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THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

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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 JP
PAST PRESIDENT	Brigadier B B Rackham CBE MC DL
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CHAIRMAN & HON SEC & EDITOR of the GALLIPOLIAN	Major E H W Banner TD MSc CEng FIEE FIMechE FInstP Delphi Maresfield Park UCKFIELD East Sussex TN22 2HB (Uckfield 4949 STD 0825 4949)
HON TREASURER	D F Bland (AM) Torview 4 Ridgeway Close DORKING Surrey RH4 3AS (Dorking 5360 STD 0306 5360)
COMMITTEE	Captain D M Penrose TD S Parker Bird FRICS J H Heeley CEng MIMechE Major A G Coulson (AM) K Tranmer (AM) D A Pollard Lt TAVR (AM)

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GALLIPOLI - AND THE SEQUEL

This being the sixtieth anniversary of the end of the war with Turkey, veterans of the campaigns in PALESTINE and MESOPOTAMIA are being invited to join us at dinner this year. Particulars are given on page 5.

EXPEDITION ON THE 25TH

By J H Heeley R E 29th Division (Committee Member)

Assembled on a cold but fortunately dry day, formed in a square around the Cenotaph to commemorate Anzac Day were some thirty official representatives of many countries and Associations. The High Commissioners of Australia and New Zealand, attended by representatives of their Armed Forces were aligned with their wreath-layers of Commonwealth and Imperial ex-Service Associations. Prominent among the ex-Servicemen and relatives present were the 29th Division and Gallipoli Association members, some from as far afield as Yorkshire.

On the first stroke of Big Ben at 11 am the High Commissioners of Australia and New Zealand stepped forward and laid the first wreaths, following which wreaths were laid around the Cenotaph by representatives of the Government and other Associations. The 29th Division wreath was laid by Lt-Col P W Bourke whilst Captain E W Bush DSO DSC RN laid the Gallipoli Association wreath. The music; Last Post, etc, was played by the Aldershot band of the Royal Engineers. After the parade some members of the Gallipoli Association joined the Anzacs at the Abbey service whilst others made their way to the Duke of York's Headquarters near Sloane Square for the annual luncheon and general meeting of the Association.

After the luncheon when the chairman Edgar Banner stopped the rumble of reminiscences the silence enabled the President Lt-General Sir Reginald Savory to pronounce the Loyal Toast and to thank J W Gearing (507) for his presentation of a colourful picture on the ship 'River Clyde' at the V Beach landing at the Duke of York's HQ. He then thanked the staff for the excellent meal and service and welcomed the Andover Brigade who as usual came along in a special minibus with wives going shopping.

The meeting commenced with the presentation of the Accounts by the Honorary Treasurer which were considered and approved. The chairman then gave his report which was received with applause. The President's proposal that Major Dhanna Singh who served with the 14th (King George's Own) Sikhs at Gallipoli should be invited to Honorary Membership of the Association, and that veterans of the

Palestine and Mesopotamia campaigns be invited to join us at our Dinner this year were put to the meeting and approved with obvious pleasure. The production of THE GALLIPOLIAN was said to be 'better than ever'. Members heard with great pleasure of Major Mott's hundredth birthday party on the 23rd March, when he had received thirty-eight telegrams, the first of course from H M the Queen, and 150 cards, one being sent from the Association and many from individual members. (See pages 35 & 36).

Then the activities of the officers and committee members were also obviously considered satisfactory as they were re-elected en bloc. The President then expressed his and the members' great appreciation of Edgar's efforts in making the Association so worthwhile and said that he had a special surprise in the form of a gift which he had himself prepared. Some photographs had been taken at our Royal Dinner in 1975* and from one he had painted a picture of the chairman and himself which he then presented to Edgar Banner.

After suitable thanks the President brought the meeting to a close and announced that the next lunch and A G M would be on the 25th April 1979.

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SUMMARY OF CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

Amplifying the account given above the strength of the Association is as follows: 707 total joined; 668 veteran members and 39 associates. 225 are reported to have died. 20 have not yet paid for 1978 but assuming they do pay the net number seems to be 349 members and 38 associates. However, there are a few infirm members whose position is not clear.

The article on 'Gallipoli - and the sequel' had been sent to a press agency but so far not yet known to have been implemented. It was written as a brief summary to correct some popular misconceptions, and to show the connexion with the Palestine and Mesopotamia campaigns, hence the invitation for the latter to join us at dinner this year, sixty years after the end of the war.

* By courtesy of D E G Morris

THE DINNER - TUESDAY 3rd OCTOBER 1978

The tenth annual dinner will take place at the Royal Air Force Club, 128 Piccadilly W 1, on Tuesday the 3rd October, kindly sponsored by Lt-Col Philip Gething M C, one of our Vice-Presidents. The club is situated between Hyde Park Corner and Green Park Underground stations and on several bus routes. Free parking locally after 6.30.

Our Guest of Honour will be Mr Winston S Churchill M P Other invited guests will include representatives of the High Commissions of Australia and New Zealand, and the India Office.

TIME: 6.30 for 7.15
DRESS: Dinner jacket (or dark suit). Orders and decorations.
NAME TAB: As usual. Please provide a card tab worn above the medals, with name and Gallipoli unit. This is NOT the place-card which will be sent out as a receipt.
GUESTS: Members may bring male guests.
SPECIAL GUESTS: For this 60th anniversary year veterans of the Palestine and Mesopotamia campaigns are being invited to join us.
PRICE: £6.00 Drinks payable in cash.
APPLICATIONS: Please write to the Hon Sec not later than 29th September, with cheque payable to the Gallipoli Association. Place-cards will be sent out in bulk about the last week in September. Please send:

NAME & Number
CHEQUE for self (and guests)
STAMPED RETURN ENVELOPE

ON ARRIVAL: Select your place at table and put your place-card, bent to stand up, at the table where you want to sit. Please do not displace any card that may already be there. This place-card is NOT the name tab.
LAST POST: Around 9 - 10 pm.
SECURITY: All should pay heed to the warning notices displayed in the cloak room.

THE GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION WREATH AT EDINBURGH CASTLE

The annual Anzac ceremony took place on the 25th April 1978 when wreaths were laid to commemorate Gallipoli 1915. The Gallipoli Association wreath was laid first, by Mr W Murray of Edinburgh, supported by J S Houston, Donald Ross MM, a KOSB from Gateshead and Captain Harrison, KOSB from Selkirk. Other wreaths were laid by Australia, New Zealand, the Returned Servicemen's League, the Armed Services in Scotland, the English Speaking Union of the Commonwealth and the Royal Overseas League. In past years Colonel W Briggs-Constable who died last year provided and laid the wreath on behalf of the Association.

The Chaplain was as usual the very Reverend Ronald Selby Wright; he has carried out this duty ever since the second World War.

In a simple speech Major Adam Lothian, the Vice-Chairman of the Royal British Legion Scotland paid tribute to the Gallipoli veterans and stressed the importance of continuing these services of remembrance.

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EASTBOURNE BRIGADE

Thanks to the continued kindness of the Women's Section of the Royal British Legion, Eastbourne, another enjoyable tea-party was held at their HQ on the 18th May. Sixteen members turned up, including a few visitors from other areas while some Eastbourne members were reported indisposed and unable to attend, with reluctance.

