looked them up in a 40-year-old Army List, but, as I thought, they had no Gallipoli connexion. I saw that the regiment has the Gordon Highlanders as its parent regiment, but neither did they see Gallipoli service. Then on further research I found that at that time the Colonel of the Regiment was General Sir Ian Hamilton, the G O C at Gallipoli. What more could we want? So a letter to the London Scottish explaining the position resulted in our having two braw brach pipers in full dress to enhance the festive spirit of the occasion as they played and marched for us at Dinner.

Among those who have joined we number Admirals and Generals, Members of the House of Lords, Lord Mayors, Governor Generals, University Chancellors, senior industrialists, judges, with privates and seamen of all Services; RN, RM, RND, RNAS, army and ANZACS.

At the outset I had no idea of circularization other than the usual newsheet; such handouts can be somewhat depressing and uninteresting and with the rapid initial growth it seemed apposite to make use of my experience of technical writing and editing by producing a journal of some sort. The first issue was printed for me by Ernest Willis, the editor of the former 'Mosquito', the journal of the late Salonika Reunion Association. This proved to be impracticable for continual publication and a local source of production by a duplication method was adopted and is still used.

Many members have unpublished accounts of the campaign, varying from a full-scale professional effort to the man who has had nothing in print but still has a worthwhile story to tell. Under pressure many members have written stories which they previously had no idea of writing so that the scope of the coverage has been widened to cater for as many members as possible. These stories and accounts are of course additional to the 'official' matter dealing with the various reunions as they occur.

My thanks are accorded to all those members who have taken the trouble to write articles and notes without which there would be no worthwhile 'GALLIPOLIAN'.

Naturally many members live too far away from London to be able to attend any reunion; others are too infirm to travel. Because of this membership of any such Association can mean little but the publication of the journal and sending to all members does keep members aware of the Association.

Over the years I have received many pleasing letters from widows and other relatives stating how much the member looked forward to receiving his Gallipolian to keep the memory alive.

E H W B

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THE MAGIC PILL

By Harry Moody 5 Connaught Rangers (233)

I'm all of a tremble, Doctor
And cannot parade today,
For when I pick up my rifle
It takes all my breath away.

We will soon alter that my laddie
And make you fit and fine
Open the pillbox Sister
And give him a number nine.

I'm poorly and sickly doctor
And cannot get out my bed
And when I hear the Reveille
I've a whopping big pain in my head.

I know the symptoms my fellow
But this will bring you in line
Open the pillbox Sister
And give him a number nine.

I don't want to go to the trenches
I'd rather go home to my Mum.
Or could help the chap in the storeroom
Guarding the Sergeants rum.

You'll soon be home on a stretcher
If a bullet caresses your spine.
He needs a booster Sister
Give him a number nine.

I always feel hungry doctor
Could do with a dinner and sweets
Same as in the officers mess
They always have plenty of eats.

I see you are starving young fellow
Here's something on which you can dine
Open the pillbox Sister
Let him chew on a number nine.

How many pills issued Sister
It's time for my nosh up and wine
If you take the one in the box Sir
That will be ninety-nine.

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Tallest on the Left. Shortest on the Right. In single rank: Sighs.

(Prizes will not be awarded to those who think there is an error somewhere).

GALLIPOLI - 1915

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

(Continued from number 27)

General Sir Ian Hamilton, in his 'Gallipoli Diary' (page 345) says of the 28th June 'The whole show went like clockwork - like a Field Day' - he was not in it and appears to have spent his day either in his comfortable dugout or running round 'warmly congratulating' the other generals.

At 5 p.m. he walked back to Hunter Weston's G H Q with the G O C of the French forces, General Gouraud, and says 'A load was off our minds - we were wonderfully happy'. What about, I wonder?

I am not 'agin' generals and have a great admiration for most of them, but when I remember Gallipoli and read parts of the 'Gallipoli Diary', it nauseates me. If Sir Ian Hamilton had been less of a writer and more of what a general should be, I feel that we should have lost fewer men and been more successful in Gallipoli.

I have no personal animosity against Sir Ian and believe him to be a good man and a good soldier. I realise that he had tremendous difficulties to contend with and had had little time for preparation, but feel that, had he been a greater general and a man prone to greater action, we should have done far better in Gallipoli. The situation was too difficult for him.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum, but in 1922, while he was still alive and had published his 'Diary', I sat for my promotion exam. I took Gallipoli as my military history paper and slated him and his dispositions for all I was worth. I was given 98% - so someone agreed with my feelings.

Let us read a little of his 'Gallipoli Diary', a paragraph headed 'Midnight' (Gallipoli Diary, page 347) - the midnight after the 'wonderfully happy 5 p.m. when apparently, in his estimation, the fight was over - and then compare it with the real happings, in whose midst I was, and we will then see the battle through two different pairs of eyes, those of the distant onlooker and those of ones of the actual participants; Sir Ian, it must be remembered, was on Imbros, an island 10 or 12 miles from the Peninsula.

