

MANY ADVENTURES.

SENSATIONS WHEN UNDER FIRE.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE HIT.

A resident of Christchurch has received the following letter from Private W. O'Connell, of the Otago Battalion, who writes from the Convalescent Home at Highbury, Birmingham, and gives a bright and cheery account of his sensations when under fire: —

“I was put out of action at the Dardanelles on April 23, after three days' tough fighting. I was nearly 'kilt entoirely' more than once, but my luck was in, as it seemed impossible for anything to live there for an hour. A lump of shrapnel eventually got me in the knee and stuck there until the ship's doctor hauled it out. On my way to the beach I was getting dressed by an ambulance chap, when a shell landed and nearly buried the two of us. I wasn't sorry when I got back to the boat out of the range of shell fire.

“I will not attempt to describe the landing to you, as no doubt you have read all about it in the papers. They will probably have told you all about our 'unsurpassed bravery,' 'dauntless courage,' 'extraordinary dash,' etc. Personally, I did not feel very 'dashing,' nor brave either; but I soon found out that the only way to dodge the bullets and shrapnel was to take no notice of them. There was no retiring, as the Turks would have driven us into the sea, which they tried very hard to do, so I think we fought for our own safety more than anything else.

“While I was there we were all mixed up with the Australians. Our officers were nearly all shot, and everybody seemed to be fighting away on his own. There was a continuous stream of wounded going down to the beach, and dead were lying everywhere. It gave me a queer feeling for a start, but in the excitement I forgot about everything. Some fellows seemed to be praying and others were swearing at the tops of their voices. I don't know what I was doing, but I will give myself the benefit of the doubt and say I was praying. I did not know that I was hit until I saw the blood coming. They put me into a hospital at Alexandria for about a week, when I had to stay in bed, not being able to move. I thought the bone had been splintered, and I feared that my tennis days were at an end. They sent me here to Birmingham, and I am nearly all right again, and hope to get my discharge in about a week's time, so that by the time you get this I will probably be in the firing line again.

“Am I anxious to go back there? Yes, dying to go! There is no fascination about the whizz of shells and bullets. But I have a lot to go through yet, and must take

my chance with the other fellows. I don't think that there will be many of my regiment left when I get back; all my own section have either been killed or wounded — mostly wounded, though, I am happy to say.

“I am quite comfortable here. I am in the residence of the late Mr Joseph Chamberlain and get a motor ride occasionally. I am the only New Zealander here at present, so I am feeling as if I am left out of things. There are a lot of Tommies, but the majority of them speak a dialect which is totally beyond me. England, as a place to live in, I would not like. It is too artificial-looking — like a big garden. Of course, I must see London yet.”

FROM THE DARDANELLES

NEW ZEALAND WOUNDED.

FIRST ARRIVALS IN ENGLAND.

CHEERFUL CONVALESCENTS.

STORIES OF THE FIGHT.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

LONDON, May 26.

The first of the New Zealand wounded from the Dardanelles reached England last Sunday by the hospital ships *Ghurka* and *Delta* from Alexandria, and another batch came by the *Letitia* this week. Two of these vessels —the *Ghurka*, and the *Letitia* are Indian hospital ships, and the men speak very highly of the gentleness and attention of the Indian orderlies.

Under the R.A.M.C. system the wounded are distributed amongst the military hospitals of the United Kingdom wherever there are vacancies, and almost any day one may see here, as in Northern France, Red Cross trains travelling at a quiet pace through the beautiful green country side, the admiration of our men who have lived long in the brown sunburned East.

A number of New Zealanders have gone to the Second Western General Hospital, at Manchester. That is to say, they are in different hospitals and institutions in and around that city. Another large group are in the First Southern General Hospital at Birmingham; and a few are at Chichester and Eastbourne. Arriving as they did on Sunday, the men had a great reception at both cities, and a triumphal procession through the streets to the hospitals, where they arrived loaded down with flowers, cigarettes, and sweets. Mr Mackenzie and his daughter saw the arrival at Birmingham, and conversed with a number of the men, who were very comfortable and generally convalescent. Miss Mackenzie also visited Chichester and saw the wounded there. During the week those at Birmingham have all been visited by Mrs M. Muir (formerly of Balclutha), and Mrs Scholofield (Wellington), and it is understood that New Zealanders in London (and particularly the contingent of nurses) will visit them from time to time. The New Zealand War Contingent Association is providing any necessary comforts, and the London office of the *Otago Daily Times* is supplying the men with what they are most keen on — i.e., news from home.

