

WWI Primary Source

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Sheep Farmer, Auckland, NZ

Lieutenant William Watson

Service Number: 12/2606

Auckland Infantry Battalion

Served: Egypt, Gallipoli, Western Front

Returned to NZ March 1918

Died 1971, Auckland



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6

HISTORY-SHEET

[E.F. Form No. 3A.]

Advice despatched to soldier: 21/9/20

Unit:	Rank:	Surname:	Auth: 1015	Name: William	quarters: 12/2606
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A. J. B. *Lieut.* *Watson* *William* *12/2606*
2nd Batt A.I.F. *Temp Capt* *M.C.*

Occupation: *Sheep Farmer* Religion: *C of E* Last New Zealand address: *202 Wellington Terrace Wgtn.*
 Last employer: *Self Rangiriri, Waikato* *14:10:30*

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):
Wife Louise M. Watson, Orney Rd. Remuera Auckland.

[Beyond N.Z.]

No. *12/2606* Rank: *Capt* *(Personal call) 2.11.20 for change of address after 388 sent out.*
 Name: *William Watson*
 Address: *202 The Terrace Wellington*

Service

Periods of Service.	Theatres of Operation.
In New Zealand: <u> </u> years <u>260</u> days.	Australasian
Overseas ... <u>2</u> years <u>215</u> days.	Egyptian 1915-16
Total service ... <u>3</u> years <u>109</u> days.	Egyptian E.F. 1916
Date commenced duty: <u>13-3-15</u>	Balkan <u>1915</u>
Date finally discharged: <u>29-6-18</u>	Western European } <u>1916-17</u>
	Asiatic

Wounds

1914-15 Star
 BRITISH WAR MEDAL
 VICTORY MEDAL

Decorations: *No. 6.*
 Signature: *[Signature]*
WEDAL ACTION COMPLETE
19 MAR 1921
 N.B.—Do not omit to advise this office of any future change of address.
 1,000 pads/8/20—12058]

Sick

Overseas ... 2 years 215 days.
 Total service ... 3 years 109 days.
 Date commenced duty: 13-3-15
 Date finally discharged: 29-6-18
 Egyptian E.F. 1916
 Balkan 1915
 Western European } 1916-17
 Asiatic

Killed in action

Died of wounds/sickness

Missing

Prisoner

Injuries in or by Service

1914-15 Star
 BRITISH WAR MEDAL
 VICTORY MEDAL

Decorations: *No. 6.*
 Signature: *Watson, Capt.*
WEDAL ACTION COMPLETE
15 SEP 1921
DEC 1921
 N.B.—Do not omit to advise this office of any future change of address.
 1,000 pads/8/20—12058]

Discharge

Provisional: _____ (Date.) Intended address: *202 The Terrace Wellington*
 Final: 29-6-18 (Date.) *Wgtn.*

Pension

ISSUE AUTHORISED
 Gallipoli Lapel Badges
 Gallipoli Medallion
 Date 29-5-20

* Strike out words not required.

2006.1



A GALLIPOLI DIARY. (Red type written later).

14/8/1915. I left New Zealand (Wellington) in H.M.N.Z. Transport "Willochra" in consort with H.M.N.Z. Transport "Tofua". Captain Buxton (Taranaki Regiment) was Ship's Quartermaster, and when he became ill for a fortnight or more, I acted as Q.M., and with such satisfaction to him that he asked me to take the Ship back to New Zealand as Q.M., pointing out that I would immediately be promoted to Captain (I was junior 2nd Lieutenant in the Hauraki Company) and have a most comfortable job for the rest of the war. He forced me to go to Major S.S. Allen for protection as I wanted to go Gallipoli with him and the men that I had trained. Major Allen was good enough to arrange that I went on with him.

(Major Allen was later Sir Stephen Shepherd Allen, Colonel, K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O. and Bar, etc).

19/9/1915. Arrived in Suez, entraining from there to Zeitoun Military Camp the same day. Stayed one week at Zeitoun, and saw something of Cairo, leaving Zeitoun by train for Alexandria.

