

WWI Primary Source

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Farmer, Maungatapere, Whangarei, NZ

Private Allan Alexander McQueen

Service Number: 12/602

Auckland Infantry Battalion

Served: Egypt, Gallipoli, Western Front

Returned to NZ

Died 29 November 1969

Buried at Maunu Cemetery, Whangarei



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M.B. **HISTORY** Authority to Headquarters No. 28/10/40
 Unit: *1st Coy* Surname: *McQueen* Christian Name: *Allan Alexander* No. *12/602*

Occupation: *Butter Factory hand* Religion: *9-12-1913 Presby* Last New Zealand address: *Maungatāpere*
 Last employer: *The Maungatāpere Dairy Co*
 Name, relationship, and address of next-of-kin (if not resident in New Zealand, insert also name and address of nearest relative in New Zealand):
Father) D McQueen, Maungatāpere, Whangarei
(Deceased)
Mrs A L McQueen
Maungatāpere Whangarei

Service ...
 No. *12/602* Rank: *WO II*
 Name: *Allan Alexander McQueen*
 Address: *Public Works Dept - 58, Valley Rd*
Motaihi Island Auckland, Mr Eden

Periods of Service. Theatres of Operation.
 In New Zealand: *92* years *92* days. Australasian
 Overseas: *2* years *344* days. Egyptian *1914-15-16*
 Total service: *3* years *71* days. Egyptian E.F. *1916*
 Date commenced duty: *13 8 14* Balkan *(Soprisa) 1915*
 Date finally discharged: *22 10 17* Western } *1916*
 European }
 Asiatic

Wounds ...
 Decorations: *Military Medal*
 METAL ACTION COMPLETE
14 MAY 1994
 The foregoing particulars are correct.
 Signature: *[Signature]*

Sick ...
 N.B.—Do not omit to advise this office of any future change of address.
 1,000 parts/8/20—12058

Decorations: *Military Medal*
 Killed in action ... *1914-15 Star*
 Died of wounds* *BRITISH WAR MEDAL*
 sickness* *VICTORY MEDAL*
 The foregoing particulars are correct.
 Signature: *A. McQueen*

Missing ...
 Prisoner ...
 Injuries in or by the Service ... *Discharged, no longer phys; fit for W as Service on acct of injuries sustained on Active Service*

Provisional: (Date) Intended address: *Public Works Dept*
 Final: *22 Oct 1917* (Date) *Motaihi Island*
58, Valley Rd.
Mr Eden, Auckland

ISSUE AUTHORISED
 Gallipoli Lapel badge *A676*
 Gallipoli Medalion
 Date *12/5/67* *Muk*

* Strike out words not required.

DIARY OF ALLAN ALEXANDER MCQUEEN

In writing my experiences during the period which I was in the N.Z.E.F., I hope the readers of the work will be easy on me because I am not a great scholar; this being my first attempt to undertake work of this kind. Hoping this will be of interest to some.

I remain
Yours sincerely

Allan McQueen.

1.

Saturday 8th August 1914, I happened to be going to Whangarei. When I arrived in town I heard that recruits were wanted for the N.Z.E.F. I immediately went to the Defence Office and offered my services which were accepted. I left the Defence Office highly delighted with myself, thinking I was in for a grand time, never expecting to see so much fighting as I have done. I went home and told my parents what I had done. At the time of enlistment I was 21 years 2 months old so I was quite safe from being stopped.

On Wed 11 August I went before the medical authorities and was passed as fit. The next few days till the 14 August were occupied getting clothes ready. I was in the employ of the Maungatapere Dairy Company at the time of enlistment. They were very anxious for me to stay on but I wanted to be off and nothing would stop me.

August 14 th I bid goodbye to my people, the last words my father saying to me were, "Keep your mind clear of drink and you will come out on top." I found these few words were very true. Half the temptation a man goes through, he generally falls through having his brain muddled.

The draft I was in left Whangarei amid great demonstrations. It was a great send off. I journeyed to Auckland by the S.S. "Manaia", a vessel of 1,159 tons. On board ship Sgt. Major Partridge (since killed in action) checked our names and gave us instructions for our benefit.

The ship arrived in Auckland at 7pm. The draft were paraded on the wharf with some more N. Auckland boys including my old Territorial mate, Sgt. Squire. We had to march from the wharf to Epsom show grounds, a good distance. It was too far for some of the boys who had indulged too much, and they were dropping out all along the route. We arrived in the camp pretty tired out and were allotted tents and told to make the best of it.

The next few day we had in organising the sections, platoons, companies and battalion. I got the job of company storeman and had a pretty easy billett. My work was to equip and ration the men of the Company. We were in camp at Epsom till the 23 rd of September. During that period the weather was beautiful. All the while the different units were training hard and the troopships were getting fitted to transport the men and horses to the other side of the world.

We had a big send off in the Auckland Domain and marched on to our troopship, S.S. "Waimana" (No 12), a cargo vessel of 11,000 tons. The S.S. "Star of India" was No 9. She was alongside the wharf loading the mounted and field ambulance. On board the "Waimana" were 1,700 men and 600 horses. So the space on the ship was well occupied.

On the afternoon of the 23rd of September the two troop ships, escorted by the light cruiser "Phamoble" sailed out of the Auckland harbour. Outside the heads there was a big sea running in the night time most of the boys were down with sea-sickness.

