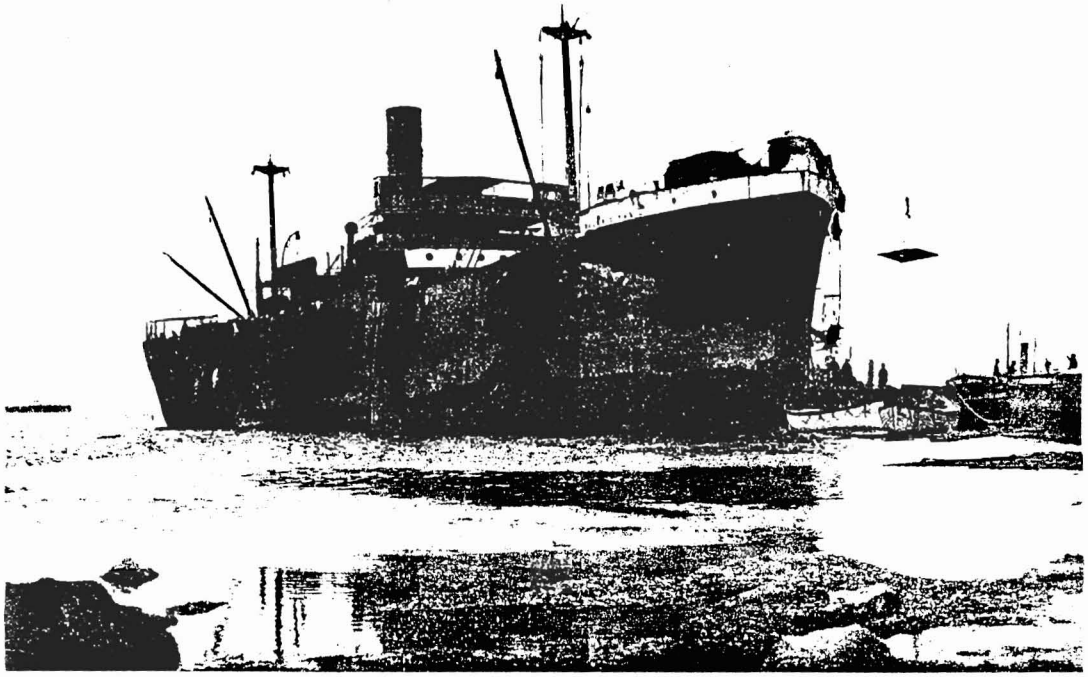
THE GALLIPOLIAN

THE JOURNAL OF THE

GALLIPOLI ASSOCIATION



HMTS 'RIVER CLYDE' AT V BEACH 25 APRIL 1915

PRICE TO NON-MEMBERS

25p

No. 36
AUTUMN 1981

THE GALLIPOLIAN

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

PRESIDENT	Vice-Admiral E W Longley-Cook CB CBE DSO
PAST PRESIDENTS	Brigadier B B Rackham CBE MC Lt-General Sir Reginal Savory KCIE CB DSO MC
VICE-PRESIDENTS	Vice-Admiral Sir Peverill B R W William-Powlett KCB KCMG CBE DSO Major General T H Jameson CBE DSO RM Colonel the Lord Barnby CMG CBE MVO Major G B Horridge TD Captain E W Bush DSO DSC RN
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 Ment Disp (AM) Tor View 4 Ridgeway Close DORKING Surrey RH4 3AS (Dorking 5360 STD 0306 5360)
COMMITTEE	Captain D M Penrose TD S Parker Bird FRICS FRVA Major J F Ford Major A G Coulson (AM) K Tranmer (AM) D A Pollard (AM)

Monsieur Raymond Weil, the President of the French DARDA and an Honorary Member of the Gallipoli Association has become an Officer of the Legion of Honour after 50 years as a Chevalier of the Order.

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The MINUTES of the A G M are sent herewith.

NEW MEMBERS (Up to 1 July 1981)

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

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

REUNION LUNCHEON - 25 APRIL 1981

By D A Pollard, Committee Member (636 AM)

As is customary on Anzac Day the Gallipoli Association was represented by some members who were able to parade for the ceremony at the Cenotaph in Whitehall where our wreath was laid on behalf of the Association by Captain E W Bush R N. This was followed by attendance at the Service of Remembrance in Westminster Abbey. From there an army coach transported members to Chelsea Barracks for the annual Luncheon and then the A G M.

To many of those present the very familiar surroundings of a Regular Army Barracks created an added sense of nostalgia and must have revived memories of service life in years gone by. The occasion of this year's reunion was obviously enjoyed by everyone and there was unanimous appreciation of the presence of two Pipers of the Irish Guards who, resplendent in ceremonial uniform piped traditional military airs and then led Members into Luncheon.

During an excellent meal served by smartly turned-out young soldiers of the 1st Battalion Irish Guards, the Acting President Brigadier B B Rackham proposed the Loyal Toast to Her Majesty the Queen and also a toast to H R H the Prince of Wales and Lady Diana - an added gesture which was warmly appreciated by all.

Brigadier Rackham paid a further and lasting tribute to the Association's previous President, Lt General Sir Reginald Savory and then proposed that Vice Admiral E W Longley-Cook be elected as the Association's new President. This was unanimously agreed upon by the Members and the new President in accepting the position said he considered it to be a great honour and that he appreciated the Association's confidence in him.

Vice Admiral Longley-Cook went on to welcome veterans of the Gallipoli campaign who were new members together with new Associate Members and invited them to 'Stand and be recognised.' Then with further tributes to the Association's hosts for the day he expressed the Members appreciation to Edgar Banner and the Committee. Then in the traditional manner he invited the two pipers to take wine with him.

The Association's shield was handed to a subaltern which he gratefully accepted on behalf of the Barracks.

After luncheon the Honorary Treasurer Donald Bland presented the report on the accounts, which were approved. Captain Bush suggested that the annual subscription should be increased and after discussion this was agreed. (See page 19). Both Donald Bland and Mr Walter Chapman the Honorary Auditor were thanked for their services.

Edgar Banner stated that the Minutes of the last A G M had been circulated and they were taken as read.

It was proposed that the Committee be re-elected en bloc and this was agreed heartily. It was explained how it was that we had moved from the Duke of York's and how, with the help of an Associate Member Captain C T F Fagan, late of the Grenadier Guards, we had been fortunate in being accommodated at Chelsea Barracks.....

Among Members' observations H A Hibberd (270) had come from Birmingham and recalled the first exploratory gathering in Birmingham in 1969. There is now a local Branch in Birmingham. (See page 13).

With official proceedings coming to an end shortly after 4 pm most members made their farewells but leaving a few stalwarts to continue to enjoy the facilities of the Guards' Sergeants' Mess for a time.

But before departure everyone agreed that, while sadly some old faces were missing, this year's reunion had been a most successful and rewarding occasion and members felt 'glad to belong'.