25/9/1915. Arrived Alexandria, leaving the same day for Lemnos with the N.Z. Infantry Sixth Reinforcement on the Transport "Osmanieh". I acted as Q.M. on Board. General Brudenell White (Afterwards Sir Brudenell White G.O.C. Australia, and killed at Canberra in an aeroplane crash in 1941) was C.O. Ship, and we had submarine guards on duty all the time, and were dodging these all the way to Lemnos. An Australian transport was torpedoed just ahead of us, and we were a day longer at sea on account of this. I had a lot of work to do on the "Osmanieh", and had Lieutenant Austin Carr (Afterwards Director of the South Insurance Co. Ltd., and whose sister was a bridesmaid at my wedding) to assist me as Q.M. The "Osmanieh" had her holds full of the most priceless foods and stores, such as Huntley & Palmer's biscuits, hams, bacon, oatmeal and flour, cheese, jams and tinned butter and whisky, etc. I had a complete inventory taken of all the holds, and the ship I was told went regularly at night time to Gallipoli, where the fighting men were nearly starving, but never discharged any of her priceless cargo. When we arrived at Lemnos, General White sent for me, and thanked me for my services, and said he was going to write to General Godley thanking him for the way I had ^{run} the extra troops (there were about 1,500 men on Board) and I gave them soup made from fresh meat we had on Board, and extra rations, as they only had their "Iron rations", and he asked me if there was anything he could do for me. I pointed out that the holds of the "Osmanieh" were full of excellent provisions, which had been there for five months, yet this ship went to Gallipoli periodically, where food was so badly required. He instructed the Military Landing Officer at Lemnos Harbour (A gorgeous Captain of the K.O.S.F. adorned with spurs) in my presence, to see that the stores were removed from the Ship before she left Lemnos again. The gallant Captain clicked his spurs, saluted beautifully, and conveniently forgot all about it. After all General White was only a Colonial General!. The crew of the "Osmanieh" were all Maltese, and the Maltese Purser became my adoring friend and slave.

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still full of the provisions that they had when I was Quartermaster of the Ship, coming from Alexandria. (Afterwards I heard the "Osmanieh" was sunk about twelve months later, off the coast of Palestine with all the provisions and stores still on Board). It was a cold dark starlit night when we arrived at Anzac. We had to observe the strictest silence, with no lights or smoking, as where we now lay, we were in full view of the Turkish trenches in daylight. We looked curiously where the land lay, but the lights on shore running up to the hill-tops in the distance reminded me strongly of night time from the Lyttelton Ferry in Wellington Harbour looking towards Oriental Bay. We left the "Osmanieh" and got into barges, to be towed to the Beach by the Navy, who arrived out of the darkness. Still very silent we could hear for the first time bullets "plopping" about us in the water, and one man was hit, I believe by a stray. We landed, and each Officer had to sign his name in a book for some extraordinary reason. It reminded me of Government House.

9/11/1915. Arrived ANZAC, a little after midnight and with the Auckland Battalion proceeded along to the Left to Watercourse Gully, lying without blankets in the cold, sleeping in our overcoats, after carrying heavy packs to Watercourse Gully. Here we were under fire of stray and spent bullets, and had a few casualties. There was a sharp shower during the night.

10/11/1915. Today we went up an old Turkish trench and had a look at surrounding country - the first look we've had. Peeping at the famous "Apex", "Rhododendron Spur", "Walker's Ridge", "Table Top", "Cheshire Ridge", etc. Places I'd read of and doubted I would ever see, because the war might be over before I would get there. That afternoon, the Sixth and Third (Auckland) Companies fell in, and marched down Watercourse Gully through saps and roads, and along the Beach, and were for the first time under the fire of high explosive and shrapnel shells, as well as machine-gun fire. The night had been very cold, but now with our arms, heavy woollen equipment and all our gear for an indefinite period, during a roasting hot day, we were red in the face and perspiring freely. We rested in the shelter of a sap, and then section commanders were ordered to double their sections in turn round the area under fire to Mule Gully. Marching up Mule Gully some Australians came out from their "bivvies" to laugh at us (obviously a new Draft) and most uncomfortable. One practically naked Australian as we suffered in silence gave us a lot of impertinent advice until a Maori boy who was with us stepped out of the ranks and told him in richest Australianness what he thought of Australians generally and of him in particular. It made everybody laugh, and the "Aussies" most of all, who shouted out, "You're all right New Zealand, you'll do when you get up there". I hoped so. We marched up Mule Gully, along and up Canterbury Slope to D. and E2. Sections. I was left that night in charge of E1 and E2 sections of fire trench, and we got nothing to eat or drink except our "iron rations" and the water we carried in our water-bottles until the morning. I posted watches and told off reliefs. Boundary of E2 on the
left

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left being the Boundary of the "Apex" where the Turks were less than fifty yards away, with one of the worst reputations. The smell there was like old bacon, being from the unburied dead in "No Man's Land". It was here that Major Wallingford saved the situation for New Zealand so gallantly with his machine-gun in August 1915. On the right flank Fire Trench E.1. was my boundary. There was no pass-word and no supports that I heard of that night. I dont even know what troops we relieved, but they had left some dusty dirty looking bombs which I at once made up my mind not to rely on, and only knew I would have to fight to a finish with what arms and ammunition we had carried up there, and on which we knew we could at least rely.

