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Ken Stephens.

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The Auckland Mounted Rifles consisted of three squadrons and a headquarters troop.

The 3rd Auckland, 4th Waikato and 11th North Auckland squadrons, each of four troops and headquarters.

The 11th squadron in the Main Body consisted of officers and men of whom the majority were ex-territorials of the 11th North Auckland Mounted Rifles, or they were men who happened to be in North Auckland when the war broke out on August 4, 1914, and the same make-up applied to the 3rd and 4th Squadrons from Auckland and Waikato. A few days later I was a member, with horses, of the first draft that left Whangarei for Auckland. The draft consisted of Lieut. O. Johnson, Sgt Hihi Wellington, Troopers Austin Cook, Axie McLeod, Herbert Williams, Charlie Finlayson, H.N.O. Brown, Victor Muldrock and myself, and were all posted to the 11th Squadron. Johnson, Wellington, Cook, Williams and McLeod were all killed in action, which was more than half the party.

Lieut-Colonel Mackesy was the O.C. A.M.R. Capt. Charles Mackesy and Sgt Harry Mackesy were all 11th Squadron. In Otahuhu camp a wag coined the phrase for the 11 N.A.M.R. - as Nearly All Mackesy's Relations.

1914. We camped at the Epsom Show Grounds until we boarded the "Waimana" with our horses and the "Star of India" took the infantry. We sailed up the coast for a day when we turned back because a German Naval Squadron was prowling about the Pacific Ocean.

We disembarked and camped at Otahuhu until the middle of October when we embarked on the "Star of India" and the infantry boarded the "Waimana".

Oct. 15. We sailed to Wellington where we joined the convoy with the rest of the N.Z. troops and sailed the next day. Basing our judgement on the press reports, most of us thought the war would be over before we reached the firing line.

We arrived at Hobart and went for a route march through the town. Our convoy was joined by a contingent of Tasmanians and we sailed on.

We arrived at Albany and joined the convoy with the main Australian Force, when we now had thirty-seven ships in convoy.

We continued our journey and had complete black-outs at night and the

ships showed no light to the outside world. The horse picket considered that the lights in the stables should be put out at night so we could open the side doors and let fresh air in. Passing through the tropics the horses were sweating and the air was steaming because the doors on the side of the ship were closed at night so that no light showed.

A party of us on horse picket at night found that the nuts on the bolts holding the doors were only hand tight, so we opened the door and a nice breeze came in.

We could see the boat opposite signalling and we knew the reason. As soon as the Orderly Officer appeared above the steps to the stable we shut the door, and as soon as he was gone we opened it, and he came down again and asked a lot of questions before he went above.

We opened it again but he was a bit too wise for us and had a look over the side of the ship and saw the light in the open door. He came down rather annoyed and asked who was opening the door. Of course we had not, it simply had been left unlocked and opened when the ship rolled. We did not open it again.

Nov. 9. Next day there was considerable excitement aboard when we heard that the German raider "Emden" was less than fifty miles away attacking Cocos Island wireless station, and then we saw the warships escorting us cutting across the lines of ships in the convoy.

The orderly room handed out typed sheets giving progress reports and then the story of the sinking of the "Emden".

On a cloudless morning just after sunrise we reached the palm lined coast of Ceylon and we were greeted by thousands of multi-coloured butterflies which came out from the glistening white sandy seashore.

Nov. 15. A couple of hours later we reached Colombo which is a town surrounded by palm trees. I looked with a strange feeling of wonder at the domes, minarets and other buildings of strange design. The flowering shrubs along the waterfront and the palm trees made it the prettiest place I had seen. The elephants, camels, bullock drays and rickshaws as forms of transport, completed a scene that made me feel as though I had been lifted into another world. Victor and I had a very pleasant day ashore.

I joined the army to see the world and my desire was being fulfilled. War was only a minor issue which I gave very light thought to. In any case the press reports convinced me that the allies were having victories on all fronts and we would never see any fighting.

We proceeded across the Indian Ocean to the barren rocks of Aden where there was no shore leave to the town which looked like the last place on earth. We proceeded to Suez where there was only a poor type of wharf and no town.

Travelling up the canal in daylight we saw Indian troops in defensive positions all along the banks. Grindstones were produced and we all sharpened our bayonets.

We arrived at Port Said and travelled on to Alexandria, December 5, by sea. Immediately on arrival in the morning I was sent with an advance party of about fifty men to prepare the camp site at Cairo. We arrived at Heliopolis and bivouaked alongside Luna Park. The officers searched for the site we were to occupy and when they found it twenty-four hours later the A.M.R. men and horses were already settled in camp. We had been lost for a day and a half. From the moment I arrived the sights made me realise we were in a strange land.

The land of the Pyramids I had always longed to see, and from where we camped we could see the Great Pyramid standing out above the rest of the country.

I got leave to Cairo at the first opportunity. No one would believe what night life in Cairo was like unless they saw it.

Egyptian pony horse racing at Gazhira racecourse was popular with the troops on Saturdays, but not always profitable.

One day Neville Griffen and I went to the races and tested our luck severely, and when the last race was over we did not have a shilling to pay our tram fare back to camp, so we had to walk six miles to Zeetoun.

We took a short cut through the old city and got lost for a couple of hours and arrived at camp footsore, weary and hunny.

The following Saturday was the most profitable race day I had in Egypt. I was broke and Frank Sullivan wanted to go to the races and he paid me a pound to work his shift on horse picket.

The second reinforcements had arrived.

We heard the news about the landing on Gallipoli while we were at the Nile Barrage Gardens, to where we had trekked with our horses. It is the nicest spot in Egypt and we bivouaked under the trees with our horses which we swam in the Nile several times.

When we returned to Zeetoun the first of the wounded had arrived in Cairo and we felt very much out of the picture.

The censor regulations were clamped down on letter writing and we were given a list of short sentences, any of which we could use, so like many others, I bought a diary and made a rough record of army life up to date. The third reinforcements had arrived and I met my cousin Lieut. W.G. (Bill) Stevens, who was in the artillery.

We left Zeetoun, our camp near Cairo, without our horses. A few men from each squadron were left behind to attend to the horses.

We travelled to Alexandria by train and overcrowded on to the transport "Glen Tully Castle". The 3rd Light Horse Australians were already aboard and as we sailed out of the harbour at Alexandria a group of them on the stern of the ship sang "Home Sweet Home".

We ate and slept on the open deck space allotted to us and there was no room for anything except a little boat drill. We did not see land or a ^abot until we arrived off Gallipoli in the afternoon of the 13 May. The weather was dull and misty. We disembarked on to barges which were towed by small tugs. Our packs consisted of a blanket and great coat as well as odds and ends. A small bundle of kindling wood was strapped to our packs, and rifle and ammunition completed the load.

The Turks were shelling the hill above the landing place at Anzac Cove and a few stray bullets coming over our way, one of which hit Snowy Wade on the arm.

After landing we proceeded north along the shingle beach past Ari Burni point, where there was a cemetery, to a slope on the seaward side of Plugge's Plateau where we bivouaked amongst some graves, and the air was not very fresh.

The land was covered mainly with three plants, a useless thorny scrub, a wild thyme and a shrub like rhododendron which was very good

for firewood. It was really oleander shrub. The thyme was useful for bully and biscuit stew flavouring.

The next day we moved up to Walkers Ridge travelling over the very steep track up past Russell Top, and as darkness fell we relieved a battalion of the Royal Marine Light Infantry. The pollution in the air was most pronounced and unpleasant. The enemy kept a hail of bullets streaming over our trenches all night. When daylight came we started to look with periscopes, made from pieces of looking glasses on sticks about eight~~een~~^k inches long, for the cause of the polluted air and found there were numerous dead Turks and New Zealanders in No Man's Land between the Turkish and our trenches which were about forty yards apart with enemy occupying higher country than us.

In the section of trench we occupied were Victor Muldrock, Dick Orr, Arthur Orr, Bill Callagan, Ponsy Moore, John Dudding and myself. Bill was a Boer War veteran and he took the periscope and had a look close in just below the parapet, and then he gave it to me and said, "If their mothers could see them this war would end today".

In No Man's Land there was a circular trench about two feet deep leaving a pillar in the centre about three feet in diameter, where a dixie stood on a little dead fire, another dixie close by and a haversack. Four dead New Zealanders lay with their feet in the trench, none of whom had any equipment on, but one had his rifle across his knees with the bolt missing. Another had a towel over his arm, while another was nursing a dixie. The fourth had slumped forward on to the centre pillar.

We all had a good look at what to us, was the evidence of a mysterious tragedy, but none had any comment. Fog made the men think they were safe. Probably we all thought the same as Bill, but we had come to war not knowing what we might see. While enlarging our trench we did our best to cover them with soil as the scene was not a pleasant one.

We overlooked Popes Post across a steep sided ravine known to us as Shrapnel Gully. Further down were Steeles and Quinns Posts and we could see right down across the Anzac front to Cape Helles and Achi Baba.

In less than twelve hours with the bullets crashing around the trench

all night in the polluted air and one look over in No Mans Land in daylight, all the glamour in war for me was lost.

Popes Post was less than a hundred yards away, but it was a two mile walk there and back as the Turks were entrenched at the head of Shrapnel Gully and had all the intervening country under fire.

The only maps we had of the country did not have the different features set on the correct bearings. It was a very old map of a survey made by a junior officer of the Royal Engineers, Lieut. Kitchener, now the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

On our left was Russell Top; about a hundred yards from the front line, alongside of which was an Indian Mountain Battery. Down on the beach running north were the No. 1 and 2 outposts. Any pieces of land that had been cultivated were covered with red poppies in full bloom.

On Suvla Plain beyond No. 2 outpost were patches of wheat or barley. Suvla salt lake was about a mile inland from the beach and about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of us. Anafarta village was due east from Suvla Lake about two miles and Tekke Ridge was at the back of that village.

A battleship shelled Anafarta village and as the shells burst we could see the buildings falling. We were told that troops were seen passing through the village.

The N.Z. Infantry were down at Cape Helles where they attacked Krithia across the "Daisy Patch". We were told that Envir Pasha was going to drive us into the sea and that night preparations were made to meet the expected attack. We were packed into the front line and given a liberal issue of rum. It was obvious they were going to attack because we could hear a loud hum over in their front line. The A.M.R. did not have enough front line trenches to accommodate all our men. The 11 Squadron was the reserve one for the night and our troop was on the extreme left facing the sea, and we were ordered up on top behind the front line trench where the loose dirt from trench digging was heaped up and it provided us with shelter from bullets.

About three o'clock in the morning the Turks charged us, calling "Allah, Allah" and we stood up and fired over the heads of those down in the trench in front of us. The blaze from the rifles and machine guns

lit up our front and it was open slather; we firing at the Turks and they firing at us as they charged.

Len Armstrong and his crew on the machine gun, down below us on the right, Olly Young and my brother Mac were members of the machine gun crew which kept up a continuous fire that lit up the scene in front. We got down into the fire trench just before daylight when the attack in front of us stopped. On account of the congested state of the communication trenches and darkness, most of the wounded and all the killed could not be removed till daylight.

In front of Popes, Quinns and Steeles posts, the fighting continued till sunrise. Not a single Turk entered our trenches and No Mans Land was almost covered with the killed and wounded of the enemy. The regiment had a large list of killed and wounded, but although our troop stood up in the open, above the heads of the others down in the trench, our troop casualties were not as heavy as some of the others. Those killed of our troop were Herbert Williams, Parua Bay; Frank Sullivan, Parakao; and Sgt Watts our troop sergeant. The task of burying the dead was an unpleasant one.

I joined the army to see the world and gave little thought to deadly fighting which was now a sad fact, full of anxiety, danger, misery and death.

With a hook on the end of a stick we collected as many Turks as we could reach from our trenches. One we hauled in had lain less than a yard from our parapet and he hardly hit the bottom of our trench before he threw his hands up and pleaded for mercy. There was not a scratch on him and he was the case of the only laugh we had on that day of sad and sordid events. He became a prisoner instead of having a rope put around his neck and dragged along the bottom of our trench to the huge trench grave we dug for Turks.