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OBITUARY (at 1 July 1981)

With deep regret the following names are recorded:

C T Rolfe MM (WOI ASC Div Train 29 Div)	(197)
F Abbey (Herts Yeomanry)	(741)
H O W Bigg MBE (Cpl RE Signals 54 Div)	(729)
Major D Strickland (AOC Depot)	(307)
G E Dale (Sgt RFA 59 Bde)	(53)
E V Godrich (Sgt Worcs Yeomanry)	(122)
F F Pratt (RAMC 2 East Lancs F A 42 Div)	(748)
Lt-Col E G Harvey (RE Signals 29 Div)	(32)
The Rev J K Best (CF 42 Div)	(104)
Commander A H Banks OBE RN (HMS Agamemnon)	(15)
Sir Graham Savage Bt CB (3/4 West Kent R)	(668)
S P Hurl (RAMC 11 CCS 29 Div)	(698)
J J Abdee (HMS Dublin)	(652)

ANNUAL DINNER 7 OCTOBER 1981

The DINNER will be held as usual at the ROYAL AIR FORCE CLUB, 128 Piccadilly, London. The club is between Green Park and Hyde Park Underground stations. Car parking is free in nearby streets after 6.30.

TIME	6 for 7; ending about 9.30-10
DRESS	Dinner jacket (or dark suit) Miniatures or medals
NAME TAB	As usual; a small card worn above the medals showing name and old unit etc.
GUESTS	Male guests are welcome: please state names
APPLICATIONS	Please give name in BLOCK CAPITALS, with your number. Apply to the Hon Sec; to be in by 3 Oct. A stamped addressed envelope is necessary. All applicants must have paid their subscription for the year. If not, please include this in your cheque. A place-card will be sent as a receipt.
PRICE	£7.50
PLACE-CARDS	These should be taken to the dining room and placed on the table where it is desired to sit. This place-card is NOT the name-tab, above.
ARRIVAL	On arrival leave coats etc. in the cloak-room on the ground floor before going upstairs. Note the warning in the cloakroom.
DRINKS	Payable at the bar and at the table.
WELCOME	Do make yourself known to others. You may be new - but so were they not long ago.

GUEST OF HONOUR Lord Hankey KCMG KCVO

PROPOSED TURKISH MUSEUM ON GALLIPOLI

It may seem surprising that only now the Turkish government is planning a museum, amongst other things, in a National Park at Bigali, well behind their lines.

They are seeking such items as photographs and other records. The Commonwealth War Graves Commission has collected many such items and is willing to hand them over. We are invited to contribute, as individuals. The plan is provisional at present and any members who may care to offer something are asked to write, in the first place, to the CWGC directly, giving particulars in full, with any conditions they may impose.

Many members who have revisited the Peninsula will have seen the interesting private museum in Krithia (now Alcitepe) with relics collected by Mr Mutli.
CWGC 2 Marlow Road Maidenhead Berkshire SL6 7DX.

NON-WARLIKE MUSEUM ARTICLES

Apart from Gallipoli and other war relics many of us may have useful contributions of interest to posterity which are lying around with no proper provision for their safe keeping after we have finished with them. For my part I have handed over to the Science Museum some electrical prototype instruments which could be of interest to students and designers. I turned out these instruments prior to an expected move last year which did not take place.

Having been a keen Scout when war started in 1914 I have handed over my Scout jersey, with its obsolete badges, to the Scout Museum in London.

But not my topee from 1915. That hangs in the hall at home alongside my Scout hat. The topee may be recognized in the photograph on page 33.

E H W B

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Museum Piece?

A Gallipolian who was an archeologist found a not-so-young lady chasing him. He found out from her friends that she had been advised to marry an archeologist then the older she got the more he would be interested in her.

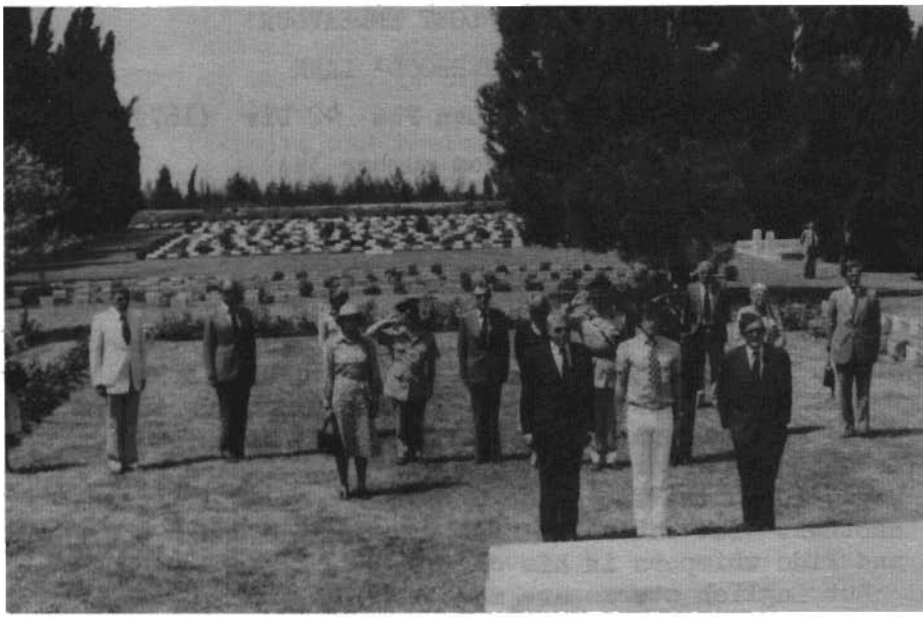


CAPE HELLES 25 APRIL 1981

The arrival of the official party at Cape Helles Memorial.

In the centre is Colonel B S Burditt, the senior British Officer of NATO. On his left is the Australian Ambassador to Turkey, His Excellency Mr F E Hall, carrying his wreath. Mr Malpass, CWGC Local Representative is the third. Following them is the rest of the party, including wives.

All had earlier been present at the Turkish Memorial, above Morto Bay, and afterwards the party visited and laid wreaths at the New Zealand War Memorial at Chunuk Bair, then at the Australian Memorial at Lone Pine. (See facing page)



ANZAC DAY AT LONE PINE 1981

Captain P A Pederson is flanked on his left by the Australian Ambassador and on his right by Mr A J Malpass.

Others present included Mr R Fox, First Secretary, Colonel L C Friesen CD, Canadian Forces Attache; he is one of our Associate Members (799), Colonel R Luxton, Commander R Jackson RN, and some wives.

Captain Peter Pederson is from the Royal Military College at Duntroon.

Following this parade it is expected that the Australian Ambassador and Captain Pederson will become Associate Members.

The parade ended with a buffet luncheon provided by Mr and Mrs Malpass at the Rest House.

PHOTOGRAPHS by courtesy of A J Malpass (763 AM)

EXTRACT FROM 'LOST ENDEAVOUR'

THIS 'BROTHERHOOD' LARK

By Charles Watkins 6 Lan Fus 42 Div (167)

(Continued from number 34)

'The best way to stop a dog-fight' said the Lord God Most High 'is a well-aimed bucket of cold water'. Which is probably why one day in mid November, He ordered all the buckets for miles around to be filled.

All morning we'd felt the nearness of the approaching storm. By about 3 p m the sky started to blacken. There was an uneasy electric and irritating tension in the air. In any country there's all sorts of queer goings-on just before a violent storm. In England horses race madly round the field, cows lash out clumsily at one another. The cat races upstairs to hide under the bed and Fido whimpers in his corner.

