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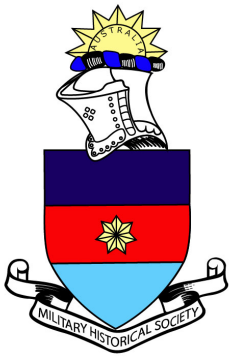

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SABRETACHE

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Contributions in the form of articles, book reviews, notes, queries or letters are always welcome. Authors of major articles are invited to submit a brief biographical note. The annual subscription to *Sabretache* is $26.

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SABRETACHE

Federal Council of the Society is seeking manuscripts on Australian military history from 1788 for publication as a special Society bicentennial project. Contributions should be well researched and completed by November 1987.

Potential authors are invited to register their interest, together with an outline of their project, by 31 May 1987.

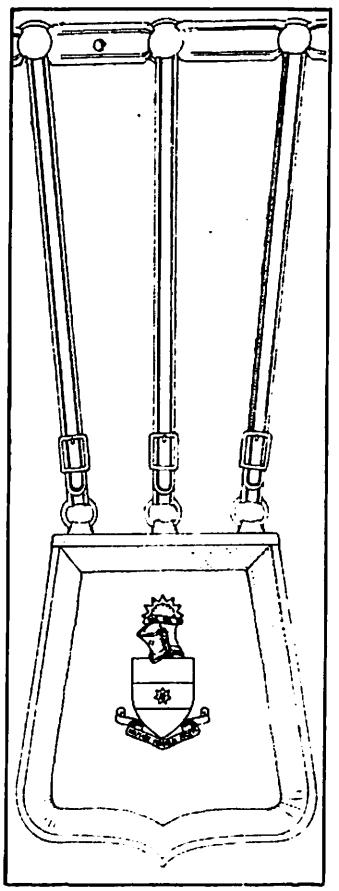
War Memorial Conference This year the Memorial's annual history conference will be held in Canberra at the Australian Defence Force Academy from 6-10 July. As in previous years, the conference theme will be the history of Australians at war and the impact of war on Australian society.

The conference program covers a broad range of topics from consideration of Australia's involvement in post-1945 conflicts to a discussion involving prominent film makers on the portrayal of the 1st AIF in recent and forthcoming productions, with an examination of material gathered from extensive interviews with Vietnam veterans and a look at the performance of Australian commanders in two world wars.

Further information can be obtained by contacting the conference secretary Stephen Allen, at the Memorial, PO Box 345, Canberra City 2600 or on (062) 43 4210.

Sculpture The War Memorial has selected sculptor Peter Corlett of Melbourne to produce a larger than life-size (1¼) bronze sculpture of Simpson and his donkey for completion by December 1987 and display in the Memorial's grounds.

Army Nurses Ms Jan Bassett, the War Memorial's current special project fellow, has commenced work on the history of Australian army nurses, in war and peace, from the Boer war to the present. She will present a paper on Australian nurses in the Boer war and discuss the range of her project at the Memorial's conference in July.



Mosquito Substantial progress has been made by Hawker de Havilland apprentices in restoration of the De Havilland Mosquito acquired by the War Memorial in 1979. Further progress is currently held up until H de H can recruit somebody familiar with the plywood/balsa sandwich construction used for the wings.

7781 Mosquitoes were built, of which 28 are left. The AWM's machine, a PR.41, is one of only three of this particular type still in existence.

Note on reunions As this issue of *Sabretache* appears early in April, traditionally the month for reunions in Australia, the extracts below from J.B. Priestley's *English journey* might be of interest. Priestley returned to Bradford in 1933 to attend the reunion of the Kitchener Battalion, the 10th Duke of Wellington's Regiment, in which he had served from 1914 to 1916. He wrote of his former comrades;

Nearly all of them remembered more than I did, although I have an exceptionally good memory. Details that had vanished for ever from my mind were easily present to theirs. Why? Was it because a defensive mechanism in my mind had obliterated as much as it could from my memory; or was it because much more had happened to me since the war than had happened to them and, unlike them, I had not gone back over and over again to those war years? (A third explanation, of course, is that, living in the same district and often running across one another, they had talked over those years far more than I had.) As figure after figure, comic and tragic, came looming up through the fog of years, as place after place we had been in caught the light again, our talk became more and more eager and louder, until we shouted and laughed in triumph, as one always does when Time seems to be suffering a temporary defeat.

There were a few there from my old platoon, Number Eight. It was a platoon with a character of its own. Though there were some of us in it young and tender enough, the majority of the Number Eighters were rather old and grimmer than the run of men in the battalion; tough factory hands, some of them of Irish descent, not without previous military service, generally in the old militia. When the battalion was swaggering along, you could not get Eight Platoon to sing: it marched in grim, disapproving silence. But there came a famous occasion when the rest of the battalion, exhausted and blindly limping along, had not a note left in it; gone now were the boasts about returning to Tipperary, the loud inquiries about the Lady Friend; the battalion was whacked and dumb. It was then that a strange sound was heard from the stumbling ranks of B Company, a sound never caught before; not very melodious perhaps nor light-hearted, but miraculous: *Number Eight Platoon was singing.*

T.C. Sargent

The first medal to troops in Australia

'... in 1819, a medal seems to have been issued to a number of men bearing the names of the Peninsular battles in which they were engaged.'

THE significance of this statement in *The History of the Northamptonshire Regiment 1742-1934* became apparent to the writer during research, under an Australian War Memorial research grant, into the service of the 48th, the Northamptonshire Regiment, in the Colony of New South Wales, from 1817 to 1824. The 48th was the first of the thirteen battalions which had fought in the Peninsular War, 1808-1814, to serve in this country and, if the medal was issued in 1819, it was issued during the regiment's sojourn in the colony. The medal could therefore be the first military medal to have been issued in Australia.

There were many Peninsular veterans in the regiment when it arrived in Sydney in August - September 1817. All the officers above the rank of ensign had served in Portugal, Spain and the south of France and amongst the 487 other ranks there were at least 210 veterans while about another 43 arrived in later drafts. However more information than this is required to prove any connection between the medal and New South Wales. Through fellow ACT Branch member, Mr Bob Courtney, contact was made with Major J.L. Balmer, TD, of Loughborough, England, in early 1986. Major Balmer is preparing for publication a new reference work - *Regimental and Volunteer Medals*. From his manuscript Major Balmer kindly provided a detailed description of the 48th's regimental medal and, there being no known medal roll, a list of the known recipients of the medal.

The description of the medal from Major Balmer's manuscript is:

> Silver, engraved, with plain double rim, 38mm dia. *Obverse:* a crown above "48". Below, a torque and a scroll with the recipient's name. Below this, "1819" and in an outer scroll "Northamptonshire". *Reverse:* two laurel branches. The names of the Peninsular victories in which the recipient was engaged. *Suspender:* hinged square loop, hinged wire loop or hinged flat bar inscribed "PENINSULA". *Ribbon:* crimson, with blue edges, 41mm. Established in 1819 by officers of the regiment.

