"GUNLESS GUNNER"

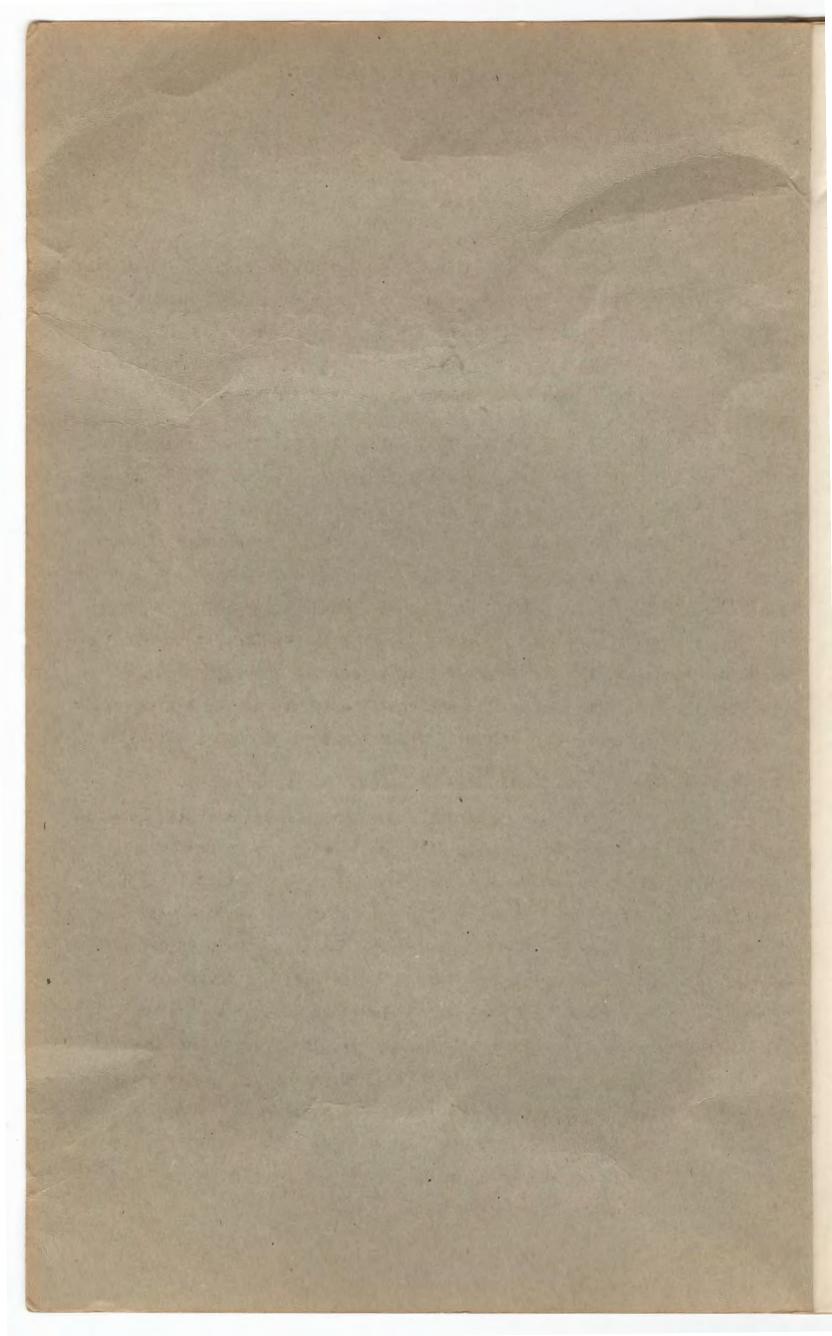
NM CLark/1

ANZAC NZ

A Story of Gallipoli

by

Norman M.Clark



"GUNLESS GUNNER"

A Story of Gallipoli

by

2/8B Norman Clark, DCM, MID

When I finished my engineering apprenticeship with the New Zealand Railways at Addington I went to sea and by August 1914 I had managed to work my way up to Second Engineer of the White Star Liner "Ionic". The minute we heard war had been declared my mind was made up and as soon as we reached England I took my discharge and rushed off to join the Navy.

Instead of a joyous welcome I ran slap into the first of my war frustrations. The Navy just weren't interested. A rather bored officer explained quite politely that the war would be finished soon and there was little point in recruiting people for a few months. It sounded fairly logical and in any case was quite final. I was a bit dashed but undaunted. If I couldn't be an Admiral I'd have to be a General but before I joined the British Army I thought I'd better go along to New Zealand House to see what our boys were doing. "Dommy" (the genial Sir Thomas) Mackenzie was our High Commissioner at the time and while there was no Navy-style rebuff the best I could get was a rather diffident suggestion that I should "come back later, we may be able to help you".

So I took up lodgings in London and waited and reported and reported Meantime official wheels were turning and in the outcome the and waited. delay proved fortunate. By an odd chance it turned out that an officer of the New Zealand Staff Corps was in London after finishing a series of Faced with the demand from a mass of insistent volunteers like courses. myself, Sir Thomas and the New Zealand Government took the obvious way out. "Form a Volunteer Section," they said. "Put this officer in charge." With that the British Section of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force was born. planned It was/to be a modest unit with a maximum strength of 250 (which it never reached) and was to be trained as Infantry for service in France, later to join up/with the Expeditionary Force from New Zealand. At the time none of us realised we were straight out "political babies" and it was a few months before we found out the penalties of parentage.

because i finituded as contributing appreciationelly bits the instant of because or addington 1 mint to and amount degree ofte 2 has menuged to you's or addington 1 mint to and amount degree of the Willie Direction "forder" in a you's or administration designment of the Willie Directions "forder" inteenting a no based in defrare designed on alm the part of one as soon on as mand inglies 2 there as directed on alm hashed off to 1 the the metric.

And the second remaind that the first of the transformer of the second secon

 I began my Army life on 21 September 1914 when I was finally attested and enlisted. I was enrolled as a full Private and my allocated service number was 8, a fact of which I was very proud, even though I knew the alphabet played a big part. Having come into being we had to be disposed of and away we went to the wide open spaces of the Salisbury Plains near Bulford to begin our training.

Somehow or other we survived. We had plenty of enthusiasm and patriotism but there wasn't much else. Across the world from our home Government was far enough to allow the coils of red tape to build up to the point where nobody could possibly make a decision about anything. We would probably have disappeared slowly into the autumn mud or died of privations if it hadn't been for our quite remarkable commander. Captain Francis Henry Lempen, accidentally put in charge of us, was one of these products of an Empire we seem to have forgotten. Born in India the son of a Regular officer, he was a prizewinner at Sandhurst, commissioned into the Indian Army and after a short period of retirement re-engaged into the New Zealand Staff Corps. With a background like that he had to be wither an impossible basket or come up trumps, and we were lucky.

Fromesomewhere, anywhere and nowhere he managed to produce whatever we had to have. We set about building permanent hutments, later to be part of Sling Camp; rifles, machine-guns, ammuniction and even Regular as if instructors appeared/by magic, and even bugles and drums. Then there was the business of uniforms. We had been issued with one only, possibly on the theory that it didn't really rain in an English Autumn. Efforts to get a second issue tangled helplessly in the red tape jungle between London and Wellington but Lampen met the emergency. A firm of military tailors appeared on the scene, measured and fitted us and delivered our second uniforms just as the matter was becoming crucial. There was only one snag. We had to PAY for second uniform. The quality was good, the price was right but the principle seemed a little odd.

All these disasters overcome did a lot to build up morale and weld us into a unit. Artists and artificers, engineers and electricians, clerks and comic-singers, we worked hard and tried hard and by December

-2-

I degan as Arey 117c on 24 September 1944 when I was finally attested and emilated. I was encolled as a full Private and my allocated service number was 8, a fact of which I was very proud, aven though I knew the alphabet played a big part. Having come into baing we had to be disposed of and away we want to the wide open apaces of the Seliabury Plates past Bulford to begin our training.

