



"Dedicated to Digger Heritage"

FAMILIES AND FRIENDS OF THE FIRST AIF INC.

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DIGGER

Bumper 88 page issue



Photo: Bombardier Herbert Hampton MM (left) with two of his mates: one from the 1st Division FAB or DAC (right) and the other (centre) possibly from the 1st Division AMC. Herbert Hampton is profiled in this issue.

Photo courtesy of Kerry Patman.

December 2009

No. 29

Magazine of the Families and Friends of the First AIF Inc

Edited by Graeme Hosken

Trench talk

Graeme Hosken

This issue

DIGGER 29 is our largest-ever issue. The committee has approved a one-off bumper issue to allow for the publication of some longer stories that have been accumulating over the last year, avoiding the need to serialise them over a number of issues. We were hoping for a 100 page issue, but that would have pushed *DIGGER* over 250 grams and increased our postal bill substantially. However I'm sure that you will still be happy with 88 pages of reading. The heavier cover is also an innovation that we are trialling, so your feedback would be appreciated. A thicker magazine would not have been possible without members contributing their stories, often based on many hours of research. First-time authors in *D29* are Craig Smith, Geoff Lewis, Lee Dalton and Glenn Mason, while many of our 'regulars' have more than one article included. Thanks must also go to Aaron McMillan and his staff at the Colour Copy Shop for their hard work in printing and assembling our print run, which increases in number every issue. Appreciation is also extended to Geoff Lewis, who will be valiantly compiling the index for when this issue appears in the fourth bound volume, and to Russell Curley, for his precise proofreading of each issue.

DIGGER 30 will be back to the standard 60 pages, and as this issue has used up most of our backlog of articles, the Editor is seeking your contributions before the end of January for March's magazine. Enjoy!

New members

The FFFAIF welcomes Kevin Blunt, John Brooks, Jack Burrell, Barry Collier, Timothy Cook, Captain Rupert Dalley RFD, Adrienne Dore, Jacques Follett, Donald Gibson, Pam Goesch, David Hamilton, Allan Johnson, Colin Kidd, Valerie Kidd, Gavin Lee, Angie Little, Kim Macrae, Glenn Mason, Kath McMicking, Malcolm Monley, Jean Mortimer, Kerrie Osborne, Tim Page, David Perkins, Rosemary Serisier, Stephen Sheppard, Colin Sutcliffe and Annette Tebb. Apologies to Richard Salmond for misspelling his name in *DIGGER* 28.

Christmas wishes

The committee of the FFFAIF extends to all members best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. For many, this will be a time of family get-togethers, and thanks to 'Frev' Ford we have some extracts from soldiers' letters concerning Christmas 1915 and 1916 in this issue. Their thoughts of home at that time act as reminders of the personal sacrifices made by those Australians who volunteered for service abroad in the Great War, so far from their loved ones.

The Smythe letters

Margaret Clark wishes to inform fellow members that a website devoted to the letters, postcards and photographs of the Smythe brothers is now online. AIF soldiers, Bert, Vern, Viv and Percy Smythe were all avid correspondents and have left behind an amazing collection of primary sources. Some of the boys' letters have been published in earlier issues of *DIGGER*, and readers may recall Percy Smythe's remarkably-detailed account of Pozieres (*D16*). To discover 400 pages of letters, go to <http://www.smythe.id.au/letters/>.

Deserved congratulations

Members Tim Lycett and Sandra Playle have been rightly recognised for their genealogical research into the Fromelles' Pheasant Wood 'missing'. Tim and Sandra have spent hundreds of hours tracing the relatives of those Australians believed to be buried at Pheasant Wood. Articles in *The Age* and *The SMH* (7th November) by Paolo Totaro [see www.theage.com.au/national/war-and-pieces-of-history-20091106-i28t.html] and the website www.smh.com.au/interactive/2009/national/fromelles/ provide an insight into their success in tracing families for 118 of the 191 Diggers in Pheasant Wood. A wonderful achievement by two dedicated 'amateur' military history enthusiasts – we certainly have some amazing members!

Interested in the AFC and WWI aviation?

The Australian Society of World War One Aero Historians has been in existence since 1962, but may not be known to FFFAIF members. It is an Australian-based, non-profit organisation dedicated to the study of all aspects of WWI aviation. The association has 111 members and publishes an annual magazine of 100 pages. Meetings are held every three months at Victoria Barracks, Sydney. To find out more on the association, go to their website www.wwl1aero.org.au. While there, check out the trailer for a short Peter Jackson film by clicking on 'The Hangar' link. It shows the infantry 'hopping the bags' while planes duel in the air.

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Contributions of possible articles and illustrative material for *DIGGER* and any feedback should be sent to **Graeme Hosken, The Editor of *DIGGER*, 2 Colony Crescent, Dubbo NSW 2830** or e-mailed to ghoskenaif@bigpond.com. Membership inquiries should be forwarded to **Alan Kitchen, 11 Faye Ave, Blakehurst NSW 2221** (phone 02 9594 0254 or e-mail ffaif@optusnet.com.au). Standard membership is \$40 pa and concessional membership (students, under 18s, seniors) is \$30 pa. A membership form can be downloaded from our website: www.ffaif.org.au.

Mutiny on the 'Runic'

Jeff Pickerd, Parkdale

The first indication of there being trouble aboard the transport vessel HMAT A54 *Runic* at Colombo, Friday, 19th March 1915, came from the pages of the 8th Light Horse Regiment History, written by Major William 'Lauchie' McGrath, and this I first discovered way back in 1999. At page 11 of this narrative, he recorded:

It was here we had our first call out, the Troops on the 'Runic' which vessel was accompanying us over, having taken possession of the ship's boats and threatening to go ashore. However, between the port authorities and our people the men were got aboard the 'Runic' again, without very serious trouble and she put to sea.

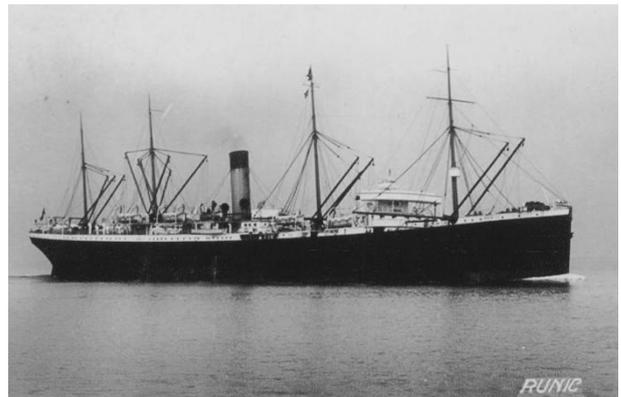
It read of no great significance; just a minor note of a slight disturbance in the story of the voyage to Egypt.

An indication that the trouble was more than a mere minor disturbance, and greater than men taking over the ship's boats and threatening to go ashore, was brought to the fore from the pages of the diary of **Signaller Auburn Douglas Callow**, No. 10, 8th Light Horse Regiment, RHQ. [Source: *Signaller Private Callow Goes to War*, produced by Noel Callow, privately published, and printed by Benalla College Printing.]

Subsequent letters and diaries from the officers and men of the 8th LHR have confirmed and added to the story, but all of these were emanating from onboard the HMAT A16 *Star of Victoria*.

It was not until the letters of **Trooper Martin O'Donoghue**, No. 633, 1st Reinforcements, 8th LHR ('C' Troop, 'C' Squadron) first revealed the men on the *Runic's* side of the story [*Kamarooka to Gallipoli, A tribute to Martin O'Donoghue's Bravery*, Mrs Brenda Ryan] and later the diary of **Private William Kelly**, No. 1645, 3rd Reinforcements, 14th Battalion, gave a day by day account of the voyage that added substance to what had taken place on board the *Runic*, leading up to the mutiny, and the mutiny itself. [Personal diary: *Broadmeadows to Gallipoli – 1915*, Pte William Kelly, Internet publication, Peter Porteous, NLA.]

The *Runic* was built in 1900 by Harland & Wolff, Belfast, for White Star Line's Australian service; a 12 482 gross ton ship, length 565ft x beam 63.3ft (172.2m x 19.3m), one funnel, four masts, twin screw and a speed of 14 knots, and worked for the Oceanic Steam Nav Co. Ltd. Liverpool, UK, designed to carry both passengers and cargo. There was passenger accommodation for 400-cabin class. [Right: Postcard of the *Runic*, source unknown.]



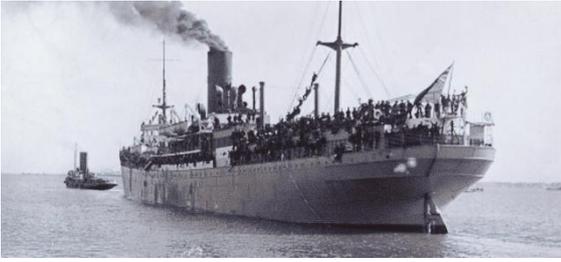
Launched on 25th October 1900, she sailed from Liverpool on her maiden voyage to Cape Town, Albany, Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney on 3rd January 1901. [*Great Passenger Ships of the World* by Arnold Kludas, Vol. 1, and *North Star to Southern Cross* by John M Maber.]

After the outbreak of the war, she arrived at Port Phillip Bay on 31st December 1914 and was quarantined at Portsea with smallpox onboard. In January 1915 she docked at Port Melbourne and came under Commonwealth control, being requisitioned by the Naval Transport Branch. She was measured up and plans were prepared for the accommodation and transportation of troops for the AIF. Designated 'His Majesty's Australian Transport' (HMAT) A54, she proceeded on to Sydney in early February. [*1st A.I.F. Unit Index and Embarkation Detail. Sea Transport of the A.I.F.* Prepared in the Naval Transport Branch by Greville Tregarthen.]

The *Runic* sailed from Sydney on Friday, 19th February 1915, under the command of captain, Lieutenant Commander James Kearney RNR, with a compliment of reinforcement troops for the 1st and 2nd Contingents AIF. The men on board belonged to the following units: 2nd AGH, AMC, 1st AFA, 3rd AFA, 1st DAC, 1st FCE, 2nd FCE, 2nd Signal Troop (2nd LHB), 5th AASC (1st LHB Train), 6th AASC (2nd LHB Train), 7th AASC (4th Inf Bde Train), 8th AASC (301st MT & 17th Div Amm Park), 9th AASC (300th MT & 17th Div Supply Col.), 15th ASC (Field Butchery & Bakery).

The vessel sailed on to Port Phillip Bay and docked at Melbourne to take on Victorian troops, arriving at the Town Pier, Port Melbourne, on, or about, 22nd/23rd February 1915.

On Thursday 25th February, the 8th Light Horse Regiment proceeded mounted from Broadmeadows Camp and rode through the city to Port Melbourne, arriving at 7.30am to embark onboard the HMAT A16 *Star of Victoria*.



The 8th LH 1st Reinforcements and infantry reinforcements followed during the morning. They boarded trains and travelled directly to Port Melbourne, marched onto the town pier and went aboard the *Runic*. The horses were off-saddled and commenced to be loaded aboard the *Star of Victoria*. This task took about five hours to complete, as there were over 600 horses to be put on board, including those of the 1st Reinforcements. All men, equipment and

horses were on board the *Star of Victoria* and *Runic* by 2pm, and at about 3.30pm the ships were towed out about a mile in the bay, as far as Gellibrand Light, by tugboat and anchored off Williamstown for the night. [Above: The *Star of Victoria* being towed out by a tug to its mooring. Australian War Memorial Negative Number PB1012]

Major John Matheson Edgar, 6th Infantry Battalion, 3rd Reinforcements, was appointed Officer Commanding (OC) of all troops onboard the *Runic*.

The compliment of troops (all reinforcements) who embarked on the *Runic* at Port Melbourne were from these units: the 5th Battalion (Btn), 6th Btn, 7th Btn, 8th Btn, 10th Btn, 12th Btn, 14th Btn, 15th Btn, 1st Aust Clearing Hospital, 2nd Field Amb, 8th LHR, 2nd AFA, 1st DAC, 3rd FCE, 1st Signal Troop (1st LHB), 3rd Signal Troop (3rd LHB), AASC (4th Div Train), 10th AASC (1st Aust Reserve Park), 11th AASC (Railway Supply Detachment) and Army Pay Corps.

The *Runic* had on board 1 544 officers and men, and not being fitted-out for such, had no horses on board.

That is the background of the unfolding story, and it is from here the men on board both vessels will largely tell the tale.

Private William Kelly, No. 1645, 3rd Reinforcements, 14th Infantry Battalion, has left his account of the voyage on the *Runic*. His diary entry reads: “*Thurs 25th Feb – Most eventful day of my life and the saddest. After getting in at 4.30a.m. left the camp and caught the train at Broadmeadows at 11.15a.m. for Port Melb. Met so many people I knew that it made my heart ache but it was near breaking point when we arrived at the pier to see Grandma, Lou, Eileen, Alice, Hilda, Mother and dear Kit and was not allowed to fall out to say goodbye but when Kit and Mother came down to see me after the crowd were allowed on the pier, I felt as if I could jump off the boat. Forgot to mention we got a splendid send off from the camp, also from the pier. We left Port Melb Town Pier at 5.10p.m. but only went down the bay as far as Gellibrand where we anchored with the Star of Victoria, another Troopship.*”

The two vessels set sail at 5 o'clock on the morning of Friday, 26th February 1915. The *Star of Victoria* was followed up the bay by the *Runic*. They passed through the Heads at a slow pace at about 8.30am, and sailed out into the open seas, which became progressively rougher the further they got from land.

27th Feb (Saturday) The *Runic* caught up with the *Star of Victoria* during the night and the vessels sailed abreast about a mile apart. Very rough sea as the ships headed into the Great Australian Bight, and many of the officers and men were seasick around this time. By afternoon the ships were level with Adelaide.

On board the *Runic*, Private William Kelly wrote: “*Sat 27th Feb – Got up at 6a.m. feeling very unwell. It was reported that the horses on the Star were in a bad way. 7 were dumped overboard, this was confirmed when she came along side to take some of our men aboard her to look after them as the soldiers on her were very bad with sea sickness. At 3p.m. Orders given that we can write letters but cannot mention the name of boats, where we are going, where we are or anything about the trip. Also that portholes were to be screwed down and tarred so that no lights would be visible at night. Wrote to Kit and Mum at 8p.m.*”

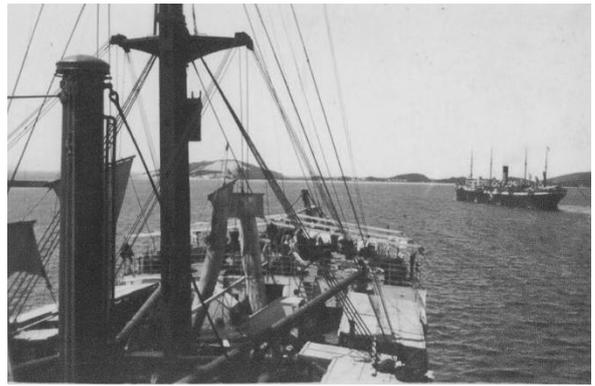
28th Feb (Sunday) From about 1pm the *Runic* began to lose ground on the *Star of Victoria*, which was the faster ship, and she progressively fell further astern, with the sea becoming exceedingly rough as the two vessels got further out into the Bight. Many of the men on board became very seasick.

1st March (Monday) During the morning the *Star of Victoria* burst the main steam pipe and was only able to manage about 8 to 9 knots per hour, changing course and heading SSW to get out of the way of other shipping following behind. The *Runic* again began to catch up and during the afternoon, passed her.

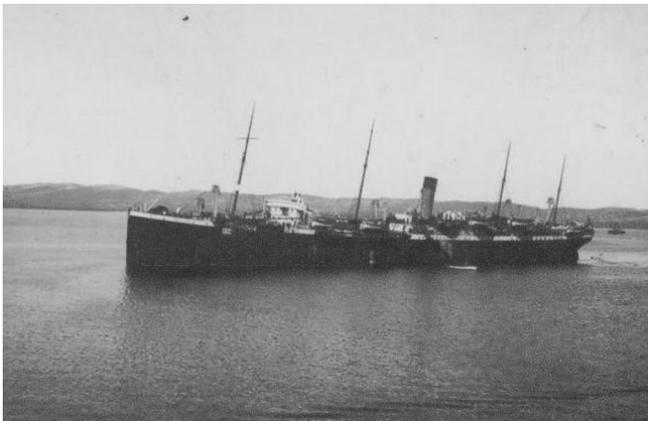
Pte William Kelly: “*Mon 1st March – Up at 6a.m. Breakfast at 7a.m. At 9a.m. got a lecture on the rules of war, dinner at 12 noon. 1p.m. steering gear of Runic has gone, being informed now that we will have to put in to Albany for repairs, we have not been more than half mile away from the Star since we started.*”

2nd March (Tuesday) The vessels changed course, heading northwest making for Albany, Western Australia.

3rd March (Wednesday) Land was sighted early in the morning and at around 7.30am the *Runic*, followed by the *Star of Victoria*, entered King George's Sound and proceeded to Princess Royal Harbour to anchor in the inner harbour at 9.15am, where repairs to the *Star of Victoria*'s broken steam pipe were to be undertaken. None of the troops on board the *Star of Victoria* were allowed to go ashore at Albany due to cases of diphtheria having broken out on board. [Right: The *Runic* and *Star of Victoria* entering King George's Sound. JP Campbell.]



Trooper Martin O'Donoghue, No. 633, 1st Reinforcements, on board the *Runic* sent a postcard home from Albany to his younger sister, Mary: "Writing these few lines letting you know I have arrived this far today. It was a fairly good trip, being very rough coming across the Bight. I felt a bit sick the first couple of days. We are going ashore tomorrow, so I hope I will be able to post this letter, because if posted on board, it is read by the censor, and it is not likely he would pass it, as we are not allowed to tell any news concerning where we are or what we are doing. I wrote to dad, I don't know whether the censor passed it or not. We are stopping here three or four days. Will you write as soon as you get this letter and let me know how you all are? This is our boat on the postcard. All the horses are on the *Star of Victoria*. I think we are going to Egypt."



He added at the bottom of the card; "I just found out that we would be gone from Colombo before a letter reached us, so had better not write."

The censor at Albany forwarded the letter he had written to his father a few days before on board the *Runic* [pictured left at Albany. Photo by James Campbell, NLA.]: "Dear Father, Writing these few lines, hoping you are well as it leaves me at present. I have had a glorious trip so far, feeling a bit sick now and then. Today is the roughest yet, the waves are splashing right up to the top deck. I am glad we have no horses to look after. They are all on the other boat. The meals are excellent, one

could not desire better. I have no idea where we are going, it is very monotonous on the boat, you never hear any news, will be glad when we get on the land. Well they won't let us tell any news much, not even where we are, date or anything in that line. All the letters are read by the censor and if there is anything in them that shouldn't be there, they are not posted.

Well dear Father as there is no news to tell, I will say goodbye to all.

From your loving Son,
Martin."

Private William Kelly recorded in his diary for the arrival at Albany: "Wed 3rd March – Got up at 6a.m. We were in sight of land, arrived at Albany Heads 8a.m. anchored half mile from pier 9a.m. Dinner at 11.30 then 600 of us were taken across to Albany in steam launches to march through the city and out in the bush. We done 10 miles, pretty rough after being on the boat 5 days, will never forget this day. The officer in charge gave the most disgraceful speech it has been my lot to hear in front of the public. He made out we were a lot of criminals, he was talking of shooting them down like dogs with ball cartridges, he asked the officers if their revolvers were loaded when we went on the march, he got off very light that day, he caught these 600 men unawares."

4th March (Thursday) Rifle inspection was held on board in the morning. The lifeboats were lowered from the *Star of Victoria* in the morning and parties of the 8th LH spent the day taking it in turns to row around the bay. The infantry aboard the *Runic* who had not gone ashore for route marching the previous day were sent.

Private William Kelly: "Thurs 4th March – I was on guard all this day. This is the day Lt. Col Pleasance (Major Edgar) will not forget till the longest day he lives on account of the 600 men who went ashore going quietly. He took the other 1000 ashore today; they made up their own minds they would not go quiet, he got wind of this and called all hands together and apologised, however they went ashore and it took them till Saturday to round them up again. I was sent ashore as an escort with 100 other men to round them up on Friday morning but went adrift also."

Private Edward Lowe, No. 1570, 3rd Reinforcements, 6th Battalion: *“Went to listen to what Major Edgar had to say about soldiers that went ashore yesterday. We went ashore today, had a 5-mile march through Albany, and I won’t forget it in a hurry, the sweat rolled out in buckets full, some (men) fell out, some fainted.”*



5th March (Friday) Boat races were arranged between the officers and men of the *Star of Victoria* and the *Runic*. The officers of each ship rowed against each other in the first race, with the crew of the *Runic* winning by half a length. The NCOs of each ship rowed in the next race, with the crew of the *Runic* winning again. The only men allowed ashore were two large parties of infantry from the *Runic* for route marching, taken ashore in the ship’s lifeboats

towed by a tugboat. [Above: The inter-ship boat races held at Albany. Below: Men from the *Runic* being towed ashore at Albany. Photos from the James Campbell collection, NLA.]

Once ashore they naturally played up, hit the nearest pubs and generally run amuck in town. About one hundred and twenty deserted, but most were eventually rounded up and taken back on board.

Captain Sid Campbell wrote: *“New Zealanders in here a fortnight ago, ‘painted the town red’, officers as bad as men, hence only men allowed ashore here were two large parties from the Runic for route marching, which proved too much for a good number.”*



Private William Kelly: *“Fri 5th March – On shore at Albany all day looking for missing soldiers. We found them but instead of bringing them back we stayed with them. Order was sent from the boat that she would sail in the morning so about 800 came across in the boats, aboard her another incident happened in the evening about 6p.m. A crowd of L.H. who could not get ashore lowered one of the boats and rowed ashore. This nearly drove the officers off their heads. The men are as well behaved lot as you could get but the officers drive them to these pranks.”*

6th March (Saturday) At about 12.30 the two ships up-anchored and proceeded to sail out of King George’s Sound, with the *Runic* taking the lead. They steamed past the lighthouse at the entrance to the Sound, which signalled them farewell, and in a high wind, headed out into the open sea, with it becoming very rough. For some of the men on board, the sight of Mount Clarence, which can be seen from miles out to sea, would have been the last sight of Australia they would have. Land was lost sight of about 3pm.

Pte William Kelly: *“Sat 6th March – Up at 6 a.m. went up for a wash. The S.S. Dimboola came past bound for Melb gave us a great cheer. She left at 12 noon again for Fremantle. We followed her immediately and The Star of Victoria after us then the Moroka No 14 Troopship but she went to New Zealand with invalids. The Star of Victoria and the Runic then started on the long run to Colombo expect it will be 16 days run from here to port.”*

7th March (Sunday) Land was again sighted on the horizon from the ship’s bridge early in the morning. The ships were passing Cape Leeuwin, and as the morning became lighter the coastline could be clearly seen. By 10am the sight of land had disappeared over the horizon; this was the last sight of Australia the men had as they sailed out into the Indian Ocean.

11th March (Thursday) The weather was becoming very hot as they crossed into tropics. The ships sailed close to the Cocos Islands where HMAS Sydney wrecked the *Emden*.

Corporal Pickett on board the *Star of Victoria* recorded: *“We had a very good voyage as we got into the Trade Winds which kept us cool enough, the sun was very strong at times. The sea had hardly a ripple for days although the long rolling swell was always there. It was notable that in the day time the Runic was always close and in the night she often got out of sight.”* [Private family papers of Sgt Pickett.]

Onboard both vessels, concerts, singing competitions, boxing tournaments and other games were organised to keep the men active and amused.

Private William Kelly: *“Thurs 11th March – Up at 6a.m. usual routine of work. Heat unbearable. Getting near the line at 2p.m. We were called to deck to give 3 cheers for the Sydney as we were on the exact spot where she left the Expeditionary Forces to catch the Emden.”*

William Kelly: "Sat 13th March – Sent a letter with £1 note to Kit. Orders given to go full speed ahead to Colombo on account of running out of fresh water, still a week's sail from there and making it 1 week out from Albany."

16th March (Tuesday) The two vessels crossed the Equator at 11.15am. A Neptune's parade was held on board the *Star of Victoria* in the afternoon and everyone on board had a great day, with much excitement and fun being caused by the ceremony. A special canvas tank was rigged up for the purpose of giving the candidates a bath and shave. The CO, Colonel White, was the first to be arrested by Neptune's police as a pollywog and put through the punishment.

Pte William Kelly: "Mon 15th March – Crossed the line at 9am. Sports were held any amount of fun, everybody from the Col. down had to be dumped into the bath of water with clothes and all on."

17th March (Wednesday, St. Patrick's Day) The island of Ceylon was sighted at first light.

18th March (Thursday) Colombo was sighted at about 7.30am, and at 9am the ships sailed inside the breakwater and the *Star of Victoria* anchored behind the *Runic* in Colombo Harbour at 9.30am. The coal barges came alongside at 11am. [Right: The *Runic* at anchor in Colombo harbour. JP Campbell photo.]

Lieutenant Colonel White on board the *Star of Victoria* had a "dickens of an argument" with the port commander, before being allowed to let the men ashore. About half of the men were allowed to go ashore in the afternoon from 2pm until 6pm.

Trooper Ronald Ross: "Arrived Colombo inside the breakwater about 8.30a.m. Anchored behind the *Runic*. Went ashore at 2p.m. till 6p.m. Only half of us, and the other half the next day from 8a.m. to 12 noon. Myself [in] the first party and had a good time. Six of us rode around in a brougham for one hour, came back to where we started, and then we had races in rickshaws. I had a pretty good dark horse. The men that went ashore behaved well."

Private William Kelly: "Thurs 18th March – Woke up 5a.m. Colombo is in sight right on the open ocean also three more boats we do not know who they are. Arrived Colombo 8a.m. Plenty of niggers about diving for money. Also cadging tucker as fully dressed as the day they were born. The most wonderful and lowest people you could imagine. 6p.m. I in company with 3 mates jumped overboard and gave 3 niggers 3/- each to row us ashore, which they did. We had a great time. I might say that about 500 got ashore in this manner but about 150 got caught. We were caught in bed at the Royal Hotel. 19 of us, by Captain Thomas who showed us round town."



Number J02758]

19th March (Friday) Coaling continued in the morning and was finished by about noon. The remaining fifty per cent of the men were allowed to go ashore in the morning from 8am to 12 noon. Not one of the 8th's troopers overstayed their leave ashore, which testified to the high standard of training, discipline and calibre of the men.

The major in charge of troops aboard the *Runic* refused to allow any shore leave as a punishment for the misconduct at Albany. There was also the consideration that the diversity of different units on board would have made controlling shore leave a very difficult task. [Left: Men of the 8th LHR going ashore at Colombo from the *Star of Victoria*. Australian War Memorial Negative

This situation was all that was needed for trouble to start: men stuck on one vessel, watching the men from the other being taken ashore, spending half the day in town, before being ferried back to their ship.

The two vessels were ready to set sail at 2pm, but at about 1pm some of the troops on the *Runic* knocked over the captain, locked up their officers in the dining room while they were having lunch, and taking charge of five lifeboats, lowered them over the side and proceeded to row for the shore. Two boats got to the shore, one boat returned to the *Runic* and men from the 8th LHR later apprehended the other two on the water. Three of the 8th LHR Troops, about one hundred officers and men, were issued with twenty rounds of ammunition and sent off the boat to arrest and return the men to the *Runic*, under armed guard.

The rub to this whole story is the attitudes of the men on either vessel.

Some men from the 8th Light Horse aboard the *Star of Victoria* commented:

Sergeant Colin Cameron: *“Other half of squadron went ashore and returned 12 noon. Were to sail at 2p.m. but the men in Runic mutinied and took the boats and rowed ashore. 90 men from our boat with fixed bayonets and live cartridges went after them and caught them all after some excitement.”*

Trooper J McGlade wrote: *“The next day just about an hour before we were to sail, we were all made to fall in on parade. About fifty of us were picked out to go ashore on duty. We had to go and get on all our gear and rifles. In about a quarter of an hour we were ready to go ashore in full marching order. We went ashore and marched off from the jetty. We were sent out on a ten mile march right out and around the town.”* [McGlade letters. AWM MS 11221]

Stan Mack wrote in a letter home: *“We had to take a hand and there was not a Runic sympathiser on the Star of Victoria. I will tell the main facts but don’t let it out of the family, as we have special orders not to mention it. We did not fire a shot but the Runic men say they will get even with us for going against them. They passed close to us once and the whole lot of them leant over and hooted at us, it’s a wonder you did not hear them in Australia. We would be very pleased to give the swines a good hiding, but expect they will be kept away from us. The leader of them must get at least four years and some of their officers got a rough handling.”* [The Mack family papers, J Hamilton.]

Lieutenant Lex Borthwick noted: *“The party I was with got five privates and a Lieutenant, their Adjutant, out of a hotel. I had a struggle on the ground with one of the prisoners but he was half drunk and I came out of my first action a winner. These men on the Runic were a disgrace to Australia, and our men at Colombo were itching to have a go at them.”* [Lieutenant Borthwick, family papers.]

Captain Sid Campbell recorded: *“Our men were in a stern mood, they themselves had behaved splendidly.”*

All but thirty of the men from the *Runic* were eventually rounded up and returned, which was accomplished with the aid of the port authorities, and the *Runic* put out to sea during the night. The 8th’s troopers returned on board about 9pm and the *Star of Victoria*’s departure was postponed until early the following morning.

Aboard the *Runic*, a different viewpoint was taken:

Trooper Martin O’Donoghue of the 1st Reinforcements wrote: *“We got treated very badly on the way over, they would not let us off at any of the ports, so we lowered all the boats off the Runic in Colombo and started to go ashore. Another transport was near, so they gave the men 20 rounds of ammunition each and sent them after us, however, we were too fast for them, but they had a garrison on the pier with fixed bayonets and a great battle raged for an hour. being wounded.*

“The captain of the Runic claimed 200 pounds damages for the boats, so we were fined 25 shillings each. We were the only ones that ever left Australia that were not let ashore. All through the fault of the Major, who was the biggest crawler out. He narrowly averted being chucked overboard, was dying of pleurisy when we left the boat.”

Trooper William Kelly: *“Fri 19th March – We were caught in bed and taken for a motor car ride round the town before being brought back to the boat. We were put in the coop when we went aboard but escaped after dinner. There was a meeting aboard, the crowd turned out in uniform and demanded to go ashore, the major refused whereas they just took the boats by force and went ashore. They sent out guards and the engine whistles were set going to bring the Captain aboard. They got them together again and took the boat out about 4 miles to anchor.”*

20th March (Saturday) The *Star of Victoria* set sail at about 3.30am and left Colombo Harbour at 4.15am. A message was received in the morning from the *Runic*, that all of the men who had broken away from the ship had been rounded up and returned on board.

Sergeant Colin Cameron: *“Our boat sailed at 3am having received urgent message to follow Runic as men were in a state of mutiny.”*

Private William Kelly: *“Sat 20th March – Woke up 6a.m. found we were on our journey for another long spell. I was feeling very ill on account of getting wet through.”*

28th March (Sunday) At 7am a high rugged mountain was sighted ahead and as the ships drew closer, it was seen to be a tremendous barren mountain of rock, on which there were several lighthouses and signal stations. Aden was reached at about 10.30am and the ships anchored in the harbour around noon. At about 3pm an armed merchantman came into the harbour and was saluted by the 8th LHR as she passed, by the men standing to attention on the decks and the band playing ‘Rule Britannia’. The ringleaders of the men, who had taken over the *Runic*’s lifeboats at Colombo, were taken ashore. A naval officer came on board the *Star of Victoria* with orders and the vessels sailed from Aden at 6.30pm.

2nd April (Good Friday) The town of Suez came into sight around 11am. While standing off the town in the afternoon, a burial service was conducted. A lad, **Sapper Jesse W Humphryis**, 3rd Signal Troop, had died in the very early hours of the morning on board the *Runic*. The two vessels lay in a very calm sea and all ranks of both ships stood to attention as the 'Last Post' rung out clearly across the water in the stillness of the day, as his body was committed to the deep.

Private William Kelly on board the *Runic*: "*Good Friday – The saddest day of the voyage we got up and informed we are going off the boat, also that Pte. Humphries [sic] of the artillery had died at 3.30a.m. and will be buried at sea. This was unfortunate to happen on the last day of the trip. He was buried in sight of land and 2 hours from Suez. Arrived at Suez at 4.30p.m., anchored off the pier.*"

A pilot boat came alongside later in the afternoon, and the pilot brought the *Star of Victoria* into Suez Harbour. There were many vessels in the harbour, including two large warships. The two transports were soon surrounded by many kinds of boats of native hawkers, selling all types of goods and souvenirs.

The men aboard the *Runic* disembarked at Port Suez, boarded trains for the journey to Cairo station, and from there marched out to their various camps.

William Kelly: "*Sat 2nd April – 10am leave the good old Runic and on train for Cairo. Arrived there after the most remarkable train journey imaginable. At 9.30 march on to camp at Abbasein [Abbassia] 4 miles from Cairo.*"

On Tuesday 13th April, Lieutenant Colonel White went into Cairo to attend a court of enquiry into the *Runic* mutiny.

To date I have been unable to find any examples of the enquiry from those service records that I have accessed, but from Major Edgar's file, there is a reference to letters that he sent to the 3rd Military District, requesting a copy of his Gallipoli service to be sent to the Melbourne University. Here we have the memo sent by OIC Base Records, titled "*Major JM Edgar - Court of Inquiry on Runic, seeking clarification as to whether a report on the 'Runic trouble' had been forwarded to the Education Department or any other State Government Department.*"

There are official records of the enquiry held by the AWM, and possibly the National Archives of Australia, but again, up until this point in time, these have not been sighted.

If any readers, either descendants or others, have come across the *Runic Court of Enquiry*, or court martial documents, I would be most interested in their content or location.

Without these, the story of the 'Mutiny on the *Runic*' remains incomplete.

Extracts from soldiers' letters in relation to Christmas 1915

Contributed by Heather (Frev) Ford, Montrose.

25/12/1915 – en route from Lemnos to Egypt: "I am, as you see, spending Xmas Day on the sea. ... The officers are shouting us a pint of beer each today. I don't know what's for dinner, but expect there won't be much. If you didn't get my Xmas letter you'll know it went down with the mail that was sunk by a submarine. ... Well we had dinner since the last sentence was written. It consisted of boiled beef, without any bread or tea, but we had the pint of beer instead. I couldn't get anything at the canteen but tinned fish, so I had a very poor dinner and tea. I hope to be home this time next year."

27/12/1915 – England (just out of hospital):

"I will tell you how I spent my Xmas – from the time I got up in the morning. I had a wash, then breakfast, went down to the reading room for a read and a smoke, down stairs to the barber's for a shave, and then had my boots cleaned, after which we started out to have Xmas dinner with Sir George Reid at the Hotel Cecil (in the Strand), one of the largest and best hotels in London. And I tell you it was a dinner, too. There were about 900 Australians and New Zealanders present. You may guess what it was like when I tell you that any civilian that wished to be present had to pay 10/6. Sir George Reid and several other noted men gave speeches. Well, after we had had dinner and came out into the Strand again, several of us were accosted by a lady we did not know. She asked us if we would be good enough to go and spend the afternoon and have tea with her. Of course, we accepted the invitation, and were placed in taxis and driven off. We did not know where we were going, or whose house we were going to, but we were happy. However, it turned out alright, for it was Lady Wolsley's place we went to, where we had a right royal time. We had just escaped from there when we were caught again, and put into taxis and whirled off to spend the night and next day with a Mr and Mrs Lauder, parents of a great musician who has just returned from a tour in Australia. So you can see we did not want for much."

With the 10th Light Horse on Gallipoli: Trooper Sid Livesey

Contributed by Sandra Playle, Fremantle.

Albany Advertiser, June 21st and 28th; July 5th 1916

“With the Light Horse on Gallipoli - An Albany Boy’s Experiences”

Below we publish the first instalments of a diary written by Trooper Sid Livesey, of the 10th Light Horse, giving an account of the doings of the regiment on Gallipoli. Trooper Livesey has seen considerable service. He has twice been wounded, but is now recovered and ready for action again:-

We are still in Egypt and likely to be for some time. It is thirteen months since we arrived in Egypt; two months after we arrived we were wanted at the peninsula. Every man was anxious to try himself with the Turk. We had seen lots of our infantry come back wounded. They told us they had got a warm reception when they landed. One could see by the number wounded, and by the nature of their wounds that they had a rough time. Well, we were equipped as infantry as well as putties and a pack, and filled our bandoliers with ammunition, each man carrying 200 rounds.

We left Heliopolis on the night of the 15th of May last year, and arrived at Alexandria at daybreak next morning. It was about 5pm the same day when we left Alexandria for the Dardanelles. We were in a ship called the *Lutzow*. She was a German prize of about 9 000 tons. She was a fast ship, but very dirty. There were nearly 3 000 men on board. We were packed in like sheep on five decks. Food was very bad and scarce and sleep was out of the question. After we steamed out to sea our CO ordered a strong guard to be put on the boat-deck to keep watch for submarines. I was lucky enough to be put on that guard and we were better off than those down below as we had a lot more room.

Nothing exciting happened until we got close to the Dardanelles. On Tuesday afternoon, May 18, we saw our first aeroplane. It was flying over the Asia Minor side of the Dardanelles. The boys were a little excited, as it was the first we had seen up-to-date. As we drew nearer to Cape Helles we could see the flashes of the shrapnel bursting over French and British lines, and later we could hear the boom boom of the ships guns, for they were bombarding the big hill, Achi Baba. Now the boys were a bit excited, for it was the first real dinkum war most of us had seen, and we begin to realise what we had come for.

We steamed in close to Cape Helles and dropped anchor close to some battleships. The rifle fire was pretty constant during the night and at daybreak the next morning they pounded each other for all they were worth. It made me think that I had hopped into a pretty warm job. The ships blazed away at the big hill all day long, and I can tell you the shells stirred up the dust where they hit. I felt glad the Turks were up there instead of us.

We left Cape Helles that day (May 19) for Anzac, where we arrived about 5pm. By the sound of things the Australians seemed to be pretty busy. Anzac is a formidable looking position to look at from the water. And it was as bad as it looked. One would think it impossible to make a landing there.

Things were busy in shipping lines around Anzac: transports, warships, destroyers, store ships and trawlers were all around us. We lay off Anzac till Friday May 21; then we got orders to land. We embarked from the troopship on to a destroyer, which took us closer to the shore and we went from there to the beach in barges. One of our men was wounded going ashore by a stray bullet. When we got ashore we dug in on the side of a hill at Anzac Cove. We did not go into the trenches till May 25. In the meantime we were used in place of mules, carrying water and stores etc., up the hill.

May 24 was the day of the great armistice, when all hands stopped fighting to bury the dead. It was a wonderful sight that I shall never forget. I forgot to mention the Turks’ charge on the 19th and 20th May. They charged all along the line and were repulsed with heavy losses. As far as I know there were over 3 000 Turks killed, and the armistice was held on the 24th. One of my mates (W Blake) and myself went up to the firing line to see the dead buried. Both sides stopped firing at half-past seven in the morning, and they were not to start again till 4.30pm.