During the night something extraordinary happened and instead of passing North Cape we were racing back to the harbour. It transpired afterwards that the German Pacific fleet were handy to the coast of New Zealand. The ships anchored about 8 am and the people of Auckland got a great surprise at seeing the ships in the harbour again. The troopships remained in the harbour until 11 October. During the days the troops were in training, either at Penrose, Kohimarama or Takapuna and in the evening would return to sleep on board ship. Considerable alterations were made to the transport and it was found that the vessel was overcrowded so the authorities decided to transfer 100 men to one of the other troopships in Wellington. So, on October 2 we departed by train for Wellington, arriving there on the following day at 3 pm. The officer in charge got instructions for us to proceed to the "Hawkes Bay" No 8, a vessel of 9,500 tons. We were quartered on board. Mostly Otago boys were on the ship.

While in Wellington we were drilling in different parts of the city. A few days after arriving our draft had to shift to SS "Athenic", 12,342 tons (No 11) at another wharf. Finding that the "Athenic" had over her complement, I with 17 more, volunteered and were transferred to the "Arawa" no 10, 9,000 tons. I was wondering if I would be shifted any more.

Finally the troopships pulled out into the stream on 15 October, a beautiful afternoon. The troops had a great send-off. Next morning was very miserable. We left the harbour about 6 am in two lines. The first line, one behind the other were:

No 3 "Maunganui" (flagship), No 5 "Hawkes Bay", No 9 "Star of India", No 7 "Limeric", No 4 "Tahiti". The other line was:

No 10 "Arawa" (second in command), No 11 "Athenic", No 6 "Otaki", No 8 "Ruapehu", No 12 "Waimana". We were escorted by the HMS "Minoŕaur", a battleship of 15,000 tons, the Japanese man-o-war "Ibuki" (14,000 tons) and also the "Psyche" and "Phimorel". After getting clear of Cook Strait we sailed slightly south westward. We met considerable seas on the voyage to Hobart, which port we arrived at one morning 5 days after we left Wellington.

One of the prettiest sights I have ever witnessed, sailing up the Derwent harbour. The people of Hobart gave the boys a tremendous reception. The troops had a route march round the city and the people showered us with flowers and eatables. I shall never forget their hospitality to us. There is a peculiar charm about Hobart, hard to describe.

We left Hobart next day bound for Albany. [Freemantle?] Several of the boys had too good a time in Hobart, missed their ship and were brought on by one of the men-o-war. While in the Great Australian Bight the seas were pretty rough but most of the boys were seasoned by now so it did not take much affect. Between Hobart and Albany one of the boys died and was buried at sea. Our convoy arrived in Albany harbour about 1 November. All the Australian troopships were anchored in the harbour when we arrived. The toops stayed in Albany for a few days and then the whole of the escort and convoy sailed for a destination unknown. The Australian transports were in three lines ahead of the NZ boats which still kept their old formation. It was a sight that will never be forgotten. Including the escort, the total was 43 vessels.

From Albany, we were joined by the "Sydney" and "Melbourne", our own two men-o-war returning to New Zealand. Shortly after the convoy left Albany, Britain declared war on Turkey. Then we had to alter our course as the authorities had been sending us direct to England. From that date we sailed direct to Colombo. In these waters we had to be very strict with lights at night time on account of enemy raiders. About 12 November we were near the Cocos Islands in the Indian Ocean when early one morning the "Arawa" picked up a S O S message from Cocos Island. The German raider "Emden" did her best to intercept the message so that our wireless would not receive it. However, at 7 am we semaphored the message across to the "Maunganui" and from that vessel it was flagged to the "Sydney". My word, it was a great sight to see the "Sydney" go after the "Emden". I reckoned we were about 60 miles away when the "Sydney" got to work and finished her enemy. There was great rejoicing that day and our officers gave us a half holiday.

The convoy arrived at Colombo on the morning of 16 November. Most of the NZ troopships got inside the harbour, leaving the Australian transports in the roadstead. The harbour, which is artificial, was crowded with shipping. Most of the steamers were in owing to the raider being at large. When we got to our anchorage the "Sydney" and also the SS "Empress of Asia", an auxillary cruiser of 15,000 tons, were at anchor. Our boys were very anxious to see what damage the "Emden" had done but very little external damage was noticable. While in Colombo the "Emden" prisoners were quartered on the "Empress of Asia".

The following day great preparations were made and we were allowed to go ashore under an officer. I had a good look round the city. All the labour and commerce is done by the natives. It was a great sight to see the oriental customs. I had a ride in a rickshaw. It was great fun. We had one each and had the niggers racing for money. Then we adjourned to some of the flash hotels. Our party arrived back in the evening after a very interesting day. Several of the boys journeyed to Kandy by rail, a place several miles inland. I was unfortunate in not striking the trip.

Just before we departed from Colombo 30 odd prisoners from the "Emden" were put on our vessel. These included an officer, 2 petty officers and the rest, rank and file. Practically all the men were big hefty chaps but could speak very little English. The commander had them peeling potatoes and such like. On the whole they were treated very well and if our prisoners were as well done by, people need not worry so much. The whole of our journey in the Indian Ocean was extraordinary. For weeks and weeks there wasn't a ripple in the water and old sailors said they had never seen a voyage like this one.