Somehow or other we envired. We had planty of antihusian and retriction that there were truch the. Across the sorid from our home dovernment we for enough to allow the solid of red tape to build up to the robot where upbedy doubt meabily make a decision about empiriting, we would probably have disconverse elevity into the automa and or died of privations if it hadn't been for our quite remarizable converder. Contain products of an infine we need to have forgotion. Norm in India the and oroducts of an infine we are a privations of retirement re-engaged into the de Regular officer, in uses a privation of retirement re-engaged into the day sealed staff forma. With a background like that he had to be withe an impossible backet or care on trumps, and we were lock an impossible backet or care on trumps, and we were lock to be withen an impossible backet or care on trumps, and we were lock.

Promotoreshare, snyabers and nowhere he managed to produce whatever as had to have. We set shoul building permenent hatments, later to be part of Bling Geno; tifles, moshine-gana, amauni, tion and amm Ragular, as if the theory that it didn't readly rain to an tagliab Autamn. Then taken was the theory that it didn't really rain to an tagliab Autamn. Mforts to get a eccond take tangled helplessly in the red here jungle between London and Wellington but Laman met the energy of the rain delivered our select and forma just as the exiter are becoming enough. There are only on and Wellington but Laman met the escangenoy. A firm of ellitary failers and forma just as the exiter are becoming enough. There are only on analforms just as the exiter are becoming enough. There are only on and, we had to FAT for second whitherm. The quality was good, the price area right but the principle deemed a little odd.

All these disseters overcome did o for to build up morale and weld us into a unit. Artists and estificars, angineers and electricisme, clerks and conto-singers, we estimated tord and hard and by December we really believed we were fully trained and ready to go. By the trusty old Army latrine logic we worked out we would be going to France to get things organised for the Main Body, which we already knew had left New Zesland. Sure enough it wasn't long before the orders came.

he next scraige on a dirichast meant we sets oplit of

Down to Southampton we went and embarked on the trooper "Dunera" with about a thousand miscellaneous Tommies of all corps and regiments to keep us company. As a seafarer I was laying down the law on where we'd land and how long the crossing would take when I spotted an old shipmate, now quite obviously Chief Engineer of the vessel. He rushed over and shook my hand. "Nobby", he said, "What the devil are you doing "Somebody's got to do the fighting," I seid, "But in that uniform?" tell me something more important. Where and when do we land in France?" He looked at me in astonishment and then started to laugh. After a while he banged me on the shoulder and was so convulsed he could hardly get the words out. "France." he gasped. "You're not going to France, chum. You're going to Egypt!"

IT DE BOOM OT L That was the beginning of the end of our unit but the climax was much more spectecular. We had a longy trip across the Bay of Biscay and were thoroughly fed up with playing nursemaid to hundreds of horribly sea-sick soldiers. When we did arrive at Alexandria it was on Christmas Eve of all days. We had plenty of money in our pockets, whisky was cheap then and plentiful and it wasn't long before festivities began in a lavish way. Eventually we were bundled into a train for Cairo and arrived there at 11.30 p.m. on the night of 24 December 1914. By that time we had joyously emptied numerous supplementary bottles and there probably wasn't a happier bunch of soldiers anywhere before or since. What we hadn't expected was a ceremonial welcome, and what a shambles that turned out to be!

and 1'd been with in the Valuetaer

Three Embers, three ranks and three Gorps.

On the bare concourse of Helmieh Station our officers and nco's made an honest effort to get us paraded but the result was hopeless from the start. At the call to attention some were sitting down, some wandering about and most of us just convivially uninterested. Then we could see a group of red-tabbed staff wallahs glaring. One of them was dressed up as a General but instead of a speech of welcome he uttered

-3-

we really believed we seeme fully trained and ready to go. By the trunty old hear latring logic we worked out we would be going to Frends to get things organised for the Main Tody, which we already knew had left New Seeland. Sime enough 14 wean't long before the orders dama.

-2-

Down to Louthempton we went and empersed on the trooper "Dunese" with about a thousand alsocilaneous Tomics of all corps and regigning to keep us company. As a seaforer I was laying down the lee on where we'd land and how long the eroseing would take when I motted on all 4 over and shock of band. "Doby", he motd, "But the wenel. He runned to the the dome long the or lock of the terms of the wenel. He runned over and shock of band. "Doby", he motd, "But the devil one yes doing the toosed ab me in subscience. Where and when is a contra to be executing more important. Where and when is a claud in France" we banged as on the shoulder and show appreciant to the started to head. "Aut words not. "France." he general. "You're not going to France, units 'You're going to Targe."

That was the beginning of the end of our unit but the alianx see much more mechacular. We had a longy trip scrops the day of listing and were theroughly fer up with playing nursemaid to hundreds of borribly see-sick soldiers. We had plenty of money is our pockets, and thicky was abeep then and plenty of money is our pockets, began to a leviah way. Eventually we were bondled into a train for Osiro and serived there at 11.30 p.m. on the night of 26 December 1916, at hose probably scan't a bepter bunch of soldiers any before or these probably scan't a bepter bunch of soldiers any before or at no. and we had 't specied we a coremonial welcome, and what a stand.

On the bare concourse of Helmich Station our officers and noo's made an honest effort to get un peroded but the result and hopeless from the start. At the call to attention some were sitting down, some wandering about and most of as just convivially unintervented. Than we could see a group of fed-tabbed staff valiable giaring. One of they was breased up as a General but instand of a speech of welcome be uttard only one sentence, and that in a rasping voice edged with ice. "Lampen," he said, "Take them away!" That was our first meeting with Sir Alexander Godley, and that was the end of the British Section, N.Z.E.F.

garden son lovely and all the disectors that followed I brought op my

The next morning as a Christmas present we were split up. Our infentry training was ignored and we were divided about equally between the Engineers and Army Service Corps. Being a certificated engineer it was pretty obvious what my posting would be and sure enough I became a Driver in the A.S.C. with the rather secondhand number 5/8A. And I wasn't a bit happy about it either. I didn't mind the idea of meeting the enemy in the van of the Army but I was derned if I was going to spend the war driving a ruddy cart. As a first protest I went to the orderly room, produced my papers and asked to be transferred to see-going service in the Newy or Merchant Navy. I never heard any more of that - maybe they're still considering it.

Later on I wandered over to the Artillery lines in the hopes of finding some of the Christchurch men I'd been with in the Volunteer days. Sure enough it wasn't long before I ran into about a dozen of the old "B" Battery boys, now with the 3rd Battery, N.Z.F.A. After I told my sad story they took me under their wings with enthusiasm, brought me along to their Captain (Vic Leeming) and made an earnest request to have me transferred. I slept a bit happier that night, pretty confident something would come out of it.

Four days later all the right wheels had turned and the right strings had been tugged. I waved farewell to the Divisional Supply Train, N.Z.A.S.C. and joined the 3rd Battery, N.Z.F.A. "supernumerary to establishment" or in other words as a spare part. My second-hand number changed itself at the same time to a third-hand 2/8B. At least I was getting variety. Three numbers, three ranks and three Corpe all in five days.

scooled all bank is som san park just about the time the G.E. wegon and

I found the next few months very satisfying. The Thirds were a grand outfit - keen, competitive and also friendly and helpful. Having a few of my old boyhood mates around also meant a lot. As time passed and reinforcements arrived our "spare parts" section began to grow until we almost formed a sort of "B" team. Everything in the

-4-

only one mentence, and that in a resping voice adged with ice. "Langen," be said, "Take them away!" "that was our first meeting with Sir Alexander Godley, and that was the end of the Brittsh Scotion, N.J.R.F.