At the said time both sides left the trenches with picks and shovels and small white flags, to carry out their grim task. It was a strange sight to see the Australians and Turks mixed up. Some exchanged cigarettes with the Turks and talked with them quite friendly. The dead were lying very thick in some places, just as they fell, and there were stray Australians here and there that had been killed at the time of the landing nearly four weeks before. They were in a state of decay and the smell was not very nice. At 7am that day they would have killed each other on sight, and at 7.30am, they were out together digging graves. It all seemed so strange. They dug long shallow graves and placed the dead in them side by side, clothes and all, just as they had been killed.



Well, the work went on without a hitch all day till about 4.20pm, then both sides went back to their trenches. When time was up, they opened fire on each other's trenches, and it seemed as though both sides wanted to make up for the time they had lost. The next day (May 25) we left Anzac Cove for the trenches. We went up Shrapnel Gully and made our camp about half-way up the gully. That's where we first got into trouble. [Left: Australian burial parties burying dead Australian and Turkish soldiers at the Nek during the armistice. Australian War Memorial Negative Number P02648.025]

We had our first man killed that day by a sniper. I nearly got caught by shrapnel myself. Blake and I were digging a dug-out when a shrapnel shell burst close to us and sent the bullets all round without hitting either of us. The same shell hit two of our officers. We went into

the trenches that day; A and B Squadron into Pope's Hill. These two places were only about 100 yards apart. The Turks were 200 yards from Pope's Hill and they were only 40 yards from Quinn's Post.

Nothing happened until May 29, only sniping and swearing. It was on May 26 that the battleship *Triumph* was sunk off Anzac. A submarine got in close to her and sunk her and got away. I saw her go down. She turned right over and floated keel up for about ten minutes before she took her final plunge. There were not many men lost with her.

We stayed on the beaches at Pope's Hill until May 29. At half-past 3 in the morning every man had to get up and stand to arms for an hour or so in case of attack at daybreak. We had only been out of our dug-outs about 10 minutes and the Turks fired a mine that they had put under our trenches at Quinn's Post. It went off with a terrible roar and sent dirt and stuff all over the place. And they charged. They drove our boys out of part of the trench with bombs and bayonets, and then they opened fire all along the line with machine guns, rifles, and bombs and shrapnel. You talk about Guy Fawkes night in the west. It wasn't in it, it made your hair stand on end. In a few minutes our artillery opened fire on the Turks, but we got the first four shells they fired right in among us. The first one wounded two of our men at Pope's Hill and the other must have done hard at Quinn's Post also. At Quinn's Post the Turks were in our trenches and our men just outside down a bank and they were throwing bombs at each other for all they were worth. This lasted for about an hour, and our chaps charged them with a bayonet and drove them out. We lost a few of the 10th Light Horse over it, but A and E Squadrons killed a few Turks. They got 26 dead Turks out and there were some they could not get. We had quite a time from then on in till we shifted to Walker's Ridge on June 4th.

We camped in a gully below Russell's Top trenches for a fortnight doing sapping and trench digging, and then went into the trenches. A Squadron took over No. 1 outpost and B and C Squadrons took over from the left flank of the firing line. We had a good easy time there. We lost a few men now and then with shrapnel and snipers. We were close to the beach and when we were off duty we used to go swimming. I can tell you it was a treat to get into the water after coming out of the dirty lousy trenches. By this time we were all as lousy as bandicoots. We used to run a big risk while in swimming. The Turks used to snipe at us. Sometimes there would be 50 – 60 men in the water, and a Turk would let fly at them. They would come out like a mob of ducks, wait for a while and go in again until one of the boys got hit. Then they would stay out. Every day someone was shot while swimming. Neil Conway and I were in one day. We were about 10 yards out from the shore, having a good time, when 'Jacko' spotted us and let drive. The bullet hit between us. Neil went one way and I the other. The Turks singled me out and fired more shots at me before I got to the beach. He left Neil alone. It was me he wanted and nearly got me. One shot hit the water close to my shoulder, and another passed between my legs. Those two shots gave me a fresh lease of life and I soon got out of the beach. The Turks are good shots and good fighters and very fair.

June was a very quiet month. We stayed in the trenches sniping and waiting for the Turks to come. They charged at Russell's Top on July 1. The 8th Light Horse was there at the time and they dished the Turks up lovely. They killed nearly a hundred and took a few prisoners.

All through July it was quiet. The Turks used to give us a few shells every day from 3in., up to 8.5in. They started using the French 75s on us in June. They are nasty little guns to have blazing at you. What they don't kill they nearly frighten to death. We stayed in those trenches until the end of July and then shifted up to Russell's Top. We knew there was a big move coming off very soon by the stores and water and ammunition going up to the firing line, and they were landing a lot of guns and fresh troops began to arrive.

Things were very quiet until August 6. We lost a few more men with bombs and shells. We were told on August 6 that we had to advance in the morning at 4.30 from Russell's Top. We knew in our hearts what sort of job we were in for, but I don't think it troubled one man. We were tired of trench fighting. The

advance started at 5pm, on August 6. Everything was quiet until then. At that time the infantry jumped over the parapet and charged Lone Pine, and then it was as if all hell was let loose. No-one in our trench knew that the charge was going to start when it did. We were carrying bombs and ammunition into the firing line when it started, and one of the officers, with a voice like a bull roared out, "Stand to arms". We dropped what we were carrying and rushed for our rifles. Neil Conway and I were mates from the start, and we were sleeping in the same dug-out. We both made a rush for the dug-out at once, and hit our heads together. I saw Haley's Comet and about a thousand stars. I don't know what Neil saw. We thought the Turks were in our trenches. But the Australians had them too busy on the right of them to bother us. It was a terrible fight for Lone Pine. The Turks had their trenches covered in, and the Australians could not get in. They took the trenches somehow. They were fighting all night and nearly all week; the week after the Turks tried to take them back. But our men would not shift.

About half past 9 on the same night, our left flank charged. They were mostly New Zealanders. They moved out very quietly and got right up to the Turks' trenches before they knew what was the matter. The hills seemed lighted up with rifle fire from all over the place. By this time there was something doing. The battle was in full swing and many of our good men had gone under. About 10 that night a fleet of transports steamed into Suvla Bay and started landing British troops, and they were not long before they were in the thick of the fighting. They fought all night, and made good progress from Suvla Bay.

The time for us to charge was not that far off now and we began to get ready. Some had to carry picks and shovels and some had bombs. I was one of the bomb-throwers, and I had two haversacks with five bombs in each, besides my rifle and 225 rounds of ammunition and food and water for 24 hours. The 8th Light Horse had to go first, and the 10th was to follow. The 8th Light Horse was already in the trenches waiting for the word to go and we were just behind them. And the Turks were throwing bombs from a trench mortar in among us

It was terrible. We were so closely packed in the trenches that men could not get away from a bomb after it fell. Well, 4.30am came and the 8th Light Horse jumped out of the trench and rushed straight for the enemy. They did not get far. The Turks were waiting for us and they opened a terrible fire with machine guns, rifles, and bombs, and shrapnel; it was hell on earth. No man could get through it. The first line got cut down, and the second got the same reception. Then the third line went to their doom, and then the fourth. I was in the fourth line, and I thought it would be the last line I would ever be in. I knew only a miracle could save a man there. We just got in the firing line, and we got the word to go. And our officer, Jim Lyle, was the first man out. We scrambled out of the trench and rushed towards the enemy but half of the men were down before we got a dozen yards. And our officer cried out "It's no use; get down lads" and we dropped on our faces. We got the order to get back the best way we could. It was like a dust storm. You could not tell who a man was 10ft away from you. I turned my head around to see the best way back and I could see the bullets hitting the ground all around me so I stayed where I was for about 10 minutes till the fire died down a bit. I was expecting a bullet to hit one of my bombs any moment and blow me to glory or somewhere else. I wished those bombs anywhere but around my neck. When the fire eased off a bit I crawled slowly towards our trench. When I got within 6ft, I made a rush on all fours and tumbled head first into the trench.

The trench was in a terrible state; dead and wounded men lying everywhere. Some were lying dead half-out and half-in the trench, some got a yard away, some got more, some were killed trying to get out. About 10 yards away from our trench they were lying in rows and heaps. It was awful. We could not get many of the poor chaps in and they had to stay there and rot. Most of them were never buried, unless the Turks buried them after the evacuation. Billy Blake got killed and Neil Conway got a few splashes of lead in his arm and hand, but it was not much. Mr AY Hassell's son, Humphry [Humfray – Ed.], was killed in that charge. Our losses were 83 killed and 85 wounded. The 8th



Light Horse suffered worse than us. They lost over 250 killed and wounded. [Above: Looking from the Turkish trenches on The Nek to the Australian trenches on The Nek. A piece of steel railway line is jutting out of the ground on an angle in the centre foreground. One of a series of photographs taken on the Gallipoli

Peninsula under the direction of Captain CEW Bean of the Australian Historical Mission, during the months of February and March, 1919. Australian War Memorial Negative Number G01873]

We stayed in those trenches until August 27th. We were in the trenches day and night working two hours on duty and two hours off. And the smell from our dead mates was awful. They were lying that close to our trenches that we could almost touch them with our rifles. We got a lot of the closest in the night, but as soon as the Turks heard a noise or saw any movement outside our trenches, they would let their machine guns loose on us. We were relieved from those trenches by the 20th Battalion of Australian Infantry. They told us we were going for a rest. We had been there over three months. Instead of giving us a rest they took us out to Hill 60 and let us loose there.

We had one night's rest after we were relieved and then we marched out to Hill 60 the next night, August 28. We got to our destination about midnight. I never felt so tired before. We were loaded like jack donkeys. We camped behind the firing line that night, and the next day our colonel got wounded with shrapnel, and had to go away. This was August 28 and we were told we had to charge a trench on the hill at 1 o'clock in the morning. Soon after midnight we made our way up to the firing line. Fifty of our men were already there. They had been lying there in the cold since midnight the night before. The Connaught Rangers, an Irish regiment, had got a rough handling on the 27th. The Turks drove them out and killed a lot of them. On the 28th the 9th Light Horse charged the same trench. They were repulsed with heavy losses. They lost nearly 300 men. After the charge failed, the colonel of the 9th Light Horse said he would take the trench with 40 men. He got the men together and charged the trench again. He and the forty men were all killed. Not one lived to tell the tale. I might mention that the New Zealand Mounted Rifles took the trench from the Turks on August 27 and gave it to the Connaught Rangers to hold. The Rangers did not have enough bombs to hold it and they had to retire. The 9th Light Horse failed to take it on the 28th and they were good enough to let us try ourselves at it on the 29th. We only had 148 rifles left out of our regiment. I can tell you I did not fancy our chance of getting it after the others getting such a doing. Anyhow we did it, and it was the liveliest time I ever had in my life. Not one of the men had seen the trench in the daytime, and we did not know which way the trench ran.

Poor old Major Scott was in charge of the regiment. We lined up in the firing line about five minutes before one and fixed our bayonets. An officer was standing with a watch in his hand. We got orders not to fire a shot before we got to the trench, and not to make a noise. As last he said "Time's up, over you go lads", and we scrambled out of the trenches. As soon as I got to my feet I could see a lovely row of lights along the Turks trench. Their Mausers were spitting at us as soon as we started. It was about a 70 yard sprint across to them. Neil Conway was just in front of me going like a young kangaroo. As soon as we got close to the Turks we let a blood-curdling yell and I think it frightened 'Jacko' a bit. Anyhow they did not wait and meet us with bayonets. They were getting out as we were getting in, and there was no one more pleased than I was when I saw them getting out. When we got in the trench there was some Turks still there, but a few bombs soon shifted them. They retired to their next line of trenches from our left. We bombed them down the right side of the trench as far as we could, but we were losing too many men, so we had to build a barricade of sand bags to keep them back. The Turks were bombing us from one side of the barricade and we were bombing them from the other side. Men were blown to pieces by bombs that night. Seventy got their arms and legs blown off.

Well, it got a bit too warm and we had to retire down the trench about a chain and build another barricade of sandbags. A few men held the first barricade while the others built the second. When the second one was finished our men retired between the two. We were pretty safe then, for the Turks could not reach us with their bombs and we could not reach them. And no man could live between the two barricades. But 'Jacko' was not satisfied then, so they charged us from a trench in front of us about sixty yards away. We had some good shooting then. A man could not go wrong, and I think we killed every Turk that was in the charge. About an hour after they came at us again, and we shot them down as fast as they showed themselves. And just as day was breaking, they made a third attempt to drive us out. They never had a chance of getting through our rifle fire. It was too deadly. I don't like to boast about it, but I know in my heart I killed more than one man at Hill 60 that night.

Daylight came at last. By this time we had dug the trench about a foot deeper and built it up a little, and made it pretty safe. Before I went to the front I had read lots of articles about the dead lying for days before they were buried, but I could never believe it. I did not think men could put up with it. But after that day at Russell's Top and Hill 60 I can believe anything. We were walking over the dead and fighting over them all night. Outside the trenches they were lying everywhere, in front of us, behind us and on all sides. I never thought I would see such an awful sight. There were dead Australians, New Zealanders, Turks and English-men all mixed up. Some had been killed days before. For about 30 yards up one of the saps the dead

were packed into it three deep. One of the parapets of the Turkish trench we took was built mostly of dead men instead of sand bags. As our men got killed we would just take hold of them, one by the arms and the other by the legs and throw them outside the trench. Poor chaps, they were no use to us after they were killed, but it had to be done.

The Turks did not charge us after daylight. They had had enough of it. But we expected them to come the next night. We got a few shells from them during the day, but they did no damage. All that day we were burying the dead and cleaning up the trenches, we got two machine guns in with us from that night.

[End of extracts found by Sandra]

Endnote: Sydney Claude Livesey left Australia as Trooper 433 in the 10th LHR on 17th February 1915, after enlisting on 19th October 1914. He was wounded at Gallipoli on 11th October 1915 (gun shot wound, right shoulder/chest) and after lengthy treatment and a bout of influenza, left for Australia for change on 10th July 1916. However, he was classed as unfit for military service and was discharged on 12th October 1916 – Graeme.

2009 Bandiana AGM report

This year's AGM was held at the Army Museum Bandiana, Victoria. Members travelled from Bathurst, Dubbo and Sydney to attend, and while it was disappointing that no Victorian members could make it, those that attended had a thoroughly enjoyable time.

Prior to the AGM, the John Laffin Collection was officially launched by John's son, Craig. During John's many years of living in the UK and travelling the Western Front, he and his wife Hazelle collected many artefacts from sites where the Diggers fought, while many other pieces were donated by French and Belgian locals to the Laffins or picked up at flea markets. The result is an amazing collection of war memorabilia (not only WWI) that is now held by the Army Museum. A large display case has been especially built for the collection and items will be rotated through the exhibition as they are processed by the curator. The opening of the collection was filmed by WIN-TV and covered by the local newspaper. If you are in the area, make this another reason to visit what is a fantastic military museum.

The AGM was attended by twenty-four members and saw the following persons fill the 2009-2010 Committee: President, Russell Curley; Vice-President, Jim Munro; Secretary, Chris Munro; Treasurer, Robyn Ward. Ordinary committee members are: Alan Kitchen (membership secretary), Graeme Hosken (*DIGGER* editor), Andrew Willetts, Margaret Snodgrass and Maurice Campbell. Lorraine Curley was thanked for her year's service on the committee, while special mention was made of Alan Kitchen, who has been Treasurer for the eight years since the FFFAIF was incorporated. The job of Treasurer can be an onerous one and Alan has certainly contributed 'above and beyond the call of duty'.

The AGM Dinner was held at the Commercial Golf Club Resort in Albury and the three-course meal was well-received by the twenty-nine in attendance. Much discussion over the meal was focussed on the inaugural Western Front tour to be held in July 2010, with some arm-twisting going on to entice more to go on what should be a great trip.

On the Sunday, some members travelled to view the WWI display at Chiltern and then onto the historic towns of Yackandandah and Beechworth.

Special thanks go to Major Graham Docksey and his staff at the Army Museum for their assistance with the AGM venue and for coordinating the Laffin Collection launch. This year, the job of organising the venues, accommodation and dinner fell to Graeme Hosken, and he was thanked by all those present for the enjoyable weekend. Next year's venue will be advised in the first half of 2010.

Below: Some of the WWI exhibits at the Army Museum Bandiana.



Private 1187 David Clement Smith, 2nd Battalion

Craig Smith, Mount Louisa

David Clement Smith was born in Delegate, NSW, on 6th September 1897. He was the youngest of eleven children to John Smith and his wife Ellen (nee Scott). By all accounts, David was a popular lad who enjoyed sport, and he was a popular and skilled member of the Delegate Football Club. He was educated at Quinburra Public School.

When war broke out, David [right] was working as a general labourer and he became the first Delegate boy to enlist in the AIF. He did so on 26th September 1914 at Delegate, where he stated his age as 18 years. In fact, he had only just turned seventeen. David was recorded as 5' 5½" tall, with weight 148 lbs, ruddy complexion, grey eyes and reddish-brown curly hair. He gave his religion as Presbyterian and nominated his mother, Ellen, as next-of-kin.

David Smith was allocated to the 2nd Battalion and embarked for active service on the HMAT *Themistocles* on 22nd December 1914 as part of the 1st Reinforcements for the 2nd Battalion. His casualty form is extremely brief – the only entry states that he was killed in action on Gallipoli on 27th May 1915. David had landed on 25th April, so he survived just over a month of fighting on the peninsula. He was originally buried in Brown's Dip North Cemetery, 500 yards south of Anzac Cove. His body was later re-interred in the Lone Pine Cemetery, Plot II, Row D, Grave 8.

David Smith was the first Delegate boy to die in the Great War. At the age of 17 years and 8 months, he was also one of the youngest to be killed on Gallipoli.

The circumstances of his death were related in a letter written to David's mother by T Gordon Robertson, chaplain of the 6th Light Horse Regiment (who were fighting alongside the 2nd Battalion at the time). The letter was dated 28th May 1915.

My Dear Mrs Smith

I am very sorry indeed that your son Dave has fallen in this dreadful war. I was up in the trenches of his battalion yesterday afternoon just after he was struck. He was doing a very plucky piece of work when he was hit. Some snipers were at work among the enemy, and he said "I'll settle them". Then he went to a loophole and did fine work all the afternoon, and kept the snipers quiet. But alas, he must have been seen, for just as he fired a Turk fired too, and your son was struck in the head by an enemy bullet. Death was instantaneous, so there is at least the comfort that he did not suffer. I am a light horse chaplain, but as I was on the spot the Colonel asked me to wait and conduct the burial service. His friends prepared the grave and a number of them stood round. It was a very impressive service, just after sunset, quarter to eight o'clock, on the side of a hill, not far from the sea.

Your son was evidently a great favourite. His sergeant and corporal spoke very highly of him, and his officer (Lieut. Brown) paid a very high tribute to his courage and willingness and sterling worth of character ...

I return a letter from you, found in your son's pocket, a key, and a poem about the fighting here. I suppose he wrote it himself.

Lieutenant GW Brown, OC 'D' Company, penned a letter to Mrs Smith on 6th June 1915:

It is with the utmost regret that I have to inform you that your son, DC Smith, of this battalion, was killed in action while serving his King and country on May 27th. I would like to pay a tribute to the manliness and noble character of your boy, which stamps him as one of Australia's best sons, of whom we all feel so proud at present. His sunny disposition and his bravery marked him as a favourite with all the lads and officers of this company, and I, on behalf of the officers and men, desire to tender to you and relatives our sincerest sympathy in your sad bereavement.



The body was laid at rest near Anzac Cove, Gallipoli Peninsula, alongside some of his mates on the night 27/5/15. The padre read the burial service while the other available members of the company were present. "May God rest the soul of this noble boy."

Corporal JWR Park also wrote to Mrs Smith on the day after David's death:

I take the opportunity to write you a few lines. I was your son's Section Commander, and I wish to express the high opinion his comrades had of him. He was a good soldier and had always a ready laugh or a word even in the worst of the fighting, and we all miss a good comrade. He met his death at his post, and I am thankful to say it was instantaneous. I wish to express the deepest sympathy, on behalf of his comrades and myself, towards you in your sad bereavement.

Those letters, subsequently published in the local newspaper, must have provided some comfort and pride to his family and friends.

Four of David's brothers also served in the Great War:

1762 Private Joseph Smith, 2nd Reinforcements/18th Battalion and 5th Machine Gun Battalion;

5768 Lance Corporal William Smith, 1st Battalion (killed in action, 12th August 1918);

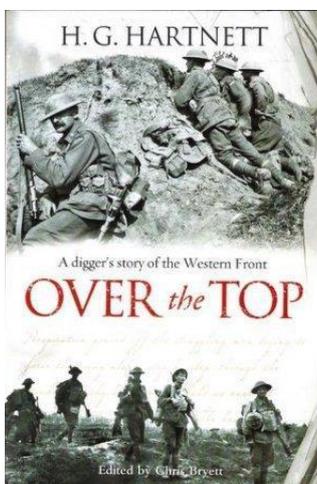
2230 Private Thomas Smith MM, 4th Reinforcements/55th Battalion and 5th Machine Gun Battalion; and

2237 Private John William Smith, 4th Reinforcements/55th Battalion and 2 Aust. Motor Transport Coy.

Eleven children ... five sons served ... two sons killed. The Smith family of Delegate certainly contributed more than their fair share to the war effort.

Endnotes: (1) Thomas and John Smith were both participants in the 'Men from Snowy River' recruitment march that started at Delegate and ended at Goulburn in January 1916. (2) Lieutenant Garnet Wolesly Brown was killed at Lone Pine between 6th and 8th August 1915.

New book, 'Over the Top', released: edited by Chris Bryett



Henry George Hartnett, known as Harry, joined the Australian Imperial Force on 13th September 1915 at the age of 23. He saw action on the Western Front at Fromelles and on the Somme, receiving his first 'Blighty' in the Battle of Pozieres; a wound serious enough to see him sent back to Britain for treatment. Upon his recovery, he returned to 'tour' the front with his battalion – an endless cycle of fighting interspersed with brief rest periods behind the lines.

"Although diaries were forbidden, I managed to secrete one in my haversack; brief notes were made in it each day, often under difficulties, especially when we were in the front-line trenches. Though brief and disjointed, its soiled pages contain much that is priceless to me ..."

Several years after the war ended, Harry turned his diaries into this fascinating memoir. Several more decades were to pass before the manuscript came into the hands of FFFAIF member Chris Bryett, a passionate amateur military historian. In spite of the great passage of time, the larrikin spirit of the young Diggers still shines through. In *Over the Top* Harry recalls the battles, the

long marches, and the many amusing events that provided escape from the horrors of the battlefield. His moving descriptions give the reader insight into the unshakeable bonds forged between the men trapped in situations they could never have imagined.

In the book, Harry Hartnett provides intriguing details about the army equipment, food, weaponry and battles, without ever over-emphasising the horrors he must have seen. Harry believed that the experiences recorded in his book were not personal so much as indicative of the experience of all Diggers, of all units, and his hope was that the deeds of the Diggers and their sacrifices would not be forgotten. *Over the Top* takes the reader on an eye-opening tour of life in and behind the trenches of the Western Front through the diaries of Digger Harry Hartnett. His book, which has not previously been published, is a magnificent gift to Australia. *Over the Top* is published by Allen & Unwin and is available in bookshops at a RRP of \$35. (The Editor purchased his copy at Target, which sells books at 35% off RRP.)

Endnote: Harry, Walter and Jack Hartnett, brothers from Bago, were profiled in *DIGGER* 25. Harry is the father of member, Nola Thomas.

AIF midgets: 'Sticks' and 'Splinter'

By Len Barrett, 2nd Battalion AIF, 'Reveille', April 1st 1933.

Contributed by Patric Millar, Glen Innes.

Having in last month's 'Reveille' paid tribute to Sgt. Colin Lutton, MM, as typifying the juveniles of the AIF, I turn now to another – **Victor Avis**, also a member of the 2nd Battalion, who was popularly known as 'Sticks'.

All 2nd Battalion Diggers will regret to hear that he is now in Prince of Wales Hospital, Randwick, gravely ill, and all will wish him a speedy return to health and strength. 'Sticks' was known throughout the battalion by virtue of his quiet, pleasant manner; his extraordinary long war service; his strong sense of duty; and, despite his youth and spare frame, his fearlessness when things were happening.

In paying tribute to 'Sticks', one must couple his name with another, for who among us could discuss 'Sticks' without flashing our thoughts to his little mate and bosom chum – 'Splinter' – who was his counterpart in a way. The wonderful friendship which existed between these two AIF lads has been revealed by the fact that one of the first to visit the pain-wracked 'Sticks' at Randwick was his old pal 'Splinter'.

Victor Avis ('Sticks'), No. 364, enlisted in August 1914, joined the then-forming 2nd Battalion at Randwick Racecourse, and was "placed on the strength" as a bugler. He was then 17 years of age, and only 5 foot in height.

Walter Gray ('Splinter'), No. 1044, enlisted in September 1914, and was absorbed in the 2nd, then at the Kensington Racecourse, also as a bugler. He was 16 years of age, and his diminutive figure was an inch or so less than the 5 foot of game little 'Sticks'. The combined weight of these two lads on enlistment was 13st. 9lb. – just equal to one brawny Anzac.

Aboard the *Suffolk* with the 2nd, and accompanying the first 20 000, 'Sticks' and 'Splinter' became extremely popular, and enjoyed the kindly attention of all ranks. In the long treks from Mena Camp over the never-ending sands, in battle and full marching order, these two lads trudged alongside their more hefty companions, and never at any time did either "fall out" on the march.

A bugler's job in an infantry battalion during the Great War was by no means an ornamental one. Back from the forward area he was "on parade" from "Reveille to Lights Out". Certainly he was free from the monotony of drill and fatigue work, but when on duty his senses were ever alert, for he came directly under the watchful eye of the adjutant and RSM.

In the line too, his position was by no means a sinecure; posted at battalion or company headquarters, he became a "runner" and was expected to immediately become acquainted with the positions of all company headquarters, battalion and brigade. Telephone communication was kept up as far as conditions would allow between these points, but often, despite heroic efforts on the part of battalion signallers to repair breaks, the only means of communication was by runners – the buglers.

Then again, at times they would find themselves attached to companies and "hopping over" or taking turns on the line as ordinary infantrymen. At other times they would be earmarked for liaison work as a guide or escort.

On the *Derfflinger*, just prior to going ashore on the inexorable April 25th, the order was given to don equipment (full marching order). These two lads found it impossible to do so without assistance, for pouches now contained 150 rounds, and an extra 100 rounds had also to be carried. Once landed, 'Sticks' found himself doing the work of a front-line soldier, and for the first four days of that ceaseless and bitter fighting, his rifle – not the bugle or message envelope – provided his constant occupation.

This period of fighting was perhaps the greatest mental and physical strain ever experienced by Aussie troops for any similar period yet 'Sticks' had labelled himself a real soldier in the eyes of more mature and bigger comrades. 'Splinter' acted as guide and escort to a section of the Sikh Mule Transport, clambering up and down those tortuous gullies with ammunitions and rations to the scattered firing line, running round corners and sections exposed to enemy snipers, and each day made more fearsome by the increasing shellfire which swept these tracks.

Then on the Wednesday following the 25th, when the 2nd, now reduced to one-third of its landing strength, assembled on the beach, every man bordering on a state of complete exhaustion, the overwrought condition of these two lads can be well-imagined when, on seeing each other for the first time since leaving the *Derfflinger*, they embraced and wept on each other's shoulders.

'Sticks', though slightly wounded on the 29/4/15, soldiered right through the Gallipoli campaign. 'Splinter' fell a victim to dreaded enteric after the capture of Lone Pine, and rejoined the 2nd Battalion at Lemnos after the evacuation.

Then to France these two lads accompanied the 2nd Battalion. It was at Fleurbaix that ‘Sticks’ was promoted to lance corporal, and ‘Splinter’ took part in the battalion’s first raid on German lines, under the leadership of **Lieutenants Trott and De Winton**; the latter a fine officer being killed in the raid. At Pozieres, ‘Splinter’ was again evacuated to hospital, being wounded while gallantly assisting to hold the gap between the 2nd and 4th Battalions.

Rejoining his unit early in August 1917, he, now a lance corporal, soldiered on until August 15th when he was gassed at Liboas Ridge. Three weeks later he returned once more to the 2nd, and in time to fill the position of bugler for a week on General Monash’s headquarters’ guard. On September 18th he left Roisel for Australia on Anzac furlough.

On the 8th anniversary of the day which signified “the beginning of end of the war” – August 8th, 1918 – and in which ‘Splinter’ played a part, misfortune befell him. While following his occupation as a shunter in a Sydney railway yard, he met with a shocking accident, losing a leg. This disability has not affected his health and usual high spirits. Married and possessing another ‘splinter’ aged 10, he is resident at Manly.

Our “little pal Sticks”, whose wonderful Gallipoli service was the envy of his pals who joined the battalion later, was a 2nd Battalion fixture, and was familiar with every “stunt” in which the 2nd partook. Usually he was attached to battalion headquarters, and when he was with the HQ signallers and runners at “Belgian Barracks”, Ypres, Fritz heavily shelled these ruins, causing numerous casualties and chaos in the pitch darkness. It was ‘Sticks’ who ably took charge, pulling all hands together, and it was due to his splendid work that the wounded were attended to and evacuated to hospital with dispatch. Since his return to Aussie, ‘Sticks’ has been employed at the Government Printing Office. He is married and has four children.

“Juveniles of the AIF”: here is a pair of them. Service, perhaps unexcelled by any others of their class in the AIF. Here’s to the speedy recovery of ‘Sticks’, and in this I know every member of the old battalion NULLI SECUNDUS joins.

Extracts from the ‘Inglewood Advertiser’

Contributed by Heather (Frev) Ford, Montrose.

‘Inglewood Advertiser’, 15/10/1915:

In our last issue it was stated that **Mr C. Boyle** (who has enlisted) eldest son of Mrs C. Freeman, of Verdon Street, was entrusted with the turning out of the first shell executed to the order of the Queensland Government. Mr Boyle gives the following interesting particulars of the process: - I had the honour of making the first high explosive shell made in Queensland last week. It was an 18 pounder, and made of chrome nickel steel, complete with percussion cap and fuse. The measurements, etc., were all to Government specifications, and were to 1000th part of an inch. When finished and loaded it weighed 18lb. 8oz. ½ dr. The exact weight is 18½ lb., and there is an allowance of 2 drachms over or under, so you can see the measurements have to be pretty exact, considering the shell is made from a solid bar of steel 3½ in. in diameter. The hardest part of all was putting the copper band on.

*[Frev: **Warrant Officer Charles Robert Boyle**, 8857, sailed with the 2nd LH Field Ambulance and RTA with the 4th AMTS in 1919. A mechanic and motor engineer before the war, on his return home he became involved in designing artificial limbs. He died in 1968 at the age of 77 years.]*

‘Inglewood Advertiser’, 5/3/1918:

An Appreciation

In a personal note to his readers **Mr J.F. Craig**, proprietor of the Wedderburn ‘Express’, states that he has, after an absence of 2½ years with the army, again assumed control of that journal, and thanks those of his friends, who by their unselfish action, conducted his business affairs during that period, and made his enlistment possible. Chief among the workers mentioned is Mr A. Gray, to whom Mr Craig expresses his deepest thanks for having, in spite of incessant calls upon his time and services, yet found time to attend to the management and control of the paper. The action of Mr Craig’s friends reveals a spirit of patriotism well worthy of emulation wherever possible.

*[Frev: **Gunner John Frederick Craig**, 3709, 14th Field Artillery Brigade, was invalided home in 1917 after receiving a shell wound to the head. His friend, Mr Achilles Gray, MLA, organised a committee of their friends to keep the newspaper running in his absence.]*

Killed in an air raid on London

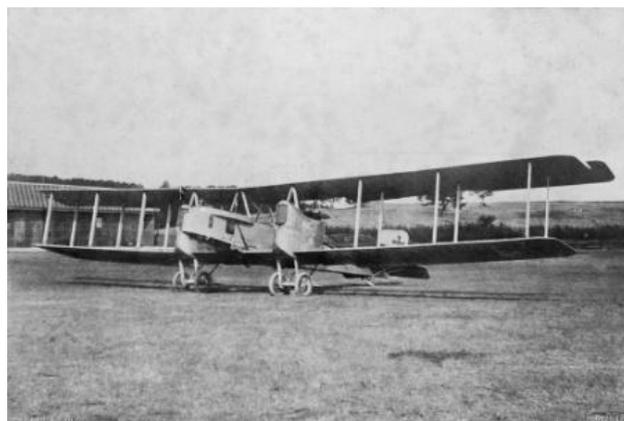
Stephen Brooks, Barooga

Private 2929 John Thomas Harriss, 2nd Battalion AIF, of Bellambi, NSW, embarked from Australia in September 1915, aged only eighteen years. He joined the 2nd Battalion in Egypt in January 1916 and disembarked at Marseilles in France with his unit in March 1916. He was wounded at Flers on 8th November 1916, receiving a gunshot wound to the right arm, and was evacuated to England shortly after. After recovering he rejoined the 2nd Battalion in France in May 1917, and was admitted to hospital in July 1917, suffering from trench fever, and was again evacuated to England to recuperate.

Unfortunately, whilst apparently on leave, John Harriss was caught in an air-raid on London on 25th September 1917, suffering severe wounds to his head, abdomen and hands, and dying of his wounds that same day. His Roll of Honour circular states, *“He was twice wounded and on furlough in London when he was caught in an air raid in Great Ormond Street, Queens Square, London, was killed on 25th September, 1917.”* These details were supplied by his parents.

The air raid on London that night was reported to have caused seven deaths, and it was outstandingly poor fortune for John Harriss to have been in the wrong place at the wrong time. The British Government was trying to allay the fears of the civilian population at the time, and for many of those who had seen action on the Western Front, the popular outcry against the air raids was disproportionate to the actual danger. The official line was that there was a far greater chance of civilians being killed or injured by traffic accidents than in attacks by German aircraft.

[**Right:** A German Gotha GIII long range twin-engined bomber. Australian War Memorial Negative Number P00826.174]



The news devastated his parents; the fact that he fought in the front line and been wounded, yet was killed whilst on leave in London, was quite shocking for them.

John was given a funeral with full military honours and buried in the Brookwood Military Cemetery, London.

His mother, Mrs. Ellen Harriss, wrote to Major Lean, in January 1918:

I am the mother of 2929 Private JT Harriss, 2nd Battalion, 1st Brigade, AIF, who died from wounds received in one of those cruel aircrafts of the enemy. I think that my dear brave son had a most cruel death: to think that he had been wounded and back to the trenches and taken out with fever and lose a most valuable life in his home. As a better son and brother would be hard to find, as none know the loss to me, his mother. But I must thank you and all concerned with the sending of this letter to me as it is very valuable to his parents. Sir, could you tell me what date my son received his wounds and could I be furnished with the nurses and doctors that were with him until the last? I don't think it is too much to ask in return for my dead son's life and I have lost the best support of my family and home: and all the war pension granted me is 12/6 per week, and I have 5 young children to rear. I have another son 14 years old of course he has had to start work but I have 5 under 12 years and yet there are people getting 20/ per week and no small children to keep. Which I don't think is fair to the brave soldier that served his country and King for two years. Hoping to have some more news soon, I remain a broken hearted mother, Mrs. E. Harriss.

P.S. My son at 14 years is anxious to pass to go and revenge his brother. There would be no possible chance of him getting threw [sic]?

Mrs Harriss wrote again to Major Lean in March 1918:

Just a few lines to thank you and the Australian Imperial Forces in London. The photo post card of my brave son's grave is most beautiful to look at and it helps to ease the heavy cross which I have to bear. Mother, father, brothers and sisters are so thankful to have such a treasure as many a poor broken hearted mother does not know where her poor son lies. But my dear son's 2929 Private JT Harriss, 2nd Battalion, D Coy, grave is being tendered [sic] by some loving hands. So I must thank you Major Lean, and all officers who have been so kind and thoughtful in my terrible loss.

Endnote: The spelling of John's surname varies from 'Harriss' to 'Harris' many times in his file, with most official records shown as 'Harris'. However, John's signature and that of his mother's, shows the spelling as 'Harriss'. – Graeme.

Sergeant 935 James Andrew Innes 12th LHR (Gallipoli) & 5th DAC (Western Front)

Geoff Lewis, Raglan

The people of Aberdeenshire in north eastern Scotland are tough, hardy folk. They live in a harsh climate as fishers and seafarers in the North Sea and North Atlantic, and as cattle farmers on – by Australian standards – small land holdings. They are hospitable and gregarious; curious to know about the world. They are not afraid to express their firmly held opinions. In the past, their men have willingly offered their services to the Highland Regiments, particularly to the famous Gordon Highlanders, based in Aberdeen. Thousands of them had also immigrated to the colonies: Australia, Canada and New Zealand in particular.

James Andrew Innes was born at the family farm, ‘Cairn Hill’, on July 14th 1889. The farm was near Marnoch in the then Banffshire, about nine miles south of Banff. His father was John Innes and his mother Isabella. He had two older brothers and two much-younger sisters. He received a solid education under the renowned Scottish system, but like most boys at the time, had to leave school early to help work the family farm. Frequent respiratory illness probably affected his body but he grew up a wiry young man who was physically strong. Early in his life he discovered that he had a talent for public speaking and singing.

When he was nineteen, he joined a Territorial Regiment: the 6th Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders. He served for two years before migrating to Australia in 1911. It appears that he left his homeland because of respiratory problems; the family doctor told him to go to a milder climate to improve his health. Consequently, he found work on ‘Wanstrow’, the mixed farm of Ern and Clara Treasure on the Holmwood side of Cowra, NSW. By coincidence, his boss commanded the Cowra Troop of the 9th Light Horse and Jim didn’t take much persuading to join. The Cowra men appreciated his Territorial experience. Later, eighteen members of the Cowra troop were to see action at Gallipoli.



Upon the outbreak of war in 1914, Jim and seventeen of his mates in the Cowra area prepared to volunteer. However, Clara prevailed upon Jim, as a valued worker, to remain at ‘Wanstrow’ to assist with the upcoming harvest. He agreed to delay his enlistment and it was not until May 3rd the following year that he signed up at the Light Horse depot at Liverpool where took his oath three days later.

He was described as 5ft 5¾in in height and weighed 150 pounds. The outdoor life had given him a ‘dark complexion’. The Army doctor noted he had dark brown hair and ‘good’ blue eyes and was physically fit. [Left: Pte James Andrew Innes, May 1915]

Ninety-five years after the event, we can speculate why Jim enlisted in the Australian Forces. The common reasons are well-known. Most Diggers, when asked, were reluctant to explain their enlistment. Probably many could not articulate their feelings. However, according to Jim’s daughter, Mollie Wright of Holmwood, her father never told his family why he decided to join the colours in 1914. She believes that he always had a strong sense of duty as well as loyalty to the Empire. “He always believed in those two things” [interview]. His service in the Territorials and then in the 9th ALH pre-war would support Mollie’s belief.

Gallipoli

Jim undertook basic training at Liverpool and, given his experience at Cowra, was an obvious candidate for the Light Horse, and so on August 9th 1915 he found himself as a member of the 3rd Reinforcements for the 12th ALH Regiment, bound from Sydney on HMAT *Runic* (A45, 12 490 tons) for Egypt. On November 11th he was taken on the strength of the 1st Light Horse Regiment at Gallipoli. This was not unusual, as many of the 12th LHR were spread among the other Light Horse units to replace casualties. By the time Jim arrived at Gallipoli, it was obvious that the campaign was winding down, as both sides were exhausted, a severe winter was approaching, and GHQ already had plans in motion for the ANZAC withdrawal from the Peninsula. On October 30th, General Sir Charles Monro had advised an evacuation and had, in fact, telegraphed his plan to the Gallipoli commanders. Following a visit to the Peninsula on November 13th, Lord Kitchener’s plans were put into action.