I omitted to say something about crossing the Equator. The Equator was crossed two days before we arrived at Colombo. We had the usual ceremony but the boys took the dipping into their own hands. The result was that things got a bit rough and Captain Webb, N.Z.M.C. died of injuries sustained through rough play. The Captain was put ashore at Colombo but died soon afterwards.

After leaving Colombo we passed several islands on our left and also got a glimpse of the mainland of India. Our convoy passed the island of Socotra in the early morning. A day or so later we sighted Aden. We anchored about 10 am in the morning. No leave was granted at this port and the majority of the troops were not sorry as it has a very uninviting appearance. Practically no rain falls around these parts and the country, apart from ranges, is nothing but desert. No wonder that the Scottish piper played the "Barren rocks of Aden". He was not far out. I have never seen anything so void of vegetation. Our stay in Aden was very short and the time was not long in passing by, before we had entered the straits of Bab el Mambreb. The distance from Aden to the Straits was 12 hours sail. The Island of Perim lies in the Straits and is very low lying. Great tales were told some of our boys who were green and simple, by the old sailors who kidded them and made them believe that the Red Sea was red. A lot of the boys were taken in. The voyage up the Red Sea was very oppressive, landlocked both sides by deserts and the air was very sultry.

Before nearing the Port of Suez there was great excitement on board as we were told that our forces were going to be trained in Egypt. The Australian flagship "Orvietto" and the "Maunganui" went on ahead and we arrived at Suez on

the morning of 28 November. The "Emden" prisoners which we had, were transferred to HMS "Hampshire" (since wrecked or torpedoed with the loss of the late Lord Kitchener).

While we were waiting at Suez, the Canal Company put a lighting apparatus at the head of each vessel so as to keep the vessel from going ashore. The troops were ordered to keep a good lookout on the Asiatic side of the Canal. The "Arawa" was the first of the convoy to proceed through. Guards were mounted and machine guns and 18 pounders ready to repel any of the Turks who might be lurking to attack, as at the time the Turks used to come to the canal edge. However, all arrived safely at Port Said. From the water's edge, Port Said looks very enticing but once in the town, the place is purely oriental and a very unhealthy spot. While at anchor the niggers coaled our boat. At this port the niggers are supposed to hold the world record for man power. From what I have seen of them they will certainly take a lot of beating. We left Port Said the following afternoon. As we were passing down the canal, we passed two French battleships and it was great the way they cheered us. The convoy arrived in stages at Alexandria. My ship got in on the morning of the 2nd December 1914.

That evening our ship berthed at one of the wharves and the authorities would not grant leave so the soldiers promptly took it. It was great fun breaking ship. However, too many got away and they could do nothing with us. The only punishment that I had in my term in the Army was 3 days C.B. for being an hour late on board ship at Alexandria. The native quarter of the city of Alexandria is the worst I have ever seen or smelt. It was frightful. In the European quarter, however, there were some fine buildings and streets. The Australians and New Zealanders made more than a show when they got loose, especially after being cooped up for over two months. In the beer shops it was great. No pen could do the subject justice. My party was the last to leave the ship and on the 6th December we bid goodbye to the "Arawa".

I arrived at Zeitoun that evening at 9 pm. The distance between Alexandria and Cairo is 180 odd miles. Zeitoun is 8 miles east of Cairo connected by train and two train services, one of which is very hard to beat. From Zeitoun station we had to march about 2 miles with our equipment and kitbags into the desert. That night we slept in the sand without any covering. This was the first roughing experience that I had. Next day my party was transferred back to the Auckland Battalion again. For several days we were on fatigues getting the camp set up and chivying niggers and their carts with which we knocked a lot of fun out of. From the time we landed until Christmas was put in at the rifle range. My Company got the best average for the Division. Christmas week I got several letters from home.

On Christmas Day a lot of us went to Cairo and had dinner at Sheppard's Hotel, one of the flashiest hotels in Egypt. I had a good look around the city and found it one of the gayest places I have ever been in. On Christmas Day a company of New Zealand soldiers from England arrived and were put in the Engineers and A.S.C. We had a fairly easy week until after the New Year. On New Years Eve 4 or 5 of us went and saw the old year out at Cairo. We were joined by 2 Aussies and 2 Tommies so had a pretty merry party. After the New Year the troops had to settle down to solid work but usually we were finished about 5 pm and if we had no guards or other duties, were free to go where we pleased till 10 pm when lights were out. On Saturdays we were free at 1 pm and on Sundays at 9 am in the morning so we could not grumble regarding leave.

Egypt is a country that is very hard to describe. Only a very good writer and a person with a good imagination can do the place justice. The Nile delta and the Valley of the Nile is the richest land I have ever seen in all my travels. Sometimes 3 or 4 crops of clover are taken off the land in a year. Egypt is a country with no rainfall, all the land being irrigated by the Nile. The railway system is great. I have seen very few lines to beat those in Egypt. When I had time off I went to see the Pyramids at Geizeh. They lie about 10 miles by train from Cairo. The Australian camp is situated at the foot of the Pyramids at a place they call Mena. I, with several of my mates went to the pyramids one Sunday morning. The work of building and finishing the structures is a wonder to the present generation. It would take too much writing to explain. It was a very stiff job to climb the big pyramid which is 450 feet high and covers 3 1/2 acres of ground. From the top you can get a magnificent view on a fine day, of the other pyramids, Cairo and the Nile. The Egyptian guides are an awful pest. They are everlasting wanting to show a person some place of interest and wanting "backsheesh" (money). I also visited the Sphynx which is supposed to be a man's head on a lion's body. Quite close to the pyramids are several ancient temples. Most of them are buried in the sand. The sand has been excavated from some of them. It makes a person feel creepy going in the dark. We left the pyramids late in the afternoon after spending a very enjoyable day. We had to journey to Cairo by tram. It was a great ride. Most of the Australians were going in the tram which was packed and the boys were on the top of the tram and in every other conceivable place.