The establishment of the medal by the officers was not unusual at the time. There was a strong feeling in those regiments which had served throughout the Peninsular campaigns but not at Waterloo, that they had been hardly done by in the issue of the Waterloo medal. Waterloo was, after all, one action. In the Peninsula, from 1808 to 1814, several regiments had taken part in twelve or more actions for which no recognition was given. Consequently the commanders of some of these regiments sought the authority of the Commander-in-Chief to issue, at the expense of the officers, a regimental medal to the other ranks of the regiment. (One such medal, to the 88th Regiment, the Connaught Rangers, was described in *Sabretache* Vol.XXVI, No. 2, April/June 1985.)

In Sotheby's 1986 London summer auction a number of regimental medals, including one to the 48th, were offered. Through the services of the well-known English commission medal agent, Mr Donald Hall, the medal to Drummer Ino (John) Horrocks was secured at a reasonable price, particularly so, considering the possible Australian importance of the piece. In early 1987 the Australian War Memorial was able to purchase a second medal, to Private Thos (Thomas) McLoghlan. Both are illustrated here.

McLoghlan's medal has what is believed to be the original wire loop suspender, sprung into the two lugs on the top of the medal. This is obviously a flimsy arrangement and Horrocks replaced it with a bar suspender and ring, adding a fanciful clasp, ornamented with a crown, for good measure. Horrocks was obviously proud of his medal as he had his initials inscribed on the back of the new suspender and his name — Ino Horrocks — on the reverse of the clasp.

John Horrocks, sometimes spelt Horrax in the regimental records, was enlisted on 5 May 1805 at Mallow, 20 miles north of Cork, in Ireland. He was a 31 year-old weaver and became a drummer in the 2nd Battalion, 48th Regiment. The second battalion had been raised in Manchester in 1803 and in 1805 was in Ireland. Irish weavers were a favourite target for recruiting sergeants but it is possible that Horrocks joined from the permanent militia, at that time the most common source of recruits for the regular army. Enlistment as a drummer at the age of 31 suggests some previous training in that role.

The engagements engraved on the reverse of Horrock's medal are *Oporto, Talavera* and *Albuera*. The latter two actions are well known but Oporto is less so. It was the first major action fought by the British Army in Portugal after Wellington returned to command in 1809. In May of that year his troops made an enterprising crossing of the Douro River, seized Oporto and drove Marshal Soult and his troops headlong from the country in Galicia, across some of the roughest terrain in Portugal and Spain. The French left behind their guns, stores, sick and wounded and their loot. In 1903, Charles Oman, in his *History of the Peninsular War*, wrote: 'There is hardly a campaign in history in which so much was accomplished at so small a cost'.

No clasp for this action was awarded when the Military General Service Medal 1793-1814 was eventually authorised but *Douro* was granted as a battle honour in 1813 to the 14th Light Dragoons, the 3rd (the Buffs), the 48th and 66th Regiments; Wellington was created Baron Douro of Wellesley and the citizens of Oporto presented to him a sabre with hilt and scabbard of gold. It seems an anomaly that Horrocks' medal should be inscribed *Oporto* not *Douro*; at least three other examples of the medal are similarly engraved and the only known medal with *Douro* is suspect, as will be mentioned later. Members of the 1/48th, which did not arrive in Portugal until June 1809, did not have an entitlement to that engagement on their medals.

At Albuera, the 2/48th was dreadfully mauled by French cavalry and ceased to be an effective unit. The fit private soldiers were transferred to the 1/48th. The officers, NCOs and, it seems, the drummers were sent back to the depot in England where they became responsible for providing drafts of recruits to reinforce the 1/48th. The 2/48th was disbanded in October 1814 and the remaining officers, NCOs and men were transferred to the 1st Battalion. Horrocks probably spent from August 1811 to October 1814 touring the country with recruiting parties or performing duties in the depot.

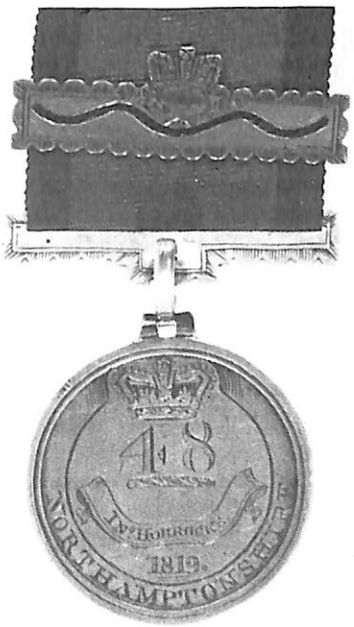
Thomas McLoghlan, also McLoughlan in regimental records, was born in the parish of Maylough, County Galway and enlisted at Tuam on 8 January 1812, at the age of fifteen. He had been a labourer. By the time McLoghlan marched into the regiment the action had reached the north western part of Spain so his medal is inscribed with the victories of *Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Orthes* and *Toulouse*, the final battles in which the 48th fought in the Peninsula.

The 48th embarked at Cork on 22 March 1817 in three military transports, the *Matilda*, the *Lloyds* and the *Dick*. They were spared the unpleasant task of providing guards for convicts. Horrocks was on the *Matilda* with the regimental headquarters and arrived in Sydney Cove on 3 August 1817. McLoghlan sailed on the *Dick*, arriving one month later on 3 September. Horrocks remained in or around Sydney for the duration of his service in the colony, until his transfer to the 3rd Regiment, the Buffs, then in New South Wales, on 24 March 1824. This was an administrative transfer — the 48th was embarking for India and the 50 year-old Horrocks, after 19 years of service, was either judged unfit for service or elected discharge. With another 30 NCOs and men of the 48th, he was transferred to the 3rd, to be held pending the availability of a ship on which they could return to England. They embarked on the *Guildford* on 24 May 1824 and reached home late in the year.

Horrocks was the drummer in No.1 Company commanded by Captain George Mackay, who died in Sydney on December 1823. No.1 Company was the Grenadier Company, formed from the tallest and best men of the regiment. Horrocks' duties, as well as beating the step while the company was marching, would have been to beat the routine military calls — the line regiments at that time had no buglers — to play 'ruffles' on his drum in salute of senior officers or civil dignitaries such as Mr Commissioner Bigge who was entitled to be greeted by an Officer's Guard with presented arms and one ruffle, and, with the other drummers of the regiment, to support the regimental band during ceremonial parades and on the march.

Thomas McLoghlan was one of the 80 men of Captain Watkins' No. 4 Company which sailed from Sydney on 24 March 1818 onthe Government brig *Elizabeth Henrietta* as relief for the company of the 46th Regiment at Port Dalrymple (Launceston) in Van Diemens Land. He returned to Sydney with the company in December 1820 and, except for a short spell of duty at Parramatta in 1822, remained in Sydney until he sailed with the regiment to India in 1824. In Van Diemen's Land and at Sydney his duties would have entailed guarding convict work parties or being one of the standing guards. In Sydney these guards were the Regimental Guard of 82 men, the Governor's Guard of one subaltern, one sergeant, one corporal, one drummer and eighteen men, and four other standing guards, all mounted daily.