10/11/1915. Today I was posted to C.2. under Major S.S.Allen on "Rhododendron Ridge". The Turkish trenches are about 700 yards opposite, and across Sazli Beit Dere. Number 1 Post being in charge of the Sixth Hauraki Company from today until 1st December 1915. From here there is an excellent view of the positions of our's and the enemy's trenches as far as Suvla Bay on the left, and Walker's Ridge on our right across Battleship Hill where the enemy trenches oppose our own. Hill 60 where the Fourth Mounted Reinforcement from New Zealand attacked about the 14th August, and where Desmond Kettle lies, being between us and Chocolate Hill. Away to the right on Walker's Ridge lies Ted Currie - a Christian gentleman if ever I knew one. Here on Rhododendron it is like living in a cemetery. Opposite our "bivvy" on the parapet two men lie buried head and feet. Showing latter of each man. One Turk lies buried with only a heavy german boot shewing on which Sergeant Tuck hangs his over-coat. They lie everywhere some only partially buried (although we try to cover them) in places, and where we dig a new bivvy, we usually dig some up. Everywhere very thickly along the parapets they lie, but we will carry on and do the work they came to do or go under too. Bert Stout, and Colonel Carberry came up to visit us one day. We have now settled in at Rhododendron Ridge, Lieutenant Page and myself. We have a very small pannikin of water daily to wash, shave and brush our teeth with. We have plenty of tea to drink, but we never dare to use any water from our water-bottles, which have to be kept replenished and ready for emergencies. There's strict orders regarding this, where water is so scarce and has to be carried on the backs of mules in the dark from the Beach. Our batmen make a fair kind of porridge, ground up on perforated jam tins from a species of dirty looking army biscuit, of concrete consistency. We get a limited amount of excellent bacon (Major Allen says they can't make good bacon in New Zealand) and some jam, and sometimes MacConichies Stew, but otherwise no vegetables. On our right flank are the Australian Light Horse, and here on our right flank, from where Heaven only knows, Page installed a sniper with rifle and silencer, and an observer with telescope, in a sheltered position a little behind our front line. Farrow was the name of the sniper and Vipond (later launch owner at Fussell Bay of Islands) the name of the observer. They did excellent work

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and Page only counts the dead bodies the Turks throw over the parapet of their front line which he can see and be sure about. The particular sap they shoot them in, is the one going at right angles to their frontline, to their latrines, and the best shooting is after they have had their breakfasts. This went on for some time until one night when I was on duty, the troops on our immediate right flank got a terrific bombardment. I went down and called in the Maori Listening Post in No Man's Land, and returned to our trench, and there was Page. He said I suppose you know what this is all about, and I truthfully said that I had no idea, unless it was the commencement of an attack, but Page says the Australians have such a great reputation that they are getting the credit for all the shooting, and these are Turkish reprisals. I am glad we haven't got such a reputation, but Page is still keeping his Post going. I got a slight scratch on the forehead from a turkish high explosive splinter. Major Allen has named several trenches after Auckland Streets. There is Queen Street, Shortland and Princes Streets, and the latrines are called the Northern Club. Page and I went down to the Beach once or twice and had a bathe. The days are still very warm, and lots of men are bathing on the Beach, but the nights are beginning to get bitterly cold.

2/12/1915. On duty on fire-trench from 12 midnight until "Wash-out" after "Stand-to" at 6:45a.m.. On again from 6.p.m. to midnight. Starting funk-holes in earnest, and heard of strafe on Lone Pine. 5 Officers and 58 men killed, and 200 wounded by high explosive 6, 8, and 12 inch shells. Men are warned to be extra vigilant. An enemy sniper under the Australian line of trenches has not been caught, and the Australians at Lone Pine are getting a hard time. There have been 6,500 casualties of Kitchener's Army troops on Suvla Flat during the snow and cold snap from the 27th ultimo to date.