We had a daylight observation post down on the left, but it was not occupied this day because it was thought there were Turks down there in the scrub. Capt. Bluck and Sgt Major Marr went down to investigate and both were killed. Blank curiosity led Victor Muldrock and I down there about mid-day, but after a couple of bullets cracked uncomfortably close to our ears we crawled back to our own trench and came to the conclusion

that curiosity did not always lead to healthy benefits.

The Turks were very busy shelling the beach and our near trenches when our O.C. Major J.N. McCarrol and Charlie Finlayson were wounded and sent to hospital. A shrapnel bullet hit Campbell McLennan on the hand and one from the same shell hit my identification disc which was hanging on my chest, and it knocked me out temporarily. Jerry Duffil was badly wounded when he got a whole shell to himself.

In the afternoon white flags appeared all along the Turkish front line and then a stocky built officer in a blue uniform and kneeboots came over to our trench under a white flag. Colonel Mackesy tried to speak to him but an interpreter had to be brought up to find out what he wanted. The atmosphere was putrid as the recent fighting had disturbed the corpses that lay out in No Mans Land for three weeks, and amongst them were those that had been killed the day before.

We thought the whole Turkish army was going to surrender, but were very disappointed when we learned they only wanted an armistice to bury the dead in No Mans Land. They sat on their parapet about forty yards away from us and we did the same, gazing at one another until the officer returned to their trench and the flags went down. It seemed a strange business to us. A man named Aubrey Herbert wrote the official story about how he conducted the armistice negotiations. I don't believe him.

Everything was in readiness for us to attack the Turks and the hopover was to be at 2 p.m. The enemy seemed to know because the whole of our front was being shelled and a hail of bullets was coming over. There was no rum issue and much to my relief, a couple of minutes before we were set to go the attack was called off. There were a lot of rumours as to why, but we concluded it was because the rum supply had been exhausted on the nineteenth. Col. Mackesy was sent back to Zeetoun to take charge of the troops in Egypt.

That night we were relieved by the Australian Light Horse for a spell in reserve in Spinx Gully, but we had to return at night to dig trenches in what was an over populated cemetery where no bodies were covered. They lay where they fell weeks before, as did those that were recently killed. While one could not sleep in No Mans Land while trench

digging, one could be in a sheltered spot and have a rest.

The Turk's trench was less than twenty yards away and I could hear them working, and judging by the sound of their picks and shovels they had some better workers than I was. We were bivouaked near Ari Burni point at the northern end of Anzac Cove near a howitzer battery and a cemetery. The place was very exposed to shellfire and Bert Lyons was killed with one.

The second night there a little spider-like insect bored under the skin of my arm and I had to get the Medical Officer to cut it out.

Armistice day, as arranged for 24 May, was a general holiday for most of us, and Dick Orr, Victor Muldrock and I went for a swim. When sitting on the beach afterwards Dick said, "All we need is some nice girls to hand round some things good to eat". The peace and quietness everywhere was a treat. I went up to the front line to have a look at the burial parties at work, but they were not burying the corpses, only just covering them.

We had a shower of rain while we were busy on Walkers Ridge making a road wider to get some eighteen pounder guns up to Plugges Plateau.

The H.M.S. Triumph was close into Anzac shelling somewhere down near Gaba Tepe when a submarine torpedoed her. A sickly feeling came over me when I heard the Turks screaming with delight, and we saw them waving their hats as the Triumph turned over away from the shore with sailors sliding down over her bottom into the sea. Two of our aeroplanes came over and dropped a few bombs and several small boats set off to hunt the submarine, but without success.

Canterbury Mounted captured No. 3 outpost. Canterbury withdrew from No. 3 when the Turks attacked and killed some of them. Those killed were stripped naked and placed on the parapet by the Turks, facing No. 2 outpost. We could see them quite plainly from Walkers Ridge although they were about a thousand yards north and three hundred feet below us. The corpses were removed by the Turks the following night or they covered them. Before we left Egypt we were astounded when we heard that a man had been found with lice on him. A week on Gallipoli and everyone had lice except the liars, but it was not long before they had to admit they harboured

some lousy patrons.

I did not smoke but many became worried because they had no tobacco for a week, but from then on we got issued with Half-a-Mo cigarettes and mouldy pipe tobacco.

Mails began to arrive and Bill Callagan who used to work in the Whangarei Post Office was promoted postal corporal. Everyone suddenly discovered that we had no writing paper and we had to use the inside wrapper of cigarette packets to write home on. Cakes from home were a welcome change of diet, but no one thought of sending such eatables as potatoes, onions, tinned fruit or fish.

When in reserve, at first, we could swim in the daylight, but the Turks started shelling us and it was stopped except at night when they shelled us in the moonlight or whenever they could hear us in the water.

We relieved the Australians and life was much the same as before except we had to do more trench digging than ever. A behind-the-line unit used to send up men with a bomb or two which they would throw into the Turks' trench at night and then scuttle and leave us to take whatever the enemy reciprocated with. We hated lice but we ^{dis}liked that sort of thing much more.

A monitor, which was a flat-bottomed, armour plated, self propelled punt, with one heavy gun, came in close along the coast and shelled the Turks in different places as she wandered up and down close inshore.

A small draft of the early reinforcements had joined us and they were easy to distinguish by their sleek complexions, new clothes and fat on the ribs. We had no milk or sugar for several days and were told that a supply ship had been sunk in the Aegean Sea.

We had been supplied with eighteen inch square pieces of armour plate which had slots in them to fire a rifle through, and they were mounted on the front line parapets. While looking through one about midnight, Neil McLeod was killed. We all felt sorry for him being killed by a million to one chance bullet. We were relieved by the Light Horse and went into reserve in Sphinx Gully down behind Walkers Ridge. It was a fairly safe place from shells, the majority of which came from W. Hills over near Anafarta village. We could hear the gun fire before the shell arrived and a sentry was posted to blow a warning whistle.

The forms of amusement we had while in reserve were swimming at night and playing cards and in the 11th Squadron lines when it was possible in the evenings we had sing songs with Sinclair Reid, Vic Olsen, Neville Griffen and H.N.O. Brown as song leaders. The most popular songs were "Far Away" and "A Miner's Dream of Home". We tried racing and cock fighting with big scorpions, but they had no brains. We loathed the food, salt bully and bacon, hard biscuits, watery jam and cheese. Tins of bully and chunks of bacon lay everywhere outside the trenches and tins of biscuits in crates were used to build shrapnel shelters behind the front line. At meal time the conversation was about the good meals we would be having if we were at home, or we would talk of all going down to the Waverley Hotel in Queen Street and have a good meal of fish, roast beef, pork or lamb with green peas, potatoes, kumeras, and then plum pudding and fruit. A variation of different sorts of tinned meat would have been welcome. Neville Griffen bought a tin of meat off a sailor, and he gave our section a spoonful each and it was delicious, but it was only tinned rabbit. We were starving because of the lack of vegetables and fruit, either fresh, tinned or dried.

Each section of four men drew and cooked their own rations. I was in a section with Victor Muldrock, Arthur Orr and Harry Little. The latter was a 2nd Reinforcement man who managed to get to Gallipoli by stowing away on a transport at Alexandria. Victor Muldrock and I dug a tunnel at the top of Sphinx Gully to shelter from millions of flies which pestered us. We unearthed several nests of young scorpions, some of which eventually got into our blankets and made a painful pest of themselves.

The H.M.S. Albion was standing off Gaba Tepe shelling when she came in too close to land and ran aground and the enemy fired every shell they could at her. Another warship got a towline aboard her, but was not successful until yet another ship got a line on to the second, and then much to our delight, they refloated her.

The Turks attacked the Light Horse on Walkers Ridge and again headquarters must have known it was coming because we were packed into the reserve trenches but were not needed. The enemy lost heavily and the Light Horse had some casualties, but unfortunately the attack was not followed by an armistice to bury the dead and the weather was very humid and hot. We

relieved the Light Horse and the sun was so hot that it made the trenches like an oven and the lice felt bigger, while the dead made their presence felt more than ever, especially a Turk where a new trench had been dug and they had left his kneebooted legs hanging down the side of the trench.

For several nights the Turks in the trench opposite us had a gramophone playing records of their songs and music, and we could hear them laughing and talking after each record. Sometimes when digging trenches in the daytime they would hold up a shovel as a target for us, and we reciprocated until pieces of a bullet glanced off a shovel and one of our boys was a casualty.

In the daytime an enemy aeroplane used to fly over us and we wasted a lot of ammunition on it. They would drop a small bomb or showers of small steel darts about six inches long, but as they flew very high and our trenches were so close to theirs, the bombs and darts were just as dangerous for them as they were for us. We were issued with field glasses with which we were supposed to be able to see in the dark. They made life a little more interesting in the daytime as we could see a long distance behind the enemies lines from Walkers Ridge but there was very little to take our eye except the peasants working in the small fields. There was little beauty except the sea and its islands and the glorious sunsets.

Every evening a pass-word was given out for the ensuing 24 hours and we were all familiar with the fact that we had to give it when challenged by a sentry. Where the front line trench connected with the main communication sap a sentry was on duty day and night and we had warnings that there were spies within our lines dressed as our men.

The Light Horse Regiment was in the front line and ^{we} were trench digging when I was instructed to collect some shovels from the rear trench. It was a bright moonlight night and as I approached the sentry I thought he was asleep leaning against the trench. I was going to walk past him when he suddenly sprang to arms and asked for the password, but he presented his bayonet at the pit of my stomach in such a determined manner that he scared the password out of my ready reckoner, and it seemed ages before it came back.

A few nights after Dick Orr had a similar experience with an officer, But Dick, who was not asleep, was behind and not on the receiving end of the

bayonet as I was.

During the spells in the front line there was no official time for sleep, but I soon learned how to doze standing up against the side of the trench with the butt of the rifle between my feet and the muzzle hooked under the buckle of my bandolier belt.

Firewood was always scarce in the front line, but it was a good excuse to get leave to get some down on the left in No-Mans-Land and have a sleep in the shade under the scrub.

We got an issue of four bags of raisins for the Auckland Mounted, but the Medical Officer condemned the lot because the bags were all flyblown on the outside. I was detailed to bury them, but I had a look inside one bag and as they looked quite clean I filled a biscuit tin and buried the rest, leaving one bag close to the surface so that I could get more later. Our section had all the raisins we could eat and we decided to make a plum pudding. Flour was produced by putting biscuits in a ration bag and beating them between two empty Turk shell cases. Victor secured a spoonful of Enos Fruit Salts for raising, from a boy in the Medical Corps. Flour, raisins, plum jam and raising were mixed and put into a treacle tin which was placed in a billy of boiling water.

The only occasion the Turkish guns over at the narrows landed a shell in Sphinx Gully was that afternoon when our pudding was nearly cooked. Tons of earth were dislodged and rolled down over our fireplace and pudding, and when we uncovered it the only eatable part was the raisins.

All hands were paid a £1 John Bradbury note although there was no canteen or anywhere to spend it. A Greek merchant must have received the news that we had been paid, because he brought a whaleboat into Anzac Cove loaded with dried figs and hen eggs. By the time I got to the boat I could only buy eggs which cost me ten shillings for a dozen.

The Big Sap running from Anzac Cove out to No. 2 outpost was complete and in use. It was ten feet deep and six feet wide and the mule trains and men all travelled by it to be safe from shell fire. As I was nearing Sphinx Gully, where we were bivouaked, a mule kicked my haversack and broke all the eggs except one. My haversack was not very clean inside, but we decided to have scrambled eggs and strained as much dirt and shell out as

possible and then broke the remaining egg into the mixture. It was a rotten one.

The Indian transport and mountain battery headquarters were in Mule Gully close to the track up to Walkers Ridge. Indians did not eat bully beef and bacon, so they were issued with live sheep, potatoes, onions, carrots, rice, curry, dates, prunes and flour. Their cookhouse was alongside our track up to Walkers Ridge and the aroma from it made me wish I belonged to their unit.

