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Reg. No. 1568
Rank Private
Name O'Connor, Patrick
Platoon No. 16
Company "D" Coy.
Battalion 144th Battalion

Circumstances of Capture

- (a) Date August 8, 1915.
(b) Place Near Anafarta, Gallipoli.
(c) What happened before Capture

[Our Brigade objective was Hill 971. My Brigade - the 4th Brigade, made up of the 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th Battalions - left Anzac Beach on, I believe, the 6th August. At any rate it was two days before I was captured. My Battalion had been in the trenches at Courtney's Post, but for some weeks prior to the date of my capture by the Turks we had been lying in Rest Gully. There we were doing fatigue work and mounting guns on Rest Gully. Then we were doing fatigue work and mounting guns on Rest Gully and on Anzac Beach. One fatigue job we were on was the widening of a trench towards Anafarta Village so that pack mules could pass along it. We left Rest Gully at about dusk on the 6th August and moved along the beach. We passed through fields of stubble and fields of corn till we reached a comparatively level plot of land at a right incline to a lofty hill. Here, on this level plot, we got orders to "Dig in". We could see Turks on the hill on our right front, and, indeed here and there all along our front. Also facing the Turks, on our extreme right, were the Phrygians. We had to dig in on virgin soil. As soon as we had dug enough earth to fill a sand-bag we used that sand bag as a protection protecting barrier in front of us until we could dig enough to fill another. In this way we built up a sort of parapet as we dug. While we were digging in we were subjected to a heavy rifle and machine gun fire by the Turks. Eventually it was found that there were too many of us

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for the trench men were digging. He was in one another's way and could not work in comfort. So the extra men were put to work at digging a sap that, I believe, led into a gully at our rear. The Quartermaster ^{Superintendent} detailed me and some others to bring water up from Headquarters which was down in a gully. Just as we led off I was hit on the left shoulder by a piece of shrapnel. It was nothing very severe; it merely marked the flesh but bounced off the bone. I got down to the water when the Quartermaster (officer) ordered me to find the stretcher bearers and tell them also to find a hand in carrying water to the lad up in the trench. I found the stretcher bearers, some of them carrying wounded men down to the beach or stretchers, others returning from the beach with empty stretchers. I can remember one who was carrying a wounded Turkish officer. While we were digging in from time to time we noticed some Turks crawling towards us through the bushes. They were armed, carrying rifles, but although they would peep out now and again they would not come boldly forward. He found out later on that they were trying to join themselves up. A mate of mine - Pether, of the 16th Battalion (now missing) fired at one. The Turk fell down in the bushes. I also fired at one and believe I hit him in the back. He never fell, however, but ran back and rejoined his comrades. The Turks then all scuttled into a little gully. An Imperial Officer (Captain Rose) who was often with our Battalion, when he saw that the Turks were endeavoring to surrender, ordered us to cease firing. Roughly, about 20 Turks came in and surrendered. They were all unwounded. One of them spoke to Captain Rose in either English or French. At any rate Captain Rose evidently understood what he said. This Turk gave an order and the others immediately threw down their arms - they had rifles & bayonets. They had come out of a gully behind us, so we must have passed them as we advanced. The country was covered with bushes and we

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could not see at all well.

[There were about 10 or a dozen of us in the water-carrying party with which I was. When we got up to the trench with the water we found that Q.M.S. Scott had been shot through the throat and had gone back to Headquarters. My platoon sergeant - Sgt. J. Allen - had also been wounded while in the trench. We had no replacements, but some one gave the order to dish out the water to the men as they came out of the trench. I did so. The men did not all leave the trench at once. They came out in batches, those who came carrying full water-bottles back to those in the trench. By this time it was pouring late - say 6 p.m. Pether and I had both been with the water-carrying party and were now waiting our turn at the trench digging. The trench was very narrow and we were going to widen it. He originally understood that we were to dig a trench and then hold it as supports. That was the understanding given the H.C.O.s and - through them - the men, when we were in Reserve Tully. I remember the H.C.O.s being called up to receive these instructions. But at about midnight - or thereabouts - we were ordered to cease digging. The reason given being that we were to advance against the hill in the morning.

[It was just breaking day when we advanced, the 13th Battalion, I understood, remaining behind to hold the trench. By this time my wounded shoulder had become very stiff, for I had not been able to see a doctor nor had I been able to have my wound dressed and bandaged. Pether asked me if I was going to remain and have my shoulder attended to or was I going on. I replied that I would go on with the rest.