There are several fine bridges across the Nile. I was along the bank of the Nile near where Moses was supposed to have been found. Close to our camp is the city of Heliopolis. It has been built of recent years and all the buildings are very fine. The city contains the Sultan's Palace and also the Palace Hotel, the largest and most expensive hotel in the world. During the war it has been transformed into a hospital. Near the camp is the village of Helmesh which contains the Virgin's well and also the Virgin's tree, which

Christ is supposed to have sheltered under. Near at hand is the Obelisk which is a marvellous piece of work. Part of the desert which we were camped in contains a buried city. The surface of the ground is covered with the bones of the dead. Often when I had time to spare I have taken a spade and dug amongst the ruins which are buried in the sand. I got a few scaratas called the Egyptian mummys. Some of the boys often found articles of value.

The third week of January, we got word that the Turks were massing for an attack on the Suez Canal. On Monday 25 th January we got news that the N Z Infantry Brigade were under orders to proceed to Ishmalia. There was great rejoicing in the camp much to the envy of the Mounteds, Medical and Artilliary. Each Batallion had their band out and great preparations were made to break up camp. Next morning the infantry entrained at Zeitoun for the Canal. I, being Base Storeman, had to stay behind. I was very much annoyed at this but had to make the best of it. While the Batallion was away I had a pretty busy time but was my own boss. On the 4 th Feburary at 12 am at night the Second Reinforcements arrived. I had several mates among them. We had a hot meal and tents ready for them when they arrived. I had an additional 150 men to look after. From the time the Second Reinforcements arrived until I got orders to pack up on 26 February we were pretty busy one way and another. I packed up all the base gear and sent it by truck and departed by train from Cairo at 6 pm. The train arrived at Ishmalia at 10 pm. The distance is 130 miles. That night I stayed at the Regimental Stores.

Next morning, being Sunday, I had nothing to do so went to see my old mates and pottered around the camp. In the afternoon I went to the canal and saw the Australian ship 23, SS "Suffolk", which was employed as a store ship, pass through. On the way to the canal I passed through the town of Ishmalia. The French part of the town is one of the prettiest places I have ever seen. The flowers and creepers were the prettiest I have seen on my travells. It was at Ishmalia that I got my first view of the aeroplanes. They are marvellous machines. The air and the climate around the canal at that time of the year suited aeroplane work. For the first few days they cause a lot of curiosity to new troops but the novelty soon wears off.

On 22 March I went with some of the other boys for a walk. We went to Ferry Post, about 2 miles from Ishmalia and crossed the canal by ferry to the Turkish side. I had a look over the Indian positions. They were the troops that were holding that particular sector. Later on I had a look at some of the pontoons that the Turks attempted to cross the canal with. They were fairly large and constructed with galvanised iron. They were evidently transported from Constantinople as that was the register on them. Lying in Lake Timsah was the HMS "Swiftoure", a fine old battleship which subsequently

afterwards did fine work in the Dardinelles campaign. While at Ishmalia, the N Z Infantry Brigade was attached to the 11th Indian Division under Major General Younghusband.

Late in the evening of 2 nd March, I, with several others, received orders to proceed back to Zeitoun to get the camp in order for the troops again. We had the greatest railway ride I have undertaken in all my experience. After bustling around and getting our gear down to the station we found no carriages were attached to the train. The train was composed of flat trucks with G S wagons loaded on them. Some Australian troops were along with us so we had to crawl between the wheels of the wagons and the floor of the trucks and make the best of the ride. The only protection from falling off was the wheels of the wagons. I chummed up with another boy and we shared blankets and tried to sleep on the truck but there were no springs on the bally thing so it was ten times as bad as a big dray on a metalled road. The train left Ishmalia at 3 am in the morning and we got to Abbissich at 7 am. Then it took us about 20 minutes to get to Zeitoun.

For several days I had to help to get the camp straightened up. On Sunday 7 th March I went to some Americans' place for the afternoon. They had been in Egypt for 19 years and could not speak English very well. They were of foreign blood. I had a pretty good afternoon. Wednesday 10 th: Captain Graham, my boss, arrived from Ishmalia. Friday 12 th: The NZ Infantry Brigade arrived back from the canal. We had to set to work and get the lines fixed up. Sunday 14 th: went for a walk around Helmieh. We had the first rain we had seen in Egypt. Wednesday 17th: We had night operations. It was not very pleasant work at night in the sand. Saturday 20th: Went to Cairo in the evening. Sunday 21st: went for a walk round Mataria and Helmeih in the afternoon. Monday 22nd: A Divisional Inspection was held by Sir Harry McMahon and General Godley. All the New Zealanders were on that parade which was composed of one Brigade of Mounted Infantry, one Brigade of Infantry, one Brigade of Artillery, Engineers, A.S.C., Medical and others. On Friday 26 March the first draft of Maoris arrived at Zeitoun at 7 pm in the evening. They were accorded a tremendous reception. Most of us boys went down to the station to meet them. On Saturday 27th the Third Reinforcements arrived from New Zealand via Suez. A pretty hard looking lot that came to our company. I believe the draft were called the "Drunken Thirds" owing to a lot of characters who were in that draft.