During the quiet periods in the front line we used to have visits from some of our men employed as professional snipers who used to cut a nick on the butt of their rifles for every Turk they shot. To me that seemed a simple way of killing off the enemy. All we needed was more snipers with knives to cut nicks in the butts of their rifles. We never saw a Turk during those quiet times, although we were always on the lookout with periscopic rifles with which we used to amuse ourselves shooting at tins or pieces of rubbish on the enemy's parapet, or else we had shots at their shovels when they came in sight while they were trench digging.. Unless something happened that did not occur every day we never mentioned war as we felt bored and uninterested spectators of it.

There were plenty of sea shells on the beach but no shellfish to be found. We had no fishing lines or hooks, but occasionally when a Turkish shell burst underwater, fish would come up and a few up to eighteen inches long were caught.

Dysentery and septic sores took a heavy toll, but I found lice the worst for making life miserable. I had some white cheese cloth shirts sent to me from Auckland, and they were valuable in the hot climate and so small in bulk that one would not fill a jam tin, and with a cup of boiling tea poured over them they were dyed, deloused and washed in one operation, and the hot sun dried them very quickly. Three men from each squadron were detailed as a bombing squad for the regiment. Sergeant Harry Mackesy was in charge and we set about to manufacture jam tin bombs in the communication trench just behind the 18 pounders on Plugges Plateau. The bomb was made up of a six inch piece of fuse, a detonator and half a plug of gelignite placed in a jam tin and then packed tight with 303 bullets and the lid tied

down with string. The problem of lighting the bomb fuse easily was overcome by splitting it at the top end and inserting a match head with the end showing out one side and tied lightly. All one had to do was to strike the protruding match head on a match box striker.

The Turks mounted a trench mortar behind Battleship Hill and they used to fire it at night only. We used to hear it fire and then watch the bomb come up over the hill towards us with its fuse burning and the bomb tipping end over end, and in the darkness they seemed a long time coming over, and I used to think every one was going to drop on me. They also had a heavy howitzer behind the same hill and in the daytime we used to watch the shells come over the hill and drop just behind our front line. They were much more serious than the trench mortar, but our troop never received anything more serious than showers of earth occasionally. Probably because they were afraid of dropping shells in their own trenches as we were only twelve yards apart.

We were issued with the first gasmasks which were a small cotton bag with celluloid eyepieces and we pulled them over our heads and tied them around the neck. We were given instructions on how to use them but they were never necessary.

I went out to No. 2 outpost to get a load of water and see Ronald Stevens. That post seemed very isolated and the Turks could easily cut them off if they wanted to. The Weekly News arrived and told how El Gallo had won both the Great Northerns. Arthur Orr in our section had something to do with this horse and he lost no chances of telling us about it.

While out in reserve we had a couple of issues of bread and meat which were very much appreciated, but the weather and flies counted against the meat. The front line got an occasional issue in July, of Maconochies meat and vegetables ration, one tin between four men which was only a meal for one man. We also received an issue of mixed dried potatoes, carrot and onions which looked like wood shavings and sawdust, but like Maconochies ration there was not enough to go round the troop and we had to fill up on bully and biscuits. I met a man after the war who said he had plenty of bread and fresh meat. Later I found that he was a member of the A.S.C.

We received the news of a great victory in Mesopotamia where General

Townsend defeated a Turkish Army and on parade our O.C. Major Chapman told us everyone was to cheer at 12 noon the following day. It sounded a bit absurd to me as we were told that the idea behind the cheering was to demoralise the Turks, who had us, thirty to forty thousand men, cooped up in less than 200 acres of the most mountainous part of Gallipoli where he could shell every inch of land we occupied. Our numerical strength was half that which we landed with, including the drafts of reinforcements who had been reduced to the same condition as ourselves by dust, lice, flies, septic sores and dysentery. The picture to me was anything but cheerful. The only cheerful sights we had seen were the refloating of the H.M.S. Albion and arrivals of mails in our lines.

When the cheering took place I could not help thinking what a difference it was when the Turks saw the H.M.S. Triumph sinking. They screamed with glee for about half an hour and we could see them waving their caps on the end of their bayonets.

General Godley came into the front line by himself and in conversation with us he said he hoped we would be a long way from Walkers Ridge in three weeks time and that we would be relieved for a spell, but he would not commit himself when asked if we would be given leave in Cairo. He gave us the clue that something was brewing and we started hoping we would capture some country with farmhouses, chicken runs and orchards, so that we might get a change of diet. Even goat meat would be welcome.

Six men with Tom McCarrol went up the beach from No. 2 outpost at night to reconnoitre the low lying country beyond there, and the first we saw of them next day was when they appeared to be playing a game with the Turks in the low scrub. The Indian mountain battery opened out on the enemy before we had any casualties. The enemy long range guns often shelled our transports unloading off Anzac Cove, but I never saw one of them get hit.

July was a quiet month in the front line with plenty of time to write the very short letters allowed or keep a diary and it was a very common sight to see the firestep in the trench lined with naked men hunting "greybacks" in their shirts and pants..

The 3rd Australian Light Horse were turned into mincemeat in front of our eyes on 7 August 1915 when they attacked Baby 700 Hill across the Nek from Walkers Ridge. The distance was from twelve to twenty yards to the

enemy line. We could do nothing about it because of the distance we were watching from on No. 3 Outpost. According to historical records both Generals Godley and Birdwood said the attack would fail. Why did they send the Australians into it? The Auckland Mounted Rifles missed being massacred on 20 May 1915 when our attack was cancelled two minutes before we were due to "hop over". Our Colonel Mackesy was sent back to Egypt immediately after to attend sick horses. So we were told. What did Colonel Mackesy know about sick horses? Our officers were tightlipped on the question. We in the ranks came to the conclusion that he must have refused to send us into a brainless slaughter. Our warships would have killed every Turk on Battleship Hill before the Australians attacked but in 1961 I could see the Nek could be enfiladed by almost every enemy machine gun, rifleman and field gun in front of Anzac because it was a high point on the left hand sharp corner of our line.

We were pleased to get a copy of the daily "Egyptian Mail" but the only war news items said "There was reciprocal shelling in the Ypres salient". "We shelled the Turks at Kum Kale inflicting heavy casualties."

Axie McLeod returned with a few others who had been wounded early in June, and he made us feel homesick telling us about the nurses, pictures, good meals, plenty of fruit and the races at Alexandria.

During the last spell in reserve we unloaded a big naval gun which we were told was used by the British defending Ladysmith during the Boer War. It had a barrel about 20 feet long and very big wheels and it took a mass of men to haul it along the beach in the dark to a position just outside No. 2 outpost. We relieved the Australian Light Horse and had a quiet time as the extreme heat for several hours in the middle of the day evidently made the Turks, like ourselves, feel very civil and want to do nothing. The lice felt bigger and dysentery and septic sores were at their worst, but the sun was too hot for flies in the heat of the day. Australians relieved us for the last time on Walkers Ridge and we bivouaked on the slope behind Russell Top beside a Tommy unit that had just landed from Mitilene Island. They were in a bad way because of dysentery.

Neville Griffin and I searched for the planted raisins, but unfortunately a Tommy unit was camped on the site.

Moved out to No. 2 outpost in the afternoon in readiness for the attack due to start at night. When we arrived there two unexpected shells came over and killed three of our men. We moved into the shelter of the hill and word was passed around that the last mail for a fortnight was closing and then everybody seemed to be writing letters.

There were no farmhouses, fowlruns or orchards to raid, and we were starving with mountains of bully, biscuits and bacon looking at us, and we hoped the coming battle would be the means of getting something better to eat. We were glad to leave Walkers Ridge and the filthy conditions. The little cemetery at the back of the trenches was full and the majority who lay there had been members of the Auckland Mounted Rifles.

Every night since we landed a destroyer had come in close and watched our northern flank with her searchlight and guns.

Since the First of August she had been shelling the enemy in No. 3 outpost at 9 p.m. every evening and when she ceased fire tonight that was the signal for the big attack on the northern flank to start.

Harry Mackesy had been promoted Lieutenant and as our troop officer he explained the whole plan of attack. Our first objective was No. 3 outpost which the Turks were supposed to hold in strength. Harry Mackesy was to lead the bombing squad up the bed of the steep sided gully Sazli Beit on the right of No. 2 outpost and then wait underneath the Turkish trenches on No. 3 outpost until the destroyer had stopped shelling and then we were to climb up the cliff face in to their trenches, as it was expected that the Turks would have withdrawn while the destroyer was shelling.

When the A.M.R. had captured No. 3 outpost the N.Z. Infantry Brigade was to pass through our lines on the way to attack Chunuk Bahr that night. We got into position on time and the destroyer started shelling. The shells seemed to have a very nasty crack and crash, above our heads, into the trenches and I could not help feeling that one would fall short on us because a couple of weeks previously one of the larger warships hit the beach, near the lone tree by No. 1 outpost, when it was shelling, at short range, a snipers post up 400 feet above the beach.

When the destroyer ceased firing Harry Mackesy and the bombing squad scrambled up the cliff face. As previously arranged half the squad went by

with Harry and I with the other half went straight ahead to cut the Turks off at the rear on the side of the hill. In the pitch black darkness I fell into the first trench on top of the cliff and then ran on falling across two narrow trenches, but I did not stop until I reached the high ground on the far side of No. 3 outpost. I did not make contact with any member of the A.M.R. again that night, and I felt lost and very uneasy about my position in the dark. There was rifle fire and bombs exploding back where Harry and his party went, and shortly after I heard men scuttling through the scrub up the hill, but I did not know whether they were friends or foes. I lay low as I was not game to go back or I may have been shot for a Turk. I was tired as I carried 300 rounds of ammunition in a bandolier and an extra belt, a haversack with two days rations, one filled with jam tin bombs, a brass rifle grenade, field glasses, watter bottle and a rifle. As ordered, our tunics were rolled and carried over one shoulder and our paybooks were sewn in our shirts. The official history says we travelled light.

After about an hour lying down I heard the infantry and when they started walking over me I knew I was safe and I decided to have a sleep and moved over into some thick scrub when I found I was enjoying a blessing which had been denied us since landing - namely pure, fresh air. When I woke the sun was high and hot.

The night before there was only a hospital ship anchored off shore and all the battleships and transports seemed to have deserted us, but now the sea was teeming with transports, battleships, destroyers, tugs with barges disembarking men and material, and an armada of little ships on submarine guard.

The Anzac front had been less than two miles long, but now it was continuous for over six miles and troops were landing from Anzac to beyond Suvla Bay. I was in high glee and felt sure we would win Gallipoli in a canter.

The men of the A.M.R. were back down on the plateau of No. 3 outpost, about 100 yards away, gazing at the amazing sights on sea and ashore and wondering at the marvellous organisation necessary to produce such a scene overnight. I was feeling a bit guilty at getting lost and sleeping the

night out in the scrub as I went back to my squadron, but no one had missed me and everyone was in a cheerful mood.

The only note of sadness was that Harry Mackesy had been wounded and was dying.

In a Turk Bivvy I found a couple of tomatoes and a small bunch of grapes which were welcome and brought visions of a better standard of living for us when we captured the country. There was evidence of the enemy having been well supplied with grapes and tomatoes in baskets. It had been a good night for me as I had not fired a shot, nor thrown a bomb nor seen a Turk, and in untainted air I had the best nights sleep since landing.

On 19 May we had had a victory over the Turks, but our losses had been heavy and left no room for glee. From the different causes, rifle fire, shell fire and dysentery, our strength was down to half that which we landed with; even counting the small drafts of reinforcements we received. With all the new arrivals we were sure there would be no more fighting for us. General Godley's statement was recalled that we would be relieved and a long way from there in three weeks time.

In the afternoon with field glasses we had a grandstand view of the battleships putting over a terrific bombardment onto Baby 700 Hill, and the Nek in front of Walkers Ridge. For nearly half an hour the Turk trenches seemed to be exploding into the air in dust. There was a pause, and up rose the Light Horsemen from their trenches and charged into what must have been a stream of flying lead. We did not see one of them reach the enemy trenches which were only twelve yards in front of them.

The Turkish machine guns raked No-Mans-Land for nearly an hour after any Australians were left standing. To see the ground covered with our casualties was a sad sight, but there was nothing we could do about it.