I have visited Birmingham and Manchester, and have seen most of the men in both places. The great majority are only slightly wounded, and many of the

wounds have quite healed, so that hospital treatment is no longer needed. In over a hundred cases not half a dozen are serious, and quite a number of the men are surprised that they have been sent here at all. Without exception they wish to say that they are very comfortable, and more than grateful for all the War Office and the people of Birmingham and Manchester are doing for them. They are particularly anxious for their friends to know that they have everything they require.

Most of the wounded were carried down to the beach from the fighting line by the ambulance bearers, though after the first day or two this work was always done at night to save casualties. After being collected there they were put on the lighters and towed off to the transports at Lemnos. They stayed some days at Alexandria, where they were quartered in the Ras el Tin Hospital, and then embarked for Southampton.

THE LANDING.

The New Zealand infantry and engineers left Alexandria a week or so before the landing. The mounted men, who were left in Egypt, were most anxious to go to the front, and were quite willing to operate on foot when they found it was a job for infantry. The transports, with the troops on board, anchored in the roadstead at Lemnos, where day after day the men practised climbing down rope ladders into the lighters and landing on the beach. Each lighter held about 50 men, and three lighters were taken in tow by a torpedo boat. When the landing came the place of honour was given to the Australians, who did their work with wonderful pluck and tenacity. The Auckland infantry landed in support about 9 o'clock, followed by Canterbury, Otago, and Wellington. The New Zealanders were more fortunate than the Australians in their landing beach, for they seem to have been grounded on a portion which had no entanglements under water. The coolness and cheerfulness of the sailors was a tonic to all, and is one of the themes upon which all speak with unbounded admiration. Though the sailors took no notice of the missiles, the Australasians could not resist the temptation to duck when they heard the "phit" of the bullets in the water, and particularly when the shells were heard coming over the hill from the Turkish batteries. The commander of the destroyer Bulldog, which took the 17th Wellington ashore, seems to be one of the old sea dog order, and greatly assisted the New Zealanders to land in the right frame of mind. Just before they stepped off the deck into the pinnacles he made them a little speech, cheering them up with the assurance that they would get through all right, and that in any case they were lucky for the chance of getting their own back against the Germans and Turks.

A TOUGH NUT.

The New Zealanders all admit quite frankly that they marvelled at their own discipline under circumstances which Sir Ian Hamilton and Lord Kitchener have both described as extraordinarily difficult and trying. All scoffing at German military incompetence is a thing of the past. What astonished all was the energy and thoroughness with which the German officers, in a few months, utilised the

difficult ground and the crude, raw material of the Anatolian peasants to put up such a fine resistance. The praise of our military chiefs bears out the conviction of both New Zealanders and Australians that if the position had been held by British troops no army could possibly have landed on that exposed hillside.

The fire-swept beach was so narrow that there was no room to form up the companies for the advance. Officers did what they could, but it became at once a position for a good deal of individual initiative and resource. Packs were thrown aside, and the men, with fixed bayonets, rushed up the steep hillsides to the reserve trenches, now cleared of Turks by the charge of the Australians.

What was the country like? Well, the Otago men thought it was rather like Saddle Hill. The Canterbury men suggested Porter's Pass; the widely-travelled man from Auckland said the King Country. It was very broken and ridgy and covered with a low shrub like taumatakuri or manuka, which made close touch and direct advance impossible, besides giving the Turkish snipers plenty of cover. The men had to thread their way through. Even after several Australians had passed through the scrub from the beach to the firing line our soldiers were constantly being "potted" by snipers in their rear, perhaps the most exasperating and demoralising form of attack.

It was here that the oversea spirit of irregular warfare proved so valuable. Lance-corporal Popple (16th Waikatos) says: — "Though the discipline of the Australasian Corps was not supposed to be too good in Egypt, there was no chance for officers in such a landing, and we pushed on up the hill. The Australian and New Zealand Engineers had landed early, and set to work to make decent tracks as soon as the leading battalions got a footing. They also put up a wireless station, which the Turks fired on at once and tried to demolish."