The next worning as a Christwas present we were split up. Our infontry training was ignored and we were divided about equally between the Engineers and Army Service Corps. Being a certificated engineer it was pretty obvices what my rowing would be and sure enough I became a Driver in the A.B.C. with the rether secondhand number 5/34. And I wean't a bit barry about it either. I didn't wind the idea of meeting the commy in the van of the Army but I was dormed if I was about to the orderly room, produced or papers and ane dormed to be transiented to see going service in the here y or hereboat New, I beer beerd and the transient of the Army but I was dormed if I was about to the orderly room, produced or papers and anead to be transiented to see going service in the her y or hereboat Newy. I never beerd any the to that - action they're still considering it.

Later on I wondered over to the Artillery lines in the hopes of flading some of the Christohoren was I'd been with in the Volunteer days. Sure emough it ween't long before I rem into about a dozen of the old "F Battery hore, now with the 3rd Battery, W.Z.F.A. After I told my and stary they tonk we under their wings with enthusianm, brought as along to their Soptain (Vic Leeming) and made an extnect request to have me transferred. I slept a bit happier that night, pretty confident momething would come out of 12.

Nour days later all the right wheels had turned and the right extracts bad been turged. I waved forewell to the Divisional Supals Grain, S.K.A.G.C. and Joined the 3rd Battery, N.S.F.A. "aucarnumerary to establishment" or in other words as a spare part. My econod-band number changed itself at the same time to a third-hand 3/8B. At least I was getting variety. Three numbers, three ranks and three Corpe, all in five days.

A life outfit - keen, competitive and cleo triendly and helpful, a grand outfit - keen, competitive and cleo triendly and helpful, Having a few of my old boyhood mates around cleo meant a lot. As time peased and reinformements arelyed our "spare parts" section began to prov until we shreat formed a sort of "B" term. Everything in the garden was lovely and all the disasters that followed I brought on my own head by nothing more reckless than having a bit of a snooze. It happened this way.

In the early part of April 1915 the three Batteries were called out on full-scale field manoeuvres, which was nothing out of the usual run, and away they went, lock, stock and barrel, full equipment up. In a show like that there was no room for "spare parts" and as a result there was quite a crowd of us taking life very easily in the Third Battery lines. One quiet morning I couldn't think of enything better to do so settled into a discreet corner to have forty or fifty winks.

I was rudely woken up by a loud yelling noise and the next second a huge moustache rushed into the gun park supported by the wildly gesticulating figure of Sergeant Major "Scorcher" Jones, of 1st Battery. of the In spite/sideshow effects of waving arms and a sort of dancing Dervish act his message was repeated often enough and loud enough to get into my sleep-numbed head. "Everybody out! Pack up full equipment! Get a G.S. wagon ready! Move off in twenty minutes!" A bit dazed I got to my feet and wandered off to get my gear.

Everybody else was rushing about simlessly in all directions like a lot of ants whose nest has been smashed. They all seemed to be in a tearing hurry. Nobody had time to say anything to me and I had to keep on dodging to miss getting run over. In the finish I got my gear and mooched off back to the gun park just about the time the G.S. wagon and our friendly neighbour the Sergeant Major arrived. By that time I was awake but I'd woken up a lot too late. Instead of thirty or forty blokes lined up there were exactly fourteen - including me of all people! No wonder everybody had been hurrying. By this time they must have been miles away!

It was far too late to do anything about it. To the accompaniment of a bit more yelling and dancing we reluctantly clambered into the wagon and under personal escort of the relentless Jones we arrived after a while at the Helmieh rail-head. It was just what we had imagined rakes of empty trucks, mountains of loadable gear. With all the experience in the world I had got myself into a blasted fatigue party, and not even for my own Battery!

-5-

garden wer lovely and all the dissature that followed I brought on my own head by mothing more reckless than having a bit of a anooge. It happened this any.

In the early part of April 1915 the three Batteries were called out on full-coale field manosavres, which we nothing out of the usual run, and ever they sent, look, stock and berrel, full equiptent up. In a show like that there was no room for "spare parts" and as a result there was quite a cross of us taking life very easily in the Third mattery lines. One quist morning I couldn't think of anything better to do so settled into a discret normer to have forty or fifty sinks.

I was midely solar up by a lond yelling noise and the next accord a huse monetache rushed into the gun pert supmorted by the wildly sesticulating figure of Bargeant Wajor "soprehar" dones, of ist Datter. of the of the set bis semange was repeated of an angle and a sort of damiting berelub act his semange was repeated often anough and loud anough to get into ay alcer-numbed hand. "Everybody out! Fook up full equipment! Oat a of 3. wagon ready! Have off is twenty minutes!" A bit damed I get to ay feet and wandered off to get wy gest.

Sverybody else and rughing about similarly in all directions like a lot of unio whose neat has been smashed. They all adomed to be in a tearing hurry. Knoody had time to say anything to se and I had to keep on dodging to miss setting run over. In the finish I got my gear and aboohed off back to the gun park just about the time the 0.8. wagon and our friendly neighbour the Bergeont Major arrived. By that the I and awake but I'd woten up a lot too late. Instead of tuirty or forty cloken lined up there were exactly fourteen - including as of all people! He about the time they and har been and a difference of all people! He ander everybody had been hurrying. By this time they must have been atles area;

It wee far too late to do anything about it. To the accompaniment of a bit more yelling and densing as reluctantly clembered into the meron and under personal escort of the releatiess Jones as arrived after a while at the Helmish reil-base. It was just what we had imagined retes of suppy trucks, mountains of losdable gest. With all the experience is the world I osd got symmif into a blested forigue party. There was no escape, however. In spite of a lot of muttering and grumbling we were set to work and for the next hour or two put on a magnificent exhibition of incompetence and stupidity. Cases kept getting dropped, but into wrong trucks, stowed the wrong way, unloaded, reloaded and generally messed about with. The Sergeant Major was scorching, sweating and gibbering but one way and another and largely due to him the job finally got done.

When the last truck was loaded I went over to him and politely enquired if we should now report back to our lines. He looked at me in astonishment. His eyes bulged and the moustache began to quiver and jump. The yell that followed didn't need words and just about blasted me into the truck by itself. When the words came we all decided to do what the man wanted and very reluctantly clambered into the truck. In a few we minutes/were chugging along the line to Alexandria, glumly resigned to having to go through the business of unloading at the other end.

We never had an inkling that things were serious until we were shunted down to the dock area alongside the Bucknell Company's "Katuna" where to our surprise and amazement we found not only the whole of First Battery but also our Brigade Headquarters being embarked. That put a different slant on things and this time we set about our job in a very much more enthustastic manner. Possibly, we reckoned, the old "Scorcher" thought we had known all the time so we withdrew some of the prayers we had offered up for him and set to work like volunteer galley-slaves without the need of a whip. Everything had to go aboard - guns, limbers, horses and countless tons of gear - but there were plenty to help and aboard it all went at the double.

Finally the waharf was clear, and our little bunch of "Thirds" sat down for a breather, wondering where out own outfit was embarking and how to get back to them. The question stayed unanswered for many weeks because at that moment the eagle-eyed "Scorcher" spotted us. Willy nilly, protests or not, we were chased up the last gaggway, which was dropped as soon as we came aboard. At 4.30 p.m. on 10 April 1915 the "Katuna" pulled away from the wharf and headed out to sea, destination unknown.

of Longer, did who's a sight that now? If all a the nearcow dotraine have

-6-

There are no example, however. In spite of a lot of mattering and grambling we were ast to work and for the next hour or two pat on a megalficent axhibition of incompetence and stapidity. Osses kept getting dropped, but into arong trucks, stowed the wrong way, unloaded, reloaded and generally meased about with. The Sergeant Major was scorching, sweeting and gibbering but one way and another and largely due to him the job finally got done.

When the last truck was loaded I went over to him and politely enquired if we should now report back to our lines. He looked at me in estimistment. He area baiged and the monsteache began to quiver and jump. The yell that followed didn't need words and just shout blusted no into the truck by itemif. When the words came we all decided to do what the man wanted and very releatently alsohered into the truck. In a few we wanted and very releatently alsohered into the truck. In a few here ahageing along the line to Alexandria, glumly resigned to beying to go through the business of unloading at the other end.