3/12/1915. (Friday). Anniversary of my Wedding Day and may 3rd December 1916 see us both together again. Writing her. Several men are frost-bitten as a result of the severe weather and fall of snow on the 28th November. Several hundred Ghurka Indian and Australians. It must be telling on the enemy. Working steadily on funk holes and improving our trenches here on Rhododendron Ridge. Heard again 6,500 casualties at Suvla, and 150 men drowned in two feet of water by the flooding of Anafarta River. General Godley and Staff came round the trenches with Colonels Braithwaite and Plugge. One of our howitzer shells fell short (instead of going to Tunik Bair) and fell into our Brigade Headquarters, and killed one man and wounded another. Reason given by artillery, was frozen cordite not igniting.

4/12/1915. (Saturday). Orders to leave men's boots loosely laced, so as not to impede the circulation of the blood in the feet. Many men are suffering from trench feet. Toes and feet become puffy and swell, and are in worse cases very sore aching all the time with no relief when the feet are resting. The doctor pre-
cribing

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prescribing nothing to afford relief. Had a bath! and got into slacks which were a relief after sleeping and wearing puttees night and day. Two Australians shot on our immediate right. Had several glimpses of Turks (with glasses) through them moving about behind their loop-holes. Howitzer battery bombarded Turks in Snipers Nest, smashing their trenches and possies about. Australians sniping them while trying to extricate their comrades.

5/12/1915. (Sunday). Sore shins wearing puttees and riding breeches in trenches, too long.

6/12/1915. Farrow shot German artillery observer - also Turk in opposite trenches. Generals Birdwood, Godley and Staffs came round the trenches. Turks using six inch high explosive shells. Proceeding with "funk-holes", and struck fire-clay, and would like to strike coal, as fire-wood very scarce and hard to procure.

7/12/1915. (Tuesday). Sergeant Cameron took down four copper driving bands of turkish 18 pounder shrapnel casings to Indians to make into one bangle, one ring, and balance into serviette rings. Shells fell into our position and into Mule Gully and were retrieved by Delich (my batman). Turks removed some barbed-wire from front of "Apex" or "Farm House" near Tunik Bair, and all ranks warned to be most careful, and show increased vigilance. Major dining with Brigadier Braithwaite, who came round trenches here at 11p.m..

9/12/1915. (Thursday). Major, and Page went down to the Beach leaving me in charge of Rhododendron Ridge. Heavy bombardment of enemy's position by our artillery today at 2p.m.. Eyes giving me trouble again. No letters since 9th November.

10/12/1915. (Friday). Heavy bombardment by six ships in direction of Gabe Tepe or further over towards "Olive Grove". Our best ships' bombardment since our arrival. Others have been closer, but ship after ship loosed off whole broad-sides of anything more than six-inch guns, and the thunder was incessant. Went round with Page and took two photographs of Tunik Bair from our 3rd Line of Defence and one photograph of Snipers Nest, completing three rolls now ready for developing. Lieutenant Blake (Wellington Regiment) and two Otago men were killed at the "Apex". Blake came with us from Trentham in the Sixth Reinforcements. He was shot at "Stand to" by a turkish bullet through the eye. A nice boy promoted from sergeant at Trentham, and was three years in the Malay States. Heard afterwards he got six machine-gun bullets through his head where the top of his peak joins the cap.

11/12/1915. (Saturday). Page and myself left for a walk in the afternoon round to Monash Gully. Went down Canterbury Slope past Auckland Battn. H.Grs. Along the Beach where I took some photographs of Sphinx and piers and Beach. Along past where the Auckland Battn. landed originally, and turned up Shrapnel Gully, and dug out the shrapnel shell-case that nearly hit the Major and Page the day before. Then up Monash Gully, and up Canterbury Rest Gully all occupied by Australians. Then up the Ridge connecting Plugges Plateau

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chinchins. But the 3rd.F.A. is off with the rest. Move on of sorts. Well its a wonderfully exciting game this war job. All sorts of rumours afloat.

14/12/1915. (Tuesday). All sorts of rumours going round. Something doing. Six or eight ships in close to hospital ship. Stores are being destroyed, given away, burnt and thrown into the sea. Officers tunics, leggings, etc, all. Extra vigilant to-night. Told Sergeant-major not to leave fire trench, without notifying me first. Pretty sure now how matters are.

15/12/1915. (Wednesday). Page detailed as observing Officer for the battalion. Dunckley same (10th Australian Light Horse) for 3rd Brigade consisting of 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th regiments. We've practically known for certain evacuation of Anzac decided upon, and we will probably protect the rear. Just the one worst position of all - galling though the evacuation is. All the men are talking of the humiliation even, when they return to New Zealand. Some of the men say they are not going to return to New Zealand and to admit they took part in such an evacuation. I expect the Sixth Haurakis will be well slathered up in the last, but the retreat or retirement is much the worst of all. Page is "observing" the enemy. I am censoring letters, and am just going up to take our photographs.