It was a relatively quiet time at Gallipoli. Early November saw an 'Indian summer' following gales in August and September. Then the winds swung around and cold wind and rain became the norm. Jim probably felt at home in this type of weather and, unlike many others from warmer climates, coped well.

The records of the 1st LHR show that most of the time the men garrisoned the south of the Anzac line. Jim spent his time in the trenches along Holly Ridge in the extreme south of the battlefield; at the Daisy Patch near Lone Pine; and in Brown's Dip, just east of Lone Pine. The days seemed oddly silent to the experienced men of the campaign and they were probably relieved. Mines were being dug at The Nek and under Lone Pine. The Turks continued sniping the Anzacs; there was always the fear of a surprise Turkish attack, and ongoing artillery bombardments presented ever-present dangers. On November 24th, the order went out that none of the usual firing or artillery bombardments were to take place and that the enemy was only to be shot at if there was an attack or there were signs of an impending attack. According to Kit Denton, the Australians faced "*an increasingly perplexed enemy who still bombed and patrolled and fired as always*". [*Gallipoli – One Long Grave*, Kit Denton, Time-Life, p138]

It was to be the weather which broke the calm. At midnight on November 27th, bitterly cold rain pelted down, snow fell and torrents of water cascaded down the gullies and trenches into the Adriatic. The men of both sides found themselves amongst the newly dead and the remains of the long dead as shallow graves were washed away. The Turks launched a desultory attack but it died away. More than 15 000 men had to be immediately evacuated, suffering the effects of frostbite, exposure, trench foot and bronchial ailments. The change in weather, however, brought an end to the epidemic of dysentery and enteric fever that had plagued the campaign.

The die was cast. Jim and his mates were among the last taken off the Peninsula on December 19th. At 2:25pm the men in the southern positions and Lone Pine began to evacuate, and by 9:45pm the 327 men of the 1st Light Horse Regiment had left Gallipoli. Jim was re-absorbed into his old unit at Heliopolis (Ferry Post East) on February 22nd 1916.

The Western Front

The men of the Light Horse were offered the options of either remaining with their regiments or transferring to one of the other units headed for France. On March 13th 1916, Jim transferred to the 5th Division Field Artillery which was being formed at Moascar, and on the seventh of the next month was taken on the strength of Number 1 Section of the 5th Division Ammunition Column (DAC) with the rank of gunner. On May 1st, he was further promoted to bombardier.

The reasons for Jim's transfer are not clear, but members of his family maintain that he would have wished to be closer to home, Scotland, and the opportunity to visit his family whilst on leave was a strong attraction. Ironically, he was unable to return to the family farm until after the war in 1919.

The organisation of the 5th Division Artillery

The 5th Division Artillery was formed in February 1916 in Egypt for the 5th Infantry Division. Its sub-units were: 5th Divisional Ammunition Column (NSW); 13th, 14th, 15th and 25th Artillery Brigades (Victorians) – the latter, a howitzer brigade, was disbanded on 23rd January 1917; V5A Heavy Trench Mortar Battery; X5A and Z5A Medium Trench Mortar Batteries – disbanded on 21st February 1918; 9th and 10th Trench Mortar Batteries – both formed on 21st February 1918.

Its commanding officers were Brigadier General SE Christian (21st February 1916 – January 18th 1917); AJ Bessell-Brown (January 18th 1917 – November 8th 1918); and Brigadier General HW Lloyd (November 8th 1918 – post November 1918).

The 5th Division became the first of the Australian divisions to arrive and fight on the Western Front.

After (very) basic training in gunnery, Jim and his mates were stationed to guard the Suez Canal. On May 1st, he was promoted to temporary corporal, which was confirmed in the field on August 1st.

Fromelles

On June 18th, Jim sailed from Egypt on the *Kinfauns Castle* to Marseilles, arriving six days later. The column was then transported north to French Flanders where the gunners and 5th DAC were sent to Havre for equipping and a little more training. The 5th Division of about 17 800 men took over part of the Allied line: a 'nursery' sector a little south of Armentieres. In early July, they were moved down to the flat country below Aubers Ridge and Fromelles. Little did they realise what was ahead of them. [A good description of travel to Armentieres is by Bill Lyall, 8th Battery AFA, in *DIGGER* No. 26, p 36.]

Like the rest of his mates in the 5th DAC, Jim was still only half-trained. For example, the gunners had only fired one live shell in all their training to date. In fact, no-one in the division was trained enough to mount a so-called 'diversion' on the German lines at Fromelles on 19th/20th July. To some extent, the infantry, many of whom brought their Gallipoli skills with them, were better prepared than the gunners – many of whom had not participated in any attack, even in such an assault as had been so hastily and clumsily

put together as Fromelles. Thus, Jim and a few 'experienced' men from 5th DAC found themselves back in the artillery to reinforce numbers for the attack on Fromelles. [The DAC men were mostly drivers responsible for the bringing of ammunition from railheads to dumps near the guns.]

Following an eleven hour bombardment on the enemy, the infantry jumped the bags at six in the evening in light mist. However, the gunners could not get a true sight on the Germans who were defending in depth and relatively safe from shelling.

Les Carlyon takes up the work of the 5th Division artillery:

"The artillery bombardment began at 11 am on a fine and clear day ... [Pompey Elliott] had seen nothing like this at Gallipoli: hundreds of guns firing, great tails of earth and sandbags and doll-like bodies of men soaring high above the German front ... holes opening up in the parapet, smoke and dust and shrieking shells ... The barrage was working in some places and failing in others ... What the gunners didn't know was that of those seventy-five concrete shelters ... sixty remained intact. The wire was cut in some places, intact at others. Artillery observers were worried about the Sugarloaf redoubt: after hours of shelling it didn't seem badly damaged. Neither side did much counter battery work ..." [Carlyon 2006: p61-62]

This situation was not unique, as gunners further south on the Somme had already discovered. The gunners were inadvertently, and tragically, to cause further problems. Around two o'clock in the morning, the 8th Brigade, as they were waiting to go over, were hit by their own shells which were dropping short. This was caused by the fact that bombardment was by timetable, usually 50 yard advances per minute. Thus the infantry could get ahead of the timetable, because the intervals needed to re-lay the guns between 'lifts' were too long. The 31st Battalion appears to have suffered hundreds of casualties in addition from German machine gun fire from Sugarloaf and elsewhere. Unfortunately, the Australian artillery had failed to subdue the Germans and their machine guns, nor to effectively cut the wire.

In fact, the artillery of 1916 had not caught up with developments in infantry tactics. In previous wars, gunners usually could actually see what they were aiming at, that is, direct targets. The guns of 1916 killed at long range and at an unsighted enemy. This meant problems in communication. As headquarters were set up well behind the front, communication was by telephone lines, which were easily destroyed, or by runner. There was little communication between artillery and infantry and the front was inevitably clothed in smoke and/or mist, so that forward observers could really only guess what was happening. Technical advances in such as wire cutting fuses and more accurate creeping barrages, were still a way off. As John Keegan has noted: *"High gunnery skills were not really present in 1916."* [Keegan 1999].

We can only guess at the feelings of the men of the 5th Division on the morning of the 20th July. Very quickly, it was established that the division was decimated, suffering 5 533 casualties in 26 hours. Of these losses, 1 780 were killed and 1 329 have no known grave. So crippled was the 5th Division that it did not fight again as a unit until May 10th, 1917, at Bullecourt. [Left: Peter Corlett's very moving *Cobbers* Memorial at Fromelles, October 2008. Author's photo.]

Dispirited ... bitter ... angry. To Bombardier Jim Innes and the other men of Gallipoli this was failure upon failure. Again, they had been forced to leave too many of

their mates behind. The artillery had largely failed to do their job at Fromelles. The gunners had not cut the German wire in enough places. They had not neutralised the Sugarloaf, from where machine guns had created so much havoc among the Australian and British infantrymen. They had not repulsed the German counter-barrage nor counter-attack.

As they looked across the chocolate-coloured soil of the fields that rose gently towards Aubers Ridge and the village of Fromelles, they could not but help take in the piles of dead and wounded comrades. They felt they had to atone. They had to prove themselves.



While the infantrymen of the 5th Division were taken from the field and moved back for rest and further training and fatigue duties around Armentieres in northern France, the gunners had to remain at the front with other elements of the artillery to help repel any possible attack from the Germans. Their skills were not needed as the Germans appeared to be content to hold the lines that were theirs before the futile attack on July 19th. Eventually, however, some of the weary gunners were sent to Sutton Veny camp in Wiltshire on the edge of the Salisbury Plain, England. There, Jim was promoted to corporal on August 1st 1916 and was given ten days leave before his return to the DAC.

In one of his few extant letters, Jim wrote to his mother on October 10th. His feelings, with fresh memories of Fromelles are reflective: “*Just a few lines to let you know that I am still on top and in the best of health. The war is still going on as strong as ever and as far as I can see it is likely to keep going ... the first five years are the worst.*” Like many Diggers’ letters home, Jim tries to keep up their spirits by indicating that he is alive and well. He is, however, fatalistic that the war will go on and on and there is really nothing he or his mates can do about it. Fromelles had proved this.

Back in the field

During his time away from the Western Front several important advances were made towards the science of gunnery. Lessons had been learned from 1914 to the beginning of 1917. Different kinds of barrage – the box, the ‘Chinese’, rolling and creeping – had been devised to give advancing infantry more accurate support. In particular, the creeping barrage was perfected and infantrymen could now feel much more secure with artillery cover while advancing. Dropping ‘short’, which had beleaguered the 5th at Fromelles was now largely a problem of the past.

A perennial problem was that of targeting an unsighted enemy. The process began with better field surveys, which led to more accurate and ‘squaring’ of maps. Flash spotting had been around since 1915 but had been enhanced by aerial spotting once spotter planes became common above the front. Forward observers were used to direct fire to enemy positions that were out of sight of gunners. Along with these developments, sound ranging became an indispensable tool for the artillerymen. One of the most important changes was the invention of the wire-cutting 106 or ‘graze’ fuse, whereby a shell would explode on contact with any object. This overcame the problem that had caused many casualties among the infantry: attacking the enemy line in the belief that barbed wire entanglements had been cut by the artillery.

Other factors such as variations in weather, air temperature and pressure, and barrel wear could now be taken into account when firing the guns. More science ... more effective artillery. It was not until the Second World War that the problem of communicating to the gunners was really overcome.

In September 1916, the 5th Division Artillery and 5th Divisional Ammunition Column were returned to French Flanders and then marched south to the vicinity of Fricourt. As one reads the 5th DAC War Diary for this period, one is made acutely aware of the massive organisation behind the movement of such heavy military equipment. Billets, ‘fuel stops’, distances between guns and wagons, supplies, the amount of ammunition to be picked up from dumps, and thousands of other considerations had to be taken into account. This is one area of the Great War that has largely been ignored by historians and writers. The march began on November 11th and was completed ten days later. They were now in a position to support the pursuit of the enemy back to the Hindenburg Line.

The 5th Division was sent back to support the chase of the German retreat to the Hindenburg Line in April. They fought in several relatively minor battles at Bapaume, Beaumetz, Doignies and Louverval. On May 10th 1917 the 5th were back on the field as a complete unit.

It was usual among the Australian artillery that the gunners from different divisions fought alongside each other, whether or not infantry of its own division was fighting. This was merely an economic use of resources. Thus, upon return to the Somme, the 5th were supported by the 1st, the 2nd and the 4th Divisions in the Hindenburg Line retreat. These same gunners were to fight together at Bullecourt.

The two Battles of Bullecourt – April and May 1917 – were fought as part of the Arras Offensive. Between Bapaume and the Hindenburg Line there was a scattering of fortified villages amongst those which the Germans had deliberately destroyed as they retreated. Beyond, lay the Hindenburg Line, not yet complete, but with hectares of barbed wire, deep trenches and machine gun posts. Bean said they were “*known to be the most formidable ever constructed*”.

Birdwood’s I ANZAC Corps, now containing the 1st, 2nd, 4th and 5th Divisions was incorporated into Gough’s Fifth Army. The attack began on 10th April, preceded by a massive bombardment from all the Allied artillery in the sector. The artillery, including the 1st, 4th and 5th Divisions, was positioned behind Noreuil between Lagnicourt and Longatte along 4 000 metres, to a depth of 1 500 metres and about 2 500 metres from the Australian line.

Initially, the offensive met with success. However, Gough had been convinced that he should use

Mark I and Mark II tanks to support the infantry. A disaster loomed. The tanks were unproven to deal with defensive wire without adequate artillery support. The Australian attack was on a narrow front, up a re-entrant, between Bullecourt and Queant. In the early hours of the morning no tanks had arrived to support the Australians, as they had either broken down or had been held up by the terrible weather, which was windy and bitterly cold. The Australians were ordered to withdraw; unfortunately the British 62nd Division was not informed and they advanced. The result for the Tommies was inevitable.

April 11th saw the Diggers back waiting in the snow for the tanks to arrive. Only three appeared. At 4:45am the attack went in. Heavy German machine gun and artillery fire met them. Despite heavy casualties, the Australians held part of the Hindenburg Line. The Germans launched a series of counter-attacks which exposed the Australians. At one point, the Australian gunners refused to fire on the German lines because they thought, wrongly, that the infantry had passed through the Hindenburg Line and they would hit their own men. The mistakes of Fromelles were still in their minds. This was just one example of the breakdown of communications. Desperately short of ammunition, the Australians had no choice but to retreat to their original lines in a sunken road. The First Battle of Bullecourt was over. This time, the 4th Division was shattered.

Gough and Nivelle were certain that they could retrieve the situation by launching another offensive in the sector. The Second Battle of Bullecourt began on May 3rd, with Jim's 5th Division being held in reserve.

The men of the 1st and 2nd Divisions fought until they were exhausted. The main problem was that the German machine guns, hidden near Queant, were ignored in the battle plan, when it could have been a straightforward task for the Australian gunners to remove them. This failure led to the slaughter of Anzacs on a scale that was reminiscent of previous catastrophes. After five days of enduring the strain of continuous enemy shelling ("worse than Pozieres") the 5th Division replaced the 1st. With artillery support from their own and British batteries, the infantry took some more ground but it soon became evident that little was to be gained by continuing. Like many of the offensives before, a stalemate had developed at Arras. The only real gains were made by the Canadians at Vimy. The two weeks of battle cost a further 7 000 Australian casualties. The British suffered similarly.

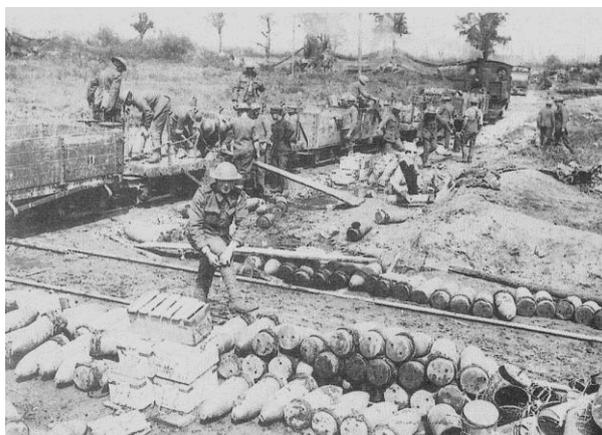
Bean strongly criticised Gough and Haig and ignored the errors of Birdwood and White too easily. In 1990, Australian historian Eric Andrews severely criticised Bean. He said that Bean had not analysed the failure of the artillery plan as he admired the infantry and hero-worshipped White, thereby neglecting the gunners' role.

No one could deny the courage and sacrifice made by the Australians against a stubborn enemy. The losses had significantly depleted the Australian divisions, especially among experienced officers and NCOs.

Maclaughlin is direct in his comment that: "*To call Bullecourt a debacle is an insult to debacles.*"

Into Belgium: Polygon Wood

After resting and training, 5th DAC moved from Orville in the Somme up to Poperinghe in the Ypres Sector. The move took ten days and by July 18th 1917 they were in place. Unit diaries report that they had a quiet time, with occasional shelling, usually from aircraft, causing no damage. They began to prepare a series of ammunition dumps, according to their Operation Orders (Nos. 2450 and 2451, July 23rd). Little did they know that they were about to take part in Third Ypres, including the offensive on Passchendaele and the successful attack on Polygon Wood. [Right: Light rail transporting high explosive shells, probably on the Menin Road just out of Ypres. There was still much hard labour to be done to get the ammunition to the gunners. Source unknown.]



The Menin Road was the key to capturing the now-fortified village of Passchendaele. The Australians of the 1st, 2nd, 4th and 5th Divisions, along with eleven British divisions were charged with the task of capturing the spurs and ridges which dominated this road, even though it was not easily discernible. The Germans had devised new defensive systems in which the front line was held by scattered infantry outposts. Behind these, was a wide band of trenches in which machine guns in pill boxes and blockhouses were covered by support fire from another two such structures. Thus an attack could be wiped out with less risk to the defenders. At this stage, the front line ran roughly halfway between Ypres and Passchendaele. This part of the offensive is generally known as the

Battle of Menin Road. [Below: An unusual photograph of light rail transporting artillery ammunition along the Menin Road, October 3rd 1917. The 10km of track was consistently being broken by enemy artillery fire. Australian War Memorial Negative Number E00913]



They belonged to the finest class their nation produced, unassuming country-bred men. They waited steadily until the break [in the road] was repaired or some shattered wagon or horses dragged from the road, and continued their vital work. No shell-fire could drive them from their horses. The unostentatious efficiency and self-discipline of these steadfast men was as fine as any achievement of Australians at war. [Bean, CEW: *Official History*, Volume IV]

From what we know, this could have been a description of Jim Innes, himself.

A key factor at Third Ypres was artillery. Wilson and Prior [2002] describe the significance of the role played by the gunners: *“As with other First World War battles, it would not be the infantry – fresh or otherwise – that would prove the critical ingredient. To achieve his purpose Plumer called for an artillery concentration ... The purpose [of which] was to destroy or neutralise a substantial proportion of both enemy strong points and their protecting artillery.”*



numbers of shells had to be brought up to arm the gunners. [Above left: An ammunition dump on the Menin Road, October 1917. Each of these shells had to be manhandled by the DAC to get them to the front. Australian War Memorial Negative Number E01991]

Obviously, faith in the skills of the artillery had improved significantly since the tragic drop shorts at Fromelles. Almost every form of shell for the offensive – all 3.5 million of them – was available. The 5th DAC, alone, *manhandled* 94 280 rounds – mainly 18pdr and 4.5 inch shells – between 1st and 31st October. The hard labour involved in this undertaking can only be guessed at. As the weather deteriorated, the conditions for the men and horses on roads were almost impossible. ‘Tracks’ were made impassable by mud. Wagons, horses and men sunk deep into the slimy, watery mud. Exhaustion became a feature of everyday life.

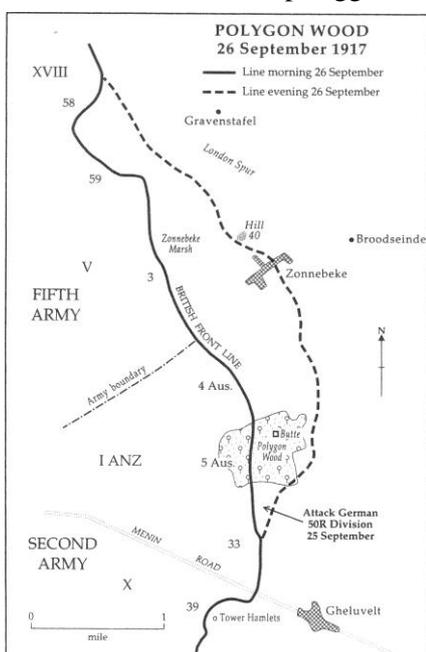
The main problem faced by the 5th DAC and others along Menin Road was that it was exposed to shell fire from both sides at different times during the war. Exploding shells churned up the road and the immediate vicinity, making progress sometimes impossible. It was essential that supplies for the ‘new’ “bite-and-hold” tactics keep up with the offensive. All essential material had to be brought forward by wagons exposed to heavy shelling. Men, horses and mules suffered greatly. Too often, the men of 5th DAC had to simply wait while ‘roads’ were repaired, craters filled and wrecked wagons and dead horses were dragged to the roadside. Their biggest problem was controlling their animals as shells burst all around them. Charles Bean [1941] described these men:

Brudenell White had drawn up a new artillery plan for the Australians. There were to be five successive lines of shells exploding all over the German positions to a depth of 900 metres. The gunners were given 1 295 guns (or one every 4.5 metres). The first German positions were to be bombarded with 18 pounder shells; the second line with 18pdr and 4.5 inch howitzers, 185 yards behind the first; and then at successive 183 metre spaces the final three lines were left to six, eight and 9.2 inch howitzers. Storm fire was provided by a massive machine gun attack. An innovation was the inclusion of random ‘roaming’ barrages to create surprise; fixed barrages to pound particular targets; and emergency barrages to be used by infantry commanders when deemed necessary. Huge

The 1st and 2nd Divisions, along with nine British divisions, attacked at 5:50am on September 19th 1917 on a 13km front. They easily took their first two objectives, the Red and the Blue Lines, but met strong counter-attacks while moving towards their final objective. After eight hours the British and Australian artillery ceased fire. Two hours later, a German counter-barrage was suppressed and by the next day all objectives, including the western end of Polygon Wood, was taken at a cost of 5 013 casualties for the two Australian divisions.

White did not wish to exhaust his men and on the evenings of the 22nd and 23rd September the 4th and 5th Divisions took over from their mates. The men of the 5th were refreshed after a four-month break and were given the more difficult task of taking the whole of Polygon Wood and Flanders I Line from the enemy. ‘Pompey’ Elliott’s 15th Brigade was caught up in a desperate fight on the right flank on the 25th September to assist the British X Corps to repel a strong counter-attack. The bulk of the Australians began their advance at 5:30am on the 26th.

The artillery, with 5th DAC support, then launched an awe-inspiring barrage which roared slowly and inexorably across the landscape like “a Gippsland bushfire ... [and] provided the most even, accurate and effective barrage that had ever preceded Australian infantry in battle” [Bean]. The range and the ‘creep’ in front of the advancing infantry gave the Diggers all the cover and support they needed. So successful was the barrage that the men of the 15th and 16th Brigades quickly overran the German defences. At 7:30am the 55th and 56th Battalions leapfrogged their mates and, still behind the accurate barrage, had taken all of Polygon



Wood by mid afternoon. A late counter attack was easily suppressed by the gunners. [Left: Map of Polygon Wood showing the gains of the 5th Division on 26th September 1917. Prior & Wilson]

The infantry of the 4th and 5th Divisions appreciated the gunners’ efforts. “Our wonderful barrage came cutting a clean line just ahead of us,” wrote captain TA White (13th Battalion, 4th Division). “The turmoil of the elements would be minute when compared with the belching of thousands upon thousands of big guns supported by a continuous hail from hundreds of machine guns.”

One Battalion commander later described the work of the artillery: “At precisely Zero hour [5:30am] our barrage opened up and the Battalion immediately rose and doubled back across no man’s land till reaching about 60 yards short of the barrage where men knelt down waiting for it to begin to move forward [as the Battalion moved forward it began to encounter the first line of German fortifications] but the formations and methods of defence had disappeared in confusion. Most Germans surrendered without a fight.”

Contemporary photographs show that there was very little left of the once-beautiful Polygon Wood. [Below: The destruction caused by artillery: Polygon Wood,

28th September 1917. Australian War Memorial Negative Number E01912]

The Battle of Polygon Wood and the Butte (the key German observation post) captured 3.5 miles of ground in a 1 250 yard advance on an 8 500 yard front. However, the overall casualty rate was 50% higher than at Menin Road. The 5th Division suffered 5 471 casualties, almost as many as Fromelles. This cost can be explained by the fact that of all the Australian divisions fighting, the 5th was the most heavily engaged. Again, Elliott’s 15th Brigade suffered the most: 1 999 casualties. The Germans lost seven divisions.



To read the 5th DAC unit war diary, the understatement is almost overwhelming: “Weather generally fine, but showery. Ground generally muddy. The enemy very active in bombing every night unless prevented by weather. Back areas severely bombed.”

By contrast, a sapper of the 5th Division wrote after the battle that: “Mates I have played with last night & joked with are now lying cold. My God it was terrible. Just slaughter. The Fifth Division were almost annihilated. We certainly gained our objectives but what a cost.”

The artillery, as usual, remained in the field joined with other batteries and DACs to prevent any significant German counter-attack. By the time they arrived on the top of the Gheluvelt Ridge, the infantry



were most surprised to discover that exploding shells had stirred up clouds of dust, despite the quagmire along the Menin Road and in Polygon Wood. (It is still wet and muddy, even in fine weather – Geoff.) Quite simply, the earth on the higher ground had dried out more quickly. [Left: DAC men trying to move a bogged mule team, Zonnebeke, 19th October 1917. Both men and animals suffered in such appalling conditions. Australian War Memorial Negative Number E00962]

In mid-November, the 5th Division moved back to Calais for rest. CEW Bean saw them coming out of the front and noted that: “*The strain on the infantry, pioneers, engineers, signallers, railway companies, supply and ammunition services, artillery and stretcher-bearers was intense.*”

In one of his few existing postcards, Jim Innes wrote to his mother on December 12th: “*Just a card to let you see that I am still on top. We are having very fair weather here at present quite different to what it was this time last year but of course we have a long winter to go through so I’ll say no more but untill [sic] spring is here again. Wishing you a mery [sic] Xmas and a prosperous New Year.*”

Best of love to all Jim.”

His mood was much more buoyant than it had been the previous Christmas. There is nothing like success in the field to raise morale. Polygon Wood is an appropriate place for the 5th Division Memorial, standing as it does on top of the Butte. [Right: The 5th Division Memorial on the Butte at Butte/Polygon Wood Cemetery, October 2008. Author’s photo.]



Back to the Somme 1918: the end of trench warfare

After resting, the 5th DAC were transported down to Allonville, just to the north of Amiens. They arrived on April 5th 1918 and spent the next eight weeks collecting ammunition from the railheads, and taking it to dumps around the Amiens area. The amount of ammunition, including SAA and grenades, manhandled by the DAC is staggering and gives us a picture of the needs of the Australians to repulse the final German Offensive in the Somme. In April 1918 alone, the 5th DAC unloaded 158 466 shells from railheads and moved 133 115 rounds to dumps. In addition, there were Stokes mortar shells and well over a million rounds of small arms ammunition. The reason for so much ammunition was the Allied response to ‘Operation Michael’, the massive German offensive which opened on March 21st 1918 and, as far as the AIF was concerned, concentrated between Arras and Mont St Quentin. A massive counter attack was needed by the Allies.

By the end of the month, Jim and his mates were still moving massive amounts of artillery shells from Allonville to Tronville, east of Amiens. Three significant battles were to take place in the next few weeks in this area: Hamel, Villers-Bretonneux, and Peronne/Mont St Quentin. The 5th Division was to be engaged in all except Hamel.

Many entries in unit diaries don’t reveal the wider picture of the progress of the war. For example, no mention is made in the 5th DAC diary of any of the above battles by name. Until the August entry the diary only concentrates on the movement of the unit around the Somme or records the amount of ammunition being moved. Using maps, the researcher can trace Number 1 Section of 5th DAC’s travels from village to village; all the time handling and transporting vital ammunition by horse- or mule-drawn wagons. The unit diary for 1918 presents the reader with an insight into the vital behind-the-scenes work of 5th DAC. The labour was exhausting as most ammunition had to be manhandled. It was frequently dangerous, as the men were subjected to enemy shell fire.

Most of the ammunition was initially unloaded by hand from trains. This took place well behind the lines and usually in daylight. Reference is made to occasional bombing by enemy aircraft that seemed to cause little damage and few casualties. However, as the DAC moved closer to the front, movement occurred at night. This became more dangerous and the men now came under much heavier bombardment from opposing artillery. In preparation for the successful counter-offensive by the 13th and 15th Brigades, 5th DAC brought ammunition five kilometres from Blangy-Tronville along the Roman road that ran between Amiens and Villers-Bretonneux.

Throughout the Battle of Amiens, No. 1 Section was the main supplier of 18pdr shells to Glasgow’s

13th Brigade. This brought Jim very close to the action on the night of Anzac Day 1918 when Glasgow's men launched a daring attack south of Villers-Bretonneux to join up with Elliott's 15th Brigade to the north to recapture the town that had been taken by the Germans the day before. Hindenburg's offensive against Amiens was stopped.

Jim's service record notes that he and a Sergeant Willis were wounded on June 7th. What had happened to him? His daughter Mollie said that Jim told a story about being left for dead and he was only saved when a stretcher-bearer noticed some movement from him as he picked him up. She also said that he had a scar on his left hairline. There is no record of Jim being admitted to hospital and we can only surmise that he was concussed by a piece of shrapnel or rock which hit him under the line of his tin hat. He was able to return to his section on 16th June.

The 5th DAC returned to the north of Amiens to continue their task of moving all types of ammunition to the east. Much of this was being dumped in the areas north of the Roman road such as Aubigny, Vaire, and Sailly-le-Sec in preparation for Monash's model-attack on Hamel on July 4th. However, the Commander's Summary of May shows that the 5th Division's gunners were busy elsewhere: *"The artillery [and AFC] also contrived to inflict bombardments and bombing intensely harassing to the Germans; and gas in hundreds of drums bursting at one time, was frequently discharged in surprise operations."*

Neither the 5th Division nor 5th DAC were actively involved at Hamel. Their next contact with the enemy was to be further east along the Roman road in the battle for Mont St Quentin. On June 5th, 51 000 shells were moved by Jim and his mates to Petit St Jean. More and more of their movement occurred at night because of the danger of increasing bombardment from guns around Peronne. The diary records that, on August 6th, "final preparations were made for the operation". The next day was a rest day before the offensive against Peronne and Mont St Quentin.

Let the 5th DAC unit diary tell the story: *"[The] Operation commenced brilliantly and proceeded with utmost success. No 1 Section was affiliated with the 13th Australian FA Brigade ... for the purposes of supplying ammunition [as needed]. The Sections moved forward just to the rear of the Brigade's first line. No. 1 Section was north east of Lamotte ... and maintained the supply of ammunition."*

What is not stated here is that their closeness to the 13th Brigade brought the men well within range of German field artillery. On August 10th, the 5th DAC suffered ten casualties.

A vivid picture of their 'behind the lines' work is told: *"In general the work of the Unit for the past month has been the heaviest ... [it] has had to perform. At the beginning of the month the work of transporting the large amounts of ammunition to battery positions necessary for the barrage on the 8th inst. involved great difficulties and very hard work indeed, both on Officer, men and animals. This ammunition had all to be carted up during the hours of darkness and concealment to ensure the element of surprise ... under heavy fire."* [Commanding Officer's Monthly Report in 5th DAC Unit War Diary for August 1918.]



Left: The crossroads on the Menin Road just out of Ypres known as "Hellfire Corner", or "the most dangerous place on the Western Front". Jim Innes would have been very familiar with this intersection, now somewhat changed. [Australian War Memorial Negative Number E01889]

By August 8th, they were on the outskirts of Proyart as the Germans were pushed back. On this so-called "Black Day for the German Army", it was estimated that the enemy was out-gunned 2 650 to 500. The diary blandly comments that *"the Germans were hit like ninepins"*. Despite the advantages to the Australian divisions, the advance was held up and the 5th Division was withdrawn for rest. On the night of

August 22nd-23rd, the 1st and 2nd Divisions moved beyond Proyart following *"a successful operation on our front ... 1000 yards ... A very large amount of ammunition was handled and transported forwarded to Battery positions"* [unit diary]. The next day, the 5th Division Infantry, refreshed, were moved back into the line.

History records that the final stage in the Battle of Amiens, the capture of Peronne and Mont St Quentin, occurred between August 29th and September 4th 1918. The story of the capture of these two important places is well-known. The role of 5th DAC in again supplying ammunition rapidly and in enormous quantities has been told above. In the longest entry in the unit diary, an interesting perspective can

be read. Towards the end, a new type of warfare is identified:

“From August 8th onward till the end of the month the role of the Unit has been practically mobile warfare conditions ... moving to fill up battery positions.”

This comment is prescient of the style of warfare that was to become a feature of the later twentieth century. This is a turning point in military history. (Too bad that many of the generals did not perceive this.)

After the capture of Peronne and Mont St Quentin, the 3rd and 5th Divisions along with the British 32nd pursued the Germans across the rolling country towards the Hindenburg Line. At this point, the Line ran north-south on either side of the St Quentin Canal. Before the Germans’ massive defensive lines could be attacked, two significant objectives had to be overcome: the town of Bellicourt and the canal itself. With artillery support, the 5th assaulted the town with the American 30th Division on the left flank and the British 46th and 32nd on the right. Artillery support had to be a long bombardment: smashing trenches, dugouts, machine gun posts and the steep sides of the canal itself. The element of surprise, that had been so important at Amiens, was no longer possible.

Disaster appeared almost immediately when the inexperienced Americans became lost in the fog and suffered severe losses by machine gun fire. The 30th Division lost seventeen of its eighteen officers and its infantry became a series of leaderless isolated pockets of men. The more experienced Australians gathered them up and incorporated them into their formations and pushed on. The Tommies meanwhile swam, waded and rowed across the canal and captured the east bank in an act of spontaneous courage, thus allowing the 5th Division to take Bellicourt. The Australians and their support Divisions marched on towards the first of the three lines that composed the Hindenburg Line.

The battle was moving so quickly, that 5th DAC was able to safely scavenge ammunition that was left behind by the rapidly-advancing batteries. Thus, significant amounts of ammunition were saved for future use. Much of the ammunition sent to the gunners was armed with the 109 fuse, which had proved so effective in cutting wire.

As the British and Australians pursued the Germans to the Hindenburg Line, 5th DAC maintained its usual activities of moving ammunition and establishing dumps. Their base was set up at Cartigny, but moved to the area around Frise a “new area of operations” and quite close to the front. Newly-promoted (September 7th) Sergeant James Innes and his section were still attached to the 13th Australian FA Brigade. *“In the main it has been a constant succession of moves from position to position, constant carting of ammunition to batteries, and constant salving [sic] of ammunition from vacated battery positions ... The health of the animals has remained good, although they are now showing loss of condition caused by the heavy work they have been asked to perform. They are still in good hard working condition ...”* [Unit Diary, September 1918]

By September 29th, the Hindenburg Line was crossed just to the east of Nauroy. The momentum continued towards the Beaufort Line as the 5th swung northeast.

Throughout October the movement east continued. Although the 5th Division infantry were relieved on the first of the month following the capture of Joncourt, the DAC had to continue its work which, judging by their movement back to the west, was mainly salvaging ammunition left behind by the 13th FA Brigade. By the end of the month they were withdrawn back to Longeau, on the outskirts of Amiens (today it is a suburb of this city). At first, the rear areas were still coming under “constant” German artillery fire, but this seems to have decreased by the 27th.

From March 27th to October 5th 1918, a large fish-shaped slice of territory, 38kms long by about 10 kms wide, had been taken from the enemy and the Hindenburg Line taken. This was to be the final battle for the 5th Division; a battle in which redemption for Fromelles had been achieved.

Captain AD Ellis, historian of the 5th Division, watched them leave the field for the last time: *“Troops more fatigued had rarely been seen and yet, by sheer determination, they overcame weakness of the body and marched back in excellent order [Although their number had been reduced by half]. But their strained and pallid faces revealed what they had passed through, and numerous transport units along the road respectfully and in silence pulled their vehicles to one side that the war-worn men might not have to take an extra step to march. It was the mute and eloquent testimony of brave men to heroes.”* [My emphasis. Quoted by Carlyon p731]

The Armistice and its aftermath

We don’t know to what extent Jim and his mates knew that the end of the war was approaching. Experience and POWs would have told them that the enemy was considerably weakened and it was now only a matter of time. Less time was spent in salvaging and more was spent on cleaning up wagons and harness. On November 8th the 5th Division, having fought its last battle of the Great War, was inspected by GOC at Amiens. The next day, they received “official notification” that Germany had been offered terms which they had to “accept or refuse by 11 am on the 11th November”.

The sense of relief must have been enormous, but the unit diary notes that on the 11th and 12th, the DAC was again cleaning up “*waiting for further instructions to march onto Germany*”.

However, they were not required to march to the German capital, and while grooming and cleaning continued throughout the days that followed, save for a dismounted parade on the 14th, much of the time, especially in the late afternoon, was devoted to sport. Jim, having a very good singing voice, preferred to entertain his mates at formal and informal concerts of an evening. Often he sang with the brother of the famous Peter Dawson in duets. During the day, they spent their time grooming their horses, cleaning, storing or disposing of equipment, including the mules that had done such sterling service. The men were often broken up into sections to perform a duty at a village or town where they were needed. Sergeant Innes’ section, for example was at Mazingham, then detached to 14th FA Brigade and by December 5th back to Amiens. On the 11th, he was detached to the Area Field Commandant at Avenses and returned to his mates on Christmas Eve. Christmas was spent on “a fine and cold day” at Semeries (near Castignes). The week following the 25th, Jim was on leave, but there is no record of where he spent this time away, but it may have been London.

At the same time the education scheme, initiated by Monash, was beginning. The idea was to give men the opportunity to experience a wide range of short courses, from the practical to the academic, to equip them better for civilian life back home. Jim took advantage of this program and for three months from April 5th 1919 he returned to his father’s farm at South Ardoyne, Inch, about forty miles west of Aberdeen. (The family still owns the farm.) Not only was he helping his father but he undertook a course in sheep husbandry. In a letter to his mother, he said that the course “*was extremely beneficial and would be of considerable use back home*”. At last, he had his wish to go home to Scotland fulfilled.

Reporting to London, Jim was sent to Sutton Veny, the old training camp, to “represent Artillery Headquarters”. His tasks seemed to be more clerical, as he performed similar tasks at the London Artillery Depot, until Sergeant James Innes sailed for home on September 8th 1919 on board HT *Raranga*. He disembarked at Sydney on December 22nd and was discharged a week later, after four years and eighty-three days service abroad and with five service chevrons on his sleeve.

“These Australians [the men of the DAC] had won for themselves a special name on the battlefields for the way in which they went straight through the nightmare barrages laid on well-known tracks which they and their horses had to follow. While many might hesitate, these men realised the loss will be less, and the job better done, if they pushed on without hesitation.” [Major Russell Fulton Manton MD DSO 2nd FA Brigade (to CEW Bean)]

Life after the War

Following his discharge, Jim returned to the Central West of NSW and laboured on farms in the Woodstock/Pinemount/Holmwood area. A War Service loan enabled him to purchase a mixed farm of over 300 acres with a bluestone cottage at Forest Reefs, near Millthorpe. He called the property ‘Cairnhill’ after his place of birth and raised fat lambs and grew potatoes, as well as fruit from a small orchard.