Sunday 25th was a blinding sandstorm. I went to the Maori camp and saw an old Territorial mate of mine, Jack Edwards. I saw several other Maoris that I knew by sight but the day was so awful that I could not stay long outside so did not have a great day.

Monday 29th was windy. The New Zealand and Australian Divisional Parade under General Godley, was inspected by Sir Ian Hamilton, commander of the Gallipoli campaign. This was the first time the Australians were associated with the New Zealanders. This was the largest parade up to date that I had been on, totalling close on 20,000 all arms. The frontage drawn up in Review Order would be close on two miles so you can just imagine what an imposing sight it must have been. On 1st April was a big route march by the NZ Division. We marched about 25 miles over the desert. 2nd April, Good Friday was a holiday. We went to Cairo. The first big row. Several wounded and much damage done. I had the greatest laugh. My sides were sore. It would take too long to explain.

3rd April. Troops getting ready for embarkation. 4th April very bad sand storm. 5th, Monday: The Maoris, 600 strong departed for garrison duty to Malta. Still a raging sand storm. 6th: fine day on Quater Master's fatigue. 7th: The troops are ready for embarkation. Promoted to Corporal and made base corporal for my Company, Corporal in charge of the main guard. I did not care much for the job. 8th April the troops left at 10 pm for Alexandria en route for the Dardinelles. My battalion embarked on the S.S. "Lutzow", a captured German steamer of 15,000 tons. After the troops left Zeitoun things were going pretty rotten in general and I was very anxious to get away with the boys but the old doctor would not allow it. From the time the boys left till the 28th April were pretty rotten as I had to take my section out all the day and drill them and after that I had another Corporal who was under close arrest to watch and look after. On several occasions I tried to get away but the authorities would not let me. My chance came on 29th April when I got orders to be ready for embarkation.

Friday 30th April, embarked from Zeitoun at 1 am on the great stunt. Arrived at Alexandria on Saturday 1st and embarked on S.S. "Saturnia", a dirty old Indian trooper, terribly dirty and alive with insects. It was on board this ship that I heard that the troops had been in action and large numbers had been knocked out in the landing. Left Alexandria Saturday 1st for the Dardinelles with a smooth sea. Sunday 2nd: sea calm and overcast. Church service. Monday 3rd: Passed a lot of islands in the Aegean Sea. Arrived in the evening at the Island of Lemnos. Anchored in the harbour. Tuesday 4th in Lemnos harbour. Very pretty place crowded with shipping of all kinds. One of the finest harbours I have seen. Wednesday 5th: still in Lemnos harbour. Saw a French Monitor, a very peculiar warship, the first I had seen of that kind. Corporal in charge of picquet on the boat deck.

We departed for the Dardanelles at 4 pm and arrived off Anzac at 8.30 pm. Our ship anchored off the coast. This was my first taste of fighting although not actually under it. The hillsides of Gallipoli would flash up occasionally and the report of the guns and rifles was heard. I was not much in love with it. 7 th May: Fine day. Still on the "Saturnia" we sailed from Anzac to Cape Helles. It was there that I saw the battleships cooperate with the land forces. Our ship was amongst the battleships who were at varying distances from the shore, according to their size, ranging from destroyers to the super dreadnought, "Queen Elizabeth". That day a vigorous bombardment was taking place all along the coast. Several Australians were taken on board. My word our boys were excited to see the way the Navy pumped the shells into the Turks. All along the coast was crowded with shipping including several gigantic liners including the "Olympic" and "Mauratania". It was a magnificent sight looking seaward to see such great boats and to look landwards and see the effect of the shells on the Turks. At one part the cliffs were very abrupt and several Turks were seen on it. Then the Navy got to work and my word you should have seen the earth fly. There was not much of the bluff left when they had finished. We disembarked on to a destroyer and got clear of our ship but had to embark back on board again and stay the night on board ship, which was our last for many a long day. In fact, the last in the world for a lot of the poor chaps.

Saturday 8th May was one of the memorable days of my life. We trans-shipped into a minesweeper, the "Newmarket" and landed at "Y" Beach beside the S.S. "River Clyde" which was beached there at the landing. As soon as we got ashore we had to line up and leave our surplus gear and get instructions. It turned that there was a general advance on the whole front that day and the NZ Infantry Brigade was taking a prominent part in it, so we had to be on the move. From the beach we passed the ruined fort of Sudal-Bahr and also several big gun emplacements with wrecked guns in them. As soon as we got on the hills near the beach my Company, in conjunction with others, advanced in artillery formation. We advanced for about 1 mile in this formation and the shrapnell and high-explosive was beginning to make itself felt. Through that mile of country we passed several Turkish vineyards and farms. Occasionally a bullet from long range would plump somewhere near so we had to advance in extended order. At this stage we would be about 2 miles behind the main line. The nearer we got the thicker the bullets began to fall. By midday we got to the support line and had to remain there until 5.30 pm when the general advance was to take place. In the meantime the bombardment was in full force by the battleships and land batteries, creating an awful din.

