

# NATIONAL SENIORS AUSTRALIA ADELAIDE NORTH-WEST BRANCH

## NEWSLETTER

April, 2022

Meeting at 2 pm on the fourth Wednesday of each month at

Lockleys Baptist Church house,

244 Henley Beach Road, Underdale (pictured right)

Parking - Drive through carport to rear of building



### COMMITTEE

President .....Trevor Molde

Vice President .....Brian Mibus (0417 887701)

Secretary ..... Kathy Hancock (0432 1013720)

Treasurer .....Mavis Smith

Activities Coordinator ..... Ann McCall

Committee ..... Jeanette Molde

Newsletter Trish Mibus (0407 605091)

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### CALENDAR

#### OUR APRIL GUEST SPEAKER

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 2022

2.00 PM

ANGEL FLIGHT

*Afternoon Tea – Annie McCall*

**OUTING:** WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 2022, 11.00 AM:

Maritime Museum - \$9

Lunch afterwards at a nearby hotel or cafe.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 2022

Guest Speaker: CATALYST - RETIREMENT HOMES

*Afternoon Tea – Barbara & Peter Rix*

**OUTING:** WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 2022

Lunch at Seaton Hotel

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 2022

Guest Speaker: BEE MAN – Len Turner

*Afternoon Tea – Jenny & Brenton Mathews*

**OUTING:** WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 2022

Activity for this day to be confirmed.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 2022

Guest Speaker: QUEEN ADELAIDE

*Afternoon Tea – Jeanette & Trevor Molde*

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 2022

Guest Speaker: TBA

*Afternoon Tea – Kay & John Day*

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 2022

Guest Speaker: TBA

*Afternoon Tea – Yvonne Walter*

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 2022

Guest Speaker: DAVID JARMAN – ALBERT WILKINS

*Afternoon Tea – Dawn Thomas*

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 2022

Guest Speaker: TBA

*Afternoon Tea – Trish & Brian Mibus*

***If you missed our Quiz and Card Day on April 13, you missed out on having a great time.***

We had lots of fun and shared lunch together. Another event is being organised, possibly in August, but we need more people to come along.

The day will not be restricted to National Seniors members, so why not invite your friends to attend.

**More information to come.**

### OUR MARCH GUEST SPEAKER WAS JACQUI FROM MEAL ON WHEELS

Meals on Wheels in South Australia was founded by Dorothy Taylor in 1954 and since that time has delivered over 50 million meals to South Australians. Currently over 7,000 volunteers deliver meals to people aged over 65 years.

More information on the talk is included in the minutes of the March meeting.



**April 25, 2022 marks 107 years since Australian soldiers first landed on the shores of Gallipoli.**

**The letter below, written by Sergeant J E Pearce, an old scholar of Adelaide High School appeared in the Midwinter edition of the School Magazine.**

## **Australians Landing at Gallipoli**

Writing on May 7, 1915, Sergeant Pearce (son of the Rev. John Pearce) tells the following thrilling story:

'You will rejoice with me that yet again my life has been spared. The more I think of it all the more I recognize how very much I have to be thankful for. Of course, I am proud to have been amongst the first Australians to do something on this side of the world, but I realise how easily I might have been amongst the slain. When the 10<sup>th</sup> Battalion roll was called two days after our landing on Gallipoli only one officer and twenty-four men responded out of over 1,000. My wound is doing wonderfully well, although it will be many weeks before I can walk again; but apart from this I feel splendid. I'm in good hands.

"Now for the story. At the end of February, we left Egypt, apparently for active service, in a disgustingly dirty old troopship which was infested with lice and rats.

"Two days after sailing from Alexandria, and after passing numerous islands of intense historic interest, we were guided into a harbour, the beautiful bay of the Island of Lemnos, by a French torpedo destroyer. It is a Grecian isle but is conceded to England for tactical purposes. Though we often went ashore, we lived on the ship, with the exception of three days' bivouac. Last Saturday we were transhipped to the English battleship 'Prince of Wales.' We then sailed for the Dardanelles. At 2 o'clock in the morning of

