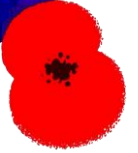




The Bulldog Bulletin



Patron: Her Majesty The Queen

President: Priva Guha British Consul General

**The Newsletter of The Royal British Legion
California Branch No 1**

March 2014



Bath



Aberdeen



Cardiff



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Cambridge

The Royal British Legion

California Branch No 1

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Coventry

RBL Chairman's March report,



The next meeting will be Tuesday March 11th. and will be held at the San Rafael Yacht Club, 200 Yacht Club Drive, San Rafael CA. at 12:30 pm

Please do your best to attend

John Douglas Yates

A great friend and supporter of the Royal British Legion for many years, passed away unexpectedly and peacefully from respiratory failure on February 1, 2014

He had a great wit and shared the love of a good debate with his friends at the Cogers Club. He was a President Emeritus at the British Benevolent Society and the Guide Dogs for the Blind in San Rafael

Several days ago as I left a meeting I desperately gave myself a personal search. I was looking for my keys. They were not in my pockets. A quick search in the meeting room revealed nothing. Suddenly I realised I must have left them in the car. Frantically, I headed for the car park.

My husband has scolded me many times for leaving the keys in the ignition.

My theory is the ignition is the best place not to lose them. His theory is that the car will be stolen.

As I scanned the car park I came to a terrifying conclusion! His theory was right. The car park was empty.

I immediately called the police. I gave them my location, confessed that I had left my keys in the car, and that it had been stolen.

Then I made the most difficult call of all, to my husband's mobile.

"Hello My Love", I stammered; I always call him "My Love" in times like these. "I left my keys in the car, and it has been stolen."

There was a long period of silence. I thought the call had disconnected, but then I heard his voice. He barked, "I dropped you off!"

Now it was my time to be silent. Embarrassed, I said, "Well, please come and get me."

He retorted, "I will, as soon as I can convince this policeman I have not stolen your bloody car."

This is what they call, "a senior moment!"

Gallipoli 1915

A Campaign Which Would Change A War

A Sequel to Invasion 1915

By David Atwell

Introduction

The Gallipoli Campaign was the brain child of Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty. Although it did not go exactly as planned, the Gallipoli Campaign was always intended to relieve German pressure, from the other fronts in France, Belgium & Russia, by forcing German forces to spread ever further across Europe. Furthermore, it was also a campaign to knock Turkey, an ally of Germany, out of the war. Turkey was seen to be the 'sick man of Europe' & Churchill, among others, believed that victory would be quick. Then, with Turkey out of the war, Allied convoys could reach the Russian Black Sea ports, & in doing so, bring desperately needed war munitions & other supplies to the Allies eastern partner.

Yet Gallipoli was undertaken at a dangerous time for the Allies - especially for the British. Having just been invaded by the German Invasion Army, many in Britain argued against Churchill's plan to divert troops & material to a campaign on the other side of Europe. Furthermore, many even argued against sending further reinforcements to the British Expeditionary Force in France. In the end, though, a compromise was made wherein much of the British Mediterranean Force was to be made up of Empire troops, whilst British troops were kept in British for use against the German interlopers.

Although Churchill was to later add a few more British divisions than at first authorised, in other words the Naval Division, he was only given the green light after the government had been assured, by the British Defence Force, that the German Invasion Army was effectively sealed up in Northumberland & Durham. Of course, it must be noted, that the attack upon the Dardanelles, using both naval & army units, was actually authorised prior to the invasion of Britain by Germany. As a result, most of what Churchill had asked for was already in place in the eastern Mediterranean region when the German invasion took place. Nothing more, however, would be needed from Britain other than the final order to commence the campaign.

Not everything, though, as noted was to go to plan. Initially Churchill's plan called on the Royal & French Navies to attack up the Dardanelles, pass the Turkish forts, & onwards to Constantinople. Following such a move, a corps of troops would arrive to occupy European & Asian Minor Turkey, whilst troops from India would occupy Mesopotamia, & troops from Egypt would occupy Palestine & Syria. The naval attack, however, was not to be successful as will be discussed below. Nonetheless, Churchill was not going to be deterred &, it is due to the failure of the naval attack, that the most successful Allied land operation in the war to date would eventuate. It would also make the word ANZAC forever synonymous with Gallipoli. The ANZAC Corps successful break-out from Suvla Bay (later called ANZAC Cove), & the subsequent March to Constantinople, would ensure Allied victory.