At last its come. Tonight the weather is changing. Cold and windy and blowing from the East. If the wind changes God help us all, as it will be too rough to take off the small balance here now. To-night Captain Graham and details left Battalion Head-Quarters for transports. On Friday 15th and 16th Companies go, under Lieutenants Foster and Merrington. On Saturday or first fine or possible night, very small balance leave in three parties. First party under Major (Hauraki Company) at 6p.m. Second party under Colonel Plugge at 11p.m. Third party, Major Alderman, Page, Holland and Jock Mackenzie under Colonel "Bobby" Young. Australians remaining from MacLagans Ridge, Sphinx, to Plugge's Plateau, abandoning the balance of Anzac.

Had an argument with Page. He says the last party of which he is one, is certain to be cut to pieces. I said I didn't think so at all, so he said if I really thought so why didn't I volunteer to stay with the last party with him, instead of the second last lot which I am taking down, which is leaving about an hour earlier. So I said I would, and he at once told me not to be a fool. I went to Major Alderman, Officer-in Charge of last Party and asked if I might be allowed to stay behind and leave with him. He put his hand on my shoulder, and thanked me profusely but wouldn't let me remain.

16/12/1915. (Thursday). Packing up for the flitting, should the order come early. Left kit-bag and gear behind as per list enclosed. One of our aeroplanes (red rings) flew over from Turkish Lines. Enemy fired about a dozen bursts (tiny white clouds) of shrapnel. One burst right in front. Plane went on, then turned spirally downwards, starting to descend. Turks had ceased firing but at once commenced again, whereon plane flew away to Imbros Island. Major has just arrived from H.Crs with new orders. Merrington Foster and Woolly

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Woolly, with the 15th and 16th Companies leave on Thursday evening. Moore-Jones and party leave as a working party on Friday morning. Lieutenant Grey and self leave with 3rd Company and Section of Number 5 platoon (Page's). 6th Company leave 5:15 pm. joining Lieutenant Moore-Jones, and embarking that evening. Colonels Stewart and Plugge, Major S.S. Allen and Brigade H.Qrs (Colonel Braithwaite's) leave 8:45 pm, embarking 10:30 pm.. Colonel Young, Major Alderman, and Lieutenants Page, Mackenzie and Holland remain behind as covering party to 6th Haurakis who bring up the rear. Page says I am getting jaundice and am yellow about the eyes. The Major has it badly.

Just off at midnight; Walkers Ridge and Co. is as merry and willing as usual. Embarkation proceeds. Two Turkish shrapnel shells burst on pier. Suspect fresh troops across on Battleship Hill owing to excessive use of periscopes. Most of the men have been suffering from gastritis and jaundice owing to the same food day after day. Captain Bailey came over from 9th Light Horse (Australian) and I went back with him over his line of trenches.

17/12/1915. (Friday). Promised Page (re covering party in case of his death) to buy in London, one best doll with real eye-lashes, to Miss Ona Page. Roberton Road, Avondale.

All movements have now been planned out in detail. I am taking two parties of Sixth Haurakis and Third Aucklands, and manning 15th Company's line of Defence. Cancelled for 24 hours.

18/12/1915. (Saturday). On Duty 12 a.m. to 7 a.m. Still no attack by Turks. Heard news of General French resigning his Command. Bulgars surrounding French and drove British back to Salonica. Servians driven out of Serbia, and three divisions (or Army Corps) of Austro-German troops marching on to Suez Canal, having passed through Constantinople. Together with our humiliating evacuation here, seems to be as black for England, as things well could be. Our destination we are told being Egypt, via Lemnos. New Zealand Forces arrived 25th April 1915 (Sunday) and we leave 34 weeks exactly (Sunday) to-morrow, achieving nothing but heavy losses in troops and money. Had the "Apex" Attack and Suvla Bay Attack been pushed, the whole war would have ended much sooner than it will now take.