Jack Attwood (187) who started the 'party' two years ago welcomed all present and at the end thanked Mrs Stuart-Hemsley the Chairman of the Women's Section for kindly providing the tea. Many reminiscences were brought up and we heard how fresh water wells were bored at Cape Helles. The proposed 'Gallipoli Medal' was talked of; how the Anzacs started the idea which being then turned down by our government was abandoned. A piece of ribbon for the proposed medal was shown - this was new to most present. Altogether it was a very pleasant afternoon when members could recall some of the better moments of sixty-three years ago. Eastbourne is fortunate in having newspapers which publish news and photographs of these events.

E H W B

NEW MEMBERS (Up to 1 June 1978)

In the original printed journal, this section contains names and full addresses of new members. For data protection and personal privacy reasons, the content has been omitted.

On the following page, a small section carries address amendments, and has been similarly omitted.

OBITUARY (At 1 June 1978)

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

Lt-Col R T Tarrant VD (Australia) 2 Bn AIF	(3)
The Rev F Greenham Pte RAMC 54 Div	(504)
W T Henson CPO RN HMS Swiftsure	(605)
Capt A H Hillgarth CMG OBE RN HMS Bacchante	(574)
G W Twitchett L/Cpl RAMC 29 Div	(649)
W Toft Lt 5 Manchester R Pte 4 R Scots 52 Div	(374)
C A Cook MSM Cpl 5 Wilts R 13 Div	(234)
Capt H W Spring-Smyth Lt RE New Zealand Fld Coy	(421)
R W Lacey Cpl R Bucks Hussars	(328)
R B Bates RSM RAMC Welsh Fld Amb 53 Div	(62)
G T Hancock Pte 1/5 Welch R 53 Div	(345)
J Curdie Sgt 6 HLI 52 Div	(529)
R E Morgan Sgt 7 R Welch Fus 53 Div	(75)
C A Avard Pte RND Div Train	(680)
Capt R W Moore RN HMS Euryalus	(633)
W J Goldie RHA L Bty 29 Div	(492)

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MAIL FROM ANZAC

In the early days of the landing the Australian and New Zealand troops at Anzac were provided with a Field Post Office but they had little to do because the position held was somewhat precarious and the last thing anyone had time for was letter writing. However it was not long before the troops settled down and consolidated their positions and began writing home accounts of their adventures. As a collector of soldiers' letters from Gallipoli one gleans more information about the soldier than is found in any history book. The troops had no writing material and one finds postcards made from ration packs and cartridge boxes such as those sent by our Australian member Col J L McKinlay which he kindly passed to me. One amusing item I treasure is a message to his mother from the late Revd Edward Alston, a familiar figure at our annual lunch and dinner, and a member of the 1975 tour of Gallipoli which I organised.

He always wrote to his family on the backs of envelopes and letters which he himself received. Censorship was very slack and in common with many of his comrades Alston had written at some length about the landings and the events that followed. As a schoolboy and much under the age of enlistment his mother had asked him to see his Colonel about getting himself sent back to finish his schooling. The reply reads: ' I cannot go and see the Colonel just like that, you must understand that he has a lot on his mind just now.'

K Tranmer (AM 381)

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I'M FINE, THANK YOU

By Jerry Attrix

There's nothing the matter with me, I'm as healthy as can be,
I've arthritis in both my knees, and when I talk,
I talk with a wheeze,
My pulse is weak, my blood is thin, but
I'm awfully well, for the shape I'm in.

Arch supports for my feet
Or no going to the street,
Sleep is denied me night after night,
But every morn I find I'm alright.
My memory's failing, my head's in a spin,
But I'm awfully well, for the shape I'm in.

The moral is this, as my tale I unfold,
That for you and me who are getting old,
'Tis better to say, I'm fine, with a grin,
Than to let folks know the shape I'm in.

How do I know that my youth is all spent?
Well my 'get up and go' has 'got up and went',
But I don't really mind, when I think with a grin,
Of all the grand places my 'get up and go' has bin.

Old age is golden, or so I've heard it said,
But sometimes I wonder when I get into bed,
With my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup,
My eyes on the table, until I wake up,
'Ere sleep overtakes me I say to myself,
Is there anything else I could have put on the shelf?

When I was young, my slippers were red,
I could kick my heels right over my head,
When I was older, my slippers were blue,
But still I could dance the whole night through,
Now I am old, my slippers are black,
I walk to the store and pull myself back.

I get up each morning, and dust off my wits,
And pick up the paper, and read the 'Obits',
If my name's missing, I know I'm not dead,
So I have a good breakfast and go back to bed.

(Sent by Major A C Burrows)

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GALLIPOLI - 1915

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

(Continued from number 26)

I think it was to the flies that we owed the dysentry which ravaged the whole army ashore. No one was free of it except, by some miracle, myself, and it probably caused more casualties and more evacuations from the Peninsula than any other cause. We found men lying dead of it every night in the latrines. It was pitiable to see men so weak from its results.

Later, when I was commanding a company and we went from 'rest' to relieve another unit in the trenches, none of my 80 odd men could walk, they were so weak from dysentry, and it took us seven hours to get up to the trenches, a distance then of about three and a half miles. The men literally crawled up on their hands and knees. But every man in the company came in and every one brought his rifle and ammunition!

Once in the trenches, men who apparently could not stand, would drag themselves on to the firestep and pump bullets into the enemy, if they attacked, or stand to when the order was given - and afterwards, literally collapse when it was over. The courage and sticking power of those men was superhuman. That such fine fellows should be killed, or die, in thousands, was one of the greatest losses the world could suffer - and it was so unnecessary and led to nothing! Who now can assess the loss to the world or the sum total of suffering in this campaign, or who even knows much of it? To read a cold history of the campaign, or even a diary such as that of Sir Ian Hamilton, tells one nothing of what the men taking part in it went through. Later, I will give an example of this.

THE BATTLE OF THE FOURTH OF JUNE

As I said, we arrived on the Peninsula on the 27th May and by the 4th June we had been in the trenches some four days. We were to the left of the middle of the line and that morning a big attack was made on the Turks. From our trench the ground sloped down rather sharply to the right, but was more or less level in front of us with the Turkish front line trench about 60 yards ahead of us.

Although, therefore, we had a first rate view of the attack taking place on our right, we had to keep a very good lookout in front as, if they attacked us, the Turks would be on top of us in a minute or two and we should have little time to beat them back. There was no need to explain this to our men, they knew only too well, and the sentries kept their eyes glued to their periscopes whilst the rest of us were able to watch events going on on our right, but we were standing ready for any eventuality.