'Midnight: When I lay down in my little tent two hours ago, the canvas seemed to make a sort of sounding board. No sooner did I try to sleep than I heard the musketry rolling up and dying away; then rolling up again in volume until I could stick it no longer and simply had to get up and pick a path through the brush and over sandhills, across to the sea on the east coast of our island. There I could hear nothing. Was the firing then an hallucination - a sort of sequel to the battle in my brain? Not so; far away I could see faint corruscations of sparks; star shells; coloured fireballs from pistols; searchlights playing up and down the coast. Our fellows were being beset to hold on to what they had won; there, where the horizon stood out with spectral luminosity. What a contrast; the direct fear, joy and excitement of the fighting men out there in the searchlights and the dull anguish of waiting here in the darkness; imagining horrors; praying the Almighty our men may be vouchsafed valour to stick it through the night; wondering, waiting, until the wire brings its colourless message!'

Now, let us look at the reality, let us look at 'the direct fear, joy (JOY!) and excitement of the fighting men out there in the searchlights' and let us remember our 'wonderfully happy' General while we do so.

As I said, the 87th Brigade of the 29th Division, our own Division, went over at 11 a.m. - we could see them making a magnificent rush across the 80 yards or so between the trenches and jumping down into the Turkish lines. This they did three times, only being halted in the third line. Our General remarks on the hot shrapnel fire poured into them as they advanced and on the casualties they sustained. He also describes the device whereby he and our guns were able to follow their advance - a triangular piece of tin sewn on each man's back, which flashed in the sun. This was apparently very pretty as if someone had quite suddenly flung a big handful of diamonds on to the landscape. What he does not describe is the fact that, if one of our men were wounded, or otherwise forced to turn round, his tin made him a wonderful target for the Turks. All who could, tore their tins off as soon as this was realised.

At 11.30 a.m. our passive role of reserves was finished and we were ordered forward to the lines of

trenches already taken by the 87th Brigade. Our whole Brigade, the 86th, went across the open in long lines of companies, each battalion in depth, one company following the one ahead as soon as it had gained the enemy trench. By this time the Turkish guns had our range to an inch and men were falling all round as we dashed across to the trenches. As we got into the third trench I lost my platoon and, unthinkingly, ran along the parapet amongst bullets and shells, looking for it. The men in the trench, who were mostly of the 87th Brigade, shouted at me 'Get down you fool' and, realising my stupidity, I jumped down and continued my search in the trench. What with Turkish dead and British dead and wounded, as well as the men on the firestep, it was pretty full, but I soon found my platoon, which had only had a few casualties, and was greeted by Sergeant Bluemell who had thought I had been knocked out.

After a short time, word came down the trench that all Munsters were to make their way to the left and report to Major Williams. We turned and pushed our way through with our men moving in front and behind us and in five or six hundred yards came on Major Williams. As calm and imperturbable as ever, he gave each platoon commander his orders. We were to get out of the trench, cross Gully Ravine just ahead of us, at a run and then make our way by a path on to the cliffs where we were to turn right along a cliff path and go on until we received further directions from the O C, Col. Geddes, or the Adjutant, Capt. Nightingale. The Gurkhas would be on our right at the top of the cliffs - the path was sheltered, no organised opposition should be met. We followed the platoon ahead of us; Reeds, rushed over the open, down into and out of a very shallow gully ravine, and found ourselves on a narrow path half-way up the cliff, or bluffs, running along the coast above the beach. Reed's platoon was winding its way ahead in single file and another platoon followed us closely. As the path, only wide enough to pass one man at a time, wound its way along the cliffs, going down into ravines and up over humps, I could see the long line of men ahead and behind me and, out at sea and apparently only half a mile from the shore, a large warship, moving slowly along the coast, firing as she went. Round and round her chased four

destroyers, each one firing as her guns were brought to bear on a target a mile or two ahead of us. I was absorbed in seeing that my men kept on the path and in the right direction, but had time to notice the beauty of the morning and of the bluffs and to watch the warships in action.

Suddenly, as Reed's platoon ahead was negotiating a ravine just in front of me, a salvo of shells burst in the ravine. I saw Reed, tumbling over and over, go down the face of the bluff and then get caught in some bushes and lie still, whilst most of his men appeared to be hit. The call for stretcher bearers went up and just then, another salvo of shells came over and exploded. This happened two or three times so I halted my platoon on the edge of the ravine and told the men to lie down. The stretcher bearers carrying Reed and the other casualties of his platoon, who had miraculously appeared from nowhere, went by, and Reed mustered a smile for me as he passed, though one of his bearers told me that his leg had been blown off at the knee. I never saw him again, but heard later that he had survived. The other casualties looked pretty bad.