But English storms are mere zephyrs compared with some of the storms you get in these Mediterranean countries. If ever you've experienced one - say, while on holiday in Spain or some place near, you'll all be familiar with the high state of apprehension and irritability that develops just before one of these Mediterranean storms. The Spanish Senora hurries the gleaming cutlery off the table into a nearby drawer and covers it with a thick cloth, and flutters round the room straightening the little crucifixes and sacred statues that hitherto have preserved them from a 'sudden and unprovided death' by lightning and thunder-bolt. She glances nervously at the Senor of the house-hold, who lordly pooh-poohs her fears - and privately wishes he hadn't dodged going to Holy Mass last Sunday, and makes a silent vow to say three Novenas once they are safely delivered from the oncoming storm. They drop the latticed blinds and bolt all doors to keep out the thunder and lightning, and El Senor worries a bit about the loose tiles on the roof and wishes he had got them fixed last week - as he meant to, but didn't get round to it. The gathering wind rattles the doors until the whole place is a pandemonium of noise and the windows shake so much you'd think it was the Devil him-self trying to force an entry.

In our open trench we had been working off our own high tensions by starting a fusilade of rifle and machine-gun fire, and - maybe under the influence of the same tensions - the big guns farther back started their own brand of activity. No less wound up and equally highly strung, Johnny Turk retaliates, and there's such an infernal bloody row, you'd think a big offensive was imminent. But there's no need to worry, brothers - it's only the electrical content of the unkindly heavens playing bloody hell with our nervous systems. We didn't have a lot of cutlery to clear off our non-existent tables but our Platoon Sergeant - ever on the ball as regards the practicalities of war, told us to sheath our bayonets 'steel attracts lightning, tha knows, and it's best to be safe, like'.

'But wot abart mi rifle, Sarge - t'aint made o' wood, tha knows, Sarge'

'Ay - but that's a chance tha mun take, lad, tha can't let go o' that'.

With this dubious combination of scientific foresight and military necessity we had to be content. We didn't have any latticed blinds to draw down, but we cloaked up in our ground-sheets, ready for the deluge. By now it was as black as night. 'Like the end of the bloody world' said one of our chaps, frightened, and licking his lips nervously. It certainly was eerie. An occasional flicker of lightning warned us it was getting near to 'curtains up' for the big show.

Nothing holdsfor ever - not even an imminent storm, and the Cosmic bombardment opened up with a continuous roar of thunder so loud - you'd think it would blast the whole world apart. The lightning flashed and played in one continuous whole. The sound - even of our own big guns bombardments - was dwarfed into puny insignificance compared with what came out of the skies, and as if realising the futility of this competition in noise, all the guns on both sides became silent and gave up. Then the sluice gates of Heaven opened and the cold rain fell drenchingly, not in drops but literally in buckets. In less than a minute the floor of the trench was a sea of mud, ankle deep. Ankle deep mud was not strange to us but it was with real alarm we saw the trench itself filling fast with water. Soon it was knee deep and we climbed on to the firing step to avoid it. But it still rose higher and higher until the firing step itself disappeared from view. Little tucks in the side of the ground in the front of our

trench became deep crevices under the weight of the falling rain, and the water started to stream in through them, in countless little rivers. By now the water was a good three feet high and rising fast as it was fed still more by the water swirling down from the trenches on the higher ground.

'Wot the bloody 'ell do we do now, Sarge?' somebody called out, panic stricken. The Sergeant was plainly baffled. Such a contingency as this was never even referred to in any Manual of Military Training. But the issue, for once, was decided for him. 'Ah'm not stoppin' 'ere to be bloody well drown-ded'. 'Ah'd rather stop a bullet' - and one of our chaps climbed up into the open in front of the trench. Quickly we all followed suit, first throwing over the top of the trench such possessions as we had managed to hand on to during this flooding. Anyway, a bullet couldn't make our misery much worse.

'As Allah wills' says Johnny Turk. 'Perchance I'll find it better to enter Paradise by a bullet from the Idolatrous Christian dogs - may Allah, the All-Merciful, the All-Compassionate, rake their entrails with their own barbed wire'. 'Better to go to Paradise with an idolatrous bullet than to stay here to be drowned like a rat'. And he, too, climbs out into the open in front of his own trench.

And soon the whole line of front trenches is a line of British and Turkish soldiers, stood out in the open in the enforced companionship of over-riding and mutual misery. Adversity sure makes strange bedfellows. By a miracle - or by some fast field-telephone work, all the big guns behind us and in front of us remained silent. For either the British or Turkish big guns to have opened fire would have meant mowing down their own men too.

Then began for me - and for all of us for that matter - my first lesson in the all-embracing stupidity of war. There are times when I search my unlettered mind for a better word, but I guess that even with a University education I'd never find a better word than STUPIDITY.

The lesson we learned we soon forgot - after the pattern of mankind since the world began. I guess that not more than 0.00001 of 1% of lessons learned throughout the ages have ever been remembered by man. Man is quick to learn - but forgets a damn sight quicker.

As far as your eye could see in the bad visibility of

the torrential rain - to the right, to the left, and in front were the long lines of shivering wretched Tommies and Abduls, facing one another in the open. Curiousity being one of man's characteristics, we gradually and ever so gingerly edged towards one another. At first a bit warily, like dogs of opposing packs, suspiciously, all our hackles rising and bristling - and stiff-legged like the two lines of Western gunmen you see sometimes at the Movies, getting ready to shoot it out. But all we ourselves, Turks and British, wanted to exchange was mutual misery, not gun-shots.

To be continued.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH

Mr N Cowley, AM 650, the Honorary Secretary of the branch and the son of W T Cowley, 499, writes about the meeting held on the 18th March as refered to in Number 35, page 31. It was held at the R B L Club at Sheldon, Birmingham, where they were invited to a concert laid on by the Kibworth Band. Also invited were the Old Contemptibles and veterans from the R B L Galanos House of the Chelsea Pensioners.

Seven members and associates were present under the chairmanship of F Cowles the Branch Chairman. Some prospective members were found are are being 'processed'.

Thanks to the kindness of the R B L Club at Sheldon members of the Birmingham Branch have been offered accommodation for meetings. To show the Branch's appreciation one of our wall shields is being handed over to the club for permanent installation. This is as done at Eastbourne.

Other members living in the area are invited to get in touch with Mr Cowley directly. (Hayway Cottage, Hayway Lane, Broadwell, Rugby CV23 8HH).

LATE NEWS Fred Cowles (769 AM) the Branch chairman has now written about a further meeting, held on the 24th June. About a dozen members attended and enjoyed themselves. The chairman then presented one of our shields to the R B L Branch, Sheldon and this was followed up by the senior Birmingham Member of the Branch, H A Hibberd (270). The shield was well received by the R B L.

GALLIPOLI DIARY

(16/24 October, 1980)

By P N Dalkin (Australian Government) (801 AM)

PART ONE (18 Oct'80)

I reached the Gallipoli area on 16 October, 1980 after a leisurely bus trip from Istanbul. The most striking thing about the journey was the realisation of how flat it is in the northern (or 'neck') area of the Peninsula (Bulair), a very great contrast to the land further south. During my stay (16/24 October) I was to get ample opportunity to experience the difficulties of the terrain in this inhospitable part of the coast. The Anzac area (Ari Burnu, Anzac Cove, Gaba Tepe) is not particularly easy to get to. For the first part of my visit I stayed in Canakkale, across the Narrows from Gallipoli. There is a regular ferry service to Eceabat (Maydos), but the problem is to get from Eceabat to Anzac Cove, a distance of about 25 km. In this I was fortunate in having the help of the local War Graves Commission Supervisor, Mr Tony Malpass, an extremely helpful, and knowledgeable guide. There are times however when 'hitching' a lift is necessary and whilst this presents no great problem, the road is not a busy one and unnecessary delays can result.

