

# Reminiscences of 21/2 years of life in the army (1915-1918)

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No.12332  
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## Preface.

Previous to joining the army it never entered my head to keep anything in the nature of a Diary and I think I can with a reasonable amount of accuracy assert that the same may be said of almost 9 out of every 10 young fellows who were situated in similar circumstances to myself.

In the Army however, although it is not by any means a general practice among soldiers to keep a record of their doings and experiences from day to day it is on the other hand by no means an uncommon one. But speaking for myself it was a thing which I very seldom considered from the very first. When ever I did I used to think that beyond proving a more or less interesting record in the years to come it would serve no practical purpose. However of late I have been thinking things over by which I mean I have been contrasting myself as I am today with what I was in pre-war days and what I could reasonably expect to be now presuming (a huge presumption I grant) that this War had never been and I have come to the conclusion that I have become very careless and what the Army people call slack. So the real reason why I have not kept a diary has been to a great extent pure tiredness I am afraid. So in an endeavour to overcome this to some extent I have at last started an attempt at something in the nature of a Diary. To call it a Diary would be a misnomer. It were better described as 'Reminiscences of 21/2 years of life in the Army' as for that period it will be purely reminiscent. For the same reason it will be full of digressions and dissertations which would scarcely ever be seen in an accurately kept Diary. And also on the same account any dates given with the exception of a few of those of the most memorable events, be only approximately correct. This will be because the writer has a very poor memory. I am afraid that after this War I will have to go in for a course of 'Pelmanism' else I will never make a success in my old career.

M.P.Shale. Hornchurch, March 1918.

(EAST LONDON ENGLAND)  
(FIRST COMMAND DEPT FOR  
N2 CONTINGENT IN ENGLAND)

## Part 1

Part 1, I have decided, will be devoted to that period extending from the date I joined the Army until the date I left N.Z.

I joined the Colours on 26th October 1915 from which it will be seen that it took me over a year to know there was a war on. However, events have proved that I was in plenty of time. I was born on 10th April 1894 and was thus 21 years of age.

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I remember the morning I went to Trentham Camp very distinctly. I caught the 7 O'clock train in company with J.Coull, A.Lewis, A.Martis and Ponty Jones. It was a dull morning and we had an uneventful run down to Wellington where we arrived in pouring rain at 3 pm.

And now occurred the first of those miserable, aimless, nerve trying periods of waiting which I have experienced and without doubt continue to experience until I am out of the Army. I will grant that at times they are unavoidable but on many, many occasions they are not. It is the same old story though - The men never receive any consideration.

But to proceed :

At 4 pm we entrained for Trentham Camp and arrived at 5 pm, still raining. Here again was another wait for Medical Examination. This over was another for Attestation. Then again for equipment and finally loaded with gear we were taken to what was to be the first of my many homes in the Army. I was now a soldier and to understand what that term may extend to mean is well nigh impossible because, take my own case, as an ordinary instance it would be difficult for me to explain in words and then I may have to go on just the same for say another five years, so that my present impressions would be altogether different at the end of that time. So that I contend that the term soldier as used in the ordinary sense is so fraught with meaning that it is never properly understood.

I joined a class of NCOs who were being trained for the 11th Reinforcements and from the start was unable to apply myself with any interest to military work. I was soon regarded by my instructor as an indifferent pupil which troubled me not at all. However I carried on until the end of the course which lasted eight weeks. Then by judicious use of certain malpractices, I obtained a few days leave and went home and had an enjoyable time. When I returned our Reinforcement draft was already in Camp. I was posted to a Company with the rank of Corporal. Nat Elliffe was OC and J.Coull CSM. I was in number 3 Platoon with Digby Smith as Sgt. and we had as hard a lot of cases as almost any I have ever met.

A few days before Christmas, Reinforcement. was moved to Maymorn Camp, 9 miles from Trentham, which proved a very pleasant place in fine weather. We lived in tents here and were 21/2 miles from Upper Hutt.

Carried on with Recruit training of the men and I am afraid I proved a very poor instructor; but when one has no interest in one's work what is to be expected ?