No. 3 outpost was a fairly safe place except for a few stray bullets flying about, one of which wounded Lieut. Bob Finlayson in the afternoon while we were improving the trench system.

According to the official history the A.M.R. strength was about 450 men when we landed. There had been small drafts of reinforcements but casualties had reduced our fighting strength to 228 which left No. 2 outpost on the evening of 6 August. Forty-eight hours later the Regiment could only muster

twenty-two, seven officers and fifteen men. The majority of the rest had been killed or missing and the balance wounded.

Before dark that evening we moved up towards Rhododendron Ridge where we were rationed and had a good nights sleep on the open hillside. We had a breakfast of salt bully and biscuits with cold water as no fires were allowed. We formed up an hour before daylight and were told that the Infantry attack on Chunuk Bahr the day before had failed and we were to support them in a second attempt at daylight and then after capturing Chunuk Bahr the combined force was to turn south and attack Battleship Hill from the rear.

The main objective for the Anzac force was the Sari Bahr ridge which ran north and south, half a mile inland to the nearest point, Chunuk Bahr, and about a mile and a half to the far end called 971 or Kojac Chemen. Hill Q was in the middle of the ridge. Rhododendron Ridge ran roughly south, from Chunuk Bahr, down towards Battleship Hill then Walkers Ridge.

We did not carry two water bottles although water was never plentiful. We had never been desperate for a drink. If we could not get extra, above the ration at Anzac Cove, where it was delivered from Malta in tins and bulk, we could walk out to No. 2 outpost where there was a good well.

At dawn we moved up past General Russell's headquarters on Rhododendron spur where two German prisoners in sailors uniform stood close by gazing at all our activities. Then we lined up, about ten men at a time and ran across a bullet swept area towards Chunuk Bahr. George McKenzie was killed in the line in front of me.

We rested in a steep depression on the hillside where most of the A.M.R. had already arrived. From there 700 feet above sea level and less than half a mile inland, we had a view of the whole of the operations from Anzac to Suvla Bay. About 300 yards to the north and a long way below us a regiment of Gurkas had walked into a place like an eel trap, just up past the Farm, in a dry watercourse in Chailak Valley. They were trying to crawl out towards Hill Q which would have been possible if they did not have to contend with the enemies' rifle fire. Every man who was killed or badly wounded rolled back into the bottom of the valley.

Down on the low country less than a mile north of us we could see the

Australian infantry making slow progress across a series of impossible steep sided gullies and ridges that were defended by Turks. The objective 971 on Sari Bahr ridge was nearly a mile in front of them and they were under fire because we could hear the machine guns tap tapping, and naturally they were making themselves inconspicuous and we could not see many of them. A Turkish four gun battery opened up and slashed them with shrapnel when we saw dozens scatter for shelter. We could see their casualties lying in the short scrub. The sun was shining bright on all the country west and north of us, but we were still in the shade of the steep hill.

It was Sunday and for miles up the beach thousands of Tommies were out swimming and less than a mile inland a line of their men in extended order were advancing across the dry salt bed of Suvla Lake in front of them. About a mile to the north of us at the head of a gully there appeared a group of officers who looked like Germans by the uniforms. They stood on a bare ridge and had a good look at us with glasses and we had a few shots at them, but the range was a little too long for our rifles. Shortly after we saw flashes from a battery of guns just behind them, and then shrapnel seemed to be bursting everywhere amongst us. A dead man named Carter, Auckland Infantry Battalion, whose identification disc I had a look at, had been killed the day before and I was lying alongside him and I pushed him up on higher ground and got under him for shelter. Sandy McKay and Sgt Boukau McKay of Waipu were killed close by me and Sgt Wilson was wounded. There were others killed but I could not tell who they were. We were thankful when they switched their guns off us. They seemed more concerned with the Australians who were less than a quarter of a mile in front of them and they lashed them with shrapnel again.

We must have stopped there nearly two hours as nobody seemed to know which way to go. The number of wounded streaming down the hill made it obvious to us that there was serious business ahead.

Captain Wallingford passed us on his way up to the apex on our right where his machine guns were operating.

Eventually we were glad to move up over Rhododendron Ridge by crawling through the prickly scrub under enemy rifle fire and then down into an eroded gully with steep sides and then up the floor of it to within one

hundred yards of the top of Chunuk Bahr.

I met Neville Griffin carrying a load of water bottles which he said he was going to fill, at a water hole up there about 700 feet above sea level, and I gave him mine as it was empty and I was very dry.

Axie McLeod, Alex McKenzie, Sam Patten and I went to the right where our firing line was about 100 yards from the Turks across a narrow table land. There were no trenches and the thin scrub was the only shelter for most of the men, but there was a small depression where a few, mostly wounded, sheltered.

Alex McKenzie took the rifle grenade and fired it. I did not because it required a special cartridge which we did not have and by using an ordinary bullet they generally bent ones rifle barrel when we used them in practice.

I could not use my jam tin bombs on account of the distance to the enemy, so I withdrew and went up higher on the left where the enemy were bombing our line.

Alex McKenzie and Axie McLeod were reported missing but Sam Patten said Axie was fatally wounded and I knew he was hit in the stomach. There I saw the bravest man I ever saw, Colonel Malone who was doing the jobs from Lance Corporal to Brigadier General. All the other officers I saw were busy with rifles.

Someone asked Colonel Malone if there was any water and he said, "I have had no water since yesterday and we have to dig in and hold on".

The first I knew that there were anybody but New Zealanders up there was when I saw a few Tommies amongst the wounded who had three Prince of Wales feathers for a badge.

We did not carry picks shovels nor sandbags, and the mounted were not issued with the entrenching tool the infantry had. I found one, but it was a useless tool in the hard stony ground.

I came across Neville Griffin who with Dad Johnson and H. Hatrick, had established a signal station under the crest of Chunuk Bahr and it was the only one I saw up there. Neville gave me my water bottle and said the water was very dirty, but I was grateful for anything wet.

As I passed over towards the forward slope I came across a man calling out

"Arthur Studley, come and help me". A Turk bomb had exploded between his legs and he could not move. He pleaded for a drink of water. Even though he only took a couple of mouthfuls it hurt me to give it to him because I was dry and saving my water supply for the hottest part of the day.

I crept through our casualties over to the forward slope of Chunuk Bahr to where the infantry were holding two shallow trenches, the only ones I saw up there, and they were probably dug by the Turks because they were badly sited for us and in hard stony country that could only be dug with picks and shovels which we did not have up there. There was plenty of Turkish ammunition and several rifles around the trench.

The air seemed to be electrified with the crackle of bullets and the Turks were bombing our men who I was surprised to see pick up live bombs with fuses burning and throw them back at the enemy, but when the first bounced alongside me I did not have to think twice what to do with it. After a little experience we found it surprising the length of time we had to dispose of their bombs. They had an eight inch fuse and evidently a very slow burning one.

The sky was cloudless, the sun was scorching and the air was dead calm and filled with acrid fumes from exploding shells, bombs and rifle fire. The waters of the Dardanelles were glasslike and the white cottages of the village of Maidos, it was really Channak, showed up clearly in the distant haze, on the near end of a strip of the Narrows. The view of the shining waters was broken by hills and then further north another strip of water was to be seen and its view was broken by hills right up to the sea of Marmora. A thin streak of blue haze about 600 feet up in the air marked the complete course of the Dardanelles and it must have been caused by a reflection from the glassy waters on to the smoky haze that hung over. We could see Turkey-in-Asia above and below the blue haze.

Our line was L shaped and about 200 yards long, the short sections being on my left extending about 50 yards and rising up to the crest of Chunuk Bahr and our trenches were in the corner of the line.

The hillside was covered with short scrub and I could see that our right and left were held with a large number of Turks.

Seventy-five yards in front of us was a lower ridge that ran parallel to

Sari Bahr for a short distance and the Turkish reinforcements were coming up the valley between the two ridges. One of our abandoned machine guns with a broken belt was about six yards in front of me lower down on the left and it was mounted to cover the Turk's side of Sari Bahr as far as Hill Q which obscured the Hill 971.

Straight in front of us from three to twenty-five yards was dead ground unless we stood up and made targets of ourselves for the enemy that was practically on three sides of us. The plan of Turkish attack was to assemble in the dead ground in front, then a group would attack us with bombs then charge, while another group would scramble up to our left on top of Chunuk Bahr. This they could not have accomplished if we had not been fully occupied by those charging us.

At the same time some of them pushed around on the right, but they were not as dangerous as those on the hill because our right was held firmly and supported by men and machine guns on Rhododendron Ridge further back.

Before they were killed, Vic Olen II Squadron and Jim Palmer 3rd Squadron, gave me a hand to get rid of my jam tin bombs. Some of them went off but some did not. I wished I had more of them because our position had the advantage for bombing in that we were throwing down hill and the Turks had to throw uphill and often fell short.

All the suitable sized stones within our reach and any we could dig out of the side of the trench, we threw at the enemy. I never saw a Turk throw a bomb at us, they just popped up from behind the steep ground in front and came over towards us. We only had to return those that landed in the trench or very close by. Some went over the higher ground behind us and exploded amongst the wounded sheltering there. The bombs weighing about 2 lbs were too heavy to catch in the air, and unless one caught them on the bounce they slipped through ones hands.

The number of casualties caused by bombs was only a small fraction of that from the deadly rifle fire which was from a range of three yards to less than one hundred.

When the enemy charged us everyone stood up and it was just plain open slather, shooting as fast as possible at them running towards us. Some of them used to lie down as close as a couple of yards in front of our trench and we could see the bayonets on their rifles and then we had blind shots at

them. Blind shots meant pointing our loaded rifles over the parapet and firing without putting our heads up to line the sights and it was a fairly successful method of clearing them back so that we could peep over. Nearly all our casualties were wounded above the shoulders and most of them got out of our trench where there was room for six at most. The higher ground behind us was a sort of No-Mans-Land and the wounded had to crawl up over it and some did not get far. Those trying to reinforce us had to face the same difficulty in getting over to us. When we halted a charge by the enemy, what were left of them dropped down into the short scrub just in front of our trench and we got down out of sight as much as possible. Then we both started sniping at one another.

It was a sad fate for anyone who did not use extreme care in looking over our parapet when the Turks were only a few feet in front of us. As a rule the only thing visible was their bayonet, but once when I peeped over I found myself looking into the muzzle of a rifle with no bayonet on it and I must have had my mouth wide open because when he fired his bullet struck the loose earth in front of me and I was nearly choked, but fortunately I must have closed my eyes when I saw the muzzle looking at me. After having a blind shot at him I peeped over and saw him crawling away and by the time I got my sights lined on him all I could see was his big broad sit-down. While firing at the Turks behind me on Chunuk Bahr I saw Victor Muldrock, Sinclair Reid and Frank Waters crawl back of the hill after being wounded. Most of the casualties were infantrymen. Those in the trench on my left were Shorty Mason, J.J. Jackson and Bishop 3rd Squadron, and they got their share of Turk bombs.

The Turks on the hill were the real danger to us but unfortunately when I fired at them my rifle muzzle was exploding in the faces of Mason and Jackson and they threatened me if I did not stop it. They were too close into the hill to see the enemy shooting down on us and a little later Shorty Mason was shot through the face. I knew from experience how impossible it was to have a rifle muzzle exploding very close to my face.

As we had no sandbags I piled a couple of dead men on my left to block the view of me for the enemy on the hill. Up on the left in the open I saw a number of the A.M.R. including Eric Catchpole, Sergeants O. Beaumont, H. Wellington and Lieut. Milliken, 4 Squadron.

Our infantry had been given small flags to mark the limits of our front line for the naval gunners and twice during the day word was passed along that the Navy could not see the flags on the right. Nothing could be done about it because the line was too far advanced down the forward slope for them to see. We had heard a story about the Turkish officers using a whip to flog their men into a charge, but we did not believe it.

During the afternoon in one of their charges I saw one of their officers, with a four foot long heavy whip on a short handle, lashing his men who lay down instead of charging over us. I had a shot at him but I think he ducked just as I fired or someone else shot him; anyhow I never saw him again.