Giant inscriptions have been carved into the hillsides around the Narrows to commemorate the Turkish triumph in turning back the Royal Navy in March, 1915. One inscription is simply:

'18.3.15'

whilst another, in Turkish says .....

> 'Stop Traveller! The path you have just trod, without knowing it, is where an era ended, and the heart of a new Nation beats'

I was able to make a number of forays into the Anzac area: my first effort was an attempt to orientate myself and get to know the major landmarks. Whilst the scale of the battle area is small, its now overgrown and the going can be difficult, and frustrating in part. It certainly doesn't take long to appreciate the difficulties that the Anzacs faced. The beach is rocky, narrow, and

the embankment from it is steep and not easy to negotiate (the Anzacs were landed in the half light, about a mile north of the intended landing spot). It must have been an unpleasant shock, loaded down and under fire, to be faced with such an obstacle.

I particularly wanted to investigate Shrapnel Gully, and after a quick look at the cemetery at the head of the valley, I headed along a water-course. The going was fairly easy; the thing that struck me most forcably was the almost complete absence of any signs of war. In the 65 years since the campaign, the area has been pretty thoroughly worked over. But in addition, the whole area is thickly overgrown, discouraging a close inspection too far from the track. The weather was warm, unseasonably so for October, (c.f. October 1915). So in Shrapnel Gully I saw few signs of war, except for rusted tins and broken pieces of rum jar. It was extremely peaceful though, with not a sign, or sound, of anyone for miles around. Shrapnel Gully divided (into Monash/Bridges) and I veered to the left, up Monash. Towards the end of Monash Valley, looking up towards The Nek, Quinn's Post, Courtneys & Steele's Post, the ground looked formidable: very steep and now covered in waste-high scrub and brambles. As I also wanted to visit Lone Pine (Australian Memorial) and Chunuk Bair (New Zealand Memorial) I decided that it was time to leave the valley and head for high ground to get proper bearings. The high ground on my right, was, I correctly supposed, Braund's Hill. The scrub was thick and every bramble on the hill seemed to reach out for me. By some miracle I avoided falling into an overgrown trench or confronting (what one observer described as 'terminally venomous') snakes. From the top of Braund's Hill, the view was magnificent, as it is from any piece of high ground in this area. I could now see the whole of the campaign area in perspective, from the landing point at Ari Burnu to the objective at Chunuk Bair. I gratefully indulged in several swigs from my hip-flask and admired the view. Truly magnificent.

On to Lone Pine ..... the going along the top of the ridge here was a piece of cake, but of course very exposed for anyone attacking along the ridgeline. On the way, I cameacross the 4th Battalion cemetery at Scott's Point, probably not often visited as it is a little off the beaten track. A bitumen road connects other cemeteries at Lone Pine, Johnson's Jolly, Courtneys and Steele's Post, The Nek, Baby 700 and Chunuk Bair.

Today Lone Pine is a truly beautiful spot; but it was there that hundreds of Australian soldiers lost their lives and incredible feats of bravery won seven Victoria Crosses in the space of a few days. The Memorial to the Australians is inscribed as follows:-

> 'To the Glory of God and lasting memory of 3,268 Australian soldiers who fought on Gallipoli in 1915 and have no known grave, and 456 New Zealand soldiers whose names are not recorded in other areas of the Peninsula but who fell in the Anzac area and have no known graves. And also of 960 Australians and 252 New Zealanders, who fighting on Gallipoli in 1915, incurred mortal wounds or sickness and who found burial at sea.'

I noticed the names of two VC winners whom I'd not heard of before. Capt. A.J. Shout, VC, MC (1st Bn) and Cpl. A.S. Burton, VC (7th Bn). Capt. Shout must have been quite a man, winning both decorations in the space of two months.

It's a very moving experience walking through these cemeteries. There are no crosses, just simple plaques laid on the ground with basic details of who is buried at that spot or 'believed to be buried in the cemetery'. Many of the Australian stones carry inscriptions sent by next-of-kin, and in the following days the study of these inscriptions became somewhat of an obsession. In France, one of the most common inscriptions for Australians had been ..... 'Known Unto God' ..... In Gallipoli it is ..... 'Their Glory Shall not be Blotted Out' ..... Other inscriptions are religious ('Thy Will Be Done'); some personal ('Son of etc'); patriotic ('He Died For His Country' or 'He Died for King and Empire'). But the inscription which moved me most was one at Beach cemetery which simply said, 'Well Done Ted'. The Australians were proud of their dead. At Quinn's Post, a proud parent had inscribed..... 'My Son, Would That I Could Have Died For Thee'. All very moving. I confess that most cemeteries leave me with a slightly uncomfortable feeling; but here, at Anzac, I felt quite at home. All the cemeteries are meticulously maintained by the War Graves Commission.

My pride in being there can be summed up by Rupert Brooke, who wrote of his country/countrymen:

'If I should die think only this of me;
That there's some corner of a foreign
field that is forever England
There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to
roam'.

To be continued

29th DIVISION MEMORIAL SERVICE, ELTHAM, 26 APRIL 1981

The notification of this annual service was given in number 35 on page 11. With only two veterans present the fading away of original Gallipoli veterans is made clear, as is to be expected after sixty-six years.

Up to some twenty or so years ago many prominent members of the Twenty-ninth Division regularly attended and the service was a morning one and it always seemed to be fine, unlike the 1981 parade. The two of our Members who were able to attend were Captain W P Lines Ment Disp TEM (584) and J Murray (242). They were augmented by an Associate Member Major A G Coulson.

The service was its usual striking one including the hymns 'O valiant hearts' and 'O God our help in ages past'. Permanent arrangements have been made for the continuance of this service and officers and a bugler from Woolwich Garrison, supported by officers from High Commissions or Embassies of Canada, New Zealand, Australia and Turkey.

The church (Holy Trinity, Eltham, London SE9) contains the banners and other relics of some of the now disbanded units of the 29th Division, which are open to inspection by interested members. This information was kindly supplied by Captain Lines.

THE CENOTAPH: PHOTOGRAPHS: Keith Tranmer has proof copies of about 36 groups, large and small, taken on the 25th April. For particulars write DIRECTLY to him with a large s.a.e. Prices £1.75 and £1.25 according to size. To order only. (These are Anzac photographs).

A CHARACTER AT WAR

A reminiscence by Norman Pratt RAMC 1 E Lancs FA (747)

Most units had one man who could be described as a character; when I look back over the years I feel we probably had such a man. His name was William Thompson. He was a small but very sturdy man, about 46 years of age, and had a swarthy complexion and a bristly black moustache which earned him the nickname of 'Black Jack'.

He came to us as a replacement - one of the replacements, in fact, for men who did not volunteer for foreign service, and had only enlisted a few days before we sailed for Egypt. He had served a few jail sentences for petty theft, and was not embarrassed at all to relate his experiences. I suppose as a teenager, I was intrigued, for he had a humorous way of describing these events. I first remember him sitting on the deck of the 'Aragon' after tea, joining in the conversation. 'Eh, Norman', he said, 'I remember a day like this in Wakes Week. I thought a day out at Dunham Massey would be grand if I only had a bike. As I passed the pawnbrokers, I saw a new bike, so I lifted it off the hook. As I wheeled the bike away, I noticed a sports coat, and I thought, Billy, you look a bit shabby; so I pushed the bike into an entry and went back for the coat. When I came back for the bike, there was a copper minding it for me. I got a month's holiday for that!'