REGIMENTAL MEDAL
48th Northamptonshire Regiment, 1819



Obverse *Reverse*

Drummer John Horrocks, for Oporto, Talavera, Albuera. Authors collection.

Obverse *Reverse*

Private Thomas McLoghlan, for Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Orthes, Toulouse. Australian War Memorial collection.

What evidence exists to support the theory that the medal was issued in New South Wales? A search of the *Sydney Gazette*, the medium for both Government notices and the weekly news of the colony, through 1819 to 1824, failed to reveal any mention of the award or issue of the medal, although the *Gazette* faithfully reported all the ceremonial parades and periodic inspections in which the regiment took part. Similarly no mention could be found in the Monthly Returns (WO17) for the regiment, on micro-film, in the National Library of Australia, of the receipt of any Horse Guards authority or agreement for the issue of the medal. A London search through WO1 correspondence at the Public Record Office, Kew, England has not produced any request for the granting of authority for issue of the medal. Governor Macquarie's Diary was searched and although he noted most of the military events during his term of office, he did not record anything concerning the award of the medal.

Captain E.C. Close, of the 48th, kept an interesting small diary of his Peninsular War service. Practically the only event he considered worthwhile recording during his service and retirement in New South Wales was the receipt of his Military General Service Medal (MGSM), with seven clasps, in 1849. He no doubt contributed towards the cost of production of the regimental medal but he made no mention of it in his diary.

At least 25 veterans took their discharges in the Colony. One of these, Pte Joseph Pilling, a baker, enlisted at Mallow three days after Horrocks and remained in New South Wales to claim, in July 1834, a half-acre allotment in the township of Bungonia, then on the planned Great South Road. Benjamin West resumed his trade of tailor in Clarence Street, Sydney and died at Windsor in 1860 at the age of 80 — a good age for a worn-out soldier. Benjamin Hodgon, a drummer in 1/48th at Albuera and later drum major in New South Wales, was discharged in 1823 and in 1827 became Chief Constable at Windsor. He was dismissed from the position in 1838 when found guilty of conspiracy and sentenced to jail in Newcastle. He served three years and died in Liverpool in 1862. William Blizard (or Blizzard) who had enlisted as a drummer boy at St Vincent in the West Indies at the age of nine, survived capture at Albuera and was Master of the Band when discharged. In 1831 he realised the ambition of many an old soldier when he became licensee of the *Golden Fleece Inn* in Durham Street, Bathurst — a short lived pleasure as he died the following year and was buried at Kelso. George Turner and William Critchley took their discharges in India, where the regiment served after Australia, and returned to New South Wales as members of the Royal Veterans Company, both eventually settling in the Hunter River Valley. It would be a fortunate collector who found a regimental medal awarded to one of these veterans.

Although no medal roll for the regimental medal has yet been located, Major Balmer has been able to identify nineteen recipients of the medal from knowledge of medals in existing collections and by searching printed references, including sale catalogues, dating from 1877. A recipient additional to Major Balmer's list has been identified from an electrotype copy of his medal in the National Army Museum collection. All twenty soldiers were in the main body of the 48th Regiment when it reached Sydney in 1817. Some of them survived to claim the MGSM 1793-1814 in 1847 but of the 277 other rank recipients of the MGSM, not one, other than those who served in the Colony of New South Wales, has yet been identified as receiving an issue of the regimental medal.

Under these circumstances it is believed that the regimental medal to the 48th was issued while the regiment was in New South Wales to those Peninsular veterans still serving with the regiment. In that case it must have been the first military medal to be issued in Australia.

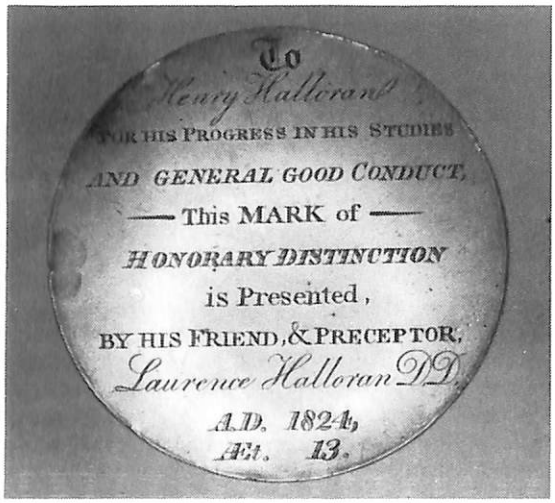
How many medals were issued? Of the 487 other ranks who arrived in Sydney in 1817, records compiled from the Soldiers Documents (WO97) or the Description Book (WO25) for the 48th, held in the PRO, and the micro-film of the Muster Rolls and Pay Lists (WO12) in the National Library of Australia, show that 210 of the 487 were veterans with Peninsular service of one to five years. Another 43, perhaps more, arrived with later drafts from the regimental depot. So there was likely a minimum issue of 253 medals. From Foster's roll of the MGSM at least 50 recipients of the MGSM 1793-1814 can be identified serving in New South Wales in 1817 to 1824. They would undoubtedly have been issued with the regimental medal.

If awarded in New South Wales, where was the medal produced? The ribbon is that of the Waterloo medal, common to other regimental medals of the period, so it was probably ordered from England. The medal itself is of simple manufacture, having only a raised rim with no relief on obverse or reverse, all detail being shown by engraving and therefore not needing the production of complex dies to strike the medal. Its manufacture would have been well within the capabilities of tradesmen in the Colony in 1819. The medal has been examined by Mr L. Carlisle, leading authority on Australian medals, medalets and medallions, author of the standard reference work *Australian Commemorative Medals and Medalets from 1788* and by Major P. Boland, OAM, ED, Curator of Numismatics at the Museum of Applied Arts and Sciences, Sydney. They have compared the medal

Richard Simkin, **The 48th Northamptonshire Regiment, Talavera 1809.** Watercolour drawing. Author's collection.

with work by Sydney engraver Samuel Clayton and are of the opinion that the medal is also his work. To support this opinion, Mr Carlisle has supplied illustrations of signed Clayton medals of the same period. The example illustrated here is of a Sydney Grammar School medal of 1824, presented to a pupil by the principal, Laurence Halloran.

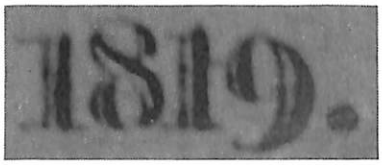
Obverse



Reverse

Sydney Grammar School Medal, 1924, presented to Henry Halloran. Mr L. Carlisle's collection.

Points for comparison are the ribbon scroll work, in particular the twisted tail ends — these are identical — the '4' in 1824 on the Halloran medal and in '48' on the regimental medal. A more telling comparison exists with another Halloran medal engraved by Clayton in 1819. Enlargements of the date on both Halloran and regimental medals are shown — the degree of uniformity is obvious.



The O'Halloran medal.

Horrocks' medal.