Our howitzers were dropping shells in front of us and getting closer and closer with every shell until one dropped less than twenty yards in front of us in the middle of the attacking Turks, and with a nerve splitting crash we saw flames and dirt squirt into the air.

Eric Catchpole, O. Beaumont, H. Wellington and Lieut. Milliken were a few of the dozens reported missing. I thought the next one would be sure to drop in the middle of us, but they started dropping behind the next ridge in front of us. As the day wore on the scrub was all cut away by bullets and bombs, and I felt painfully thirsty even though I had had a bottle more than most of our men. My throat was parched, my lips and tongue were sticky and the sun seemed so slow going down that I wished it would drop out of the sky and let them bring water up to us. Perspiration was streaming down my face and my sweat rag was saturated and it was getting difficult to see on account of the salty perspiration in my eyes.

There was always an uncanny lull before the Turks charged and we could hear our wounded calling for water and the enemy officers shouting orders to their men. Ammunition was running short and we had to search the equipment of the killed and wounded. A bullet broke my bayonet off, but as there were plenty of Turkish rifles and ammunition I used one of theirs and it was a blessing as it did not kick like ours and my shoulder was very sore. Later in the afternoon the attacks eased off and they were only throwing an odd bomb. The last bomb I handled landed in the trench on my left amongst some web equipment. I grabbed it, but unfortunately I also got hold of a piece of equipment which pulled the bomb out of my hand when I tried to throw it.

I got hold of it again but it went off just as I threw it and the explosion cut my hand badly and paralysed my arm.

The man next to me put a bandage on and then I started to crawl back over the ridge when a bullet went through the sole of my boot cutting my big toe, my chest and then across the back of my hand. Arthur Orr acted as first aid man.

Behind the firing line the sloping depression and the lower gully were packed with wounded. They were evidently the ones that could move themselves out of the firing line because there were no stretcher bearers or first aid men to be seen. Most probably they were also casualties.

The sun was setting behind the spur running down towards the apex and the last rays cast a shadow over a mass of killed and wounded. Some of the latter were in the last stage of human misery from wounds and thirst. Our thirst would have to be experienced under similar conditions to be understood. The Turks had closed in on the right and we were isolated until dark at least. I thought of those at home and wondered what would happen to them if England lost the war.

As darkness started to fall the first of the Wellington Mounted started to come up through the scrub and everyone carried a blessing; a can of water, and very soon men on all sides were offering us water and assistance to those who could not walk down the hill. As we travelled down the hill it was crowded with troops on the way up. I reached a dressing station some time after mid-night, where they dressed my wounds and gave me a cup of tea. I was put on a barge and towed out to the hospital ship where I was hoisted into the air on a stretcher, and I thought I would never reach the deck. The screams of the badly wounded will not be forgotten as they were much more noticeable in the confined space of a ward than they were in the open. I had what seemed a strange experience at the time. A nurse spoke to me and she was the first British or Colonial woman that had spoken to me since I left New Zealand and the first woman of any nation I had seen since I left Egypt. A pretty redheaded English nurse. The air was extremely humid and the perspiration was running down her face and her blouse was streaked where it was saturated. A doctor gave an injection in the arm and one in the back which felt like a football to lie on.

I woke at dusk as the ship was weighing anchor and the last I saw of Gallipoli was the outline of the hills and thousands of little lights on the beaches and in the bivouaks that faced the sea. Next morning the ship's engines stopped at sunrise and the Padre stood on the steps just outside the ward reading a burial service. The hatch was covered with lines of corpses wrapped in blankets and the Last Post was sounded and then they were dropped over the side; buried at sea. The burials were very numerous that morning because the ship had been standing close inshore for two days, and could not dispose of the dead until she got out into deep water.

Normally the dead were unloaded from the hospital ship into barges and towed out to deep water by tugs, but the latter had been too busy with the new landing to perform those duties. The number buried each day became smaller until we reached Alexandria when quietness seemed to reign in the ward. The badly wounded had either died or had been quietened.

I found Syd Wilson in the same ward as me. There was plenty to eat and drink and the medical attention was all that could be desired. I met Victor Muldrock just before I went ashore to join the hospital train for Cairo.

The green fields of the Nile Delta were a glorious sight after the burnt and barren land of Gallipoli. The women and children were helping the menfolk in the fields picking cotton in the hot sun, as we sped through the country to Cairo. We arrived at the N.Z. General Hospital in the early afternoon. Togo Lee brought me a welcome packet of grapes. I saw Kennedy Sutherland, who left us with enteric fever, and gave him all the news. After five days Victor was boarded for New Zealand and I was sent to England. Before we left for England we were all paid up to date with half sovereigns. On the journey to England the last of the bomb splinters were taken out of my arm and hand, and although my chest would not heal I was able to write and go up on deck.

We reached England on a beautiful day and I was on deck when we sailed past the Isle of Wight into Southampton.

I joined the army to see the world, but there had been many occasions when I felt that the journey might end suddenly. The most memorable occasion to me was when the shrapnel bullet hit my identification disc. I saw the flash as the shell burst and felt a terrific blow on my chest. When

I came to, I thought the shell case had hit me, then I felt something burning my leg, and it was the little shrapnel bullet that hit my disc and had dropped down into the leg of my trousers. I was really disappointed when I found I was not wounded badly enough to be sent to hospital. A couple of stitches with a small bandage stuck with sticky tape, and I was Class I again.

EXTRACTS FROM THE NORTHERN ADVOCATE 13 NOV. 1915

Capt. Chas Mackesy in an interview in Whangarei said:-

"When a bomb dropped into our trench one of our men would pick it up and return it to the Turks. If a trooper had failed to do so he would have been no use to his country as the trenches were very narrow and there was no escape from the exploding bomb. The narrator stated that Trooper K.M. Stevens of Maungatapere, and Mason of the 3rd Squadron, had both been mentioned for honours in recognition of having thrown over a hundred bombs back into the Turk Trench."

Capt. Mackesy, like many others, was mistaken about the number of bombs of the Turks we returned. Those in our trench who knew me were killed, and those up on Chunuk Bahr 20 to 30 yards, could not tell what we were throwing. I was one of the few who had a haversack of jam tin bombs which Vic Olen II Squadron, and Jim Palmer 3rd Squadron, helped me to dispose of before they were killed.

As well as returning Turkish bombs we threw all the stones we could reach and any we could dig out of the side of the trench with a bayonet.. The Turks were not in trenches anywhere that I could see. They relied on charges from the dead ground or sniping from the cover of the scrub.

NORTHERN ADVOCATE 23 NOV. 1915

Major J.N. McCarrol, O.C. IIth Squadron in a letter to Major Clark-Walker said:-

"Hiki Wellington did splendidly the night he was killed. A fighter to the last and a credit to his race. Boukau McKay of the 'Scottish Horse' and O. Beaumont did splendid work, also a man called Champney.

Young Stevens did splendid work until he was badly wounded. I am sure if honours were allowed in the Mounted Brigade my squadron would get a big share. I spoke to the Brigadier about it, but as he says, everybody did well and lots were never seen."

General Godley was evidently that disgusted with the failure that twelve men who were recommended for the D.G.M. only received Mentioned in Dispatches.

In the records I was 13/237 K.M. Stevens, 11 Squadron A.M.R., but 13/2375 K.M. Stevens joined the Regiment from the 7th Reinforcements, and he

was a nuisance. Our mail was always getting mixed. Once after a long spell up the front line in Palestine I went on leave with a substantial sum of money owing to me in my paybook. My namesake had been on leave before me, and he had drawn all my pay when I arrived at the Pay Office in Cairo. I had a very dry leave, but I received the money eventually.

It is easy to be wise after the event, but what good would we have accomplished if we had captured the whole Sari Bahr ridge from Chunuk Bahr to Koja Chemen (971). The ridge continues in a broken form of a half circle almost over to the Narrows. Between the Narrows and Chunuk Bahr there is nothing but steep sided ridges and gullies. We would not have cut the Turks land transport route to the south by some miles. We would have stopped the Turks transport from coming over the hill behind Anafata in daylight only if the warships did not do that previously. We would have had a good view of the back of the enemy position, but we already had that from Walkers Ridge. What did we see? Nothing but enemy trenches. I think it was lucky for us that the Turks did not let us get a mile or so further inland, because we could have never maintained an army in that rough country. It was bad enough as it was.

Every year since the war a generous body of old Auckland Mounted men in Auckland have arranged an annual reunion for us. Of late years the mainstays seem to be Mervyn Reed, Jim Palmer, Arthur Parrish and Frank Drake. Seldom have I attended lately, but I meet at least one whom I have not seen for nearly fifty years.

I always had a longing desire to return to Gallipoli, which I did in August 1961, forty-six years after. I stood on the same spot of Chunuk Bahr where I and others were wounded or killed. There is a little monument which I had never heard of there, and the majority of the names on it are Auckland Mounted men, and it stands where the little trench we occupied ended up against the hill. The Turks must have dug it as the ground was too hard and stony to dig with the entrenching tool the Infantry had. Ten or twelve feet in front of us was a steep drop of about 20 feet. I could see that no man could throw a Turk bomb from the bottom of that cliff up and sometimes over us, into that spoon shaped depression that was full of wounded.

At a dinner in Istanbul where I was made an honorary member of the Turkish veterans, and given their badge, I met an old soldier who had been there, and he told me that they used a sling to throw the bombs up at us. That explained how they were able to throw the bombs up to us without us seeing the throwers. I could not catch the bombs in the air because they came with such force that they went through my hands. The ones that bounced on the ground in front of us were easy to hold.

According to the Official History Colonel Malone was blamed for not occupying the front of the slope facing the Narrows. But from what I saw of the position I would say that it was most unfortunate that he did, because nearly every man who occupied the forward slope was wounded or killed. Our history was evidently written by someone who was not there or within 300 yards of the front line. Historians have ignored the fact that the Australians were set a task that was not humanly possible.

When I visited Gallipoli in 1961 and had a good look at the country from Sari Bahr ridge, I could see the difficulties we had to face. The terrible steep eroded gullies and thorny scrub covered country the Australians were expected to traverse in darkness on the night of 6 August 1915, I am certain that no battalion of men, no matter how fit they were, could reach Koja Chemen (971) in darkness in the five hours allotted to them. Owing to the narrow gullies they would have to travel in single file for most of the journey, a mile and a half. In darkness it was madness to try even if there were no enemy bullets to contend with. As an ordinary route march in broad daylight it may have been possible, with men in good physical condition.

The Tommies from the off shore islands, who had seen no fighting at that stage, were stricken with dysentery as bad as ourselves. Historians say we travelled light. Every soldier, like myself, carried a rifle, a bandolier of 200 rounds of 303, plus an extra one of 100 rounds, a haversack with two days rations and a water bottle. The Australians had the same to carry as we did, but we had easier country to cover although it may have been more deadly. A few of us who were members of the Regiment's bombing squad, had a haversack of a dozen jam tin bombs, a brass rifle grenade and field glasses. Historians dwell on what happened and what should have been accomplished according to the

General's plan, ignoring the fact that the plan of attack included feats that were not humanly possible.

The Australians had guides who claimed to know the track to 971, but who could find a track with any degree of certainty on a pitch black night in hilly, broken, thorny scrub covered country, one and a half miles and 1000 feet above where they started to attack. "The Anzacs were to deliver the knockout blow" said General Hamilton.

History says our men could be seen silhouetted on Chunuk Bahr at daylight, 8.8.15, presuming that the hill had not been occupied, but when we arrived there in the forenoon there were a number of dead Turks and a large number of rifles and plenty of Turk ammunition strewn about the hillside, so it must have been occupied. According to the official history we were shelled by guns that were in front of Anzac, but we could see right across their lines and no shells came from in front of Anzac. They did shell us from in front of 971, but the Turks were in so close to us on three sides in the afternoon, that any of their shells were just as likely to kill their own men as ours. The unfortunate part of our attack from the south side was that the closer our men were to the top of the hill the more exposed they were to the enemy rifle fire from left, right and front. It was not shells nor bombs, but it was rifle fire that almost annihilated our force. If there had been an alternative plan in case any section of Godley's Army failed to advance, and that did happen, according to plan. General Hamilton said "Anzac was to deliver the knockout blow. Helles and Suvla were complementary operations".