The shelling stopped as suddenly as it had started and I led my platoon forward again. About half a mile from where we had joined it the path descended on to the beach into a sandy cove and there, standing against the cliff, was our C O, Col. Geddes.

Owing to Reed's platoon being almost blown out of existence, and to my halting my own platoon until the shelling ceased, a long gap in the line of men plodding along the path had developed, and Geddes gave me a short and very sharp dressing down. Did I realise that because I had halted, I had stopped the whole advance and that men badly needed up forward might not get there in time? I was not to halt again and was to get up to the front trenches as quickly as I could. I would know my destination when the path led into trenches dug across it, four to five hundred yards on. I felt like a whipped cur. I realised that Geddes was right and felt that I had let down the whole side. I wasn't going to make another errcr.

To be continued.

GOING, GOING - GONE!

By G E Dale RFA (53)

'Old soldiers never die.'
I met a man who puzzled why:
Have these chaps hearts of leather?
Do SMs bark on forever?
Fancy living on like rakers,
Always jerks, bull and jankers.
Fall-in on the square at dawn,
Drill and press-ups every morn;
Left-right-left! Full knees bend!
Dubbin, blanco, Soldier's Friend.
Perform daily, like a dumb show,
All claptrap and mumbo jumbo.
Beats me why they want to stay,
And live for ever in that way.

What - 'They simply fade away!'
Seems a daft thing to say.
Are they at old soldier's pranks,
To crumble up in tidy ranks?
Is it thought to be a joke,
To 'shun, and go up in smoke?
Or maybe salute with baleful looks,
Then fade into khaki spooks?
P'raps they sing some bluff refrain,
Melt, and trickle down the drain?
All by numbers you can tell.
No time for soldier's rude farewell.
Must say it seems most unkind -
To scram and leave nowt behind.

But an old sweat's hard to fox.
Knows he'll end up in a box.
Leaving behind when all is night,
A few medals, old but bright.

THE FORTY-SECOND DIVISION

A short history of the 42nd (East Lancashire) Division at Gallipoli.

By Major G B Horridge T D (1/5 Lan Fus 42 Div)

On the 25th May 1915 'East Lancashire Territorial Division' became the 42nd (East Lancashire) Division and took precedence in numerical order of all other Territorial Divisions. The Infantry Brigades were numbered 125, 126 and 127. On that date, the Division had been on the Gallipoli Peninsula for three weeks and so a history of this Division should start much earlier.

Many of the units comprising this Division at the outbreak of war dated back to 1859 when the Volunteer movement came into being. At the outbreak of war the personnel of the Division came from various towns in East Lancashire as follows:

Royal Field Artillery		Bolton, Blackburn, Church and Burnley
Infantry	125th Brigade	Bury, Rochdale and Salford
	126th Brigade	Blackburn, Burnley, Ashton-under-Lyne and Oldham
	127th Brigade	Wigan and Manchester.

In addition, there was 'A' Squadron, Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry, Two Field Companies and Signal Company of the Royal Engineers, three companies Army Service Corps and three Field Ambulances of the Royal Army Medical Corps.

For some years peior to 1914 The Territorial Army had been very popular in East Lancashire and many of the units were, at the outbreak of war, up to strength; many had a waiting list. The training camps in the summer were pleasant and the Drill Halls had good accommodation. The writer remembers that Castle Armoury, the Drill Hall at Bury was one of the largest drill halls in the country. A battalion could be drilled in the hall. The Officers, the Sergeants and the Corporals each had a mess and each one boasted a billiards table. In camp officers wore three different uniforms daily namely Blue Patrol, Khaki Service and Mess Dress. Discipline in Mess was very strict. Correct uniform had to be worn and no officer could rise from his seat until the Commanding Officer had done so. There would seem to have been a similarity with the Officers Mess in the days of Lord Cardigan and 'black bottle'.

The fact that the Division was up to strength must have been the factor that decided the War Office to send it overseas as soon as possible in order to relieve regular troops needed at home.

On joining the Territorial Force every man agreed to serve his King in this country but could not be sent abroad without his agreement. So on August 10th 1914 Lord Kitchener invited The Territorial Force to volunteer for foreign Service. By August 12th the three Infantry Brigades had accepted the invitation and 90% of the Officers and other ranks had accepted. The remaining 10% was quickly filled by ex-soldiers offering their services.

On 9th September the Division entrained for Southampton to embark for Egypt, being the first Territorial Division to volunteer for foreign Service and the first to leave England's shores. They were accompanied by the Hertfordshire and City of Westminster Yeomanry.

The strength of the Division was 511 Officers, 14966 NCOs and men. The Division was to remain abroad until after the Armistice more than four years later. During this time, it was to suffer fatal casualties of killed and missing as follows:

Officers 398, WOs, NCOs and other ranks 6114.

These figures were taken from published lists.

Also during that time the following number of Honours were awarded:

Officers 380, WOs, NCOs and other ranks 990.