[The Advance.

[From the trench we went down a hill, crossed a gully and

went up the other side. Eventually we came out on to a stubble field. The line the order was given to open out into extended order. We were being subjected to sharp machine gun and rifle fire though we could see no Turks. Advancing from the stubble field, we struck bushy country again and from behind the bushes we could see Turks rising up every now and again. There were four of us who kept pretty well together. Besides myself and Pether there were Keenan and Rose. We fired whenever we could see a target and I know we thumped over some of them, at any rate an odd one here and there. But by this time our own fellows began to drop. For the most part they were wounded low in the leg - below the ankle, the damage being done by a Turkish machine gun mounted on a hill opposite. There was a six foot gully on our right and a number of our wounded lads went down into it to bandage up their hurts. At the same time I saw about a dozen of them down in that gully bandaging their wounds. Pether and I pushed on for about 50 yards, Pether being slightly in advance. We spied some Turks on a hill opposite and Pether dropped down to have a shot at them. I was getting down into "the prone position" also when I received a ~~shot~~ bullet through the right instep. I fell pretty heavily, luckily behind a fairish sized stone. A chap on my right who had also been wounded made an attempt to hold up my leg. But while doing so he was mortally wounded; in fact he fell dead across my leg. I do not know whose was beyond that he was an Australian. I moved his body off my leg. The pain of my wound made me roll over and in doing so I must have exposed myself. At any rate I was being persistently sniped at. One shot tore my putty and went into the thick muscle of my leg. I heard bullets repeatedly strike the big stone behind which I was lying. In my right tunic pocket I had 10 rounds of ammunition. He had

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carried as much small arms ammunition as we could when we started out on the advance. A Turkish sniper's bullet exploded this ammunition but I was not injured by the explosion beyond having the skin taken off my right hip.

Turkish Marauders.

[Shortly afterwards I saw a Turk coming towards me through the bushes at my rear. I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep. The Turk touched me with his foot. Then he ~~untied~~ unbuttoned my tunic and saw a money belt that I was wearing. Apparently he was unable to see how it unbuckled, for he seized hold of it and bumped me up and down by it until it snapped. The process gave me intense pain. The Turk took the belt away with him, gaining thereby about 8/6, and left me. Another marauding Turk came along shortly and went through my pockets. He stole a few cards and letters, but missed my watch, which I had slipped into a Savelock tobacco tin. As soon as I was wounded I had worked off my equipment, hiding the water bottle in a bush within easy reach of me. This second Turk emptied the bush and pulled the tin out of my hand reach but did not take them away. Then he left me. A third Turk came along. He was luckier than his predecessors for he found my watch and also robbed me of a ring I was wearing. I had not been able to "gammon sleep" all the time. Seeing that I was awake and conscious, he signed to me to come along with him. I signed back that I couldn't walk & that I wanted a stretcher. I was sparing for time, thinking that the longer I could keep him the better chance I should have of being picked up by some of our own fellows. However, he too, eventually went away and he never came back.

Barbarous Brutality.

1. Within 10 minutes another Turk came along. But he was to me
 he had to pass a number of other Australian wounded. I saw the
 brute draw a bayonet from the scabbard of a wounded Australian
 and then thrust it into the wounded man's stomach. I yelled out
 at him. I could stand it no longer. He heard me all right. I cursed him
 in good Australian. I could no longer. "His dumb." When he
 came towards me I at first pretended to be asleep. But he soon
 made it clear that he had heard me speak. He picked up a
 44-pound lump of rock that lay near by and, holding it in
 his hand, began to pound my head with it. When I raised my
 hands to fend the blows off my head he transferred his
 attention to my body, about the ribs. Eventually he battered me
 till I lost consciousness. When I came to there was a party
 of four or five Turks near by. They were talking loudly and
 rapidly and it was their voices that had awakened me. They
 signed to me to follow them, but when they found that I was
 helpless they seized hold of my hands and began hauling me
 down towards a gully near by. My idea is that they intended
 down there to "do me in" properly and then strip me. But
 an officer suddenly appeared, accompanied by a Turkish
 orderly, the latter carrying a rifle. I thought the officer was
 a German; he certainly was not a Turk. As soon as they saw
 the officer they dropped me and started to run away.
 But when the officer called them they came back
 again the Turkish orderly covering them with his
 rifle. ^{the officer's} ~~the officer's~~ orders the Turks picked me up and carried me