It has been said that the work of a particular engraver is as individual as his own handwriting, but it must be borne in mind that the engraving has been done by hand and does not reflect the uniformity from specimen to specimen which can be achieved by modern technology.

Samuel Clayton was transported in 1816 for seven years. He was advertising in the *Sydney Gazette* as early as 14 January 1817 as a painter and engraver and on 15 August 1818 advertised '... a variety of jewellery and silver work on hand, good prices given for old silver', so he was obviously reworking the silver. On 4 November 1820 he advertised in the *Gazette* — 'Jewellery made and repaired'. In addition to the Halloran medals, Clayton is known to have produced other silverwork including a trowel presented to Governor Macquarie on 29 October 1821 and another trowel presented as 'The Gift of the Masonic Lodge No 260, Sydney N.S.W. to His Honour Lt. Governor Erskine, Col. 48th Regt. CB ... 1823'. Clayton, too, was an active member of the local lodge so Erskine would have been aware of Clayton's ability to handle the engraving of the medals.

As can be seen from the illustrations, the Horrocks and McLoghlan medals are identical. So too are the medals to Thos Cullen, illustrated in D. Hastings Irvin's *British War Medals and Decorations* (1890) and the silver-plated bronze electrotypes of both faces of the medal to Ino (John) Scott in the National Army Museum (NAM) collection.

However, another medal in the NAM collection, to John Briggs, illustrated here, is not similar to the four others — Horrocks, McLoghlan, Cullen and Scott. On the obverse of the Briggs medal crown, scroll, '48' and '1819' are all substantially different. The recipient's name is spelt 'John' in full unlike the Horrocks and Scott medals which were engraved in the old style 'Ino'. On the reverse, the laurel wreath is much denser, the engagement names are enclosed in a scrolling, above and below, the engagements are engraved in a heavy upper case type style, not the light script used on the others, and the engagement *Douro* is shown, not *Oporto*. The suspender lugs are also different.

WO 12/6031 - 2/48th, March-June 1811 — Albuera - Wm Briggs transferred to 1 Bn 24 June 1811.
WO 12/5966 - 1/48th, June-September 1809 — Talavera - only a Jonathon Briggs.
WO 12/5967 - 1/48th, June-September 1812 — Salamanca - two William Briggs with the regiment.
WO 12/5968 - 1/48th March-June 1813 — Vittoria - one William Briggs.

It is apparent from this research that the medal to John Briggs cannot be authenticated and that an alternative pattern medal was not issued. The origin of the John Briggs medal must be left to other researchers.

Obverse

Reverse

48th Regiment Medal to Private John Briggs, for Douro, Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria. Collection of National Army Museum, London.

There was a John Briggs with the 48th in New South Wales but a search of the Regimental Description Book revealed that he was enlisted on 19 September 1816 and could not have qualified for the medal. Could there possibly have been another John Briggs who served earlier, whose issue of a different pattern medal could indicate that a second type existed, distributed to soldiers who were not in New South Wales? The answer to this question lies in the Muster Rolls and Pay Lists for the 48th for the periods relating to the actions which are shown on the reverse of the medal — Douro, Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria. The Muster Rolls were searched with the following results:

WO 12/6030 - 2/48th, March-September 1809 — Oporto - only a William Briggs serving with the regiment.

The following is a list of known medal recipients compiled from Major Balmer's manuscript and, in addition, John Scott. Further detail from Soldiers Documents, Regimental Description Book and other sources have been shown, where the information is known. Variations of the spelling of names from different sources are shown. The details are presented as:

a. Surname, given name, rank in NSW.
b. Place and date of attestment, occupation and age on enlistment.
c. Place and date of discharge.
d. Remarks, including:
RM - regimental medal - number of actions.
MGSM - Military General Service Medal 1793-1814 - clasps awarded.

1. a. Briggs, John, Pte.
   b. Armagh, 19 Sept 1816, Labourer, 18.
   c. —
   d. See explanation above, medal in NAM collection.

2. a. Cullen, Thos, Pte
   b. Dublin, 18 Feb 1807, Labourer, 19.
   c. —
   d. —

3. a. Davis, Jas (James), Sgt.
   b. Enniskillen, 22 May 1810, Labourer, 16.
   c. England, 14 Apr 1834.
   d. RM - 8 actions, MGS - 6 clasps, wounded Albuera.

4. a. Drought, Stwd (Steward), Pte.
   b. Tullamore, 9 Dec 1812, Labourer, 20.
   c. Birr.
   d. RM - 3 actions, MGS - 4 clasps.

5. a. Gregory, William, Pte.
   b. Plymouth, 1 Apr 1813, Gunsmith, 21.
   c. —
   d. RM - 3 actions.

6. a. Hague, George, Pte.
   b. Dover, 4 May 1812, Cutler, 20.
   c. Sydney, 15 July 1819.
   d. Sent to England, re-enlisted in regiment 5 Jan 1820. RM - 5 actions.

7. a. Haines, John, Pte.
   b. Bedford, 12 Feb 1813, Labourer, 15.
   c. —
   d. RM - 1 action.

8. a. Hewitt, Jas, Pte.
   b. Dover, 4 May 1812, Woolcomber, 20.
   c. —
   d. RM - 8 actions, medal in regimental museum, Northampton.

9. a. Hind,
   Hine, John, RSM
   Hyne,
   b. Mallow, 20 Jun 1804, Weaver, 18.
   c. —
   d. Correct spelling Hine - Ensign 45th Regt, 1 Aug 1827, Lt. 30 Apr 1832. Half-pay 8 May 1840, RM - 11 actions, MGS - 10 clasps.

10. a. Hollingsworth, Richard, Cpl.
    b. Manchester, 25 Mar 1811, Weaver, 19.
    c. India, 10 Nov 1829.
    d. RM - 5 actions, MGS - 3 clasps, both in regimental museum. Mentioned in Historical Records of Australia for stopping the rape of a convict woman at Launceston, 26 Apr 1820.

11. a. Horrocks, Ino (John), Drummer.
    b. Mallow, 5 May 1805, Weaver, 31.
    c. —
    d. RM - 3 actions, author's collection, embarked Sydney on *Guildford* 24 May 1824, but see note below.

12. a. Hoyle, Joshua, Pte.
    b. Plymouth, 3 Apr 1813, Reedmaker, 27.
    c. —
    d. Died Trichinopoly 29 Apr 1825, RM - 3 actions.

13. a. Jones, John, Sgt.
    b. Hythe, 1 May 1811, Woolcoomber, 18.
    c. Manchester, 10 Nov 1837.
    d. RM - 7 actions, MGS - 6 clasps.

14. a. McAuley, John, Sgt.
    b. —, 24 Apr 1800, Labourer, 28 (23?).
    c. England? 1824?
    d. Embarked *Guildford* 24 May 1824, RM - 10 actions.

15. a. McLoghlan, Thomas, Pte.
    b. Tuam, 8 Jan 1812, Labourer, 15.
    c. —
    d. Died Trichinopoly 19 Sept 1826, RM - 5 actions, Australian War Memorial collection.