We never had an inkling that things were serious until we were shunted down to the dook ares slongeide the Bucknell Company's "Katuna" where to our surprise and environed we found not only the whole of Heat bettery but also our Brigade Headquarters being emberked. That nut a different slant on things and this time we set shout our job in a very much nore estimated moment. Possibly, we reakoned, the old "Secondar" the offered up for this and set to work like volunteer galley-slaves without the need of a whip. Everything had to go shoard - gups, listers, horses and countless tone of gear - but there were planty to help end aboard it all esci at the double.

Pineliy the veneri was clear, and our little burnes of "Thirds" ast down for a breather, wondering where out own outfit was embersing and how to get back to them. The question stayed unsussered for many weeks because at that moment the segle-eyed "Beorcher" spotted us. Willy ally, protests or not, we were abased up the lost geggway, which was dropped as soon as we came abaard. At 4.30 p.w. on 10 April 1945 the "Ketune"

-0-

The immediate destination of our little group was equally unknow At 5.30 p.m. we joined a queue and drew some hard-earned rations but nobody seemed to know or care what else happened to us. Every time we asked about quarters we got put on to someone else who couldn't be found. In the finish the boys settled down like a bunch of orphans on the orlop deck, but I scored a minor victory and dossed in with the Second Engineer who was luckily an old acquaintance.

When morning came we didn't turn to for any duty because we didn't belong to any outfit. Nobody missed us or bothered us and the exchange seemed fair and reasonable. When we fell in for rations, however, it was a very different story and the fun really started. "Who are you? Where do you come from? What are you doing on board this ship?" For the first time in my life I began to sympathise with stowaways. We gave our numbers, names and unit and after a lot of talk behind the scenes we were eventually and rather reluctantly given breakfast and of course promptly reported.

The cross-examinations which followed seemed to go on for hours and we told our sed little story to about a dozen different people, all of whom seemed to take it with raised eyebrows and a liberal dash of selt. Finally we ended up before Major (Bat) Symon, commanding N.Z.F.A. Brigade Headquarters. After the usual raised eyebrows and asking the usual question "But surely one of your own officers gave you instructions and placed someone in charge of you?" he apparently accepted the fact as it stood and treated us most considerately. A number of others besides myself who had seagoing experience were assigned to help handle the lifeboats and landing nets with the remainder being split up among various sections. During all the questioning there was never a sign of the famous moustache and I never laid eyes on the "Scorcher" again.

For the next couple of days we chugged on uneventfully through the island-stuffded Aegean, practising boat drill, re-rigging the ship's gear ready for unloading and generally taking over from the Lascar crew. The end of the voyage came when we entered Mudros Harbour on the island of Lemnos, and what a sight that was! Inside the narrow entrance

-7-

The incediate destination of our little group was equally unknow at 5.30 p.m. we joined a queue and drew nome hard-carned rations but nobody accmed to know or dare what alse happened to us. Every time we anked about quarters we got put on to someone else who couldn't be found. In the finich the boys settled down like a bunden of orphane on the orlop deck, but I scored a minor victory and doesed in with the the back and bagineer who was luckily an old acqualatance.

-7-

When worning date we didn't turn to for any duty because we didn't belong to any outfit. Nobody signed us or bothered us and the sychants second fair and redepandle. When we full in for rations, however, it was a very different story and the fun really similed. "Non are you? Where do you down from? That are you doing an board this ship?" For the first time in my life I began to symmiftee with showeways. We gave our mombers, names and unit and effer a lot of talk behind the adena we were eventually and rather reluctantly given breakfest and of course promptly reported.

The arcs-exeminations which followed seemed to go on for hours and we told our sed little story to about a donen different people, while i whom arcmen to take it with reject evebrows and a liberel dash of anit. Simily we ended up before Mejor (het) symon, commuting w.t.W.A. arigude deadquarters. After the arcal related evebrown and awaing the usual question "But surely one of your own officers goverown in you instructions and placed someone in charge of you? he experiment analysed to help hendle the lifeboate and lending nets with the remainder being opplit un avong verious modifiers with the remainder being opplit un avong verious modifiers with the lending there was never a sign of the famous moustaons and i never leid eves on the "Secretar" again.

For the next couple of devs se chagged on uneventfully through the island-studded Aegean, practicing boot drill, re-rigging the ship's gear ready for unloading and generally teking over from the Leader ores. The end of the voyage came when we entered Hadros Herbour on the island of Leanos, and whet a sight that wea! Igeide the merroe entrence the that huge land-locked harbour was simply cremmed with an enormous eggregation of about every type of ship afloat - from battleships to barges and from lordly liners to lifeboats. More and more kept arriving all the time we were there and we knew that whatever sort of show we were bound for was going to be a big one. Nobody could stand and look at that mass of shipping crowded with men without a deep feeling of pride and confidence.

Not that we had much time to stand and look at anything. Day after day it was relentless practice, practice, practice at boat drill and unloading. We odd "gunner-matelots" found ourselves appointed boat handlers under command of the ship's chief officer. Over would go the nets, down would go the boats and we would be at the oars as a sort of reception committee as the men came clambering down. At the beginning it was dangerously funny because they sent the chaps over with full equipment on the first try. Some lost their footing and dropped plumb into the boat with disastrous consequences; some got into difficulties and jettisoned their gear into the tide (and went on charge); a few simply fell streight into the water, gear and all, and were rescued with a great deal of splashing, floundering and language not in the training manual. By experience a new plan was quickly worked out, and after that the men worked up and down without gear, then with some gear and after they had enough confidence to tackle the job, with full equipment up. In other parts of the ship the same sort of exercises were going on in handling the horses, guns and heavy equipment on to barges and altogether there wasn't a spare moment for anybody. from the Turkish shells. Being stuck in a small bost in the

Towards the end of our stay at Mudros we were called together and for the first time in my Army life I was told in advance what we were doing, where we were going and within limits what it was all about.

About midnight on the 24th of April the ship's engines started to turn over, the cables were run home and whatever might happen we knew all the doubts were over and we were finally going off to war.

Lis and londed. We were close bahind and had nearly made it what

-8-

that huge land-locked herbour was simply arammed with an enormous aggregation of about every type of ship afloat - from bettleships to barges and from lordly liners to lifebosts. More and more kept arriving all the time we were there and we knew that whatever mbrt of abov we were bound for was going to be a big one. Mobody could stand and look at that mass of shipping erowded with men without a deep feeling of pride and confidence.

Not that we had much time to stand and look at saything. Day light and is solioung , solioung , prodices at boat drill and unloading. We and "gunnet-matelots" found our elves appointed DYGT WOUld boot bandlers under command of the ship's chief officer. s as armo add is ad bloow we has also do the blook awab the ours as a sort of reception countting as the man name claubering down. At the beginning it was dangerously funny because they sent the chaps over Some lost their footing and with full equipment on the first try. dropped plumb into the best with disastrous consequences; soue got into difficulties and jottleoned their gear into the tide (and went on charge); a few simply full straight into the water, genr and all, and sere rencued with a grant deal of splaubing, floundering and language not in the training manual. By experience a new clon was quickly many fundity much here of balton new soft out this lare , and down without gear, then with some gaar and after they had enough confidence to tackle that job, with full evaluant up. In other parts of the ship the same sort of exercises were going on in bandling the horses, guns and heavy equipment on to barges and altogether there usen't a apare moment for saybody.

Towards the and of our stay at Madros we were delied together and for the first time is my Army life I was told is advance what we were doing, where we were going and within limits what it was all about.

About midnight on the Shith of April the ship's engines started to turn over, the cables were run home and whatever might happen se the sail the doubts were over and re were finally going off to war.