Billy could hardly read or write. Discovering this one day, I offered to write home for him, and thus became his private secretary. His 'wife's' name turned out to be Jessie Pickles, and Billy was no Romeo. 'My dear wife' he regarded as too sloppy, but was glad to relate his appreciation of the fine weather and the abundant food. He disliked snobs; 'Tell her we have the Ashton lads on board with us' he said, 'and a swanky crowd from London called the Westminster Dragoons. They say the Duke of Westminster is with them, but I've not seen him. Perhaps he has been seasick.' He ended the letter with a request: 'Send me two tins of Woods and don't go boozing all my allotment in the Nags' Head!' Billy eventually received his reply - two packets of Woodbines, five cigarettes in

each. His next letter was explosive!

When we arrived in Alexandria, the Khedive was in residence in his palace at Ras-el-Tin; we were in camp immediately behind the palace. A few weeks later he and his retinue vanished and we were at war with Turkey. The Turks made an attempt to cross the Suez Canal near Ismalia about November, and Billy was sent there with a small detachment. Billy and mate were detailed to collect some stores in Ismalia, which was only eight miles from us. They took the Tonga, a one-horse float, with a slow but reliable mare, and were expected back about two p.m. When midnight arrived and there was still no sign of them, the atmosphere on the horse lines began to warm up. Finally, a faint rumble of wheels was heard, and along came the Tonga, with no sign of the drivers. Billy and his mate Crowther were drunk and fast asleep on the stores they had collected. They got another holiday; fourteen days in the Glasshouse at the Citadel!

To be continued

SUBSCRIPTIONS

At the AGM (see page 5) it was resolved that the rate of subscription due on 1st January annually be increased to £2 for Members and Associate Members. Those who wish to help further are invited to pay an increased subscription, or a donation at any time. Members are asked to make it clear if any additional remittance is intended as an advance subscription and not a donation.

Those Members who make payment by Bankers Order are requested to advise their Bank to increase the amount if it is less than the revised rate.

Please send remittances to the Honorary Treasurer and not to the Honorary Secretary.

ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION ASSOCIATION
FINAL MEMORIAL SERVICE

By Wing Commander J H Bentham (late RND Hood Bn) (594)

The Association was formed in 1920 but it has now become necessary to disband: all members are well in advance of eighty years. The Division took part in the Gallipoli campaign as is well known.

The Memorial to the R N D is situated at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich and the final Memorial Service took place there on the 31st May 1981 by courtesy of the Admiral President.

After early morning showers the weather was fine for the rest of the day. At 1050 we proceeded to the wonderful College chapel for morning service by our own Chaplain, the Rev Gordon Taylor. The choir singing was beautiful and enhanced by the presence of two Royal Marine trumpeters. About 25 veterans were present, with about 170 guests who included the Admiral President of the College, the Second Sea Lord, the Commandant General of the Royal Marines, Mr Winston Churchill M P, Lord Paul Freyburgh and last but not least our own President Brigadier Basil Rackham, with Colonel Boucher. German and Turkish Embassies were represented.

After the Service we proceeded to the R N D Memorial where a Naval and Marine Guard of Honour was posted, with bands and drums flanked by guns of the R A, with clergy and choir. A short but moving Act of Remembrance took place, remembering our fallen and past comrades. Wreaths were laid by the Admiral President, the Second Sea Lord, Brigadier Rackham and Colonel Boucher on behalf of the Association.

My thoughts went back about 70 years when I joined the R N V R but instead of going to sea we were formed into a Naval Brigade, soon afterwards going to Antwerp in its defence. To avoid capture by the Germans about 1500 crossed the frontier into Holland and interned. I managed to escape in May 1915 and this probably saved my life as by that time I had been commissioned and sent to Gallipoli when most of the bitter fighting was over. Many of my former friends had perished in the initial landing on the 25th April.

After the evacuation of Gallipoli the Division went to France and I had a platoon in the Hood Battalion. My C O was Commander B C Freyberg and his 2 i/c was Arthur Asquith the son of the Prime Minister. I was wounded in the battle of Beaucourt as were so many others. After recovery I managed to obtain a transfer to the Royal Naval Air Service for I had had enough of trench warfare, with all its discomforts.

As 'Last Post' sounded tears welled up in my eyes and I stood wondering why I had been spared, and as 'The Queen' was played and sung I could not bear any more.

After official photographs had been taken the company proceeded to the Queen Mary Room where cocktails were served; this was followed by luncheon in the Painted Hall. Again my thoughts went back and I imagined Lord Nelson lying in state there.

After luncheon we adjourned to the Queen Elizabeth anteroom where we were addressed by the Admiral President, the Second Sea Lord, Mr Winston Churchill and finally by our President, Brigadier Rackham who gave an excellent valedictory address on behalf of the Association.

We then went to the Upper Square where on the lawns in front of us was drawn up on parade a Royal Marine band, 130 strong which beat Retreat and played some of the most inspiring music I have ever heard, with special mention of the front rank of Drummers, admired by all.

This concluded the ceremonial and I cannot conclude without praise and thanks to Rear Admiral J M Carhill O B E, the Admiral President, his staff of all ranks and all others who contributed to make this event such a memorable one for all concerned. I drove back to Potters Bar (home) with mixed feelings - pride in having been associated with the Royal Naval Division; thoughts of comrades 'gone before' and hope for the future.

'AT THE GOING DOWN OF THE SUN, AND IN THE MORNING, WE WILL REMEMBER THEM.'

(EDITOR About 40 members of the R N D are or have been members of the Gallipoli Association).

PHOTOGRAPH on page 31.

THE MID-EIGHTIES

By John W Hollis RFA (732)

Although I shall be 85 on Decr 26th 1981 I must be one of the youngest members of the Gallipoli Association, and at 20 I was a Sergeant in charge of an 18 Pdr gun on Lala Baba and didn't expect to get away alive. One of the most sickening experiences was when we had to fire at night and had to use 'Seige Lamps' to aim by! These were like old-time police lanterns but instead of a glass 'bulls' eye' front, there was a metal disc with a vertical slit and two were planted some distance away from each gun, in the line of fire. Unfortunately each time the guns fired the lamps were blown out and soon every match in the battery was used up. I can only think that they were 'left-overs' from the very old days, but even in 1915, surely electric batteries could have been used? As it was our C.O. Major the Hon. D A Forbes, brother of the Earl of Granard, had to say 'To Hell with the bloody things' and the battery ceased fire after one salvo. The present Earl is Marshal of the Air Force and the 1915 Earl was Colonel of one of the Irish Regiments on Gallipoli. Well, my real reason for this letter is to say that I shall not be able to attend any further meetings in London as I am stricken with arthritis in my knees and the long double journey in one day can no longer be faced; but I shall still remain a member of the G.A.

A TURKISH GOVERNMENT INVITATION

An invitation for ten of our Members to visit Gallipoli at an army exercise to be held on the 9th and 10th August was received, via the Ministry of Defence, late in June and calling for names within a week. Those veterans who went would be the guests of the Turkish army but would have to find their own transport to Istanbul.

But at such short notice, and with our ageing membership and the cost involved it was not a practicable proposition and the invitation had to be reluctantly declined.