Apart from the limited objectives of the N.Z. Mounted Regiments every section of Godley's army failed during the first twenty-four hours, and then on the second day, 8 August, it was only the N.Z. units and the Welsh and Gloucester Battalions that reached the first day's objective. The balance of Godley's army were nowhere near their objectives.

New Zealanders, Australians and other units of Godley's army all blamed the Tommies at Suvla Bay for the failure. On the morning of 8 August when we were sheltering in a depression on the side of Rhododendron Ridge, we saw thousands of Tommies swimming in Suvla Bay, and at the same time we saw lines of them in extended order crossing the dry Suvla salt lake in an attack of the

hills beyond which our warships were shelling at the same time. The Turks were shelling them. Thousands of Godley's army might just as well have been swimming as sitting down in the scrub getting baked in the hot sun. They were several hundred feet below and more than a mile from their objective. Brigadier General Monash's men did not have a hope. Thirty-six hours after the start they were opposed by heavy machine gun and shellfire and they had not covered one-third of the distance and 700 ft short of the height to be successful. We could see them quite plainly. The bombing section of the A.M.R. were probably the first of our Regiment to reach the slope of Chunuk Bahr where Colonel Malone had his headquarters on 8 August. The infantry were having a bad time in the open scrub on the south side and being shot down like pigeons out on a limb by Turks very close into them on three sides. The air was electrified by bullets from enemy machine guns and riflemen. The Welsh Battalion who were recognised by their uniforms, had a large number of killed and wounded in the short scrub on a half circle slope on our right front forward of us, about 100 to 150 yards away, a little lower down. They had evidently tried to follow the original plan of crossing Rhododendron Ridge and then turn south to attack Battleship Hill from the rear. The 3rd Light Horse attack on Baby 700, (which is really part of Battleship Hill) from Walkers Ridge across the Nek, was a hopeless failure and Godley should have known that the Turks from there would attack us in the rear. Unfortunately the Welsh wounded were in our line of fire when the Turks charged us from the south side, and they must still be there.

By mid-day on the second day, 8 August, the Australians were a mile or more short of their objective, 971, and 700 feet below it. The Gurkas were at least half a mile and 500 feet below Hill Q, their objective. The fact that they did reach it in daylight on the third day showed that it was possible.

Colonel Malone directed us over the forward slope of Chunuk Bahr towards where the Turk bombs were coming from. Only a few of us had any shelter in the little Turk trench which was badly sited for us, and most of our party were soon killed or wounded. Most of the latter died there because they could not get back over the hill to shelter, and we were getting

more than our share of the enemy bombs. History says the Gloucester Battalion was on the seaward face of Chunuk Bahr, but I could not see what was going on there, but I think it was quite possible that they did hold the Turks back from the top of the hill, but never received any credit for it.

The A.M.R. should have reinforced the Gloucesters on the seaward face and tried to clear the ridge across to Hill Q and not depend on the Gurkas who did not reach there till next day. We would have been out of sight of the Turkish field guns north of us and the riflemen on the south side of Chunuk Bahr. It was the Nek disaster all over again, but on a very much larger scale. The Turk machine guns and riflemen had natural shelter from our machine guns on Rhododendron Ridge. I only saw one of our machine guns, but it was out of action with holes in the water jacket and all the crew dead. It was about 10 feet on my left on Chunuk Bahr.

TRAVEL TO ENGLAND AS WOUNDED (CONTD)

On arrival at Southampton we travelled by hospital train to London and ambulance to Hamstead Heath hospital, a place that had been a work-house. A month there and I was fairly fit, except that my chest wound was not properly healed, but I was discharged and given leave and travel warrants. The twenty-eight golden half sovereigns I had kept pinned in my pyjama coat pocket. I was feeling pleased with myself as I walked past Big Ben about mid-day on the way to the Union Jack Hotel. I decided to have some lunch when I suddenly discovered I had left my money in my pyjama coat pocket. I lost no time in getting back to the hospital laundry where men were bagging the dirty clothes. The first man I asked had he found my money. He handed it over. I was that delighted I forgot to give him anything for his honesty.

September 23, 1915. I decided to travel north to Yorkshire and Scotland. The train was to leave Earls Court at 2 a.m. and I decided to walk from the Union Jack Hotel, but a milkman gave me a lift. We had not travelled far when we heard bombs bursting. It was said to be the first Zeppelin raid on London. Although there were some very loud explosions none were very close to us.

The extensive Yorkshire moors seemed to be painfully poor, but when I visited both those counties in 1961, the improvement of what seemed wasteland, was hard to believe.

On to the sights of Edinburgh and then Inverness, where my chest broke out. In hospital the nickel covering of a bullet came out in the discharge. Apart from Collodon Moore and Loch Ness I did not see a great deal of Inverness as funds were running low.

I returned to London then the New Zealand base at Chiskerel near Portland, Hampshire. It was a poor camp for food and everything, except we could buy fish and chips cheap in the village. At the Lord Mayor's show in London, New Zealand was to be represented by one hundred men and two hundred were picked out to train. None but the biggest and tallest had a chance. In the hundred that went to London I was the smallest man. We were billeted in a large hall by Lady Hardwick. The Lord Mayor's Show day

was pouring wet from start to finish, but there were large crowds of people in the streets to welcome the parade. Probably because the whole parade consisted of troops who had been in the front line. Dave Palmer and I had a gay time that night.

Back to Base 200 New Zealanders were fitted out to return to Gallipoli. We entrained for Liverpool and on the journey we never saw a great deal of the country because England seemed to be wrapped in a heavy coat of snow.

We boarded the H.M.S. Olympic, 80,000 tons, at Liverpool and had 8000 troops aboard ready to sail out the Mersey in a cold snow laden wind, and we never saw land again until we passed Gibraltar, and the next landfall was the Greek island of Mudros. We could buy anything when aboard the Olympic if we had the money. Dick Orr came aboard at Mudros and gave me 10/- which he said he owed. We had a good supper that night. That was the most appreciated money I ever handled, as Charlie Finlayson, Dave Palmer and I were all broke.

All the New Zealanders and Australians disembarked and the balance went on to Salonika and were British infantry and a large Pioneer unit. One of them was the father of Mrs H. Armstrong and strange enough, it was their farm I bought when I started farming. Around Mudros Harbour where we camped, the land was treeless although it looked fertile. For rations we only had army rations, no canteens, but that did not matter because we had no money.

The first we knew of the evacuation was when the N.Z. troops arrived in Mudros. They only camped ashore a few days and then left for Egypt, but we were not allowed to join them. A few days later we left for Cairo with a shipload of Australians. On arrival in Alexandria late one afternoon there was no leave to the city. Most of us had no money, but Charlie Finlayson had made a haul at a game of Banker on board, and we decided we had to have leave ashore.

Just after dusk I climbed up into a lifeboat and threw a rope down to the wharf and slid down. Dave Palmer and Charlie Finlayson were next. Jim Martin was the last of the four and he was just over the side of the ship rail when the rope gave way. He fell about 30 feet on to the wharf and was badly hurt. We enjoyed our French leave but Jim Martin could not leave the

garry we hired. Next day the O.C. fined us all a week's pay. Back to Zeitoun Base and all the old parade stuff was gone through again.

Two months later the N.Z.M.R. and Australian Light Horse trekked over to the canal at Moascar and Serapeum. After that we crossed the canal and took over trenches occupied by the Infantry who were leaving for France. One night there was a big scare when aeroplanes reported that the Turks were advancing on our position. I was ordered to take my section out east although we were just sitting down to evening dinner. Bill Percy, Buck Bowen and Ted Murley. We were ordered to scout around the sand hills until we made contact with the enemy. We galloped out in an easterly direction over the sandhills. It did not seem long before darkness set in and as we had no compass we were soon lost. Although we had scouted out over two or three miles we saw no sign of the enemy, and as it was getting very dark we decided to return to the outpost our squadron occupied.

Judging the direction by the North Star we set off in a westerly direction, but by midnight we seemed to be hopelessly lost. As we travelled along I picked the scent of burning horse manure which was always dried and burnt on account of flies. We followed the scent for about an hour until we reached the outpost which had been evacuated, evidently as suddenly as we had left it. The stew was still in the dixies and not a soul anywhere. The next day the so-called enemy was a large party of Arabs and their camels returning with dates from the extensive plantations that were out in the desert. The squadron returned to their stew before daylight. History does not mention any of the above facts.

After leaving the outpost we recrossed the canal and camped at Salhia for a few days and divisional sports were held. I was a member of the A.M.R. team of four horse back wrestlers and we won the event. I still have the silver medal of Egyptian design. After a few days it was learned that the Turks were moving towards the canal intending to attack, and we moved across the canal at Kantara to meet the attack. After the Turks had cleaned up a Yeomanry outpost at Katia they returned north. We moved forward to Romani where we camped in a hollow filled with date palms. From there we patrolled the desert in Brigade strength. It was so hot that the flies could not fly about during the middle hours of the day.

Our first taste of aeroplane bombs since Gallopili was at Romani. We had been out scouting all the previous day and into the early morning, and I was very tired when I woke about ten o'clock and heard bombs exploding close by. There had been about 400 men and horses in the plantation, but when I looked around the place there was not a man or horse to be seen. I had slept through it all and when I climbed the nearest sand hill there they were, scattered over the desert. We had no casualties as the small bombs used in those days did not do much damage in soft sand.

We returned to Hill 60 near the canal for a spell and parties had leave to Port Said. The morning I was to go I paraded sick with a very sore throat, but the doctor said there was nothing wrong with me, so Off I went. When I arrived at Port Said I could not walk and was put in isolation with diphtheria. A month in hospital and then back with the Regiment in time for the Turks big attack on Romani. Our squadron did not take part in the actual fighting, but we had a grandstand view from the eastern flank. A complete outpost from our Squadron was surrounded and captured. Only one escaped. The prisoners were Troopers Alexander, Bowen, McLeod and Quintall who died in Turkey, and Lieut Allsop, Troopers Martin, Pierce and McLennon returned after the war was over.

Eighteen months later after we had captured Jerusalem I heard of a photographer who had taken a photo of our boys as prisoners in Jerusalem, but he had no paper to take prints off. I was at the School of Instruction in Cairo and bought some printing paper and took them to Jerusalem, and secured a print for every next-of-kin of the prisoners.

After Romani we attacked El Abd without much success and had several killed and many wounded. Our Lewis gun was in action all day, but the only casualty our gun section had was Doug Maxwell, but not seriously. El Arish was the next stop and then Maghaba, but our Regiment was in reverse and we had a good view from high ground. The next day the A.M.R. had the job of burying the dead. From El Arish we attacked Rafa in Palestine. What a morning it was when we left the desert for the green fields of barley. Our horses enjoyed the barley as much as we did the atmosphere.

Our Lewis gun was in action all day. Charlie Finlayson, Dick Orr, Jack Wilkie and myself. Darcy Lange was in charge of our horses with Paddy

Hesketh and D. Dowd. We captured the position and many hundreds of prisoners, but we had a number killed and many wounded, including my old friend Dave Palmer who was in a nervous condition which caused his death in Whangarei Hospital a couple of years later. Following Rafa we had a good spell camped on the beach at El Arish, and there was leave to Cairo for parties in turn. The only canteen we had was the Y.M.C.A. and it only sold lime juice. We had plenty of water, but nothing else.

It was the general practice for leave parties to bring back a swag of drink which they thought was more refreshing than water. As we always had bacon and as eggs were always cheap in Cairo, I brought back a crate of forty dozen eggs to our squadron, and I think the eggs were appreciated just as much as if I had brought a crate of beer. Rafa was the next camping ground and one night after returning from a long day reconnoitring, a spy entered our lines and took Colonel McCarrol's horse bridle and saddle. The latter had all Col. McCarrol's maps and orders in the wallets. History says nothing about that. The horse lines picket did not notice the loss till daylight, as they must have been like me, very tired and asleep. We moved forward to attack Gaza which was a dead loss. Gallipoli again. Auckland were the northern screen and took a very minor part in the fighting, but the Tommy infantry were slaughtered and not buried for twelve months when the place was captured.