The fateful hour arrived and we got the signal to advance. Then the most awful machine gun and rifle fire that I have ever experienced commenced. I have never experienced any since, either in Gallipoli or France to equal it. When the advance started the supports were 1,000 yards behind the front line. We advanced in short rushes. The bullets were falling like rain. As we gradually were getting closer the men were beginning to stop some of the lead. The main force as they advanced, met with strong resistance and the attack did not get very far. A big lot of our boys were left on the famous Daisy Patch. The attack came to a standstill as it was getting dark. Then the men that were left had to carry up provisions and ammunition and carry back the wounded. My word we had a terrible night of it. It was my first under these conditions. The Turks kept up the rifle fire and an awful lot got sniped that night. You could hear the wounded groaning and calling out in amongst the small scrub. Those that were not carrying wounded and burying the dead had to consolidate the new positions so there was no spell. The next day we were in the trenches and got shifted from one part to another. Some of the boys got wounded in the job. Big bombardment by the battleships. My 22nd birthday. I never thought I would see it. I never want to have another under the same circumstances. My Company went into the battle 130 strong and came out 34 strong. My old mate, Bert Squire got smacked in this battle.

Monday 10th, shifted at 6 am to another trench. Made temporary Quartermaster Sargeant in the absence of Sargeant Cameron. I had an awful job drawing rations. The Quartermaster was no good and was too frightened to go anywhere except growl. I had a chap drawing Rum with me and a bullet pierced the bottom of the dixie he was carrying. That finished the rum ration for the day. That evening we were relieved by an East Lancashire regiment. We marched back to the beach in a very round about way and got lost. We started marching at 7 pm and got to the beach by the ruined fortifications at 12 am carrying our full packs. The Battallion Commander told us to make ourselves comfortable in the roadside and we just lay down in our great coats and were soon fast asleep. It poured with rain during the night but the majority of us were too tired and slept through it all. When I woke up next morning I got a surprise to find I was wet through and some of the boys were sleeping in pools of water.

We moved off at 5am next morning towards the Turkish trenches without a bite to eat. We arrived at our bivouac in half an hour which was situated on flat ground subject to floods and the most of it very swampy at this time of the year. We could only dig down in the ground a foot then we struck water. This was the only protection we had from Turkish shrapnel. Another chap and I dug a possie dugout and tried to make it comfortable. It rained all day and we had no wood and consequently had to live on "Bully" and biscuits. We had

absolutely no protection from shrapnel but our brigade was very fortunate. The whole time we were bivouaced in that place we were not shelled but the poor Tommies across the road used to get it hot and strong. Wednesday 12th: still rainy day lying in pools of water. Sgt. Cameron took over Q.M.S. from me. I went away hunting for wood to make a fire. I had a hard job to find any. On my travells that day I passed an old Turkish cemetary hundreds of years old. The tombstones were very queer. I visited the fort of Sudal el Bahr, a great structure but no use against modern artillery.

13th Fine day. Still in the rest camp. Mail arrived but I did not receive any. 14th. A fine day. Swimming parade. While on the march to the beach a piece of shell case came down within a foot of me. A lot of shrapnel about. I sent a field card home. When we got to the beach the Turks were shelling the "River Clyde" and the beaches from the Asiatic shore pretty badly so there was no chance of a swim that day. 15th: Fine day. Batallion inspection by Colonel Young who was a major in the Wellington Batallion. He took over our batallion. He did not make a very good impression being rather hard on us, but the fighting made a man of him eventually. He rose from Major to Brigadier General and was badly wounded in France in the latter part of 1917. Not very well today. Sunday 16th: Left rest camp at 3.30 am for the beach. Roadmaking. A very strenuous time, especially when we had to cook our own tucker. In the afternoon I visited some of the Taranaki boys. Saw Bob Woods. Most of the Stratford boys were killed or wounded. Monday 17th: fine day. Left at 8.30 am for beach, road making. On the return journey we were shelled by the Turks and got rather a bad doing. Some of the boys got hit. 18th: fine day. Left at 3.30 am for the beach, road making. Battalion inspection in the afternoon. 19th: fine day. Left at 3am road making at beach. Arrived back at 9 am.

While our Brigade was at Cape Helles we were attached to the famous 29 th Regular Division under Major General Hunter. I met some very fine boys amongst them, chaps that knew nothing of fear and would stop at nothing. We left the rest camp at 6.30pm with all our gear on our backs for W Beach where the 1st. Battalion East Lancashire Fusiliers made their famous landing. From what I gather, Anzac was nothing to it. Departed from the beach at 11 pm on board a mine sweeper and slept on board. 20th: fine day. Off the Narrows in the Gulf of Saros. Disembarked at 1pm at Anzac. Major Bailey got killed - my old Company Commander. Went to our bivouac at Suicide Gully. 200 Turks surrendered that morning. Saw Ken Stevens in the afternoon. Our Company was on outpost duty supporting the Mounted Brigade. Back to our bivvy in the morning after having a miserable night. Friday 21st: Fine day. Having a rest

in the morning. Road making for 2 hours. Had a lovely swim in the evening. 22nd: Rainy day. Sorting Mail. I got letters dated 23 and 29 March from home, one 31 March from Aunt Rhoda, also 5 papers. 23rd: fine day. In bivvy. Church parade taken by Captain Luxford. Received postcards from Mary, Maggie and home. Saw Bob Woods in the afternoon. Had a look for Wattie McKinley. Monday 24th: went for a swim. Saw Jim Morrison. A small snake got in my bivvy. I got him out but he got away. 25th: fine in the morning - rifle inspection. Rained very hard in the afternoon. Wrote replies to letters. Wednesday 26th: fine day. I had neuralgia. Went to the landing for water. HMS "Triumph" was sunk. I did not actually see her go down but saw the survivors in the boats. The destroyers were very active and raced around in great style. All the shipping had to clear off to Imbros. This was the first taste of submarines.