On May 12th 1920, he married local girl, Jessie Roseanne Mudge, at Woodstock. Two years later, their first daughter Nancy came into the world and in December 1924, a second daughter, Mollie, was born. Jim made a name for himself in Local Government. In 1928, he was elected to Lyndhurst Shire Council and became its chairman from 1937 to 1955. He was a member of many government boards during this period, including the Medical Registration Board. He was awarded an OBE for “Service to Local Government” but passed away before receiving it. It was presented to Jessie and his daughters in September 1957.

His daughter Mollie noted that he was away from home a great deal, “mixing it with politicians or at meetings”. She also said that “I don’t know how he had time for farming”. It was up to Jessie to run the farm in his absence, as well as raise two daughters and play a leading role in the CWA in the Orange area. Both Jim and Jessie were well-known and much-admired in the community.

In the 1930’s, Jim re-enlisted in his old militia unit, the 6th Light Horse in the Orange-Millthorpe Troop. He was commissioned as a lieutenant and commanded the troop until the end of World War II. During that war, Jim was active in recruitment campaigns in the Central West.

He felt his greatest achievement for the area was the construction of Carcoar Dam, which was the main water supply for the old Lyndhurst Shire (now Blayney Council). James Andrew Innes passed away on the evening of 22nd June 1957 at the wheel of his car in the main street of Blayney. He had been at a function celebrating the opening of his other pet-project, Blayney Abattoir. A small park in the main street of the town is Jim’s memorial.

Endnote: Geoff’s sources have been omitted to save space, but they are available from the Editor. Geoff would like to especially acknowledge Mollie Wright of Holmwood for her assistance with this profile of her father, Jim Innes – Graeme.

'The dead letter depot'

Contributed by Heather (Frev) Ford, Montrose.

'The Argus', Tue 18 Jan 1916:

SOLDIERS' MAILS

THE DEAD LETTER DEPOT

It is lying there in a little pigeon-hole on the wall; a letter that has been across the world and back, a letter that has chased its addressee through four continents, from the camp in which he was trained to the trenches in which he was wounded, and the hospitals in which he was cured. Its original address is barely decipherable through the tangle of re-directions and the heavy imprint of a dozen postmarks.

Heliopolis, Anzac, Malta, and Weymouth – each mark seems not so much a chapter in a long story as a little story all its own. One can picture the soldier waiting for his mail in Egypt; then comes that silent move in the night, and for a few days he has far more to think of than his home mail! At last it arrives in the trenches, but by this time our soldier-man has paid the penalty of his valour and, suffering from shrapnel wounds, has been hurriedly shipped off to Malta. Once again the letter chases him across the water and once again it arrives too late, for the wounded Australian has been transported to England.

So the story unfolds until at last the letter comes back to the dead letter office at Coventry Street, South Melbourne. Here a final effort is made to trace the addressee. If he has drifted back in one of the many hospital ships it is quickly passed on to him. If all efforts fail, and either the puzzle of a faulty address cannot be solved, or the addressee cannot be traced, the letter is opened and returned to the sender. For the mail matter that finds its way back to the postal base may be divided roughly into two divisions – the articles which fail to reach their destination owing to faulty direction, and those which are addressed to men whose movements are difficult to trace, or have been temporarily lost sight of.

In the long, barn-like room at Coventry Street, the shelves along the walls and the long tables in the centre are stacked high with undelivered letters. At one end is a veritable mountain of sacks, each one of them crammed full of parcels that have been returned. What a vast amount of fruitless labour, what a multitude of disappointments and misunderstandings must be embodied in that monumental pile!

Every day from 9 until 5 the men attached to the postal unit plod through the vast accumulation in front of them. Many letters are re-addressed and delivered immediately, some are held over for further inquiry, many more by reason of their impossibly vague addresses represent the hopeless cases, and are at once returned to their senders. And, alas, a great proportion arrive back at the office with a red stamp across the address, bearing the curt intimation "Believed to have been killed". For them, indeed, this is the dead letter office.

But the work has its humorous aspect as well, and the humour is to be found in the extraordinary variety of addresses with which trusting folk hoped to locate their friends. The lady who addressed a letter to "Private, Soldier, Gallipoli," surely had even more faith in the divining powers of the Defence Department than the man who more accurately described his addressee as "Corporal, Dug-out, Anzac Beach." And she who proudly wrote, "Private, A Company, on Active Service," probably thought that just as there was only one 29th Division and only one 8th Light Horse Regiment, so was there only one 'A' Company on the peninsula worthy of bearing the laurels surrounding its name? Many people simply wrote the name of the soldier with the superscription, "On Active Service," or "A.I.F." One person addressed his letter to "Galipila Headquarters," and as he naively added, "Please forward," he probably wonders to this day why the "forwarding" process was not carried out. And one is sorry for the disappointed optimist, who addressed his correspondence to "Private, Australian Army; kindly forward to Turkey." Deliberate humourists (or would-be humourists) have evidently added to the chaos, and the bonafides of the person who wrote to "Sergeant, c/o Mr Kitchener, Egypt," are open to suspicion.

The work is carried out by a staff of 20 men, under the command of Warrant-Officer Egan. As they sit along the tables, a glance at the coloured ribbons on their shoulders proclaims the fact that most of them are returned-wounded. The business of sorting the letters, tracing the addressee (where such a course is possible), and then re-directing his correspondence, is done expeditiously, and about 2 500 articles are handled in the course of a day. Careful check is kept on all mail matter coming through, and those who have been disappointed in the non-arrival of their letters and parcels among their soldier friends, may very easily find out whether their missing messages are lying in that ever-growing cemetery of dead letters down at the Coventry Street depot.

Death of father and son at Fromelles

Stephen Brooks, Barooga

Private 3227 James Parsons Murphy, 32nd Battalion, who was killed in action on 19th July 1916, is commemorated at VC Corner Australian Cemetery Memorial, Fromelles, in France.

He was aged 45 years and 3 months when he enlisted on 9th August 1915. He enlisted just after his eighteen year old son had left Australia with the 27th Battalion. James ('Dad') was originally from Guernsey, Channel Islands, off England, but may have had Irish roots as he was a Catholic. He had been in Australia since 1890.

James was a fireman, and gave his address as the Fire Brigade Station, Port Adelaide, South Australia. He was married to Dorothy Murphy, and stated on his attestation form that he had served for six and half years in the Royal Navy, had been convicted for desertion, and had completed three years in the Royal Australian Navy before he resigned. His height was given very precisely as 5' 7.75", and his weight a solid 166 pounds, or almost 12 stone.

He embarked from Adelaide in January 1916 with the 27th Battalion, but soon after was transferred to the 32nd Battalion in Egypt.

His son, **Private 1744A James Thomas Murphy**, 32nd Battalion enlisted in May 1915, at the age of eighteen, having worked as a shunter after attending the South Australian Marist Brothers School. He was also very honest on his attestation form, stating that he had been convicted for stealing and fined for the offence. He embarked for Egypt in June 1915, and served at Gallipoli with the 27th Battalion from September 1915 until the evacuation. He was also transferred to the 32nd Battalion in Egypt, and eventually he and his father were placed in the same company. He was killed in action at Fromelles, but no-one knew what happened to him. He was posted as missing, until a court of enquiry, held in the field on 12th August 1917, pronounced his fate as *'Killed in Action, 20 July 1916'*. He, like his father, is commemorated on the VC Corner Australian Cemetery Memorial, Fromelles, France.

A statement in the Red Cross Files made by **3271 Private George James Kidd** of the 32nd Battalion (when a patient in hospital at Harefield, England, on 13th October 1916) regarding the younger Murphy, reads: *"At Pozieres he was blown to bits by a shell. He came from Port Adelaide, and was a friend of myself and the family and for this reason my son – John Wark Kidd 32nd Bn. wrote to told [sic] me."* The Kidds were also a father and son pair in the 32nd Battalion, but both survived the war and returned to Australia. It was not unusual for men to confuse the casualties of Fromelles with Pozieres, as they occurred only a few days apart.

Lieutenant Samuel Ernest Mills, OC 'D' Company, 32nd Battalion, stated in regards to the missing son: *"I cannot tell you anything of what happened to him eventually. Both he and his father were in my platoon when we went over on the 19th July. The father, JP Murphy, was shot almost immediately after leaving our parapet. I helped young Murphy lift his father into a shell hole and seeing he was dead, the boy just said 'Goodbye, Dad' and came on. After that I did not see him again but was told that he was killed coming back. I cannot say if this was correct or not. Both father and son proved themselves good soldiers and game to the last. 'Dad', as the rest of the boys used to call him, was a great favourite and although an elderly man, was always in at the finish. Please convey my sincere sympathy to Mrs Murphy in her loss of a brave husband and a brave son (if he is indeed dead as I fear). She can at least be proud of them."*

Mills was not a young man himself, having served for two years during the Boer War with the WA Mounted Infantry, and was thirty-five when he embarked as a CSM with the original 'D' Company of the 32nd Battalion. A lieutenant at Fromelles in command of 'D' Company, he was awarded the Military Cross *"for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in action. Though twice wounded early in the attack he continued firing at his post throughout the night, displaying great personal courage."*

Mills was promoted to Captain and was himself killed in action with the 32nd Battalion in October 1917, and his evidence in this case, as a decorated officer, would certainly be very reliable. 'Dad' Murphy, as Lieutenant Mills referred to him, was in fact forty-seven years old when he was killed.

John Preston Dempsey, 2017, 32nd Battalion, stated: *"I knew 2 Murphys in the 32nd. They were father and son, and I saw the father fall, shot I think through the heart, and I saw the son go over and speak to him, but got no reply and he went on. I lay there for some time, and this Murphy did not move. He was about 5 foot 10, fair, oldish, and came, I think, from Port Adelaide."*

Corporal 201 Henry John Stone, 32nd Battalion, gave his version of events: *"Re-1744 JT Murphy. His son who came to us from the 10th Bn [sic], saw him killed. Lt Mills also saw him killed and said to his son how well he had stood it. Lt. Mills would give further information. This was at Fleurbaix on the 19th-20th July. Murphy's son was I think, wounded, and I am not sure where he is."*

Regarding the father, he added: “*Murphy was killed 19th July. He was seen dead by his son, who put him in a shell hole. This was witnessed by Lt. Mills of the same battalion who said ‘What a brave lad he was’. The action was at Fleurbaix.*”

Dorothy Murphy was not the son’s mother, as she was the older Murphy’s second wife. They had only married in November of 1915. Dorothy did not long survive her husband, being deceased before 1920. The boy’s mother, Mary (nee McDonough), had died in April 1914, only twelve months before James junior enlisted.

Private Neil Penfold, 3rd & 55th Battalions: A 20th July man

Graeme Hosken, Dubbo

Readers will be familiar with my use of cemetery headstones as sources for articles in *DIGGER*. Working systematically from one side of the cemetery to the other, and advancing two rows at a time, I can quickly scan most headstones, on the lookout for WWI Diggers’ graves. The practised eye can soon pick up a ‘war graves’ headstone (particularly those in the white stone); a Rising Sun badge on a DVA bronze plaque; a rank or battalion, or sometimes crossed .303s or a flag carved on a civilian headstone. You know your searching is ‘on song’ when a place name or date jumps out at you. This happened to me in the Temora (NSW) cemetery, where within seconds of commencing my search, the date ‘20th July 1916’ caught my eye.



It must be Fromelles! Sure enough, the words above the date stated: ‘*Pte Neil Penfold, Killed In Action*’, and below: ‘*Aged 19 Years*’. [Left: A memorial plaque on his parents’ grave is a reminder of a son lost in France.]

Neil Penfold was one of nearly two thousand Diggers to die in this military disaster, but what was the story behind the individual?

Neil Penfold was a farmer, aged just 18 years, when he enlisted in the AIF on 17th June 1915. His family owned land at Springdale, between Temora and Cootamundra, and his father, James, and mother, Mary, must have given permission for Neil to enlist and serve overseas. (Interestingly, Neil signed his name as ‘Niel’ when he enlisted at

Liverpool.) He was a fair ‘lump of a lad’ – standing 5’ 11½”, weighing 178 pounds, with a 36-39” chest. His eyes were blue and he had light coloured hair.

Neil was allotted to the 8th Reinforcements for the 3rd Battalion with a regimental number of 2668. Due to limited time spent training in Australia and Egypt, Neil did become an Anzac, landing at Gallipoli on 2nd November and serving on the peninsula with the 3rd Battalion until the evacuation.

Like many of the men who arrived in Egypt in late 1915-early 1916, Neil found himself transferred to one of the ‘daughter’ battalions – in his case, he ended up in the 55th Battalion on 13th February 1916, thereby sealing his fate, as the new 5th Division would be blooded at Fromelles. He arrived in France aboard the *Caledonian* on 29th June 1916.

The next entry in his service record just states, ‘*Killed in Action, France, 20/7/16*’. His father was sent only an ‘identity disc, note book, letter and card’ to remember his son’s sacrifice by. Subsequent letters asking for Neil’s kit bag or ‘watch and coins’ came to nought.

Neil Penfold is remembered in the VC Corner Australian Cemetery Memorial, France.

Endnotes: (1) On the Roll of Honour circular, James Penfold mentions that they were first informed that their son was killed at Pozieres. The Fromelles ‘cover-up’ goes back a long way. (2) James also states that his son was aged 18 years and 11 months when he died, which contradicts the age on the Temora plaque. He also spells his son’s name as ‘Niel’. The spelling of Neil’s first name caused some confusion to the authorities (and to this writer). On the NAA website, he is recorded under ‘Niel’, while the Australian War Memorial’s Roll of Honour has him under ‘Neil’. The NSW Births, Deaths and Marriages’ website shows his given name as ‘Neil’. (3) Neil’s cousin, **Lieutenant (then Private) HW Penfold**, serving with the 5th Machine Gun Company, won the Military Medal for bravery in the field at Westhoek Ridge, 20th September 1917. Herbert was a farmer from Barmedman, also near Temora.

Gone too soon: lost love in the Great War **The stories of Alfred Henry Stopher and William Wahlers Wilson**

Damian Madden, Sydney

Nearly 60 000 Australians died during the First World War. That's up to 120 000 parents left without sons, not to mention the thousands of widows, orphans and siblings left to carry on, often with just memories to comfort them.

With their loved ones lying beneath foreign soil, one can only imagine the anguish families must have felt at not being able to say their final goodbyes and the horrible emptiness that must have existed at knowing you would probably never be able to visit their graves.

There are thousands of stories of lost love in the Great War – here are just two. Lest we forget.

Alfred Henry Stopher, Private 951 29th Battalion

"Dig faster!"

A shell screams overhead, disappearing beneath the snow before erupting in a shower of detritus. I cover my head as the cold mud rains down on me.

My hands tremble, the cold numbing my fingertips and making the handle of my spade difficult to hold.

I turn around; looking back along the black scar we have cut through the white landscape. I rub my hands together and return to work, the cold earth still stubborn beneath my blade.

"Come on lads, we need to get this cable down."

There is a whistle as another shell materialises out of the pitch black sky, erupting in a shower of ice and dirt.

I pray.

Our CO paces anxiously ahead, his eyes fixed on something on the horizon I cannot make out. We are some distance back from the line but still not out of the reach of the deadly German artillery. This was meant to be easy, this was meant to be quick, but the weather has other ideas.

Another shell screams and then I hear bells. Church bells. I see Annie. She's dressed in white. She's more beautiful than I ever imagined.

Darkness.

I love her.

Born in England in 1893, **Alfred Henry Stopher** emigrated to Australia in 1913 to work as a labourer on the Victorian railroads. Enlisting in the Australian Imperial Force on 13th July 1915, he was sent to camp at Broadmeadows before being moved to Seymour, where he qualified as a signaller. He listed his father, James Stopher of London, England, as his next of kin.

Whilst in camp Alfred married his sweetheart, Annie Plunkett of Footscray, changing his will and enlistment papers to make her his next of kin. But the new couple didn't get to spend much time together, as Stopher was soon on his way to the Middle East on board the troop transport ship *Ascanius*, a member of the 29th Battalion. He arrived at his destination on December 7th 1915.

After spending months training in the desert and taking part in canal defence duties, the battalion embarked for France in mid June of 1916, with Stopher travelling on the transport *Tunisian*. After arriving in Marseilles they entrained to northern France and proceeded to billets at Morbecque before moving to Estaires.

After taking part in some minor operations at Bois Grenier in early July, Stopher and his battalion took part in the major attack at Fromelles, remaining in the area until August before leaving for Houplines and then Strazeele.

In October 1916 Stopher went absent without leave for a day and upon his return was sentenced to ten days field punishment (No. 2) as a result. Following this incident he moved with the battalion to Bailleul and then to Ribemont, before going absent without leave again in December; this time overstaying his leave for just under three days. Given his past indiscretion, and the fact that this time he was on active duty when committing the crime, he was sentenced to 28 days field punishment (No. 1).

After serving his punishment, Stopher went with his battalion to Dernancourt and then Fricourt, participating in attacks near Bapaume in early 1917, where he was killed in action by shellfire on 12th February while laying a communications cable.

Due to the heavy snow and the extent of his injuries, Stopher's body was only discovered three days later, whereupon it was buried in a shell hole twenty yards north of Les Bouefs-Gueudecourt Road, south

east of Gueudecourt, three miles north of Combles. He was subsequently re-buried at Bancourt Military Cemetery (British) in France, Grave 5 D 14.



Far left: Memorabilia relating to Alfred Sopher.
Left: Alfred Sopher's grave at Bancourt Military Cemetery. Photo by Robert Pike.

William Wahlers Wilson, Private 2144 32nd Battalion

The ticking clock seemed louder as Ada stood in the hall outside the lounge room, her forehead pressed against the cool wall, her eyes closed.

On the other side she could hear the sounds of her children, their children. She imagined him standing there, her hand instinctively reaching for him, her fingers closing on nothing.

"Why?" she wondered. "Oh God why?"

Standing up straight, she ran a hand through her hair. It was time. She had to tell them their father wasn't coming home.



With the outbreak of war, William Wahlers Wilson was obviously keen to do his part, despite his age and the fact that he was married with six children; Eileen, Lydia, Reginald, Thelma, Iris and Audrey. Currently finding employment as a furnace man, the 6ft 2in, 190lb Wilson joined the Australian Imperial Force in South Australia on 2nd October 1915. [Left: William Wilson. Australian War Memorial Negative Number P04391.002]

Assigned to the 32nd Battalion, he embarked for the Middle East in early 1916 on board the transport ship *Miltiades* after having spent some time at camp in Mitcham. Following a brief period in the desert, Wilson and the rest of the 32nd Battalion departed for France on the transport ship *Transylvania*, arriving in late June 1916 before moving by train to their billets at Estaires.

On 19th July 1916, Wilson took part in the allied attack on Fromelles, where he was reported as missing on 20th July; a later enquiry pronounced him killed in action. His body was never recovered and he is commemorated at VC Corner memorial in Fromelles. However, that wasn't the end of the tragedy for Ada; later in 1916 she also lost their oldest daughter, Eileen.

In the *Adelaide Advertiser* on 15th September 1917, the following obituaries were printed:

Killed in action (previously reported missing) No 2144, Private WW Wilson, the dearly-beloved son of Mr and Mrs W Wilson, Victoria Street, Prospect, aged 32 years. "He was a man of action, not words." – Inserted by his parents.

Wilson, W.W. Private, No 2144. A Company, 32nd Battalion. Killed in action in France (previously reported missing), aged 32 years. All that he had he gave, All that was his to give, Freely surrendered all; That we in peace might live. – Ever remembered by his sister and brother-in-law Clara and Travis De Laine, Prospect.

Wilson – Killed in France on 20th July, 1916. Previously reported missing. No 2144, Private William Wahlers Wilson. A Company. 32nd Battalion, beloved husband of Ada May Wilson, 6 Pulsford Road, Prospect, aged 32 years. Fighting for King and country, he like a hero fell. – Inserted by his loving wife and children.

The Editor adds: (1) Both widows were remarried by 1922. Annie Stopher became Mrs Kowarzik, and Ada Wilson became Mrs Jackson. Annie's second husband, **Private 180 Francis Edmond Kowarzik**, served with the 59th Battalion, which he joined after Fromelles. He served as a Lewis gunner and was returned to Australia after receiving a severe shrapnel wound to his left hand on 25th September 1917. His middle finger was amputated as a consequence. (2) Two of William Wilson's children (Reginald and Eileen) may have been from an earlier marriage of his wife, Ada. Reginald's name is recorded as 'Reginald William Gold Wilson' and Eileen is described on a gratuity form as 'Eileen Doris May Gold, child (ex-nuptial)'. (3) Stopher was buried twice – or at least what was left of him. In a RCWM file, Cpl Graham stated that Stopher was 'blown to pieces ... nothing could be picked up to bury.' However, some remains were found in the later search. (4) Pte Woods stated that Stopher was 'married on leave shortly before he was killed'. Sgt Calf stated that Stopher had 'only returned from Blighty leave a few weeks and I believe his home was somewhere in the East End of London'. L/Cpl Wilson also mentions that 'he [Stopher] had just returned from leave after having been married'. Unless Stopher had entered into a bigamous marriage in 1917, they may have confused him with visiting his English family. Stopher's service record does not show this period of leave.

Extract from AMTS man's letter in relation to Christmas 1916

Contributed by Heather (Frev) Ford, Montrose.

France, Christmas Night [1916] I shall tell you how I spent Christmas; I guess very differently to anybody out in dear Australia. (Oh, lovely land of sunshine.) Well, we went to bed as soon as we could last night, as we were very tired, having been going from 7 o'clock in the morning till 8 at night, first with a load of coal and then with a very big load of rations, which we took to a spot over twenty miles away. We went to bed thinking, well, we had a chance of not being pulled out too early, as they said we were doing two day's work in one, so as to have Christmas as free as possible. Imagine our feelings when at 3 o'clock this morning we were called up, to go out, and have breakfast after we had finished the job. It was pouring rain, dark, and as cold as charity. I thought, "A merry Xmas, and no mistake". We were up to our ankles in mud, and the engine was in a terrible starting humour. Well, the job was on coal, and we got finished and were back for breakfast at 11 o'clock, but it was a good breakfast. After the rain ceased and things had a more pleasant aspect I got to work on washing some clothes, which I had wanted to do for about five weeks. I started on your lovely cake of soap yesterday, and I will tell you how handy the knee-cap was. My trousers are just slightly the worse for wear, in fact, I am minus the part which used to cover my knee. I thought of the knee-cap, and on it went, and it is splendid. Of course, it wouldn't look the thing to walk up Collins Street with – so much bright red showing – but all looks are left miles away from here.

Well, I got to my washing and did it all, and then I sewed four of my brass buttons which had come off on to my Australian overcoat, and after that it was our great Christmas tea. It was in two of the huts, and electric light had been put on from the workshop. Long tables were up each side, and were decorated with fancy paper flags and Chinese lanterns, all got from the Expeditionary Force canteens. They looked really splendid. All of us sat down, and the NCOs waited on us, and they did it well. I may say the whole thing was run and paid for by our own canteen. On the tables were apples, walnuts, dates, cake and bread. The first round was ham and turkey, roast beef, green peas (tinned) and cabbage, and as much as you could eat, and I have never tasted better turkey. For those who wanted it, there was as much French beer as they liked. As you can guess, a good many were having a hard job to balance theirs, and it set their tongues in great working order. After the meat came Christmas pudding and sauce. I can tell you it is the best meal I have had since I left home. Then we had some songs. There is a Sergeant England¹ here, and he has a most glorious voice. I fancy he was on the stage. He sang, "A Perfect Day", and sang it beautifully. I gave "Three for Jack", and when I started I hadn't the faintest idea what the words were, as it had never crossed my mind since goodness knows when, but I got through it without a bloomer, and we had no piano. Some others sang, drank and did otherwise, and all got a good hearing. The whole thing passed off splendidly, so our Christmas Day had a very bad beginning but a splendid ending. I forgot to tell you that every man got a bon-bon, and each had a paper cap inside. We all put them on, and you can't imagine the funny sight it was. I saved mine and got a little flag and a tinsel flower off the decorations, also a lantern, and I am going to send them to you to keep as souvenirs of a Christmas spent with the British armies at the front, and at the very hottest front. By Jove, our guns were sending over some Christmas greetings to Fritz last night, and are doing so now intermittently.

Endnote: 1. Believed to be **Sergeant 8835 John Edwin England** MSM, 4th Australian Motor Transport Section (Company).

Family tragedies

Stephen Brooks, Barooga

Stephen extends DIGGER's recent investigations into the first Australians to die on the Western Front with this account of the deaths of brothers (and one father and son) before Gallipoli and on the day of the landing. Stephen concludes that the Adcock brothers may have been the first AIF siblings to be killed by enemy action in the Great War.

The Cox boys were probably the *first* Australian brothers to die on active service in the Great War, some four months before the landing at Gallipoli.

Private 164 Edward King Standish Cox, aged 29, was a station hand living at Woy Woy in NSW when he enlisted on 17th August 1914, and sailed with the first contingent of Australians on 20th October 1914. He was a member of 'E' Company of the 4th Battalion AIF. With him on the ship was his younger brother, **Private 165 Myles Standish Cox**, age 23, who was also a station hand at Woy Woy, and who had enlisted the same day; the two boys being given consecutive regimental numbers. Edward died of pneumonia in Alexandria, Egypt, on 13th December 1914, and Miles also died of pneumonia, only three days later, at Cairo, Egypt, on 16th December 1914.

After their deaths, their sister, **Mary Standish Cox**, enlisted in the AANS, and spent several years nursing other sick and wounded Australians in England and France.

Mrs Mary Ellen Veitch of Brunswick Street, Fitzroy, lost both a twenty year old son and her husband at the landing on 25th April 1915. She had eleven other younger children to care for.

Private 157 Arthur Wilson Veitch, 7th Battalion, and his father, **Private 158 Donald Veitch**, also 7th Battalion, were reported as missing in action, 25th April 1915. Their fate was confirmed as killed in action by a court of enquiry held at Rouen, France, during 3rd-5th September 1917, and was confirmed by Lieutenant General Birdwood on 23rd September 1917.

Donald was aged 44 when he embarked, a Scottish-born waterside worker. Father and son had enlisted together and had consecutive regimental numbers, and were both members of 'B' Company of the 7th Battalion. They left Australia together, landed at Anzac Cove together, and later that first Anzac Day, died together.

Arthur lived with his parents and apparently had eleven younger brothers and sisters in Fitzroy. According to an article written by Ross McMullin, when Don discovered Arthur was going to enlist, he decided that his eldest son shouldn't go on his own. Recruits had to be aged between 19 and 38, but Don was a month short of his 44th birthday. He told them he was 38. In Egypt during March, Don, for some misdemeanor unspecified in the records, was sentenced to a fortnight's detention. At the Gallipoli landing their company was detached from the rest of the 7th. It was with the 8th Battalion on board the *Clan MacGillivray* as it made its way across the Aegean Sea in the dark on 24th April 1915.

The two men were reported missing and, according to their Red Cross files, they were last seen near a bush on the 400 Plateau, shooting at a group of Turks who were advancing towards them. False hopes that they may have been taken prisoner delayed confirmation of their fate. For Mary and the remaining children back in Fitzroy, this was not only emotionally wrenching: it had implications for their pension entitlements.

Apparently, Arthur's brother Jim, born in 1905, pitched in by selling newspapers and then by training as a wood turner at an unusually young age. He later earned a handy quid as a ruckman, playing League football for Hawthorn in 1930. Jim Veitch's daughter, Faye, found Jim an emotionally-closed and controlled father. He was taciturn, reluctant to open up about anything. Faye sensed this had a great deal to do with the traumatic consequences for his family of the events of April 25th 1915. The Veitchs were almost certainly the *first* of over thirty fathers and sons who died whilst serving in the AIF during the Great War.

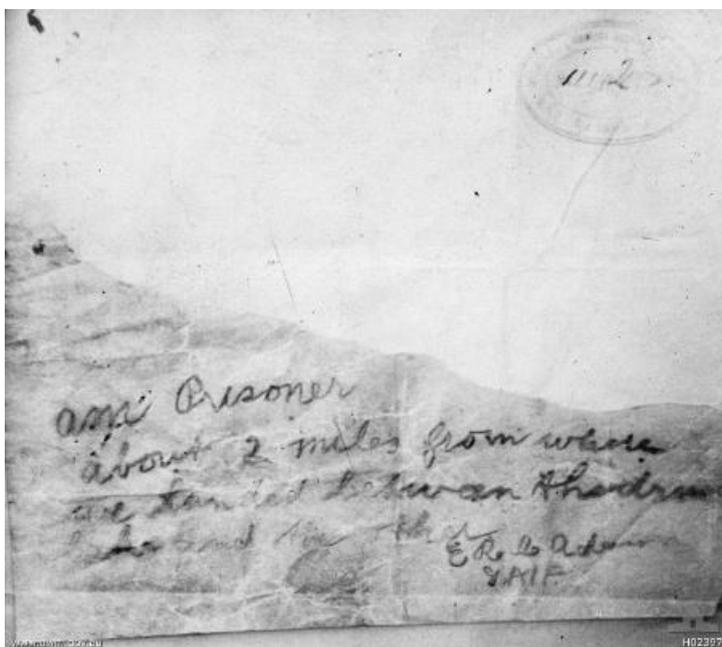
There were at least *four* pairs of brothers who died at the landing on April 25th 1915. The Adcock brothers were one such pair. **Private 394 Frank Henry Burton Adcock**, age 24 of the 11th Battalion, was killed in action 25th April 1915, as was **Private 1044 Frederick Brenchley Adcock**, a 21 year old also of the 11th Battalion. They were the sons of John and Charlotte Adcock of Perth, Western Australia, but were natives of Melton Mowbray, England. Frank is buried in the Baby 700 Cemetery, grave D 24, and Frederick is remembered on the Lone Pine Memorial.

Private 310 Charles Joshua Sussex, 9th Battalion, was killed in action on 25th April 1915, at the age of thirty-three, and so was his younger brother, **Private 996 Joshua Sussex**, 6th Battalion. They were the

sons of Joshua and Maria Sussex, of 62 Wellington St, Richmond, Victoria. They were native to Stawell in Victoria, and both are remembered on the Lone Pine Memorial, Gallipoli.

Private 989 Cyril Lindsay Reid, 7th Battalion, was killed in action, 25th April 1915, aged twenty-five. He was the son of Donald and Mary Reid, of Kalgoorlie, Western Australia, but had been born and raised in Deniliquin, NSW. He is buried in the Lone Pine Cemetery, grave O 18. His brother, **Lieutenant Mordant Leslie Reid**, of the 11th Battalion, was also killed in action, 25th April 1915, and is remembered on the Lone Pine Memorial, Gallipoli. His wife, **Mrs Pauline Reid**, was a nurse serving in Heliopolis at the time of his death, and made several impassioned enquires about the circumstances of his death to the Red Cross. Lieutenant Mordant Reid apparently advanced a long way in front of the eventual front line at Anzac, and was badly wounded in the hip, leg, or groin. He was last seen making his way back when the Australians were forced to retreat, and he was never seen again.

A photograph [below, Australian War Memorial Negative Number H02397] is held by the AWM, which is of a written message from **1127 Private Edgar Robert Colbeck Adams**, 8th Battalion, AIF. The note was placed in a bottle which washed up on the beach at Montazah, Alexandria, Egypt, on 1st November 1915, just over six months after it had been dropped into the sea at Gallipoli. Written by Private Edgar Adams it is the last remaining link to this eighteen year old soldier who went missing on 25th April 1915.



The message reads: *“Am prisoner about 2 miles from where we landed between ... ERC Adams 8AIF.”*

Private Adams was born in Mildura, Victoria, and gave his occupation as a surveyor and engineer when he enlisted in the 7th Battalion in September 1914. He embarked on the troopship *Themistocles* in December for training in Egypt. The 7th Battalion landed on the peninsula from the *Galeka*, a hundred or so metres from a small knoll above the Fisherman’s Hut at around 5am under heavy rifle fire. The unit suffered heavy casualties from Turkish machine guns and snipers on the knoll and from the Shepherd’s Hut, located on the inland side of the knoll.

Between 25th April and 1st May, the battalion landed 970 officers and other ranks, of which 70 were killed, another 244 were wounded, and 277 were missing. Private

Adams was one of the missing. A letter from the Red Cross Missing and Wounded Enquiry Bureau advised that there was no trace of Private Adams being held captive:

“Exhaustive and fruitless enquiries have been made and we fear that he is dead. He is only one of the many mysteries of that fatal landing at Gallipoli, when so many were killed and have never been found.”

The AIF took the note from the bottle as evidence of his capture by the Turks. The finding of an official enquiry into his death held in London in 1918 was that Private Adams *‘died in enemy hands on or about 25/4/1915’*.

The Adams family suffered a double tragedy on the day of the landing. Private Adams’ older brother, **Private Frederick Adams**, 8th Battalion, was also killed in action. He is buried in Shell Green Cemetery, Gallipoli. The brothers’ older sister, **Staff Nurse Edith Adams**, enlisted with the Australian Army Nursing Service and served in India from 1917 until her marriage the following year.

Due to the confused nature of the fighting during the Landing at Anzac Cove, which ebbed and flowed over the tangled mass of scrub-covered ridges, gullies and ravines, and the consequent paucity of accurate reports of when and where men were either killed or went missing, it is impossible to say which of these four sets of brothers lost their lives *first* as members of the AIF in the Great War.

However, because the Adcock brothers were both serving in the 11th Battalion, part of the 3rd Brigade which was the *first* to be landed, I would suggest that they may have been the *first* AIF brothers to be killed in action on Gallipoli. Nothing is known of how the Sussex brothers died but one was in the 6th Battalion which landed after the first wave. It appears that one of the Adams brothers was taken prisoner, and it is not known for certain when he died. It seems that Lieutenant Mordant Reid was killed around late morning on that fateful day, but nothing is known of his brother’s time of death.



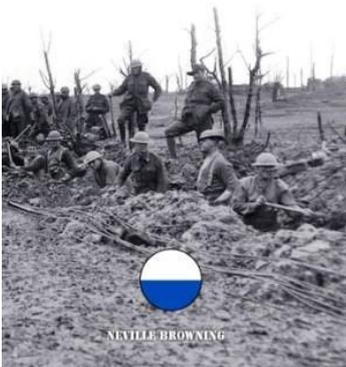
[Left: Studio portrait of 1127 Private Edgar Robert Colbeck Adams, 8th Battalion, of Mildura, Vic. Australian War Memorial Negative Number H14064. Below: Portrait of Private Frederick James Adams, 8th Battalion, AIF, brother of Private Edgar Adams, was also killed on 25th April 1915 at Gallipoli. Australian War Memorial Negative Number H05906]



48th Battalion history by Neville Browning released

Member Neville Browning's book on the famous 48th Battalion (12th Brigade, 4th Division) has been released and is available to FFFAIF members at the special price of \$70 (a saving of \$10, as Neville will post free of charge to members). The book, entitled *Leane's Battalion: The history of the 48th Battalion AIF*, is the history of the unit from its formation in Egypt in 1916 to its war service on the Western Front.

LEANE'S BATTALION 48TH BATTALION A.I.F. 1916-1919



Leane's Battalion is a hard-covered, cloth-bound, 480-page, B5 volume with a dust-wrapper, containing 285 photographs and maps, as well as hundreds of eye-witness reports from contemporary diaries, letters, reports and journals of 48th Battalion men. Most of the photographs, journals and diaries are from private sources across Australia and therefore never before published. The volume includes daily descriptions of life and death on the Western Front amidst battles such as Pozieres, Bullecourt, Messines, Passchendaele, Dernancourt, Monument Wood, Amiens and the Hindenburg Line. Appendices include Nominal Roll, Honour Roll, Awards and Citations, Nominal Index and POW Roll.

An order form can be printed from the FFFAIF website, or send your name and address details, plus cheque/money order for \$70 to: Neville Browning, 8 Clune Court, Huntingdale, WA 6110. Inform Neville that you are an FFFAIF member by providing your membership number.

Member Sandra Playle attended Neville's book launch and suggests that members order 'asap' as the print run is limited. Neville is currently working on a history of the 10th LHR and is contemplating writing a history of the 53rd Battalion, which would be very popular with our NSW members. He is also looking at republishing the unit history of the 44th Battalion (WA). Congratulations, Neville, and keep up the great work!

Australia's financial patriotism during the Great War

Contributed by Ken Wright, Montmorency.

At 11pm on 4th August 1914, England declared war on Germany, which was already invading France and Belgium. Australia hailed England's declaration of war with enthusiasm and immediately followed suit, declaring it would stand shoulder to shoulder with England against the common enemy. The then Leader of the Opposition, Mr Andrew Fisher, gave the Mother Country a pledge that Australia was with her to the 'last man and last shilling'. Before the terrible war was over, Australia had almost spent its last man and last shilling.

By early 1915, the British Government began to feel the financial pressure of the war and indicated to the Australian Government that it would be better if Australia could finance her own share of the war effort. After deducting the war loans already received or promised by Britain, the Australian Government concluded the war was going to be more of a financial burden to the country than first realised in 1914.

The Government decided to raise loans from the public purse totalling 20 million pounds for war purposes only, and interest would be at four and a half percent issued at par. The loans would not be underwritten and the term of a loan would be for ten years. The Government estimated that fully three-fourths of the war expenditure would be spent in Australia, thus establishing a case for placing the loans at different times of the year. The Commonwealth Bank of Australia was entrusted with the job of establishing and managing the whole operation on behalf of the Commonwealth Government.

On 1st July 1915, the first war loan was launched with the Government hoping to raise 5 million pounds. Public enthusiasm for the war effort was so great that the sum received at the close of the first loan was 13 389 440 pounds. This excellent result was achieved with comparatively little effort in the way of organisation or publicity. In this case, promotion of the loan was through general newspaper appeals. The amount of money over and above the required amount also indicated there was a large amount of floating capital in the Commonwealth, much of which was apparently earning little or no interest.

The second war loan was launched on December 1st that same year. The public response was, for the second time, a great success and above the required amount. Even the financial newspapers in London said, *'It was a great financial achievement to float two loans in such a short space of time and it was evidence of Australia's undiminished determination to remain in the war and also demonstrated Australia possessed very real resources of her own.'*

The third loan began on 1st June 1916 with the usual newspaper appeals, but the Government decided more effort was needed to encourage small investors. A plan was formulated for employees to make applications through their employers to purchase war loans on instalment payments over a ten-month period. The idea was very successful and almost four times the number of people subscribed to the third loan than they had for the second loan.

The Treasurer, Mr Watt, began to wonder how long the Australian public could keep up their war loan contributions should the war go on much longer. But continue it did, devouring men, material and money, and giving the Government no option but to open loan number four on 23rd December only six months after the third loan appeal. This caused problems for people who still had not paid off their instalments on the previous loan. Again, the Australian public surprised the doubters by over-subscribing the loan by three and a half million pounds. The generosity and patriotism for the war loans had been overwhelming considering Australia's small population, but how long could it last?

War loan Number Five was started on 6th September 1917 and Number Six on February 17th 1918, and the Government again received more than was required from both loans. However the public were not as generous this time with their excess monies and this caused consternation in Government circles. Did this indicate the public were beginning to tire of contributing to war loans? If the war was going to continue into the foreseeable future, the Government was worried that they might not be able to raise the required funds should they attempt another loan. On the Western Front, the tide of battle was slowly turning against Germany but the war continued to soak up money and men like a sponge, therefore the Government again had no choice and had to launch war loan number seven with the hope of raising 40 000 000 pounds.