Sunday, April 25, we had a hot breakfast, and then got into the launches which were to take us ashore under the steam of a pinnace. We were then five miles from the shore. We disembarked at this distance from land to prevent any noise that would reveal our movements. Not a glimmer of light was visible, although we knew that six great English battleships were nearby, as well as the great Queen Elizabeth. From information received from airships we knew that the Turks were entrenched on the top of a steep hillock leading straight up from the beach. As we were to be the first to land, our object was to capture this before daylight, and so enable the thousands of troops that were to follow on to land. The leading party consisted of about 2,000 men. The troopships had also moved our way during the night. At about 4 am, when we were almost congratulating ourselves on the prospects of a quiet landing, because the naval officers had handled the eight pinnaces with such caution; ping! went the first shots which rang out from the shore. 'Up and at 'em!' was the responsive cry. Along with the others in our barge I jumped in water up to my middle. Hadn't time to feel the cold as I scrambled ashore and got into the cover of the thick underbrush growing on the sides of the hill. We rested for a couple of seconds. It was now getting a little lighter, so up we went to take the trench at the top of the hill at the point of the bayonet. It was indeed a thrilling time. We had been ordered not to fire a shot until daylight, and

they were peppering us like rain. We got within twenty yards of the top, in spite of the bullets, and then the Turks fled at the sight of the bayonets! We got home on a few and did what we set out to do. Resting awhile, we looked back to see how our comrades were faring. Away on our left a launch had just reached the beach, containing about seventy men. A Turkish machine gun had found their range and was peppering them awfully. While we watched, only seven got on to the beach, and even those fell, with the exception of one, who was found later with his throat cut. Thus a whole boatload were annihilated in a few minutes. This destructive gun we captured later at the point of the bayonet. The Turks, who were officered by Germans, employed a number of snipers, who were 'dug in' on the hillsides. They 'picked off' the officers, consequently we were short of officers when we reached the top of the hill, and our men pushed on down the gully and up to the top of the next ridge. Meeting no opposition, they pushed on again, down another gully and up to another ridge. When our chaps got to within 400 yards of where the Turks were entrenched, they started to dig themselves in. In my opinion, it was a fatal mistake to push so far. It was the intention of the Brigadier to dig in on the second ridge, but our fellows, full of enthusiasm and flushed with victory, pushed on without waiting for orders. Here the Turks were waiting for us. There was a momentary lull in the firing, then it started and continued without a stop for three days and nights. Our warships were to have covered our advance with shell fire, but we were so much in advance of the intended distance limit that they dared not fire for fear of hitting us. They contented themselves by silencing a Turkish fort on the southern point, which poured shrapnel on to the boats that were landing the remainder of our men. The Turks turned their machine guns and artillery on to us. They have eight machine guns to a battalion, while we have only two. They simply threw away their ammunition to resist us. We could hear the zip-zip of the bullets running down the line and cutting clean off the top of the shrubs behind which we were lying. If I related the terrible scenes, I'm afraid that even my parents and brother would suspect exaggeration. I do not wish to dwell here. It is a sad page in my life's history. Here are a couple of illustrations.

*... Illustrations removed ...*

And so I could go on; but I dare not. In the words of Major Oldham, it was 'not war but murder.' Our orders, however, were to hold on whatever the cost, and bravely they did it.

"In the meantime thousands of troops were landed, who reinforced us. By night also some of our artillery was ashore, and the Indians had some of the mountain guns talking.

"I was struck in the left foot at 4 pm by a shrapnel bullet. It passed right through the foot, leaving only the hole. The doctor had passed an instrument clean through the wound and given it a thorough cleansing. To continue my story. When struck, my first thought was that my whole foot had gone, the bullet came with such a terrible thud. 'No more tennis for me,' I thought. A comrade at my side cut away my boot and sock, which were saturated with blood, and applied field dressing which I supplied. A short rest, and then I commenced the return journey on my hands and knees. When I had crawled half a mile a New Zealander put me on his back and carried me down to the beach. I got his address, because I felt I owed my life to him. I was almost exhausted from loss of blood and lack of food - hadn't had a bite all day - when he found me, and although the snipers shot at us, he carried me, with numerous rests, the one and a half miles to the beach. Even here we were not safe. The Turks actually tried to get their shrapnel on to the wounded that were lying on the beach. We were as soon as possible put on a hospital ship and taken to Alexandria, and from there to Heliopolis.

"Such in brief is the story of that terrible, terrible Sunday, eleven days ago.

I must not close this letter without saying how much I thank our heavenly Father for His watchfulness and care of me. Even on the battlefield I heard the still small voice, and I am sure it said, 'Fear not, I will be with thee all the way.' Somehow it gave me confidence, for I know He was watching all the while.

"Many Methodist parents will never see their sons again, but it will be comforting to know how their sons died.

"Don't worry about me; I'm all right now. Am in splendid health, with an appalling appetite, and am receiving the best of care. Remember me to all my friends.