27th: fine day. I've still got neuralgia. Saw the doctor. Auckland battalion for outpost duty at night. 28th: fine day, very hot. Went to the dentist at Anzac but did not get teeth pulled as I did not like the method. Went to the beach in the evening with Ken Stevens and saw the boys on Divisional bodyguard. 29th: fine day. A lot of shrapnel flying about and several hit. 30th: fine day. Church parade in morning and road making on Pluggies Plateau in afternoon. Lieutenant Simson got killed. Turks attacking our positions at Quin's and Courtney's Posts. Canterbury Battalion departed at 9 am for the trenches. Shrapnel very bad today. 31st: fine day. Corporal in charge of Wellington Guard. Did not go to support lines at night. 1st June: fine day. Several of the wounded came back, sergeant Harris in charge. Had a talk to Captain Woods, adjutant, North Auckland Mounted Rifles. Went to Anzac in the afternoon. 2nd: fine day. Left the gully in the morning for Quinn's Post to relieve the 4th Australian Brigade. Arrived at 12 pm. 3rd June: in the firing line. Relieved the Canterbury Battalion. There was an awful smell of dead Turks who had been killed since the big armistice. They were lying about in all directions. Quinn's Post was one of the hottest and worst positions to hold on the Anzac front. The closest part was 15 yards so things were very unpleasant at times. We had a demonstration that evening and the Turks must have thought we were going to attack. They did get excited.

4th: fine day. In the firing line. Relieved at 11am. Several casualties. Big bombardment at Cape Hellies on the British front. It sounds like a great thunderstorm although we are 12 miles distant. The Allies are having a go at Achi Baba, the big hill which is the key to the Narrows. My battalion attacked the Turks at Quinn's Post at night. My Company had a lot of casualties but we had to evacuate the positions we have gained. This was a terrible job as we

have had no sleep for 3 days. 5th: in firing line. Got relieved by Canterbury Battalion at 3 pm. Went to beach on duty. Mail arrived, 1 letter from Don plus newspapers. Supporting Canterbury Battalion at night. No sleep. 6th: fine day. Went into the trenches at 10am. Very quiet day. 3rd Company attacked the Turkish positions that night. We were not successful. Several wounded. 7th: In the firing line and had a pretty lively time. 8th: The Turks bombed us out of our positions so we had to lie in the open with bayonets fixed but the machine guns from the rear kept the Turks back. We had an awful time and were nearly mad with having no sleep. The attack quietened down at 11 am. We got relieved by the Canterbury battalion and crawled away and had a sleep. This was the first for 6 days and nights - it was only excitement that kept us going but it shook us up pretty badly. In support that night. 9th: fine day. Very dirty. Went to the beach for a swim. Getting ready to shift camp. Thursday 10th: Went to a rest camp in Monash Gully and had to make a bivvy. Went to the beach for a swim. Went to Divisional Headquarters and saw J Ellis. Bought some lemonade off some sailors. 11th: fine day in rest camp. On fatigue at Quinn's Post. Had a talk with Colonel Malone. Bread issued for the first time since leaving Egypt - one slice per man and about a fortnight old but we appreciated it. 12th: °fine day in the rest camp. I was very bad in the stomach. Shrapnel very close today. 13th: fine day in the rest camp. Road making. Got a letter from Aunt Rhoda posted April 14. 14th: fine day. In charge of fatigue party at the supply depot. Very bad in stomach.

The weather while we were here was dreadfully hot and we were in the gullies surrounded by hills. Plagues of flies tormented us day and night. All we wore while in this place was a pair of shorts, boots, hat and singlet. We could hardly eat a bite for flies. They would be in a persons mouth quick and lively. No wonder practically all the troops were affected one way or another with stomach trouble. If it wasn't for inoculations we would have all been under the ground. 15th: fine day. I was put in charge of some kitbags at Anzac Cove. I got relieved in the evening. 16th: showery day. I was still very bad. There was a big bombardment at Cape Helles. 17th: fine day. Shrapnel very bad. 18th: fine day. High explosive shells bursting beside us. Some got hit. I was Corporal in charge of Piquet. 19th: fine day. I had a very severe headache and was bad all over.