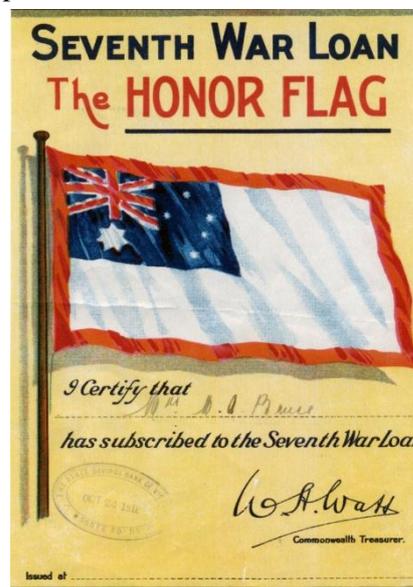
The seventh War loan was opened on August 1st 1918, and to ensure this loan reached the required amount, the Treasurer announced on 25th September that it was the Government's intention to place before Parliament legislation called 'The War Loan Subscription Bill', compelling everyone to contribute to war loans in proportion to their means. He felt the patriotic spirit of people to give voluntarily, had, in the past, been more than generous, but could not be relied upon in the future should the war continue. He also said that there were many people of ample means who had not subscribed or had not subscribed large amounts as had been expected of them. If the subscriptions fell short of the required amount, the Government would be

forced to resort to compulsion. The bill called for compelling every person to subscribe to any war loan a sum equal in any given year to six times his yearly average income tax paid during the previous three years.



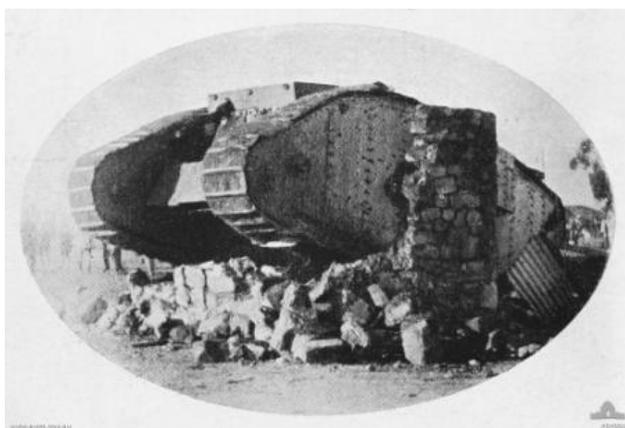
At the time of the launch of the seventh loan, Allied forces in Europe were at last sweeping all before them on all fronts and a feeling of relief and triumph seemed to pervade the air on the Australian home front. As part of the seventh loan's publicity campaign, a mock up of a naval destroyer [left] was erected in Moore Street (now Martin Place) in Sydney, manned and guarded by sailors while VIPs made stirring speeches about the virtues of the seventh war loan from the deck. Aeroplanes flew over the city dropping leaflets commending the same loan. Wherever in Australia large crowds gathered, midday addresses appealed to the patriotism and purse of the crowd.

Mrs Bruce was just one of many who supported the cause and had donated before. Her son, Robert Bruce, was an ambulance driver who was severely wounded in action near Pozieres in August 1916 and sent home for discharge from the army as medically unfit. Although her son was home and safe, she still wanted to do her part to help win the war. On 24th October, Mrs Bruce purchased a war loan [see right] from the local State Savings Bank branch in Moonee Ponds, Melbourne, and, along with thousands of like-minded citizens, helped to give the Government's war chest 44 072 640 pounds – over four million pounds more than required and the greatest financial effort by the Australian people during the war. Fortunately for everyone, the war ended in November that year and the Government's compulsion bill that was being debated in the House of Representatives was quietly scrapped. The Governor of the Commonwealth Bank of Australia (1912-1923), Sir Denison Miller, summed up Australia's efforts in connection with the various war loans during the Great War as a 'stupendous achievement'.



Apart from national generosity, other factors helped to make all the loans a success. Throughout the country, newspapers daily urged people to purchase loans. The British War Office had used a new war machine called a 'tank' to help promote their war loans and sent one to help in Australia's promotional efforts. The arrival of the tank in July 1918 caused tremendous interest. So much so that three replicas were built to go on public relations tours throughout the country, raising money for the war loan. The launching of the loans throughout the towns and cities of Australia was carried out with almost as much effort as that which was used to attract recruits into military service.

The Commonwealth Bank carried out its allocated task with dedication and remarkable organisational ability, with the full cooperation of the major trading banks, government savings banks, friendly societies, insurance companies and the stock exchanges. In the final analysis, it was the open-



hearted generosity and a staunch belief in the cause that Mr, Miss and Mrs Australia had made the seven war loans so successful.

Left: The British Mark IV Female Tank Serial No. 4643 was sent to Australia to assist in raising War Loans. Its first stop was Adelaide in September and after a public naming competition the name 'Grit' was bestowed on the tank by Lady Galway, the wife of the South Australian Governor. The tank then moved onto Melbourne and was exhibited at the Royal Agricultural Show where it was just as popular as it was in Adelaide. In October the tank was railed to Sydney for display. An admission charge of eleven

shillings was made for adults and three pence for children. For the sum of ten pound ten shillings a ride around a specially constructed circuit could be purchased and for five pound five shillings the tank could be inspected at close hand. The tank was used in few displays during 1919 and was placed in storage in the Army engineering depot in South Melbourne and later transferred to the Australian War Museum. Eventually 'Grit' was moved to Canberra and from time to time is on display in the Australian War Memorial. The tank was commanded by Captain NL Brown. [Australian War Memorial Negative Number A04992]

Below: A fund-raising 'barometer' for NSW and War Loan No. 7. Some city suburbs have their target amount and the actual funds raised shown as a percentage of the target. Many NSW country towns are listed around the edge of the board. The total raised is shown on the 'clock' at the top.



"BAROMETER" USED IN THE CAPITAL CITIES OF AUSTRALIA.

Endnote: The author is indebted to the Commonwealth Bank of Australia for permission to use material from their archives.

Sources:

The Official History of Australia During the War of 1914-1918, Vol XI; The Commonwealth Bank of Australia by CC Faulkner 1923; the Australian War Memorial archives; the Commonwealth Bank archives, Sydney; personal papers in author's collection.

Battle of Broken Hill

From a newspaper clipping supplied by Trevor Munro, Dubbo.

Mrs H Phillipson, of Lowe Street, Marrickville, NSW, has supplied the Sydney 'Sun' with a characteristic German story of the Broken Hill shooting. The following is the official statement issued in Berlin amid great enthusiasm:- "A notable success has been achieved by our arms in Broken Hill, where a force of Turks surprised and put to flight a superior force, which was being transported by rail. Forty of the enemy were killed and seventy wounded: the casualties among the Turks being only two killed. Broken Hill is an important mining centre and port on the west coast of Australia. The success of our arms practically assures the control of the valuable metal mines in the neighbourhood, and leaves the way open for an attack on Canbris, the capital of Australia, and its most strongly fortified centre, although owing to the flooded condition of the country, an attack may be impossible until next spring."

Frank Dalton: from military policeman to wanted man

Trevor Munro, Dubbo

Whilst undertaking a Google search on 'Anzac Provost Corps', the story of Frank Dalton came to light. The report that I had stumbled across was a request in 1921 from American sheriffs to South Australian detectives, attempting to locate one 'Frank Dalton'. The sheriffs believed that he may have fled back to Australia following his alleged committing of several major crimes.

A look at Edward Francis Dalton's NAA file showed a post-war notoriety equalled, thankfully, by few other ex-AIF soldiers. Dalton's file revealed that it was not until the early 1930s that he was finally brought to justice for his various crimes.

Correspondence from an August 1930 letter to Australian Army Authorities contains the full gravity of what Frank Dalton did.

On Frank Dalton's attestation papers he claimed to have been born in England, but it would appear he was actually born in America. 'Frank Dalton' had been living in Murray Bridge, South Australia, at the time of his enlistment, and stated that he was 25 years of age and was married. He and his wife Mary had two children.

The American authorities referred to Dalton as 'Everett Frank Lindsay'; however, his true name was in fact 'Charles E Murphy'. In Australia he went by Edward Francis Dalton and he had other aliases over the years: 'Frank Carlton' being one, and 'Bill Dalton' another. His American alias was probably adopted from his parent's address of 125 Francis Street, Everett, Massachusetts, USA.

Below are the particulars of service for Dalton in the AIF:

2 Feb 1915	Enlisted in the AIF in South Australia as Trooper 1928, 10 th Battalion.
20 Feb 1915	Embarked for active service abroad on the <i>Hororata</i> .
20 Apr 1915	Disembarked at Egypt.
3 Jul 1915	Proceeded to join MEF.
8 Jul 1915	Taken On Strength of 10 th Battalion, Gallipoli.
29 Dec 1915	Disembarked from the <i>Seeang Bee</i> at Alexandria ex Gallipoli.
May 1916	TOS of 1 st Division Headquarters, Egypt, as a MMP, rank of trooper.
May 1916	Proceeded to join BEF and disembarked Marseilles, France.
16 Sep 1916	TOS of Anzac Provost Corps and to be attached to 1 st Division HQ for duty.
31 Mar 1917	Doing duty with 1 st Australian Division.
11 Oct 1917	Promoted to Corporal vice No 27 Cpl R Connors promoted to Sergeant.
7 Jun 1918	Admitted to 3 rd Australian Field Ambulance – Fractured lower jaw. Casualty classified 'Injured whilst in the execution of his duty.'
9 Jun 1918	Transferred to 83 rd General Hospital.
11 Jun 1918	Embarked for England.
12 Jun 1918	Admitted to Exeter War Hospital – 'Explosives wound, fractured jaw'.
9 Jul 1918	Transferred to 1 st Auxiliary Hospital, Harefield.
19 Jul 1918	Transferred to Queens Hospital, Sidcup.
25 Jul 1918	Discharged from Hospital to furlough and to report to Queens Hospital on 25/8/18.
21 Aug 1918	Admitted to 1 st Australian Dermatological Hospital, Bulford – 'scabies'.
28 Aug 1918	Transferred to Queens Hospital, Sidcup.
29 Aug 1918	Discharged from Hospital and to report to Queens Hospital on 8/9/18.
9 Sep 1918	Discharged from hospital and granted furlough and to report to Queens Hospital on 9/10/18.
17 Mar 1919	Court of inquiry held at Queens Hospital. Absent without leave on 24/10/18 and that he is still so absent, therefore declared 'Illegal absentee'.
1 Apr 1920	Discharged from the AIF at London as a consequence of desertion.

A letter from Claude G Bannick, Sheriff of the County of King, Seattle, Washington, to Australian authorities, dated 1st August 1930, detailed Dalton's actions following his desertion:

5 Dec 1919	Enlisted American Army, Fort McDowell, California.
3 Jun 1920	Deserted American Army, Presidio, San Francisco, California. Held rank of First Sergeant.
24 Sep 1920	Contracted bigamous marriage at Stockton, California.
4 Jan 1921	Abandoned bigamous wife at Stockton, California.
13 Jan 1921	Went to work for Mr Mike Whelan, Woodland, Washington.

14 Feb 1921	Bigamous wife at Stockton, California, preferred charge of bigamy against him and a warrant for his arrest was issued. (He was not apprehended.)
13 Mar 1921	Disappeared from Woodland, Washington.
17 Mar 1921	Took passport at Portland, Oregon, under name of 'Frank Carlton' (passport never used).
20 Mar 1921	Mike Whelan's body found under his bed, head crushed, evidently dead a week, last seen alive evening of March 13 th .
21 Mar 1921	Warrant issued for arrest of Frank Dalton, alias Frank Carlton, for murder of Mike Whelan (never apprehended).
29 Nov 1921	As Everett Frank Lindsay, married Audrey Elizabeth Reid, at Seattle, Washington (second bigamous marriage).
21 Feb 1930	Murdered Audrey Elizabeth Reid-Lindsay.
20 Apr 1930	Fled from Seattle. April 25 th . Rape charges filed.
28 Apr 1930	Wife's body found. April 29 th . Murder charge filed.
30 Apr 1930	Fled from Oakland, California. Not heard of since.

Thankfully that was not to be the last letter from American authorities in their bid to apprehend 'Everett Frank Lindsay' (Frank Dalton). Australian Army authorities had been co-operating with American authorities from the early 1920s. The Australian Provost Corps had in 1920 considered sending an officer to America to assist in locating Dalton. Indeed, it was the Australian Military Police that had supplied the information that Dalton was possibly living with his parents at their Massachusetts' address. (In this letter, his Australian wife was described as 'at this time practically destitute'.)

The August 1930 letter revealed graphic details of Dalton's post-war activities in America:

This man lived here for nearly nine years, married and led a life of respectability under the name of EVERETT FRANK LINDSAY. During all of this time he made it generally understood that he was an Australian Veteran of the World War. In these statements, his wife supported him. He took out his marriage license on Nov. 29th, 1921, under that name, took out insurance under that name, joined fraternal organizations under that name, etc.

On February 20th, of this year [1930] his wife was last seen alive for the last time, but as he had given out statements that she was contemplating a trip to Scotland, and then on Feb. 22nd told many friends that she had gone, no curiosity was aroused as to her absence until nearly two months went by and none of her friends had heard from her. Then they called on him for her address and he told them it would take him some days to obtain it. They gave him a week to produce it.

Five days later, or on April 20th, he fled, but his absence was not noticed until he failed to appear at the appointed time on April 22nd and produce her address. When he failed to appear these friends reported the strange circumstances to this office and an investigation was immediately launched with the result that on April 28th, her dead body was unearthed in the backyard of their home, it was found that her head had been brutally crushed in several places and her throat cut, the body was buried five feet under the surface. Then a little girl who was living with them, a girl of twelve years, made the statement that he had sexual intercourse with her and two other 12 year old girls. As it developed, he had reached Oakland, California, with his 12 year old adopted daughter before the finding of his wife's remains. Upon his reading of the finding of the body, he deserted his adopted daughter and automobile and has not been heard of from that day to this. He fled from Oakland, California, on the 30th of April.

It was obvious from a letter prepared by Deputy William Coffey on Sheriff Bannick's behalf, that many cablegrams and letters had been relayed between American and Australian authorities in an effort to unravel details of Dalton's true identity. The Americans found two earlier circulars (possibly the report that I originally sourced) that assisted to some degree in piecing together Dalton's past. These documents led to them identifying Dalton's Australian and American Army services.

The American authorities revealed that Dalton had lived within 150 miles of his first known crime, the murder of his first American wife, even though there was a reward of \$1 000 on his head. At the time of Sheriff Bannick's letter in August 1930 Dalton remained on the loose.

A further letter from Bannick's department dated 11th November 1931 advised that Everett Frank Lindsay (Frank Dalton) had been finally been arrested on 15th October 1931 in Los Angeles. His trial for the killing of his American wife was set down for 14th December 1931.

The final chapter to this sad tale was a further letter from Deputy Coffey, dated 21st June 1933, that confirmed that on 7th May 1932 Everett Frank Lindsay (Frank Dalton) had been sentenced to sixty to seventy-five years in Washington State Penitentiary.

Below: An extract from the South Australian *Police Gazette* 1930. The photo on the left is of Frank Dalton, AIF. The other two are of Everett Frank Lindsay – one and the same man.

MURDER.—SPECIAL INQUIRY.



U.S.A.—Special inquiry is requested with a view to locating EVERETT FRANK LINDSAY, alias JACK GRANT, alias FRANK GRANT, alias HYDEMAN, alias FRANK EVERETT, alias FRANK LINDSEY, who is wanted by Sheriff Claude G. Bannick, Seattle, Washington, for the brutal murder of his wife, having crushed her skull, cut her throat, and buried her body in the back yard of their home at Seattle; and for the rape of three girls of tender years. Description:—48 years of age, 5ft. 11in. high, 160lbs. to 175lbs. weight, New England accent, brown eyes, dark-brown hair (tinged with grey), dark sallow complexion, clean shaven, deep cleft in chin, small scar on left side of nose or face, poor teeth, probably small partial plate in front, a heavy drinker, and associates with women of loose virtue; follows the occupation of painter, plumber, steam-fitter, carpenter, hotel manager, hotel clerk, river steamboat engineer, sailor, and coal miner; may be carrying discharge papers from both the Australian and United States armies; has frequently mentioned having been in trucking business in Adelaide before the war, and that he has a brother in Adelaide; also that he possessed a first-aid certificate of and had been a member of the Medical Corps of the Australian Army, that he was a regimental sergeant-major in General Allenby's Forces. The murder was committed on or about the

20th February, 1930, and he fled on April 20th, was subsequently traced to Oakland, California, but eluded the police there by about eight hours on the 30th April, and may have boarded a vessel for Australia. He is probably identical with EDWARD FRANCIS DALTON, alias FRANK CARLTON, alias CHARLES MURPHY, who is also wanted at Kalama, Washington, for murder (vide *Police Gazette*, 1921, page 175, "Special Inquiry"). Dalton is a native of U.S.A., and his wife and two children reside at Murray Bridge. He enlisted at Adelaide for active service on the 2nd February, 1915, and served with the 10th Infantry Battalion, and was subsequently transferred from that Battalion in France to the Anzac Provost Corp in England, and was later promoted to rank of Corporal, but was posted as an absentee on October 24th, 1918, and has not since been heard of by the Military Authorities. A passport, No. 5783, was issued to him at Portland, Oregon, U.S.A., in March, 1921. The photo of the man in uniform is that of Dalton, which was taken in France in 1918, and the two photos in civilian clothes are of Lindsay. A reward of 500 dollars is offered for the arrest of Lindsay, and 1,000 dollars for Dalton. If located in South Australia, detain and advise the C.I. Branch, Adelaide, by wire.—(C.5310.)

'The Argus', Mon 1st July 1918:

Australian Humour

(By the Official Reporter with the A.I.F.)

LONDON, June 27 – The Australians, who inscribed their names enduringly in the memories of the French people, have not been slow to also leave obvious traces of themselves about this French countryside. Here and there an old leaky boat was salvaged at the waterside of a dead village. It is attached now by an old head-rope to a peg alongside a diminutive tent shelter, much like an old Murray whaler's camp, made of old bags, house carpets, and a waterproof sheet or two. A notice written on a piece of board nailed to a tree beside it reads: "Jolly's Boat-house." Nearby is a small landing, used apparently also as a bath-place. A tree alongside has three notices painted on it, one above the other, marking the tenure of different units – "Our Harbour", "Henley-on-Yarra", and "What about our Torrens." The end of a house-wall at the waterside in another village which is daily shelled by the enemy has painted on it in large letters in tar, "Circular Quay." A much-battered village on the edge of the northern front has in the doorway of a dilapidated house in the main street a stuffed effigy in corduroy trousers, buttoned boots, black coat, and a bowler hat, with a large cardboard placard attached, labelled "Billie Hughes." The French interpreter attached to an Australian unit asked "Where is the joke? Why do all the Diggers laugh?" An Australian officer replied, "That is the Prime Minister of Australia." The Frenchman said, "Ah! You Australians pull the leg very well."

Contributed by Heather (Frev) Ford.

A moving epitaph: Private Frank Bernard, 17th Battalion

Yves Fohlen, France

Recently I visited the Warlencourt British Cemetery. This cemetery is about three miles south of Bapaume, and there are 3 450 headstones contained within its walls. This large and impressive cemetery is the fifth-largest British cemetery on the Somme. There are four hundred and sixty-one Australian graves, of which one hundred and thirty-eight are unidentified. It is a cemetery I am used to visiting because I ‘know’ several Diggers there and their today-relatives.

During my last visit I stopped in front of the headstone of 1659A **Frank Bernard Hershorn** who served as **Private Frank Bernard**. Moved by his epitaph I decided to write an article for *DIGGER* magazine.

A Jew and native of Warsaw, Poland, his mother came to London when Frank was a baby. At the age of seventeen, Frank left for Australia with the intention to make a home for his mother. He settled in Darlinghurst, Sydney, and worked as an electrician. When war broke out he at once tried to enlist but was rejected. On 22nd May 1915 he joined the AIF. He lied about his age and decided to fight under an alias, perhaps because his name ‘sounded’ German or because he was under-age.

In Egypt he was attached to the 2nd Reinforcements, 19th Battalion. He was transferred to the 17th Battalion and fought on Gallipoli. Frank served until the evacuation in December where he attained the age of nineteen. Then after a short time in Egypt, he and his battalion disembarked at Marseilles, France, on 23rd March 1916. Frank Bernard fought at Pozieres where he was one of the “unwounded few linemen” [quote from his mother]. In December 1916 Frank was on short leave in London and visited his mother.

Back on the Somme battlefields, on 2nd March 1917, north west of Warlencourt village, Frank took part in the assault on Malt Trench. The 17th Infantry Battalion was on the left flank of Malt Trench and had to face German counter-attacks coming from a communication trench called Layton Alley. The 17th Battalion took, lost, and then re-took the ground. Frank Bernard was among those who were killed in action. He was aged twenty-one.

According to a letter written by his mother, Mrs Ray Lesnie, “numerous chums” visited her and told her about his bravery and that he had given his life to save further casualties. Captain Cooke, his platoon officer, wrote to Frank’s mother, stating: “*Your son was in my company, I have known him since Gallipoli. He has always proved himself a gallant soldier & most willing to do his duty; he took part in an attack on some German trenches & was killed during the action. He did excellent work up to the time of the sad occurrence & his end was quite instantaneous. Your son died gallantly as a soldier.*”

Today on Frank’s headstone [right], the pilgrim can read these moving words:

*His love & life
That was his mother’s
Was bravely sacrificed
For others*



Endnotes: (1) The AWM Roll of Honour records Frank’s name as ‘Frank Bernard Hershorn Lesnie’ who was the son of J Hyam Hershorn and Ray Lesnie Hershorn. The War Graves Register notes give his surname as Hershorn. When supplying particulars for the Roll of Honour after the war, his mother signed herself as ‘Mrs Ray Lesnie’. A document in Frank’s file showed that his mother had remarried to a Mr Nathan Favrish. The step-father decided against pursuing a claim for a pension following Frank’s death. (2) Mrs Lesnie stated that Frank was educated at Norwood Orphanage, London, where he was school captain. She also mentioned that Frank was ‘farming in NSW’, though giving his occupation as ‘electrician’. When enlisting, Frank gave his calling as a ‘labourer’. (3) Frank had relations in Sydney, most likely an uncle who was his mother’s brother. A Madame Lesnie appears to have been the proprietor of ‘Diana de Paris’ at No. 8 New Royal Arcade, George St, Sydney (‘near Angus & Coote’). This lady and presumably her husband, Sid Lesnie, lived at ‘Manotene’, Dover Road, Rose Bay. (4) His mother enquired as to whether Frank had been decorated for bravery, as some of her soldier-visitors had hinted that there was talk of Frank being recommended for his actions in the trench raid. – Graeme.

Wounded on Gallipoli: Private Alf Chapman

Contributed by Sandra Playle, Fremantle.

'Albany Advertiser', June 30th 1915

"Letters from the Front"

Private Alf Chapman further writes as follows to his father from Kair-el-Ainy Hospital, Cairo, under date May 16:-

I think in the last note I sent you I was giving an account of the three days of excitement and stopped where I got hit. Well, I will continue, after giving my report for the last week. My leg does not trouble me much now; in fact, some days I hardly notice it all day, and I sleep well of a night, so I am nice and comfortable. The wound in my leg is closing up well now and the doctor says it is time they got it in plaster, and it may be put in plaster today. I met another Albany chap this week; Lumsden is his name. He came with our first lot and got hit in the armpit.

When I got hit, of course, the first thing I knew I was on my back and my leg seemed to be spinning round at an awful speed. Then I pulled myself behind some scrub and laid flat on my chest, side on to the enemy, and I felt a sting and all the muscles of my body seemed to cramp up and blood ran off my neck to my hand. I closed my eyes and said 'goodbye' to a chap lying behind the same cover. He said 'Goodbye mate, I'm sorry'; but I began to feel alright in a couple of minutes and opened my eyes again. A chap in a trench saw me and ran out and pulled me in. We waited there for a while, but the Turks gained a bit and stretcher bearers were too busy, so he got me out of the trench and rolled me over sideways down to the thick scrub in the valley. I hung on to his equipment and he crawled and pulled me the best he could. I thought I would go grey with the pain as my leg bumped along behind me. He cut my puttee off and used my field dressing, which we all carry, bound my two legs together with an entrenching tool handle, one each side, then he found the second one I got. The bullet entered behind the right shoulder blade and came out on the left side of my neck. How it missed my backbone the doctor doesn't know, but that is completely healed now. It doesn't need bandaging just painted with iodine.

When he left me I laid about nine hours. First I was lifted out of the gully a bit for a track, but a sniper tried to hit me for about half an hour. Then I got a chap to pull my leg down and I struggled down into the track and out of fire again. I didn't feel frightened of getting hit at first, but after I left the firing line you wouldn't believe what I went through, expecting to be hit again and it worried me until I got right out on to the hospital ship for we had the boat next to us hit with shrapnel when being loaded at the beach. When the A.M.C. found me they bound my legs together with a handle down the middle as they were all twisted up from wounded chaps stumbling along and kicking the leg but they couldn't help it. I was carried down under awful difficulties; sometimes six chaps holding the stretcher. We found a doctor at the first stop and he tuned me up a bit. He gave me morphia, and set my leg then they carried me onto the beach under a hail of shrapnel. One fell over a field telephone wire and dropped me. I thought the end of the world had come, and every step after that almost made me holler out. Then I was examined and sent to a hospital ship. I laid all next day in the well deck in the sun, and then was carried to the shelter deck and put down by the chap I was in the trench with.

Writing again, on May 22, Private Chapman says:-

I was occupied yesterday as they put my leg in plaster. The plaster business didn't hurt much, but he nearly pulled my big toe out hanging on to it. If I didn't hold the sides of the table he would have pulled me off on to the floor, but I closed my teeth and they said I was a good patient, as I did not kick or shout, but that is a bit of a 'kid' I suppose. Anyway I got half a pint of hot milk and brandy.

They put a splint under the leg until it dried and that caused more trouble that I have had with it otherwise; only on for three or four hours, but the heel is tender from bearing on a splint, and being bound tight with no padding. It tuned me up. Now a hole is cut out of the heel and a window left to dress the wound through, and the toes are out. Otherwise it is all plaster to halfway up my thigh. In fact I had plaster splashed all over me until I was washed last night. I can only lay on my left side, to a certain extent now, and the change should help to avoid bed sores.

I think I will be in plaster for about a month, that is a while after you get this letter and I come out, and although I have not seen our relations in England I expect to be sent home; but if I have a chance of getting an easy job with our chaps that I can do (perhaps I could relieve someone who could fight) I will take it on. Three days for a broken leg and nine month's training doesn't leave me satisfied.

Continued on the next page

'Albany Advertiser', August 11th 1915

"Letters From the Front"

The following further letter has been received from Private Alfred Chapman. It is dated Kasr-el-Aini Hospital, Cairo, June 28:-

Things have been going good lately, but now the place is being cleared out for the natives again, it was a native hospital before. All the soldiers left this morning, except three of us, who are being kept here for a while. One chap and myself are fit to travel to another hospital, but they operated on my leg thirteen days ago and the day before yesterday they took out a tube over 6in., but the discharge has stopped and the wound is healing. But it will be a week or two before I get it in plaster again, as it has to be kept open and heal from the bottom of the hole. I was in plaster for 24 days, and only sixteen days to go, if it had been good. The wound had closed up beautifully. Then they found it was not joining and just wasting time, so they operated and took dead bone and scraped the shin bone; so when they are dressing the leg I can see the top end of the bottom part of the shin bone. It doesn't hurt much, though, and I don't wish to complain.

Yesterday afternoon a French lady came with about a dozen girls from some school. They were loves. I have been camped out on the teracina with four other chaps and they struck us first with almost anything you could ask for, even rock melons. We had a glorious feed and stowed up on cigarettes and grub for this morning, but what annoyed me was that they asked for some of us to go and see them. They said they would be so glad if we would, but all I could do was show my prop tied to a splint and be sorry. We should have a fairly good time now. Only three soldiers left in a ward to ourselves and getting our grub cooked across at the sisters' house, I believe, but I will add a note after dinner and let you know what it is like as that will be the first feed since the change. The hospital, what I have seen of it, is about the size of Albany built into one, or as big as the block from Wellington Street to Murray Street. It is three floors and has a flat roof, but if anything it is higher than Boan's four storeys.

The sisters' place is about the size of the Premier Hotel and what I can see of the doctors' house, where the director and some of the doctors live, is about the size of the Freemasons Hotel. There is a steam laundry, and a fair sized one, to do the washing, and that is about all I have seen, except a nice flower garden, when I see anything it is out of the widow generally. We have had no letters from Australia for about ten or eleven weeks now, but I hope our letters are going a bit better. I wish I could get a bit of news. Albany may be blown off the earth for all I know. Suppose everything will be bad until peace is declared again and that maybe this time next year. At least the fish should not clear because the war is on, and you can do worse than live on fish. I am fit to travel, but soon as I get in plaster I will be better, and then they will send me any time, but it is rumoured it may be England, on account of the monsoons blowing. Tucker is here. This joint will always do me now. Mince and mashed 'taters', jelly and custard, not too 'superendgulous'.

Endnote: Private Chapman arrived back in Australia four days after this letter was published.

Fromelles documentary makers seeking original material

Those members who attended the inaugural FFAIF Members' Forum at the Ashfield RSL Club in Sydney on 15th November 2009 [see page 87 – Ed.] saw a presentation by member Damian Madden about his forthcoming documentary *'July 19'*, which will focus on the Battle of Fromelles.

The idea behind the film is to pay long overdue tribute to these brave men and ensure the Battle of Fromelles reaches the position within the public consciousness it so rightly deserves.

Damian, who is making the film with fellow filmmakers Matt Nelson and Jade Alexander, is looking for any letters, diaries or notes concerning the battle, the build-up to it, or its aftermath and the effect it had on the soldiers. The film is being told using the "voices of the soldiers" and so these diaries and written accounts will play a central role in the film.

As well as written accounts, the filmmakers are also after any photos or other items related to these soldiers so they can create a complete picture of this chapter in Australia's military history.

The team have a website set up (www.lestweforget.com.au) through which you can contact them to pass on any information you may have. They also invite you to memorialise your Digger through their 'Remember Your Ancestor' program. The website has recently been selected by the National Library's Pandora Project and so will be archived regularly and stored on file for future generations, ensuring your military ancestor is never forgotten. While you're there, have a look around at some of the other great stories that they've collected and find out the latest about the film.

Damian can also be reached via mail at PO Box 156, Leichhardt, NSW 2040, or by e-mail at damianmadden@hotmail.com.

Private 6746 Harold Craig Harding, 2nd Battalion

Graeme Hosken, Dubbo

Harold Craig Harding, born in Tumut, was educated and worked as a farmer at Springdale near Temora (NSW), and died at Broodseinde Ridge, Belgium, on 4th October 1917. He was the only son of Henry Charles and Emma Harding of Adelong, NSW. I came across Harold's name on a marble plaque at the foot of his father's and sister's grave in the Temora cemetery [**below left**]. This is his story.



Harold was a single farmer aged 22 years and 7 months when he enlisted at Cootamundra on 19th June 1916. He was placed with the 22nd Reinforcements for the 2nd Battalion.

Harold embarked on the *Port Nicholson* from Sydney on 8th November 1916 and was appointed a 'voyage-only' corporal, reverting to private when he reached Durrington in the UK on 10th January 1917. After training at the 1st Training Battalion, Harold sailed for France on 9th March, joining the 2nd Battalion on 14th May 1917. He was promoted to EDP corporal from 1st February, but reverted to private on 9th May.

On 17th September 1917 Harold was wounded in action with a shrapnel wound to the left knee and spent nine days in hospital as a consequence. Seventeen days later, on 4th October, he was killed in action.

Harold was killed by a flying piece of shrapnel (more likely a shell fragment) hitting him in the head; his death being instantaneous. He was buried close to where he fell, near the front line trench at Broodseinde. A rough wooden cross was placed on his grave.

On February 18th 1918, his mother wrote to Base Records, asking: "*Could you please tell me where he was killed so I could have his grave attended to ...*"

The army replied, giving Harold's date of death as 3rd October, and giving his rank as temporary corporal. (Both these details would be later amended to 4th October and to private respectively.)

On May 21st 1918, Mrs Harding made an enquiry about her son's silver watch and requested a photo of his grave. She added: "*... he was a good dear boy. Oh how I miss him. God grant that he is in Heaven with all the other brave soldiers.*"

Emma Harding wrote another letter to the army on August 15th 1918: "*I am writing again to ask you if you will please write to France [and] if they will please help send my only Son's silver wrist watch with his initials on, HCH. This was engraved in the inside lid of his watch. I have a letter from one of his mates telling me that when my only Dear Son was killed they took all of his belongings out of his pockets and put them in his Officer's orderly room. He did not say the Officer's name, but he said all the things would be safe & he was sure the Officer would write to me & send his belongings but I [have] not received any letter yet. The silver watch was a keep sake, & it was left for me, his broken-hearted Mother ... I will be very thankful if you will please write to the Officer & ask him about the silver watch as I do not know his address or name ...*"

The Australian Administrative Headquarters responded: "*... the Commanding Officer, 2nd Battalion ... advises there is no trace of the watch mentioned ... but referred to 6955 Private AG Byrnes of the same unit who assisted in the burial of the late Corporal Harding.*" Byrnes reported that: "*... to my knowledge that with the exception of a service revolver (part of his equipment on account of being in a Lewis Gun section) nothing else was removed from this man's body, and I firmly believe that he was buried with the watch in question still on his wrist.*"

The final communication between the family and the army took place in 1923, and by this time Harold's mother had passed away. Henry Thomas must have received the letter from the army enquiring about what inscription (epitaph) he would like to have engraved on Harold's grave. (Harold had by now been re-interred in Aeroplane Cemetery near Ypres.) Writing from Adelong, Henry stated: "*I do not wish to incur further expense in this connection, as I have already placed an headstone to his memory along with his Mother's grave in the Temora Cemetery, and I am not in the position to pay the extra, so I will be pleased if no further action be taken on my behalf, as I cannot afford it.*"

The army responded to Henry that "*the name, regimental description and date of death, also the religious emblem, in connexion with your son ... will be engraved free on the permanent headstone and it is not necessary for you to add a personal inscription unless you so desire.*" I hope to discover what Henry did in response to this advice if I get to visit Aeroplane Cemetery on the FFAIF Western Front tour in 2010.

Bombardier 2502 Herbert Arthur Hampton MM, 101st Howitzer Battery

Kerry Patman, Constitution Hill



Herbert Hampton was born in Onehunga, New Zealand, on 21st March 1891. He enlisted in the AIF at Sydney on 1st September 1914, at the age of 23 years and 7 months. Herbert was only slight – standing 5' 5" tall and weighing 132 lbs. He had been working as a stockman, which no doubt suited him to being appointed as a driver in the 1st Divisional Ammunition Column.

Herbert's 1st Section of the 1st DAC was attached to the 1st Field Artillery Brigade, and after training in Egypt he sailed for Gallipoli aboard the *Minneapolis* on 24th April 1915. Being part of a mounted unit, the DAC could not land on Gallipoli (where they arrived offshore on 27th April). Herbert consequently spent several weeks unloading ammunition from ships onto barges and taking the shells ashore for the artillery pieces.

Herbert was then returned to Egypt as there was no need for drivers on the peninsula, but on 15th November 1915, he sailed for Gallipoli on the *Themistocles*. This same day saw him revert to the rank of gunner, indicating that while in Egypt, Herbert must have been trained in the skills of the artilleryman. On 21st November he was allocated to the 3rd Brigade Ammunition Column and then spent his time in White's Gully until the evacuation. Herbert arrived back in Egypt on Boxing Day, 1915.

The reorganisation of the AIF saw Herbert transferred to the 8th Battery at Tel-el-Kebir on 16th January 1916. On 27th February he was transferred to the 4th Artillery Division, and then on 6th March, Herbert was taken on strength of the 21st Howitzer Brigade, where he joined the 101st Battery.

Herbert's unit arrived in Marseilles, France, on 1st April 1916, and he saw continuous service until he was slightly wounded with a shrapnel wound to the right eye on 16th April 1917. It was at this time that Herbert (and his colleague, **Gunner Charles William Croaker**) was awarded the Military Medal. His citation reads:

On 16th April 1917 during a heavy bombardment of 101st Howitzer Battery position near Noreuil, an enemy 5.9" shell exploded in an ammunition dump, scattering over 500 shells and setting fire to charges in adjoining gunpits.

The shelling of the position continued but although wounded, Gunner Hampton at once set to work to extinguish the fires. He showed great coolness and devotion to duty. [Major G McLaughlin MC, CO 1st FAB.]

Three days later Herbert was appointed temporary bombardier – a rank he held until reverting to gunner on 4th June 1917. However, on 20th July he was permanently promoted to bombardier.

Herbert was wounded on the second occasion on 18th August 1917 when serving in Belgium during the Third Battle of Ypres ('Passchendaele'). He was admitted to the 3rd Casualty Clearing Station with a gun shot wound to the left leg. Five days later, his leg was amputated at the 11th Stationary Hospital.

Bombardier Hampton was transferred to England on 7th September and was admitted to the Southwark Military Hospital in a severe condition. Following lengthy treatment and convalescence, Herbert sailed for Australia on 10th January 1918 aboard the *Corinthic*, for discharge from the AIF.

When well enough and following his discharge on 6th September 1918, Herbert gained employment as a lift driver. He married Dorothy Eva Wales in 1922 and built a home in Bexley, where the couple raised three children. Herbert lived there until the 1950s and had a flower-selling barrow in Martin Place, earning a good living. He moved to The Entrance and was still living there in 1969 when he applied for his Anzac Commemorative Medallion.

Herbert drove a car that was adapted for him, utilising a hand clutch. He suffered badly from 'nerve storms' with his amputated leg, and when this happened, would lock himself in his room for the day till they passed. Herbert died in 1983 and was cremated at the Woronora Crematorium; his ashes are in the Wall of Remembrance in the cemetery.

Herbert's granddaughter remembers Herbert talking to her father, the only person he would talk to about his war service (following a few whiskies). She remembers Herbert talking about Simpson and his donkey, and stating that losing his leg was his own fault, as he went out alone to fire at enemy planes. He missed them, but they got him! He also mentioned that he was occasionally a runner, and once had to 'play dead' until someone heard him and came to his rescue.

Another overheard conversation was of Herbert describing his placement in the ‘dead house’ at Passchendaele with his terrible leg wound – possibly a reference to where soldiers were placed who arrived deceased at the CCS, or who were given no hope of survival. Herbert’s moaning saw him gain attention, but by then his wound had turned gangrenous and the leg could not be saved.

Photos from Herbert Hampton’s album



Top left: This photo was captioned ‘On the way to the Peninsula’. **Above:** Herbert is believed to be around the middle of the third row. **Right:** This photo was labelled ‘Three mates’. **Below left:** Studio portrait of Herbert. **Below right:** A young Herbert Hampton.



An accident in Rotten Row: Violet Ann Robertson (VAD)

Heather (Frev) Ford, Montrose

So many soldiers travelled half way around the world to do their bit for the war effort and then died in ‘silly’ accidents. **Violet Ann Robertson** wasn’t a soldier of course – but she was a soldier’s widow, and her death in England in 1917, was as much a tragedy as her husband’s had been two years earlier at Gallipoli.