AN ORDEAL OF FIRE.

The hunters' instinct proved a costly one for the colonials, especially the Australians. No troops ever went through a more severe ordeal than they did in those early days on the slopes of Sari Bair. Under constant fire from carefully concealed snipers, they had their officers picked off in dozens. One sniper opposite the Auckland Battalion was picking off a man almost every five minutes, and it was hours before he could be located. "Look out, sir," said one of our men to an Australian officer who was standing exposed, "there's a sniper across there."

"Oh! damn the sniper!" was the reckless reply. Three minutes later he was shot through the heart. Hour after hour, day after day, the New Zealanders and their comrades sat tight under this ordeal. Is it any wonder that their tempers now and again overcame their prudence? Far out in front of them, as every man knew, dozens of their comrades lay amongst the scrub.

The Australians, who bore the brunt of the first attack, suffered a bitter experience of Turkish barbarity, and were mad with fury. Overwrought by the tension and the picking off of their officers, they had charged far ahead in pursuit of the flying Turks, right up to a concealed trench, from which a

murderous fire thinned their ranks. They had to retreat, and as they retired to their own positions more were picked off by the concealed snipers. Perhaps 300 of our men (chiefly Australians) fell in front of the trenches in this manner. It was a costly lesson, but they had more to learn.

Next night out of the darkness a body of men dressed in colonial uniforms approached the front trenches and whispered to our men not to fire. Fortunately, they were on their guard, and they let loose into the brown of the Turks, doing much execution. Amongst the dead, who were wearing the uniforms taken from the Australasian dead and wounded, were both Turks and Germans. Some of the bodies of our men were recovered later, and every one had been mutilated by the Potsdam-Ottomans. One of the snipers caught had a string of identification discs taken from the unfortunate Australasians who fell in the advance, and others had taken wrist watches off the dead. It was sights like this, and the stories of mutilation that exasperated our men against the Turks, and made it a matter of great difficulty to protect the Turkish prisoners, both going down to the beach and on the transports, from the knives of the Indian soldiers and followers.

A New Zealand soldier told me of the discovery, not far from our front, of a snipe-hole containing no fewer than seven healthy Turk snipers. "They asked, for mercy, and," he added laconically, "they got it." In the quiet life he had lived in New Zealand, I am quite certain this man had never hurt a mouse. This reminds me of the comment of a Canadian officer (fresh from a gas attack) on Dr Lyttelton's admonition to love our enemies: "Yes, sonny, and so we will."

Sunday was a critical day, and we can congratulate the New Zealanders and Australians that with their penchant for independent warfare they probably stuck to their ground faster than the highest trained regulars would have done. It was about mid-day that our first guns — a Punjab mountain battery — were put ashore on the beach. As the gunners were strapping up one of the guns ready to scale the hillside a Turkish shell burst right into the midst of them, and when the dust cleared mules and men lay stretched and quivering on the ground. It was a sickening spectacle, but it only brought the sooner to those who saw it that recognition of the realities which establishes confidence. "Just at first," says Corporal Shields (Masterton), "one is terrified at the sights. It stupefies you to see your comrades laid out. But then the instinct of self-preservation comes over you, and you do not care again."

Our men in the first critical moments took heart of grace from the coolness of the seamen as they worked the boats; and from the fine stoical example of the Punjabi gunners as they proceeded to repair the damage and pack the gun on other mules, as calmly as if nothing had occurred.

Later in the day some more guns were landed, and the Australasians then felt they had established themselves ashore. As each of the New Zealand battalions landed they were pushed forward to the left flank to support the Australians, and then forward to the direct front.

Owing to the lack of roads and the difficulty in establishing foothold ashore, the advance firing line was in imminent danger of being left without ammunition. When the New Zealanders went forward in support they found the Australians already out of ammunition, and the stretcher bearers, as they returned from carrying the wounded to the beach, brought back ammunition and water on their stretchers. Lieutenant Newbould rushed forward with a company of New Zealand engineers to construct entanglements in front of the trenches, but the Turks had already come on strongly — a whole division was launched against the Australian left, and they had to retire, fighting their way.

THE NEW ZEALAND SAPPERS.

