

## THE LANDING AT ANZAC

N.Z.F.A. IN THE FIELD, 1914-1918.

(Continued from last week.)

For nearly a fortnight after the landing of the C.R.A. Lieut.-Colonel Johnston, had his headquarters at the foot of Howitzer Gully, close by the headquarters of the Division, on the northern end of the Cove. But these quarters were cramped and inconvenient, and it was soon discovered that the congested and exposed beach front was unsuitable for the location of the headquarters of the Division. Shelters were accordingly prepared on a terrace at the head of a small gully which ran almost to the foot of the precipitous slopes of Plugge's Plateau, where Headquarters remained from May 7th until the eve of the August offensive. Army Corps Headquarters was in a central and accessible position at the very foot of a gully running off the centre of the Cove where General Birdwood, living as unpretentiously as the most junior member of his staff, directed the ceaseless activities of his soldiers. From the very day of the landing the Cove became the hub or centre from which radiated everything that was vital to the life of the Corps. There were located the Supply Depots of the Army Service Corps, the Army Ordnance Stores and the Field Ambulance stations. The Cove was protected from direct fire by the steep sides of Plugge's Plateau, from which two long shoulders ran down to the sea, terminating in the two points that marked the northern and southern extremities of the little strip of beach—Ari Burnu on the north, and Hall Spit on the south. Never was a force so precariously placed, clinging by virtue only of its tenacious courage to a strip of broken and barren coast line three thousand yards in length, and a bare thousand yards in depth at the centre, with the sea at its back, and hemmed in on three sides by a foe superior in numbers and guns, and lacking little in courage and leadership. But no one ever doubted its ability to hold what it had seized. Who could have doubted in face of such bold confidence and intrepidity?

The difficulties of supplying the troops with ammunition and the bare necessities of existence were enormous and never ceasing. Consider for a moment that the country they held yielded nothing, not even a sufficient water supply, and that all supplies had to be brought by sea from the base at Alexandria, 800 miles distant, and landed on the open beaches at Anzac. The ordinary methods of supplying an army's needs could not be employed; there was no precedent which might be referred to for guidance, the position being unexampled in military history. Only the intelligent and skilful co-operation of the Navy made the task practicable. Between the base at Alexandria and Anzac there were two harbours, Mudros Bay, distant 60 miles, and Kephelos, over at Imbras, and neither of these harbours possessed any piers or facilities for the transshipment of stores. The position became further complicated when enemy submarines began to make the Aegean Sea dangerous to shipping, and it became necessary to prohibit the big transports and store ships from proceeding north of Mudros. Up to that time the transports had stood off the coast at Anzac, and discharged their supplies or disembarked reinforcements into lighters, which were towed into the beach; but the advent of the submarines made another transshipment necessary. At Mudros supplies were loaded into steam trawlers and mine-sweepers which discharged them into lighters and arges off Anzac or across at Kephelos. At Anzac the Turkish guns commanded all the landing places so that everything had to be landed under cover of darkness.

The working of the whole system was dependent on the vagaries of the weather. Even during the summer months the broad surface of the bay at Mudros was sometimes swept by a northerly or southerly wind, which seriously impeded or delayed transshipment, but in the autumn and winter Anzac was often isolated for days at a time by gales, which swept the open bay at Kephelos, and made the exposed beaches at Anzac quite unapproachable. The establishment of a reserve supply of stores at Anzac was the only measure which could be taken to minimise the dangers incurred by these breaks in the lines of communication. Within the first week after the landing of the force, the little mounds of stores on the beach began to grow and expand, until the shelving beach flanking the landing places was piled high with great pyramids of supplies of all descriptions, but chiefly bully-beef and biscuits.

The bulk of the water supply also came from overseas. A certain quantity of water was to be had at Anzac, and by seeking for water in likely places, and improving existing wells, the local supply was considerably increased. At the end of June it was estimated that there was a natural supply at Anzac of 18,000 gallons per day, a further 30 per cent coming from Alexandria by transports and store ships. These vessels pumped their supplies into a water ship, from which it was taken to Anzac in water barges which were moored to the shore, the water being finally pumped into tanks on the beach, where it was jealously guarded and doled out to the thirsty troops.

## BULL RING, BULLS WOOL AND BRASS HATS

(By Michael Hunter.)

(Continued.)

Intensive training, from the viewpoint of an outsider, would make a very interesting study, comprising as it does a multitude of queer activities. To those who study its finer points, it is an Art. It entails both a psychological insight, and a thorough knowledge of the orthodox methods of brow-beating, bullying and blitzkreiging. The proper application and carrying out of these qualities is left to those few artists, whose work ceases when the syllabus is compiled. The whole idea is to take the democratic soldier and by putting him through a course of intensive training, planned and executed, with a nice discrimination to render him so that he loses his democratic leanings and his individualism, and becomes one of the cogs we hear so much about, though it is often wondered what sort of a movement a few thousand of these cogs, all turning themselves and each other, will ultimately produce. In the process of turning such a lot of little things can creep in. We get little cogs who think they should be a lot bigger, and in trying to expand, they also try to influence the movements of their brother cogs, and produce a lot of unnecessary gratings. There are also the big cogs who should be a lot smaller, and they tend to show up the already slow motion cogglomeration. Now and then, they are smitten with conscience, and speed up the whole works for a while, usually in the wrong direction. The resultant gratings are like trying to change to low at sixty miles per hour without using the clutch. We could compare the whole thing with an egg, which has been sat upon for the approved period, by a hen, conscientiously doing her part in boosting the vital statistics. Now, when this egg was due, it burst in the usual manner, but instead of producing a miniature fowl, merely produced a very bad smell. You can't blame the hen, she was just living in hopes, neither can you blame the egg, its hopes were short lived,—someone had blundered.