Violet’s parents, Frances and Harry Chapman, had both hailed originally from England, but were married in Australia in 1867. One of ten surviving children, Violet, who was also known by the family as ‘Dearwah’, had been born in the Melbourne suburb of Ascot Vale in 1885, and was just four years old when she lost her father. Her mother never remarried.

In 1909, at the age of twenty-four, Violet married **Alexander John Robertson**. Two years her senior, he had been born in Bundalaguah in country Victoria. A Melbourne University graduate, with a Bachelor of Mining Engineering and a Master of Science, he had also been a member of the University Rifle Club and completed four years in the Victorian Cadets.

Alexander was working in Western Australia, as a mining engineer and geologist with the WA Mines Department, when he made the decision to enlist in the AIF in 1915. After passing through Officer Training School in March and April, he embarked at Fremantle on the A2 *Geelong* on 6th June 1915, sailing as a 2nd Lieutenant with the 6th Reinforcements of the 11th Battalion.

Not wasting any time, the reinforcements were sent via Egypt straight to Gallipoli. Alexander and his men reported for duty on 4th August, and were immediately thrown into a fight for their lives. Their battalion had just captured a Turkish position, which they named Leane’s Trench, and on the morning of the 6th the Turks threw everything into regaining it. Alexander led his platoon in the defence but luck and ‘experience’ failed him. It was noted in ‘Game to the Last’: *“As near as I can make out, he was hit in the head by a piece of bomb exploding in the trench; he then got up on the parapet and emptied his revolver into the oncoming enemy ... From the time he jumped on the parapet there was no hope for him, as Jacko was raining bullets into us.”*

Alexander was buried in the Shell Green Cemetery by Chaplain JG Robertson (probably no relation).

Since Alexander had sailed, Violet had been living with her sister Lucy in Kew, Victoria, but in January 1916 she returned to Western Australia, possibly to tie up some loose ends. With no children to keep her in Australia, the following month she embarked on the *Medina*, and set sail for England. Her intention was to spend a couple of years there, and complete a course in nursing, preferably in one of the Australian hospitals as a VAD (Voluntary Aid Detachment).

The Australian VADs mostly consisted of women from middle to upper-class families who had the private means to travel overseas to help in the war effort. No doubt they had as many reasons for volunteering as the soldiers: those wanting to do their ‘bit’ for King & Country; others thinking only of helping their men; and then there would have been some who saw it as a chance to break away from the stifling conventions of the time and perhaps experience a little freedom, or even a little adventure. Possibly in Violet’s case, a small amount of survivor guilt may have even swayed her decision.

Living at Abingdon Court in Kensington, she found employment in the Coulter Hospital at No. 5 Grosvenor Square, London. This was a hospital which had been established in September 1915 by an American, Mrs Charlotte Herbine, in a house lent to her by Sir Walpole Greenwell. With the generous help of American friends and large contributions from Lord Sandwich, who was the hospital’s first president, Mrs Herbine ran the 100 bed hospital with Lady Juliet Duff as the commandant and Miss Baxter as matron.

These auxiliary hospitals were often set up in houses, schools, halls, etc by various organisations such as the Red Cross and St John’s, or as in this case, by private individuals or groups with the means to do so.

Working in such a hospital, Violet may have escaped the type of hostility that could be encountered working as a VAD in a Military Hospital. This was often the case when the VADs were seen as an extra burden by the trained nurses, who didn’t have the time to teach them even the simplest tasks. There was also a certain amount of jealousy if a VAD was referred to unwittingly as ‘nurse’ or ‘sister’ by the unbiased patients.

Violet did well at Coulter, where she began as a wardmaid. After passing her VAD examinations, she was appointed quartermaster and drug dispenser to the hospital, and later went on to become an assistant electrician. However, late in 1917 she was ready to move on from her hospital work, having qualified to go to France as a motor ambulance driver. But a twist of fate intervened.

Gunner Morris Stansmore, ex-light horse, who was on furlough after his release from hospital, was teaching Violet to ride. It was Thursday, 29th November, and they had been riding together around the

fashionable bridle path, Rotten Row, in Hyde Park for about 45 minutes, when Violet suggested that they trot. She was riding astride, but Gunner Stansmore felt she had ‘bad hands’ with a horse; however he let her go and followed her. *“She was at a hand gallop and went all right for about 50 yards when she sat up and pulled, but it had no effect. The corner at Victoria Gate was very sharp and dangerous and here the horse suddenly swerved, and Mrs Robertson was thrown on her head under the rail.”*

Taken by army ambulance to the nearby St Mary’s Hospital in Paddington, Violet failed to recover. The resulting inquest carried the verdict of accidental death on 29th November 1917.

Gunner Stansmore, his furlough over, returned to Base on 3rd December, only to go AWL two days later for a period of three days. No punishment was meted out for his transgression. Instead the charge was marked, ‘dismissed medical grounds’; the leniency perhaps taking into account his possible feelings of guilt over the death of his pupil. He returned safely to Australia mid 1919, where he died in Melbourne in 1948.

Violet’s brother-in-law, **Captain Horace Stevens**, a dentist with the 14th Field Ambulance, was detached from a training depot in Grantham and marched into Admin HQ in London the day after Violet’s death. It’s highly possible he had taken on the task of seeing to her affairs.

Violet and her husband now rest in separate countries, a world away from their homeland – but as her mother noted in sad and loving remembrance on the first anniversary of her death: *“Both went to do their duty for their country.”*

Endnotes:

Quote 1: from ‘*Game to the Last*’, by James Hurst.

Quote 2: from an article in ‘*The Times*’, supplied by P. Wood & J. Strawbridge (UK).

Postcard of the Fovant Badges, carved into a chalky hillside on Salisbury Plains

From the Smythe collection, contributed by Margaret Clarke.



	<p align="center">The Yves Fohlen Collection</p> <p>To his great credit, our FFFAIF member and ‘Froggy Cobber’ Yves had written two books about WWI Aussies in France before he had ever visited this country. ‘He came ...’ is about Percy Ralph MM of the 53rd Battalion and ‘With guts ...’ is about the Yanks and the Australian 5th Division fighting together on the Hindenburg Line.</p> <p align="center">Paperbacks \$22 each retail - \$18 each to FFFAIF members [postage free in Australia]</p> <p align="center">War Book Shop 13 Veronica Place, Loftus NSW 2232 Phone 02-9542 6771 Fax 02-9542 6787 Web www.warbooks.com.au</p>	
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Lieutenant James Dalton, 7th Light Horse Regiment

Trevor Munro, Dubbo, and Lee Dalton, Orange

Lieutenant James Dalton ('Jim') was the third of six children of Thomas ('Gatty') Garrett Dalton and Mary ('May') Helen Condon of Orange in NSW. Jim was born on 24th January 1890 in Sydney. Jim had two older sisters: Mary ('Igie') and Marguerite ('Marj'), and three younger brothers: Gerald, Thomas ('Tom') and William ('Bill'). His mother, May, died tragically in 1895 from a heart attack when her baby, Bill, was only six months old.

Jim Dalton's father, Gatty, was the eldest son of James Dalton of Duntryleague, Orange. Gatty predeceased his father and own children, dying in 1911 aged 52 years, so he did not live to see his two sons enlist in the AIF and head off to the Great War. Both boys recorded their 'mother' as their next of kin on their enlistment forms with the AIF. This was actually their step-mother, Mary Dalton (nee Butler) of Kite Street, Orange. Mary had been the children's governess and later married and become Gatty's second wife.

Both Jim and Tom and their siblings had grown up in Orange, and at times they formed part of the grandfather's household at Duntryleague [now the Duntryleague Golf Club in Orange]. The pair were taught to ride by Jim Carew, the coachman and groom at Duntryleague. On Sunday afternoons the jackeroos bought the young horses in from Kangarooobie, where they would be 'bucked out' in the Duntryleague stockyards by the young stockmen in order to entertain themselves. Photographs of the Duntryleague and Kangarooobie horses reveal the horses to be well-bred, attractive specimens. It is assumed that like so many other country boys, Tom and Jim would have taken their own horses from the family's properties with them to Egypt. In that event, the army paid around £18 for each horse.

The Dalton children were educated in the school room in Duntryleague during their primary years. All four boys were later educated at Riverview College, Lane Cove, where Jim served with the school's cadets in line with the compulsory militia service of the time. [Right: The Dalton Brothers, General Merchants, were leading Orange businessmen.]



At the time Jim and Tom enlisted, their younger brother Bill was studying medicine at Sydney University. It is likely that **Nat Barton** (from the Wellington district), who had also been studying medicine prior to enlisting, was a few years behind Bill at the School of Medicine. Nat Barton would end up serving with Jim in the 7th Light Horse Regiment, much of the time in the same squadron as Jim. Nat would go on to become a doctor after the war but also remained a keen light horse officer.



On his enlistment papers Jim listed his occupation as 'clerk' and gave his age as 25 years and 2 months. He was described as being 6ft 1½in, with dark complexion, blue eyes and dark brown hair. His brother Tom listed his occupation as 'grazier' and his age as 20 years and 8 months. Tom was recorded as being 5ft 11in tall, with fair complexion, blue eyes and brown hair. [Left: Brother, Tom Dalton]

When war was declared in August 1914, Jim and Tom Dalton were in the first group of volunteers to leave Orange, heading by train to Sydney on 21st August 1914:

"The soldiers had a great send-off. At the Station [Orange Railway Station] the explosion of 100 detonators placed under the carriage wheels added to the din ... There was a remarkable scene in the Australian Hall on 27 August 1914 when a meeting was held to establish a Patriotic Fund, over 200 people subscribed nearly £1,100 in 30 minutes."

Although initially enlisting as a trooper, at a later time Jim put his name forward as a potential officer and was accepted for training. This extra training meant Jim did not sail for Egypt until 9th April 1915.

Now a 2nd Lieutenant, Jim and **Sergeant Lloyd** had charge of the 4th Reinforcements for the 7th Light Horse Regiment; this draft of lighthorsemen would have numbered around one hundred men. The men sailed from Sydney aboard the troopship *Argyllshire*.

Jim and the fresh troopers still had further training in Egypt before they were to join the 7th LH Regiment. The bulk of the 7th LHR had landed on Anzac Cove on 19th May 1915. The regiment had then been split up amongst the ‘experienced’ units of the 3rd Infantry Brigade. Initially, the regiment held trenches in the ominously named ‘Death Gully’.



By July 1915 the 7th LHR had settled into positions that would see them out until the end of the Gallipoli campaign. Originally, the regiment’s position was known as ‘Holly Spur/Ridge’, but with the 7th’s arrival, it became popularly known as ‘Ryrie’s Post’. The mounted officer shown to the left is **Major General Granville de Laune Ryrie**. He commanded the 2nd Light Horse Brigade throughout the war, and was a fine leader, well respected by his men.

The map below shows the 7th Regiment’s trenches when the position to their front was still known as Holly Ridge. [Source: *Official History*, Vol. I, CEW Bean]



Second Lieutenant Jim Dalton and the bulk of the 4th Reinforcements were absorbed into the 7th Regiment on the Gallipoli Peninsula on 6th August 1915. The arrival of fresh officers and men came at a crucial time, as casualties and ill-health (mainly as a result of dysentery and jaundice) had decimated the regiment’s numbers. Many of the original men were so weak that they would not have been fit to take part in an attack.

In early October 1915, a further 2 officers and 104 men arrived from Maadi in Egypt (from where Jim’s draft had probably also arrived). Jim was promoted to lieutenant on 9th October, and he became an officer with ‘C’ Squadron while on the Peninsula.

The fighting was now largely bogged down, with few attacks being made on enemy trenches, and the weather was starting to turn cold. The men of the 7th LHR, like all the other troops on Gallipoli, suffered badly. Jim remained with the 7th on Gallipoli until the final evacuation. The final party of the 7th Regiment didn’t leave the Peninsula until 20th December.

The *Beltana* returned the bulk of the regiment to Alexandria on Christmas Day 1915. On 28th December the regiment moved back to a camp at Maadi. The 7th LHR recommenced training and re-kitted the men. The break also gave them time to regain their health.

On 25th February 1916 the bulk of the regiment moved from Maadi to Serapeum. ‘C’ Squadron (to which Jim belonged) followed on 26th February. In early April the regiment moved to Salhia and became part of the ANZAC Mounted Division. At that time the division consisted of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Light Horse Brigades and the New Zealand Mounted Rifle Brigade, with three batteries of the Royal Horse Artillery Brigade attached. Its composition would change significantly over the next few years. **General Harry Chauvel** had command of the Anzacs.

Lieutenant Colonel Onslow continued to lead the 7th Light Horse Regiment, as he had done throughout most of the Gallipoli campaign (except when evacuated because of ill-health). **Major Windeyer** was the Regiment’s 2IC [see photo next page].

At this time, ‘C’ Squadron comprised of the following officers: Major H Suttor, Captain N Barton (Nat), Lieutenants J Dalton (Jim), G Snow, T Humphreys and H Johnson. Warrant Officer Keene was RSM and

C Holland was the RQMS (quarter master) for the squadron. [Left: Jim as an officer cadet.]

The 7th Light Horse’s first taste of actual desert fighting occurred in April 1916. On the 22nd of that month, Chauvel ordered the 2nd Light Horse Brigade (to which the 7th Regiment belonged) to Kantara. In the early hours of 23rd April the Brigade rode towards Romani to help stop a 5 000-strong Turkish and Bedouin



force that was aiming to seize the Suez Canal. British Yeomanry had abandoned Romani before the Light Horse arrived – the 2nd Light Horse Brigade arriving in time to help Scottish infantry stop the attack at Dueidar, only sixteen miles from the canal. The Light Horse was then able to reoccupy Romani.

The Regiment was relieved on 27th May and moved to a camp at Hill 70. Hill 70 was situated seven miles north-east of Kantara and thirteen miles south-east of Beersheba. For the remainder of July and throughout August 1916, James' regiment was not involved in any major battles. From the end of September until 10th October, the 7th Regiment remained at Romani. Parties were sent to Rest Camps at Port Said and Alexandria, and winter clothing was issued to the men.

Right: 7th LH Regiment officers and Colonel Royston. Photo taken from *Nat D Barton's Letters Home 1914-1918 War*, published by the Barton family.

On 23rd October the 7th LHR once again started to move forward; camping firstly at Romani, before moving next day to Hod El Khirba. By 25th October the regiment was at Hassaniyia, where a camp was established. From here the regiment took up patrols to prevent any enemy activity from the Maghara Hills.

Training and various sporting events kept the men occupied until the New Year. The weather had now turned cold and the men in their primitive shelters suffered badly. Christmas 1916 was enjoyed as best the regiment could; parcels of warm clothing were as much appreciated as some of the Christmas goodies that reached the regiment.



7th L.H. Officers & Colonel Royston taken at Hill 70.
(L-R) Dalton, Suttor, Davies, Windeyer, **Barton**, Bice, Richardson, Onslow, Royston, White, Wills-Allen, Snow, Suttor, Bird, O'Hara, Broadly, Maitland-Woods, Johnson, Hogue, Williams, Humphreys and Zouch.



Above: A photo taken from Nat D Barton's *Letters Home 1914-1918 War*. The photo was probably taken around this time. It shows Lieutenants Humphreys, Easterbrook and Dalton (standing). The photo was labelled by Nat as "Prepare to meet charge!"

January 1917 remained a cold month, and it was not until early February that the regiment moved out of Hassaniyia. The 7th LHR moved to Mazar and dispersed 'A' and 'B' Squadrons out to Gererat and Malha to watch for any Turkish activity.

The 2nd Brigade moved forward on 8th February and reached Masaid, near El Arish. The regiment remained here until 21st February. The men enjoyed their time at Masaid, as the camp was close to the sea, and bathing was allowed. There was also ample shade from palm trees, making camp life pleasant.

On 22nd February the regiment again advanced. Leaving the sand dunes of El Arish, the countryside began to improve. By the time the regiment had reached Sheikh Zoweid, the horses were on firm ground. For the remainder of February the regiment patrolled towards Khan Yunus as the advance pushed towards Gaza. By the end of the month the Turks evacuated Khan Yunus and the Australians were able to enter their first village on Turkish soil.

By early March, patrols from the regiment were beginning to be close enough to see the white domes and roofs of Gaza. The enemy had retired to strong positions at Gaza and was also heavily entrenched at Beersheba, twenty miles to the south-east.



On 24th March 1917, Jim [left] was sent back the 7th Regiment's depot squadron at Moascar, and here he was taken on strength of the 2nd Light Horse Training Regiment. This was the training unit for new reinforcements prior to joining the regiment. Jim remained at Moascar until 4th June 1917, when he once again rejoined the 7th LH Regiment.

While Jim had been away from his regiment, the Anzac Mounted Division had taken part in two failed attempts at seizing Gaza. By 23rd May the regiment had reached Fara and then Asluj, but had been forced to retire. On 28th May the 2nd Brigade had been relieved by a Yeomanry brigade. The 7th Regiment had then retired for a break at Tel El Marakeb, on the shores not far from Khan Yunus. Within 'C' Squadron, Lieutenant Snow had been awarded a Military Cross (MC) for his skilful employment of a team manning a Hotchkiss machine gun.

The regiment was still resting at Marakeb when Jim rejoined on 5th June 1917. Three days after Jim rejoined his unit, the regiment moved to El Fukhari and remained there training until the end of June, with special attention being given to getting the men familiar with newly-issued rifles. On 29th June the regiment again returned for a further week's rest at Marakeb.

On 6th July the regiment moved to a camp close to Shellal, and two days later began a period of active patrolling. Reconnaissance patrols were pushed well forward into No-man's

land in a fashion that was similar to the aggression shown by Australians troops on the Western Front. Night patrols kept the Turks on edge and the Australians basically controlled No-man's land.

On 19th July the Turks heavily shelled the 5th Regiment as it attempted to patrol forward. As a result the entire ANZAC Mounted Division, including the 7th Regiment, moved forward in a show of strength and occupied Goz El Basal. Here the division's artillery fought a fierce duel with the Turkish artillery, eventually forcing the Turkish guns to withdraw.

On 20th July the NZMR Brigade relieved the 7th Regiment and the 2nd Brigade retired to Wadi Ghuzze. The remainder of July remained relatively quiet.

On the night of 3rd/4th August the 2nd Brigade mounted an operation against Kh El Sufi, four miles west of Beersheba. The 5th Regiment moved into the village, but did not locate any Turkish forces. Some members of the 7th Regiment made contact with Turkish troops on the outskirts of Beersheba, but after these brief exchanges the Brigade was ordered to retire.

Another night enterprise was undertaken by the 7th LHR to attempt to bomb the railway line near Irgeig. However, the line was only reached just before dawn, and with the risk of shelling imminent, the party was withdrawn.

On 14th August the regiment launched another more-concerted night raid on the railway near Irgeig. Two squadrons were dropped along the route as covering troops, while the third squadron ('C' Squadron), under Captain Nat Barton, navigating by the stars, covered 14 miles and reached the railway line in the early hours of the morning. While engineers were attempting to place a bomb, a Turkish patrol discovered the venture.

Corporal Moore and some men charged the Turks, with two of the Turks being taken prisoner. Corporal Moore was killed, as were several Turks. Under threat of a larger Turkish force, Major Barton

withdrew his men, and the regiment then retired. The 7th Regiment retired from the frontline on 18th August and once again moved back to the beach at Marakeb for a rest.

On 25th August, Jim was sent to Zeitoun (on the outskirts of Cairo) for a School of Instruction course, but for whatever reason, Jim failed the 'Physical Training and Bayonet Fighting Course'. Jim rejoined his regiment at El Fhukari on 16th September 1917.

On 13th October 1917, Jim was detached to Divisional Headquarters; he remained with DHQ until 28th October. Jim returned to his own regiment just before the operations to seize Beersheba.

It was the 7th Regiment, as part of the 2nd LH Brigade, that led a large column of troops, comprising both the ANZAC and Australian Mounted Divisions, as the force began moving towards Beersheba in the early morning of 31st October 1917.

For its part, the 7th Regiment was tasked to seize Tel Es Sakaty, and then take up positions astride the Hebron Road. By-passing Beersheba, the regiment captured six transport wagons and then encountered Turkish cavalry and a battery of Turkish artillery on the Hebron Road.

The Turkish artillery took to the high ground and began firing on the 5th and 7th Regiments. The regiments were able to safely withdraw from the artillery's range, while still consolidating their gains. The 2nd Brigade now held positions that would prevent any Turkish retreat from Beersheba.



[Source: Map taken from *Official History*, Vol VIII, *Sinai and Palestine*, by HS Gullett. Note the location of Irgeig in relation to Beersheba.]

The men of the 7th Regiment were able to watch the troops from the Australian Mounted Division as they prepared to take Beersheba; the resulting charge from the 4th and 12th LH Regiments being well-documented. By nightfall on 31st October, the 7th Regiment was well aware that Beersheba had been taken.

The Regiment continued to hold its positions near the Hebron Road until noon on 1st November, when it was relieved by the 6th LHR. The 7th Regiment retired to positions near DHQ, where good water points had been established and the exhausted horses were allowed to drink; many having been without water for 36 hours. The regiment was able to enter Beersheba during the day and examine the damage and general layout of the small town.



Above: Photos from Garnet Mawbey's collection. **Far left:** A novel form of transport. **Second from left:** The Railway Bridge. **Second from right:** Train wreck at Beersheba. **Right:** Several members of the regiment at Abrahams Wells. Courtesy of Shirley Trethowan.

On 2nd November the 2nd Brigade was ordered to move against Dharenriyeh, twelve miles south of Hebron. By 8th November 1917, the ANZAC Mounted Division had taken Jemmameh. They watered their horses that night and continued their advance the next day.

The 5th and 7th Regiments continued to spearhead the advance. As they approached Bureir, the regiments came under heavy fire from shrapnel and machine guns. The 7th suffered quite a number of casualties, but the Mounted Division continued to push forward. Bureir was taken in the face of heavy enemy fire.

The two regiments continued to lead the advance and pushed on towards Huleikat, which was passed-through without halting. The 7th LHR galloped down a Turkish convoy of ten wagons and took 390 prisoners as it bore down on the village of Kaukabah. Here the Regiment's supply wagons were able to catch up to the regiment, giving the men their first proper meal for the day.

Soon after clearing Kaukabah, another Turkish convoy was sighted. Elements of the 5th Regiment and two squadrons from the 7th chased the convoy for over seven miles before catching it near Suafir. The column was finally overtaken and stopped at Kustine, and 100 wagons and 300 prisoners were taken. The Turks heavily shelled the captured column, so the two regiments wisely stopped their advance and consolidated their positions.



Left: Troopers from the 7th Light Horse, including Garnet Mawbey, scrounging rations from a captured column. [Courtesy Carol Mawbey]

The two regiments now had prisoners in excess of their own numbers. Their advance had taken the Anzac Mounted Division deep into enemy territory, and large bodies of Turks surrounded them on three sides. After dark, a body of about 250 Turkish infantry moved towards the troops of the 7th LHR, under Major Willsallen. The outpost fired on the Turks, and after a brief parley between officers, the Turks surrendered. The Australians numbered about forty men.

At night the men had little rest as the horses had to be watered – a long and arduous task. Piquets had to be maintained to prevent the Turks attacking. Early on the morning of 10th November the two regiments moved off again, with the fatigue of men and horses beginning to show. The Anzac Mounted Division now pushed towards Beit Durdis and Kustine. On the afternoon of the 10th, the regiments approached Beit Duras, where the opposition proved too stiff to be broken by mounted troops alone. At 5.30pm the British infantry moved on and seized the village. After dark, the British 75th Division relieved the 2nd LH Brigade.

The 2nd Light Horse Brigade then moved to the coast to Hamame for a much-needed rest. The light horsemen were able to find abundant spring water for the men and horses. Here the men rested for three days.

On 14th November the 2nd LHB temporarily joined the Australian Mounted Division in place of the 3rd Brigade. During the advance that started on the afternoon of the 14th, the 7th Regiment came under accurate shellfire that caused a number of casualties.

Three days later, on 17th November, the 2nd LH Brigade rejoined the Anzac Mounted Division. The front was by now being held from Hill 265 on the right, through Kefr Ana, Hill 275, to Summeil on the sea. The Anzacs looked down into the narrow valley of the Auja, and they could see the Turks digging around Sheikh Muannis on the high, bare ground.

By 20th November, the Anzac Mounted Division had established a strong line of posts. Several British units, as well as the Camel Brigade, had by now joined the Anzacs. Enemy activity became more frequent and aggressive, and for the 7th Regiment's part, their posts were always active.

Orchards in the area allowed the enemy to creep up close during the darkness, and attacks were a frequent occurrence. In late November, Major Barton, with just nineteen men, occupied a small entrenched position on Hill 330 and faced one such attack. Hearing the Turks talking one night about 150 yards from their position, Barton's men prepared for an attack, which soon materialised. Major Barton's men doggedly held to their posts, even after two of their Hotchkiss machine guns had jammed. As daylight broke, the supporting posts could now clearly see the situation and they poured fire into the Turkish party. The tables were now turned, with the Turks cut off from retreat. Soon after they raised a white flag, and four officers and one hundred and ninety-four men, with four machine guns, surrendered to the Australians.

On 7th December 1917, the Anzac Mounted Division handed over the sector to the British 52nd Division. The 1st and 2nd LH Brigades were withdrawn to rest camps at Richon and Wady Hanem. The 7th Regiment had been in the field for nearly a month, so the week's respite was taken willingly.

Even while resting, the task of maintaining the horses kept the men occupied. Hours were spent each day grooming and caring for their mounts, helping them to regain their condition and preparing them for the next campaign. On 8th December, Jerusalem was taken, while the Anzac Mounted Division continued their rest.

The regiment was again fit for action, and on 13th December the regiment moved to Esdud. Here, supplies reached the regiment. With a good water supply, the regiment set up tents in the dunes and encouraged the men to rest.

The regiment had also received further fresh reinforcements; these men were slotted in with the more experienced hands, as had always been the practice. On 16th December formal training recommenced. The regiment remained at Esdud over Christmas and into the New Year, making for a fairly dreary time. The regiment remained at Esdud until 12th January 1918.

On 20th January, Jim Dalton was sent for a break to the Rest Camp at Port Said. Jim didn't rejoin the 7th Regiment until 2nd February, shortly before it took over trenches at Nalin. On 4th February the regiment took over positions that were not so much trenches, but rather a series of small redoubts or strongposts. The regiment spent the next month at Nalin, and during this time the positions were further strengthened and improved.

On 7th March the regiment retired to a previous bivouac site at Wadi Hanein. The 7th Regiment began advancing towards Jerusalem on 13th March. By 17th March the regiment had reached Latron. However the going was tough, as heavy rain made the ground very boggy, with men and mounts struggling in the mud. The regiment continued on and reached the outskirts of Jerusalem.

The city of Jerusalem provided the Anzac Mounted Division with its first real rest and relaxation as an entire regiment for quite a considerable time. Indeed, the Australian divisional military police were kept very busy for the first few days of Jerusalem's occupation.

The troopers and officers of the regiment now had the opportunity to briefly be tourists, with the only restriction placed on them being they were to sight-see in parties of twelve or more. Sites such as the Mount of Offence, the Pool of Silioan and the Valley of Jehosophat were some of the places visited by the Australians.

The Wailing Place of Jews (as the regiment's historian referred to it) was a favourite site for the men to visit, as were the numerous mosques, churches and shrines.

Luckily for the regiment, flooding of the Jordan River meant the men had to spend more time at Jerusalem than was originally planned. It was not until 21st March that the 2nd Brigade moved out of Jerusalem heading for Jericho.



On 22nd March troops started crossing the Jordan River. The 2nd Brigade crossed the Jordan River (shown in the centre of the map leading from the Dead Sea northwards) on 23rd March, and became the right flank-guard for the advance by the division. The 7th Regiment advanced on Khabr Mujahid, seizing the village

against virtually no resistance. The Brigade halted here in order to regroup, before pushing on towards Amman and Es Salt.



Above: Trevors's photo of one of the Jordan River crossings. It is believed to be the Ghoraniyeh Crossing.

On 27th March the Anzac Mounted Division, advancing towards Amman, initially reported that the Turks had evacuated the town. This notion was soon dispelled when the division came under quite heavy fire from artillery, machine-gun and rifles. Despite concerted efforts, Amman could not be seized, and on the 31st March the division retired; the column returning firstly to Es Salt and then to the Jordan Valley.

On 30th March the Regiment once again prepared to head to Es Salt. The Patialias (an Indian Infantry Division) was ordered to attack Kabr Mujahid, now reoccupied by the Turks. 'B' Squadron was ordered to attack Kabr Said (also now reoccupied by the Turks). Lieutenant Jim Dalton, in charge of two troops from 'C' Squadron, secured flank protection for the attacking Indian infantry. 'A' Squadron and the Hyderabad Lancers were in reserve. Both objectives were taken. At the end of the day the 7th Regiment was relieved, and retired to near the Ghoraniyeh Bridge Head, the main crossing point over the Jordan.



Above: This Garnet Mawbey photo shows the regiment packing up camp in the Jordan Valley.

On 2nd April the 2nd Brigade took up defensive positions from El Awab to Kh Elfokoan, covering Es Salt from the east. 'C' Squadron was initially held in reserve. Around noon, 'C' Squadron was sent to occupy the high ground of the defences.

Against greater Turkish numbers, the Division was forced to withdraw on 4th April. The Brigade once again retired to the Jordan Valley, crossing at Ghoraniyeh and camping to the south-east of Jericho.

On 6th April, Lieutenant Dalton, with three troops, was ordered to guard and patrol the crossings of the Jordan River: these being at El Yehud, Hajla and El Henu. Jim was also ordered to patrol as far as

Rujmellar on the Dead Sea. Jim and his men spent all day patrolling, rejoining the regiment at the end of the afternoon.

From 11th to 22nd April the regiment's routine consisted of road reconnaissance and trench-digging duties on static positions at Auja. On 22nd April the 7th Regiment moved closer to Jericho.

On 25th April the regiment took over posts that were part of the Auja defence line. The Auja positions were subject to enemy shelling, but because the defences were well-prepared, the regiment sustained few casualties.

On 28th April the 5th Regiment took over the 7th Regiment's positions. However the 7th LHR's men were still utilised in wiring and digging parties; this work being carried out mainly at night.

On 4th June the 2nd Brigade was relieved of its Auja positions. On 9th June, Jim left the regiment for two weeks on a course of instruction. It was not until around 23rd June that Jim rejoined 'C' Squadron.

On 23rd August the 7th Regiment moved to the Jordan Valley and camped in Wadi Nuameiah. It was a good camp, with abundant water and bushes to take shelter under against the heat of the day.

On 27th August Jim was sent on a week's break to the Rest Camp that had been established at Jerusalem. Jim rejoined his regiment on 5th September.

In early September the regiment once again moved near Jericho, and turned its attention to being part of the plan to deceive the Turks into thinking that the next attack would come along the valley, rather than along the coast (as it did). On 27th September 1918, a unique incident occurred, when light horsemen of the 7th Regiment served alongside a large body of surrendering Turkish troops. The Australians and Turks banded together to prevent hostile-Arab attacks during the night at Ziza. The next day, the 7th Regiment marched into Amman with over 4 600 Turkish prisoners.



Above: German [sic] prisoners taken at Amman. **Right:** The Australian retreat from Amman. Garnet Mawbey collection, courtesy Shirley Trethowan.



In October the regiment was tasked to escort over 3 000 prisoners to Jericho. In early November, the regiment learned that the '1914 men' were to be sent home to Australia on leave. Of the original 600 men that formed the 7th Light Horse Regiment, only 60 were still serving with the regiment.

On 11th November 1918, the official news of Germany's surrender reached the light horsemen in the Middle East. That night there were great celebrations in the camps. Two days later the regiment had the task of surrendering their mounts. The horses were divided into three grades: 'Grade A' were transported to Imperial remounts for the army of occupation; 'Grade B' were sent to the veterinary hospitals to be conditioned; 'Grade C' (720 in total) were shot – thought to be a better fate than being sold to Arab and Jew farmers.

With the end of the war, the 7th Regiment organised for 22 officers and 399 men to travel to the Gallipoli Peninsula. Many of the original 1914 men from the regiment had already left the unit because of ill health or wounds; others had started to head to Australia on the three months furlough that they had become eligible for. Most the men detailed for the trip back to Gallipoli had not served on the peninsula; Jim Dalton



was one of the few officers that had. However, all were well-aware of the regiment's proud service on the Peninsula and the importance of Ryrie's Post in establishing the regiment's proud fighting record.

On 27th November 1918 the contingent arrived at Kantara, where many official photographs were taken of the regiment. 'C' Squadron is shown in the photo to the **left** [Australian War Memorial Negative

Number B00147]. On the following day the contingent boarded the *Huntscastle* and began the voyage to the Dardanelles.



Above: Another of Garnet Mawbey's photos. Unfortunately the group of 7th LHR officers are not identified, but it is probably an official photo taken at Kantara. Jim Dalton may be on the right of the first row.

Right: One of the regiment's troopers preparing for the visit to the Dardanelles. The men were kitted out with new equipment and uniforms for the upcoming visit. [Australian War Memorial Negative Number B100161]



Mudros Harbour on Lemnos Island was reached on 1st December 1918. The *Huntscastle* then sailed through the Straits to Chanak. Chanak was considered to be the most important town on the Asiatic side of the Straits. However by this time of the year, the weather was turning bitterly cold and many of the men were beginning to show signs of suffering from the Spanish influenza that was spreading throughout Europe and parts of the Middle East.

The 28th British Division, which had its headquarters at Chanak, took on the task of landing and billeting the 7th LH Regiment and the Canterbury Mounted Rifles, the other regiment also chosen to carry out the pilgrimage back to the Gallipoli Peninsula. The two contingents were to be disembarked at Maidos on the European side of the Straits. Their accommodation was to be an old Turkish hospital, which needed a great deal of cleaning before being anywhere near inhabitable for the men.

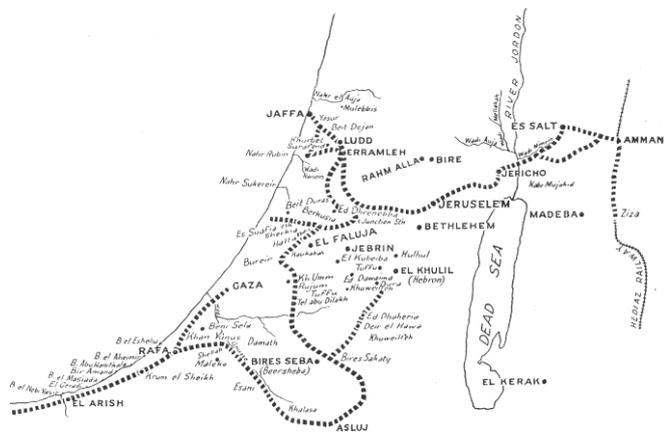
The men finally began to land at Maidos on 5th December 1918, but it was not until 10th December that all the stores had been offloaded. On 6th December a party of Australians and New Zealanders marched the ten miles across to Anzac Cove.

However, back at the old Turkish hospital site, a makeshift hospital ward was quickly filling, as the flu spread throughout both the Australian and New Zealand contingents. On the other side of the Straits at Chanak, the British 28th Division established a more substantial hospital.

Of the sixty serious cases within the regiment, only about twenty were sent across the Straits to Chanak, as the rough voyage was not beneficial to the already frail condition of the sick. Lieutenant Jim Dalton was very ill, and is likely to have died in the makeshift hospital at Maidos, passing away on 19th December 1918 from influenza. It appears that a burial party (probably from 'C' Squadron) accompanied

Jim's body across the Strait to Chanak, where he was buried in a small English Cemetery. The photo **below left** shows Jim's headstone, while the map [**right**] shows the journey of the 7th LHR throughout 1916-1918.

Jim Dalton survived all the Turks could throw at him, but in the end he could not survive an illness which took more lives than the Great War.



[Map from *The History of the 7th Light Horse Regiment*, written by Lieutenant Colonel J Richardson, DSO.]

Chief Gunner Albert Pickett, RAN

Andrew Pittaway, Fremantle

Born on 15th October 1875 in Witley, Surrey, England, Albert Pickett [**right**] was a gunner in the Royal Navy when he was seconded to the Royal Australian Navy in 1913. On 10th October he joined HMAS *Cerberus* in Victoria and undertook training of naval personnel in the art of gunnery. He joined the crew of the HMAS *Pioneer* in Melbourne in May 1914. At the outbreak of war, the HMAS *Pioneer* was sent to Fremantle due to the possibility of German raiders attacking shipping off the WA coast.

In August, HMAS *Pioneer* intercepted two German cargo ships west of Rottnest Island, the *Neumunster* on 16th August and *Thuringen* on 28th August. The captured cargoes were taken over and the German sailors sent to prison on Rottnest Island. Both ships had sailed from Europe over a month previously and had no knowledge about the outbreak of war. Albert Pickett was Chief Gunner of the ship during this time and continued in this role when the *Pioneer* left WA for East Africa and the operations against the German Cruiser *Konigsberg*. During this time the *Pioneer* bombarded targets on land and also blockaded the coast to prevent supplies being brought in and the Germans from escaping.

On return from East Africa, Albert reunited with his wife in NSW, and was soon stationed closer to her when he joined HMAS *Penguin* in Sydney in November 1916. He stayed with *Penguin* till 11th June 1917 when he took up duty on the training vessel HMAS *Tingira*, where he spent the rest of the war and only finished service on this ship in October 1919. After ten further days at *Cerberus*, Albert was transferred to the London Depot of the RAN. His family joined him for the trip back to the United Kingdom. Albert finished his service with the Royal Australian Navy on 10th March 1920, though that was not the end of his naval career as he once more resumed service with the Royal Navy.

Albert died on 24th June 1930, aged 54 years.



A tale of two brothers: John Alfred and James Victor Nelson

Ray Hudson, Ryde

To spend time visiting the war cemeteries of the Western Front is to experience some of the most heart-rending poignant places on this planet. For every one of the countless graves in the countless cemeteries, there is a human tragedy to be told.

For Australian soldiers, there was a family far away that had to bear the misery of losing a loved one, in the almost certain knowledge that there would be no possibility of visiting the grave, even if there was one to visit. These families across the world might only convey their grief with a few words of inscription on a headstone. In so many cases these few words expressed and forever recorded the heartbreaking sadness inflicted on the family.

There was no possibility of repatriating the remains of the soldiers who died so far away. Nevertheless, we can often find memorials to soldiers of the First AIF in very many cemeteries in Australia. Some families erected memorial headstones or plaques, and no doubt gained considerable consolation in having a physical representation of their grief, even if there were no bodily remains to be buried.

Each of these memorials represents its own tragedy, but the story of the tragedy is not obvious to the observer. However, the recent online availability of the records of the soldiers of the First AIF does allow us to open a little window and see what we might find.

For no particular reason I wandered into the Gore Hill cemetery, situated adjacent to the Royal North Shore Hospital. This is one of Sydney's older cemeteries and there has been no burial there since 1974. Thousands of motorists whizz by each day on the Pacific Highway but few people seem to look inside. At the time of my visit, spring flowers were in full bloom and lively vegetation was overwhelming the gravesites of long-forgotten citizens.

It was here that I chanced upon the memorial to the Nelson brothers, and it was immediately obvious that there was a story to be told, and a problem to be solved. For the memorial to each brother was very different in size and in expression. It was also not absolutely certain (at first) that they were brothers.