The front line trenches were further apart there, probable 80 or 90 yards, so that our men had some distance to go before they were in the Turkish trenches. However, about mid-day, after a good deal of gunfire, they went over with a rush and disappeared in the Turkish trench within a couple of minutes. As they went they were met by a terrific burst of machine gun and rifle fire and we could see men falling in bunches, but that did not stop them, and within five minutes or so another line went over, with apparently fewer casualties. Again our men climbed out of the captured Turkish trench and rushed a second trench about 100 yards to the rear and this time they stayed there. We could see many stretcher bearers coming back over the open with their lads through a fairly heavy shell fire which opened up on the captured trenches and on No-man's Land, and small parties of men going forward to the captured trenches, evidently with ammunition, water and wiring stores. All this was going on about half a mile to our right. We found later that the attack had been carried out by the Manchester Brigade of the 42nd Division - a tough lot and, further to the right, by the Naval Division. Meanwhile, the French also attacked much further off to the right and took the 'Haricot' redoubt. They were not content with two lines of trenches, but took three, rushing forward with tremendous elan. However, they came back to the first line, apparently for lunch and in so doing, uncovered the right of the Naval Division whom we could see coming back also. They appeared to be losing men very heavily from shell and machine gun fire as they retired. They, in turn, left the right flank of the Manchesters open. The Manchesters, however, threw their flank back as far as we could see and hung on for some time. They were then ordered back by Corps and finally held only a fraction of

the ground they had gained. A lot might have been saved but for the French penchant for their dejeuner! The dust and smoke thrown up prevented our getting a clear view all the time, but we had a dress circle front row view of this, the first full scale battle I had seen. I cannot say that I enjoyed the performance, the casualties were too heavy and it was rather a strain not knowing if or when we should have to join in. However, the Turks in front of us behaved very nicely and, beyond several bursts of rifle and machine gun fire and some desultory shelling, which only served to keep our heads down, we were quite comfortable except for the few who were hit.

There was a great deal of jumpiness that night, but the next day it was quiet, except for a certain amount of movement behind the lines and a good deal of shelling mostly on the part of the Turks as we were always short of ammunition for the guns.

We stayed in the line for about a fortnight, getting lousier and lousier and looking forward intensely to a bathe when we got back to 'rest'. We never had clothes or boots off during that period except occasionally to delouse and so were not at all comfortable. Our time in the line was taken up by improving the trenches, sapping out to make bomb or machine gun posts by night and wiring by night. That and the occasional patrols into No-Man's Land were eerie experiences. When a Very light went up one had to throw oneself down or 'freeze' until it had burnt out. Fortunately, it took a few seconds to reach height before bursting, so by keeping a very sharp lookout, one could usually get down. Needless to say there was no talking on these patrols when one was always within a few yards of the enemy lines, and the men automatically followed their leader - and didn't wait for any order to get down! Wiring was also very difficult. Every man had to know his exact job before leaving the trench. We generally used concertina wire when within a short distance of the enemy front line, as this did not involve any knocking in of stakes and yet made a very good entanglement. Further back, in front of the support and reserve trenches, we used stakes as the noise we made was unlikely to be

heard in the enemy trenches and, therefore, seldom drew machine gun or shell fire on to us.

No great events happened during most of June, but there were minor attacks to straighten the line, by the Turks, or ourselves, about twice a week. These usually resulted in a few casualties and, as far as the Turks were concerned, were seldom successful. As I said, the Turk is magnificent in defence but, although brave, not good in the offensive.

Then, sometime in the evening of the 27th June, we were told to prepare for an attack the following morning, 28th June. All we could do was to see that all our water bottles were filled, that everyone had his iron ration and full amount of ammunition and bombs, and that we got as much sleep as possible. As so often happened in those days, our exact objectives or route were unknown. In any case, as we were to be in reserve to the rest of the Brigade, we should learn these afterwards.

We were awake and ready to move at 4 a.m., but the guns did not start firing until after 10 a.m. and the 87th Brigade did not leave their trenches to start the attack until 11 a.m. Why so late I cannot say.

To be continued.

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ARE YOU TIED TO THE ASSOCIATION?

Many people wear a tie for best and another for daily use. Our own tie is suitable for both - or all - purposes. Also it is hard-wearing and can be washed as necessary. It has been purchased by well over half our numbers and cases are known where members have recognized unknown members by its use. Don't buy a tie if you think of benefitting the funds; the charge for it is little more than cost price. But it is much lower than that of an equivalent quality of any old tie in the shops. The price is £1.50 and a stock is held for early despatch - often by return post.

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THE PLOTTING OF THE LANDING BEACHES, LATE 1914

By AB W G Cave BEM (HMS Dublin) (457)

This affair is, as far as the Royal Navy is concerned, a one-man band affair. Early one morning in the autumn the captain (Captain Kelly) sent me down for breakfast and told me to get cleaned up a bit as we were to have visitors, and sure enough a destroyer was seen approaching from the south-west (Mudros), but I had no idea who could be aboard. We were almost up as far as Chanak when we slowed down to a dead crawl. Then: 'Duty Hands: Out Fenders: Starboard Well-deck' was piped. An old three-funneler came alongside and discharged its passengers, the captain having gone aft to receive them. They were; General Sir Ian Hamilton; Major-General Hunter-Weston and Admiral Wemyss. The starboard cutter was lowered and they and their gear piled in. They had one large drawing board on the after thwarts, the four oarsmen moved forrard to double-bank on the oars, then it being a calm day the cutter was now cast off, the ship having now stopped, and with the leadsman in the 'chains' we kept as near the shore as the depth would allow. The party, with their clip-boards and sectional maps made their marks as to the suitability or otherwise, then returning to the boat and the crew pulling back to the ship. 'Clear Lower Deck, Hoist Starboard Cutter' was piped.

The boat was hoisted just clear of the water and the Captain, with a megaphone, hailed 'Where now, General?' He and Admiral Wemyss conferred for a moment and the ship steamed slowly ahead, then pointing to a gap, gave the universal stop signal and the whole operation was repeated right down to Cape Helles. Here the ship, after the cutter was hoisted to the davits drew off shore and anchored. The party and crew came inboard for lunch, then after a break and a fresh crew, the whole rigmarole was repeated at appropriate places, past Ghurka Bluff, Y Beach, which I have good cause to remember, and on to Suvla Bay.

'Mission Completed': we hoisted the cutter to the davits and turned for Rabbit Island. All the military

entail went aft to the wardroom, but Admiral Wemyss came and climbed up to the 'island'; he chatted informally with Captain Kelly, who with his large-scale chart pointed out marks and points of interest. When they got to the extreme bearing to mast and funnel, Captain Kelly said to the admiral 'This is my range-taker: handy chap to have about'. I was sat up on my seat and to my surprise he leaned across and shook hands with me and asked about my job and family, if I was married, etc. I said I had been with him before and he remarked 'It's always nice meeting Old Shipmates.' I then said 'The last time I saw you, Sir, you were in tears'. His attitude immediately changed and rather angrilly, seemingly, exclaimed 'What do you mean? I usually reserve my tears for my private life.' I then explained that it was in the Drill shed in the Royal Naval Barracks at Devonport in early May 1910 when, to several thousand officers and ratings he gave out the sad news 'Our beloved King, Edward the VII, is dead. God Save The King'. He had been the commodore of the R N Barracks at the time. He turned to Captain Kelly and said 'Your range-taker has a damn good memory.' His attitude had completely changed and I went on to tell him that I was on draft at the time and waiting with bags and hammocks in the wagons to board the 'Majestic'. Instead all the 'Ceasar' class of battleships went around to the Nore, there to receive all the foreign royalty who were arriving to take part in the funeral procession of H M King Edward's last journey.