Took over Number 2 Post with thirty-five men all told. 14, 3rd Company men and 21, 6th Company men as Officer Commanding. The last night. Will they attack? To-morrow we go. The password is "MALTA". McArthur and self watching all night. Delich carrying up our food from 6th Company's Officers' (Perry) cook-house

19/12/1915. (Sunday). THE LAST DAY. The Turks have not attacked and they've missed their chance. Some donkeys came wandering up the trench towards the "Apex". What will happen to them, Heaven only knows. All day moving up and down the lines, arranging matters for the final evacuation taking place to-night. At 12 pm. I was up at the "Apex" near E2 when the Turks started firing their high explosive eight inch shells, which were already referred to being at Kavak Tepe. First fell other side of Snipers Nest, then
down

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down Sazli Beit Dere. 3 fell Kids Sap, and 4 above the Major's bivvy. Number 5 went into No.2. Post fire trench (mine). The 6th shell between E and E2 near machine gun, and blew some of us nearly over. Smothered 6 or 8 feet of earth on Corporal Hill's bivvy. The next four fell into the gully about thirty or twenty-five paces towards Canterbury Slope. 11th fell into the Dere below E1, and the 12th fell on the back of the "Apex". This was our first experience of really large H. E. shells and is quite different to the smaller shrapnel stuff that we've had up to now. It has a nerve-wracking tearing effect, and I was surprised to notice when it was over that although I felt perfectly normal every other way, when Sergeant Mackenzie handed me a cigarette that both our hands were trembling, and I remarked about it. Directly they stopped I ran out and picked up a fuse (or nose-cap) which was too hot to hold (6,000 yards from Kavak Tepe) and put Sergeant Mackenzie and a party and Corporal Melville and party to clear away trenches which were a mass of earth, sand-bags, burst bombs, and debris of all sorts, hats, equipment, etc, and pieces of shell. As these guns were only ranging (an Austrian battery), I hate to think what the place will be like when they get going properly. Each burst of shell threw earth all over our party. Damned glad when that show was over. In the evening Lieutenant Grey and I marched down the sap at 5pm., each man knowing:-

Name of Officer in charge of his own party.

1. Time party moves off.
2. Roughly the route.
3. No smoking or lights.
4. Keep closed up.
5. Move slowly in front.
6. Silence. No talking.
7. Embark and disembark as quickly as possible.
8. Close up on lighters. No sitting down, so as to get as many men on as possible.

Men marched down splendidly, observing all the above for the sake of the men staying behind, and still to come. While we were halted prior to starting, at the corners of Grafton Road and Alderman's Sap, Turks fired four shrapnel searching over our route of departure. Slowly carrying their heavy packs, the machine-gunners carrying the guns and gear as well, we came down to the Beach slowly, stopping and pausing, and the very heavy packs were very wearisome pulling down our shoulders - especially the machine-gun men - who had the 60 pound gun in addition. Each man carrying 150 rounds of ammunition. Before we left Rhododendron Ridge, each party was instructed that we were to make for the Beach as fast as possible and embark and get away. On no account was any party to turn round and go back even though we knew the front line was being attacked. In addition too to the above, each man was carrying every thing that he possessed that he was taking off the Peninsula. We arrived about 7pm. on Williams' Pier, and packed 400 on a lighter and away she went out to the "Ermine", which was captained by a Naval Officer. Men went all over the decks, holds, everywhere. The New Zealand men, Ghoorkas, and Australians were the troops on our transport, which then pulled out and left for Lemnos. The weather had held, thank God, and with

luck

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luck they all should get off. The night was dark, with fast travelling clouds over the cold stars. Before leaving, we destroyed million of rounds of ammunition. I put 20,000 down the latrines as well as hundreds of bombs. All over our lines (Auckland Battalion) the same destruction went on. Three million of rounds were thrown into the sea. Five tons of ammounal were left to be blown up by the warships afterwards. As I have already said, the last orders (secret), read to Officers and then destroyed, was to go on if turks attacked after we left, unless otherwise ordered. We left, passing dixies, packs, equipment and all sorts of gear and stuff left behind by previous departing troops. We felt safe enough now as we passed on down the saps, perspiring under the very heavy loads of haversack, water-bottle, valise, revolver, overcoat, glasses, canteen and two turkish bayonets. Doesn't seem much, but they weighed heavily enough, and they rubbed and pulled in the saps. Lieut. Holland took charge of my Post at Rhododendron Ridge. Spent bullets spat very occasionally as we left the Pier in the lighter, and every second we expected the raking shrapnel, which the turks had sent down on the previous nights. We boarded alongside the "Ermine", and the Officers ate biscuits of "Iron rations" (the army biscuit like concrete that we were already so tired of) and water from their water-bottles. Lord the relief, and how soft the cushions were, and I slept unbrokenly (the first time for over six weeks) until we pulled alongside the "Winnifredian" but then "lay to" until 8 :30am, when we had more biscuits and water, and then they pushed off here to Mudros East in a lighter. What of Fage and the last party?