-8-

There was no need for reveille on the morning of 25 April. Long before dawn the air was filled with the tremendous noise of the guns of the Fleet and the answering Turkish fire. At first light while we were creeping closer to Anzac Cove we could see the glare and hear the thunderous barrage which heralded the landing of the first Australian assault troops at Gaba Tepe.

At last we anchored, but once again all my notions of the way to run a war went wrong. Instead of helping to land the men from our own ship, at about 9 a.m. two of our boats were ordered away and taken in charge by a Navy pinnece to help disembark the "Lutzow" and "Goslar", both former enemy ships carrying New Zealanders. When we were fully loaded the commander of the pinnece, an alert teenaged midshipman by the neme of Cochrane, swung us competently in to within about 300 yards of the beach and cast off. The rest was over to us.

All this time the sir was thick with the whine of shells and roar of heavy guns and the water was spattered and pockmarked from shrapnel and small arms fire. We slogged on up to the beach and grounded. The men got quickly ashore but even by then two of the chaps in my boat had been wounded and there were about half a dozen hit in the other boat. We didn't waste any time hanging around and pulled out to see just as fast as we could go. Sure enough the little midshipman picked us up and towed us away for another load. Just where we went and what troops we picked up on that trip I'll never know because by that time I don't mind saying I was completely and absolutely scared stiff. Hot stuff was flying everywhere all around us and the see was erupting into plumes and cascades of water from the Turkish shells. Being stuck in a small boat in the middle of things like that gives a churned up feeling of being completely conspicuous and completely helpless. The midshipman was the only one who didn't seem the least concerned. He stood up conning his little craft and giving his orders as calmly and nonchalantly as if we were on a harbour cruise.

When we were fully loaded we were towed back towards the beach, cast off and began rowing madly for the shore. The other boat was ahead of us this time and landed. We were close behind and had nearly made it when

torn who if some metaries and wat

-9-

There was no need for reveile on the morning of 25 April. Long before down the bir was filled with the iromendous-noise of the guns of the Fleet and the emperating Torkish fire. At first light while we ware creeping closer to Ances Gove we could are the glare and hear the thunderous barrage which herelded the lending of the first Austrolian assault troops at Gaba Teps.

At leat we machared, but once again all my motions of the way to run a mar went wrong. Instead of belging to lead the sam from our own ship, at shout 9 m.e. two of our boats same ordered away and taken in charge by a hery pinnace to belg discoberk the "introv" and "Goals", both forcer enemy ships corrifing Heriesissders. When we were fully loaded the contained of the pinneds, an elect technged midebigman by the name of doolrabe, awang an competently in to within about 500 yards of the bauch and cost off. The rest was over to us.

All this time the sir was thick with the whine of shells and roar of heavy guns and the water was epstered and pocknerked from shrapnel and scall area fire. We slowed on up to the beach and grounded. The son got quickly anione but avan by then two of the cheps in my boat bed been We didn't wounded and there are about half a donen hit in the other bout. weste any time handland had builled but have wellenad sailt was ofsew Sure enough the little widshipman picked us up and towad us could go. dust where we went and uset troops as ploked up owey for another load. I paire this f'ad I said that because by that time I don't mind saying I .Tilts betwee ylstelcada has ylstslamoo asw everywhere all around us and the nes we supting into pluses and annoades of water from the Turkish shalls. Being stuck in a small boat in the widdle of things like that gives a churped up feeling of being campiately concolous and complately helplons. . The midenigman was the only one who didn't seem the least concerned. He stood up conning his little creft and giving his orders as caluly and nonchalantly as if we ware on a harbour graiss.

"Then we were fully loaded we were towed hack towards the beach, cast off and began rowing modiy for the share. The other boat was sheed of us this time and landed. We were close bekind and hed nearly made it when

-2-

when there was a terrific crash. Solid water emashed all over us and there was a confused screaming and shouting on all sides. I found myself about sixty feet up a steep bank and would like to think I was blown there. To be fair, I reckon I just ran like hell. I went back to the boat which was lying all cock-eyed in the surf, six or seven feet of the port gunwale completely missing. Six men hed been killed and a group of Aussies were busy tying up a lot more wounded. In the odd way these things happen not one of our boat-handlers suffered anything more than a few scretches and bruises. By this time (about midday) the other boat was heading back to see and ours was a wreck. The only positive thing that hed happened was that I was now a sort of cebtaway on Gallipoli.

Like Robinson Crusoe I had a quick stocktake, which wasn't very encouraging. Uniform, haversack, tobacco tin, water bottle, iron rations, identity disc, paybook. On the credit side some much needed toilet paper I had flogged; on the debit side my spare matches ruined by seawater. Apart from that I was unwounded, undamaged, and all I wanted to do was to join my unit and get stuck into whatever was ahead.

Join my unit? Where was it? By this time the landing was in full swing and from the ships great masses of men and materials were to have somewhere pouring ashore. Everyone except me seemed/to go, something to do. "Where's the Third Battery?" I asked and asked, and after deleting all the incidental rude remarks the answers came to the same thing, "Don't know."

It didn't take on too long to bake a decision about manin, ind

In the end I came across the New Zeeland Beechmester, Captein Bill Beck, of the Ordnance Corps. In spite of all his other worries he made an honest effort to help me, failed and then said I'd better stay on his staff for a while until things settled down and got sorted out. At least this gave me a sort of home and a job, but talk about "little boy lost"! The next day, 26 April, was my birthday and I'll never forget the best birthday present of my life. I'd been chatting with one of the Naval ratings who'd come ashore, and mentioned what a blurred asterisk sort of place it was to have a birthday in. With that he fumbled in his jacket, produced a fleak of purloined Navy rum and very shortly after I felt a whole lot better.

-10-

when there was a terrific drash. Solid water enached all over us and there was a confused acreaning and abouting on all sides. I found wrash about sixty feat up a steep bank and would like to think I wan blown there. To be fair, I recton I just ran like hell. I want back to the boat which was lying all cock-syed in the surf, six or seven feet of the port gunwals completely missing. Six men had been milled and a group of Aussiss ware buoy tying up a lot care wounded. In the odd way these things happen not one of 'ar boat-haddlers surfered shriking more other boat and bruthes. By tole time (about widdey) the positive thing that had herrened was that I was now a sort of ombiany on falling the thing that had herrened was that I was now a sort of ombiany on calling.

Like Hobinson Grusse I had a quick stocktoke, which seen't very encoureging. Uniform, haveranck, tobanco tin, water bottle, iron rations, identity dime, paybook. On the credit side some wooh needed toilet paper I had flogged; on the debit mids my spore matches ruined by seewater. Apart from that I was unwounded, undemaged, and all I wasted to do was to join my whit and get stuck into whatever was should

Join by unit? Where wes it? By this time the lending wes in rull swing and from the abips great meases of men and materials were bo have somewhere pouring schore. Everyone except we second/to go, nomething to do. "Where's the Third Battery?" I osked and saked, and after deleting all the incidental rule remarks the answers came to the same thing, Don't know."

In the and I name entropy the New Sewland Devokmanter, Coptain Mill Book, of the Ordnence Corpe. In write of all his other worder he made an honest effort to help me, failed and then and I'd better atay on his shelf for a while until things wattled down and got morted out. At locat this gave we a sort of home and a job, but talk about "little boy locat". The next day, 26 April, was my birthday and I'll never forget the bast birthday present of my life. I'd been chatting with one of the Hevel ratings who'd come andore, and mentioned what a blarted asterlak sort of place it was to have a birthday in. With that he fumbled in his jacket, produced a flack of parioined Key rum and very abortly after I felt a whole hot better.

-10-

The was plenty to keep me occupied in a point where the streams of men and stores kept coming in and the streams of sick and wounded were going out, but the hoodoo that had haunted my Army life so far was still as strong. Search as I would, enquire as I could, there was never a sign, trace or even a rumour of where the Third Battery was.