to him. He ~~could~~^{did} not speak English but I heard him say "hospital." I was handed into the care of the armed orderly. He also ordered me to walk. I worked myself along for about 10 yards, backwards, using my hands. So far the fire had been so intense that I had not been able to sit up and apply my field dressing. When I had scrambled along, in ^{the} fashion mentioned, for about 10 yards, I signalled to the orderly that I could go no further. He cocked his rifle and put the muzzle to my ear. But I fired a dug-out in the side of the hill and eventually managed to scramble my way up into it. When I got there the orderly apparently wiped me to go further. He prodded me with his rifle and again threatened me with it. But when he saw that I was "clean done in" he left me.

[Just Aid by Red Crescent Armenian.

[In the course of about half an hour an Armenian in the uniform of the Turkish Red Crescent came along and bandaged my wounds. He was very gentle in his treatment of me and cut off my sock to get at my wounded instep. Furthermore, he gave me a drink of water and a couple of cigarettes.

[Just in front of the dug-out in which I lay, was a main track along which Turkish ^{horse} ~~motor~~ = trains were carrying stores from the boats. I noticed barrels of water passing along on pack ^{horse} ~~motor~~. The Armenian stopped an empty pack ^{horse} = mule and instructed the Turks to have me put up on it. Then he left. The Turks fairly threw me on to that ^{horse} ~~motor~~ and I ^{was} ~~was~~ faint. When I came to we started off, one Turk leading

the pack-horse. While on guard on Anzac Beach I had learned the Turkish words for "bread" and for "water". I asked the Turk who was leading the horse for "too" (water) and he left me to go some. But just then our sheepnet opened up and the Turk came running back. He hurried me along across a small field. In this field there were quite a number of dead Turks - about 30 or so I should say. We passed some Turks drawing water at a well. They called out: "English! English!" Thinking that if I took no notice of them they might stone me, I waved my hat. I was taken into a dressing station where there were already a number of ~~our~~ wounded Australians.

[Some Wounded Australians I saw.

[Among the wounded Australians I remember having seen there were -

[Sennesey, a North Melbourne man of the 14th Battalion; he afterwards died as a Prisoner of War in the Turkish military hospital at Tash Kishla

[Ramey Woods, also of the 14th, who used to work in the Quartermaster's Store. This man already had three wounds in the arms and three also in the legs. A German nurse afterwards told me ~~that he died~~ in Harbia Hospital that Woods died that night.

[J. Leyden, also of the 14th Battalion, was wounded in the head and also died that night

[There was another of our chaps, badly wounded, who died that night, using my folded coat as his pillow. I cannot recall his name.

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[While we were at this dressing station our shrapnel opened up and poor Woods received another wound in the arm, making four. At about 5 o'clock in the evening Turkish Red Crescent carts came for us the wounded. Each ambulance cart carried four stretchers and in them we were taken again of some 10 miles to another dressing station. Here there were two German doctors and we were put to bed on pallets of clean straw. The German doctors saved us life; in fact they were good to our wounded in every way. But we only remained at this dressing station for about an hour. Then we were carried about a quarter of a mile on stretchers and placed on other carts. There were Turkish transport carts - wide at the top but narrowing toward the floor. They were jolty and uncomfortable and riding in them under our circumstances, was something to remember. They were also short in the body, the transport carts; the knee-board appeared to be too close up, and we could not stretch our bodies. I had to hold up my wounded leg the best way I could. Then the Turks in charge were very bad drivers. They looped along over the smooth patches of road and trotted over the bumpy patches. Moreover the early driver we had refused to allow us to do what we could to make ourselves comfortable. At about 3 o'clock in the morning two of us were caprized out of our cart into the middle of the road. The cumbersome cart had lurched and thrown us out. We narrowly escaped being run over by the carts that were following up but the driver managed to pull up in time. My comrade in misfortune had been shot through the stomach and we both fairly screamed with pain. Our sorry plight seemed to heighten edify &

amuse on the Turks. They gathered around and laughed heartily at us. We were so badly done up to properly cure them. The Turks heaved us back into the car and we journeyed on without mishap till about 8 am. I can't say precisely where we were. But it was on the coast. Alongside a pier there lay a small steamer, probably a pleasure ~~steamer~~ launch before the war. She was flying a hospital flag but I rather fancy that she had been carrying stores also.