Spent Christmas 1915 and New Year 1916 at Maymorn. The leave granted was insufficient to enable me to return home to Wanganui so went into Wellington. Had an enjoyable Christmas nevertheless. Was at Mrs Hacketts with Joe Quirk on Christmas Day. Went to Wellington on New Year's Eve and was due to return to Camp the same evening but was in the midst of New Year's Eve celebrations when train left so stayed until morning. Was Camp Ord Sergt on New Year's Day, should have started my duties at Reveille but did not arrive until 9 am. But Jack Coull fixed matters up during my absence. By a strange coincidence my promotion to Sergeant came out in Orders the previous evening. Don't know why I was promoted unless the OC hoped I would improve. If such was the case I am sorely afraid I must have disappointed him. He wasn't a bad sort. Fairly clever but a 'good boy' lay preacher in civil life I believe. Nevertheless I heard he turned out to be pretty 'game' in France.

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Put in a miserable day on 1st Jan 1916. Camp was deserted and there was absolutely no necessity for my being there, but it was an Army regulation which of course is sufficient excuse for the most ridiculous and absurd orders that it is humanly possible to execute.

Returned to Trentham about Jan 10th after 9th Rft. left NZ. Trentham Races were held on 20th Jan and I had an enjoyable day. Fortune smiled on me at the end of the day. I had won a few pounds. On Friday Jan 21st I obtained leave for a few days, again by judicious use of certain malpractices and went home to Wanganui. Intended running at Caledonian Sports on 22nd but these were postponed. Still had a pleasant time notwithstanding. Returned to Trentham on Monday and a few days later the Rft proceeded by rail to Featherston. The Camp there was better than Trentham but Wellington was not so accessible and as the town of Featherston and surrounding districts were very quiet and unexciting life did not seem so pleasant as when at Trentham.

After we had been here a week an order came out intimating that NCOs who had acted in a similar category in the Territorials could if they so desired proceed to Palmerston North first for an examination for a Territorial Commission. I was in the category specified and as I foresaw a real good time in Palmerston North, I sent in my name. My OC endeavoured to dissuade me but I was fed up with the training business which we were carrying on, I would not be dissuaded. The question of the examination scarcely entered my head and I went to Palmerston North and had a fine week, while at the conclusion of the week I went home to Wanganui for the weekend. Returned to Featherston on the Monday and on the following Friday went on final leave. Had a lovely time on my leave and returned to Camp and prepared for the worst. A few days later sat an examination for a Commission in the NZEF. Never really intended to but was talked into the business. Learned later that I was successful at the exam, but of this more anon.

We were now at a very exciting period of our training and did a good deal of route marching and spent a couple of nights bivouacked. I will never forget my first night spent in a bivouac. We dug little nests for ourselves with our entrenching tools and I slept between two great burly chaps. I was not a scrap comfortable and wondered to myself how I would get on when I found myself at the real business. However when the time came I always managed tolerably well.

Next came our march over the Rimutakas. This is considered quite an achievement in NZ but in the light of subsequent experience it dwindles into insignificance. We started out early on Thursday morning after having bivouacked for the night. We commenced the ascent of the Range at day light and by 9 am had reached the summit. We rested here for awhile and then started to descend the Wellington side. We reached Kaitoke at 2 pm and bivouacked for the night. Thus far the weather had been fine but towards nightfall rain commenced to fall and later set in so solidly that we spent rather an uncomfortable night. Longhurst, Digby-Smith and I bivouacked together. I had an exciting time trying to keep the water out. Next day we moved onto Upper Hutt and after lunching in Maidstone Park moved to a position among the hills from which we were to repel an attack by other troops of the Rft the following morning. We again spent a wet night and about midnight I was sent out on a patrol with an Officer named Wood and a couple of men. In my eagerness I became detached from the others and stumbled on an outpost of the 'enemy' and had an exciting chase across paddocks, over fences etc. The 'sham' fight came off next morning but I forget which side won. We then moved to Trentham arriving there before midday on Saturday.