Click on the link below

http://www.changingthetimes.net/samples/ww1/gallipoli_1915.htm



The Battles of Liverpool

David J. Scott

In 1957, almost right after completion of a five-year Engineering apprenticeship, I was whisked off to begin National Service. Initially, I was sent to Blandford in Dorset for technical evaluation, then to Honiton, Devon, for the six-week basic training course. It was early November and bitterly cold, but much worse than all of this, was the fact that I was madly in love and engaged to be married, so I really had a major chip on my shoulder about the compulsory Army service screwing up my life!

Because I hailed from Glasgow, most of the other rookies gave me a wide berth, especially the Englishmen, who had heard that Glaswegians were a bad lot and should be avoided at all cost.

I got a tremendous break however when I was told I would be stationed at 12 Command Workshop R.E.M.E. in Liverpool. This meant I would be a mere 200-miles from my future wife Jean (incidentally, we are still together 56 years on), plus the City of Liverpool was ground zero, and the absolute center of the British Pop culture revolution. The Beatles, Gerry and the Pacemakers, The Searchers and many other groups were all performing in Liverpool, could it get any better? Liverpool was really buzzing and in many ways very similar to the Glasgow way of life! Both cities were big seaports and very tough places in which to live, however Glaswegians and "Scousers" got along just fine.

Any chance I got to go home to Glasgow meant I would take a local bus on Fridays' at 5 p.m., make my way to the old A6, and with my little travel bag emblazoned with "Glasgow" in reflective paint. This really made it easier to hitch-hike. I would work my way North and was often in Glasgow just after midnight. I made the trip in, and on, a fantastic assortment of vehicles from Corvettes to cattle trucks! However, I would return a little more conventionally by train overnight on Sundays to Lime Street Station in Liverpool, arriving just in time for muster parade. Jean always bought me the Southbound ticket.

There were, of course, times when I went into downtown Liverpool with the boys, and most of these visits ended in brawls with the locals, which broke up with all of us rogues running for our lives to catch the last bus back to West Derby and the sanctuary of the barracks....I will never forget sprinting from the bus to the camp gates, shouting to the guards to open up before we got killed by the pursuing "Scousers".

I always made it safely, and would stay to taunt the chasers until the Guard Commander said, "That's enough soldier" and ordered us to hit the sack. Sadly, a few guys often never quite made it to the gate, and as a result got a severe whipping from the locals....nothing "life threatening" though. It never got worse than a licking back

in 1957-59, and anyway they would be rescued sooner or later by the duty guard turning out to pull them to safety.

Because of my hell-raising activities, the Commanding Officer Colonel Whatshizname, virtually wrote me off as a soldier, and could not bear to speak to me. In fact, he called me a "Bloody Bolshevic", which I thought was a wee bit harsh!

I didn't want to go into the Army in the first place, but I am a better man because of National Service. There is not a scrap of doubt in my mind that I benefited from the draft experience, and I believe it would be good for the youth of today to serve for a couple of years. Who knows, they might find out who they really are, and hopefully have as much fun as I did finding myself.



Scott, kneeling at left with "the boys".

23431202 Craftsman Scott, D.J.
Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers

The Battle of the Somme, 1916

At 0730 hours on the 1st July, 1916, after a weeklong artillery bombardment launched the now infamous "Big Push" attack across the river Somme.

With the French Army being hard-pressed to the south at Verdun the British intended to breakthrough the German defences in a matter of hours.

The mistrust that High Command had of the so-called "New Armies" manifested itself in the orders to the troops to keep uniformed lines and to march towards the enemy across no-man's land.



This, coupled with the failure of the artillery bombardment to dislodge much of the German wire, or to destroy their machine-gun posts, led to one of the biggest slaughters in military history.

When the attack began the Germans dragged themselves out of their dugouts, manned their posts and destroyed the oncoming waves of British infantry.

After the first day, with a gain of only 1.5km, the British had suffered 57,470 casualties. Despite this, Haig pressed on with the attack until November 19th of the same year.

For the meagre achievements, total losses on the British and Imperial side numbered 419,654 with German casualties between 450,000 and 680,000. When the offensive was eventually called off the British were still 3 miles short of Bapaume and Serre, part of their first-day objectives.

Grandpa's New I-Pad

It's an example of what happens when the young ones give gifts of technology to the old ones!
A Daughter is visiting her father.

She asks: Tell me dad, how are you managing with the new iPad we gave you for your birthday?

This is in German...but no subtitles are needed:

Cheers: Michael.

<http://www.snotr.com/video/8965/>

Site of Royal Navy's WW1 submarine disaster to be used for wind farm

Filed under: [Britain](#), [History](#), [Military](#) — Tags: [Navy](#), [Submarine](#), [Wreck](#), [WW1](#) .

In 1918, the Royal Navy suffered the loss of two submarines, with another three damaged along with a light cruiser.