On the 5th of May the New Zealand Infantry Brigade were assembled at Anzac and transferred down to Cape Helles. Captain Beck, who was still doing his best for me, thought it most likely my outfit would also have been diverted there so a couple of days later made arrangements for me to go down in a trawler. If I found my unit within 24 hours I was to get word back to him, otherwise report back myself.

We slipped off down the coast about midnight and the trawler dumped me ashore at Gully Beach (Y2). On the morning of the 8th of May I began my search again, this time with a bit more hope. Someone "thought" a New Zealand battery of 18-pounders was up to the left of the line and I set out to look for them just about the time the Battle of Krithia started. The earnest desire to find my unit was one thing, but this was something again. Wandering footloose around a live battlefield without a rifle or even so much as a pocket knife is not much good for the nerves end isn't the least bit funny. I took shelter smartly and from where I was the couldn't help but see/gallant but useless charge of our boys across the "Deisy Patch" which had such disestrous results. Later I heard about 800 New Zealenders had been killed or wounded there.

It didn't take me too long to make a decision about myself. If I went shead there was an odd chance I might find my battery, but if I went certainly ahead I would/have to cross a gully down which the Turkish fire was pouring as thick or thicker than the worst I'd seen at Anzac. The chances of getting across right now were absolutely nil and also I was on a time limit and couldn't wait for the battle to end. On the other hand from where I was I could get back to the beach quite easily and get shipped off to Anzec. My decision was about the same as yours.

The next morning I reported to Captain Beck at Anzac and announced my mission was unsuccessful. He promptly found me a job, and this time

-11-

The ene planty to keep me occupied in a point where the streams of man, and stores kept couling in and the stReams of sick and wounded zero going out, but the hoodoo that had heanted my kray life so far was still as strong. Search on I would, enquire as I could, there was never a sign, trace or even a rumour of where the Third Battery was.

On the 5th of Hay the New Scaland Infantry Brigada were assembled at Ansac and transforred down to Cope Helles. Captain Book, who wes still doing his best for me, thought it most likely my outfit would also have been diverted there as a couple of doys later made arrangements for me to go down in a travier. If I found my unit Mithin 24 hours I was to get word back to him, otherwise report beak myself.

We shirted off down the coset about signight and the trawler dumped me ashare at Gully Baseh (72). On the sorning of the Sth of May I begen my accred egain, this time with a bit sore hope. Assesse "thought" a few Iseland battery of 15-pounders was up to the left of the line and I set out to look for them just about the time the istile of Aritula started. The servest desire to find ay unit was one thing, but this was consting again. Wandering footlocae around a live bettlefield without a rifle ar the levet bit funny. I took shelter swartly and from where I and douldn't help but see (gellant but useless charge of our boys surper the "Delay Fatch" which had such disations results. Later I hand about dou when to have be disations results and from where I are the levet bit funny. I took shelter swartly and from where I are the levet bit funny. I took shelter swartly and from where I are the levet bit funny. I took shelter swartly and from where I are the levet bit funny. I took shelter swartly and from where I are the levet bit funny. I took shelter swartly and from where I are the levet bit funny. I took shelter swartly and from where I are the star for boys across the douldn't help but see gellant but useless charge of our boys across the "Delay Fatch" which had such disations results. Later I hand about doo

It aids't take se too long to make a decision about sweekt. If I went shead there was an old chance I wight find ay beltery, but if I went cartainly aband I would have to cross a gully down which the Turkish fire and pouring as thisk or thicker than the worst I'd seen at Ansac. The observes of getting across right now were shaolonely all and also I are on a time limit and couldn't wait for the battle to end. On the other hand from where I was I could get back to the beach guite reatly and get shipped off to Ansac. My declains we should the same de yours.

The next morning I reported to Geptain Beak at Anzad and assounced my mission was unsuccessful. He promptly found us a job, and this time

+11+

they gothered up a few sors "struga" like I was put in charge of six Indians and twelve mules. Our job was carrying ammunition, water and rations up to as near the front line as possible, usually bringing back a return load of the sick or less seriously injured. There were enough problems and troubles to keep me flat to the boards but I still didn't want to spend my life on this sort of job. Whenever I could I made time to report at our General Headquarters and ask if they knew where the Third Battery was. The reply was always the same "We don't know," with the implied addition "and couldn't care less". One morning they started to care a whole lot when during the night some character painted a big "B" in front of the word "Army" in their sign "Army Headquarters". since. Apart from the bullets there was nothing to have singped me.

-13-

-+2-

In the latter part of May the fighting got worse and worse and the general conditions were perfect hell on earth. Getting ammunition and water up to the forward posts (Quinn's, Pope's, Walker's) became more and more difficult and we were working double shifts by sheer necessity. On the early morning delivery on 24 May one of the chaps up forward told me something special was coming up so in spite of the rain I sent the Indians back with some of the sick and reckoned I'd stay around to see the fun. What a laugh my hoodco must have had! It turned out to be the Armistice for burial of the dead of both sides and as a reward for being curious I was handed a shovel. That was the most horrible and dreadful experience of my war. I lasted about an hour and a half before I flaked out and I was sick in the stomach and the head for days afterwards.

After the Armistice both sides went back to bloody war in full measure and my life settled back into the usual routine. Came a day in early June when Ceptain Beck told me I was to report myself immediately to Headquarters. He didn't actually say "under open arrest" but my conscience was busy making up the charge sheet. There'd been the matters of a few extra tins of rations now and again and one or two other odds and ends that had come my way and I was pretty despondent when I clicked my heels in the orderly room. Instead of a dressing down it was the belated birthdey present I'd given up hope of ever getting. "Report back with full equipment preparatory to embarkation to join your Battery at Cape Helles".

earling too to do - but shother important thind was the trut

I was put in charge of six Indians and twelve mules. Our job was carrying ammunition, water and rations up to as near the front line as possible, usually iringing back a return load of the sick or less acriously induced. There were anough problems and troubles to keep me flat to the boards but I still didn't want to spend my life on this sort of job. Whenever I could I mude time to report at our General headquarters and eak if they know where the Third Battery was. The reply mas element the mane we don't know " with the implied addition "and couldn't care less". One corning they started to care a whole lot and during the might mome observing play started to care a whole lot word "any" in their sign "Arry Headquarters".

In the latter part of May the fighting got worse and worse and the general conditions are parfect hell on earth. Getting emunition and mater up to the forward posts (Guinn's, Pope's, Welker's) becaus more and more difficult and as were working double abific by sheer necessity. On the early morning delivery on 2b May one of the chaps up forward told ne momething special was coming up so in spite of the rate 1 sent the Indiana book with same uf the side and reckoned 1'd stay around to use the function what a longh my hoodoo must have hed? I'd stay around to use the funcfor buriel of the test of both sides and as a resard for being curious desperience of my ward. That was the most horrible and dreadful start is a start to show in the state and a set the funcder buriel of the showel. That was the most horrible and dreadful desperience of my war. I instead obout on hour and a half before i flated out and 1 was mick in the elemated and the book for desp sufformed at an and a more the elemated and the book for desp sufformed and start and I was mick in the elemated and the book for desp sufformed.

After the Araletice both sides went back to bloody wer in full measure and og life settled beek into the usual routine. Game a dag in early dans shen Deptain Back told me I was to report openif immediately to Headquertern. He didn't setually sop "under open errert" but og cansolenes was body meling up the charge abset. There't been the mattern of a fer extra tips of retines now and spain and one or two other odds and ends that hed esses by way and I was preity demondent when I clicked beleted firthday present I'd given up hops of erresting. Report back with full equipment propuratory to embaristion to join your Bettery at Gaps Helles". From around Anzac they gathered up a few more "strays" like myself, bundled us on to a trawler in charge of an n.c.o. and away I went for my second trip down the coast, this time in daylight. We went right down around the Cape and landed at V Beach just near the "River Clyde", welked about a couple of hundred yapds up a dry watercourse and there were the Battery's Drivers snugly camped. It was quite a reunion and started the long job of catching up with events. It appears the Thirds had left Alexandria for Mudros on the "Californian" but instead of landing at Anzac on the 25th April they had been kept hanging around for ten days off-shore, so I wasn't the only one with a few frustrations. Finally they landed at Cape Helles on 4 May and had seen plenty of action since. Apart from the bullets there was nothing to have stopped me joining them a month ago.