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The result of the aforesaid examination came out the next week and it appeared that I had passed all right and I was informed that I would receive a Commission and be put back to the 10th Rft. Later I was told that there were not sufficient vacancies and that I could sail with the 11th who were leaving in a week. I made preparations but was told on the eve of sailing that I was not to go. The 11th sailed on the 1st April and I was given leave until the following Monday morning. I duly reported at Trentham after having witnessed the departure of my old friends in the 11th. On reporting at Trentham I was ordered to proceed to Featherston and join the 12th Rft. There were altogether 14 others in a like position to myself among whom were Les Andrew who later on gained the VC. I duly arrived at Featherston and joined the 12th. A few days later, I got another final leave and started for home (Wanganui), first staying at Wellington for a few days with my friend Quirke. He and I went to the races on the Saturday, but the fates were very unkind and we had a disastrous day. While at Featherston we were told we would have another opportunity to sit for a Commission but I was disgusted with the treatment I had already received in that connection and never worried about it although all the others sat and a few gained their 'pips.' But as I have already said, I went home and spent an awfully jolly time. I returned to Trentham where the Rft had already arrived on a Sunday evening, and after drilling for a few days got away on Thursday evening for Easter leave and again went home, this being the last time.

I had a quiet day on Good Friday but had a 'run' at the sports on the Saturday and had a fairly good day. I was second in the 220 yards and won the 440 which necessitated my having a deciding race with another fellow from Auckland, I quite forget his name, to decide as to who would have the points prize. He was a middle distance runner, half mile and mile, and trained while I was a sprinter and untrained and suffering from the effects of a 'gay life' during the preceding six months. We had the run off over a quarter mile and strange to say he only just beat me.

Left home that night and saw my dear mother and father and sisters for the last time (to date of course). Mum came down the road a little bit with me while I was coming away. It was a bright moonlight night and I could see her clearly and she was bearing up very bravely indeed and although I expect she must have found it very hard. Dear old mum never yet has she failed me, always my best and most reliable friend. I motored back to Marton junction with a party. It was a magnificent night as I have mentioned before and we had a glorious run. Caught the express at Marton at 2 am and arrived at Wellington at 6 am on the Sunday morning. Spent the day with Joe Quirke and arrived at Camp that evening.

For the next two weeks we were busy with preparations for embarkation. The week before we left we were moved from the huts to a canvas camp in an adjoining field. This field by the way, was very stony and our work consisted, to a great extent, in clearing it and it was during these operations that I clashed with the one 'pipped' individual who acted in the capacity of Second in Command of the Company. On this occasion I came off victorious, but I had made an enemy as will be seen later.

I was now platoon sergeant in number 22 platoon and I seemed to have more prestige than I had heretofore.

During these last weeks I was in Wellington every evening and enjoyed myself immensely. I did not feel worried about leaving NZ but I never felt very warlike or terribly eager for the fray, but was quite content to let things take their course and on the whole I have found this a

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satisfactory philosophy as far as soldiering is concerned. At last everything was in readiness and on Saturday May 6th 1916 we marched through Wellington and embarked on the troopships which were to take us we knew not exactly whither but presumed, and events proved we were correct, to Egypt. We moved from Wellington wharf about 5 pm amid all the usual excitement which such scenes occasion. There were two troopships in the party, the 'Navuq' and the 'Mokoia'. I was on the 'Navuq' and a frightfully uncomfortable old 'tub' she proved throughout the voyage. We anchored in the stream that night and awoke next morning to find our good ship ploughing her way through Cook's Strait and thus our adventures were beginning in earnest.

### Part 2.

Part two will deal with my experiences from my departure from NZ until my arrival in France. My second arrival that is, as I passed through the country on my way to England. Well, after leaving Wellington, we sailed across the Tasman Sea and after about five days sighted land which proved to be Wilson's Promontory on the South coast of N.S. Wales. We continued our journey through Bass Strait where we sighted numbers of Islands then crossed the S. Australian Bight where, by the way, we experienced fairly rough weather. Nearly everyone was sick here. The first few days out were very fine and the sea was quite calm and only those with weak stomachs were ill, but after a day or so in the Bight, all hands nearly were victims of maldemer. For myself I am a fairly good sailor and was not ill at all during the voyage.