My memories of the occasion include close-ups of the Kaiser, gold-helmetted, eagle surmounted, alone on the bridge of the upper-bridge of the 'Hoenzollern'; the Tsar of Russia on the bridge of the Royal Yacht 'Standard'; the King of Denmark in the 'Danneborg'; the Khedive of Egypt in the Royal Yacht 'Maharoussa'; the kings of Norway, Sweden, and Belgium. As an Ordinary Seaman of three-months standing I was naturally overawed at all these events as I had only left the old 'Impregnable' six months before, having joined the 'Andrew' in August 1908.

Since that baptism so early in my service I absorbed details of so many events that I had been involved in: 'That reminds me . . . I saw my old ship sunk, H M S 'Majestic' and turned over to H M S 'Corn-

wallis' which also was sunk, in 1915. I remember how we had two men killed while cutting our starboard anchor, after unshackling from the mooring swivel and shackling on to the inboard end of the bower cable. The cutting pendant shackled on to the anchor, the inboard end of which was then brought to the capstan but, tregically, only two turns had been taken around, then backed-up by about a dozen hands, then with pendant taut the Mooring lieutenant gave the order to Blacky: 'Off slip' though the steam capstan was turning as the anchor neared its 'plumb position' under the cat davit, its weight took charge and away it went, with the pendant and a couple of hands around the capstan with the weight of the anchor and the increasing cable running-out. As the end of the pendant approached it was swinging around the fo'csl like a mad snake; the loose shackle in the eye splice caught one man in the face and he was killed instantly and another died. I think the 'Majestic' class was the last to carry out 'Close-Stowing' anchor, the 'Stockless' has now replaced it. And still 'That reminds me . . . ' I could go on.

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Some Gallipoli pals kept up their war-time friendships and all happened to be cat-lovers. One was a clergyman with a very fine cat which he called Magnificat and another had two cats called Sankey and Moody - because they were both hyms. A musician in the party also had two cats known as O puss 1 and O puss 2. A fourth was an oriental scholar with a slant-eyed Chinese cat - he was of course Chairman Miaou.

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WITH THOUGHTS BACK TO 1914

By G E Dale RFA 59 Bde (53)

My son and I were at a quiet spot against Sheffield, having just seen my grandson begin his Pennine walk. As young David fades over the hump in a Roman road - which the Romans had not repaired lately - my son says: 'Now we'll find that old barracks of yours, Dad'. Hillsborough, my first barracks, best remembered, as are the lads who were there with me. 'Rookies' all, we were so unlike the tried, war-worn types met later. How will the old place look after sixty-three years?

Sheffield I note is much changed since 1914, and the road to Hillsborough seems longer. Suddenly we come to a dark wall, long and high, the centre section castle-like with crenelated towers and arched gateway. Just the same! Once that wall seemed to speak 'Take note, m'lad, that from here we've turned out thousands of first-rate gunners ready to serve the Old Country in one war or another. Many are in France now. See that you match them!' And I hoped that I should. The wall says nothing now, and my eyes catch a big notice. 'BURDALL'S GRAVY SALT'. Oh! how could they?

Gateway closed and locked; a wider entrance breached at a corner. . . . Well, that's that - I've seen it again. However, as we drive on my son, without a word, wheels into that new breach. I am vaguely disturbed. You never entered like this. Surely a sentry . . . ! But the few men about ignore us. So on past the Officers' Quarters. Grass tufts in cobbles - what would the R S M say! There's the old Dry Canteen where you topped up with sausage and mash. The big Square is cluttered up with work-sheds, but surrounding barrack-rooms remain. This half was R A M C. Now for <u>our</u> Square, beyond that arch. Ah, not so congested; I see patches of genuine stamping-ground. Over there is the Riding School where I came a cropper at my first jump; and there our Artillery Gate, with walled drive to road and river Don. Nearby the Guardroom (plus 'clink'), in perfect shape, with awning and colums, rather like a small temple. Still there, that concrete strip over cobbles for sentries to parade smartly. More sprouting grass - how wicked!

The memories begin to flood. I recall that dark night in September 1914 when first we marched in, a bewildered mob in civvies, after nights on the floor of a Newcastle school. Lined up, we wondered what they were going to do with us - for we knew that a battery of Regulars were in occupation, tuning up for France. A window opened noisily and someone leaned out to bawl tipsily:

'Sing us a song o' bonny Scotland!
Any ole song will do.
Round t'ole camp fire,
A rough an' ready . . . !'

From somewhere in the night a truly terrible voice snarled: 'SHURRUP - THAT MAN ! ! ' (Window closed quietly for silence.) We spent that night in the Gymnasium - on the floor again. Next day into billets, with orders to parade at barracks each morning, when we usually began by watching the Regulars harnessing up with their guns into 'marching order'. They were a friendly lot at first, until their tubby little major upbraided them for answering our eager queries. From the way he spoke it should have been beneath the dignity of REAL SOLDIERS to speak to such TRASH - a piece of high-class 'before-ya-come-upance' which puzzled rather than angered. Soon they departed and we moved in. Some Scots were wished on to us; a tough, noisy lot but all good chaps.

Now I am starting up to what was C-sub's barrack-room. The iron balcony and steps leading up have gone - rust no doubt. (The stables were below). As last man in, my bed was naturally next the door, and farthest from the tiny firegrate. On the landing outside stood an iron tub, big as a dustbin, labelled in inventories as: 'Tubs, urinal, soldiers, common.' 'Common' was indeed the word on pay nights, when the door-banging and splashing was no aid to peaceful slumber. (One night I dreamt I had shares in the water-works!) One blanket apiece for that cold winter - I wound mine around me, mummy-like. On the cobbles below stood a narrow, very open structure with iron basins and taps, a place of torture in icy winds. 'Cut-throats' of course, with cold

water - and no after-shave lotion! No - not like home, but worse would come later.

Forty men in that room. I could still place most in his original bed. Easily the noisiest and happiest was Scotsman Jimmy Wood, a small driver with big head and wide grin. On 'leave' Jimmy brought back his gramophone - all Harry Lauder and Billy Williams - and reveille would be greeted by Billy with:

'Here we are again! Here we are again!
Hope we have a bit of fun. Jolly good luck to ev'ry one
How are you mister Jones? How are you Mary Jane?
Half a pint of mild an' bitter, HERE WE ARE AGAIN!'

Our 'Sampson' was Cornishman Davy. Nobody wanted the gloves on with Bert. On request he would demonstrate his somewhat curious 'parlour-trick' - hammering several pins into his flexed thigh! George Ford, and 'old sweat', taught all the rude songs and led the choir. (When we harmonized at full blast it sounded like grand opera). There was Walton, who looked like a schoolboy and almost was - lied over his age as we all knew. (After some weeks at Suvla Walton was 'rumbled' and sent home). Consider Driver Alcock, who aggravated terrible snoring by being an early-to-bedder. Sometimes he would have to be roused: 'FIRE! FIRE! MURDER!!' 'Eh - wassup, wassermarer?' 'Now let's all start from scratch.' Almost as bad was Dvr Webb, who claimed he knew his charge's squeal, when the gee-gees kicked noisily below, and would bawl: 'Quiet, you bastard!' And there was dear old Tommy Givan, who always rolled in late and 'well-oiled!' Ignoring sleepers he would drag a form over to the fire and make toast, while seemingly about to topple into the grate at any moment. (Poor Tommy was our first to die in action).