About dusk limbers were heading out to the gun positions with rations and ammunition and we went along with them. At 7 o'clock I reported to Colonel Standish and was home at last. This was the 10th of June and I'd been "walkabout" for almost 9 weeks!

The Battery had obviously had a lot of shooting and I was soon told about the big show the previous week. Everyone was very pleased with themselves after a special commendation from General Baikie (General Officer Commanding the Royal Artillery, Helles) for their accurate supporting fire. About four men had been lost up to that time and when I arrived things were pleasantly peaceful after Anzac. If any confirmation was needed that my hoodoo had finally quit it came about the following day when I was told to take over as Fitter on "A" gun. The previous incumbent, Fitter Bob Waite, was a very sick man but devoted to the Battery and his gun. Before he was taken away to the coest to be evacuated he insisted on giving me a run-down of the job and a good lecture on the importance of maintenance.

The country around Helles was much more open than the crammed and hilly hell of Anzac and although we were still heavily involved from time to time in a real shooting war (in July we had a dinkum pasting from the Turks and lost several men) the general conditions weren't bad. Some of that impression was due to my frame of mind - tools in my hand and a serious job to do - but enother important thing was the tucker.

-13-

There around Anase they gethered up a few more "strays" like myself, hundled us on to a trealer in obarge of an n.c.c. and away i want for my meaned trip down the neest, this time in devilght. We want right down around the daps and landed at V Besch just mear the "River Olyde", walked sout a mounts of hundred yards up a dry esteroourse and there were the Battery's Drivers soughy campad. It as quite a reanion and started the long job of establing up with events. It appears the landing at Ansac on the 25th April they had been kept hanging sround for ten days off-shore, so I ween't the only one with a few frustrations. Standly they landed at Gope Helles on h Way and had seen plenty of action and start from the buildes there was nothing to have a stopped as junally they landed at Gope Helles on h Way and had seen plenty of action indee. Apart from the buildes there was nothing to have a stopped as joining they a mouth ego.

About dusk limbers ware handing out to the gam positions with rotions and an unition and we want slong with them. At 7 s'clock I reported to Golonel Standish and was home at last. This was the 10th of June and I'd been "weikabout" for almost 9 weeks!

The Hattary had obvioualy had a lot of obsoling and I was noon told about the big also the provious week. Nveryone was very planned with the maives of an a special commendation from denoral Buikle (General Officer Connecting the Noval Artillery, Helles) for their meanwale apporting fire. About four non had been lost up to that time and when apporting fire. About four non had been lost up to that time and when confirmation was needed that my heodoo had finally quit it came about the following day when I was told to take over as Fitter on "A" gun. The previous insumbent, Fitter Bob Walts, was a very sick man but devoted to the Battary and his gun. Before he was taken every to the coset to be seamated be insided on giving we s run-down of the job and a good lecture on the importance of maintenance.

The country eround Helles was much note open than the dramad and billy bell of Annae and although as were atill heavily involved from the to time in a real absorting war (in July we had a discus pasting from the Tarks and lost several new) the general conditions weren't bed. Some of that impression was due to up frame of mind - tools in my hand and a sarious job to do - but another important thing was the tooker.

-13-

Our beach-head base was dug into a dry nullah and purely by chance was smack alongside a huge food dump. Alongside that again was a smaller dump probably labelled "Rations, officers only for the use of". It was complete with barbed wire and sentry but a lot of our Drivers were innocent country boys who could easily get confused. As a result up at the guns we began to forget about bully beef and biscuits amid a steady stream of tinned ham, anchovies, claret, Peck Freen biscuits and such-like delicate things.

lask and exposed bit there were plenty of pandbegs, after as got any

By this time I had far too much Army background not to be well aware that if things are good they'll never last long and it wasn't any real surprise when we were told in August it was time to move. Back to the coast we want and about dusk on 17 August got our guns and gear on board the "Queen Louise". The destination was Anzac and while there was room for men and guns in that desolate place somebody was humane enough to rule out horses. They had to be left behind and many of our Drivers were heart-broken at the parting. I wasn't excited, just apprehensive and quivery because I knew jolly well what sort of a place we were bound for.

Coming back up the coast we could see the flash of gunfire and/ the sullen roar of the battle in the hills but while well out to see the odour of Gallipoli poured over us, the terrible stench of war, the stink of death and corruption and wounds and offel.

hear

From the difficult time we landed (in the dark) until our gun got into final position is just a blur. My job was full-time and overtime with the gun and my gear. Our horses were soldiers, hundreds of them at times, on drag lines and the only bit of wry humour I saw about the agonising progress was that at one stage the men on the ropes were dismounted members of the New Zealand Mounted Rifles, taking the place of the horses they didn't have.

First of all our guns were dragged up to prepared positions but these were quite useless for our intended target, Hill 60 (Kaiajik Aghala). We we had to set to, find a suitable place and do the whole job again, complete with pits and sandbags, and then the guns had to be hauled into the new positions. On the 21st August the battery

-14-

Our beach-hand have wes dug into a dry mullah and parely by ahande was smach alongside a huge food dump. Alongside that again was a smaller dump probably labelled "Rations, officers only for the use of". It was complete stat barbed wire and sentry but a lot of our Drivers were innocent country boys who could easily get confused. As a result up at the guns we begun to forget about bally beef and biscuits and a steady stream of tinned hum, anohovies, claret, Peck Freen biscuits and such-like delicate things.

Dy this time I had far too much Army background not to be well sware that if things are good they'll never lost long and it assn't any real surprise when we ware told in August 1t was time to gove. Such to the comet we want and shout dusk on 17 August got our guns and geer on boord the "Queen Louise". The destinction was annee and while there ass room for was and guns is that desclate place somebody was humane anough to rule out boreas. They had to be left behind and many of our brivers were heart-broken at the perting. I wann't excited, just apprehensive and quivery bocause I knew jolly well and and of a place as were bound for.

Goming book up the coust we could see the flach of gunfire and/ the sullen roor of the battle in the bills but while well out to nee the odour of Gellipoli poured over us, the terrible stench of war, the stick of death and corruption and wounds and offel.

From the difficult time we landed (in the dark) until our gun got into final position is just a thur. By job wes full-time and overtime with the gun and my gear. Our barees were coldiers, hundreds of them at times, on drug lines and the only bit of ary humour I are alout the agonising progress was that at one stage the new on the rouse were dismounted members of the New Lealand Hounted Fifles, taking the place of the horses they didn't have.

First of all bar game were dragged up to prepared positions but these were quite assisse for our intended target, Hill 60 (Kaisjik Aghala). We me had to set to, find a multable place and do the whole job scain, complete with pite and mandbags, and then the game had to be bauled into the new positions. On the 21st August the battery

-11-

opened up and joined in the concerted attack on Hill 60. As the battle progressed it became obvious that our guns were still wrongly placed and on the evening of the 26th the Battery was split up. Our section (A and B guns) was to move forward on the slopes of Damakjelik Bair while C and D guns were to shift back nearer the beach. The move in the dark was pretty hectic but the Ammunition Column came to our help The new position was a bit with about a hundred Indians with mules. bleak and exposed but there were plenty of sandbags. After we got dug in we filled these ourselves and made sure we had a good bastion. It was just as well we did, for Johnny Turk had our range to a hair and for the next couple of days we were continually plastered with heavy and accurate fire. is personal out that day, which she just as wolks as more

On the morning of the 27th we opened fire with both guns but were quickly in trouble. "A" gun wes hit and the quadrant damaged and a few moments later "B" gun went cranky and refused to recoil. I was properly on the spot. I did the best I could with the quadrant but the result wasn't elegant or very accurate. However, the gun was pointing the right way and was able to start firing again. The trouble on the other gun had me properly stumped. I tried everything I knew without getting the slightest movement and by this time was working myself up into a proper stew. In the finish out of shear temper I grabbed a hammer and belted the blasted cylinder in the ribs. There was a "whoceh" and back came the recoil as smooth as silk, and what's more gave no more trouble. A spare quadrant came up for "A" gun that night.