During the time we were on Gallipoli for the first 5 months we had to cook our own bit of grub. Our bill of fare consisted of big dog biscuits, bully beef from the Argentine or Chicago and very salty, tea without milk and very little sugar, dried vegetables (which after I had left the doctors condemned), cheese,

bacon and about half a gallon of water if we were lucky, so you can see that the food was not very substantial when a person was run down like a lot of us were. the 4th reinforcements joined the Company. I was put in charge of the 6th section, 10th platoon under Sergeant Maxwell. 20th: fine day roadmaking. Received newspapers from Taranaki also letter from home. Went for a swim. Fatigue at night time. 21st: fine day. Very sick, I was on fatigue at Quinn's Post assisting the miners. Bombardment and advance by the French at Cape Helles. 22nd: fine day. Several wounded men arrived back to the Company. 23rd: Fine day. Inlying picquet. Went for a swim. Several soldiers got wounded with shrapnel. I saw 18 chaps hit with one shell. I got my watch fixed. I omitted to mention that while I was at Cape Helles I had to lie in front of some howitzers that were firing and the concussion shook some of the parts to pieces so one of the boys in the company being a watchmaker he soon fixed it for me. Still very crook. 24th: fine day. Very crook. Had to see the doctor and he ordered me to hospital. I could just walk. While going down the sap I met Dr Craig, our old Doctor, and he said I should have been away long before. He was an awful nice chap devoted to his work and thought an awful lot of his men. He was wounded on several occasions - one of the whitest men I have ever met. Left Anzac Cove by barge for the minesweeper "Newmarket" at 10am. I was very bad, could not eat anything, only drink water. While on the "Newmarket" an Australian orderly looked after us and he was the best I had ever struck, worth half a dozen others. I had some cornflour, very good. 25th: Fine day. Arrived in Lemnos harbour at 10.am. Very weak. Transferred to the 2nd Australian Field Hospital.

Lemnos Island is situated in the Aegean sea about 40 miles distant from the Dardenelles and the same distance from the mainland of Greece. Lemnos Island was the main base for operations in Gallipoli and Salonika at that time. There were huge concentration camps situated in different parts of the island. The land is partially volcanic and the natives go in for agriculture and minor industries. The hospital I was in was situated about 200 yards from the beach and on the outskirts of the village of Mudros. The French camp was a mile distant and it was great to watch the French soldiers with their different methods of work so different to ours. The French army in the Dardenelles comprised mostly of black troops officered by Frenchmen. The Mediterranean is famed for its sunrises and sunsets and the finest I have ever seen was on Lemnos. The beauty of them no pen could do justice to. In Mudros there is a fine church belonging to the Orthodox Greek. Inside the finish and paintings are amazing considering what a remote place Lemnos is in. Dotted over the countryside are ancient windmills. All the farm implements are of a most primitive kind. In fact the island is just the same as it was 2,000 years ago. It is very interesting and during my stay in hospital I got well acquainted with it.

26th: I was situated in a large marquee. Assembled were soldiers of different regiments including Regulars, Territorials, Australians and New Zealanders. I came in contact with some splendid chaps. Feeling a bit better but still weak. 27th: fine day. I went for a swim the water was nice and warm. 28th: fine day. Getting better. There was a big advance by the Allies at Cape Hellies. The Royal Scots did good work. 29th: fine day. A lot of wounded arrived from the recent fighting. Went for a swim. 30th: fine day. I got a glengarry and a badge of the Royal Scots Fusiliers from Murray of the K.P.S.B. 1st: Fine day. Not too good. A lot of sailors, beach party from the HMS "Bucchante" visited our hospital and distributed tobacco. I met some very nice chaps off that ship. The "Bucchante" was the carpenter ship of the navy while out there. 2nd: cloudy day. The Lancashire Division which was with us in Egypt and who also relieved us at Cape Helles arrived for a spell and no mistake the poor chaps needed it. 3rd: stayed in hospital and played pontoon and other games for cigarets as we had no money to gamble with. 4th: cloudy day. Met Neville Griffin. 5th: fine day. Got 3 teeth pulled. In the evening some of us went to a village inland and had a good time. Tuesday 6th: fine day. A lot better. Went for a walk up the hills and had a good feed of fruit. I went to an open air concert in the evening. A French trumpeter at the concert who was supposed to be a champion took part. He played splendidly. 7th: fine day. Went for a swim. Went to the sailors' quarters in the evening. Had a good time. 8th: fine day. Very crook. Had to stay in bed all day. 9th: windy day. A little better. SS "Acquitania" in harbour. 10th: windy day. Very restless night. Being sent to the base. Sunday 11th: fine day. Got orders to get ready. Transferred from hospital to hospital ship "Devanaha" at 10 am. The "Devanaha" is a P&O liner about 8,000 or 9,000 tons. The crew are mostly Lacars. I think the ship was next door to a starvation one instead of a hospital ship. The Lascar stewards were not very good and were hardly civil sometimes to the invalids.

We left Lemnos at 2 pm and passed quite close to the "Acquatania", a Cunard liner of 50,000 odd tons, the largest vessel I have ever seen. My word she was a beauty. I have heard it said they could take 5,000 invalids in her. 12th: beautiful day at sea. Passed many islands in the Aegean sea. Feeling a lot better but my gums were sore. Several of my Company on board. 13th: beautiful day at sea. The Captain received orders to go to Malta. 14th: fine day. We sighted the Island of Malta at daybreak and arrived in the Grand Harbour at Valleta at 6 am in the morning. The medical authorities and Field Marshall Lord Methuen, Governor, inspected the ship. We disembarked at the landing at 1 pm. Maltese ladies gave us refreshments which were very acceptable. We were transported from the landing to Imtarfa Military Hospital