On the 18th May we arrived at Albany after a passage of twelve days. Albany is a small town on the South Coast of Western Australia and at one time was a fairly progressive little place, it being a port of call for liners trading between England and Australia, but some years ago it was superseded by Fremantle and has become pretty 'dead' of late years. We stayed at Albany for two days and had a very pleasant time. One morning we were all taken ashore and went for a route march while both evenings we had leave as the residents held dances for our entertainment and we had plenty of fun. The Albany girls I might say here are awfully decent sports. It was during our stay here that I clashed for a second time with the second in command of the Coy. Since embarkation he had been acting as OC, the OC being ships adjutant, although I had 'words' with him on a couple of occasions nothing serious had happened, this time however, it was more serious. At least the worthy 'Z' endeavoured to make it so. The facts of the case were that I was told off to act as Provost Sergeant for the evening and made arrangements with a corporal that he should relieve me for a few hours. Went up the town to the dance and blew home at 1 am after a very convivial evening to find that the OC had been searching the ship for me. We had a few words and he made dire threats about what would happen next time and sure enough when the occasion arose he made it hot. But I am going too fast.

We left Albany on the morning of the 20th I think and headed for Colombo where we arrived about 14 days later after an uneventful journey during which the weather was delightfully fine, the sea as calm as a milk pond and the climate growing hotter each day.

We arrived off the Island of Ceylon shortly after midday on June 2nd and during the afternoon steamed along in sight of the coast all the time. About 8 pm arrived off Colombo and I will never forget the pretty sight the lights of the town presented. We moved into the harbour and dropped anchor at 9 pm. Everyone was up early next morning to get a look at the

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surrounding country and it was worth the trouble as the spectacle was really a fine one. On shore the luxuriant green foliage of the trees looked cool and inviting while outside the breakwater there was the wide Indian Ocean for the time seeming as though it were basking peacefully in the morning sun. We were taken ashore in the afternoon for a route march and called at the Garrison Artillery Barracks where we were regaled with pineapples, bananas and beer, a queer combination one must admit.

We were not granted leave but were taken back to the ship which was still lying at anchor in the stream and now I come to that episode which for want of a better name I may as well call the ' ? back' On arriving back on board a few of us excited by the glimpses of the city that we had had decided to go ashore in the evening and finally Pratt, Charlie Bee and myself hopped aboard a tender and went ashore where we had a very merry night. On arrival at the ship we were caught by the guard and the Orderly Officer with the result that a few days after leaving the town the others were reduced to Corporal and I to Private. The reason why I got it so hot was that I had been before the OC Ship a few days before our arrival for being late on a parade and had been severely reprimanded. For this I had to thank my old friend Zeister who had been waiting for me and who had made it as warm as he could for me when I was being tried by the OC Ship. However such little things are only sent to try us and I have remained a private since and have had a certain amount of reason to be thankful for my luck.

We had a boxing tournament after leaving Colombo and I was defeated on points in the final for the Lightweight Championship (10 stone and under) of the ship.

The weather was pretty rough from Colombo until we arrived at Aden, a period of about 14 days. After passing Aden we entered the Red Sea. Here the water was as still as a pond and the heat was intense. Just a few hours before reaching Suez we ran into a sand storm. The sea here is very narrow, one being able to see both the Egyptian and Arabian Coasts quite easily. The storm appeared to be on the Egyptian side and the wind blowing onto the Arabian side. I have never experienced anything like it. The heat was absolutely stifling, just like a hot blast of air from a furnace.

On arrival at Suez we were anchored in the stream for two days and disembarked I think it was on a Thursday night at 11 pm and entrained at midnight and at 5 am the following morning were detrained at Tel-el-Kebir where we remained for over six weeks. Had a most interesting time while in Egypt. The camp at Tel-el-Kebir was not a bad place, out in the desert of course and well away from any town. But it was a novelty for we NZ'ers for awhile. Tel-el-Kebir is a place of great historic interest. We were encamped on the old battlefield of 1882 and I often used to roam over the old trenches which are still to be seen. My word though they are very primitive when compared with the elaborate trench systems which I became acquainted with later while on the Western Front. The weather was awfully hot during our stay. It was mid summer consequently we did very little drill for which as of old I was truly thankful. But of course we were not let off the string altogether. We did an hour or so forming fours, sloping arms etc. In the morning and battalion manoeuvring in the evening and we also did a bit of route marching.