Earlier this morning (Monday 20th December 1915) as we stood on Board and looked on deserted Anzac (5th Ghoorka and New Zealand Officers) we watched the black hills outlined against a windy sky, what had taken so many New Zealand lives to attempt to take. A dark evening, no lights anywhere and everywhere the same silent activity. About 10,000 or more men to get off to-night. It did not remind me of Oriental Bay now, I knew it too well. It was absolutely delightful when we got into the dark saloon of the "Ermine", and comfort of everything, the cleanliness after the dirt of the trenches and everything was too delightful for words. Unfortunately we couldn't get anything to eat or drink, except our "iron rations".

The Password and Countersign to-night on the "Apex" and Rhododendron are, HUKEMAI and HEREMAI. The last party are leaving at 2:30 am, we will be relieved when we hear they have got away safely.

They landed at ANZAC on Sunday. The HELLES stunt was on Sunday. The APEX stunt was on a Sunday, and we left on a Sunday.

20/12/1915. (Monday). Left the "Ermine" without any breakfast (biscuits excepted) and arrived at Mudros East, and marched to our tent, and saw Grey who had real cake with icing. I ate three large slices and didn't like to finish the cake. Then about one dozen mandarins purchased from a greek. Then another piece of Grey's cake and some bread, and Grey's man came in with some ivelcon (hot soup), and finished off with some biscuits of Foster's. Then I got some of my mail sheepskin jacket, tobacco, under-pants and singlet, and all sorts of good stuff from dearest old Lulu. Also two cakes which look delightful. Oh it's good not to be watching for the eternal 75 high velccity

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velocity 3 inch shrapnel. Major S.S. Allen arrived a few hours after us. Also saw Bert Stout who arrived this morning after us, leaving Anzac at 9pm. I wonder what line of trenches the Turks charge and break through first, but I expect they are still firing away at us. It really is the neatest thing I've ever heard of or seen done on such a scale, and they haven't the vaguest idea of our going. We hear all got off successfully, without any casualties, which is absolutely wonderful. Bombs in thousands were left in boots and packages lying everywhere, so that if they were touched they would go off and blow the toucher to bits. One Colonel of Australians had a very deep latrine about thirty-five feet deep, that had been in use almost since the Landing. He blocked up one end of his main sap, and led the other end round to the latrines, after covering the top of the latrine with brush-wood and earth to make it look like part of the main sap. At Quinn's Post (always a particularly lively spot, where our trench was on the top of a cliff's edge, with the cliff behind us, and the turks' trench only a yard or two away) where the Turk was unable to dislodge us all through the long weary weeks, about quarter of an hour after Colonel R. Young (last covering party) left they blew up a huge mine under the Turks at Quinn's Post. The Turks blazed away until the transport left, and unless our three donkeys walk up the sap and over the fire trench, they will be still firing away at our empty trenches. It does seem damned funny, and so very well organized and carried out. Today all Officers and men are wandering about with plenty of cake and good stuff to eat - which is such a change from the trenches, and I must say I am glad to be off the Peninsula. Arrived at Mudros East to find practically no arrangements made by Graham or C.M.S.. Colonel Braithwaite looked in to say that today the Turks bombarded at 12pm Walker's Ridge, Apex, Lone Pine etc, same place with high explosive as described in 19th inst. and was very lucky to be out of that strafe. Horrible great tearing rending things those high explosive shells (13 inch and 8 inch). I hate the idea of being killed by concussion alone, and not being touched by anything. Yesterday they nearly threw us off our feet at the Apex, and threw two of my men on to their knees and faces on my Post No2. Some of the Navy acted as transports for some of our parties from Gallipoli to Lemnos, and the Officers were simply splendid in their true Naval hospitality, and it made the men feel they had really done something. The Naval men hustled the dirty tired unwashed men from the trenches, gave them hot baths, fell all over them with eagerness and kindness, gave them a most welcome whisky and soda and meal. All the men had hot baths, and "as hospitable as the Navy" is proverbial. We left three donkeys in the trenches and they now are the sole survivors there. It really is very funny and quite a joke on Jacko as he could have got millions of pounds worth of stores and thousands of lives if he had attacked and harassed us during the evacuation. Walker's lot couldn't have got off without a lot of casualties, and if they could have got their shrapnel on to our slow five knot lighters each carrying 400 men packed like sardines, well Goodbye Dolly Gray. Mistake after mistake was made at Gallipoli: First The Landing. Second Suvla Bay, stopping and digging in when fired on by a few ancient policemen. About 1,000 of these held up