16. a. Odell,
    Odle, John, Pte.
    b. Ipswich, 25 Aug 1807, Labourer, 24.
    c. India, 23 Sept 1828.
    d. RM - 11 actions, MGS - 4 clasps.

17. a. Scott, Ino (John), Sgt.
    b. Ipswich, 25 Mar 1805, Labourer, 21.
    c. India, 23 Jul 1828.
    d. RM - 11 actions, electrotypes in NAM collection.

18. a. Slater, Thomas, Pte.
    b. —
    c. —
    d. RM - 10 actions, embarked *Guildford* 24 May 1824.

19. a. Travers,
    Travis, William, Pte.
    b. Manchester, 15 Aug 1803, Labourer, 24.
    c. —
    d. RM - 10 actions, MGS - 9 clasps, embarked *Guildford* 24 May 1824.

20. a. Winterbottom, James, Pte.
    b. Manchester, 15 Aug 1803, Weaver, 22.
    c. England, 1824.
    d. RM - 10 actions, embarked *Guildford* 24 May 1824.

Note: John Horrocks:
A John Horrock is shown in the 1828 Census, arrived on the *Marquis of Hastings* (two voyages, 3 Jan 1826, 31 Jul 1827) located at the Military Barracks, Newcastle; no other details given. As no pension records could be found for Drummer John Horrocks in the Chelsea or Kilmainham pension records, is it possible that he returned to New South Wales and saw out the rest of his life at Newcastle? Further research will obviously be necessary.

From the research carried out, I am of the opinion that the regimental medal was awarded to soldiers of the 48th Regiment while in Australia, and by virtue of its date was the first military medal issued to troops in this country and that it was the work of a Sydney silversmith and engraver.
It is an important piece of craftsmanship and Australiana.

Acknowledgements
I wish to acknowledge the assistance which has been given in the preparation of this article by Major Jim Balmer, TD, Mr John Sly, Mr Bob Courtney, Mr Les Carlisle, Major Pat Boland, OAM, ED, staff of the Military Technology Section, Australian War Memorial and staff of the National Army Museum, London.

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Julie Russell

Dogs at war

DURING Australia's short war history a number of interesting stories emerge of dogs, adopted as unofficial mascots and companions to serving men. Far from being just faithful pets, the evidence suggests that these dogs served a much more important purpose to the men they accompanied. These men were often very young, away from home and family for the first time, and experiencing the great emotional stresses of combat as well. It is little wonder that they went to great lengths to care for and conceal these pets, as the stories show.

Driver Les Ross of Carlton NSW enlisted at the end of 1915 and whilst awaiting embarkation from Sydney was given a Sydney Silky pup as a gift. The keeping of animals by soldiers was forbidden, but Les named his pup 'Driver' and carried him in a specially enlarged pocket of his greatcoat for much of the voyage on the SS *Suffolk* to Egypt, throughout more than two years of service in France, then back to Australia in 1919. On arrival in Fremantle, Ross was advised to get rid of Driver because of quarantine regulations, but Les had no intention of giving up his constant companion of three years, so when the ship berthed in Melbourne a friend smuggled the little dog ashore and sent him by train to Sydney, while Les completed the journey on the ship. He and Driver were reunited at home, but since the dog had only ever known men in uniform, he showed a strong distrust of civilians until he adjusted to post-war life. After Driver's death he was stuffed by a taxidermist at the Australian Museum and was donated to the War Museum. He is now in the collection of the Australian War Memorial.[1]

'Digger' was a dog found and adopted in a much more unusual manner. He was a doberman pinscher called Roff, used as a messenger dog by German troops on the Western Front. On 3 May 1918, men of the 13th Battalion in the trenches at Villers-Bretonneux was surprised to see a large black dog trot into their lines. He was wearing a message cylinder on his collar so was taken to Headquarters and the message translated. It was from a German platoon commander in the front line complaining that his men were tired and had not had food for 48 hours. His company commander had folded it back and written: 'Weber has been in longer than you and he does not complain. We will send you food tonight. Give Roff any further messages. He does not complain.' Roff was kept by the battalion, renamed 'Digger' and taken back to England at the end of the war. It was planned to return him to Australia but he died while in quarantine in Southampton. He, too, was stuffed and is in the War Memorial's collection.[2]

Another 'Digger' was a bulldog who served for 3½ years with an Australian unit on the Western Front. He was wounded and gassed at Pozieres but survived to return to Australia with Sergeant J.H. Martin, who cared for him for the rest of the dog's life. Digger, like so many of the men affected by mustard gas, needed constant cod liver oil treatment on his skin, so Sergeant Martin sold picture post cards of Digger in the Sydney streets to finance this costly treatment. He is said to have been the only dog in Sydney to have a free pass on trams and trains. Finally, one Empire Day Digger was frightened by fireworks, and in panic tried to jump a fence. He burst a blood vessel and died under Sergeant Martin's bed. At Martin's request the dog was skinned and his hide tanned, and this, together with a silver collar and some badges belonging to Digger, are in the collection of the Australian War Memorial.[3]

'Bobby Tobruk' was a brown and white poodle-type puppy, found at an Italian prisoner compound outside Tobruk in February 1941. He was adopted, reluctantly at first, by C Coy, 2/2nd Battalion and his untrained puppy behaviour earned him many curses in camp. But the men gradually became very attached to him and by the time the battalion left Libya Bobby had learnt to understand English commands and was truly part of the battalion, wearing a dog tag inscribed 'NX minus 9, Bobby Tobruk, C Coy 2/2 Bn AIF'.

When the men were shipped to Greece on the *Bankura*, Bobby was concealed until aboard and

Colonel D.G. Marks, DSO, 13th Australian Infantry Battalion, with 'Roff' alias 'Digger', in Villers-Bretonneux. (AWM E2225)

'Horrie the Wog Dog' wearing the coat made for him to wear in Syria. (AWM 76877)

risked being thrown overboard several times for indiscretions on the soldiers' gear. However, once in Greece Bobby was well cared for, fed, protected and kept warm during bitter weather and hardships. On marches through the mountains he usually travelled curled around someone's neck or perched on the top of a pack, and he was never allowed to walk far in case he became lost.

When the evacuation from Greece occurred, Bobby was smuggled aboard the ship by the cook. Once in Palestine the little dog lived a life of luxury but developed an unfortunate liking for beer, suffering many hangovers, until an end was put to this behaviour.