At first I despaired of ever making any friends there. We were, I suppose, a specimen sample of New Army volunteers of the First Hundred Thousand, Kl, brought together by our Country's need plus a spirit of adventure. (For Patriotism was not derided then). Scots, Irish, English, and incomprehensible Geordies: roughs; not quite so rough, and some *quiet, good-humoured* chaps - mostly among the gunners. But in no time we were all pals - the bond I think was humour.

We chaffed and bantered; our stock jokes, oft repeated, were always good for a chuckle. Arguments? No end to them - but never any worse. When you met out in Sheffield's streets it was almost like greeting one of the family. Here I made the best friend of army days when Hubert Bentley and I were 'promoted' room orderlies one Sunday, with forty mutton plates to clean and no available hot water. Later we worked together as nos. 2 & 3 on our 18-pounder until Hubert was wounded at Suvla.

After much drill in civvies came dark blue tunics, putty-coloured riding breeches and 'twat hats.' 'Like Borstall,' we said, and were ashamed to revisit homes so attired. Months later - khaki. Soldiers at last! Then we 'poshed up' for the evening stroll, moving with confidence, plus swagger sticks and jingling spurs. Parades got longer and life ever more strenuous as we earned our daily bob. Now as I close my eyes surely I can hear faint echoes: 'Left-right-left!' Right turn - stables! Halt - action front!' with the tramp-tramp of heavy boots; the bleats of practising trumpeters.

Nearby I see a door labelled 'GRAVY'. Ah yes --- Burdalls. I recall that a smart orderly man would 'dish up' speedily; then nip back with bucket to the cookhouse and beg gravy - thereby starting a free-for-all with basins. On one such occasion in stalked Lieut Ralph Glyn, a Regular who knew how to bark sharp orders and remain our best-liked officer. 'Orderly officer - SHUN!' But some had not heard. 'Whatever goes on in that corner?' damands Glyn. Bombardier Pine, a glum-faced old soldier, solemnly: 'It's men after their 'jippo,' Sir.' 'Well see they go easy with those valuable pudding basins,' grins Glyn. 'They're heir-looms I believe.'

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

An old Gallipolian was distantly related to a male-factor in the news and he tried to play it down by claiming that he was only a you-know sort-of adopted second half-step-cousin in-law by divorce, three times removed - once by the police.

SIKH SEEKS SIKH

The following letter was received by our President from an old comrade-in-arms Major Dhanna Singh who served at Gallipoli. . . . .

Major Dhanna Singh has been elected to become one of our distinguished Honorary Members. See page 3.

* * * *

'General Sir Savory, President Gallipoli Assocn,
Respectable Ladies and Distinguished Gallipolians.

I am very happy to know from Sir Savory, my Comrade-in-Arms in Gallipoli that there exists in England an Association by the name 'Gallipoli Association',comprising of Members who are distinguished Gallipolians of an average age of 84. This gives me an opportunity to state that I too am a Gallipolian and stepped into my 84th Year at the end of May this year.

I feel privileged, honoured and profound pleasure to avail of this occassion to greet you all here and to those of us living elsewhere - the living venturists, of Gallipoli fame, most sincerely & heartily.

Your humble Comrade, as most probably you know already, served in the 14th (King George's Own)(Ferozepore) Sikhs, now designated 1st. Bn. The Sikh Regt., throughout the campaign including the world famous action of 4th June, 1915, and those subsequently fought - the days of sacrifice. Naturally the toll was heavy, but not without inflicting severe punishment on the enemy. Not a single soldier turned or was hit in the back. Those killed were lying on their faces and not an inch of the ground gained was yielded. Their heroism was unique and unparalleled. History is replete with instances of bravery of Sikh Soldiers such as this. One of the Platoons having lost contact with Bn. Hd. Qrs. retreated the next day unscathed in perfect order.

In the initial stages when landed at Cape Helles under the cover of a grounded Transport Vessel and faced the enemy, the Turks were terrified as if we were canibals! Our bushy beards, big turbans and shining steel quoits frightened them. Since the shining steel quoits gave out to the enemy our positions, they were covered with khaki pugree cloth and eventually discarded for the duration of the War.

Govt. sent their sympathy & condolences to the mother of my namesake of 92nd Burma Bn. who was killed in action. It was wrongly delivered to my old widowed mother, who was naturally grief stricken. The whole village flocked to mourn, express sympathy & condolences and to comfort and console her. A little later it was clarified - peace of mind restored to my mother. It was sad that in turn the family of the deceased was plunged into grief.

Heavy casualties among British Officers left young 2/Lt. Savory, now Lt-General Sir Savory - our worthy President, not only to Command the Bn., but in fact function courageously in all Regimental Appointments held by British Officers, in this unusual hour, till re-inforcements came. I was the only English speaking soldier to help solve language difficulties and as young as 2/Lt. Savory himself - barely 20, and equally devoid of experience of active warfare. It was a herculian task and the valient 2/Lt. Savory with his uncommon zeal and cold courage re-grouped and re-organised the remnants. He loved the Jawans and in return was loved by them. There was no task too difficult for them to carry out his commands.

Once it so happened in July 1915, while following a Mule carrying Pakhals full of fresh water, led by a Jawan on an unbeaten track along the Sea shore a shell from across the straits swept the Mule lock & stock right away into the deep Sea, where it disappeared after struggling for a while for her dear life. It was a miracle that beyond badly shaken we were unhurt and hurriedly took shelter in a ravine close by, and stirred out cautiously to resume our march to the firing line. We had gone only a short distance when we heard from behind sound of heavy footsteps with long strides. We brought our rifles from 'sling' to 'ready' and on looking back we found to our greatest pleasure - it was Field Marshal Lord Birdwood - the heart & soul of the Gallipoli Campaign, surprisingly, all alone. His quick approach & his hand on my shoulder with the Sikh Saluatation 'Sat Sri Akal', gave us no time to pay our respects by presenting arms or otherwise. He spoke to us in chaste Punjabi 'Khalsa ji ki hal hai, ate kithe challe bon' - How are you and where are you going? We narrated our

experience, and he warned us to be careful in crossing a patch of open ground commanded by an enemy sniper and branched off to a different direction. Luckily we cross the patch without harm. We were horrified to learn later that a few days earlier some of the General's staff were unlucky to be picked up by the deadly fire of the sniper.

Soon after some respite at Imbros Island, we moved to Suvla Bay, dug our trenches leading from a dry Hill Nullah. It was the end of November, 1915, clouds gathered and a sudden heavy downpour over the steep hillsides turned the Nullah into a mighty rivulet, rushing into our trenches and soon we were waist deep in heavily silt laden icy cold water. We braved the dark height and heaved a sigh of relief when next morning the ANZACS came to our rescue with plenty of warm clothing. Among the Australian Soldiers, a clean shaven Sikh Gurbachan Singh - his name tattooed on his forearm in Punjabi was most helpful to both sides.