[More True Oriental Solidarity.]

[We were hauled out of the transport cars and dumped into what appeared to be a convalescent camp for civil wounded Turks. There was given yet another exhibition of Turkish hospitality and true Oriental ~~folk~~ courtesy. Whenever the opportunity presented and there were plenty of faint - these Turkish convalescent patients spat upon us and kicked our wounds. They gave us a very rough time of it, but we stood it as long as we could. Then we formed ourselves into a ring, placing the more badly wounded of our chaps in the centre where they could not be so readily molested by the Turks. Indeed a Turkish officer then here he was 300 yards away. The Turks would not permit a stretcher and I endeavoured to crawl along the pier to the little steamer, on my stomach. I suffered fearful agony. Eventually I was laid a couple of orderlies who were returning with an empty stretcher and persuaded them to put me on board. The little steamer almost immediately pulled out from the pier. The reason was soon clear. Our aeroplanes were bombing avillage near by and had started a fire there. The authorities were vainly afraid that the Turks might take advantage and make the steamer. So they pulled her out from the pier.

There were still two of our wounded comrades left on the pier and when the vessel pulled out I thought that was the last we should see of them. But, to our great surprise, later on that evening they were brought alongside in a rowing boat and taken aboard. The small steamer carried us to Constantinople.

Account of Life as Prisoner of War in Turkish Hands - Original Letter

[When we reached the Turkish capital we were placed in the Harbiye Hospital. But before we got off the steamer some Turkish people gave us a cup of tea apiece and a few biscuits. They were carried off the vessel on stretchers and placed in the yard of a railway station. It was bitterly cold. Some Turkish "heads" and greeted us with "Welcome, coldies." He rebuked: "Give us some blankets." But they took no notice and passed on. Then Turkish "gharries" or cabs took us to Harbiye Hospital.

[In peace hours the building used as a hospital at Harbiye had been a military college. It was a very big place and the institution turned out to be - as Turkish hospitals go - by no means a bad place. We were put into nice warm beds and given a change of dry clothes of the Turkish hospital pattern. In the room in which I was there were 15 of our wounded and captured Australians. It was here that we noticed that Barney Woods was missing and as a German Sister who spoke English told us that one of our comrades had died the night before, we presumed that it was he. This German nurse at Harbiye Hospital was a really splendid woman; I wish I knew her name. She gave us cakes and loaves, tobacco, cigarettes and pipes. She did not appear to be able to do too much for us.

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In fact she was "a toff" to our wounded Australian prisoners in every way.
[I was kept in Harbi's Hospital for 11 days, when I was taken to Tash Kischler Hospital, in Taksim, a suburb of Constantinople. At the hospital at Harbi's, a Turkish doctor who saw my wounded leg had said that it would have to be amputated. But the same afternoon a German doctor who saw the leg said there would be no need to have the leg taken off. I asked the friendly German doctor to let us have my leg examined by the principal doctor at the hospital - the "Pascha Doctor" he was called. She & I arranged and the Pascha Doctor proved to be a really good man. I told him that if my leg had to be amputated I was content to let it be so but that I did not want to be practised on or experimented upon. He replied that it would be a shame to take my leg off. It might take some little time but the leg could be saved. Furthermore, he asked me if I fancied any special diet. When I mentioned a cutlet and eggs he instructed the sister to let me have them. I got them all right. This "Pascha Doctor" was a Turk - but a rare one. Altogether the treatment extended to us at Harbi's was very good.

An Ugly Transformation

[When we had been in Harbi's Hospital 11 days word came that we were to be taken to another hospital where there were English. We were taken in carts to Tash Kischler. When we got to the place I thought that we had pulled up a lovely stable & that we were waiting for another "pherry" or something of the sort. There was no light, the windows having been boarded up, and the floor, I had to

hunger and so had to sleep in my bandage and a short shirt.
During our first night in this abominable hole J.P. Kelly, of the 15th,
became delirious and died on a mattress alongside me. ~~Later~~