The larger vertical stone memorial [left] was finely-inscribed with these touching words:

In Memory Of

PRIVATE JOHN ALFRED
NELSON

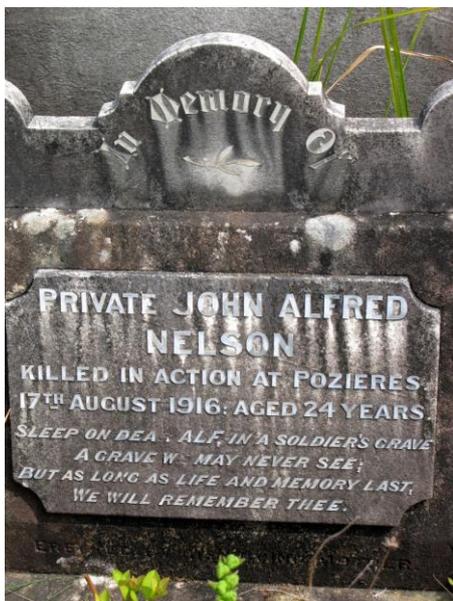
KILLED IN ACTION AT POZIERES
17TH AUGUST 1916: AGED 24 YEARS.

*SLEEP ON DEAR ALF IN A SOLDIER'S GRAVE
A GRAVE WE MAY NEVER SEE;
BUT AS LONG AS LIFE AND MEMORY LAST,
WE WILL REMEMBER THEE.*

The second memorial [below left] was much smaller; indeed not easy to see at all until some grass was removed. It was just a tablet laid horizontally at the bottom of the plot. It was merely inscribed:

ALSO
J. V. NELSON
KILLED IN ACTION
8TH AUG. 1918.

Both these soldiers had given their lives for King and Country but their memorials were radically different. Why was this so?



A brief look at the records of these soldiers tells a pathetically typical story of the young men of the First AIF – enlistment, training, fighting, wounds and hospital; more fighting; then death soon enough.

John Alfred Nelson enlisted in October 1915 at the age of 24 years. He was a labourer, unmarried, with next-of-kin his mother Charlotte, residing at Gore Hill. He embarked from Sydney just prior to Christmas. In Egypt he joined the 2nd Battalion as a private, shipped on to Marseilles in March 1916, then on by train to play his part in the disastrous Somme offensive of July 1916. In that month he received a shell wound in the scalp, but was quickly back in action until killed at Pozieres on 17th August 1916. “No spot on Earth is thicker with Australian blood” wrote Charles Bean. Some of that blood belonged to John Alfred Nelson. He was recorded as being buried near the chalk pits about 1 000 yards SW of Pozieres. There is no record of that grave later being found and of his subsequent reburial.

James Victor Nelson enlisted in January 1917 at the age of 23 years. He was a carter, married to Gladys Frances, and they lived at St Leonards. He embarked from Sydney in February 1917 and reached England in April. Following training on the Salisbury Plains, he shipped to France in early September and taken-on-strength as a private with the 35th Battalion. For eleven months he lived the life of a soldier in the field, broken by two short periods in hospital and three weeks of leave in England. On 8th August 1918 he was killed in action at Accroche Wood near Villers-Bretonneux, part of the heroic Allied action commenced on that day, leading onwards to the armistice only three months later. A map reference for his grave was recorded and he was later reburied in the Villers-Bretonneux Military Cemetery.

In the files of the two soldiers I found a part solution to our conundrum. In 1920, Miss Emily Nelson of Gore Hill wrote to Base Records Office seeking photographs of the graves of her two brothers. She was sent photos of James’ grave and advised that there was no available photo for John.

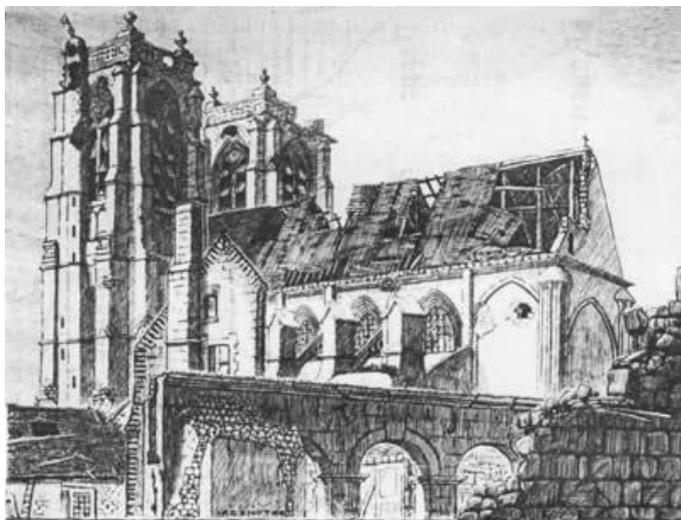
Simultaneously James’ wife, Gladys, wrote acknowledging receipt of a photo of her husband’s grave and continued on with these plaintive words: “*Will you please refuse any application other than mine, for further copies. I have very good reasons for asking and do not want such a sacred picture made little of. For years before his death he met his people as strangers & did not intend to acknowledge them on his return yet they seem to obtain more information from the Base than what I have done. His grave is sacred to me and I will endeavour to keep it so. In their hands it would only be a mockery. Won’t you please do as I ask?*”

Base Records Office advised that they were unable to refuse anybody willing to pay the threepence charge for the photo of a grave.

So, perhaps we should remember the sacrifice of these two young soldiers, certain in the knowledge that it now no longer matters whatever it was that drove the family apart. Perhaps we should also remember sister Emily who, I like to think, sought to have both brothers remembered side by side, even if unequally remembered. Most poignantly of all, we should remember wife Gladys, condemned to live the rest of her life without her obviously dearly-loved husband.

Sketches by Percy Smythe, 24th Battalion

Taken with the permission of Betty Smythe from <http://www.smythe.id.au/letters/>



Left: Corbie Cathedral; **Right:** St Mary’s Church, Andover.

Private 2601 Edgar Jarvis, 34th Battalion

Harry Willey, Scone

As the 34th Battalion supported the 33rd Battalion at Zonnebeke on Monday 1st October 1917, Edgar 'Ida' Jarvis was hit in the chest by shrapnel and killed as he and his company were taking much-needed supplies to the 33rd.

Edgar Earl Jarvis, the son of John Alfred Jarvis and his wife Elizabeth (nee Rose), was born at Scone on 5th July 1896. His parents were living at 'Rossmore', Liverpool, when he enlisted at Wyee, where he was working as a labourer, on 19th September 1916. Fearing his parents would not give their consent, Edgar raised his age by two years, stating his age as 22 years and 2 months. This proved unnecessary, as both his parents approved his enlistment.

Passing his medical at Rutherford within hours of volunteering, Edgar was recorded as being 5 foot 5 inches (163cm) tall and weighing 9 st 5 lb (60kg). Edgar had a fair complexion, blue eyes and fair hair and his religious denomination was Church of England. He was only able to expand his chest 1½ inches, half the required chest expansion for recruits. Perhaps his acceptance into the army was influenced by the 50% drop in enlistments in New South Wales over the previous three months.

[**Right:** Private Edgar Earl Jarvis. Photograph courtesy of Mrs Mavis Elliott.]

Taken into the army on 27th September 1916 and allotted to the 5th Reinforcements for the 34th Battalion, Edgar embarked from Sydney on 17th November onboard the SS *Port Napier* bound for England.

The *Port Napier* berthed at the South African town of Durban for two weeks until 22nd December. When in the company of A55 HMAT *Kyarra* and A20 HMAT *Hororata*, it sailed for Cape Town. Edgar enjoyed the Christmas dinner supplied by the Australian Comforts Fund as the convoy entered Table Bay. He then admired the beauty of Table Mountain as *Port Napier* docked at Capetown. Here, Edgar was granted shore leave.

At 3am on Boxing Day, three more Australian troopships joined the small convoy and sailed, escorted by HMS *Glasgow*, for Sierra Leone. Here they were joined by another three troopships and equipped with 4 inch guns and an attachment of English blue jackets to man them. The convoy sailed without escort until the last day of their voyage, when they were joined by four torpedo boats.

Edgar arrived at Devonport, England, on 29th January 1917 after a 16 000 mile voyage. The next day he entered the 9th Training Camp at Durrington in Wiltshire, where 80 000 Australian troops were camped. As snow continued to fall, a routine of strenuous training commenced, with most of the men suffering from swollen feet due to the cold.

On Tuesday, 17th April 1917, Edgar marched to Bulford, where King George V reviewed a large force of Australians. At the conclusion of the review, the King invested fourteen officers and men with their decorations gained at Gallipoli, before inspecting the various Australian units.

Edgar left England on Anzac Day 1917, moving to France with reinforcements for the 9th Infantry Brigade that was preparing for its first major battle: the attack on Messines Ridge. Taken into the 34th Battalion, he and his company were continually exposed to shelling from the Germans as they brought up supplies to Ploegsteert Wood.

Soon after they entered the trenches at Le Touquet on the night of 17th May, a German party raided the Australians, following a heavy bombardment by enemy artillery on their trenches. The raiders were dispersed and driven back by **Private Joseph Edward Kirk** (of Kurri Kurri) who, although wounded, attacked the Germans single-handedly, then with his officer, **Lieutenant McLeod**, manned a Lewis gun and killed many of the raiders. Kirk was awarded a Military Medal for his actions.



Edgar received multiple wounds to his arm and back during the bombardment that preceded the raid, but returned to the trenches four days later.

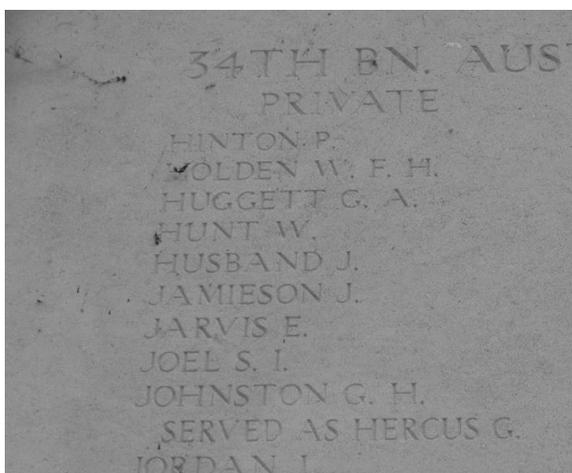
The 34th Battalion entered the Battle of Messines at 3.10am on 7th June when nineteen of the twenty-one underground mines, which had been positioned at the end of tunnels dug under No-man's land to beneath the enemy trenches, exploded.

The blast from the 600 ton of explosives killed 10 000 Germans; it was heard in Dublin and shook buildings in London. The Australian 3rd Division, with the support of the 4th Division and a New Zealand Division, captured Messines Ridge within the ninety minutes that General Plumer had planned. Twenty three thousand German soldiers and twenty thousand Allied soldiers lost their lives during the Battle of Messines. Six thousand, eight hundred of them were Australians.

During the German counter attack on 8th June, Edgar was gassed and taken to the 2nd Australian Casualty Clearing Station. He was transferred to the 2nd Canadian General Hospital at Arques and then sent to a convalescent camp on 11th July. He was classified fit for duty on 9th September and returned to his unit on 23rd September, re-entering the front line two days later.

Edgar Jarvis was killed on 1st October. The urgency of their task compelled his mates to leave him where he lay. **Private 2595 George Jenkins** took Edgar's papers and identity disc, which he handed in when he returned to headquarters. (Jenkins appears to have been a man of compassion, as in January 1918 he was fined a month's pay for giving several pieces of cake to a German prisoner of war.)

Edgar has no known grave, and his name is recorded on The Ypres (Menin Gate) Memorial.



[Left: 34th Battalion Memorial Plaque on the Menin Gate Memorial. Photograph courtesy Peter Bennett, England.]

Edgar's mother, living at Bringelly near Penrith, received a war pension of a pound (\$2) per fortnight. On 13th May 1921, as his next of kin, she received the usual letter from Base Records, asking if Edgar had any closer blood relative. Elizabeth immediately replied that John Alfred Jarvis, her husband, was Edgar's father and she was Edgar's mother, and together they were his nearest blood relatives. The British War Medal (#53545) was issued to his father on 10th June 1921, and the Allied Victory Medal (#52745) was issued to his father on 26th April 1923. His Memorial Plaque was issued on October 11th 1922.

The Saint Nicolas Church in Messines was restored in 1928. A Peace Carillon of fifty bells was inaugurated on 17th May 1985 by Pope John Paul II. Four times an hour this carillon rings out hymns of the nations that fought in the First World War.

Edgar's name is also on the following: Memorial Panel 124 at the Australian War Memorial, Canberra; the memorial at the Scone War Memorial Swimming Pool; the Roll of Honour at the Scott Memorial Hospital, Scone; and the Honour Roll at the Scone RSL Club.

Self-treatment

M.O.: "How long have you been sick, my man?"

Pte. Ironbark: "About six weeks, sir."

M.O.: "Why didn't you come to me before?"

Pte. Ironbark: "I've been treating myself."

M.O.: "What do you mean by treating yourself? – That's what I'm here for. What did you treat yourself with?"

Pte. Ironbark: "Oh! I uster wait outside an' pick up the pills that the blokes what had been on sick parade threw away."

'Aussie', February 16, 1916

My battalion's got the champion hard-case. Recently he decided to have a short holiday and broke adrift for several days. On his return he was duly hauled up before the CO. He was found guilty and the CO asked the regulation question before passing sentence: "Will you take my punishment, or be remanded for a Field General Court-Martial?" The hard-case took a quick, deep think and replied: "I think we'll let the matter drop, Sir!"

'Aussie', September 1918

George Viner Wicks, AFC

Andrew Pittaway, Fremantle

George Viner Wicks was born in Fremantle, Western Australia, on 8th October 1892 to Alice Mary and William Henry Wicks. When George was still young the Wicks family moved across to South Australia, where Wicks was educated at Burkes College in Adelaide. The family then moved to New South Wales and resided at Marrickville. While in Sydney, George attended the Marine and Mechanical Engineering Academies.

He was working as a consulting engineer for the NSW Government Railways when he enlisted on 8th November 1917. He was 25 years old, 5 foot 8¼ inches tall, 136 lbs, with brown eyes and dark brown hair.

After his enlistment at Victoria Barracks, Sydney, he was sent for a short time to Laverton camp, where he undertook some basic fundamentals of the Australian Flying Corps (AFC).



[Left: Group portrait of members of the third course of trainee pilots at the NSW State Aviation School in front of a Curtiss Jenny (JN) aircraft at Ham Common near Richmond. George Wicks is second from the right in the front row. Australian War Memorial Negative Number P00731.006]

On 21st November 1917, Wicks departed from Melbourne on the A71 HMAT *Nestor* and disembarked at Suez on 15th December. He then journeyed on to Alexandria and Abbassia before travelling on to Taranto, Italy, finally arriving at Southampton (UK) on 24th January 1918.

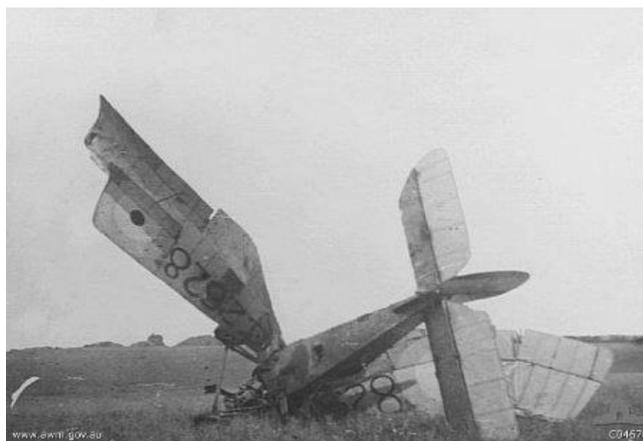
On 27th January, Wicks went to the AFC training depot at Wendover and stayed there till 1st March, when he was posted to No. 1 RFC School of Military Aeronautics at Reading.

On 19th May, Wicks returned to the AFC Depot at Wendover and on 2nd June was taken on strength of the 5th Training Squadron at Leighterton, Gloucestershire, where he passed the Vickers and Lewis gun tests. He stayed there until 16th September, when he was posted to No. 7 Training Squadron, which was also based at Leighterton. He undertook flights in different aircraft; the first time in each particular aircraft with an instructor, and then the challenging task of going for solo flights.

On 13th October 1918, Wicks took off in an RE8 for his first solo flight in that model of aircraft. According to his unit's war diary, his plane was flying at about 100m when it started to spiral earthwards, crashing on the northern side of the aerodrome. Lieutenant George Wicks was killed instantly.

An inquest was held and witnesses to the accident were called. The first witness, Captain Clark of No. 7 AFC Training Squadron, stated:

I am Flight Commander "B" Flight No. 7 TS AFC. I instructed 2/Lt Wicks about 12 o'clock noon on 13/10/1918 to take up R.E.8 C/2628 to do his first solo on that type. I watched him take off and when about 50 feet up he swung very quickly to the left without putting on any bank. This developed into a flat spin, the nose of the machine dropping. At that moment he shut the engine off and the machine dived into the ground just on the edge of the aerodrome. [Right: Wicks' crashed RE8. Australian War Memorial Negative Number C04676]



The second witness called was Corporal Mechanic Eckhardt, No. 7 TS. He stated:

I am a Corporal Engine fitter in "C" flight No. 7 TS. On the morning of 13th October, at 12.20pm, I started up the engine of R.E.8 C/2628 for the pilot 2/Lieut Wicks. The engine was running satisfactorily, and pilot (who I had noticed was securely strapped in) taxied the machine out and took off. When about 50 feet up, the pilot got into a flat spin and crashed on the aerodrome. I rushed across and found the pilot lying partly out of the machine which was lying on its side. The safety belt was undone. The pilot was unconscious and appeared to be seriously injured and was removed immediately to hospital. The machine was a complete wreck and the engine was seriously damaged.

Another witness called was Captain TM Marshall of the Australian Army Medical Corps, who stated: *I am Medical Officer Leighterton Station AFC. At about 12.45pm on 13/10/18, 2/Lt Wicks was brought to the Reception Station. On examination I found he was dead as a result of fracture of the base of the skull. There were other minor injuries.*

The findings of the court of enquiry was that the accident was the fault of the pilot by his putting on full left rudder at 50 feet after taking off and allowing the machine to get into a flat spin to the left.

However, the squadron commander, in his report stated:

The pilot was on duty and was not to blame. His flying was previously very good in the air, and the only reason for his being kept on dual for so long on the R.E.8 was that his landings were not consistently good. He had previously flown Avros and Sopwith Scouts.

A committee was called to gather together the effects of Lieutenant Wicks. The committee found that Wicks had: pyjamas, handkerchiefs, socks, tan boots, Sam Browne belt, camera, woollen scarf, mirror, note book, Kewpies, ornaments, photos, cigarettes, tunics, fur gloves, white sheets, khaki shorts, white shirt, khaki shirt, pictorial books, ties, socks, singlets, ruler, New Testament, collar case, motor pocket book, puttees, slacks, postcards, pocket lamp, breeches, braces, cigarette case, coat hangers, walking sticks, caps, wristlet watch, money purse, chain and keys, paybook, cash, films, playing cards, whistle, knife clasp, AFC Wings, shaving brush, comb, safety razor, protractors, clothes brush, hair brush, small box of trinkets, and copper badges.

These possessions were gathered together and, with permission of Wick's parents in Australia, were given to Wicks' brother, **Lieutenant John Herbert Wicks**, ex-54th Battalion AIF, then at No. 1 School of Aeronautics, Reading. Unfortunately, it seems some valuable items went missing from George's possessions between their collection at the AFC base and the handover to John Wicks.



The funeral service for George Viner Wicks was held on 16th October 1918 at Reading Cemetery. He was laid to rest in single grave No. 13395 in section 35. [Left: Wicks' grave today]

The service was presided over by Chaplain, the Reverend FJC Gilmour, of Reading Military Hospital. The undertaker was a Mr Lovegrove and the casket had elm and brass fittings.

Relations in attendance were his brother, Lieutenant JH Wicks and his uncle, Mr Viner (c/o Huntley & Palmer) of Caversham, Reading.

It was recorded that:

The deceased officer was interred in a private grave at Reading Cemetery. He was accorded a full Military Funeral; Firing Party, Bugler and Pallbearers being supplied by the Royal Flying Corps. The coffin was draped with the Union Jack and surmounted by several beautiful wreaths. The "Last Post" was sounded at the graveside and the Rev. F.J.C. Gilmour officiated.

In late November 1918, William Henry Wicks wrote to authorities requesting that the death certificate of his son be sent to him. No response was received; so on 10th January 1919 his employer, The British-Australian Tobacco Company, followed up with another letter requesting that the death certificate be sent. This was again followed up in April 1919 as no response had been received from authorities, until finally the Wicks family received the death certificate.

In August 1921, William Wicks wrote to authorities, thanking them for sending the family another form so they could fill out the epitaph they wanted on their son's headstone, and offered to pay more for extra lettering. However, as George Wicks has a private headstone, the epitaph requested through the Department of Defence does not seem to have been engraved. [Above: Wicks' private headstone.]



In the early 1920s the Wicks also received George's British War Medal, Victory Medal and Memorial Plaque.

In his memory, a new addition to the Wicks family, born in NSW in 1925, was named George Viner Wicks.

Endnotes: (1) Thanks to Roland from the Great War Forum for taking the trek around the vast Reading Cemetery to locate George Wicks' almost-hidden grave. It seems George Wicks may be the only Australian war grave in this cemetery with a headstone. All others are commemorated on a screen wall, due to the absence of CWGC headstones being erected. (2) Information sourced from Wicks' service records and 5th and 7th Training Squadron AFC unit diaries.

Eighty-six 'missing' found buried in CWGC cemetery

Reprint of an article by David Murray, published in the 'Herald Sun', 30th October 2009.

Peter Norton, who discovered the error in the AWM records, is a member of the FFAIF.

Australian War Memorial database missing grave site listings for 86 Diggers

The Australian War Memorial's public database fails to list grave sites for 86 Diggers buried in the one cemetery. Relatives using the records could be misled into thinking their family members have no known grave. A private researcher's audit of the London Cemetery and Extension, located in northern France, uncovered the blunder. The 'lost cemetery' has prompted calls for a review of Australian War Memorial records in case the fault is repeated.

"If he's found this one deficiency, how widespread is it?" RSL Queensland president Doug Formby said. "We would certainly at the RSL support any action taken to maybe conduct an audit to try and close this gap."

Tour operator Peter Norton discovered the problem while researching his great uncle, **Private Alfred William King**, from Port Melbourne, who died in action on 12th May 1917. The Australian War Memorial's online database listed Private King only as being commemorated at the national memorial at Villers-Bretonneux, northern France. But separate Commonwealth War Graves Commission records later revealed he was buried at the London Cemetery and Extension.



After correcting his uncle's Australian War Memorial record, Mr Norton scoured the cemetery and found another eighty-six Australian soldiers in the same situation. "Anyone doing a search in Australia would always head to the Australian War Memorial as the primary reference source," he said. "The Commonwealth War Graves Commission, I don't think would even occur to them."

He also discovered the grave of a soldier listed as being buried elsewhere, and spelling and numerical errors that would inhibit the search for a relative.

The RSL's Mr Formby said it was essential for Australian War Memorial records to be accurate. "That would normally be the first port of call. Most people would be aware of the existence of the war memorial and the records that it has," Mr Formby said.

"I know this to be true because a lot of our school children are on projects these days trying to trace the history of not only their own great grandfathers but on behalf of other families. Their first port of call when they start their research is always the war memorial."

He added: "People are always coming to us wanting to research the history of the family member. If it's now been drawn to our attention that there's a bit of a deficiency here we would certainly be concerned about that and take an interest in following up on it."

Endnotes: (1) London Cemetery and Extension is at High Wood, near Longueval in the Somme and contains 3 872 WWI burials. (2) Photo of the cemetery from:

http://www.cwgc.org/search/cemetery_photos.aspx?cemetery=2090400&mode=1

WOII George William Fuzzard, 8th Light Horse Regiment, Part 3

Jeff Pickerd, Parkdale, relates his grandfather's experiences between July and December 1915.

In this part, Jeff covers the charge at The Nek, during which George Fuzzard was wounded.

On Saturday, 3rd July 1915, 'D' Troop manned the firing line on Russell's Top, overlooking Monash Valley, during the day. The CO of 'A' Squadron, **Captain William Day**, noted: *"Dark and rainy last night till well after moonrise. 'A' Sqdn had to remove several dead Turks from the front of No. 8 Sap. A most beastly job as they had to be brought in and carried through the lines to be buried. Very heavy rifle and gun fire at Helles early this morning. A few shells only coming over here. Got dysentery for the past three days and am feeling rather weak in consequence. The men are utterly weary after their fortnight's term of duty in the trenches."*

[Left: Captain William Day]



The 8th LH were relieved from the trenches on Walker's Ridge and Russell's Top at 10am, Sunday 4th, by the New Zealand Canterbury Mounted Rifles, and moved back down into bivouac at the foot of Walker's Ridge, about 300 yards to the right of their old rest camp in Mule Gully. **Lieutenant Colonel Alexander White** returned to duty from a hospital ship and resumed command of the regiment. Again, Captain Day gives an indication of what the men of the regiment would be undertaking while supposedly being in rest camp: *"Relieved by the Canterbury MR & proceeded down to 'rest' trenches. All had one good night's sleep. Orders out for 186 sappers from Regt tomorrow. Very glad to get some unbroken rest at night. A few more nights would [have] broken a lot up. C.O. returned today nearly recovered."* And again on the 5th: *"Plenty of work, some men had to do 20 hours work on end. Fair number going sick. Reinforcements expected, heavy shelling of Walker's Top again this morning. No casualties."*

Captain Day makes mention of the return of Lieutenant Colonel White, and it is Colonel White himself who gives the most descriptive account of the fatigue work being undertaken by the regiment in a letter written home to his wife, also dated 5th July: *"Although resting from the trenches we simply come out of the trenches and go straight on to road making, digging trenches, carry supplies, filling water tanks, cutting down hills, chopping down scrub and very often there are no men left in the rest camp at all."* [Right: Lieutenant Colonel White]



Trooper Ronald Ross also outlines what my grandfather would have been doing, when he recorded in his diary, this Monday 5th, that: *"'D' Troop were sapping from 7 a.m. to 3.30 p.m."* The 8th LHR also stood to arms every second morning from 3am to 4am.

In this period, sickness was having an effect on the men, with many being sent off Gallipoli to either Lemnos or Malta. Enteritis, dysentery, diarrhoea and septic sores were the main forms of illness affecting the men, being brought on by the lack of fresh food and the scores of flies that plagued the Peninsula. The number of evacuations began to grow alarmingly, and the medical officer, **Captain Sid Campbell**, was at his wit's end to know how to cope with the treatment of the men with the limited facilities he had at his disposal. The one thing some of the men seemed to have escaped – although others were driven mad by them – were the lice that plagued other units on Gallipoli.

Captain Campbell reported on this day that the regiment's casualty list to date as: *"108 sick (33 returned); 73 wounded (5 returned), 21 deaths. Shortage is 163."*

Major McGrath recorded in his history: *"The men at this time were suffering very badly from vomiting sickness and with septic sores. The latter is a kind of scurvy and is similar to the Australian Scourge known as 'Barcoo Rot', known to every bushman West of the Darling. However, a good rest here did us much benefit. Our duties consisted of supplying the usual sapping parties and inlaying picquets [sic] but we had ample time to go bathing each day, a pastime very beneficial to the men. By tramping out to No. 2 Outpost, a mile away, we got some good water in this camp, we also saw bread here the first time for many weeks."*

This daily routine would go on until the 8th LHR moved back into the trenches on Russell's Top, Thursday 29th July. The 3rd LH Brigade had taken over Defence Section No. 4 from the 3rd Auckland Mounted Rifles on 16th July, with the 9th LHR taking over the forward trenches.

Wednesday, 14th July, was another bad day for the 8th LHR, with Captain W Day, CO 'A' Squadron, evacuated ill to hospital. According to **Trooper Stan Mack**, Captain Day was carried away on a stretcher with lumbago. In his diary, Capt Day noted the circumstances of his evacuation off Gallipoli: "*Campbell called early this morning and said that arrangements had been made for me to be sent off to 3rd Light Horse Field Hospital.*" (This was located at Mudros, Lemnos Island.)

Just on nightfall, the medical officer, Captain Campbell, was severely wounded by a direct hit from a shell fired from 'Beachy Bill' whilst he was bathing down at Watson's Pier in the company of Lt Col White and **Lieutenant C Dale**, the adjutant. He died on board a hospital ship from the wounds he received during the night; he was only 27 years of age. [Below left: Captain Sydney Campbell]



Lieutenant Andy Crawford, in a letter to his parents on 26th July [printed in the *Tatura Guardian* on 17th September 1915] wrote: "*Our doctor had very bad luck. He went for a swim about 7 p.m. with C.O. and Adjutant on 2nd inst. and a big shell hit him and blew both his legs off. He died about seven hours afterwards on a hospital ship. The hospital lies out to sea from here, and as soon as people can be shifted they are taken on board it. We hear no more after they leave here until they come back again.*"

It is in this letter that my grandfather gets a mention: "*George Fuzzard is still with us, and doing well. I may have him with me soon. Don't know, as there are a lot of changes. Everything is different to when we left ...*"

This would not transpire – a more dramatic event would stand in the way.

On Thursday 29th July, the regiment moved back up to the trenches at Russell's Top at 1pm, relieving the 9th LHR at No. 1 and No. 2 Posts. As they were preparing to move into the trenches at around 5.30pm, the Turks opened fire with shrapnel from one of their captured French 75mm guns, killing one man and wounding two.

RSM Walter Strang, in a letter to his brother Alexander on 1st August, noted the events of this day (although he puts the day as Friday). He wrote: "*We are present up at the firing line and daresay we will be here for the next fortnight. Time does drag in the firing line I can assure you. Every day we get a pasting with shell from some 75 mm guns that they have. They fire a shell that bursts on impact and the shrapnel and fragments have a particularly ugly growl. One caught 3 of our people the Friday last, killed one and wounded 2 more.*"

We now arrive at the beginning of the August campaign, and for the 8th Light Horse Regiment, the pending charge at The Nek. It was on Sunday, 1st August, that the 3rd Light Horse Brigade were given the first notice of the intended advance, when **Colonel FG Hughes** and **Lieut-Colonel J Antill** met with **Brigadier-General Andrew Skeen**, GSO1 of Birdwood's staff, to be given an outline of the 3rd Brigade's role in the forthcoming offensive.

[To outline all the events that would lead up to the charge, and of the charge itself, would require another ten or so pages of narrative, so I will stick to the events that are known, that concern 'D' Troop, 'A' Squadron, my grandfather's troop – Jeff.]

On Tuesday the 3rd, Lt Col John Antill, the brigade major of the 3rd LH Brigade, briefed all the officers of the 8th, 9th and 10th LH Regiments as to the objectives of the August offensive, and issued the orders for the advance by the 3rd Brigade on the Turkish positions on The Nek and Baby 700.

The men were ordered to hand in their tunics, great coats and other spare clothing, as well as their blankets. This appears to have been done in mistaken pursuance to a general order issued by Brig-General Skeen in July, which was subsequently cancelled in the case of other regiments. This order was to cause the men great discomfort in the trenches during the next four nights when the temperature dropped to extremely cold temperatures.

White patches were to be sewn on the men's shirt backs and white armbands to be worn, so as to enable the artillery observers to distinguish the light horsemen from the Turks. Also, each line was to have carried four small red and yellow flags for marking captured trenches, so that the artillery observers and staff were able to identify their progress.

Operational Order No. 1, the plans for the advance by the 3rd LH Brigade, was issued morning of 5th August and Operational Order No. 3, the final orders, issued on the 6th.

Trooper Ronald Ross of 'D' Troop recorded: "*Orders to get ready to attack. 8th to 1st and 2nd line of trenches (Turkish), 10th go to top of hill ... Have to wear white patches on shirtsleeves and on back. No pocket books to be taken. Ghurkhas go on the left flank.*"

During the morning of the 5th between 8am and 10am, the 8th LHR moved up to the front line trenches on Russell's Top and took over all the saps and trenches that had been manned by the 10th LHR. The 10th moved to the reserve trenches to prepare for their role in the charge.

The 8th LHR were to lead the charge in two lines of approximately 150 men per line, the four troops of 'B' Squadron with 'A' and 'B' Troops of 'A' Squadron for the first Line; 'C' Squadron and 'C' and 'D' Troops of 'A' Squadron for the second line. The regiment's RMO, **Captain FT Beamish**, began to prepare a makeshift hospital in one of the rear trenches for the expected heavy casualties. He also states that thirty-seven men were told off to act as stretcher-bearers.

[Right: Sketch map of Russell's Top showing 'D' Troop position for charge (arrow).]

'D' Troop, 'A' Squadron, under the command of **Lieutenant Thomas (Tommy) Howard** would go out in the second line on the extreme right from the firing line and its extension of No. 5 Sap on the extreme right of Russell's Top, about seventy-five yards from the Turkish trenches. Lieut Howard was the regiment's 'bombing' officer.

[Below: Photograph of Lieut Thomas Howard.]



The two troop sergeants for 'D' Troop were **John Leslie Connor** No. 115 (KIA) and **George William Fuzzard**, No. 50 (WIA), my grandfather.

It is from here my grandfather gives his account: -

It was on Thursday 5th of August that we finally prepared for the so much talked of charge. We packed our kit and got our rations that day and were ready. On Friday the 6th the start was made on our right and proved successful (Lone Pine). After this, little was attempted until the early hours of the morning when our old forces were moved to the left flank. These were to be supported by a strong landing force of new troops, including Ghurkhas.

Our attack at this point was commenced about 3.30a.m. of the 7th by a heavy artillery fire concentrated on the small frontage of Turkish trenches immediately on our front.

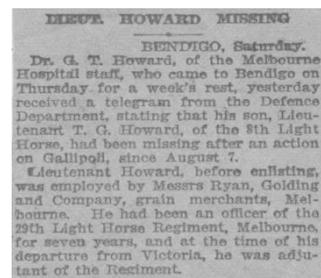
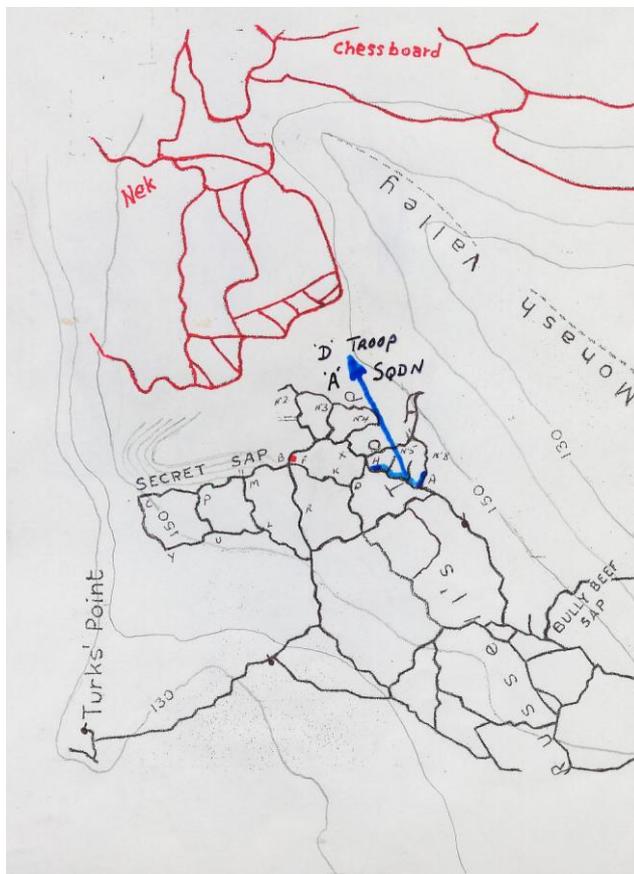
At 4.30a.m. this fire stopped and our first line, which was already in the saps in front of our trenches, attempted to rush their line. They were to be followed by a second, third and fourth line who were composed of 8th, 10th and 9th Regiments of Light Horse, supported by the Cheshire Regiment. Only the first three lines went out for so hot was their fire that the attempt failed. It was evident that our guns had inflicted little damage to their trenches and they used their machine guns on our side to their fullest advantage. Our losses at this point were extremely heavy. All who did not manage to immediately regain our saps were left dead. The Turks did not attempt to counter attack.

Lieutenant Howard was reported missing in action and later confirmed KIA at a court of inquiry held by Major Deeble on Walker's Ridge, 15th August.

Some years ago I came across a press cutting my grandfather had put into a pocket of his 1914 Field Service Pocket Book. The cutting [right] reads:

LIEUT HOWARD MISSING

Bendigo, Saturday. Dr G. T. Howard, of the Melbourne Hospital staff, who came to Bendigo on Thursday for a week's rest, yesterday received a telegram from the Defence Department, stating that his son, Lieutenant T. G. Howard, of the 8th Light Horse, had been missing after an action on Gallipoli, since August 7. Lieutenant Howard, before enlisting was employed by Messrs Ryan, Golding and Company, grain merchants, Melbourne. He had been an officer of the 29th Light Horse Regiment, Melbourne, for seven years, and at the time of his departure from Victoria, he was adjutant of the Regiment.



On the reverse side to this cutting, my grandfather has written: “My officer who has since been posted killed.”

Very little is known of the charge by ‘D’ Troop, how far any of them advanced during the charge, or whether any of its members got up close to the Turkish lines. As a full list of members of the Troop is unknown, no estimate of casualties can be arrived at.

I know of only two accounts that give a slight indication of what transpired.

Trooper Ronald Ross recorded in his diary: “When I crawled back, started carrying wounded to doctor. My mate Griffiths first man hit in left thigh. Section leader killed, Beckett.”

Trooper John Faulkner of ‘A’ Squadron stated that: “Many of our boys were shot and fell back into the trenches, wounded before even clearing the parapet. Young McElhinney (of Birchip) was one of these.”

A post card of the grave containing **Troopers P Beckett, JC Thompson and W McElhinney** was sent to my grandmother. This card is not signed, but bears the inscription: “The graves out side my son tent are his mate at Dardnells [sic]”. **[Right: Photo of three 8th LHR men’s graves; from Pickerd collection]**

Sergeant George Fuzzard was seriously wounded, with a bullet wound to the left arm, according to Army Casualty Form B.103. How far he made it from the 8th’s trenches before being wounded is unknown, but it would appear that it could not have been too far out. My grandfather claimed that he was wounded by shrapnel bullets from a Turkish bomb, from which he carried a piece of shrapnel in his arm for the rest of his life, with another extracted piece wrapped in cotton wool and kept in a match box. (It was not uncommon for bomb and shrapnel wounds to be recorded on the B.103 as ‘gun shot wounds’, as both of these contained pellets that left wounds similar to that of bullet wounds.)

This wound also left a nasty hole in his arm about the size of a five-cent piece, something as a young lad I remember well. On first sighting I was horrified, yet intensely fascinated, by such a gruesome thing. I still vividly remember that hot summer’s day when he came in from the garden with only his singlet on, probably the first time I had ever seen him without his shirt, and me running to my grandmother exclaiming: “Grandpa’s got a hole in his arm!” She gently explained that it was made by a Turkish bullet when he was on Gallipoli, and she saying, “Don’t say anything, he doesn’t like to talk about it!”