On 25th September the Division arrived in Egypt and was accommodated chiefly in Cairo in Abbassia Barracks, The Citadel and Kasr-el-Nil Barracks; also in Alexandria at Mustapha Pasha Barracks and at the forts, Ras-el-Tin and Kom-el-Dik.

One battalion of the Division had the most diversified experiences. This was the 7th Manchester Regiment who sent a company to Cyprus, a detachment to garrison Port Sudan and later to patrol the Red Sea in H M S Enterprise while the rest of the battalion went on to garrison Khartoum in the Sudan. They also had the interesting experience of forming two platoons into a Camel Corps. Tropical uniform and khaki pith helmets were soon issued. The helmets much intrigued the men and one was heard to ask 'Bill, Dost ta think they will let us tak these whoam wi'us?' Bill's reply was 'Tha'll be lucky if tha taks tha yed whoam, never mind thi -----'elmet.'

There is not space here to deal with training which all soldiers know about but three occurrences during the stay in Egypt at this time are worthy of mention. On 31st October 1914 a force 9000 strong marched through Cairo with bayonets fixed. On December 20 Price Hussein was declared Sultan of Egypt under British Protection and the 5th Lancashire Fusiliers provided the Guard of Honour and on Palm Sunday March 28 the Division was reviewed in Cairo by General Sir Ian Hamilton. Evidently, the General was pleased with what he saw because on April 28th orders were received for the Division to embark for the Gallipoli Peninsula. The first Brigade to arrive was The Lancashire Fusilier Brigade (125th) which disembarked at W Beach on 5th May. Within 24 hours the 6th Lancashire Fusiliers were in action on the extreme left and on 7th May the other battalions of the Brigade also went into the attack thus taking part in the 2nd Battle of Krithia. Since embodiment the Division had been under the Command of Major General Sir William Douglas and on arrival at Gallipoli became part of the Eighth Corps commanded by Lieutenant General Sir Aylmer Hunter Weston.

For almost a month after the Second Battle of Krithia there was a lull in the fighting and the time was spent in digging in to get near to the enemy as the next attack would be trench warfare. There were also a lot of Working Party duties. The Divisional Front was in the centre and the Manchester Brigade was in the front line and had the somewhat tricky duty of getting near to the Turkish front line. On May 30th the 126th Brigade was split up amongst the depleted battalions of the 29th Division.

The stage was now set for the Division's first big test, namely, the great battle across the width of the Peninsula which lasted through June 4th 5th and 6th. The Division carried itself very well. The Manchester Brigade supported by two companies of 5th Lancashire Fusiliers broke through the Turkish centre which created near panic amongst the Turkish commanders. A soldier of the writer's company who was wounded and captured on June 4th came to work in his business after the war and told the writer that he was taken behind Achi Baba and saw the Turkish batteries limber up and retire. When no further advance was made they came back in the evening. When this breakthrough was effected the Corps Commander had to make a decision as to how to employ his reserves. There were two courses:

(1) to employ them to get the wings forward or
(2) to send them through the centre and enlarge the breakthrough.

He chose the first course and it turned out a failure.

It should be stated that the writer was told at the time that batteries of the famour French 75s were bombarding the Turkish front lines in front of the Manchester Brigade. They were very accurate and werehitting the trench every time, no doubt assisting in effecting the breakthrough. In a private letter to the Divisional Commander the following sentence occurs 'As a matter of fact I never saw any finer piece of work than that performed by the Manchesters that day'. This letter was from Sir Ian Hamilton.

The Divisions were to take part in one more big battle during their stay on the Peninsula and that was the battle of August 6 & 7, in reality a holding attack synchronised with the new landing at Suvla Bay. Very heavy fighting took place in The Vineyard and the casualties during the two days were, Officers 80, Other Ranks 1484. Shortly after this battle the 29th Division left Helles to go to Suvla and the 42nd Division took over the left Sector which included Gully Ravine.

At the end of 1915 the evacuation of Gallipoli took place and the Division returned to Egypt and were employed in the Canal Zone. The garrisons were at places such as Ballah, Shallufa and Suez until some military big-wig came along and asked the pertinent question 'Were the troops guarding the canal or was the canal guarding the troops'. After that outposts were pushed out into the desert with names such as Bir-el-Abd, Bir-el-Dueidar and Ballybunion. Here the division remained until the Turks sent a force of 14000 men to attack Egypt. The date was August 6th 1916. This force was met at Romani, some 25 miles from Kantara, by a British Force. The 42nd Division were represented at the Battle of Romani by the 127th Brigade. As the Brigade were approaching the Turks withdrew and the battle was over. The enemy lost 9181 killed, wounded and prisoners.