In the morning, for breakfast, we were given a basin of wheat
baked in water, precisely the same as you would feed fowls on.
At 9 o'clock that morning I was carried on a stretcher to a
dressing room. Here the bandage on my wound was unrolled &
my wound examined. A chloroform "bag" was thrust over my
nose and when I recovered consciousness my leg had been
amputated! A chap named Callaghan, or O'Callaghan, from
Brisbane was close by when I came to. At my request he lifted up
the bed clothes and we found that my leg was gone! When I
left Harbin Hospital my leg was real well. The German
Nurse was looking after it splendidly, assisted by an Armenian
doctor who also spoke English. I was about noon when I awoke
from the influence of the chloroform. Almost immediately a
meal was placed in front of me. It was steamed wheat with some
dirty molten fat poured over it. And that was just after my leg had
been amputated. Needless to say, I didn't touch that "meal".
Altogether I had a rotten experience there at Tash Kessochler.

[I wrote J. P. Kennessey, of the 14th Battalion, also died here. He
was a North Melbourne man and had been wounded in the
leg and in the face. For a full fortnight his wounds were
left untreated and undressed. To make matters worse the poor
beggar was suffering from diarrhoea and his wound
became fearfully foul on that account. Kennessey also has
been getting along splendidly at Harbin.

Dutch and American Friendship

I remained in this hole at Tash Kessochler until January 1916.
National Archives of Australia NAA: B2455, O'CONNOR PATRICK

Half October we had a very rough time of it indeed. Heumefed alternately upon dishes of boiled wheat and steamed wheal with fat, just as I have already described. There was no change.

[But in October 1915, Dutch ladies commenced to visit us. They brought money to us that we understood came through American channels. They brought us gifts of Sanatogen, Hincarnis, eggs, condensed milk and sugar. These ladies came to the hospital every morning. They were the two daughters of the Ambassador at the Dutch Legation in Constantinople - the Mademoiselles Bertha and Freda Villebois. To the wounded Australians in that hospital they behaved as "trumps".

[Men who could walk were expected to act as orderlies - to bring in medicines and the like. A "Tommy" Corporal named Harry Turner had the distribution of a lot of the gifts - brought along by the ladies I have mentioned. He was a "waster"; his own Tommy "coppers" will tell you that. He gave more of the stuff to the Turkish wounded than to ours. He could squeeze "backsheesh" out of the Turks. Perhaps that was the reason. There ~~was~~ ^{was} a large number of Tommy wounded in this hospital.

[I remained at Lask Hirschler Hospital till January 27, 1916. At Christmas time, 1915, the Dutch ladies, assisted by the Roman Catholic Bishop, gave us a really splendid turn-out. He had roast turkey and roasted chestnuts and the Bishop got the boards and blinds taken down from the windows so that we had more light in the place. I underwent two further operations here, small pieces of bone being removed from my leg.

[A Succession of Changes
[From Lask Hirschler I went back to Harbin Hospital. There I found the friendly German Lober in the charge of us. A young

German doctor, whom I had met when I was here before, remembered me. He was quite surprised that my leg had been removed and stated that if I had remained at Harbin I should not have lost it. The German doctor also said the same. During my second stay at Harbin I was operated upon twice. At the second operation they removed a piece of bone from the stump of my amputated leg. The operation revealed the bone that on the occasion of the operation at Tash Kischler the bone of my leg had only been partially sawn through and then ~~sawed~~ ^{snap} snapped off! I was unconscious, of course, but my friend Wares, who ^{was} there and who came across from Turkey with me, can tell you all about it.

I remained at Harbin till the end of September. Leaving here I first spent three days in ambulatory prison in Constantinople and then three days at a place by the sea, called Sifearth. The days at the latter place were pleasant enough. Then I went to Afion Kara Hisar in Asia Minor. I had been there about a month when my leg broke and again. At this place we managed to live fairly well. We received money through the American Ambassador - from 40 to 700 piastres a month. The monthly allowance was supposed to be 100 piastres but I was very often less - when new batches of prisoners came in to share in the distribution. Still the money, though was cheap enough and the money enabled us to live without touching the coin of Turkish "junk."