Bobby was killed by a truck driven by an Arab, and was given an emotional burial by the men who had cared for him. An epitaph, composed by Watty Barratt, reads:

He was only a stump-tailed poodle,
He had no pedigree,
He was born in a Libyan dust storm
Near an Itie RAP.
He would do his share of line guard,
And share a piquet as well,
And never a crime had Bobby
And never an AWL.
He saw his share of fighting,
And he fought like a soldier, too,
For we taught him concealment and cover
In the barracks of Mersa Matruh.
He barked at the planes of Olympus,
And fought in the thick of the van,
The boys of C Coy loved him
And voted young Bobby a man.
For Bobby was born to battle,
Though with none of a battler's luck,
And he who dodged dive-bombers
Had to die 'neath an Arab truck.
So we gave him a soldier's funeral,
'Twas all that we could do,
For Bobby Tobruk was a cobber of ours
And helped us see it through.[4]

Possibly the best known of these serving dogs was 'Horrie the Wog Dog'. This odd little stray was found starving in the Western Desert in 1941 by members of the 2/1st Machine Gun Battalion, known as the Rebels. He proved to be very intelligent and a great character, also an excellent watch dog. He hated all Arabs and from the time of his arrival in the Australian camp, there was no more thieving at night. When the battalion was moved to Greece, Horrie went too, travelling silently in his own kit bag on Private Jim Moody's back, breathing through small holes punched in the front of the bag. Once in Greece Horrie proved himself useful again by warning of the approach of Stukas, because his acute hearing could detect them before the men could. He also guarded against the notorious Fifth Column, who would inform the Germans of the Australians' whereabouts.

With the evacuation of Greece the Rebels (and Horrie) sailed for Crete on the *Costa Rica*, which was sunk by Stukas, and they completed the journey on the *Defender*. During their short stay on Crete Horrie was wounded by a bomb splinter but quickly recovered. After the evacuation of Crete, Horrie arrived in Alexandria in his usual fashion then to Syria with the battalion, fighting the Vichy French. It was extremely cold in the mountains, so before leaving a coat was made for Horrie from an old greatcoat, complete with corporal's stripes. This coat and the travelling pack are in the collection of the Australian War Memorial.

At the end of 1941 most Australian troops were recalled from the Middle East to fight in the Pacific. An order went out that all animals must be left behind or destroyed, but Horrie's devoted owners had no intention of carrying out either of these options. He was smuggled aboard ship in his pack and on arrival in Melbourne was taken ashore in the same way. Jim Moody was sent to New Guinea so Horrie remained with the Moody family in Melbourne until they allowed him to go on show for a Red Cross charity appeal. Special Investigation Officers of the government demanded that he be surrendered under quarantine regulations and Moody agreed, believing that Horrie would only be held for the quarantine period. However, on 12 March 1945, the little dog was destroyed.

A book, *Horrie the Wog Dog* was written by the well known Australian author Ion Idriess, based on the diary of Jim Moody. Idriess's epitaph at the end of the book reads:

Well, Horrie, little fellow, your reward was death.
You who deserved a nation's plaudits, sleep in peace.
Among Australia's war heroes, we shall remember you.[5]

Endnotes

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2. AWM records, Acc. No. 4369.
3. AWM file 749/69/6, Acc. No. 16602.
4. *Purple over Green, The History of the 2/2 Australian Infantry Battalion 1939-1945*, ed. S. Wick, Printcraft Press, 1977.
5. *Horrie the Wog Dog*, Ion Idriess, Angus & Robertson, 1945.

Alan Fraser

Introducing Bert Denman

Readers will recall that in the October/December 1986 issue of *Sabretache*, we published A.E. (Bert) Denman's article 'Unusual guards' on his experiences on guard duties during the 1939-45 war. Mr Denman has written a number of short articles, outlining some of his experiences overseas during the 1914-18 war, which we hope to publish in *Sabretache*. In this issue he writes about infantry training on Salisbury Plain, in England, a topic which has received little historical coverage.

Bert Denman enlisted in the AIF at the age of 17, having put his age up 10 months, and was in France with the 51st Battalion when just over 18, having been retained in camp on Salisbury Plain until he attained the age of 19 (actually 18).

He served in the forward area from the third week in March (the time of the great German spring offensive) to the third week in August, this period including a spell in a casualty clearing station recovering from wounds.

He was not able to join the 51st, then at Corbie, on the Somme, until 13 April, his draft having been sent initially to the north where it was impressed and set to work as a labour unit for three weeks.

Private Denman took part in a number of actions, including Villers Bretonneux in April and Etinehem in August. His last weeks in France were spent in hospital at Rouen recovering from the effects of mustard gas and was followed by a stay in hospital in Devonport in England. The war ended while he was convalescing at Hurdcott Convalescent Camp and he left to return to Australia two days after his 19th birthday.

Mr Denman has emphasized that his writings only cover events in which he was personally involved. For instance, about his service in France, he has pointed out that he was there during the most favourable weather, March to August, and cannot write first-hand of the rigours of trench warfare in — heavy rain, snow, sleet, mud, frostbite, winter 'trench feet', etc. — and the misery and suffering of the front line troops who had to endure them. There is no substitute, he says, for 'being there'.

The 1939-45 war found him again in uniform. He was commissioned in November 1939 and served overseas in the Middle East and in various locations in Australia including coast defences. As a captain, he was second in command and in charge of training in the 3rd Infantry Training Battalion and occupied a number of other appointments, including garrison commander at Glanville, South Australia, where his father had done a tour of duty as a gunner in the volunteer Red Coats about 1889.

Captain Denman, second in command, 3rd Australian Infantry Training Battalion, Dubbo, NSW, 1943.

He left the Army in 1947, having served altogether the equivalent of 17½ years, not including 2½ years with the Senior Cadets, in which he enrolled at the age of 12, and was awarded the Efficiency Medal. Between the wars he was dairy farming and in 1947 went into business in the main street of Murray Bridge.

Active in sports, he played tennis and golf and, as a bowler, was an umpire/tutor and served for seven years on the State Umpires' Board. He was a Justice of the Peace and Coroner since 1950 and was active on the Bench for many years.

A.E. (Bert) Denman

Training on Salisbury Plain

The 10th Reinforcements to the 51st Australian Infantry Battalion embarked for England at Fremantle, Western Australia per His Majesty's Australian Transport A30 'Borda' on 29 June 1917. The reinforcements roll was made up of two officers and 150 other ranks, comprising two sergeants, three acting sergeants, eleven acting corporals and 134 privates. It included No. 3735, Private Albert Edward Denman, age stated as 18, of Perth, WA, who had joined up on 2 April 1917. Of his daily rate of pay of five shillings, he had made an allotment of 3/6d. In this article, Mr Denman describes a phase of his military training.

WE disembarked at Plymouth on 25 August 1917, after eight weeks and a day on the water from Fremantle. My brother Henry was also in the harbour that day on a hospital ship waiting to leave for Australia. He was a corporal in the 12th Battalion and was shot through the ankle on Easter Sunday morning. He told me in a letter which I received a few days later, that had he been returned to his unit he would have exercised his privilege as an elder brother and 'claimed' me for his unit.

We entrained for Codford after lunch, detrained and marched to the camp where we arrived in pouring rain. We were put into bell tents on flat ground at the rear of the camp, eight men to a tent. This was our quarantine area for the next three weeks.

After medical and dental inspections the following day we began a syllabus of intensive (bull ring) training. Most of us had done a twelve week syllabus of 'basic' training at Blackboy Hill but we were a bit soft after a long boat trip with only such physical training as the cramped conditions of a troop transport would allow. Our new instructors were not only better trained in the latest methods, but most of them had already seen active service on Gallipoli or in France. This earned them the respect of troops of all ages, and discipline, although much stricter, was no real problem.