Here we had our first experience of wet canteens and have ever since found them excellent institutions and think it is extremely narrow minded not to say a slight on the soldiers to think that they are not allowed in NZ Camps.

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The food we received in Egypt was much inferior to what was issued in NZ and the men complained about it a good deal. However since then I have at times had decidedly worse. We were given a days leave to visit Cairo occasionally and I was in there a couple of times. I visited places of note in and around the city and was out at the pyramids and found everything very interesting indeed.

It was not the season for climbing the pyramids otherwise I would certainly have made the attempt. As it was I had to be content with exploring the interior of the Great Pyramid which proved very interesting, albeit, somewhat weird.

The mosques were to me all more or less the same although judging from the descriptions of the fakirs, some are much more reverent structures than others.

One of the most delightful places I found in the City of Cairo is Ezbeckezh (don't know if I have spelt it right) Gardens. They are very pretty a very refreshing retreat from the glare of the streets.

The ANZAC hostel which I visited on each occasion that I was in Cairo I found to be an excellent institution.

Altogether I thoroughly enjoyed my stay in Egypt and I am always glad to think that I have been there and had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with that romantic country. The land of 'Sin, sand and sorrow' as it has been described. By the way, this 12th Rft were the last Reinforcement until about the 35th to call at Egypt.

On the 25th (I think) of July 1916 we moved out from Tel-el-Kebir. We entrained at midnight reached Alexandria on the Mediterranean at 5 am next morning. Here after going through the usual song and dance of waiting and then moving a little then waiting again we were finally embarked on board the 'Ivernia' and sailed from Alexandria at 6.30 pm. It was a glorious evening and the sun slowly sinking away across the desert was a magnificent sight. We had a lovely run up the Mediterranean. The sea was calm and the weather fine and everything except the food was A1. That food, however, was rough, still as we only had five days of it, it was not so bad.

One evening we had a submarine scare and the old ship performed a series of concentric circles on the placid surface of the Mediterranean to the amusement of the 'boys'.

We arrived in Marseilles harbour about 11 am and received a rousing reception from the inhabitants who cheered lustily while the sirens of all the vessels were tooted and with our band playing the while the whole presented an animated and picturesque scene. We berthed at noon and disembarked at midnight and entrained at 2 am so consequently saw nothing of the town. By the way, just before arriving at Marseilles and for a couple of days after, I had a touch of dysentery or something, which however disappeared before I arrived in England.

The journey from Marseilles to Le Havre was one of the most enjoyable I have ever experienced. We were comfortable in the carriage, not crowded and food was fairly plentiful and all the while we were passing through splendid scenery. At first through the vineyards and orchards of the South and later on through fields of corn and pasture land.

While ever anon we rushed through an old sleepy rustic village basking in the sunshine and looking so calm and peaceful. The very antithesis of the turmoil which was raging in the Northern part of the country. Everywhere we stopped we were kindly greeted by the people. Not an ostentatious greeting but quiet and sincere. One fact that struck every one of us even

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then was the entire absence of any men of military age. Since then of course I have seen how thoroughly the man power question is settled, but even at first glimpse young men were conspicuous by their absence. A different state of affairs to what appertains in England where even now (April 1918) they are arguing about the combing-out business etc.