At this place some of our chaps were severely flogged - a ball's ~~leg~~ ^{leg} pizzle being the instrument of torture. I remember

a Queensland chap named Mackey. A Turkish guard had prodded him with a rifle and the Queenslanders promptly knocked the guard down. A Turkish Officer who went to expostulate was also laid out by the Queenslanders. For his little job lot Mackey was held down and flogged and also awarded a term of imprisonment. [My wound having become worse I was put into the hospital at Apion Kara Kassar on Nov. 2. I was also bad with fever and my throat was chocking. There were Turkish and Greek orderlies in the ward. The Greek orderlies were fair enough but the Turks were awful. For fever the patient was placed between wet sheets. One of the Turkish orderlies was tormenting me and I managed to lay him out. He rushed in but I managed to defend myself. The Turkish "imbashi" or corporal came along with two orderlies. They evidently intended to "deal" with me but I managed to keep them off till the Turkish doctor came. He could understand English and I endeavored to explain to him. But he handed me out a dose of punishment; they had me tied down in bed for three days. The food here was better than in some of the other hospitals I had been in.

At Haidar Pascha Hospital.

[I remained in hospital till Dec. 13, 1916. I was announced that we were to be sent to Constantinople for exchange. But nothing came of it; in any case I, myself, was too bad to be shifted. Eventually I was taken to Haidar Pascha Hospital, near Constantinople. As far as the food here was by no means good. No complaints and a real improvement was soon noted. In fact we were having even better food than we were

the Turkish patients themselves. This was maintained till June. Then a Turkish "General Pascha" visited the place and, as a result, our rations were cut down to the old level.

[There were a lot of us there awaiting exchange or repatriation. All of them - Russians, Roumanians, Indians, Australians, French, English - seemed to come to Haide Pascha to wait exchange. In an illustrated Turkish newspaper we saw a photograph of the train that had been built for carrying home repatriated prisoners of war. But nothing came of it all and in the middle of June they were all shifted to Ramatze Camp. I did not go and remained there till June 23.

Dr Ruffki Bey - a Turkish Gentleman.

[On June 21 I was sent for and my head was subjected to examination under the "X-rays". As a result of the examination the Turkish doctor had me sent to his own hospital - the Leyneb Kiamil Hospital. It was situated at Scutari, about four miles from Haide Pascha Hospital. This Turkish doctor was Dr Ruffki Bey, a Turk but a thorough gentleman. My head was operated upon on June 23, portions of bone being cut away and removed. Australian Sisters from a convent did most of the work here and they were very good and attentive. I had a rough bout with fever and at one time I was threatened with the loss of an eye. But Ruffki Bey saved that for me. By the end of August I had quite recovered from the effects of my operation.

[At Leyneb Kiamil Hospital I was treated quite

visit Constantinople whether I went ^{accompanied by a Turkish} ~~in the middle~~ ^{in the middle} of the ~~middle~~ ^{middle} of the year. At Zeyneb Kiamil I received parcels from the Australian Red Cross Society but never any money. In many instances I received cards advising the despatch of parcels for me but the parcels never reached me. As a rule the hospital director used to open these parcels before he handed them over; but the director at Zeyneb Kiamil did not do so. Altogether I had a really good time at Dr. Rusokti Bey's Sultani Hospital at Zeyneb Kiamil.

I left Zeyneb Kiamil on Nov 23 or 24 for Zapon Hospital in Constantinople. We were told that we were to be kept at Zapon for three days and that then we were to be sent home. It proved to be correct enough for I left Zapon, to proceed ~~home~~ to England on repatriation, on Nov. 27, 1917.

The Journey Across Europe.

[By hospital train we crossed Turkey = in = Europe to Mauthausen in Austria, arriving there on Dec 3 at about 9 pm. An endeavor has been made to render the train warm and comfortable. The compartments were heated by hot water pipes. We removed our coats but still we sweated. Out of this steam bath, at Mauthausen we were hurled out into a snow storm! Mauthausen is only a small town but there is a tremendous camp there - perhaps 60000 all told. Mostly they are Italians but there are some Serbians also. Most of the camp work is done by Italians but the Serbians, as I found them, are no other than prisoners here for 10 months and during most

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of the time there was two feet of snow on the ground.