An Arab sheik, well dressed and riding a nice horse tried to cross our lines. He kept persisting as he said he wanted to go into Gaza. One of our men shot him. Our officers know nothing about the shooting.

We camped at Tel El Fara from where we had leave to Alexandria in parties from each squadron in rotation.

I was a corporal with a party returning, and as usual we travelled on top of loaded trucks of rations. One of the lads said he knew where to cut rump steak from, so we all received a slice. There was a big open fire going nearby about midnight when we stopped at Mazar. We all hopped off with our dixies and started to fry our steak. It had hardly started to fry when the engine blew the whistle to start off. Cook Watson, a 4th Waikato said, "Sit fast and I will stop the train." We were all a bit nervous about getting left behind. Watson whipped over to the train and disconnected it in the middle, and the engine went away without half the trucks. By the time it

had returned and hooked up we were aboard and eating our steak which was the only steak I saw during the war.

During the second attack on Gaza the N.Z.M.Rifle's part was only a minor one as we were guarding the right flank. We cheered heartily when we saw an aeroplane falling from a dogfight above us, but when it fell near us we saw it was one of our planes. The Tommies left the field, in front of Gaza, covered with dead who were not buried until after the third and successful attack. I had diphtheria again and missed the stunt to Beersheba and the fighting at at Ayun Kara where the Turks were driven back, but we paid heavily in casualties. I joined up at Jaffa, but not with the Lewis gun squad which I had been associated with for a year with Jack Wilkie, Darcy Lange, Colin McGregor, D. Dowd and Paddy Hesketh. We lost several men across the Auja river, now called the Yarkon and Tel A Viv now stands there where there were only oranges in our time.

We were camped alongside a wine brewery and it was a soldier's dream. We had wine, spirits, sweet potatoes and oranges just for the collection. Some men who had too much wine left the vat taps running and anyone who wanted wine was up to his knees in wine. To entertain his friends Olly Young rolled a small barrel of cognac out and mounted it in his bivvy. Olly was of Nova Scotian descent and he had with him three McKays, three Finlaysons, one Munro and a Wilson.

The A.M.R. moved over to Jaffa where we lived in private houses with our horses tethered in the back yards. At last we had good beds and blankets almost in the front line, but that only lasted a week. One morning we heard a rooster crowing and we had thoughts of something better to eat, but the next night Jack Cleaver and I investigated without any luck. We moved out to the right of Jaffa in pouring rain and left our horses well back when we went forward into trenches. The rain and mud would not have been so bad if the Turks had not been shelling us night and day. Fred Welsh, a Gallipoli veteran, said to me, "If I get back to New Zealand before the war is over they will never hear of me again. The only noise will be the dead tea tree sticks cracking as I run up a dark gully." Poor Fred was killed out at Amman a few months later.

When the infantry came up to us we trecked back south to a beach in

pouring rain. Our railway was being laid at remarkable speed and we were well supplied by them, plus oranges, kumeras and wine, but no leave to Cairo, although the men had been on the advance from the middle of October to the middle of January. Next we rode over the mountains to St George monastery near Bethlehem and Solomon's Pools where we watered the horses. I was sent back to Moascar School of Instruction to instruct on machine guns and missed the entry into the Jordan Valley, but I saw more than enough of it before the war ended.

During the last attack just before the war ended, we captured hundreds of prisoners on the road from Nablus to the Jordan River. At the Damieh crossing we were successful scouting around with Darcy Lange and a few others; we collected a General with a money belt with several sovereigns and a pocketful of Turk five pound notes. Then up the mountains to Es Salt where we captured a large number of donkeys. I sold one to a sheik for three sovereigns. Leaving Es Salt in the morning we travelled a road east towards Amman. Our planes had caught the Turk's transport on that road and the dead men and animals had to be pushed off the road before we could travel it. Out near Amman I sickened with malaria and I returned to Jerusalem and was put in a building which was supposed to be a field hospital. Men were lying on the floors, in passageways and even on tables, sick with flu, and malaria. I suppose there were beds there, but I never saw any. The orderlies just could not cope with the inflow of patients and they died anywhere. The war was over before I reached Cairo and I had assisted in burying dozens of friends and foes who had been killed in action, but the saddest sight I ever witnessed was when the ambulance I was in arrived at the 28 General Hospital. The entrance for wheel traffic was up a side street to the back of the hospital. The street was blocked with one and two horse lorries each carrying four and eight empty coffins. The flu and malaria had been cutting men down by the dozen.

Every soldier in the Anzac Division was asked to give a day's pay to build a memorial to those killed and I don't think many refused. It proved to be an expensive structure, depicting men mounted on horses charging with fixed bayonets. I saw war as rough and tough as the next man, but the only times I saw men mounted on horses with fixed bayonets was when we passed through water

melon patches in the desert where the melons grew wild, and we picked them up on our bayonets as we rode along.

When World War II broke out the National Military Reserve was formed with World War I men and I joined and paraded every Sunday. When Japan came into the war the N.M.R. was mobilised and sent up north to guard the Waipapakauri Aerodrome, where several planes were based. Living conditions were primitive, but cooking facilities were superior to anything we had in the field in the first war. I was a corporal in charge of a German Spandau machine gun which had been converted to fire our ammunition. I had a course at Narrow Neck on the gun. We mounted it on a hill overlooking the aerodrome and my section, Jack Parkin, Arthur Armstrong, Jack Mitchell and Joe Hodson manned it during daylight hours. Edgar Wood and Jack Olliver were responsible for organising parties to catch snapper and gather toheroa, which were a welcome addition to the army fare. After about four months I joined the Light Armoured Vehicles for about three months, and then my older boys who had been managing the farm, entered camp, and I returned home for good.

In 1959 my wife Bell and I were making plans to have a trip around the world, mainly to see the old battlefields, but unfortunately before many months were passed by, Bell died in her sleep. That was a sad blow that upset the plans and I was not keen on the journey by myself.

In June 1961 I left on a trip by air to see the old battlefields of Egypt, Gallipoli, Israel and Jordan. A couple of days in Sydney then on to Singapore where I arrived after midnight at Raffles Hotel. I had a room as big as the average New Zealand home. I carried travellers cheques, but I would have been lost if anyone stole them, and I always put my wallet under my pillow when I went to bed. The morning I left Sydney for Singapore I was in the bathroom at the hotel when I thought of my wallet under the pillow. I rushed to my room, but I went into the wrong room where two middleaged ladies were getting out of bed, and didn't they tear into me. I was too dumbfounded to apologise. I didn't go into breakfast because I was afraid I would see them there. My room at Raffles had an eight foot high dressing mirror just inside the door.

After my Sydney experience, I made sure of the number of my room before I went out to the hotel balcony to have a look at the town at the break of day. While out there I thought of my wallet under the pillow and rushed back. I was sure of the room number and opened the door. I got a bad shock. There was a man, unshaven, with his shirt hanging out, moving about the room. I stepped back and apologised and was going to close the door, when I realised it was myself in the mirror.

At Singapore I discovered I could not get into Israel with an Arab stamp on my passport, so the Consulate there gave me an extra passport which was for the sole use of crossing from Jordan to Israel at Jerusalem. Four days was enough at Singapore, then I caught a plane to Colombo which is the gem of the East to me. I stayed at the Gale Face Hotel where Victor Muldrock and I had dinner nearly fifty years before. On to Madras, a place I did not like, so I caught the next plane to Bombay. The plane was an old Constellation which felt as though it was going to fall to pieces at any minute. The poverty at Bombay is much the same as we saw it 50 years before. I had to stay there a day because the plane I was going to catch crashed at Bangkok. A Boeing 737 took me to Cairo and it was the fastest and best equipped plane I had travelled in. At Cairo I stayed at Sheppard's new hotel at the end of the Kas-ra-Nil Bridge. The old Sheppard's in the centre of Cairo was burnt out during a riot and never rebuilt.

The Giza Pyramids have had a face lift since we saw them and likewise those of Sakara. The latter were only a half-hour journey on a good tar-sealed road, but fifty years ago Victor Muldrock and I took ten hours over sand, on donkeys, to get there and back. The Barrage Gardens and the race course are much the same as we saw them. Our old camp at Zeitoun is a huge city with an electric railway connection with Cairo. Aotea Home is now the Irak Embassy.

A day's trip by bus to Kantara was most interesting, mostly because of the improvement in the country's cultivated area. Kut-el-Amara was only desert when we went there, but now it's a large town with green fields everywhere. Ismailia has grown beyond what we could have imagined. On the journey to Jordan the plane flew low over the Dead Sea to let the passengers see the dead city of Petra. It is a large city of huge ^{stone} buildings where no

one has lived for hundreds of years. The country between Aman and the Jordan River looks the same as when we saw it, but Aman itself is a large city. On arrival at Jerusalem I was amazed at how an aerodrome had been cut out of the mountain side on the Jericho road.

When I left New Zealand I had no visa for Jordan, but I was to get one in Sydney, but when I got there it was Queen's Birthday and the Jordan Consulate was closed for a week, so I took the chance of having no visa. I went into the passport office at Jerusalem and when I told the officer in charge how it was that I did not have a visa, he asked me to say the Lord's Prayer. I felt like when I went into the wrong room in Sydney, dumbfounded, speechless. He told me he would see me after all the passengers had gone through, and then put me into a room to wait until all the other passengers had gone through. After a while his lady secretary came into the room without my passport and said, "The officer thinks you are a Jew, and I am going to search your luggage to see if there is any evidence of your being one". She emptied my suitcases on a table and then asked me where I was born, and I said "In a bed". She just laughed and asked "What country was I born in?" I said, "New Zealand and it's on my passport". After having a good look at all my clothes she came across my watch chain on a waistcoat and attached to the chain was my old aluminium army identification disc with my name, number and religion, Presbyterian, on it, and the officer accepted that as a visa.

The identification disc had been hit by a shrapnel bullet on Gallipoli. I revisited all the places I was familiar with on the Jordan side of Jerusalem. A party of tourists and I went down to Jericho and up as far as Damieh crossing where in September 1918 we had an important victory over the Turks during the last stint of the war. We captured many prisoners and did them over in the way a soldier dreams about, but never gets the chance. My eyes blinked when I collected a money belt from a staff officer, that had a few Turkish gold pieces in it.

In a book recently published, "The Kiwi Trooper" I am mentioned as having return^{ed} to H.Q. loaded like a Xmas tree with loot, but that is not quite correct. I had a very large sum of money in Turkish notes that were of no value.

I did not take the staff officer's beautiful gold watch, but when I brought him into H.Q. an officer took it off him. What a mug I was. Jordan and Israel were at war and had barbed wire on the boundary. The next thing was to get past the Israel military guard. I produced my faked passport I had collected in Singapore, and after a lot of questioning by the guard they let me pass into what seemed a new city of Jerusalem. I could not find the place we had camped the first time I was in Jerusalem as it seemed to be built over.

A fast bus journey on a wide tarsealed road down to the plains which I knew very well in 1917-18, but the whole place had changed from the desert look it had. Instead of a few cactus hedges, gum, fig and apricot trees, no part was uncultivated and growing everything one could imagine. It certainly looked like a land of milk and honey in comparison to what we saw. When we were there some of the mountain sides were terraced and growing grapes and apricots, but nothing like what is to be seen today.

Travelling along the six lane tarsealed road between Ramleh and Jaffa I well remembered the first time I rode along it with the troop. It was just an unformed dirt track. The Turks were shelling us with long range guns from close up to the mountains several miles away; at the guns extreme range as no shells landed very close.

About mid-day I arrived at Tel Aviv, the main part of which is on the flat at the mouth of the Aqua River (Now called Yarkon River). In our day the rich flat land was in orange orchards. I could not find any place I knew because it was all covered with ten to twenty storied buildings. The old German Jew settlement of Sarona was hard to find. Those small brick houses are surrounded with skyscrapers. The wine cellars are gone.