The time from the Battle of Romani until the end of the year was spent in the Sinai Desert proceeding gradually towards Palestine, along with the railway and the water-pipe line, with the Gyppo Labour Corps generally in the van. There was one more incident while the Division was in the

Middle East. On December 20th the Division along with the 52nd Division set out from Mazar to attack the Turkish positions guarding El Arish. Before the troops could get at close quarters the Turks retired and there was no battle. This was the end of operations in Sinai and early in 1917, the Division was ordered to France.

The 42nd (East Lancashire) Division of the Territorial Army continued to exist after the war, but in the cutback of the army in 1967 the Division ceased to exist. This was the sad fate of the East Lancashire Division of the old Territorial Force (pre-1914). However, the Division had made its name in military history.

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PROUD TROOPER CONVERTED TO 'P B I'

By Alex Barclay Ayrshire Yeomanry (509)

(continued from number 27)

On the third day in this sap, in the afternoon, I had a message from Mr Montgomery saying that Brig. General Koc, the Brigade Commander, had heard something about the catapult being used and was going to 'observe' from a given point the next morning at 9 am and it was hoped that I would give a 'good demonstration'. I chose the Turkish machine gun redoubt on the high ground as my target and before the light failed I had the catapult set and ranged for the next morning's work; however, when the day dawned I was dismayed to see that the target had been covered up during the night with wire netting supported by a wooden frame. Despite this, we left the setting as it was and at 9 am promptly started throwing. The first bomb to be thrown hit the netting and bounced, exploding about 10 ft above the barricade; the next bomb exploded as it hit the wire and the third went through and blew up the netting frame. The protection set up during the night made me think that there was something that the Turks thought was worthwhile protecting, so we kept up the rate of fire as hard as we could send the bombs over. I forgot about the presence of the Brigadier until suddenly I felt a hand clap my shoulder and, on looking round, I found him beside me - all 5ft 3in of him. He looked pleased and said, 'Very good work, Corporal. Carry on'. The crossed swords on his cap came up to about my shoulder, but despite his small stature he was a very

efficient soldier and well thought of by all ranks.

On the day before we were due to be relieved, we had the catapult in action. I was sitting on a sandbag lighting the fuzes and pressing the trigger which released the bombs, 2 of my squad were 'observing' with periscopes and one other was winding the handle which operated the apparatus which stretched the rubber slings. I was sitting well down below the point at which the bomb left the catapult and, on releasing one bomb, I realised to my alarm that the bomb was just falling over the bottom part of the catapult V and it landed on the ground just about 4 ft from me. Sitting as I was with a leg on each side of the catapult shoe I was unable to reach the bomb. The handle winder on my right was the only possible hope (he was one of 2 brothers in the Yeomenry; they were Harold and John Frazer, I think, from the Ayrshire and Galloway Hotel in Ayr) and he too was looking upwards trying to focus the bomb which should have been travelling through the air with a fuze due to burst in $6\frac{1}{2}$ seconds from the time it was lit. I said, 'Quick, Johnny, it's at your foot'. Without hesitation he picked it up and threw it out of the sap, where it exploded immediately, showering us with sandbags and earth from the parapet. The 2 observors did not know that anything was amiss until the bomb exploded and one of them, W. Fulton - a Mauchline man, took cover rather quickly, shouting 'Where the b.....h... did that one come from?' My quick shout and Johnny's quick action saved all four of us from being blown to pieces. On examining the catapult I found that the 'shoe' (the container into which the bomb was fitted before being thrown) had a hole in the middle of about one inch in diameter. The hole did not seem anywhere near big enough to let a bomb slip through, but, as it was made of canvas and rubber, it had sufficient 'give' under pressure to allow the bomb to pass through it. We immediately ceased using the catapult, pending the possession of a new shoe.

The next day we were relieved by a bomb section of the Lanark Yeo., whose leader was L/Cpl Simpson, whose family were well known as Clydedale horse breeders from White-Cross Farm south of Glasgow. I had met him on the Arcadian on the way out. He was a grand type of Yeoman - well-built and up to 6 ft in height and one of the nicest chaps anyone would wish to know. On handing over to him I

warned him not to use the catapult until he had a new shoe and that one was being sought. After we were relieved we were accommodated in the support line and within an hour Cpl. Simpson was carried past me on a stretcher. I asked him what had happened and he told me that the hole in the shoe had looked too small to allow a bomb to pass through and so he had given it a trial, after taking special precautions. He had separated the floor of the bombsap into sections with sandbags and had only one man with him in the sap when they used the catapult, both being ready to 'bolt'. The same occurance that had happened previously happened again and he shouted to his mate to get out. He kicked the live nomb behind a line of sandbags and turned to run out of the sap but tripped over a sandbag and fell. He said that if he had lain still he thought that he would have been alright, but he started to get up to continue his run from the sap when the bomb exploded. I asked him if the wounds were serious and he, quite cheerily, said, 'No, but I think I must have about 100 pieces in me - skin deep'. I believe he died within the hour, at least I heard so later.