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up about 60,000 "Kitchener's Army" British troops, who should have gone right across the Peninsula (at the Isthmus really) and held the line there thus cutting off the flower of the Turkish army of some hundreds of thousands including Kemal Pasha, with vast quantities of stores and guns etc. It would have meant the surrendering of all these, and the opening of the Narrows, the immediate downfall of Turkey, and kept Bulgaria out, and probably brought Greece and Roumania and perhaps Bulgaria in on our side. It would have let Russia get her wheat and stores out and stopped the Austro-German divisions now threatening the Canal which we are going to stop. Shortened the war by at least twelve months. All that is, and all that might have been, however! After our chance was gone and the 60,000 had all dug in on the flat at Suvla Bay close to the beach and done nothing else, the turks hurried up 200,000 men from Bulair to stop any further attempt at landing on our Left, we should have evacuated, but to have achieved such an evacuation so early as we did, was a great and creditable movement, as the Turks were in full view of the Beach and landing places, reaching everywhere with high explosive and shrapnel. Canterbury Mounted Rifles had kerosene tins with dripping water, to fill and upset a weight to jerk the triggers and fire rifles, long after the troops had left the trenches.

21/12/1915. (Tuesday). LEMNOS. Major Allen who had jaundice for the past week, and wouldn't go before, left for Hospital today. Got a cable posted from the Base Post Office at Alexandria from dear little Lulu wishing Many Happy Returns for the 3rd inst. Short of food. Thank Heaven for the cakes and tin boxes the dear soul sent. We get New Zealand mails and parcels sooner or later, but weeks and sometimes months - often 2 or 3 months late. Now we are told no correspondence is to be forwarded to N.Z. for 3 weeks. Read Lulu's letters several times today, dear old thing she is.

22/12/1915. (Wednesday). LEMNOS. In morning paraded for first drill movements for years it seems. Carried stones round lines as usual at Lemnos. Brigadier and Mounteds left for Egypt. In evening Page left for Egypt as "Advanced Party" of Brigade for our Battalion. I took charge of morning and afternoon parades. Went and visited Major Allen at an English Hospital. (Number 15 Stationary Hospital).

23/12/1915. (Thursday). LEMNOS. Took over the Company for the morning parade. Only Officer on parade for the 6th Haurakis. Major Allen came over for a stroll out of hospital. Went back with him. Very bleak cloudy cold day. In Routine Orders congratulations from General Sir Charles Munro, and Generals Birdwood and Godley for coolness and steadiness of Australian and New Zealand troops in "Withdrawal from Gallipoli Peninsula". I am Orderly Officer today for the Battalion. Orders to hold ourselves in readiness to move at any moment. Went out to take a snapshot of Mudros East, but the light was too bad. Greeks as usual fishing round incinerator and selling and thieving round camp. Received orders for Delich and self to proceed to transport tomorrow, passing Brigade H.Q. at

7:20am.

G A L L I P O L I .

Those hungry hills of rotten rock,
Whose yellow sands the azure laves.
Do sea-birds gather in their flock
And swoop above the shallow graves?

And where we bathed along the Beach,
The hungry laughing naked men,
My thoughts go harking back to reach
To days of anguish, once again.

And those who trod the Anzac Heights,
Remember still the tainted air,
Remember those fierce days and nights,
And pathos that existed there.

Remember Rhododendron Spur,
And where the trench ran up the Hill,
Remember where Head-Quarters were,
Do rhododendrons grow there still?

From trenches on those freezing nights,
Far down below the bright lights dip,
And lift and dip, the line of lights
And comforts, on the Red Cross ship.

Ere dawn the precious water came
By patient mules - tins on their back -
Before the shrapnel took its claim
Along that well remembered track.

++ On Walker's Ridge, Ted Currie lies.
W. Hills hold Desmond's grave.+
The God-forsaken enterprise
So consecrated by the brave.

Do trenches still, run up the hill,
And wind their way, amongst the clay,
Do cold winds fill, the gullies chill,
And whisk their play, down to the Bay?

On Lemnos by the big camp-fire
Tired ragged men are gathered round,
These soldiers who compose the choir,
To-night seem there on hallowed ground.

A choir-boy singing by the sea.
An angel in the soft moon-light,
Simply, "Nearer my God to Thee".
Saint Paul was here on such a night

And "Trumpeter" he sings again.
(How do the little things come back),
The smoking weary fighting men,
A nurse and sailor by the track.

++Lieutenant Desmond Kettle. Auckland Mounted Rifles .