

Timaru Herald. 19 August 1914 (page 8) [21/06/2015]

DOMINION WAR NEWS.

MORE DEPARTURES.

SEVENTH DRAFT FROM TIMARU.

Another draft of volunteers, the seventh from South Canterbury, left yesterday by the first express for Christchurch to join the concentration camp. The men to the number of 20, assembled at the Drill Shed before one o'clock, and marched to the station, being cheered at various points en route. At the station the men were addressed by His Worship the Mayor (Mr E. R. Guinness) and the Ven. Archdeacon Jacob, who wished them God Speed and a safe return. The men were also congratulated on their loyalty in offering their services for King and country. The Ven. Archdeacon asked God's blessing on the men and concluded with a short prayer for their safety.

The men were loudly cheered as the train drew away from the station, and were in charge of Private Wall, an ex-Contingenter. The following are the names of the departed volunteers, all of whom are privates: —

W. A. Wall.

R. Blackwell.

E. G. Bowcott.

W. H. Coates.

W. Davis.

R. Dewar.

R. S. Dick.

H. J. Gibson.

L. Heap.

J. James.

J. T. Millburn.

E. J. Morgan.

J. M. Connell.

G. P. Niall.

W. Oldfield.

A. F. Paterson.

D. Scott.

E. C. Thompson.

G. S. Walters.

L. E. Worthington.

Messrs G. Freeme and E. Drake, Ambulance Corps also left by the first express, yesterday.

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SOLDIERS' LETTERS.

A TTMARU PRIVATE “WINGED” AT QUINN'S POST.

Mr T. Graham, of York Street, has received a chatty letter from his brother Private B. S. Graham, of the Canterbury Battalion. It is dated Zeitoun Camp, June 30th.

The writer describes as a remarkable sight the vast gathering of transports, warships and destroyers at Lemnos, just before this Australasian landing at Anzac. The vessel he was in did not reach the great scene of the landing till the afternoon (the landing began at 4 a.m.), and he did not land till the third day. He does not describe any adventures at Anzac. After being there a week he and his companions were shifted to Cape Helles, and camped two miles from the beach, and as many from the front, and beside two batteries of artillery, English and

French. "They were banging away day and night, and the noise was terrible, like one continuous peal of thunder." After two days of that, they were ordered forward, through farm lands in crop and fruit trees, and they entrenched under shrapnel fire without loss. The last 200 yards of the advance to the front trench was a rush, under fire, and a few were wounded. "I don't know how I missed the bullets. They were just like hail." After a spell behind the trench they were ordered forward, over flat ground without cover. "The bullets were like hail, tearing up the ground, and men falling all round. Two hundred yards forward, and I began to dig myself in — no easy task lying flat on the ground. When I got a bit of cover with my entrenching tool, I got to work with a shovel I had brought with me and got a bit of a trench dug, and got some of the wounded chaps into it, and they forgot all about their wounds. They were so pleased to get into safety. It was here that **Charlie Stevens**, **Bill Wall**, and young **Davey** were killed." Of twelve in that party, four were killed, and four wounded. The other four were the writer, Tom Smallridge, and two Temuka men. At night a proper trench was dug along a front of two miles, and the men remained there three days and nights, keeping well under cover on account of snipers. They were sent back to bivouacs by night, and he and some others got lost. Graham fell into a creek, and then it came on to rain, and being lost he lay down on the grass and was soon asleep, tired out. After a few days of work on the beach they were sent to the firing line again, this time at Quinn's Post, "a pretty hot shop, there being only ten to thirty yards between the opposing trenches, so now it was mainly bomb fighting. "Bombs shake a fellow's nerves a bit. They make an awful noise, and wound a lot of men. I managed to dodge them till they got me at midnight of June 7th, when they winged me in the right arm. It took them seven weeks to get me, so I had a good run. Now I'm back in camp again, my arm is healed, but I have not much use of it yet. I got here from the hospital yesterday." The letter is a good long one, and well written for a man with his writing hand not yet restored to good order - only thumb and first finger under control.

In an earlier letter Private Graham writing to his brother Tom, says: - I am all right but winged at present. I was hit about 11 o'clock on the night of June 7th, while making an assault on the enemy's trenches. I have just got off the boat and am writing this in the train on the way to the hospital. The bullet went in at the forearm and came out at the elbow, so I will have a few weeks spell. I was with **Charlie Stevenson** and **Bill Wall** when they were hit. I can tell you that you have no idea what it is like here. The last week I was pretty tired, going night and day and not much sleep. But we are all quite happy. I will have to close, now as it is pretty hard writing; I cannot use my fingers very well yet.