The steep Hill - I believe Hill 60? rising vertically, as if cut by knife, on our east, proved a formidable and unsurmountable obstacle to negotiate. After taking into consideration the pros and cons and gains and losses of the untenable situation F.M. Lord Kitchener decided upon evacuation. This was accomplished in the most orderly manner on a dark night while keeping up sporadic fire by the chosen few who at the right time walked back safely calm & composed by the pre-arranged short cut - the greatest feat ever recorded in history. There are few alive today to tell this epic.

It was the greatest opportunity of my life to have served throughout the Gallipoli Campaign. God is great that I still enjoy reasonably good health, though dotted with gifts of the old age, which normally come one after the other and am able to greet you from the bottom of my heart through this message of good will & cheer with profound pleasure from my Village Home - thousands of miles away - though I wish I could be with you to discharge this onerous obligation of a Comrade-in-Arms. You can believe that my heart & soul are with you.

Distinguished Comrades it may interest you to know, perhaps for the first time to some of you, that the word 'Sikh' means a deciple and the word 'Khasa' means pure. The Sikh has a complete & unalloyed faith in 'Gurbani',

Guru's sayings or message. The Sikhism is an outcome of constant struggle for truth, peace & justice against tyranny. It is founded, sustained and preserved by sacrifice of untold magnitude, including those by Sikh Saints & Seers who did not hesitate even to sacrifice their whole families.

The Sikh faithfully devotedly observes these principles in service of mankind and the Master- works hard honestly, sincerely and loyally. History is replete with instances of Sikh heroism, chivalry & bravery. SARAGARHI is just one of them when 21 Sikh defenders of a post on the North West Frontier, against all odds after giving their lives one by one to the last man, killing hundreds of attackers became martyrs.

Guru NANAK said:-

1. Jis da ditta khawana tis kahiye shabash - Nanak hukan na chalye nal khasam chale Ardas.
   Meaning Whoever gives you food - thank him. O Nanak order does not - prayer does work with the Master (God).

2. Tera bhana mith lage Nanak nam padarath mange.
   Meaning Wish of the Master (God) is supreme and sweet. O Nanak ask for the wealth of prayer.

3. Sewak ko sewa ban aie hukam bujh paramgat paie
   Meaning Service by servers becomes be-fitting-by complying with the orders he gains supreme status.

Guru Gobind Singh said:-

1. Khalsa so jo charhe turung, Khalsa so jo lare nit jang. Sura so pahchaniye jo lare din ke het - Purza purza kat mare kabhun na chhode khet.
   Meaning Khalsa is who rides a horse, fights battles daily and is brave-fights for his faith even though he is cut up in pieces deserts not the field of battle.

The Sikh Bible - 'Sri Guru Granth Sahib' was for the first time in history, flown from Baghdad to Kirkuk, Iraq an Operational Area - a great event of inspiration and abiding faith for Jawans. A Vickers Vernon from Hinaidi carrying Sri Guru Granth Sahib attended by Baba Granthi & myself soon landed with the help of Popham Panel on an improvised landing ground and received by Subedar Major Narain Singh, later Lt-Colonel Narain Singh & party with the customary ceremony and reverence.

How said Narain Singh the saviour of Suez the most important artery of communication is no more.

I am a member of the family whose priestly ancestors were writers of Sikh Religious Scriptures. A couple of such Scriptures are still the family heirloom. The ink & paper today are as fresh as they were when written centuries ago.

My elder son Lt-Colonel Kartar Singh served in II World War and the younger was a Gen. Cadet in the Military Academy. It is with a heavy heart I have to say he is no more. My son-in-law Gr-Captain Gurparkash Singh retired from the I A F.

I owe a great deal to my beloved Regiment, and kindly Comrades-in-Arms like our President, Sir Savory and the late lamented Brigadier W.J.Crocker. I cannot adequately thank them for their generosity, nor forget it till the Call comes. I & those of my family who remain behind will never be able to repay this debt of gratitude.

I salute the chair in my drawing room, on which Sir Savory sat when he was good enough to come & look us up in our Village Home, in April, 1968, after attending the presentation of Colours to the Regiment by the President of India.

I have been amply rewarded for my humble duty both by the past & present Governments. A road & a garden in Jubbulpore Cantt is named after me - normally the privilege of Senior Army Officers.

Let us now rise & observe 2 minutes silence in memory of those who fell fighting just for one dominant cause - the Service of the Man & betterment of the world.

May they lie in peace & harmony and be a beacon light

to us all, who stay behind and may God grant fortitude to their near & dear ones to bear their sacrifice for those of us to live in peace.

Amen.

I beg to remain - our Distinguished Comrades-in-Arms - Yours
One of the humble Comrades
Ever Grateful

DHANNA SINGH

Village - GOHAWAR.
Dist: Jullundur . Punjab
INDIA.

Dated October 1977.

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TWO COMPLIMENTS ?

A member states that one morning not so long ago he had two compliments paid him. Well, were they compliments? He was travelling by train to London, properly dressed in collar and tie (etc.) plus bowler hat as he was going to some semi-business meeting. The train was full and he found himself standing by a seated young lady who soon offered her seat. Our man was nonplussed; he thanked the girl profusely but did not accept the seat. On reflection he took it as a negative compliment; no doubt she took him for a poor old boy who was on his last legs, which of course he was. On arrival in London he proceeded somewhat shakily after his encounter along Pall Mall and across the front of St James's Palace to St James's Street. On passing the Guards sentry he was saluted, on which he lost the shaky walk and took it as a very positive compliment, balancing out the earlier encounter.

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PROUD TROOPER CONVERTED TO 'P B I'

By Alex Barclay Ayrshire Yeomanry (509)

(Continued from Number 26)

After a few days in the rest camp we were attached to 155 Brigade, and went into the line with them to get our first experience of actual contact with the Turks. My troop was posted to the 5 R Scots Fusiliers - I think - and we took on trench duty with them in the ratio of 2 R S Fs to 1 Ayrshire Yeo. This meant standing observing the enemy trenches during the day or night for one hour and sitting down, or sleeping beside, the sentry for the next 2 hours. During the day a periscope was used to observe the enemy line, about 40-60 yards away, but at night the periscope was useless and one had to stand with the head above the parapet to keep proper observation. During a period of duty in the front line, which usually lasted 7-10 days, no one was permitted to take off his fighting equipment or boots. This made it very difficult to rest, as no matter how one lay on the firing step there always seemed to be a bayonet and trenching tool handle, a water bottle, or a trenching toolhead below and between what one was lying on and oneself. On this first time in the front line we had gone in at night time, in darkness, and my first time of duty with the periscope came just after daybreak. I had been warned not to expose too much of the periscope above the top of the parapet and to move it very slowly. I must have been failing to obey instructions, because about half way through my turn as sentry I suddenly received a bang on the face from the periscope and found a Turkish sniper had put a bullet through it, an inch below the top mirror. If the bullet had hit the mirror I would probably have had badly damaged eyes, so I did not have to be told again how to use a periscope.