On coming out, one of the first things I did was to get a canvas bag, that I carried, full of water, from the stream in the nullah to have a good wash. When I took off my boots half of my socks came off on my feet and the other half stayed in my boots. When I had had a 'sponge down' I was washing my shirt when the Colonel (J D Boswell) came round the lines. He was bluff, hearty and very popular and always had a word of encouragement for everyone in the Regiment; when he passed me in the trench he slapped my bare back and said, 'Well done, Barclay. You are the first 'shirt-washer' I have seen'. The date was now about the beginning of November and the weather had been dry and warm and we were glad of the break from being constantly on 'one hour on' and 'two hours off' duty in the firing line with our 'fighting equipment' constantly on. We were still within rifle range of the Turkish 1st line of trenches (indeed, we had a few trooper wounded) there and of course we were under constant shell fire and were constantly on fatigue duties at 'W' beach, but the chance of getting some length of time to sleep and relax made us all feel much better and we were thankful for it. I think that, at this stage, most of the Yeomen must have thought as I did. Before landing on the peninsula I had been worried. I had

the idea that we must at some time feel frightened and my chief concern was that I might not be able to hide my feelings of fright. However, I now knew what it was like to be under strain and I felt that I had come through my first test to my own satisfaction. I discovered that when the strain was great the thing to do was to 'do something' - move about, - fill a sandbag or dig - anything to occupy your mind.

Towards the end of the first week in November we went back into the line. With my bomb squad I went a day before the Regiment and found we were in occupation of a bomb sap about 150 yards to the right of the one which we had previously held and the second one to the right of the E. Krithia nullah. In 'The Proud Trooper', page 237, a map shows the Turkish trenches; our trenches and the bomb-sap we now occupied can be 'plotted' as on the 'W' of the words 'This part covered with dead'. This was no understatement, as it was the most fought over place on Helles. It was part of the 'vineyard' and had been the scene of a good few unsuccessful attacks by our troops since July, the most recent one being 5 weeks before. In this case, a platoon of the 'Lancashire Regiment', I think, consisting of 72 infantrymen, went over the top and got about halfway when they were wiped out, to a man, by infilade machine gun fire from Turkish machine guns firing from the high ground in the wedge of land formed by the junction of the W and E Krithia nullahs - in fact, from the 'redoubts' I had pelted with bombs from the catapult I had used on my previous spell in the trenches. From the bomb sap which we now garrisoned we could count over 300 dead between the lines, from a point about 50 yards to our left to another point about 100 yards to our right. Practically all were British corpses and a very large number were dressed in Kilts. It was not a very pleasant place to have to stay in and was made much worse as the weather broke at about that time, causing a great increase in the stench from the dead bodies and also a great increase in the swarms of flies, which had been bad enought before the rain but which now increased in swarms impossible to describe. At meal times our stew was just covered with flies which had only recently feasted on the dead and it was impossible to have a meal without getting flies in the mouth with every spoonful.

The 'apricot jam', - the only jam we ever had on the peninsula, - seemed to attract these flies in great numbers and became so unpopular that many of the troops refused to eat it; it was to be found in large quantities, still in the tin, shoved in between the sandbags in the parapets and paradoses. So also was the bully beef treated, as, owing to the heat, it looked awful when the tin was opened. About this time a large amount of Tommies were suffering from dysentery and because of the plague of flies, whose numbers increased, until about one man in two was affected. This was shortly followed by an outbreak of jaundice which became a serious menace, all the moreso because very few, if any, replacements in man power were coming out to join us.

To be continued.

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THE POSTAL HISTORY OF GALLIPOLI

By Keith Tranmer (AM 381)

For a good many years I have been interested in the Postal History of the former Austrian Empire with particular emphasis on soldiers mail. One may define Postal History as the study of postal communications and the collection of postal markings found on letters which are sometimes but not necessarily, associated with historical events or personalities.

It is simply a hobby and perhaps dull to some until one remembers the difficulties of communication often experienced in wartime as for example during a military siege or for someone shut away in a place like Dachau.

Although I have a keen interest in the Gallipoli campaign I did not intentionally try to collect material from this campaign until after my first visit to the battlefields. The reason for this apparent neglect of the subject is partly attributed to existing demands on my spare time and the mistaken assumption that it would be an easy subject in view of the many thousands of letters which must have been written and posted in fairly easy circumstances by both sides. Actually it is not so easy because a lot of the material has been destroyed.

Having now commenced a collection of Gallipoli I am realising that I have a subject which if properly assembled, presented and described, will do much to stimulate interest in the campaign many years from now. In different parts of the country and in many places overseas there are groups of Philatelists who invite displays from guest speakers on a variety of subjects associated with Postal History. Also on at least two occasions annually collectors are invited to submit entries for major exhibitions and I recall a splendid entry covering the 'German Military Mission to Turkey' exhibited in London's Seymour Hall last year by a founder member of the Gallipoli Association.