LANDING ON THE 25TH

By C Jeffries 4 Worcs R (738)

When I was 16 years old I joined the 4th Worcesters at Banbury on the battalion's return from India. We shipped from Avonmouth docks in the 'Aragon', reaching Alexandria where the whole division formed up. After about a fortnight we reboarded the 'Aragon' and moved off to the Greek island of Lemnos. After a few days we went on towards the peninsula, landing at V Beach on the 25th. I was the last man to get into a small boat which took us to the 'River Clyde'. Some officer shouted 'Take those men to the other side of the ship or you will get them all killed.' There I saw three wounded Irishmen, wounded and hanging on to a small boat; one was shouting 'Oh by Jesus save me.'

On reaching the other side I gave the general a leg-up on to the lighter, then his brigade major. Then I was pushed up and the deck of the lighter was covered with dead men. We started over the deck when the general went down, - he never spoke. Then the major went down but he raised himself on one knee and said: 'Carry on, men', then he was dead. I ran on to the edge of the lighter when the men behind me shouted: 'Jump yourself, youngster' but they couldn't see what I could see - dozens of Irishmen in the deep blue sea hanging on the wire dead with their rifles and bayonets in their hands, with their faces to the foe. We then jumped into a small boat and paddled it to the shore where I ran under the cliff next to a second lieutenant. I said to him: 'Where are your men?' They are here, what are left of them, forty-eight men, Dublins and Munsters' he replied. Next morning I found my school pal, G Grist, when we were on a burial party. The last man we put in was 555, counted by two officers. We were then called away to rejoin the battalion at W Beach. I went over the top nineteen times and the best of luck. I was wounded at Ghurka Bluff, after four months of it.

ADDITION TO PAGE 6 IN NUMBER 35

R A Haley (587) was responsible for our record of the speeches made on the occasion of our Dinner in 1975 when H R H the Duke of Edinburgh was our guest of honour.

SUVLA

By the late E V Godrich (Worcs Yeomanry) (122)

We were landed from the 'Queen Victoria' in small barges on to a little wooden jetty that had been built a day or two before, the whole operation being carried out by the Navy in their sensible way. It was now 1 am, pitch dark, for which we ought to have been thankful, but to us, fighting seemed a long way off as it was a nice peaceful night. We had no idea that we were in easy reach of the Turkish guns and we rather resented the order 'No smoking'. As we got ashore and up the beach, the first thing I remember was the peculiar smell which I shall remember all my life when I think of Gallipoli: it is the scrub that grows out east mixed with the smell of death. I can recall that same smell at Gaza, Beersheba, eSalt and several places where men had been killed. There is nothing like the sense of smell to refresh one's memory, that peculiar smell I shall always carry in my memory.

We were lucky in having a clear landing, the 54th (London Territorials) having landed under heavy fire but had swept Johnnie Turk inland about a week previously, but owing to heavy losses were unable to push their initial successes home. Apparently there was a shortage of infantry so we were brought in to try our luck.

We spent the remainder of that first night about 300 yd from where we came ashore, but did not sleep much owing to the strange noises going on all around us. At dawn we were up and looking for some wood to light a fire for a brew of tea. We discovered we were on the shore of a fine bay with a beautiful panorama; the bay was full of ships; battleships, hospital ships, transports, etc., with a good view of the coast south to Anzac Cove. Inland the hills rose up to 800 ft, on the top of which Johnny Turk was an interested spectator of our doings. At about 6 am he showed that he disapproved of our landing another division by sending over a few fire crackers. I must confess that at first taste of shell fire I felt very funky and wanted to find a hole, anywhere out of the road but there was nowhere to go!

The Turks began shelling the rest of our regiment who were coming ashore in barges. By watching men who had been ashore a few days one gained confidence; it was easy to pick out the newly arrived men like myself when a 5.9 inch dropped, one ducks by instinct at the explosion. We soon got tired of flattening ourselves when we heard the whistle of a shell coming over. Hunger and thirst soon asserted themselves bodily; in addition there is always that irresistible human curiosity so excelently expressed by Captain Bairnsfather 'Where did that one go, Bill?'. I have seen fine speeches, sermons, courts-martial,men writing letters to their sweethearts, all interrupted by a bursting shell or bomb, even when they have been a mile away, just to see the result of an explosion. Our own particular Colville was a terrible fire-eater in England distinguished himself very early on by digging a good dug-out and staying in it. He became the ridicule of all of us. I remember him exhorting us to 'Duck'. I believe in ducking, 'My family always ducked' became a password in the M G section. Our first day on Gallipoli was mostly spent in fatigues, straightening out our kit, ammunition, tools, scrounging for wood for a fire etc. The shelling carried on intermittently all day and was occasionally relieved by one of the battleships that was lying off the coast. Several Warwick boys were hit by a shell while on a water fatigue. Jim Hewins came back from the well with a tale of a shell that had burst two yards from him but only scratched his leg, but the sceptics told him that he had scratched himself while bathing on a rock. About 7 pm while we were 'standing-to' our first rum ration, two Taubes came over us. We were interested watching the battleships trying to hit them with shrapnel. Altogether it was a crowded day, the little incidentals seem trivial now in the light of future events, but I think first impressions in most walks of life are generally the most lasting.

(To be continued)

CORRECTION It is regretted that there is an error in the previous issue, Spring 1981, number 35 where on page 23 Hill 971 should refer to Chunuk Bair.

HOW I DIDN'T GET A CROSS - MILITARY OR WOODEN

By Wing Commander M H Jenks RAF (Ret) (809)
once 2/Lt 7 Glosters

'The flies, Oh God the flies that soil the sacred earth. To see them swarm from dead men's eyes to share the soldiers' bread'. A P Herbert's lines are only too reminiscent and I would rather just remember arriving at and leaving the Peninsula with one amusing incident in between. We landed at night and were marched around Salt Lake on our way up the line when we heard a body of men in the darkness. Were they our first Turks and what do we do about it? A whispered challenge and they turned out to be the Royal Gloster Hussars in which I'd tried to enlist last year. 'Cor, they be Glosters too' was a happy mixture of surprise and relief.

The only pleasant memory I have of that accursed Peninsula is being summoned to Bn HQ dug-out. Strange, because the C O was usually up and about the trenches. He hadn't been in evidence for a few days and mentioned the reason: although an acting lieutenant-colonel his substantive rank was still captain and he had just heard that an Army Order was being issued promoting all captains with 15 years service to the rank of major and - 'I'm not coming out until my wife's pension is safe'. After which, of course, he was as brave and foolhardy as ever, not helping me much by strolling up to my sniper post to ask what sort of a bag I had. When I was appointed battalion sniper officer my company commander said: 'You're safe for a cross, either military or wooden' but I managed to to avoid both.

December came and we were being moved across Suvla Bay to a hospital ship when one of our aeroplanes was shot down. Immediately the midshipman i/c who looked all of fifteen years old cut the tow and dashed off leaving us rolling about. As we were not then fighting fit I, for example, was labelled 'dysentery' jaundice and para-typhoid' and shrapnel was still showering down; ours, I suppose, but that didn't help much, we were none too pleased. However, he was soon back with his two rescued flying men and we proceeded to HMHS Letitia, to find QAIMNS sisters and beds with sheets.

Yes, beds with sheets.

The sisters, we realized later, were nearly as exhausted as we were, but they showed no sign of it, then or ever. It was my first experience of the 'QA' and the admiration I felt for them for that dedicated band of women has certainly not lessened some sixty-six years and half a dozen Service hospitals later. Kipling, as always, has the right words:

'Let us now remember many honourable women
Such as bade us turn again when we were like to die'.