During that first day in the trenches things went quite well, apart from the fact that we noticed that the Turks seemed to be using their big guns and field guns to a greater extent than we did. (We now know that they were in the possession of a far greater quantity of guns and shells then we were and that their supply situation was much better.) Towards evening, and just after our evening meal, a French Demoiselle trench mortar party suddenly

opened up from the support trench behind us and sent over onto the Turkish trenches about 6 well-directed bombs and then 'cleared off' quickly. Our R S F Sergeant was very upset and told us to get 'down to it' as we were going to 'get it'; sure enough within 2-3 minutes 2 Turkish field batteries opened up and sent about 30 shells into our immediate area. I was sitting on the firing step with the other off-duty R S F sentry and we both had our backs crushed tightly to the front of the trench, below the protection of the parapet. The Sergeant was crouched low in a little 'dugout' in the back of the trench, below the parados. A shell exploded in the parapet about 2 yards to our left and blew in the front of the trench and a large steel loophole, blocking up the whole trench and blinding us with dust and burying the Sergeant. On regaining my senses I saw the R S F soldier, who had been sitting beside me, 'streaking' in the direction of the next bay so I started to follow him when I suddenly remembered the Sergeant. I immediately went back and pulled the sandbags off him and found him unhurt, but filled with rage because his own men had 'hooked' it and left it to a 'Yeoman' to pull him out. He did not half 'lay into' them when they turned up again. One of the shells had landed in a trench lavatory and the stink was dreadful for a long time; I can well remember the look of disgust on the face of my troop officer, later Lord Rowallan, on coming into the trench when the shelling stopped to see that we were alright. He was doubled up over a large plate, or tray, containing his supper, trying to keep the dust off with his body and at the same time holding his nose to keep the smell from getting to his lungs; and judging by the look on his face he had little success.

After 2 days in the trenches with the regular infantry the 'bombers' were withdrawn, formed into squads, and put into the bombsaps. My squad (I was L/Cpl in charge of B Squadron bombers) found ourselves manning a bombsap on the east side of the 'East' Krithia Nullah - just east of where West and East Krithia Nullahs joined. This B sap was dominated by earth-works held by the Turks on high ground between the 2 nullahs. From these earth-works they were able to dominate our

sap, being on higher ground, and also able to enfilade the trenches on our right with rifle and machine gun fire; they also could observe most of our movements in our lines. Our sap was deeply dug and the approach had several overhead traverses to cover our movement to and from the sap. The nearest enemy trench was to our right front, about 40 yards away, and slightly below our level on the slope on the east edge of the nullah, and our chief activity was the occasional throwing of a bomb as near to the enemy trench as possible. These bombs were of the 'cricket ball' type and a journey had to be made each day to the Divisional Ammunition store by a fatigue party to bring up bombs to replace those thrown. On one of the first visits I paid to the Ammunition store I saw a couple of bomb catapults standing against the side of the store and asked the N C O in charge who were having them. He told me 'Nobody wants them. They have been there a long time. You can have them if you bring a 'chit', signed by your Officer.' When I got back to the bomb sap with my load I contacted Mr. Montgomery (Drew, as he was affectionately called behind his back) and asked him if he would let me have a chit to enable me to collect and use one of the catapults. He was enthusiastic and gave me his permission at once and it was arranged that I would call him when I had collected it and we would assemble and try it out that night. By the time that I had collected it and we had assembled it night had fallen, but we immediately got away quite a lot of bombs in the general direction of the enemy trenches, especially trying for his communication trenches, and banged them to a range of 80-100 yards. These bombs had open fuzes and, when thrown after dark, left a trail of sparks behind which were seen for a considerable distance.

On the next day we heard that adjoining units were asking who the ..... was throwing these bombs and, on being told 'The Ayrshire Yeomanry', conceded that they could throw bombs. Later, they discovered how. For the next few days we made full use of the catapult and bombed away fairly constantly at suitable targets, notably communication trenches and junctions, many being within the 100 yards range of our catapult. One of our favourite targets was the earth-work on the high ground in the V formed between the junctions of the 2 nullahs from which the Turks sprayed our front line with enfilade and machine gun fire.

To be continued.

Many Gallipolians became Salonikans: hence
THAT'S SALONIKA THAT WAS ...

'When I was in Salonika . . . '
'Never heard of it.'
'Why, it's a big place in Macedonia.'
'Where's Macedonia anyway? I've heard of Ruritania.'
'Ah, but Macedonia isn't a comic opera place. Or is it?'
'Well, what were you doing there?'
'You wouldn't know, but we had an army there in the 1914-18 war.'
'What happened?'
'After sitting there for a long time, with intermittent big battles, we were strong enough in 1918, with Greek and Serb troops we had trained, to attack and win the war. Yes, it led to the German defeat a month later.'
'And where is Salonika?'
'It's on the Gulf of Salonika.'
'That's helpful.'
'It's at the north-east end of Greece and bordering on the Aegean Sea, not so far from Gallipoli, where some of us were in 1915.'
'Long time ago. Been there since?'
'Yes, some of us went in May 1955, to see the old place again.'
'If you went back to the place after all these years it couldn't have been such a bad spot in the war.'
'Well, ideas change in the course of years. When I was in Salonika I lived in a hotel.'
'What, in war-time?'
'Oh no, this was on the revisit in 1955. It was mainly tents, bivouacs and dug-outs in 1915-18. I well remember the traffic jumble in Egnatia Street, although our military police saved it from real chaos.'
'Yes, traffic must have been considerable in 1915.'
'But this was in 1918. Egnatia Street is part of the main highway from Rome to Constantinople, or Istanbul as we now call it, and it's about two thousand years old.'
'Time it was repaired.'
'Perhaps you're right. It was quite a thrill to stand on my hotel bedroom balcony and watch the traffic in Egnatia Street and picture it years before.'

'In 1918?'
'No, this was in 1955. There was little motor traffic in Salonika.'
'What, in 1955.'
'No, in 1918. But there were lots of clanging trams, usually with trailers.'
'When was this. 1955?'
'No, in 1918, but on second thoughts I think they might be the same trams in 1955.'
'Did you have any letters while you were there?'
'Oh yes, but they took a long time, especially when we were moving around. A few weeks or months was common.'
'What, in 1955.'
'No, in 1955 it was three or four days outwards, by air mail. One letter was handed to me by the hotel manager's son.'
'Heir male again!'
'I remember we wore topees and spine pads against the sunshine.'
'Yes, it was a hot summer in 1955.'
'But this was in 1918. We wore no hats at all in 1955. I have the tin-hat at home which I wore around Doiran, still covered with the old khaki cover and neck-shade,'
'So it was a hot spot in more ways than one.'
'In the streets were many young lads whose job in life was to clean boots and shoes, not outside the bedroom door, but while we wore them.'
'Yes, I suppose things were more civilized in 1955.'
'But this was in 1918.'
'What about 1955?'
'Some of the same lads were still bootblacks, but they are men now.'
'They're lads, they were!'
'One of the place I recall is the village of Hortiach, with a number of camps and hospitals near it. We went to it by bus?'
'What, buses in war-time?'
'No, this was in 1955. During the war we had to get a lift on a ration lorry. On the way to Hortiach there is a ridge from the top of which Lake Langaza was visible a few miles away. Some of us went along and had a soak in the natural hot-spring bath.'
'What, hot baths in 1918?'