For the entertainment of members present at the dinner on the 6th October 1972 I displayed on a side table 10 pages of Gallipoli material selected to represent both sides in the campaign which I hoped would stimulate the interest of those present and perhaps persuade those with unwanted postcards, letters and envelopes sent from the Peninsula to part with them in order to continue the story.

For those who were not present the exhibit comprised the following:

1. Postcard to his family from an Austrian soldier serving with their 9th Artillery Battery. (Members may recall that Austria sent a 24cm Mortar Battery to assist the Turks. The guns often registered on targets at Suvla. See the Australian Official History).
2. Envelope addressed to Gen. Birdwood, from Sir Ronald Munro-Ferguson, Governor General to Australia.
3. Two envelopes of the French Field Post, one from a sailor who was with the shore party from the French battleship Goliath sent to fight as infantry. (An event mentioned by a number of historians).
4. Indian Army Field Post. Envelopes from Mudros and 'W' Beach.
5. H M S Triumph. Envelope posted on board shortly before she was sunk by the German U-21 submarine.
6. Envelope to a Turkish prisoner held on Lemnos. This reached him from his family by way of a neutral Greek ship out of Piraeus.

7. Photograph of the British Field Post Office S Z 4 at Salt Lake and a letter posted at this office. (One member present recognised the location).
8. Two postcards from Anzac each postmarked 'Headquarters F P O New Zealand Division.'
9. Envelope from Anzac with postmark - 3rd Australian Inf Bde Field P O.
10. Postcard from Lemnos bearing the handstamp of 'No. 3 Stationary Hospital Canadian Expeditionary Force'. Also signed 'Censored by Lt Col Caspary, Commanding Officer' who turned a blind eye to the message which was sent by a member of Howe Bn R N D and made no secret of his unit and location.

As the exhibit is extended and documented a simple thing like a soldiers letter takes on a new meaning. Why he was there, and what his Regiment or ship was doing at the time makes the link in the story of Gallipoli.

Unlike the Museums and Archives where the records collect dust and are forgotten by all except the few who make use of them, here one has a mobile exhibit which is seen at the request of interested groups of people numbering many hundreds in the course of a year, who in most cases are hearing and seeing something from Gallipoli for the first time in their lives.

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FORECAST AND FACT

By R M Gale RND (113)

A friend who was moving house recently offered me a bound volume of 'The War Illustrated' for 1915 and as a result I have learned some interesting facts about the Peninsula. Perhaps I can reveal some of them one day!

An article appeared under the date 30th October 1915 by Sir Edward Pears who is described by the paper as 'the foremost authority on Constantinople'. On the whole it is a good article on the terrain and is accompanied by an excellent sketch map.

At the time of writing there was, of course, no hint of evacuation and Sir Edward deals reasonable enough with possible difficulties likely to arise between ships and shore.

It is only when possible winter weather conditions are discussed that ---alas--- the forecast strays from the facts as they emerged later. 'With ordinary care' says the writer 'our men have nothing to fear from climatic conditions. They may have three or four days disagreeable weather even during October but I anticipate that until the weather breaks, they will enjoy a delightful climate which will remind our Aussies of that which prevails through March and April in Victoria. The wintry season lasts through January, February and March when our men will require protection of huts and dug-outs .....' Speaking generally the country of itself gives abundance of shelter.' The writer goes on 'I should not anticipate that our men will see ice except in thin sheets .... I should be surprised if they see it on more than half a dozen days.' That was the optimistic and soothing forecast.

Perhaps the War Diary of the 86th Brigade, 29th Division is sufficient comment. 'Strong gale, torrents of rain, trenches flooded, water came in as though it had been a tidal wave ... many men must have been drowned ..... Toward evening the weather got worse ..... snow blizzard got worse with intense cold'.

Actually the storm resulted in 280 deaths and 16000 cases of frostbite and exposure. At Anzac one man shed his soaked greatcoat and remembers that it stood as a frozen empty stiff-standing sentinel for several days.

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A young old Gallipolian took his girl-friend (acting rank) to a night club - her first. On emerging some hours later she sniffed the air and said

'What a funny smell out here'.

'Don't be silly. It's fresh air.'

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BETTER THAN THOSE CAMP BREAKFASTS

Advert in the South London Press:
WAITRESSES for Breakfast: 7 to 11 am. St James' Court Hotel, Buckingham Gate S W 1. Apply to Head Waiter.

LOCAL GALLIPOLI TEA-PARTY

A small and unpublicized tea-party was held in August at which some old boys, all in late middle-age, and some wives, assembled for a reminiscing and refuelling session at a member's house. This was induced by the magnetism and dynamism of the name of Gallipoli, but on account of holiday tourism there was some absenteeism which was not escapism although a truism. The yarns showed realism and optimism far from mere futurism but without dogmatism or undue conservatism in the mechanism of personal metabolism due to the tea.