In a letter printed in the *Tatura Guardian*, 12th October 1915, Lieut Andy Crawford, writing from Ras-el-Tin Military Hospital, Alexandria, Egypt, again makes mention of my grandfather: “You will have had a big list of casualties before you get this. George Fuzzard got a bullet in the arm but I don’t know where they have gone to.”

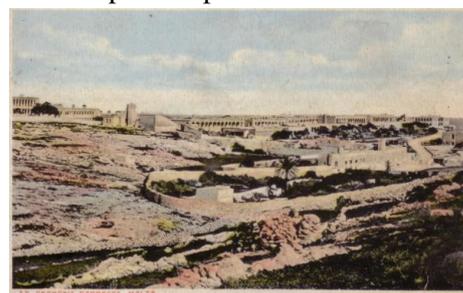
George was evacuated from Gallipoli on board the hospital ship, HMHS *Dunluce Castle*, to Malta and admitted to St George’s Hospital on 12th August 1915.

His account was likely to have been written while he was in hospital on Malta, probably with the intention of sending it home, but it was never posted. It is interesting that he is one participant who puts the cessation of the artillery fire at 4.30am, and makes no mention of the occupation of the Turkish trenches or of the charge of the fourth line of the 10th LHR.

It seems odd, looking back from this distance in time, that my grandfather makes no mention of himself, or of his wounding, in his narrative. He writes in such a matter-of-fact way that one would think he was but an impartial observer to the whole disastrous affair. From what little is known, one can assume that he was wounded not long after leaving the trench, getting back and then been taken to the casualty clearing station. He is aware that the attack was called off by Colonel Hughes after the third line had charged; the information probably gained later that morning from other wounded men or stretcher bearers, and from this I would assume it was some time later in the day before he was evacuated to the hospital ship.

After evacuation to Malta he was in a ward at St George’s Hospital with a New Zealander, two Australians and several English troops. He apparently had no contact with any men of the 8th LHR until he was sent back to Mudros on board the HS *Bornic* on 15th November. This would probably explain his lack of knowledge of all the events that took place after the second line had gone out.

[Right: St George’s Hospital Barracks, Pembroke, Malta. Courtesy Wayne Saillard, Malta.]



From what documentation that exists (or more correctly, what I have found), a very sketchy chronology of George Fuzzard's evacuation and time in hospital can be made.

He either made his own way, or was helped, back to the first-aid post in the rear trench at Russell's Top. There his wound was dressed and he was 'tagged', then sent down Walker's Ridge to the New Zealand dressing station in Mule Gully, and from there to the 1st Australian Casualty Clearing Station at North Beach, or alternatively, down to the New Zealand Field Ambulance dressing station in Monash Valley via the Bullybeef Sap on the right of Russell's Top.

The numbers of casualties arising from the advances of 6th/7th August had been grossly underestimated, with only one hospital ship being assigned to the ANZAC sector, the HS *Sicilia*. The Headquarters' MEF war diary for 7th August reveals that at 6am ANZAC HQ wired a message through, reporting "that the arrangements for evacuating wounded quite inadequate, large numbers in casualty clearing stations awaiting shipment; SICILIA full. No other hospital ships here."

Within the next hour two more messages were wired through to HQ MEF. "ANZAC reported – hospital ship full, when may another be expected." And later: "ANZAC wires they will require at least 2 hospital ships by 8a.m."

The NZ & A Division administrative war diary reveals that as of 6am, 7/8/15, there were 38 officers and 1 479 other ranks awaiting evacuation.

Before 7am the HS *Delta* and *Dunluce Castle* arrived and the *Sicilia* sailed, carrying over 800 casualties. Two more hospital ships followed, the *Seang Choon* and *Seang Bee* for Indian patients, and anchored off Anzac Cove.



There are no details as to when George Fuzzard was evacuated; it may have been the afternoon of the 7th, but he would have been taken out to the *Dunluce Castle* in one of the barges towed by a steam pinnace.

The HS *Dunluce Castle* sailed at 6am on 8th August and set course for Malta, arriving there on Thursday, 12th August. George was admitted to St George's Hospital, Pembroke, Malta the same day.

[Left: Photograph of HMHS *Dunluce Castle*.]

All that now remains of this period are George's pay records and five postcards; the first being sent home on 28th August:

"St. Georges, Malta, 28.8.15

Dear Queenie,

This is just a card I bought in Valletta last Sunday. The funds are in aid of the poor of Malta, but when I consider my position I really think I am one of the poor also for after all the handsome salary we receive here.

Am sending a letter by same mail, remember me to the girls, especially Nell. Hope Miss Baker gives you this as soon as the mail comes.

With fondest love,

GWF"



[Left: Postcard dated 28th August 1915]

On Sunday, 29th August, my grandfather sent home a further postcard from Malta of himself and five other men from his ward. The inscription from this card reads: “A group taken of our ward. Three seated are English Territorials, Pte A. Prigg 1/5 Suffolks, Pte Wright York & Lancs, Pte Murton 1/5 Suffolks. Those standing are one New Zealander and two Australians, Pte Cameron 3rd Auckland NZ, Pte Percy Evans Gaby [No. 1350, 9th Infantry Battalion, 2nd Reinforcements] AIF and Sgt G. Fuzzard 8th ALH. Ward B11, St Georges Hospital, Malta.”



[Left: Postcard dated 29th August]

On 3rd September a card depicting a view of St Georges Hospital was completed:

“St Georges Hospital,
3.9.15

Dear Queenie,

This card shows a view of part of the barracks where I am now. The sea seen in front is a small inlet running in front of the barracks. On the right are the men’s married quarters and officers, at the back of these lies the hospital, not very plain to see. Am sending a letter also.

GWF”

[Below: Postcard from 3/9/15]

George’s last card is dated 27th September:

“Malta, St Georges,
27.9.15

Dear Queenie,

Am sending a card again at chance of (you) getting it at work. I take it for granted you are still at the same place. I may not be in this hospital after today for they did not dress it this morning, as it will be alright without any now. Sending a letter by the same mail, may possibly hear from you this week, hope so.

Yours, George”

[Below: Postcard dated 27/9/15]



On Monday, 15th November, George Fuzzard (passed fit for active service) and Trooper Jack Mack, No. 524, ‘A’ Squadron, embarked aboard HS *Bornic* from hospital on Malta to Mudros Harbour, Lemnos Island.

The plans for the evacuation of Gallipoli, drawn up by Brigadier General White, were completed on 22nd November. Only very senior officers were told of the decision, which was to be kept secret from all other personnel. The plan called for many ruses to be put in place to give the Turks no

sign that forces were being withdrawn. For the 3rd Light Horse Brigade, reinforcements had reduced to a trickle; the 8th receiving thirty-one men on 13th November, at the same time sending forty-one other ranks under the command of 2nd Lt Walker to rest camp on Lemnos Island. During November, men sent off Gallipoli wounded or sick to Lemnos Island were not being returned once passed as fit for service.

George was destined not to return to Gallipoli, embarking from Mudros in the last week of November on board the fleet transport vessel, HT *Mars*, disembarking at Alexandria on Saturday 4th December. He proceeded by train to Cairo and from there by train the six miles on to the Australian Overseas Base Camp at Ghezireh, out on the edge of the desert. Here, he was transferred to the 3rd Reserve Regiment.

[**Right:** Period photograph of the HT *Mars*, which carried George back to Egypt.]



On 7th December, George's pay book (No. 226117) was reconciled at Ghezireh, and signed by JWG, ADC. It was also signed by RH Brown, 2nd Lieut, at 3rd Reserve Regiment, Ghezireh on the 9th.

Monday, 20th December, saw the final evacuation of Gallipoli. At 3.25am the last parties of the rearguard at Anzac were withdrawn from Walker's Ridge, with the exception of a party of the 15th Field Company Engineers, under the command of **Lieut JP Caddy**, who remained to fire the mines set in the tunnels L11, L5 and Arnall's tunnel on Russell's Top at The Nek. The two huge mines were fired at around 3.30am in the tunnels at The Nek, and one minute later at Arnall's tunnel, which killed seventy Turks and wounded very many others. This was possibly the last act of engagement at Anzac Cove. The last two lighters left the pier at around 3.50am, and were followed ten minutes later by the last remaining officers of the Beach Party aboard Captain Staveley's steam boat, who had waited for any stragglers. The Suvla evacuation was completed by 5.10am.

In his history of the regiment, McGrath states: "At 2 a.m., on the 20th 'C' party met Lt Col Maygar at the foot of the hill and slipped quietly down to the beach. By 4a.m., the last of them were aboard the 'Prince Abbas' and bound for Lemnos, arriving there safely at 9a.m. and transhipping to the 'Horatio' and later to the 'Anchises'."

The 8th LHR embarked from Mudros Harbour on board SS *Anchises*, at 1000 hours, Tuesday 21st December, arriving at Alexandria Harbour 8am, Saturday 25th December (Christmas Day). They disembarked from the ship during the afternoon and boarded trains for Cairo, and from there proceeded to Heliopolis, arriving in camp during the night.

The next day, 26th December, **Acting Corporal Will McElwee**, No. 1081 (7th Reinf.) 'C' Troop, 'A' Squadron, wrote home to his parents from the Race Course Camp, Heliopolis. He noted in this letter: "All the fellows are back from Gallipoli. They must have arrived last night, for when I got up this morning they were all over the place. They must have made a wonderful retreat off the peninsular as they say they only had two casualties."

On Monday, 27th December, Sergeant GW Fuzzard rejoined 'A' Squadron at Heliopolis Racecourse Camp.

George Fuzzard's story will be continued in the next issue of DIGGER.

11th Light Horse Regiment humour

We filled our water bottles at Khalasa, but, in view of the conditions ahead of us, known and unknown, we were exhorted to conserve this meagre supply at all costs and by all means in our power. By midnight both men and horses were showing the need of water ... One section of men of 'C' Squadron were discussing the "shortage of water" in terms that left nothing to the imagination, when the Colonel interrupted them.

"You fellows should copy my example," he said. "For the past ten miles, I have carried a small pebble in my mouth, and I haven't felt the need of a drink of water."

For a moment, this well-meant advice from the CO was met by a 'stony' silence, but as he rode off into the darkness, a wag in the troop called out in a hoarse and croaky voice, "If the Colonel can travel ten miles without a drink on one small pebble, how far will he go on half a brick?" and Colonel Parsons, not yet out of earshot, joined in the general laughter that followed ...

... During his inspection at Karm that morning, Colonel Parsons noticed that every man in one particular Troop of 'C' Squadron had conspicuously placed a large round stone on the centre of his blanket. The effect produced by a matter of forty round stones in a long, straight row on the smooth line of blankets, was inescapable and extraordinary, and failing, quite naturally, to grasp the significance of it, the Colonel addressed the nearest trooper.

"What is the purpose of the round stones?" said he, pointing along the line.

"Those stones, sir," replied the trooper, very seriously, "represent the pebble you told us to carry in the kits for quenching our thirst," and, for the second time, the Colonel joined in the laughter at his own expense.

Source: 'History of the Eleventh Light Horse Regiment', Ernest W Hammond.

Captain Lewis Yelland Andrews OBE, Camel Transport Corps

Heather (Frev) Ford, Montrose

I first came across **Lewis Yelland Andrews** while researching **Captain Gerald Masson** (9th LHR), who had married AANS **Staff Nurse Jessie Andrews** in Egypt in March 1919. Gerald and Jessie had stayed behind in Palestine after the war, and in 1921, while working with the Palestine Civil Service, Gerald inquired after his medals, mentioning that co-worker LE Andrews [sic] had received his 1914-15 Star that morning. Being curious, I wondered whether Lewis and Jessie might be related.

I failed to find a connection, but my interest in Lewis Andrews increased after I discovered that he had been assassinated on his 41st birthday in 1937.

Lewis Andrews had been born in Ashfield, NSW, and grew up in the Hornsby district, attending school at Gordon. He had then gone on to become a stenographer in a Sydney counting house, before enlisting in the 1st Light Horse in November 1914, at the age of 18 years. In Egypt he was attached to the Camel Transport Corps (CTC) as a company quartermaster sergeant, and received a Mention in General Maxwell's Dispatches in March 1916. Later that year, when the Egyptian CTC were recruiting for officers, Andrews and others in a similar situation, applied for discharge from the AIF to take up commissions in the Egyptian Army.

[Right: Hornsby District War Memorial]

The Camel Transport Corps took over from the mechanical and horse-drawn wheeled transport, when more practical in the heavy sands of the desert. The corps consisted of Australian and British companies. The companies were made up of between 500 and 2 000 camels, which were loaded, driven, and generally looked after by native Egyptians, but commanded by Imperial and Australian officers and NCOs. These camel trains were crucial in supplying the light horse and other Allied units that were scattered throughout the deserts of the Sinai and Palestine. The Egyptian CTC, which followed a similar structure to the CTC, was initially formed to cater to the Egyptian and British armies who were garrisoning the far reaches of Egypt and the Sudan.

After joining the Egyptian CTC, Andrews served for a time as an adjutant to **Major Norman Bentwich**, who described Lewis as showing "*qualities of courage, brightness, and resourcefulness which were bound to carry him far*". And true to nature, Andrews eventually "*commanded a company, and took his camels right through to Syria,*" and by the end of the war had risen to the rank of captain.

With the war over, Andrews and Gerald Masson joined the Occupied Enemy Territory Administration staff (OETA). The OETA had been formed with the British occupation of Palestine and Syria, and was to continue until 1st July 1920, when it was replaced by a civil administration. The new civil government was formed under Sir Herbert Samuel as the first High Commissioner of Palestine, and many of his immediate staff had served with high distinction through the war. One of these men was Norman Bentwich, who had taken on the roll of Senior Judicial Officer in the military administration, and was to continue as Attorney General in the civil service.

Bentwich therefore continued his association with his former adjutant Andrews, and his praise for him was endless: "*His advance in a small service was exceptionally rapid. Not only did he make himself fluent in both Arabic and Hebrew, but he won in remarkable degree the confidence of his superior officers and of Jews and Arabs equally in the happier days when that was still possible.*" Andrews rose from a District Officer to an Assistant District Commissioner, to Deputy Director of the newly formed Department of Development in 1930, eventually taking over as Director. He was awarded an OBE in 1929.

Bentwich went on to say that Andrews "*gained steadily in experience and authority, but never lost those qualities of courage, merriness, and resourcefulness which marked his youth. Everybody liked him and trusted him, knowing his Yea was Yea and his Nay was Nay. Whenever there was a hard task requiring both local knowledge and firmness Andrews was chosen.*"

Another who knew Andrews well was Sir Stewart Symes, late Governor of the Northern District and Chief Secretary to the government of Palestine. They had worked closely together in the early days, especially during the period 1920-25, and Symes also thought highly of the 'young' Andrews:



“An instinct led him unerringly to the centre of any disturbance, political or other. Once arrived, his personality quietly asserted itself until such time as his shrewd wits had discovered the practical measures to be taken. With him decision and action were nearly simultaneous processes, and he handled men with the same easy mastery as he rode his horses or drove a car across difficult country in all weathers.”

All seemed to agree that the outrageous murder of Andrews, who had recently been appointed the District Commissioner of Galilee, was not only a loss to family, friends and colleagues, but also a great loss to Palestine and its people. Andrews had been well aware that he was a ‘target’, having received various death threats after the active measures he’d taken to suppress disturbances the previous year (1936). As a result he had employed a body guard: British Constable, Peter Robertson McEwan, had almost completed his term of service, and was soon to leave for New Zealand to marry. However, on the Sunday morning of Andrews’ 41st Birthday, 26th September 1937, he was still very much on duty.

Along with the assistant District Commissioner, Pirie Gordon, the pair had just exited the doors of the English Church at Nazareth where Andrews was a church-warden, when the assassins struck. Andrews yelled for Pirie Gordon to run for it, and he managed to escape. However, the three Arab terrorists fired on Andrews and his protector, bringing them both down. Andrews was hit from point blank range in the head, chest and stomach, while McEwan received bullets to the head and shoulder.

Both men were buried the next day in the Protestant cemetery outside Jerusalem. The funeral was attended by government officers and officials as well as representatives of both the Jewish and Arab communities. A detachment of the 1st Battalion of the Royal Sussex Regiment was responsible for according them military honours, and many wreaths were received from the Jewish colonies in Galilee.

In 1922 Andrews had married Maude Elizabeth Kirkham and they had three children (two daughters, Georgina and Diana, and a son). At the time of his death his family was safe in England where the children were at school. As the widow of a government official, Maude was eligible for one year’s pay and 240 pounds pension. However, after complaints from official circles, it was decided in the House of Commons that the family would receive special compensation. As a result, Mrs Andrews was awarded 350 pounds per annum pension, with a further 60 pounds for each of the children until the age of 18. In addition, under the Palestine Pensions Ordinance, a gratuity of 1 400 pounds was payable to Andrews’ estate, along with small gratuities to his children.

Lewis Andrews had gone to war for his country, Australia, and never returned – but it was his adopted home, Palestine, that he gave his life for.



[Above: Lewis Andrews and his brother Herbert, are listed on the Hornsby District War Memorial.]

Endnotes: (1) Special thanks to member Steve Becker for sharing his knowledge of the CTC and Egyptian CTC. (2) Hornsby Memorial photos taken by Scott Wilson (aka ‘Waddell’). (3) Lewis Yelland Andrews (1896-1937) was the son of Albert Edward Andrews and Georgina Clements. Brother, Herbert Harold (1898-1957), served as Private 713, 2nd Div HQ 1916-19. (4) Gerald Masson returned to Australia in 1944 after 24 years spent in the Palestinian Government. He died in Adelaide, 30/9/1963. (5) Norman de Mattos Bentwich, who himself had survived an assassination attempt in 1929, died in England in 1971. (6) Charles Harry Clinton Pirie Gordon died in 1969.

The mystery of AWM Photo A01566: another possibility

Ross St Claire, Merewether

In *DIGGER* 28, Trevor Munro wrote a poignant biography of **3327A Lance Corporal Edwin Arthur Hubbard**, 53rd Battalion. Trevor reminded us that not all the Fromelles ‘missing’ men were found at Pheasant Wood. Many hundreds killed at Fromelles remain with no known grave. About 18 450 Australian soldiers killed on the Western Front have no known resting place.¹ The men found at Pheasant Wood by Lambis Englezos and his team are no longer missing and in July 2010 will have a new resting place and memorial. Trevor hopes that the remaining Fromelles ‘missing’ are not forgotten and held with “the same reverence that is being showered upon” those found at Pheasant Wood.



Trevor also proposed that the unknown soldier in AWM Photo A01566 [above] could possibly be **Ted Hubbard**, 53rd Battalion. I have my own theory on this man’s identification, which is based on speculation, detailed examination of the photo itself, and research. Two definite conclusions I reached were: (1) that the poor man in this photo was from the 14th Brigade, and (2) he is buried at Pheasant Wood. The other decision I came to was that he was a 54th Battalion man by the name of **2462 Private Walter Pheasant**.² This last point is purely speculative and will hopefully extend debate on the identity of the man in AWM A01566.

The Story of AWM Photo A01566

A01566 is a remarkable photo for many reasons. AIF official photographers did not arrive on the Western Front until late in 1916, and were dissuaded from recording images of dead Australians, especially where they may be identifiable. Our man’s face is so clear, making A01566 truly unique. Revealing his true identity is not only compelling, but totally achievable. In July 2007 Lambis contacted me about the photo which I had included in *Our Gift to the Empire*. At the time of publication all I was convinced of was that he was a member of the 14th Brigade.

¹ John Laffin *Guide to Australian Battlefields of the Western Front 1916-1918* [3rd Edition] p17.

² The irony of a man named Pheasant buried at Pheasant Wood is obvious.

A01566 is one of a series of photos taken by one or more German photographers on the morning of 20th July 1916. The photos were produced as postcards for distribution in Germany. **Captain Charles Mills** of the 31st Battalion was taken prisoner at Fromelles. He spoke German and became friendly with a German officer who gave him a copy of the photo set. Mills donated them to the Australian War Memorial; hence we have this tragic but remarkable record of the carnage of Fromelles.³

14th Brigade – unit identification in black and white photographs

We are truly fortunate in Australia that we have a wealth of photographs recording the history of the AIF. Detailed study of these photos can reveal much more. Australian troops are easily distinguished by their distinctive slouch hat. But Western Front photos are more problematic. About the time the AIF began arriving in France, the ‘tin hat’ was introduced to the British and Imperial units. To the casual observer all British and Dominion troops look the same. But the AIF uniform had slight differences which make Australian soldiers distinguishable from other Imperial troops. The Australian tunic was unique with its buttoned-up cuffs and integrated waist-belt. AIF NCOs wore their rank stripes on the right side only. In the early days of 1916 some men still wore the Australian-made leather copy of the 1908 web load-carrying equipment. Studying the gear and weapons carried by the men can give clues as to the approximate date of the photo. And of course, all AIF troops wore the Rising Sun collar badges and the curved Australia badge on their epaulettes. Also, each AIF unit had a recognisable colour cloth shoulder patch which will identify division and sometimes, even in black and white photos, brigade and battalion.

In the case of A01566 certain details came to light when it was enlarged. Just visible on the man’s right shoulder, half hidden by his pack strap, is his shoulder patch. It is obviously a vertical rectangle (5th Australian Division) and closer examination reveals two different greyscale shades. Our man was from one of the infantry battalions. With a bit of simple research we can definitely say he was from the 14th Brigade. At Fromelles the 8th Brigade still wore their original patches – that is horizontally.⁴ The photo was taken, as we have said, at the German ‘second line’. Thus we can discount the 15th Brigade as, tragically, none of them made it that far.

Thus I feel our man in A01566 is from either the 53rd, 54th, 55th or 56th Battalions. It is at this point in my investigation that I began to rely on a combination of poetic licence and educated guesses. Of course, the shoulder patches used colour to individualise the units and nearly all AIF photos are black and white, so definite identification is very speculative. But in the case of the 14th Brigade battalions, even in greyscale, slight differences in shade are evident. The brigade colour (worn at the rear) was green. The battalion colours (worn at the front) were black, purple, brown and white. I feel we can safely say our man was not from the 56th Battalion – the white would be obvious. In photos I have seen of 53rd and 55th Battalion members, two things are evident – in greyscale the black and dark brown are indistinguishable from each other but are noticeably different to the brigade green. The green and purple worn by the 14th Brigade are actually deeper and darker than the colours reproduced in Bean’s *Volume III* Appendix. In the greyscale of black and white photographs they are very similar. Such observations suggest that our man was possibly from the 54th Battalion.⁵

Why Private Walter Pheasant?

As stated, part of the identification process was the initial assumption that our man in A01566 was retrieved by the Germans after the photo was taken and buried at Pheasant Wood. If my assumption that he was from the 54th Battalion is also correct, then we have thirty-one possibilities. I have photos of only ten of these men – a 30% chance of identification. Of the ten, only two seemed possibilities – **4188 Private Edward Charles Hope** and **2462 Private Walter Pheasant**. The further I examined, delved and researched, the more convinced I became that the man in A01566 is Walter Pheasant.

Walter Pheasant was born in London and emigrated to Australia when he was 17. He enlisted in the AIF on 29th May 1915 and became a member of the 7th Reinforcements, 2nd Battalion. He was 21 years and 6 months old at the time and listed his occupation as a cook. He left Australia on 14th July 1915. Walter joined the 2nd Battalion at Gallipoli on 31st October 1915 and remained there until the evacuation. In February 1916 he became an original member of No. 1 Platoon, ‘A’ Company, 54th Battalion at Tel-el-Kebir in Egypt.

³ Robin Corfield *Don’t forget me, cobber. The Battle of Fromelles* [2nd Edition] pp305-307.

⁴ The 8th Brigade patch did not change to vertical until February 1917. Keith Glyde *Distinguishing Colour Patches of the Australian Military Forces 1915-1951* p39.

⁵ Despite my obvious ties to the 54th I have tried to be as open-minded as possible. Bean *Vol III* between pp 967-96.

The Red Cross File relating to his death contains only one eye-witness report. **Private 4833 Alexander McDonald** of the 54th Battalion's Lewis gun section wrote:

I saw this man wounded severely through the neck and the bullet struck my rifle and me. He died almost directly and he was left in the 3rd [sic] line of German trenches at the right of Fleurbaix. We had to retire to the German first line.

After reading McDonald's statement I had another look at the enlarged photo for any evidence of a wound. Protruding through the man's right collar is a spear-shaped projectile – probably a shell shard or piece of timber from the timber retaining walls in the background.

Comparing the photo of Pheasant in civilian dress to that of photo A01566, I found a number of physical similarities (keeping in mind his thick wavy hair had been cropped, army fashion):

- large hands with distinctive white fingernails
- high forehead
- unusual nose – big nostrils
- similar ear shape and size
- similar mouth – thin lips.

Using the two inch wide pack strap as a datum, the man in A01566 appears to be about 5 feet 9 inches. Pheasant was 5 feet 8 inches.



Future Possibilities – AIF facial recognition database

Of course, the comparisons between the Walter Pheasant photo and A01566 are those of someone not trained in facial recognition, and my conclusion is very open to debate. Facial recognition software could end the guesswork and speculation. To achieve this, A01566 would have to be compared to photos of the 191 Australian soldiers believed to be buried at Pheasant Wood.

Imagine a database of photos of all known AIF members which could be used to compare and identify those in images that have no names. The AIF Project Database produced by the University of NSW and ADFA could possibly have photos attached to achieve this goal. Have I finally lost my marbles, am I living in 'pixie-land', or could such a mammoth project be achievable?

Five years ago I doubted we would ever see all AIF service records and unit diaries digitised and available free on the internet. You just never know ...

Military history in Childers

New member Glenn Mason of Taigum describes an enjoyable stop-over in the Queensland town of Childers.

Every now and then I manage to break free from the office and head off into the wild blue yonder. As I do so, I am always on the lookout for military-related historical matters – much to the dismay of my kids I might add!

On my latest trip to Bundaberg and the surrounding areas I had the opportunity to stop at Childers, which is located on the Bruce Highway, approximately 300km north of Brisbane. It is a convenient pit stop and a place to grab a feed, with places to sit nearby and have a feed in the shade.



Once fed and watered you will be able to whet your appetite with some interesting military history located nearby. It's very hard to miss the former Isis Shire Council Chambers, which faces onto the highway running through the centre of the town. The former council building houses a number of cast bronze plaques complete with photographs of men of the district who paid the supreme sacrifice during the Great War. Unfortunately, having arrived in Childers on a Sunday, I was not able to gain access. Opening times are 8.30am to 4.30pm Monday to Friday, and other times by arrangement. [Left: Commemoration tablet on the Childers War Memorial Hall. Below: Isis Council Chambers.]

However all was not lost, as I was able to take a look at the restored Krupp Howitzer. This German field artillery piece was presented to the Childers community as a First World War trophy. It is conveniently located next to the Hall of Memories.



[Left: Krupp Howitzer captured by the allies and presented by the French Government to the Australian Government.]

The *Childers and Woodgate Beach Visitors' Guide to the Area* states that due to the high level of enlistment and subsequent casualties from the local area, the Isis district qualified for

the trophy. The logistics to having these trophies transported to Australian shores would not have been an easy task, nor would have been the choice of what towns and cities received them.

The Krupp Howitzer gets a mention in Major RS Billett's book *War Trophies*. The book deals with just about all of the major war trophies from the First World War brought back to Australia. An appendix at the rear of the book has a list by state of the war trophies. The Howitzer at Childers is mentioned in this appendix. It states that the 210mm Howitzer, Number 406 [right] was presented to Australia by the French Government. There is no other information available to indicate when and where the gun was captured. It was not unusual for records to be incomplete, which could assist to determine how each particular war trophy came into the hands of the various governments. So one can only speculate where this piece of artillery fired its last shell.





My next stop was to pay a visit to Baker's Memorabilia Military Museum [left]. This is found in Ashby Lane, Childers, which is conveniently located not far from the former Isis Shire Council Chambers; all you have to do is cross the highway to get to it. Fortunately my luck changed, as I managed to get hold of Alan before he locked-up and went home early.

The collection has grown since Alan Baker OAM used to house the collection at his home. The collection has over 23 000 items. Apart from the military side of the collection, the museum houses displays of various emergency-services related

items. The museum can be contacted on 07 4126 1545. They are open 9am to 3pm Mon to Fri, Sat 9am to 3pm and Sun 9am to 2pm. Admission is \$5 for adults and \$2.50 for children. [Below: Uniforms on display.]

With time limited, I made a quick dash around the museum taking a few snaps. As I did so I spoke with Alan about various pieces in the collection, and how they came to be now housed in the museum. One item was a brass instrument which originally belonged to a member of the 7th Light Horse Regiment band. It was originally heading to the dump, before someone made the suggestion that it could go to the military museum. Thankfully this is where it ended up.



[Left: A great collection of Australian Light Horse (World War I) medals and colour patches on display.]

Sadly, I have heard numerous stories of military memorabilia heading to the dump and it brings tears to my eyes. I am thankful that we have people like Alan, who have managed to preserve some of our military artefacts.

I highly recommend this museum and am certainly looking forward to going back to Childers and visiting it again.



Endnotes: (1) Glenn is the owner of **Regimental Books**, which specialises in original and facsimile unit histories. If you are looking for a hard-to-find WWI unit history, visit Glenn's website at <http://regimental-books.com.au>. It is Glenn's intention to eventually have for sale a copy of every Australian unit history, whether it be an original or a reprint. (The Editor recently purchased Glenn's reprint of the 7th Light Horse Regiment's history and was very impressed with the quality of the product.) **FFFAIF members can receive a 10% discount** on most regimental books (apart from those on special or already discounted). To take advantage of Glenn's generous offer, e-mail info@regimental-books.com.au with your membership details and he will email you a discount coupon code to use in his online shop. (2) Glenn is currently working on a **reprint of the 34th Battalion history** and is seeking photographs of members of the battalion with a view to including in the book. If you have an individual portrait or a group shot of men of the 34th Battalion, send Glenn an e-mail or phone him on 07 3865 2615.

Visit your association's website at www.ffaif.org.au
 Updated every Wednesday. Contributions can be e-mailed to Chris Munro at:
projectffaif@yahoo.com.au

ETCHED IN STONE

(Edited by Russell Curley)

This is the twenty-eighth in a series of extracts, from John Laffin's "We Will Remember Them - AIF Epitaphs of World War I", which will appear in successive issues of 'DIGGER'.



“Poetic Eloquence” continued
Place names in bold type are cemetery names



**PEACE CAME AND SHUT THE DOORS FOR EVERMORE
 AGAINST PAIN AND SORROW**

Pte C. R. Stevenson MM, Army Medical Corps, 10/7/18 (24) **Allonville**, France.

Clyde Stevenson was a stretcher-bearer in the 12th Field Ambulance and the citation for his MM illustrates the rigours and dangers of a bearer's humanitarian job. During the operation of 5 April 1918 for which Stevenson won the MM he was accompanied by Private John Dawes who also received the MM.

For conspicuous bravery and setting a fine example to their comrades at a critical time when carrying wounded from the RAP three-quarters of a mile to the FAP at Millencourt during heavy bombardment, which preceded an enemy attack at 7am. The carry was a long and dangerous one and the route was almost continuously swept by heavy shellfire. Their example during the remainder of the day was invaluable when quick evacuation was essential.

Three months later, Private Stevenson was killed while bravely stretchering men wounded during a German night artillery attack on soldiers sleeping in a barn.

THY DRESS WAS LIKE THE LILLIES AND THY HEART AS PURE AS THEY	Pte A. A. Shires, 40 th Bn, 3/8/18, (29) Hem Farm , France
SLEEP ON DEAR SON TILL THE BUGLE CALLS AGAIN	Pte R. S. Thorpe, 52 nd Bn, 13/9/16 (31) Contay , France
THE LABOURER'S TASK IS OVER THE BATTLE DAY IS PAST AT REST IN PEACE	Pte G. R. Reynolds, 37 th Bn, 28/3/18 (32) Heilly Station , France
ONLY A BOY IN YEARS BUT NOBLY HE PLAYED A MAN'S PART AGED 21 YEARS	Pte W. R. Herman, 26 th Bn, 25/5/18 (21) Querrieu , France
HIS MANHOOD FAULTLESS HIS HONOUR CLEAN	Lt F. Cruickshank, 10 th Bn, 25/12/17 (23) Kandahar Farm , Belgium
HIS LIFE'S SHORT JOURNEY O'ER GIVEN FOR FREEDOM AND HOME GRAN'S BOY	Pte C. H. Howell, 23 rd Bn, 23/4/18 (23) Ribemount , France
THE DEDICATION OF A MAN'S LIFE AND MIND TO A CAUSE – THERE'S HEROISM	Pte E. T. Farris, 28 th Bn, 19/5/18 (20) Ribemount , France
A BEAUTIFUL MEMORY LEFT BEHIND AND A DUTY NOBLY DONE	Pte T. D. McGrath, 54 th Bn, 1/9/18 (32) Hem Farm , France
WE HAVE LOST, HEAVEN HAS GAINED ONE OF THE BEST THE WORLD CONTAINED	Drvr G. J. Porter, AMC, 6/10/17 (23) Lijssenthoek , Belgium
A GOOD LIFE HATH BUT A FEW DAYS BUT A GOOD NAME ENDURETH FOREVER	Capt W. H. Nicholls, 15 th Bn, 26/1/17 (29) Guards , France
MEMORY IS THE ONLY THING LOVE CAN CALL ITS OWN STILL SADLY MISSED BY HIS LOVING WIFE LAURA	Sgt L. J. O'Connor, 7 th Bn, 22/12/16 (22) Dartmoor , France

Continued next issue.

DIGGER Quiz No. 29: 'Campbell's challenge'

In this issue's quiz, Maurice has focused on two of the AIF battalions. Sources are member Neville Browning's unit history of the 28th Battalion, and the AWM website for details on the 36th Battalion.

1. The 28th Battalion was raised in which state?
 2. Which brigade of the AIF did the 28th Battalion belong to?
 3. What was the colour patch of the 28th Battalion?
 4. Upon their arrival on Gallipoli, where was the 28th Battalion placed in the line?
 5. Following their evacuation from the Peninsula, where did the 28th Btn journey for rest and retraining?
 6. A batch of reinforcements intended for the 28th was diverted to which newly-formed battalion?
 7. The 28th Battalion left for France on 16th March 1916. In what sector were they placed to receive their baptism of fire on the Western Front?
 8. The 28th Battalion, along with the 17th, 20th, 25th and 26th Battalions, were tasked to attack which prominent feature near Pozieres?
 9. In what quieter sector was the 28th Battalion rested after Pozieres?
 10. On 13th October 1916 the 28th Battalion moved into the front line at Flers. What conditions made their time here so difficult?
 11. What were the names of the two outpost villages close to Bullecourt starting with 'Q' and 'N'?
 12. Which brigades were involved in the heavy fighting to capture these outpost villages?
 13. What type of fighting at the outpost villages caused the most casualties?
 14. What was the 28th Battalion's role in the Second Battle of Bullecourt?
 15. Where was the 28th Battalion's last action on the Western Front?
- The second group of questions are a tribute to the 36th Battalion and **Private 1798A Leonard Irving Bailey**, 36th Battalion, KIA at Passchendaele, Belgium. He has no known grave. Private Bailey was the uncle of new FFFAIF member, Jack Burrell of Gilgandra, NSW.*
16. Members of the 36th Battalion were drawn from which state?
 17. The 36th Battalion was part of which brigade and division?
 18. What was the colour patch of the 36th Battalion?
 19. What was the 'nickname' commonly given to the 36th Battalion?
 20. During the attacks towards Passchendaele on October 12th 1917, the 36th suffered heavy casualties near what place in the Ypres Salient?

First members' forum held at Ashfield

Jim Munro, Oatley

The inaugural FFFAIF Members' Forum was held at Ashfield RSL Club in Sydney on 15th November 2009. The twenty plus members present enjoyed the day which included informal presentations by four fellow members. Damian Madden started off the day by showing a 'teaser' of a documentary he is making on Fromelles. Damian is also developing a 'virtual' Fromelles Museum focusing on the soldiers' stories of the Battle of Fromelles.

This presentation was followed by Stuart Curry dressed as a First World War pilot, complete with a WWI airman's leather jacket and gloves, flying helmet and goggles. Stuart aims to promote greater recognition of the service and sacrifice of the Diggers through attending commemorative events in WWI uniforms, and hopes to encourage other FFFAIF members to don uniforms of soldiers, sailors, airmen and nurses on special occasions.

The morning session was concluded with a presentation by Chris Bryett, editor of 'Over the Top', based on the diary of Digger, Harry Hartnett. Chris was supported by Nola Thomas, the daughter of Harry, and her husband, Alby. Chris also outlined how he had used multiple data bases as research tools in researching and editing the diary. After a buffet lunch the group reconvened for a 'show and tell', with Ray Black sharing stories of his visits to the Western Front battlefields. Ray showed an original copy of the 3rd Battalion's 'Randwick to Hargicourt', complete with handwritten comments from a 3rd Battalion sergeant.

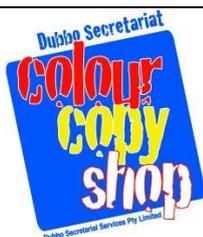
Jim Munro demonstrated some of the maps scanned by the Western Front Association and Imperial War Museum in the UK to make the IWM map collection available on DVDs. General discussion concluded a successful forum at about 2:30pm. Thanks go to Alan Kitchen for his organisation of the day.

Answers to *DIGGER* Quiz No. 29

1. The 28th Battalion was a Western Australian unit, formed at Blackboy Hill Camp in April 1915.
2. The 28th Battalion was part of the 7th Brigade (2nd Division).
3. The 28th's colour patch was a 'white over blue' diamond.
4. The Nek, or the junction of Rhododendron Spur and Sari Bair. The Apex was nearby.
5. From Gallipoli they first went to a valley near Mudros on Lemnos Island, before heading to Tel-el-Kebir, Egypt.
6. The reinforcements went to the 51st Battalion, which was formed as the 'daughter' of the 11th Battalion (also WA).
7. The 'Nursery Sector' near Armentieres.
8. The Old German line between Ovillers-Courcelette Road and the Bapaume Road. Here the battalion received 467 casualties, with all four company commanders killed.
9. The 28th was rested in Belgium near Zillebeke and Steenvorde.
10. The battalion was at Flers in the dreadful winter of 1916/17. Mud to a depth between three inches and three feet covered the trench floor and oozed from the trench walls. The weather was freezing and caused the Australians great hardship.
11. The outpost villages near Bullecourt were Queant and Noreuil.
12. The 5th, 6th and 7th Brigades were tasked to capture the villages.
13. Many bomb (hand grenade) fights took place as the 28th Battalion and Germans sought to capture or retain the villages.
14. The 28th had a supporting role to the attacking battalions and were also a source of reinforcements when more men were needed.
15. The 28th Battalion's last action was in the Beaurevoir Line in the first week of October 1918.
16. The 36th Battalion was drawn from NSW and was formed at Broadmeadows Camp (Newcastle) in February 1916.
17. The 36th was one-quarter of the 9th Brigade, 3rd Division.
18. The 36th's colour patch was oval, with 'white over green'.
19. The 36th was often referred to as 'Carmichael's Thousand', after the NSW politician, Ambrose Carmichael, who served in the battalion as a captain. Carmichael recruited many of the men from the rifle clubs of NSW.
20. The 36th Battalion suffered heavily at Crest Farm.

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