MORE ON THE 9TH ROYAL WARWICKS

By H A Hibberd (9 R Warwicks) (270)

I was very pleased to read in number 35 Hall's story of Gallipoli and Mesopotamia as I served in the 9th Royal Warwicks of the 33rd Bde and the 13th Division and agree that his details of the conditions in both theatres of war were as he described; we had plenty of flies, lice, frost-bitten fingers and toes, and dysentery, malaria, and yellow jaundice, with heavy casualties in killed and wounded. I myself received four wounds, including a slight flesh wound at V Beach, near the River Clyde while on fatigue duty. But I didn't leave the regiment but received treatment at first-aid posts for about five days. I was very thankful when we came off there and went first to Imbros and then to Egypt.

FRANCE, BATTLE OF ARRAS 1917

An Associate Member is particularly interested in the above battle and would like any member, such as of the 29th Division, who was involved to get in touch with him. He is Jonathan Nicholls 806, address as on page 3 or telephone him at 01-428 0489.

MATERIAL REMINDERS OF GALLIPOLI

By Professor L T Slade OBE (Hon) PhD (802 AM) (USA)

In September of 1980 my family and I had the good fortune to spend a week on the Gallipoli Peninsula, during which time we hiked (and climbed!) over the battlefields quite thoroughly. Our explorations obviously took us to Cape Helles, and it was in this area that we made the discovery which forms the basis of this brief note.

We had spent the morning at V Beach, and we ate lunch in an orchard just in back of the Turkish trenches which overlook the beach - the trenches from which came such a terrible fire on the troops landing from the 'River Clyde'. After lunch we walked overland to W Beach, and thereby found ourselves within a modern Turkish military zone! Had we driven towards W Beach we would have seen the signs forbidding our progress, but on foot, and proceeding more or less as the crow flies, we stumbled right in. As a result, we got a good look at the site of the landing of the Lancashire Fusiliers before we were politely but firmly asked to depart. We 'departed' straight inland, towards Lancashire Landing Cemetery, and soon found ourselves in a farm field on the seaward side of a dirt road leading out to Tekke Burnu itself. In the middle of the field was a large bush, and near this bush my bright-eyed sons found a thirty-caliber rifle shell casing. Finding such items was for us no great rarity; we had already made a small collection of relics from various other battlefields on the Peninsula. But then the boys quickly found a Lee-Enfield rifle clip; and then even I, who lacks their eagle eyes, began to find things.

It soon became apparent that, for whatever reason, an area radiating out about fifty feet from the bush was amazingly rich in relics - bullets, rifle shell casings, rifle clips, sections of hand grenades, blasting caps, buttons, and a very large quantity of odds and ends; but no shrapnel, which was common enough elsewhere on the Peninsula. We were pleased but very intrigued by our finds; why this tremendous concentration - literally dozens of individual finds - in such a small area? Then we found a glass bottleneck and the mystery was solved.

The bottleneck was fused shut, showing that the glass had been subjected to intense heat. Immediately several other curious facts took on meaning: almost all of the bullets were perfect - they had never been fired from a rifle. All of the rifle shell casings were without primer - the primers had apparently been blown out. One Lee-Enfield clip had a blasting cap embedded in it - further evidence of an explosion of some kind. Final confirmation of explosion came with the finding of several more pieces of glass, all showing evidence of having been partially melted by exposure to high temperatures. It was then that I remembered an item from my earlier reading on the campaign; we had stumbled on the spot where, in the early morning of January 9, 1916, the British forces had blown up the equipment and supplies which had not already been removed from the Peninsula. We had earlier found relics on the beaches - V, W, and Anzac - associated with the initial landings on April 25, 1915; now we completed the picture with material evidence of an event that took place in the last hours of the Gallipoli campaign.

ASSOCIATION SHIELD (OR PLAQUE)

Messrs C H Munday, the makers of our shield, report that at the end of May ninety-two shields have been supplied to members' orders. This is encouraging. Shields which have been supplied officially by the Association, mainly in thanks for help and accommodation, have been installed at the Royal Hospital (Chelsea Pensioners), and also in Chelsea to the Duke of York's Headquarters and the Guards Barracks. Overseas there are shields at the Rest House on Gallipoli and another kindly provided by S W Blythman (657) at a R S L Club in Australia. Others in England are at Eastbourne (Women's Section R B L) and Birmingham (see page 13).

MEDAL AFTER FORTY YEARS In 1955 I met a former V A D on a pilgrimage who had served at Monastir (Serbia) in 1915 who had not been awarded the 1914-15 Star, to her regret. As I had just been retired from the Army Emergency Reserve and having had to chase my T D and clasps I knew the drill and was able to help her to be awarded the medal, much to her delight.

E H W B

MINING STATIONS

By F G Dixon AB HMS Angora (737)

After the outbreak of the 1914 War, two German warships the GOEBEN and the BRESLAU eluded our naval patrols in the Mediterranean and eventually entered the Dardanelles and anchored off Constantinople. Their presence no doubt influenced Turkey to declare war against us. In that event it was essential that these warships must be prevented from re-entering the Aegean Sea. In 1915 I was a young A B in the minelayer H M S Angora and I recall the excitement when our ship was ordered at Mudros to prepare a minefield across the Narrows at Chanak. We carried 320 mines ready, except for the insertion of primers, detonators and depth settings. When this was done they became lethal and even a small shell entering the mining deck would be a disaster.

Mine-laying in enemy waters is usually done at night and on this occasion H M S RUSSELL created a diversion by bombarding the Chanak area, where there was also a searchlight. On reaching our position we turned and laid our mines on the way back to Mudros. Other minefields were laid later at strategic points.