'No, this was in 1955, but some of our party had been there in 1918 and remembered the place. I remember going up the line on the Doiran front there was a place called Janes. 'Jane's what?, we asked at first. Before the last big push in September 1918 it was all camps, a big observation balloon and a natural soda-water spring. On coming back after the push we found Janes had finished with its balloon but had a big military cemetery. In 1955 we saw Janes only from the railway in passing.'

'And what about the war areas?'

'For my part I only saw a bit of the centre, that south-west of Lake Doiran, including Horseshoe and Pillar Hills, and the ruins of Doldzeli village, wrecked in the Balkan wars. Marvellous scenery when we visited it in peace in 1955, although we were so near the frontier we had to keep a look-out. We found a number of old milk tins.'

'Yes, you would in 1918.'

'But this was in 1955, still there, rusty and showing the two holes where they had been punctured with a jack-knife.'

'What else did you see?'

'After the Bulgars had been pushed back in 1918 we went on and that was when I first saw Lake Doiran, looking very calm and peaceful even then, as we went by old Doiran village on the south-west side. When we went to Doiran village on the south-eas side . . '

'What, had it changed in a week?'

'No, this was in 1955, when the old Doiran was out of bounds to us, being now in Yugo-Slavia.'

'So that's Salonika, that was.'

'The street stalls, commotion and foreign faces among the Continental populace reminded me of Salonika only last week.'

'What, 1918 or 1955?'

'Neither. This was in Greek Street, Soho, London.'

DESPATCH RIDERS

By Captain D M Penrose 7 Essex R (185)

Where o'er the glorious countryside
Foul War has brushed fair Peace aside
Where runs a straight and tree-girt road
Past fields where once the peasants sowed
And children played and cattle munched
The lush green grass and wild flowers bunched

Now down this road at breathless speed
There rides a soldier on a steed
Whose foam-splashed neck and muddied side
Betokens that from far and wide
He carries news of urgent kind
So those to whom he rides will find

He'd travelled many weary miles
And tricked the foe with many wiles
To bring these last Despatches through
As he had never failed to do
But one now earned him some renown
As it gave news which saved the Town

The years have passed and down that road
Have streams of peaceful traffic flowed
The marks of War have grown quite dim
And of the Rider: What of him?
He to a quiet life returned
And settled down where home fires burned

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A McCABRE STORY

Jock McCabe, late of Gallipoli, was a keen gardener, in fact he lived for his garden. In his will he called for cremation and his ashes to be scattered at the rate of 2 ounces per square yard.

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THE PRESCRIPTION To be taken infernally
Doses from various sauces

WEIRD ADVT.IN LOCAL PAPER: Second-hand stethoscope, good condition. Would exchange for small rose-coloured swansdown filled head-rest. Apply: Dr . . .

THE RESTAURANT will be open from 12 noon until midnight. Worm meals will be served before the theatre.

We sent sixty dresses to Miss M in December and we have just heard that she is using our gift to roof the Mission.

An antiquarian is one who does not drink water.

Polygamy is marrying a woman when your first wife is illegible.

Petting is a modern name for keeping domestic animals.

In olden times forresters wore halibuts under their necks and put gherkins on their legs.

The Israelites were soon captivated in Egypt.

In this country you have to produce a certificate before you can prove that you were born.

The Anzacs were highly coloured troops who eventually came to the English side in the war.

In Japan all religious people are called Confusions.

A bill of lading is a bill written by a person over-board.

The feminine of 'heir' is 'rabbit'.

The difficulty in skating is that the shes are difficult to manipulate.

The Britons of Caesar's time died themselves with woe.

The chairman replied with a few appropriated words.

Dip your soiled face in alcohol, rinse it in the liquid and hang it to dry. It may then by pressed.

Dear mum: Just a card to say I arrived alrite and if you dont no my adress write and arsk me for it and I will send it to you.

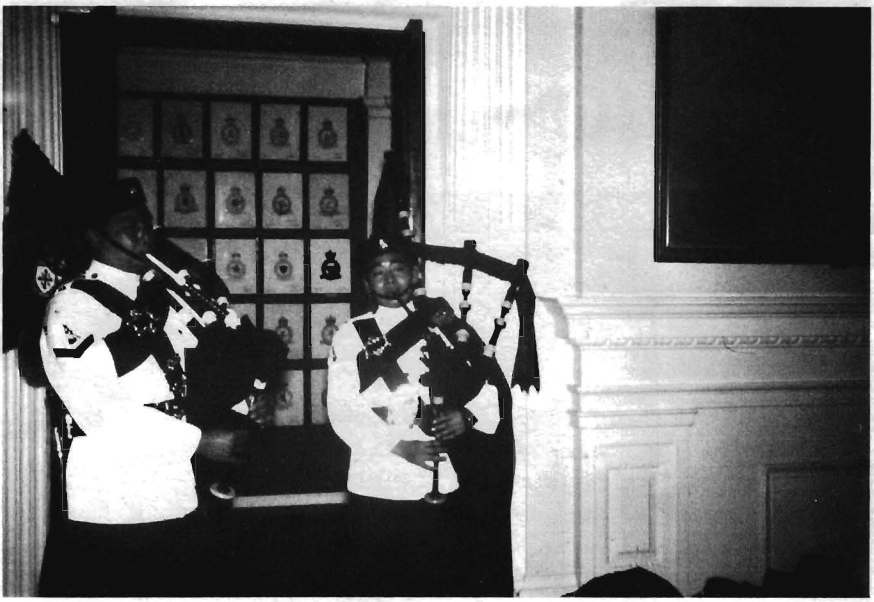
'Urgent' means that she has caught her man.

A familiar question was reopened: how Sunday School children can be attached to the Church. The use of adhesive stamps was recommended.

'A fixture that has brought nothing but defeat since 1949 was won at last by the shooting of two Football League forwards.'

DO YOU WANT a pair of gloves made from your own skin?

Lady desires post; domesticated, fond of cooking children.



GURKHA PIPERS AT OUR DINNER IN 1977

By courtesy of W G Cave BEM

Provided the Regiment is still stationed in England we hope to have them this year too.

* *

See page 4 and overleaf, page 36, and GALLIPOLIAN 25, page 10.

MAJOR GEOFFREY MOTT Ment Disp

Major Mott wishes to thank all members who kindly sent greetings on his hundredth birthday. The number was too great for him to acknowledge individually,



CENTURION MAJOR GEOFFREY MOTT

Major G R Mott, one hundred on the 23rd March 1978, seated and being presented with a birthday cake by Major General Peter Downnard DSO DFC, GOC West Midlands; Major Jim Kenny MBE (Hon Sec of the Regimental Association); Lt-Col Roy Smith, representing the Queen's Lancashire Regiment (late South Lancashire Regiment and formerly the Prince of Wales Volunteers). The cake is in the form of a regimental drum. (See page 35)