Most of our training took place on the top of a hill a few hundred feet high which rose steeply from behind the Officers' Mess across the road from the camp proper. Referred to as the 'Pimple', or more appropriately 'Misery Hill', one had to be pretty fit to get there and back, morning and afternoon five days a week. When the churned up muddy ground was frozen, a slip could mean cut knees. Coming down, when it had thawed, was a strain on leg muscles. 'Misery Hill' itself was bald and often swept by a bleak east wind. There was not a tree or a shrub in sight, only grass, kept close-cropped by the farmer/owner's sheep. The only habitation was a shed, seven feet square and about as high, crammed full of training stores. There were bayonet dummies, bags, aiming rests, landscape targets, hurdles, iron screw pickets, barbed wire and leather gloves.

On arrival at the windy summit each morning we were handed over to the physical training instructors. These chaps were mainly big men, extremely fit, trained 'to the minute' and dressed in turtle-necked sweaters and khaki slacks. We were told to remove our tunics, sheepskin jackets, cardigans and puttees and to roll up the sleeves of our grey army flannel shirts above the elbows.

Then each of these great hulking brutes would yell at his squad of thirty or more, 'ROUND ME NIP' and then career away at high speed across the barren landscape, as we manfully followed. I was never up with the leaders or back with the stragglers, but with most of my mates, I was well up in the 'ruck'. We improved our positions as time went on however and as a result grew fitter and felt much better, and after all that's what PT was all about. General physical training exercises followed our cross-country run and as the colder weather came on, training still went on even in inches of snow.

While still in a state of partial undress, these same instructors took us for a bayonet training session. This began with the 'long point', short point, stationary and advancing, throat jabs, butt strokes and muscle building exercises. The squad would then line up in ranks in front of several rows of dummies (straw filled) marked with daubs of coloured paint on vital points — throat, breasts, stomach and testicles.

When the whistle blew, the front rank advanced on the first row of dummies with a long point, withdrew, and passed through, jumped a low hurdle and advanced to the second lot with a short point, then a throat jab, a butt stroke and so on. As each stroke was made, each man let out a blood-curdling yell, as much to boost his own courage as to scare the enemy. There was a mid-morning and mid-afternoon 'smoko' and when the whistle went there was a concerted rush for the shelter of the lee side of the store shed. Others banked up behind the first few to escape the biting east wind.

There were other lessons, like 'application of fire' using aiming rests and landscape targets. An aiming rest was a tripod, surmounted by a swivelled cradle which held the rifle. A landscape target about six feet wide and four feet deep depicted a painted scene or landscape which could also be used indoors. It was divided by imaginary lines into foreground, middle distance and background, and laterally into right, left and centre. It was our first introduction to 'mnemonics' as a memory aid. The word used here in application of fire was 'DRINK', and stood for, Direction, Range and Indication of target, Number of rounds and Kind of fire, ie, rapid, etc.

It was demonstrated to the troops that each man carried with him a 'built in' scale of degrees. To read off the degrees the arm was fully extended in front of the body with the fist clenched. Between the first and second knuckle joints was three degrees, between the second and third, two and between third and fourth, two. Between the first and fourth (the whole fist) it was eight, with the fingers fully spread, twelve, and with the thumb fully extended, nineteen degrees.

Most drill movements and some musketry was carried out on the hill, while other musketry lessons were given in the camp area, where miniature rifle ranges were established. The .303 rifle was modified for indoor use by the use of a 'Morris Tube'. This was a .22 calibre 'sleeve' or lining inserted into, or down, the barrel of a Lee-Enfield rifle, enabling .22 ammunition to be used in safety in a properly constructed twenty five-yard indoor rifle range.

We were taught to throw the Mills grenade and with a longer fuse to fire it from a rifle, using a proper Ballistite blank cartridge. When we became proficient in throwing (the TOET was to throw or over-arm it into a five foot circle from twenty five yards), we were allowed to 'prime' a grenade and to throw it live. It made the heart beat a little faster to prime a Mills for the first time and faster still after withdrawing the safety pin, realising that only your tightly clenched fingers were holding the 'lever' in place. The heart nearly stopped when you made your first live throw, to see the lever fly off and hear the two 'striker points' hit the cap which ignited the fuze, just five seconds away from the detonator, hoping it would clear the 'high wire', which looked much higher than it was. We had already been told that when a Mills was detonated in a 'post-hole' it broke into one hundred and forty seven pieces and about the poor unfortunate recruit who hit the top of the wire at his first throw and how it fell back into the sandbagged bay at his feet and how the instructor cleared the bay in record time.

Private Bert Denman, AIF, at seventeen and a half, 1917.

On completion of our quarantine period, we were advised that our disembarkation leave was due. We were now in much more comfortable quarters, living in iron-roofed, three ply-lined huts on a gently sloping area. Each hut held thirty men and between each double row of huts were the ablution and toilet blocks. The water pipes were encased in hessian jackets stuffed with straw but on a really cold night the pipes froze. The sloping asphalt paths had to be negotiated with extreme care, often being covered with thin ice.

Convalescent Australians at a camp in southern England, making a snow kangaroo. (AWM C 2072)

The great day of our leave arrived. Each man, armed with a free rail warrant and all the money he had been able to save over the past four or five weeks was highly elated at the prospect. Like most of my mates it was a dream come true. Many of us, although born in Australia, were second generation 'pommies', so it was natural that we should make for the 'Big Smoke'! None of us were very affluent; single men drew two shillings a day, married men one shilling and a few like me drew one shilling and sixpence (about fifteen cents). But like hundreds of others we stayed at the War Chest Club in Horseferry Road, London, where we had three substantial meals a day for a shilling a meal and a bed with hundreds of others in a big room, for the same price. At the Victoria Club we could get several sandwiches and cups of tea for ten pence (eight cents). Many stately English homes were thrown open to overseas troops free of charge, as a war effort. Had it not been for the generosity of these people and places like the War Chest and Victoria clubs and others, thousands of troops would not have been able to go on leave as frequently as they did. Leave (one day a week) was allowed to accumulate for a month, so that for those who could afford it, four days each month and a rail warrant were available for the asking.

After several weeks of training, the Training Brigade commander decided to hold a drill competition between the three battalions, the 4th, 12th and 13th. A squad of twenty was selected from each unit and training began in earnest, with each squad placed in the hands of an English Army warrant officer.

Ours, dubbed 'Kelpie' by the squad, was a dapper fellow no more than five feet seven. With his Sam Browne 'looped' at his left side, a malacca swagger cane under his left arm, neatly dressed and in a peaked cap with a chin-strap he stood as straight as a ramrod. He looked every inch a soldier and that's just what he was. He knew his drill manual, word for word. He was a martinet on parade, with a fearsome word of command which belied his stature. When he spoke we jumped to it and revelled in it. We were not volunteers but had been detailed for the job. We had three weeks of high pressure training under that great little soldier, who was a fine chap off parade.