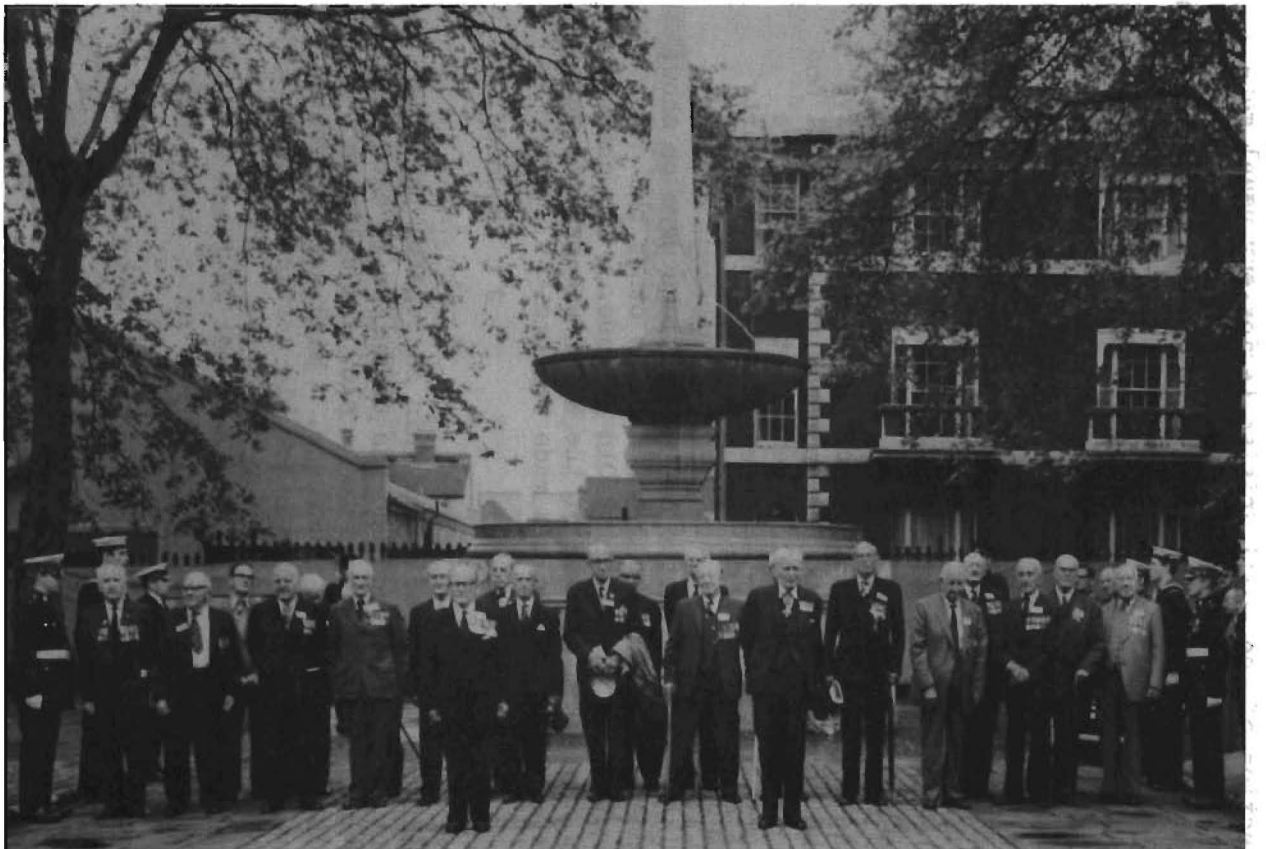
In the end our ship left the Aegean Sea area in January 1917 and I understand that in January 1918 the two German ships came out and struck mines off Imbros. the BRESLAU was sunk and the GOEBEN was holed and beached herself in the Narrows.

We must have swept the Chanak minefield, but it had kept these ships in for a long time.

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

FROM DOWN UNDER (New South Wales)

Syd Blythman (657), our eighty-eight year old member now living in Australia writes, as he frequently does, of his welcome at Anzac reunions where at times he is the only Gallipoli veteran present. He served with the Wiltshire Regiment. This year he went with the Adamstown R S L Club and is next going to Queensland.



ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION ASSOCIATION - FINAL MEMORIAL SERVICE See pages 20 & 21

EASTBOURNE TEA-PARTY 20 MAY 1981

Thanks to the generous co-operation of the Women's Section of the Royal British Legion our usual get-together was held with 14 veterans present. One of the regulars was 'hospitalized' but sent his greetings and good wishes. Major Banner kindly made the journey by taxi from Maresfield and brought along with him his cine projector and showed two films, one of a Gallipoli tour in 1965, before the Association was thought of, and another of the tour in 1971, both including sight-seeing in Greece and Turkey. Three cakes appeared from 'somewhere' and were raffled and the afternoon passed all too quickly.

Members came from as far apart as St Leonards and Worthing, with the local press representative and photographer. The youngest present was 81 and several were over 90. Being optimistic we are making preliminary arrangements for another party in 1982.

At the meeting two miniature flags were on show; one was that of the R B L and the other the Eastbourne and District Old Brigade. The chairman of the men's section of the R B L was present as a representative and was made welcome.

J C Attwood

EDITOR: The credit for this successful party is due to Jack Attwood who has organized it each year. But he feels the need to go slow and calls on members to find a successor. Will any interested younger member kindly offer his services? (NB 'young' means 'under ninety'). The job is of course highly unpaid. Please get in touch with Jack at Eastbourne 27168.

THE PHOTOGRAPH on the facing page is by courtesy of the Eastbourne Herald.



EASTBOURNE TEA-PARTY 20th MAY 1981

From viewer's left, standing

Richard Swinnerton OBE ISO Ment Disp: Stanley Mann: Arthur Garrison MC: Ivan Newman: Thomas Woodward: David Kempton: Commander Reginald Hayward CBE RD: Seated: Robert Bird: John Bristow: Major Alfred Fuller TEM: Major Edgar Banner TD: Jack Attwood: Francis Nicholls Ment Disp: Harold Crowder.

BURY: LANCASHIRE FUSILIER SERVICE

The Annual Service and March-Past commemorating the landing of the 1st Battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers on Gallipoli on the 25th April 1915 was held at Bury Parish Church on Sunday the 26th April 1981.

Bury was the Garrison Town of XX the Lancashire Fusilier Regiment now incorporated in the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers. Prior to the Service the Colours of the Regiment and the new Standard of the Regimental Association were handed by the Colour Party to the Rector of Bury and lay on the Altar during the Service.

Wreaths were laid at the Cenotaph by Major General D M Woodford CBE for Lt-General Sir James Wilson, who was held up by bad weather.

The March-Past was headed by four Gallipoli veterans. Major G B Horridge TD was in command of this party consisting of four; three were non-members. No members of the 1st Battalion Landing Party were present. Following them were veterans of World War 2 and Members of the Old Comrades Association.

Officials of the various Boroughs present included the High Sheriff of Greater Manchester, the Mayors and Mayoresses of Bury, Rochdale, Bolton, Oldham and St Helens; two Members of Parliament - Bury and Radcliffe and for Rossendale, and the Chief Executives of Bury, Rochdale and Salford. Local officers commanding regiments, cadet forces etc. were also on parade.

The photograph on the facing page shows the March-Past at the saluting point.

G B H

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TIES - PRICE INCREASE

Costs continue to rise and the price of the tie has had to be increased to £2.50, including inland postage. For all overseas countries add 50 pence for surface postage. Apply to the Hon Sec. Please do not purchase ties for non-members as presents.


EEL

GALLIPOLYARNS PERPETUATED

Two old Gallipolians proudly comparing great-grandsons. One claimed 'Mine is a bright boy, when I asked him what two and two made he asked "Am I buying or am I selling?" '. The other one countered 'When I asked mine that his reply was "Well, am I adding or am I multiplying?" He's a wide boy.'

A Gallipolian of the 'gor blimy' type knew he was 'no skollerd' as he put it, but coming into contact with many types in the army he decided that his sone would have 'a better eddication than what I had! 'I'll send him to a good school' he went on 'Eton or 'Arrods, I don't mind which.'

A Gallipolian who had been decorated for gallantry had a nice young secretary in his office. One day he asked her if she would care to go out for a dinner one evening. She replied 'I'm afraid I'm too busy, Sir.' Shortly afterwards he repeated the offer but she replied 'I'm sorry but I'm still busy.' Again he tried, getting the reply 'I'm sorry but I'm still afraid'.

Ye Olde Dumb Blonde who thought that a Knight of the Garter was a Brian Rix Whitehall Theatre farce for a night of the garter.

A bright young Gallipolian found that the only vacant place in the teashop was next to a very magnetic girl who attracted him no end. He did all he could to make conversation and wanted to meet her afterwards. But she wasn't having any of it and as she got up to leave she gave him what looked like a visiting card, which made him very bucked until he looked at it after she had gone and read:

U R Requested
2 Mind Your Own
BUSINESS
ICU2L B4T