Our engineers, though they were only embodied from the British section a month or two earlier, behaved splendidly. Under Captain M'Neill (Egyptian Army) and Captain Donald Simson (New Zealand) they worked like niggers under a constant fire. Captain M'Neill was wounded in the leg while superintending tire digging of reserve trenches just above the beach shortly after landing, and Captain Simson has also been wounded since. The engineers were digging saps for advance trenches, and they themselves did duty in the trenches with their rifles. Lieutenant Newbould, who got his commission after the section went to Egypt, has also particularly distinguished himself.

During the first days ashore the men lived on the iron ration, which is generally kept for emergencies, for it took some time to clear the ground and consolidate the position and establish proper communications. The water-bottles were supposed to hold enough for three days, but heavy fighting makes one thirsty, and few had any water left after Monday. The supply was, however, replenished from the ships, with the addition of some limejuice, so nobody suffered much on this account. Life during the day was largely a matter of keeping under cover and standing constantly to arms. It was dangerous to look for snipers during the daytime.

It was a great relief to be ordered forward now and again to clear the front with the bayonet. As Corporal Shields says, the great trouble with our men was to be patient in inaction throughout the day, especially under the provocation of constant sniping. They were always fidgetting for the cold steel, against which they knew the Turk could not stand. And when they had a chance they revelled in it, like the traditional British infantryman.

Every New Zealander and Australian laughs when he talks of the bayonet charges. "I never laughed so much in my life," said half a dozen different wounded men, describing how the Turks broke their rifles and fled. They wore only light sandals, and were hard to catch, as they scuttled off like hares, staring frightenedly over their shoulders as they ran. The snipers who were disturbed in these rushes were too funny for words. Most of them had branches of scrub tied over them and twigs in their hats to make them invisible, and when they began to run, said Private M'Intyre, it looked as if the hillside was running away in the wind.

Before leaving Egypt all buttons and bright metal had been blackened to avoid giving marks to the enemy. Unfortunately, the bayonet had not also been so treated. Many a casualty is due to the glint of the sun on a New Zealander's bayonet. The temptation to rush forward with the bayonet was strong, but after the first day's tragic experience it had to be curbed. At night our men were really on more equal terms with the enemy, for the flash of the sniper's rifle in the dark gave at least some sort of an indication where to shoot. Every night the Turks, driven by their Potsdam masters, crept up towards the trenches, and more than one was brought down so close that the body could be dragged in. When they charged they shouted "Allah!" much to the amusement of the New Zealanders, who were generally able to turn the attack into a rout by merely shouting "Charge!"

GERMAN TRICKS.

Night and day the tricks and ruses of the Germans were constantly being detected. One colonial officer suddenly appeared and loudly gave the order to retire. An officer suspected it, and asked who gave him the order. "Higher up the line," he said, airily waving his hand. Realising at once that he was detected, he made off in a shower of bullets. On another occasion, an officer tells me, the interpreter with an Australian corps reported at battalion headquarters that some Turkish soldiers wanted to see the head officer. The adjutant went forward, but they said they wanted the colonel. No sooner had the colonel appeared than the Turks tried to seize both officers, and, being foiled in the scuffle, made off at once into the scrub.

British bugle calls and whistle signals were constantly being blown, but here, as elsewhere, our men had long since learned that none of the usual conventions of civilised war can safely be honoured. The white flag in Turkey is what the Germans have made it everywhere, a low trick of warfare, which cannot be respected without grave risk. One of the touches of humour which brightened those early days of the war was the stentorian voice of a New Zealand officer, rising high above the firing, and telling his men to take no notice of the call which a German was sounding on the bugle.

The comfortable confidence which our men derived from the sound of the naval guns was considerable, and much of their time was passed in observing the bursting of the shells over the Turkish positions. The aeroplanes, of which we had at least a couple, were constantly scouting overhead. Our men were always glad to see them, but it meant ducking low to keep out of the rain if they passed directly overhead, for there was generally a shower of falling shrapnel from the German guns. There was [sic] legendary stories of the success of the aviators in detecting a travelling gun at Gaba Tepe, the fort which enfiladed the landing beach all through Sunday. Within five minutes of spotting the gun, it is said, "Lizzie" landed a direct hit on the gun and sent it up in smoke

THE GALLANT BEARERS.

The New Zealanders all speak in the highest praise of the bravery of the Australian Ambulance and Stretcher-bearers. They were, of course, a special target for the Potsdam-Ottomans, but they stuck to their work with wonderful tenacity and coolness, carrying down the wounded, and often bringing up ammunition and water on the return journey. "They were lions in the fight," says an Aucklander, "but just like women when it came to doing anything for you." The same is true of the New Zealand Bearers, and at least on[e] Australian has told me how a New Zealander went out in front of the trenches and brought him in when he was wounded. "Every ambulance man ashore should have got the V.C.," says Sergeant Guthrie (Hawke's Bay).

One has to understand the reasons which have created a certain bitter ferocity in the good-natured British soldier to understand an incident the truth of which has been vouched for. Two hearers were carrying a wounded Turk down to the beach, when one of our wounded lying on the ground said: "What's wrong with putting him off and putting me there?" Without a word of comment the Turk was rolled off, to take his chance on the hillside, and the southerner took his place.

There is a curious explanation of the recurring delirium of one of the young soldiers, now in hospital in England. Even four weeks after receiving his wound he still has a habit of beckoning confidentially to passing medical officers and whispering eagerly: "What did they do with the kerosene tin? You know, with the limejuice." To most people this is a meaningless enigma, but Private G. A. M'Intyre (of the North Otago Infantry) knows something of the tins. The Turks, having followed the promptings of Potsdam culture and poisoned all the water they could, the expedition had to carry water for itself. It was taken in empty biscuit tins, and a certain number of men from each company were told off to carry the tins to the firing line. Private M'Intyre was one, and he told me naively of his experience. Having set foot on the beach under heavy fire, he was rather taken aback by the whistle of the bullets, and stood for a moment beside his water tin. "Run for your life," a comrade shouted in his ear. "I looked down at the tin," says M'Intyre, "and I thought as I had brought it so far I might as well take it on; so I picked it up and ran up the hill to the firing line."

GRAYLINGWELL WAR HOSPITAL.

So far there are only four New Zealanders in the Graylingwell War Hospital at Chichester, but more may arrive any day. A few weeks ago Graylingwell was a county asylum, but it has now been requisitioned by the War Office, and is admirably adapted for housing a large number of wounded soldiers. Within 56 hours last week no fewer than 400 patients arrived, and in due time this number may be increased to 1000. Graylingwell stands in lovely grounds and should become a favourite war hospital with our wounded men. Lieutenant-colonel Kidd, K.A.M.C., is in charge, and has been responsible for the transition of the institution from an asylum to a hospital, and it may be added that the work has been carried out most expeditiously and successfully. Mrs Kidd, too, is taking a

keen interest in the happiness and comfort of the men, and has initiated a canteen where all sorts of articles can be bought at cost prices.

Your representative who visited Graylingwell last week, found that the four New Zealanders are very appreciative of the care and attention bestowed on them. They are: Private E. M. Meuli (Wanganui), Seventh Wellington Battalion; Sapper M. O'Brien (Wanganui), First Field Company, New Zealand Engineers; Private L. M. Watson (Oamaru), Tenth Infantry Regiment, North Otago; and Private F. Locker (Patea, Taranaki), Wellington Battalion.

Private Meuli was suffering from a bullet wound in the head, and was up and about; while the others were in bed, suffering from leg wounds. All, however, are making good progress towards complete recovery.

Private Meuli told me that he was one of about 600 New Zealanders (Wellington men) on the transport Achaia, a captured German boat. The Australians landed on the Sunday, and his turn came with daybreak on Monday. "We had a clear landing," he said, "just an odd bullet in the water, and that did not trouble us. We did not go into the firing line until Tuesday morning, about 10 o'clock, and I had no sooner got there than a bullet in the head knocked me over. It was very hard luck because I never saw anything at all. I never saw a Turk and never fired a shot. The only satisfaction I have is that the sniper who shot me was killed himself. Although I was unconscious for two or three hours, yet when I came to I was told that an Australian officer at once picked up my rifle and shot the Turk. I travelled on a hospital boat to Alexandria, and came home from there on the Delta. Tronson, another Wanganui man, was also a wounded patient on the Delta."

Sapper O'Brien was one of the British section who was transferred to the Engineers. He landed at Suvla Bay on the Sunday. His transport, the Gosier, a captured German ship, had on board the First Field Engineers, a section of the Field Ambulance, and one company of the Army Service Corps. "We landed," he says, "under very heavy shrapnel fire and made for cover under the slopes of Sari Bair. There we remained throughout Monday, until evening, when my section — No. 1 — was ordered up to the firing line to dig new trenches and put up wire entanglements. Captain M'Neill, a Royal Engineer officer, attached to us, was hit while we were going to our new position. Directly we got there, Sapper Pearson, a Southland man, was killed with a shrapnel bullet, and Sapper Sutherland was wounded, being hit in the head. So far as we were concerned the Turks showed a disposition to leave us alone, but on Wednesday morning, April 28, the enemy started a big counter-attack. We were with the 14th Australian Battalion, helping them at the time, and so fierce was the fighting that no fewer than 38 of our men lay dead close to the trenches. We were on one of the ridges of Sari Bair, and the Turks made most determined attempts to oust us. They came on time and again, and on one occasion they were within 15 yards of our trenches.

“This Turkish attack started at dawn, and I may say that it was 3 a.m. when every man was ordered to stand to arms. The shrapnel fire was very heavy, and that worried us mostly. The rifle firing by the enemy was not so bad. Three of our Red Cross men were killed while attending to the wounded. Colonel Pridham was commanding us, and Lieutenant Skelsey was with us in the trenches. Ho was very brave, exposing himself, and cheering us on. Lieutenant Newbold was away on the right with No. 4 section, which was with the 3rd Auckland Battalion. I am told that the Auckland men did excellent work. The fighting continued all the morning, and we were trying to run a sap in order to get better trenches ahead. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon I was hit in the thigh with a sniper's bullet, and Corporal Reid was hit on the shoulder. ”

Private L. M. Watson said that the whole Otago Battalion was on one transport, the Annenberg. “The first party went away about 5 o'clock on Sunday night, and it was about an hour later when I landed,” he said. “The first reception we got was a shrapnel shell over our heads. It made us duck, but there was no other effect. The North and South Otago Companies went into trenches on the top of a hill close to the beach, and remained there until Monday night, when we went to reinforce the firing line. I don't know what became of the South Otago men, but half of our company (North) went into the firing line, and the other half was ordered to dig themselves in for the night. Throughout Tuesday night there was an exchange of shots, and the first thing on the following morning I received a bullet through my left foot. Lance-corporal Sinclair was wounded about this time. We were on the same beat to Alexandria, but I lost sight of him after that place.”

Private F. Locker was one of 1400 men of the Wellington Battalion who landed on the Sunday afternoon. They were on board the Itonus. The destroyer Bulldog conveyed them into shore, and they landed in batches in the ship's boats. “Occasionally a shell would whistle over our heads,” he related, “but the worst was then over. Towards evening affairs had quieted down, and we had comparatively a quiet landing. Just as we thought we were going to be allowed to settle down for the night, the order came to climb a big hill and occupy some trenches from which the Turks had been driven. We remained in these until Tuesday morning, when we had to support the firing line. We took up our position in the firing line on Tuesday night, and right through the night the noise of the rifles and guns was incessant. Early on the following morning I was shot through the left foot. Private Fitzwater (Patea) was badly wounded at the same time. Lieutenant Furby was shot through the stomach during Tuesday's desperate fighting, and Sergeant-major M'Glade was killed on the Monday. I understand he was out endeavouring to locate a sniper. Privates T. D. D, Smith and M'Savney, two members of my platoon, were both wounded and came home with me. Colonel Malone was with us during the fighting directing operations, and Lieutenant Morgan (Hastings) was as game as anything.”

SOME OF THE WOUNDED.

The first New Zealander wounded seems to have been Clark, of the Auckland Infantry, who was hit in the mouth (not dangerously) just as he stepped out of the boat. Colonel Plugge was wounded in the hand about an hour after landing. The only New Zealand officer in England is Lieutenant G. F. Myers (Southland), who is in Manchester, almost recovered from a bullet through the toe.

Lieutenant Jardine maintained the family reputation for bravery by continuing to hobble about, with a trenching tool for a crutch, after he had been hit in the leg. He had several wounds before he gave in.

Private G. A. M'Intyre (10th North Otago) was binding up a comrade who had been wounded in the stomach when he received a bullet through the thigh and rolled down the hillside into the trench. As in many cases the bone was untouched, and he is almost out of the doctor's hands.

Lance-corporal G. L. Popple (16th Waikato) received a shrapnel bullet in the shoulder on Sunday afternoon. It is still there, but he is progressing well.

Private W. O'Connell (14th Otago) had a shrapnel bullet in the knee; since extracted. He is ready to leave the hospital.

Private A. H. Hartley (Manawatu) lost an eye through an explosive bullet; but he is quite well again.

Private E. W. Sopor (Auckland Infantry) had his right leg shattered by shrapnel, and at Alexandria it had to be amputated below the knee. He is now able to get about on crutches, and is at Manchester.

A Dunedin man named Smith, who was serving with the Australians, had his hand amputated.

Private Carroll (Westland) was struck over the heart by shrapnel, the bullet being still in him.

Sergeant M'Koy (Divisional Headquarters) is invalided for strain, and is not wounded.

Lance-corporal M'Donald (3rd Canterbury) was wounded by shrapnel in the hand, and is doing well.

Sergeant Guthrie (Hawke's Bay) has quite recovered.

Lance-corporal L. H. Reid (Engineers) has also a piece of shrapnel in his shoulder.

Private Kemp (Railway Department, Wellington) is probably the first Maori to see fighting in the war. He got a bullet in his hand without doing any permanent damage, and also suffered from shock from the burst of a British lyddite shell.

Corporal P. F. Shields (Masterton) is almost out of the doctor's hands; a bullet through each hand and one in the left forearm.

Private J. S. Jackson (Railway Department, Auckland) had a bullet right through his body, just missing the spine and coming out through the chest. He is almost comfortable again, and is walking about.

Private D. M'Burney (Auckland, but attached Otago Battalion) had his right hand rather badly shattered, and still suffers a good deal.

Private T. B. Buchanan (Southland) is almost recovered from a leg wound and shock.

Private F. Farquharson (Owaka, Otago) shrapnel in the back; quite recovered.

Private G. W. Mills (Southland) quite recovered from a flesh wound, merely grazing the bone.

Private H. S. Larkins (Otago) is quite well, and going out to a convalescent home. He had a flesh wound in the leg.

CONVALESCENTS.

The following New Zealand soldiers have been discharged from their respective hospitals, and are now on furlough:—Private A. G. Rawbone (Auckland Infantry), Lance-corporal J. A. Macdonald (Canterbury Infantry), Private J. Hughes (Wellington Infantry), Private W. Clarkson (Otago Infantry), Private S. Warren (Otago Infantry), Private G. T. Silcock (Auckland Infantry), Private C. C. Avery (16th Auckland Infantry), Private G. Davis (North Canterbury Regiment), and Private A. H. E. Howell (Engineers) have left Birmingham for the convalescent home at Eastbourne.

A LETTER FROM GENERAL BIRD WOOD.

The High Commissioner for New Zealand had a letter from General Sir William Birdwood, in which he said : “I have little time, as you can imagine, to write, and you will want little assurance of the men’s behaviour. The capture of the position we at present hold will, I feel sure, go down to history as a magnificent feat of the Australians and New Zealanders. Our one chance of success was to hurl ourselves at the position on a broad front, and just insist in taking it. This is just what we succeeded in doing. We tried our best to effect a surprise by landing at night, though this was necessarily a risky matter, but our one great chance. Our surprise, I fear, was by no means complete, as owing to the moon setting late our ships were necessarily silhouetted against it as we approached, and we were consequently met with a heavy fire while still in our boats. Nothing, however, would stop the men, who must have raced ashore and up and all over this most difficult scrub-covered hill of which we hold now a portion. In their great zeal, I am sorry to say, some detachments advanced too far, getting right away from the flanks, while the enemy hold the centre in strength, and these were, I fear, completely cut off, which made our losses heavy. That, however, could not possibly be avoided, for had commanding officers and brigadiers waited to form up their commands, as they normally would have done, we should probably never have captured the position at all, which great dash alone was able to take.”