It has been the same although with our lot they have gone all the time from one blunder to another and then turned round and bragged when they have had any success and complimented themselves on their strategy and leadership etc. While all the time the poor beggars who are keeping the show going the NCOs and men are getting the rough end while all the time as the war goes on and the power of the military authorities becomes greater and greater their lot becomes harder and harder. Because such is the curse of militarism that once it gets a hold in a country it becomes stronger and stronger and consequently autocratic and tyrannous. We have an instance of this in our own Division. Any 'old hand' will tell one that things were different at first. The common soldier had more of a personality more individuality and not the same childish fear of the Officers and the 'mat' and such like and it was not the practice to 'crime men' for a quarter of the petty, absurd, ridiculous breaches of regulations that it is today. Those paltry, contemptible regulations which are introduced in interests of discipline as it is called. Everyone of course recognises the necessity of discipline but when one sees the enormous injustices and unnecessary hardships, which are inflicted on men in the name of and in the interest of discipline one becomes disgusted with the whole business.

People wonder why we are winning the war. Well in my humble opinion it is because our leaders are no good. I am not going to say why I think so here but will simply point out a few of the events which have occurred and anyone reading these notes can judge for themselves. **First** we have no excuse for our unpreparedness in 1914, history has proved that. **Second** the Dardenelles Campaign. **Third** The fall of Kut and that mess up generally. **Fourth** The failure at Loos. **Fifth** The Cambrai Affair. **Sixth** Our rotten diplomacy and inability to see beyond the end of our nose with regard to Russia and **Seventh** Even now (April 1918) while the Hun is making his advance on Amiens if everything was as we have been told how did he get so far? One can understand his initial success massed artillery would do that. But later on the artillery fire practically dwindled to nothing yet he came on. Where were our guns, our prepared positions, our strong reserves? It is certainly an extraordinary war. I am afraid this is altogether away from my general theme but I cannot help expressing my feelings with regard to these matters at times.

We arrived at Le Havre on August 4th 1916 and after staying two days during which time we were billeted in some disused stables, we embarked on Sunday evening 6th August for Southampton arriving at 7 am the following morning. By 9 am we had entrained and after a three hour journey arrived at Bulford Camp on Salisbury plain at noon. Here we were settled down again in huts and commenced more training which we were told was what we would require in France but which on arrival at the base in France we were told to get out of our heads as it was obsolete and useless, so much for army organisation.

As I have said we were rushed through with this training, pulled out at all kinds of ridiculous hours and not given a moments rest. Any applications, no matter how deserving, for leave were not given a moments consideration. Men applying were told that the time could not possibly be spared from their 'training' and of all things idiotic this same 'training' was the greatest. The way in which the various numbskulls of instructors tried to be funny and make



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an impression that they were old soldiers who had killed scores of Huns, makes me smile to this day.

I was made a 'bucksheesh' Corporal while at Sling, and when the draft with which I was to go to France was ready to depart I was told I was not to go but being young and foolish and to a certain extent full of fight I tossed in the two stripes and went across with my pals. On a Tuesday morning I think it was, we left Sling and that same evening at 6 pm arrived at Boulogne and that night we spent in what was known as 'One Blanket Hill' Camp. It was wet and cold and things were not very pleasant. On the next morning we entrained at Boulogne and proceeded to Etaples where we arrived at noon. This place was then our base in France. The base has since been shifted I believe. Immediately on arrival here we were issued with our rifle and bayonet and thus were well on the way to being real soldiers. We stayed at Etaples for a week or ten days during which time we went through all the horrors of the Bull Ring and the Gas Chamber and were then supposed to be properly trained soldiers and fit to take our place in the firing line. I may say here that the first thing we were told on arrival at the Bull Ring was to forget everything that we had been taught at Trentham and Sling. So much for organisation in the British Army.

While at Etaples I had a very pleasant time. In company with Ted O'Connor and a few more of the boys I visited a few of the villages in the vicinity and had my introduction to French life and customs. I found that my French as learnt in NZ, as much as I remembered of course, was unintelligible to the natives and so had practically to begin at the beginning. During our stay there was a relay race between a Wellington team and a team from the Black Watch Regiment. Willie Redmond and I were included in the team which won easily.

We left Etaples for the Line on a Thursday morning, I think and after a journey of 36 hours arrived at the town of Albert on the Somme at about 7 pm on the following evening. For some time before we reached Albert we could see the shrapnel bursting in the air and on reaching Albert the guns were roaring very near to us. On detraining we were marched through Albert to the Reinforcement Camp near Fricourt and we arrived there about 9 pm. No arrangements had been made for accommodating us and we had to sleep in the open. We had no blankets and the night was very cold and what with the guns roaring and flashing all around war did not seem a very attractive proposition even though we were a few miles behind the front line.