As soon as I signed the register at the hotel, the man at the counter asked me if I was going to visit Serafend. I engaged a taxi and visited all the old camp sites. There is no village at Serafend. It has not been rebuilt since our troops withdrew all the women and children and killed most of the men and burnt the village. Two of the men in our camp had been killed by Arabs who may have come from any village in Palestine, but the nearest village had to pay. That was Serafend, and some of our troops carried out the ghastly job.

Ayan Kara battlefield is all grape vines and orange groves now and there is no sign of the long grave and cross where we buried twenty-seven of our men. I went down to Beersheba by bus and saw every inch of the country was being cultivated. Very different to what we saw in 1917. The whole of Israel except the cliff faces, seems to be under cultivation. The irrigation system is very extensive and every variety of fruit and cereal is grown. All towns seemed to be a hive of secondary industry.

As the Israel Government will not allow visitors to fly to any Arab state I did not visit Lebanon as I intended to, and I flew straight to Istanbul. At Istanbul I was booked in at Pera Palace, a one time palace of the Sultan. It had white marble floors and stairs and everything that was considered the best in bygone days, but it was in the old part of the city near the Golden Gate. Most of the servants seemed to be foreigners, but they spoke good English. The first thing you notice when you book in at the office is a placard, "No gratuities 10% is added to your account in place of them". The second night, after I had dinner, the head waiter came along and made sure I saw him look under my plate. The same performance after supper. I knew what he was looking for, but 10% was all I was going to pay. Next morning I went to breakfast with a Frenchman I had met, and we sat at the same table. I ordered two boiled eggs and toast for breakfast and when I cut one on the side it exploded over my friend. He jumped up and gesticulated like only a Froggie can. I thought there was going to be a riot. Although everybody seemed to be very apologetic I did not have any more meals there.

I noticed that my door lock squeaked when I turned the knob. One morning standing at the top of the stairs I noticed that near^{ly} every rooms' lock did the same. As soon as a door lock squeaked I saw half a dozen heads of those tip hungry leeches show up around different corners and rush to be first to meet the unfortunate guest. I had seen those slimy leeches in Australia and found them very evident in Rome, Paris and London, but the only aerodrome I saw them was at Toronoto and I know they are not unknown in New Zealand.

Istanbul to me was the most interesting city I saw on my tour around the world. I called at the Turkish War Veterans Club and the president gave some

very useful information on how to get to Gallipoli and an invitation to attend a dinner there when I returned. I flew down to Channak (now called Kanakale) a town of about 25,000 people. The main industry seemed to be catering for a military and naval academy. No proper hotel, only barrack like hostel. The proprietor could only speak pigeon English. The first evening I met a well dressed man on the stairs, and he spoke good English. He invited me to have a cup of coffee and we went out on to the balcony and sat down at a table with two other men whom I was introduced to. One man said he had been a Turkish cavalry man in Palestine. The other said nothing, but he paid a lot of attention to my answers to questions that were put to me by the English spoken one who they were putting questions to me through. The coffee was horrible black stuff without milk or sugar. After this party left me I asked the proprietor who the silent man was, and he said he was chief of police in Southern Turkey. I was not interested in spying on anything.

Next morning I was up early and walked down to the beach of the Narrows. Away to the north I could see the New Zealand monument on Chunuk Bahr and on the high ground above the forts about a mile north of Chanak there was a huge notice board about 100 yards long, and ten feet high, and the huge letters and figures simply read "March 18, 1915". Nothing else. I asked my guide next day what it meant, and he said it was a monument to commemorate the defeat of the British navy on that day by the Turkish Army. My guide was Mr McMinn, Graves Commission.

Looking across the Narrows, between Maidos and forts of Keled Bahr, was the form of a Turkish soldier about 100 ft high and cut out of the cliff face and standing on guard over a soldier cemetery and I took photos of it. I found the Graves Commissioner, Mr McMinn, and he agreed to take me over Gallipoli next day. Chanak was very dead until after mid-day, and from then until midnight it was swarming with soldiers, sailors and civilians. McMinn and I crossed the Narrows next morning and landed at Keled Bahr and we travelled in the same landrover which only two weeks before had taken the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester over Gallipoli on a new but rough road which the Turkish army had built specially for them. Although the Duke had been offered the best of foreign cars to travel in, he did not want to be an

advertising medium for them. Foreigners were not allowed on Gallipoli unless they had a guard of two soldiers, and we picked them up just outside Maidos. I was surprised at the large area of good land all well cultivated and growing vegetable crops for a processing factory at Chanak.

We reached Anzac about 10 o'clock. The first thing that struck me was how quiet the place was. The scrub had covered most of the scars in the hills. The only sign of life was the sea birds hovering about. There was a new road winding along the beach in front of the whole Anzac position and it followed the same line as the Great Sap that we dug. The road making filled most of the sap in. There are two stopping places, specially built for the Duke and Duchess of York and they have proper showers and toilets. Looking at the latter I could not help thinking of the "House of Commons" we had to use in 1915. I was not supposed to have a camera but I did and wanted to take some photos without the guards knowing. The O.C. suggested that his orderly take a party out fishing in an old boat that was on the beach. Both guards promptly got into the boat with his orderly and the O.C. and I took the landrover and had a good look at everything I wanted to see and take photos of.

The only sign of war that is still there is the concrete dugouts at No.2 Outpost and they are still in good condition. We travelled the road around Lone Pine, Quins, Popes and Steeles then up over Battleship Hill to the top of Chunnik Bahr where I immediately realised the impossible position we had held on 8 August 1915. I could see that we had been shot at from above and behind as well as right, left and front. Our position would have been good if all the different units had pushed forward as planned. There is a spoon shaped depression on our side and it runs down towards Battleship Hill and about half an acre in area. If a man crouched down low it represented a little shelter, but not from the top of C.B. hill. By nightfall 8 August, 1915, that little depression was covered with killed and wounded who could not get any further down the hill. Every inch of that piece of sheltered ground had been dug over many times because there was not a scrub or a weed on it. On enquiring from Capt. McMinn why, he said the shepherd boys had dug it over looking for gold teeth fillings, silver and gold watches and coins the killed may have had on them. On top of that was all the empty

brass bullet cases.

That half acre would have been the richest gold, silver and brass field any British soldier had fought on. I went over past the New Zealand Monument and inspected Kemels lookout. It is a long deep tunnel through the hill to about six feet from the side facing us where there is a wall and ladder for a man to climb up and look out. The Turks had a bird's eye view of us at all times and with a periscope they would not be in any danger.

On 8 August 1915, we could see the Narrows and the southern end of the Dardanelles and a strip of the northern end, and we thought we could see Midos but it was Chanak (now called Kanakale) we were looking at in 1915 as Midos is hidden behind hills. On 8 August 1915 the whole length of the Dardanelles was outlined with a strange blue haze, five to six hundred feet above it, but on my recent visit there was no sign of that haze. I considered the haze must have been a reflection from the glassy waters of the Dardanelles on a pall of smoke from the battle that was in progress and scrub fires. Apart from the huge N.Z. Monument on top of Chunuk Bahr there is a small one about thirty yards down facing the Narrows, standing where we occupied the only Turk trench. Any visitor would not see it unless he knew about it, as it is close in under the steep ground. I never heard of it before and found it because it stands where we spent most of that terrible day. The majority of names on it are Auckland Mounted. The men I saw killed were Alex McKenzie, George McKenzie, Sandy McKay, Boukau McKay, O. Beaumont, Don Durham, Axie McLeod, Vic Olen and P.G. Palmer. The former were 11th Squadron and Palmer was 3rd Squadron. There were many other Aucklanders' names there, but where they were killed I could not say.

Back down to Walkers Ridge where the trenches have all been levelled and a cemetery laid out with a clump of pines on the higher ground. Among the tombstones were names of several I had helped to bury. We drove slowly down past Quin's, Pope's, Courtney's and Lone Pine posts to the beach where about thirty Turks live when working for the Graves Commission. We returned by Cape Helles which was unknown to me. A large area is good farm land from Cape Helles to the top of Achi Baba and they grow wheat, oats, barley and vegetable crops. Before recrossing the Narrows I had a good look at the old Turk forts on the shore. I had seen four objects I had never heard of.

The little monument of Chunuk Bahr, Kemels Lookout, the hugh carving 100 ft high, and the monument with March 18, 1915 on it.

I returned to Istanbul and when I reached my hotel there was an invitation to attend a dinner given by ex soldiers. On a long table I have never seen so much food and drink. Old Gallipoli and Palestine veterans and their wives were there, and they gave me one of their badges when I signed to be an honorary member. I sat next to one who said he had been Minister of Education under Kemel and he spoke fair English and acted as interpreter. The next day I travelled on a bus as guest of two old soldiers. We followed the Bosporus up to the Black Sea. I saw no beaches like ours. On the trip back we visited the ex Sultan's palace where I saw an array of valuable stones and gold in many forms and settings. There is nothing like it in London or Cairo that I saw.

The country outside the towns is very dreary looking. The people who farm the land all live in little villages. In several places we passed workers on the land. The women were doing the work and the men were playing games in the shade of the trees. I flew on to Athens where I spent four days. Apart from cheap living I did not think much of the place. On to Rome where I spent four hours and did not see much.

I arrived in Paris on a morning and after lunch left for London where I arrived just before dark. I had seen a lot of different coutries from the air, but nothing like England. I was glad to get a good English dinner, bed and breakfast. I had not had a decent smoke since I left New Zealand. Every country seems to only sell its own grown tobacco, and aeroplanes only sell cigarettes. The first tobacco shop I saw I asked for 2 oz of pipe tobacco and what a shock, 10/8 cost. I went to Jersey Island where there is no tax and brought back enough tobacco, costing 1/6 an oz, to save the cost of the return fare.

The farmers on Jersey Island don't seem to be very well off and have to work hard. Poor roads and very ordinary houses. Better Jersey cattle to be seen in England. England, and right up to the foothills of Scotland, is wonderful from a farmer's point of view. Applecross, where some of my ancestors came from, in the west of Scotland, is the poorest land I saw for anyone to try and make a living off, except the Egyptian deserts. In the south of

Ireland I saw large areas of poor as well as fertile land, but the latter is poorly farmed. At a factory near Killarney the milk was delivered in wheelbarrows, donkey carts and motor lorries. It was hay making time and what a difference between English farming and South Ireland. In England the southern farmers harvest hay the same as we do. Cut it and leave out a day or two and bale it and put it away. Northern England they do the same except they make little stacks of bales in the paddock, leaving them out for several days. In the south of Scotland they cut and dry it a day or two, then they use a cock making machine behind a tractor which makes huge hay cocks which are left out a week or two before baling. Further north they dry it on hay ricks. Nearly every farmer in Great Britain seems to own a hay baler, but in Ireland I only saw one hay baler, and most farmers fork the hay into a shed or onto a stack. No such implement as a hay stacker. Compared with our natural scenery Ireland has nothing wonderful, but there is something we miss out on, that is those songs which evaluate their scenery.

In the Wairua Falls we have what should be a tourist attraction. Niagara Falls have no songs to boost its attractions. If we were Yanks we would divert the Mangakahia river over the Wairua Falls and have a tourist scene second to none. Very little water goes over Niagra^a on week days, but on Saturday and Sunday when the demand for power is low, nearly all the water of the St Laurence goes over the falls. On the Canadian side man has made the water fall evenly over the lip and it is much more spectacular than the American half which over the years has become a cataract and not a fall. The U.S.A. Government has started to build up the lip to make a fall of water and attract the public the same as the Canadian side does.

Money Worries. I carried traveller's cheques, but if they had been stolen I would have been in a hopeless position even if they were no use to anybody else. I had a habit of always placing my wallet under my pillow at night. One morning at Edinburgh I was leaving for Inverness and had slept in. After travelling about seventy miles to Perth by bus, a fellow passenger asked me where I came from, and I put my hand into my pocket to get photos of Marsden Bay from my wallet. No wallet so I caught the next bus back to Edinburgh. When I reached the hotel I went straight to the room I had slept in. The bed had been freshly made up but when I looked under the pillow was my wallet.