Now a short description of some of the current sights during the intensive training period. The most common of these is very singular in the fact that it includes music, voice culture and P.T., although with the voice culture, volume seems to be striven at, rather than quality. The idea is this. A number of men are assembled in what is known as a squad, and for a few hours, they are put through a series of movements known as squad drill. The instructor stands back and says, "Squad will move—forward, Right turn." Thereupon very loudly and solemnly the squad chants, "One stop two," and by a trick movement of the feet transfer their frontage to the right. As one man they are desperately clutching at the seams of their pants, either the said pants are falling to pieces or the squad is suffering from an infliction of crabs. It can be observed that this movement is accomplished in 2-4 time in the base clef. The next order is as follows: "Bytheright, quickmarch." "Down, Out," choruses the squad, and an array of right legs shoot out, the squad leans forward and moves off. As you can see music is left alone for this movement, the down and out possibly signifies the complete subjection of the men to the instructor. There follows a series of movements carried out in common time, 3-4 time, or no time at all. As time wears on, voices wear out, but still the class goes on, so we will leave them to their music and voice culture and have a look at another crowd, who are performing with rifles. They favour 3-4 time and all their movements are carried out to the good old waltz. The chief characteristic of their evolutions is the violence with which the first beat of the bar is enunciated, and a corresponding violence in the handling of the rifle. The rest of the ritual is much the same as squad drill, except that the squad remains in a stationary position.

From this we go to a charming game of make believe. On enquiry it is discovered that the detachment (same as squad only different) are practising mounting an imaginary gun tractor. After a preliminary portion of drill, which includes changing around, in a track which forms a very narrow parallelogram and numbering off in an obscure fashion the instructor yells "Mount." The ranks take a left and right turn respectively and doubling around to a point where the tractor would normally stand they pile in and take up their allotted seats. The man known as No. 1 runs around them to see if everything is shipshape and then hops in himself. Unfortunately they are not in the Tractor. According to the instructor they should all have black eyes or bleeding noses through trying to get through the doors which they did not open. The process is repeated. These games of imagination are known as "going through the motions" and are very amusing until the novelty wears off.

Now and then, the "Old School Tie" creeps in to the training, and it is with amazement we learn at a lecture on the Traditions of the Regiment, that — Battery (censored by Security Officer), were a "Submarine Mining Corps" in the days of yore. 1066 and all that. Rah! Rah! All this foregoing suffering is not-

## Things We Want to Know

Who is this "Muffin Man," anyway?

What has the song of the Sturgeon got to do with the Surgeon?

Who always insists on the Dorothy? and why?

Do Manhattan and Bacon convey the impression of Jewish extraction?

Who left a car unattended in Cuba Street, 9.10.42, while the occupants had lunch?

Do Senior B.C.'s specialise in lipstick? No threats now!!!

Are all Big Chiefs scared of Red Heads? Even if they have seductive ankles.

Whose appearance and mournful demeanour last Friday misled several people into thinking a new Padre had arrived?

What or who is the Tomato Blond interesting the R.S.M.? Is it reminiscent of 1940?

How did S/M Pearce discover that Beer is a good lubricant for Railway Truck wheels?

How did Sgt. Burborough know that the Matron was waiting for the Nurses last Saturday night?

Who specialises in Danish Ladies?

Who tore round town last Friday night, holding up his trousers?

How did Jim Williamson and Bill Campbell fare on Saturday night "Picking up Strays"? Does not a special Providence look after small children and —?

Who was too proud to quench his thirst?

Who nearly forgot his tin opener on Trek? Wasn't he lucky that a passenger had another sort of opener?

When the Regimental clock stops, should we have a holiday?

Who used the words "actual" and "actually" 28 times in 40 minutes. Actually this constitutes an actual record, what?

Do Specs in 5 specialise in calling the whole roll for 3 people?

Did Baldy rescue a golf ball from drowning?

Which Y.O. likes his nurses in rotation?

Does the Mess stand for the President?

Did Ghandi pay a visit on his Magic Table?

Who used a washing basket for a BEEAUTIFUL woo?

Whose drag rope DID come in useful TWICE?

Which members of B Wing tip-toed across a bridge? Why did the officer and W.O. laugh?

Which B.C. wanted to take up his wrong position in the Convoy and has he found his hat?

Which officer offered to take over Guard?

