

*Waimate Daily Advertiser.* 15 September 1915 [29 July 2015]

## **FIRST WAIMATE BOY KILLED.**

TRIBUTE BY A FELLOW N.C.O.

The following valuable contribution from the pencil of a fellow N.C.O., and one who was well acquainted with him and was in a position to note the high estimation in which he was held by all, was written on Gallipoli Peninsula, 25th July, and came to hand yesterday:

### THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

CORPORAL J. A. SCOTT, WAIMATE.

In the death of Corporal Scott, our regiment has lost one of its keenest and most enthusiastic non-commissioned officers. Whilst he was faithfully carrying out the duties attached to his rank, his quiet and unassuming nature soon won for him the appreciation of his comrades, who were unanimous in proclaiming him a thorough gentleman and a true soldier. He was one of our Waimate contingent who enlisted on the outbreak of the war with the main body, and the same noble spirit which prompted him to answer the first call of the Empire was manifest in him all throughout our camps in Addington, and Egypt, until that memorable Sunday, April 25th, when Corporal Scott, along with many brave comrades, made the supreme sacrifice on Gallipoli Peninsula.. It was the same old story of true British patriotism — young life cheerfully given to the cause of justice and freedom, and in the fight against tyranny and oppression. “Who dies if England live?”

“Killed in action!” What nobler and more honourable epitaph could be inscribed on the little wooden crosses which mark the graves of our dead on the Peninsula?

His future was one of great promise, but his unselfish spirit was strong to realise the path of duty. Better by far to sacrifice that bright career in the cause of Empire than to live in shame at having heard the call to duty and heeded it not. The splendid example of such heroes, as Corporal Scott, might well be taken to heart by many of our civilian comrades in New Zealand to-day. In this time of such a colossal national crisis, have they greater claims to a life of ease and pleasure than the millions who have done and are doing their share to-day?

Although he rests by the sea-girt hills of the Gallipoli Peninsula, Corporal Scott will long live in the memories of the “boys” of the 2nd South Canterbury Regiment, who were privileged to share the associations of a true soldier and a man. To the family of our late comrade we extend our sincere sympathy,

knowing well they will carry their sorrow with that fortitude born of true patriotism.

CORPORAL D. LEEDEN,  
2nd South Canterbury Co, (of Waimate).

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NEEDED A REST.

FOUR, MONTHS IN TRENCHES.

ST. ANDREWS MAN'S LETTER.

Mrs S. Cague. of St. Andrews, has received the following letter from her third son, acting **Corporal W. Cague**, dated Mudros, October 3, the writer being in hospital there recuperating after four and a half months on Gallipoli:—

"I have just come out of the hospital where I was sent after being four and a half months in the trenches. I had a month's spell in the hospital, and then joined my company. I had not far to go to do this, as the New Zealanders had come over to the island for a spell. I was promoted to the rank of acting corporal about three weeks before I went to the hospital. I don't know how long I will keep the stripes but judging from the present look of things I think my promotion is permanent. In the second landing which took place about two months ago nearly all the non-commissioned officers were put out of action, and there was only one non-commissioned officer left in my platoon, and I am the only main body man left in my platoon.

**George Dix** and **Jim Pullinger** are still in the hospital. **Jack Johnson** from Otaio has returned from the hospital. He was not seriously wounded. Joe Wallace was killed alongside of me on the morning of the British landing. He was our platoon sergeant. The Canterbury Battalion took a ridge from the Turks just at daybreak and we drove the Turks off the ridge and started to entrench, when they opened on us with machine-gun and rifle and gave it to us hot, and until we dug down deep enough we lost a lot of men, but nothing in comparison to what the Turks lost both in men and ground the night before. There was a gully not far from where I was stationed at the time when the Turks tried to break through our lines. The Turks numbered about four thousand, but about a dozen British and New Zealand machine-guns got to work and only about 300 of them escaped. The Turkish snipers are a great trouble to us, as sometimes you cannot locate them as they are so well concealed and use a silencer on their rifle. It is a great sight to watch the battleships shelling the Turkish trenches. You see Turks and sandbags and dirt blown right up into the air.

The Sixth Reinforcements have arrived here, but I have not had a chance to see them all yet. I met **Cuthbert Williams** among them.

You have already heard of Quinn's Post. Not long after the landing two battalions of ours were sent to garrison it. I was in one of the battalions and had a good experience of trench work for two months. The Turks gave us hot time of it until we made our trenches bomb proof. In one place trenches were only ten yards distant from the Turkish trenches, and we used to give the Turks a rough time of it with hand grenades. One of the finest sights to witness is the naval bombardment. I have seen Achi Baba smothered in smoke and dust from top to bottom. You were inquiring about **A. Watson** (**Private A. Watson** was a linotype operator in the "Timaru Post"), but as far as I know he was killed the first day we landed. I never saw him after we landed, because we were split up and I never saw my company for five days. I got amongst the Australians and was with them four days, and was on the missing list of my company for three days. I was alongside **J. Scott** and **J. Millburn** when they were killed, and I was sorry to lose them. They were both killed on the third day after the landing and both were shot by snipers. I think they were too eager, because they used to lean right across the parapet and shoot at top. **Harold Radcliffe** was killed in about the same place on the first day. That portion of the line where I was, was just about the hottest for the first two days. Ten of us from my platoon went to that part of the line, and only two—**Stan Robinson** and myself, returned.