[It was a Red Cross train that brought us across and the food was decent. We were reasonably comfortable and were treated very fairly by the Austrians. In the camp at Manthausen diarrhoea was very prevalent. Food was not nearly so good. In the beginning bread ran eight to the 2nd loaf per day; sometimes I have seen the 2nd loaf divided among four. It was brown bread and pretty decent at first, but towards the end it was made of chestnuts and was very poor & stiff indeed. We were also served up manfolds and turnips, with 3oz meal at dinner time. The meat appeared to be pretty decent. But though the "tucker" was not of the best, the Austrians were good to us in other directions. For instance -

Manthausen is a general sorting station and the Austrians permitted us to go to the station and overhaul parcels that were jammed on into Turkey, sorting out our own. When we left Turkey we were deprived of everything except the Turkish hospital uniform we wore and a change of underclothing. But I was luckier than most. I brought across a civilian outfit I had obtained from the American Ambassador and an Australian top-coat I had received from the Red Cross Society. The other chaps had no "kit" at all. At ~~Manthausen~~ ^{Manthausen} I swapped my "civvy suit" with an Italian baker for some extra loaves of bread.

[On January 10, 1918 we left Manthausen for Switzerland,

people made a tremendous fuss of us. Swiss Sisters greeted us with shouts of "Freedom!" "Freedom!" As soon as we arrived in Switzerland they gave us cigarettes and cards & chocolate. They had had the cigarettes with them all along but are not allowed to distribute them while in Austrian territory. Our journey across Switzerland was "one long bath day". Even the children climbed up to the windows or were lifted up by their elders that they might bombard us with flowers. They fairly flooded us with coffee. At one station, when we declined more coffee, saying that we couldn't drink more, as we had had enough already, they called out: "Then, wash yourselves in it!"

In our little lot there were only two Australians, myself and Gordon of the 16th Battalion. There was a New Zealander named Shewbridge. He, too, had been captured at Anafarta and had been with us in Turkey. His wounds are not yet healed. There were 49 Englishmen, including some officers, 28 Indians, 1 Sikh, 1 Gurkha & some 200 Serbians.

[We crossed straight through Switzerland to France, striking the French frontier at Bellegarde. Here we were met by a brass band and a guard of honor. There was a great crowd and we were given a tremendous reception. The band played the British National Anthem and the Marseillaise. Tables were spread with champagne. At Lyons, where we spent the night in hospital, we were given another immense demonstration. We were treated to a splendid dinner and to a concert in the officers' rooms. We travelled from Lyons to Rouen in an English R. A. M. C. train. We left the train at Rouen though I believe it has been intended that we should travel on to Paris. There had been a small party of the train

had been burned. That, I understand, is why we were detained
 as Rascals. That evening the R. A. M. C. lads gave us a splendid
 concert and we were issued with clean underclothes and treated
 to a warm bath. We went down the river to Le Havre on
 the "St Patrick", the hospital ship, that eventually brought us
 to the English port of Southampton. We reached Southampton
 docks at about 10 o'clock on the morning of January 18, 1918.
 We had a big welcome at Southampton and another when the
 train reached London. Miss Chivers and other ladies met
 us and we were handed wattle blossoms and blue gum leaves.
 After a handsome reception at the Station motor cars carried us
 to King George Hospital.

[While in Turkey we received fine treatment from the American
 Ambassador. But when America came into the war the work
 was taken over by the Dutch Ambassador and the treatment was
 not nearly so good. I had shirts and socks asked out to me that
 had come from Red Cross Societies. I also received a pair of
 socks that contained a note of greeting from an Adelaide girl. I
 presume that these gift goods are charged up to the British Government.
 A man named Coster who works at the Dutch Embassy at
 Constantinople told me there were piles of dead men's parcels
 stored there. Coster's uncle is English, a Mr. Knock.

Australians seen in Turkey.

Among Australian soldiers that at one time or another I

saw in Turkey, or knew to be there, were the following: —

- [Tommy Donnell, of the 14th Battalion. His left leg is 5 inches shorter than the other leg. He was at Afion Kara Kirsar when I left there.
- [Barney Dunn, of the 16th Batt., was also there. He, too, has a short leg.
- [A Queensland named Mackey has one useless arm and was badly cut above the shoulders & back.
- [Charles Matthews, of the 9th Batt., has a very bad arm.
- [Carter and Callaghan, whom last I heard of them, were working for a German firm at Bella Madist. They had both been slightly wounded but were now "well away".
- [Lance Corporal ^{Cahir} Carr was unwounded. I last heard of him as being at Ismedt.
- [The only officer I heard of was Lieut. L. H. Luscombe of the 14th. He was at Afion Kara Kirsar but I never saw him, the officers' quarters being some distance away from ours.

[I might say that I managed to hang onto my old Pass-book throughout the whole of my captivity and I brought it back with me to England.