Who woke up and said in his sleep: "Ah-h-h, beautiful morning," when it was raining and blowing like hell?

What made the R.H.Q. L.A.D. moan on trek?

Who made a silent registration on "Fannie."

Which Battery 2 I/C has turned prize fighter? It wasn't a cauliflower ear, either.

ing to the shock the soldier gets when he proudly presents himself at an overseas camp and with swelling chest announces "I have been very intensively trained." He is laconically informed to forget all that chocolate soldier stuff as he is going to start some real training now. The same applies when he reaches Egypt, but by then he doesn't care. He's a real soldier then, and is not even surprised by the wildest phantasies the Brass Hats care to indulge in. The beauty of intensive training lies in the fact that after a few weeks it usually peters out. Well lets hope so, anyway.

A recruit, who had been complaining to the Quartermaster-Sergeant that his new battle-dress didn't fit anywhere, walked, unsatisfied, out of the stores into the arms of a Very Senior Officer without saluting.

The officer pulled him up. "Look at my uniform," he said. "Yes, I know," replied the recruit, "mine's pretty lousy, too!"

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## Regimental Rugby

1942.

The Regiment started off the season with two teams, one senior, one junior, both teams starting off with promise of a good season. The seniors had a good team at the start, although a very light pack of forwards, they had plenty of dash that carried them through. The backs were very fast but lacked good defence.

The first four games the team went very well, then it started to fall to pieces, losing a couple of its players and becoming disorganised. The main job was to hold a team together for the rest of the season, this we managed with the help of some juniors.

The senior competition was not a very happy one as the season went on. Teams were defaulting and although we had to struggle to field a team sometimes, not once did our Regiment default. This was due to the untiring efforts of the coach, selectors, Capt. H. Read, seniors and Capt. L. Mitchell, juniors, who at times were pulling on one another for men. Sometimes not knowing these teams were set till lunch time on Saturdays, this was due to Batteries not letting them know who was going on leave, so making the selectors a little short-tempered at times, the Regiment offers its congratulations to these two men for the way they have kept the game going this season. The following have represented the seniors:—Lieuts. R. Wright, Martin, Bdr. Wright, Gnsrs. Potter, Blandford, Hawkins, Hookham, Lieut. Symmons, 2nd./Lieut. McKelvie, Gnr. McBride, Brown, McKendrick, Lieut. Fisher, Capt. Read. Those to represent the juniors were Gnsr. Lindsay, L/Bdr. Cooney, Gnsr. McMillan, Lincoln, Montiel, Henry, Bdrs. Nicholas, Larsen, Sgt. Williamson, Gnsrs. Staples, Forbes, Pottinger, Mr. Hazeldene, Sgt. Burborough, Mr. Harvey. The juniors were the winners of the competition and strangely to say beat the team that defeated us twice during the season, the only times being beaten.

The following is a list of the senior games played this season:—

Versus Air Force	Win	16—6
" A.S.C.	Win	27—5
" Engineers	Win	14—0
" Taras	Loss	6—9
" A.F.V.	Win	Def.
" W.W.C.	Win	Def.
" Ist. H. Bay	Loss	20—8
" A.F.V.	Loss	8—3
" Air Force	Loss	6—3
" A.F.V.	Loss	16—10
" W.W.C.	Loss	3—0
" A.S.C.	Win	Def.
" Air Force	Loss	17—8

The team played 13 games, won six,

lost seven. Points for 95. Points against 90.

The juniors were more consistent:

Versus Air Force	Win	27—7
" Engineers	Win	41—0
" Taras	Loss	21—5
" W.W.C.	Win	3—0
" A.F.V.	Win	22—0
" Taras B	Win	5—3
" Air Force	Win	22—3
" W.W.C.	Win	Def.
" Taras A	Loss	19—5
" A.F.V.	Win	12—5
" Engineers	Win	17—3
" Ambulance	Win	26—3
" Taras	Win	11—0

The team played 13 games. Won 11, lost 2. Points for 196. Points against 64.

As you can see the Regiment has something to be proud of in their footballers who have played a good game and never defaulted, and who were always spoken of by all their opponents as good sports. The Regiment conveys its congratulations to all who played for the Blues in the past season.

The Regiment had several players who represented in Manawatu. The players were: Martin, A. Wright, McBride, Potter and Hawkins. Altogether we had a very successful season.

Ober-Lieutenant: "Where is Lieutenant von Schmidt?"

Mechanic: "He went to attack the British single-handed, sir?"

Ober-Lieutenant: "The fool! That's the last thing he should have done."

Mechanic: "It was, sir."

"Lights Out" had sounded, and the Orderly Sergeant was making his rounds.

Switching on his torch in one of the huts, he saw some kit and a uniform lying on the floor.

"Who didn't fold up his clothes when he went to bed?" he roared, in his best orderly room voice.

From beneath the blankets came a muffled voice, "Adam."

A sign in a popular New York delicatessen shop advertises "Hitler Herring." The owner explains how he makes it: "I take a Bismarck herring and cut out the brains, remove the backbone, and open the mouth."

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