Nevertheless, rheumatism and possibly an aneurism not withstanding, fatalism and pessimism were avoided.

The sandwiches, cakes at tea disappeared under the onslaught and by the omission of tinned salmon there was no botulism.

The cast in order of appearance was Mr and Mrs R A Pither of Mayfield, Major A C Burrows also of Mayfield, Major J F Ford of Lingfield, Sir Graham Savage of Maresfield Park and Captain and Mrs E W Bush of Tunbridge Wells. The day was found to be Robert Pither's birthday so a cake was suitably 'inscribed' for him.

The hostess was Mrs Edgar Banner, accompanied on the teapot by

E H W B

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THAT'S PROGRESS THAT IS

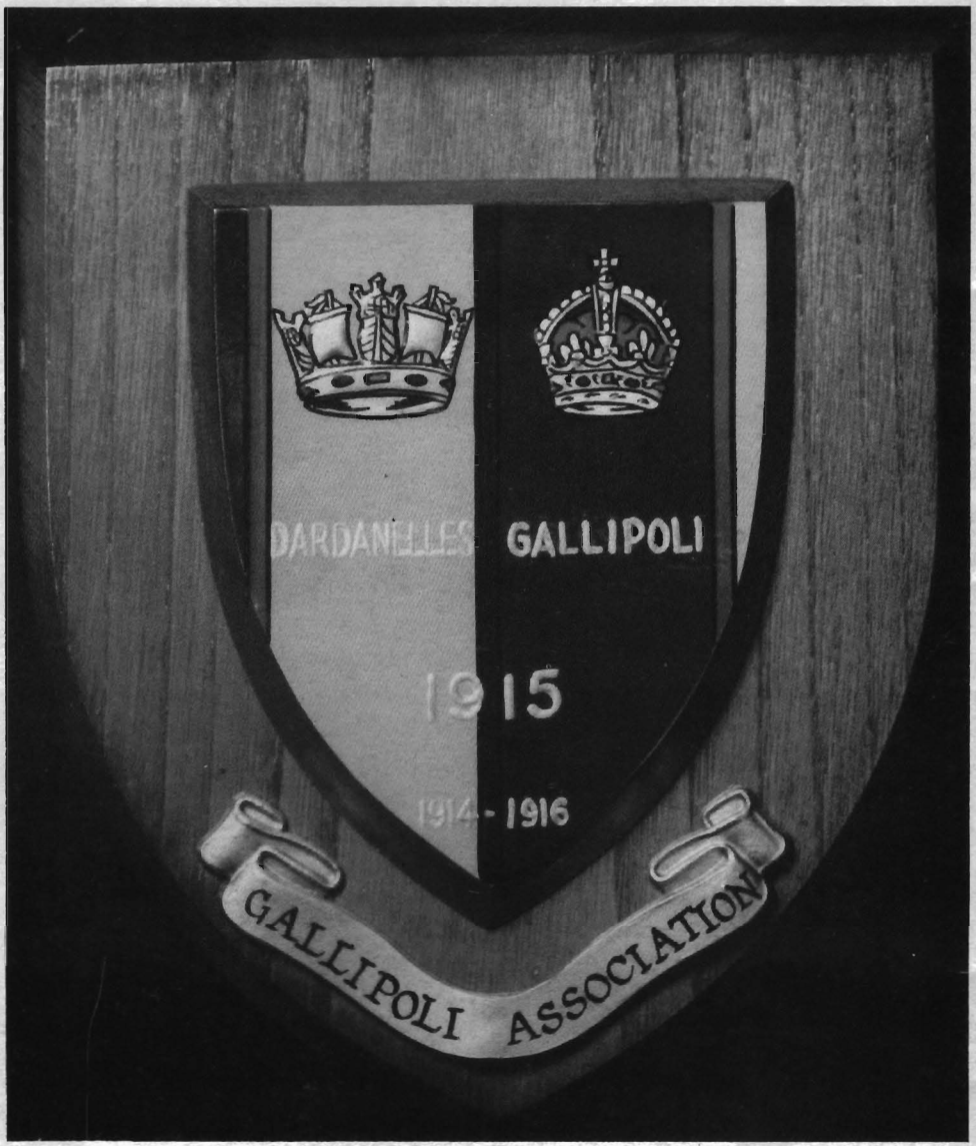
I recently changed my old car for a middle-aged one. The old one had the registration of V H V, for Very High Voltage, but the new one is O A P. Comment is superfluous.

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GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION SHIELD

Overleaf (page 36) is a reproduction of the shield available to members. Please order DIRECTLY from Messrs C H Munday Ltd Oxford House 8 St John's Road St John's WOKING Surrey GU21 1SE. The price will be quoted on request. The shield is in full colour, seven inches deep, for wall mounting.


DARDANELLES
GALLIPOLI
1915
1914 - 1916
GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION