

Sun. 19 August 1914 (PP) [05/04/2015]

IN NEW ZEALAND.

AU REVOIR ENGINEERS.

CANTERBURY SECTION DEPARTS.

A WARM SEND-OFF.

One of the most efficient and certainly one of the most self-contained little squads of troops in Canterbury departed when the Field Troop and Signallers of the Engineers left last evening en route to the Palmerston North concentration camp. A special parade of the Engineers had been ordered for 7 p.m., in order that those members who were not going might bid farewell to those who were. And the public, anxious to seize the opportunity of wishing the boys God speed, were present at the Drill Hall in force.

A GOOD CORPS.

The Canterbury Engineers have long been one of the foremost engineering corps in the Dominion, a fact attested to by the large number of cups and other trophies now in their possession. Formed in 1886, with Capt. John Webster, a civil engineer, commanding, the corps has always set a high standard in its work, and in addition to engineering has always had a good name for rifle shooting. The officers who have commanded the company since Captain Webster's retirement are Captain McGill, Captain Dougall, Major Jones, and Captain Midgley, the last-mentioned being still the commanding officer. Captain Midgley has had twenty-eight years' service, all but about four years of it having been with the company he now commands. In military tournaments the Christchurch Engineers have always excelled, and in the field work, that is the Alpha and Omega of the Engineer's sphere of usefulness, they have many successes to their credit. For many years the Dunedin Engineers were their strongest opponents, but of late years, since the inauguration of the Territorial scheme, Auckland has entered the lists as a formidable antagonist. Christchurch, however, has more than held its own against all-comers, and the Christchurch Engineers have good ground for regarding their company as the champion engineering unit in New Zealand.

AN IMPORTANT BRANCH.

It was a detachment of an officer and 18 non-commissioned officers and men from this company that last night marched through the streets with their comrades in attendance to entrain for Lyttelton. The buglers marching ahead

made lively music, and the drummer rattled his drumsticks to the even steps of the corps. The Engineer is more than a soldier, but on active service he is a soldier first and an engineer afterwards. With every modern war his importance in the army has increased. Whenever an opposing force is badly trapped or decimated, one may nearly always look for the dread artifices of the Engineer to account for the disaster. His perview extends far beyond the trenches and wire entanglements that the uninitiated usually regard as his sole province. It is his business to facilitate and protect the advance of the army by the cunning of his devices, and to hinder pursuit by the enemy when his own side is retreating. He is, therefore, no non-combatant artificer. His place in the advance is in front; his place in retreat at the rear. Mines, fougasses, broken bridges, demolished tunnels, ruined railways, useless telegraph lines — these are mostly the outcome of his destructive proclivities, just as renovated tracks, re-established communications, cunning gun-pits, and camp flare alarms and other safeguards are the products of his creative propensities.

AT THE STATION.

To the body of men with such essential training the Christchurch citizens last night gave a warm and fitting send-off. The railway station was crowded to a dangerous extent by the crowd that followed the Engineers through the streets. The members of the company who were not departing for active service accompanied the troop as far as Lyttelton. The train pulled out amid a scene of enthusiasm, and rounds of cheers, following the boys, wished them good luck in those troubled regions which they have volunteered to visit.

THE MEN.

The personnel of the troop is as follows: -

FIELD TROOP.

Lieut. Oakey (in charge), Sergt. Major Baker, R.E., Sergt. Fisher,

SIGNAL COMPANY.

Sergt. G. Rush (in charge signalling), Sergt. T. Richardson (in charge of telegraphy), Corporal Clarkson, Corporal P. Berry, Sappers A. Airey, R. Horwell, S. Newton, L. McGee, E. Patterson, E. Tate; W. Mason, W. Melbourne, A. James, G. Morgan, R. Thomson, **W. Horgan**, J. Turner, C. Grace, L. Clemens, W. Waddell, E. Stephen, and Bradley.

THE FALLEN AND WOUNDED.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Sapper William Horgan (New Zealand Field Engineers, wounded) is the second son of Mrs Bridget Horgan, William street. Christchurch. He was born in Waikari 26 years ago, and educated at the Waikari school and the Christchurch Technical College, for seven years no till the time he enlisted with the Main Expeditionary Force he was in the employ of the Christchurch Tramway Board, first as conductor and then as a motor-man, and is on leave at present from the Board. He was at one time a member of the Marists' Football Club's senior fifteen, and also represented the Christchurch Tramway Club at football against the Wellington Tramway Club Sapper Horgan was, further, a member of the Christchurch Catholic Club and the Christchurch Athletic Club.

SOLDIERS' LETTERS.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

WOUNDED MAN'S PERIL.

LIES STILL UNDER FIRE.

Describing how he was wounded at Gallipoli Sapper W. Horgan, of the Divisional Signalling Company, New Zealand Engineers, writes from the hospital-ship *Gascon*, on the way to Malta, on September 16, to a friend in Auckland.

I was hit at 7 a.m. on the 10th," the writer says. The bullet struck me in the hip joint. Five of our company were up with the 4th, Australian, Brigade on Bauchop's Ridge. The Australians were in the reserve trenches, but there was a good deal of lead flying about. Just before I was hit an Australian, who was standing alongside me, got a rifle bullet through one of his lungs, and it just missed his spine. We got him to a safe place to dress his wound, and I then walked out to pick up some equipment of mine that was lying in the open. I never thought they would hit me, as the light was bad for shooting at the time. Just as I reached my gear, however, the Turks turned a machine-gun on to me, and about the first bullet knocked me over. I could see that to try and crawl back to cover with a disabled hip would be silly, as they would easily pick me off, so I decided to play the 'dead man game,' thinking they would stop firing. But they kept it up for some little time, and the bullets were dropping in front of my head as thick as hail-stones. When the gun had finished pumping, two Australians rushed out and carried me in. I just missed the hospital ship *Maheno*. She pulled out from Gaba Tepe with a full load the morning I was hit."