We stayed here for a few days and having been able to get possession of a few bivvies and an odd blanket or two were able to make our selves tolerably comfortable. The food too was fairly good.

About Tuesday we moved off up the Line and on the way up had our first experience of shell fire, a shell falling alongside the road at no great distance from us. I may say that from the start I had no love for these pleasant (!) little affairs which drop so promiscuously from the skies in those parts. The march up was I remember very solid and on arrival at Savoy Trench where our battalion was stationed we were very tired but when put over shells it was surprising to see the agility with which we jumped into cover.

We were quickly drafted to the various Companies in the Battalion and I together with Tom Quinn, Sid O'Connor, Corben, Harry Mills, Hutton Theakstone, Seward, Ericson and a few more joined Hawkes Bay Company.

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I was now a real soldier attached to the Division in the Field and will endeavour to describe my experiences with the Battalion from joining until leaving it for the first time.

### **Transcriber's notes.**

The above reminiscences were transcribed by me in November 2005.

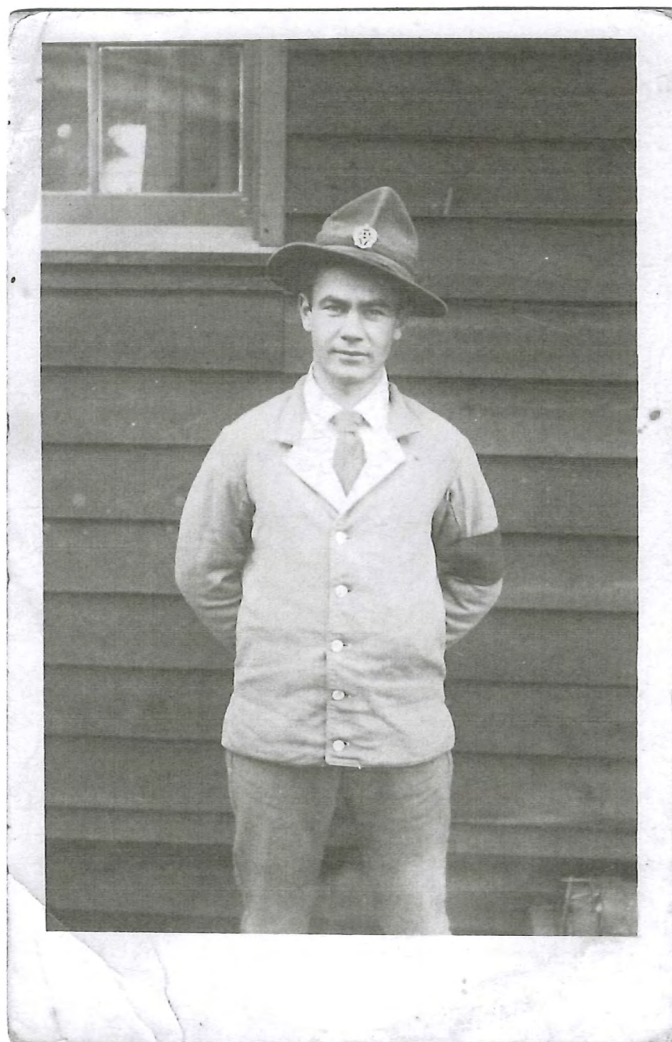
The reminiscences were pencil written in a very small notebook.

I have endeavoured to transcribe accurately, the punctuation and spelling being as in the notebook.

Unfortunately only the one note book has been found with the later notebooks, covering the war in France, missing.

In 'The Wellington Regiment NZEF : 1914-1919', the above reminiscences can be seen to converge with the official war history on page 114 where Private M. P. Shale joins the battalion in the Savoy Trench prior to the battle of the Somme.

Michael Richard Shale. (son of Michael Patrick Shale.)



Michael Patrick (Mick) Shale (1894-1951)