And you've probably [never heard of it](#). (**Click on the link to the left**) It's okay, I hadn't heard of it either, and the British government went to great lengths to conceal the incident, because *no enemy vessels were involved*:



An underwater war grave containing the victims of one of the worst British naval disasters of the first world war has been surveyed for the first time so it can be preserved in the middle of a windfarm.

The two K Class submarines were destroyed on 31 January 1918 during the so-called battle of the Isle of May, in which 270 lives were lost. The two submarines were sunk and three more damaged along with a surface cruiser.

But no enemy ships were involved in the sinkings, 20 miles off Fife Ness on Scotland's east coast. The deaths were all caused by a series of night-time collisions within the British fleet.

So embarrassing was the incident that even though one officer was court-martialed, the facts were not generally admitted for more than 60 years, until after the death of the last survivor.

A longer account of the accident is on the [Wikipedia](#) page. (**Click on the link to the left**) It's pretty grim reading.

A mechanic was removing a cylinder head from the motor of a Harley motorcycle

when he spotted a well-known heart surgeon in his shop. The surgeon was there, waiting for the service manager to come and take a look at his bike.

The mechanic shouted across the garage, "Hey, Doc, can I ask you a question?" The surgeon a bit surprised, walked over to the mechanic working on the motorcycle.

The mechanic straightened up, wiped his hands on a rag and asked, "So Doc, look at this engine. I open its heart, take the valves out, fix 'em, put 'em back in, and when I finish, it works just like new.

So how come I get such a small salary and you get the really big bucks, when you and I are doing basically the same work?

"The surgeon paused, smiled and leaned over, and whispered to the mechanic...

"Try doing it with the engine running."

Incredible bravery of WWI tank crew who survived 72 hours being bombarded by both Germans and their own side

The crew of the Fray Bentos were trapped after their tank fell on its side

They were attacked constantly by German machine guns and explosives

Even British guns tried to destroy the tank to keep it from enemy hands

But all but one of the men miraculously escaped the deadly situation

Trapped in their overturned tank, just metres from the German trenches, Captain Donald Richardson and his crew already faced an impossible situation.

But, after three days of attack from their enemies, the brave men in charge of the Mark IV tank were plunged into even greater danger when their British allies started bombarding them as well, to destroy the tank before the Germans could get it.

Astonishingly, though, all but one of the soldiers survived the impossible odds, armed with just pistols and a single rifle, managing to escape the death trap to become the First World War's most decorated tank crew.

War machine: The crew was stuck inside the early tanks, which helped turn the tide of the First World War by smashing through enemy fortifications (file photo)

Impression: This sketch illustrates the overwhelming odds faced by the Fray Bentos crew

Read more:

<http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-2445626/Incredible-bravery-WWI-tank-crew-survived-72-hours-bombarded-Germans-side.html#ixzz2uBXYzB3>



GETTING OLDER

A distraught senior citizen phoned her doctor's office. "Is it true," she wanted to know, "that the medication you prescribed has to be taken for the rest of my life?" "Yes, I'm afraid so," the doctor told her.

There was a moment of silence before the senior lady replied, "I'm wondering, then, just how serious is my condition because this prescription is marked

'NO REFILLS'."

Flight Sergeant Nicholas Stephen Alkemade

(1922–1987) was a rear gunner in Royal Air Force Avro Lancaster heavy bombers during World War II, **who survived—without a parachute—a fall of 18,000 feet (5,500 m)** when abandoning his out-of-control, burning aircraft over Germany.

On the night of 24 March 1944, 21-year-old Alkemade was one of seven crew members in Lancaster DS664 of No. 115 Squadron RAF. Returning from a 300 bomber raid on Berlin, east of Schmollenberg,



DS664 was attacked by a Luftwaffe Ju 88 night-fighter, caught fire and began to spiral out of control.

Because his parachute was unserviceable, **Alkemade jumped from the aircraft** without one, preferring to die by impact rather than burn to death.

He fell 18,000 feet (5,500 m) to the ground below.

His fall was broken by pine trees and a soft snow cover on the ground.

He was able to move his arms and legs and suffered only a sprained leg.

The Lancaster crashed in flames, killing pilot Jack Newman and three other members of the crew. They are buried in the CWGC's Hanover War Cemetery.

Alkemade was subsequently captured and interviewed by the Gestapo, who were initially suspicious of his claim to have fallen without a parachute until the wreckage of the aircraft was examined.

He was a celebrated prisoner of war, before being repatriated in May 1945. (Reportedly, the Germans gave Alkemade a certificate testifying to the fact.)

Alkemade worked in the chemical industry after the war and died on 22 June 1987.