All this time the Turkish guns were shelling us thick and fast. Our communication trench was a miserable thing about two feet deep and the signallers were working like heroes to mend telephone wires that were continually being cut. Later in the day Sergeant Edwards and myself were taking shelter together when we were horrified to see a Turkish shell had set light to dry gress and scrub and the fire was heading straight for our main emmunition dump. The idea of going out into the open was pretty appalling but we both knew if we didn't do something pretty quickly about the fire the only alternative to going out would be going up! We grabbed what we could and got stuck

-15-

opened up and joined in the concerted stack on Hill 50. As the bettle programmed it became obvious that our guns were still wrongly placed and on the vening of the 26th the Battery was mplit up. Our section (A and H guns) me to rove forward on the slopes of Demetselik Beir while 0 and D guns were to shift back nearer the beach. The move in the dark was pretty bectle but the Aumunition Column came to our help with about a hundred Indians with mules. The new position was a bit bleak and exposed but there were cloudy of semibage. After we got dag in we filled these correstwar contracts and a good bestion. It for the next couple of days we were cloudy make bad our range to a heir and and scourate fire.

On the sorning of the 27th se opened fire with both guns but were quickly in trouble. "A" cur was hit and the quadrant deraged and a far momenta later "B" gun want aranky and refused to recoil. I ass properly on the ermit. I did the beat I could with the quadrant but the result wasn't alegant or very socurate. However, the gun was pointing the right may and mas able to start firing again. The trouble on the other star had me properly stumped. I tried everything I knew mithout gating the slightest novement and by this time was working myself up into a proper ates. In the finish out of shear temper I grabbed a banker and back one the recoil as mooth as alls, and what's more gave no hones, and trouble. A spare quadrant care up for "A" gun that night.

All this time the Turkish guns were shelling as thisk and Tast. Our communication treach was a minerable thing about two feet deep and the algonitars were working like heroes to and telephone mires that were continually being out. Letar in the day Bergeant Idwards and syself were taking shalter to other prese and corub and the fire as turkish shall had set light to dry grease and corub and the fire as beading straight for our pain semunition dump. The ides of going out into the open was pratty specifies but we both knew if we didn't aparething oreity quickly should the fire the only alterentive to aparething out would be going up. We probled what we could and got stuck and anothing oreity quickly about the fire the only alterentive to

-15-

into that fire like a couple of mad devils, our energy spurred on tremendously not only by the hot stuff the Turk was throwing at us but also by the thought of the bang that would follow if we failed. In the finish we got the fire out and although neither Edwards or myself were hit we were dirty and sore and blown when we got back to shelter.

There weren't any union rules and the guns on both sides kept on the go all that night. On the 28th we weren't much more than a haggard bunch of sleep-walkers - those that were left. There had been the inevitable casualties and a lot of friends were gone. In the late afternoon the only thing that really woke us up was when the Turk lobbed a shell into our reserve ammunition pit which blew up with an appalling crash.

The battle petered out that day, which was just as well. We were told our gune were to be withdrawn and grouped with the rest of the bettery near the beach. However, by this time I was very seedy with some sort of bug in the throat and a bust hand so didn't join in the fun of moving. They put me on the sick list and the next week, on the 3rd of September, I figuratively waved farewell to Gallipoli and was evacuated to Egypt on the hospitel ship "Selta".

The rest of my war was not in the least bit exciting, a drab succession of hospitals and convalescent homes. They patched my first troubles up in Gairo and then my tummy went wild so they shipped me off to England on 27 October by the hospital ship "Glengorm Castle". The plumbers and drainlayers did a bit of repair work at the hospitals in Wandsworth and Walton, but after months in places like Woodcote Park, Hornchurch and Codford somebody decided I'd be better out of it. I was invalided back to New Zealand on the "Willochra" in September 1916 and discharged that December. For a long time after that I was a bit of a wreck and it wasn't till the 1920s that I got back to my life at sea.

While I was in hospital in Egypt in October 1915 I learned that both Sergeant Edwards and myself had been awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal for our bit of fire-fighting and later on in England I was told I had been mentioned in Sir Ian Hamilton's despatches for keeping the guns in action that day. I never reckoned that last

-16-

into that firs like a couple of mad devils, our shargy spurred on treasondously not only by the hot shuff the Tark was throwing at us but also by the thought of the bang that would follow if se felled. In the finish we get the fire out and although neither Sduards or synelf were hit we were dirty and some and blown when we got back to shelter.

There weren't any union rules and the guns on both sides kept on the go all that night. On the 28th we weren't much more than a baggard bunch of sleep-walkers - these that were left. There had been the inevitable comunities and a let of friends were gone. In the lete afternoon the only thing inst really were do up was when the Turk lebbed a shell into our reserve amunition pit which bles up with an appalling crash.

The pattle patered out that day, which we just as well. We were told our guns ware to be attildream and grouped with the rest of the battery near the breach. However, by this time I were very needy with some sort of has in the throat and a bust hand so didn't join in the fun of noving. They put us on the wick list and the next sack, an the jrd of deptember, I figuratively woved furwell to Galipoli and we evecuated to Sgypt on the boopital and "asia".

The rest of my wer was not in the least hit exciting, a drab auccession of hospitals and convelescent homes. They patched my first troubles up in Cairo and then my tummy went slid so they chipped as all to England on 27 October by the hospital ship "Glengerm Castle". The plumbers and drainlayers did a bit of repetr sork at the hospitals in Wandaworth and Walton, but after months in places like Wandachte Park. Hornsinfed back to Hew Semiend on the "Willachter" in Deptember 1916 and threalded back to Hew Semiend on the "Willachter" in Deptember 1916 and discharged thet December. For a long time after that I was a bit of a standachter to Hew Semiend on the "Willachter" in Deptember 1916 and discharged thet December. For a long time after that I was a bit of a

While I was in nospital in Reput in October 1915 I learned that both Eargeant Edwards and specif had been swarded the Distinguished Conduct Hedel for our bit of Fire-Fighting and later on in England I was told I had been scatteded in Sir Ian Hamilton's despatches for keeping the guns in setion that day. I never rectored that leat

-16-

despairing blow with the hammer would beat me out a gong! Altogether the survivors of our half-section were awarded seven decorations (from D.S.C. to M.I.D.) for the action on 27-28 August.

Years after when I was back at sea my Army life always seemed to me a succession of ludicrous blunders and pointless disasters, and not always of my making. As a mature man it became perfectly clear that being a soldier and going to war was either the height of depth of stupidity. The reasoning was sound. The logic was inescepable. At times I wonder just why I got tangled up in the Second War and had to spend three and a half years in a Japanese prison camp. Still, as the man said, that's another story.

Wellington, N.Z. 9 March 1965 despairing blow with the harmer world beat me out a gong! Altogether the survivors of our half-section were evanded seven decorations (from D.S.O. to M.I.D.) for the action on 27-28 August.

-17-

Years after when I was back at sea my Army life always asemed to me a succession of lutiorous blunders and pointless disasters, and not olways of my making. As a mature man it become perfectly clear that being a soldier and going to var was alther the height of depth of stapidity. The reasoning was sound. The logic was incacepable. At times I wonder just why I got tangled up in the Second War and had to apend three and a half years in a Jopanese prison camp. Still, so the man said, that's another story.

Wellington, M.S. - where and in the least bit exclusion a druch 9 March 1965.