It was a very big event, that Saturday afternoon on top of Misery Hill, before a Brigade Muster Parade and in front of the Brigadier. Almost every officer present had seen active service on Gallipoli and/or in France and Belgium.

We did everything that afternoon; we fixed and unfixed bayonets using a fugelman, we formed fours, formed two-deep, marched in fours and in column of route, in file, in line and in echelon (shoulder behind shoulder). We marched in quick time (one hundred and twenty, thirty paces a

minute), dropped into slow time and broke back into quick time without losing a beat. We ordered arms and sloped arms, changed and presented arms with almost the precision of guardsmen. When Kelpie barked 'for inspection port arms' twenty bolts snapped back like a single rifle shot. When they 'examined arms' there was not a speck of dust on the mirror-like barrels. We were beaten into first place by a solitary point, but it was worth the sweat and grind of the past weeks.

Saturday mornings at Codford were different. There were no parades as such, but there were plenty of fatigues and other duties. Guards had to be provided over the weekend and extra piquets. Fatigues for the officers' and sergeants' messes were popular, where there was usually a cup of tea on offer or biscuits. Not so for the mens' mess, however, as it was a bigger party and plenty to do. A 'runner' was always needed for Company Headquarters and if we were Duty Company, two runners for Battalion HQ.

One job which we tried to dodge was at the battalion incinerator. There were no proper incinerators then, just a great big smelly heap of refuse. Two men armed with a fork and a rake had to keep the smouldering heap moving, under the watchful eye of the unit pioneer. They were avoided for days after by their mates as the foul smoky smell would not go away.

The most sought-after fatigue was at the ASC camp on the other side of the town. There was chaff to be cut for the horses, stables to be cleaned, harness to be oiled and rations to be delivered to the various camps with a two-horse GS wagon. But the big attraction was the food. There was always a cup of tea and scones and an invitation to go to lunch and it was always a roast, the only one any infantryman ever got in WWI. As a bonus, the party of eight were always given a couple of loaves of bread and two tins of jam. Food was always appreciated by hungry young troops. Imagine our wrath one Saturday afternoon when we were challenged on our way back to camp by two big military policemen who questioned our ownership of the extra rations.

Food in the camps was good as far as it went but it did not go that far. The stew and the porridge were thin. We were rationed to five two-ounce slices of bread a day and two ounces of margarine. There was cheese and jam and 'fat' bacon and rissoles (one only). There was never butter, or an egg or roast or a fresh lettuce. On pay nights most of us made for the canteen for a slap-up meal — two rissoles or fish cakes, mashed potato, green

The staff of the 'Unwin' YMCA hut, and Australian and British soldiers at Bhurtpore Barracks, Tidworth in England.

peas and gravy; for afters, it was apple pie and custard. We always topped up with a dozen penny bars of chocolate. This sumptuous meal cost one shilling and three-pence (about twelve cents). On my pay of one and sixpence a day ($1.05 a week) I could manage two canteen meals a week. It was a good supplement to our army rations. With plenty of exercise and sleep and regular meals we got by and were a pretty fit young bunch.

Things began to happen on completion of our three months 'bull ring' training. Many of our reinforcement group were sent on draft to France. All we under-age lads were lumped together and classified as 'A4'. There was an act of parliament (British) at the time, which precluded young troops from being sent to France before their nineteenth birthday. My army age at that time was seventeen and eleven months, having put up my age on enlistment by ten months. It was about this time that all the young lads helped to make history by voting in December on the second referendum on conscription. The authorities apparently considered that if we were old enough to fight for our country, then we should also be allowed to vote for it. Indeed many of us voted at least twice before we turned twenty one, at subsequent state or federal elections back home.

So as not to hinder the training of older reinforcements, the A4s were put on permanent guard (day on, day off) for some weeks. Many of us saw our first white Christmas that year. A party of us were sent out into the woods to gather holly and mistletoe and dragged home a yule log in true tradition for the officer's mess.

By this time, the A4 class was pretty well trained and very fit. Four of us were selected to attend an NCO course at a 'school' on Salisbury Plain. Each of us was to be given a stripe and were assured that we should have no trouble in passing the course. It was pointed out to us that we would be promoted to the rank of corporal, with extra duty pay of three shillings and sixpence a day, an alluring prospect. I declined, however, as I had not yet been to France, much to the disgust of our company commander, Lieutenant Riggs. It was not long after my eighteenth birthday and I was due to go on draft after the 25th of February. I was put on draft on 18 March and disembarked at Le-Havre the following day.

Mr Denman's experiences in France will be published in future issues.

John E. Price

A trip to Gallipoli 1985

IT had always been my ambition to visit Gallipoli and see my uncle's grave. He had been killed whilst serving with the 4th Battalion, Worcestershire Regiment, in front of Krithia on 6 August 1915, the day the Light Horse had charged at The Nek, and the British were landing to the north at Suvla Bay. 1985, the 70th anniversary year of the Dardanelles campaign, seemed to be an appropriate time and I hoped to be at Anzac Cove at dawn on 25th April.

On a map the distance between London and Istanbul looks extremely long, but fellow Commissionaire — and Society Member — Dennis McGowan, and I reckoned that the simplest way to reach the Gallipoli Peninsula, from Britain, would be by car. To make things a shade easier we hired a Renault 5 in Paris and drove right across Europe.

We were woefully unprepared, for having read so much about the campaign it just seemed natural that upon reaching our destination everything would be signposted and there would be somebody to direct us. Another error we made was to believe implicitly in credit cards. However, once we crossed into eastern Europe, we soon found that they were only of use to us in major cities. The Peninsula had only two small towns and about three villages; the banking facilities in these left much to be desired.

We booked into a no-star hotel at Eceabat — formerly known as Maidos — this being the nearest point to Anzac Cove. Of the town's 4 000 people very few spoke English. But once folk knew that we were from Australia they would point in a vague direction and chant 'Anzak'.

Generally speaking the Turks were curious about our interest in the region for, after all, to them the campaign had been a stunning victory and the fact that almost everyone of our dead could be accounted for was incomprehensible. During my

travels, over much of the Peninsula, it is doubtful that I saw more than three graves to Turks who died during the First World War.

Our first day was spent exploring the Helles sector, to the south, where the French and British had landed. I had since learned that my uncle had no known grave but was commemorated on the large memorial at Cape Helles, together with many thousands of others who had vanished from the face of the earth.

This was still, militarily, a sensitive area where cameras and tourists were not exactly welcome. One quickly gained the impression that there was a soldier watching our every move; not armed with a 1915 pattern rifle or machine gun, but with lethal NATO weaponry that they knew how to use. The region was sparsely signposted and, upon later visits, I realised that we must have passed within metres of famous named cemeteries.

The next day we crossed over to the important town of Canakkale, on the Asian side of the straits, but still experienced difficulty in obtaining cash from our cards. Dennis had been feeling unwell for days so, with his funds running low, decided to return to London, via Istanbul. We visited Anzac Cove, accompanied by a young Queenslander, but as it had been raining heavily our progress was limited. We managed to see most of the cemeteries along the beach road, but attempts to get inland were thwarted by mud.

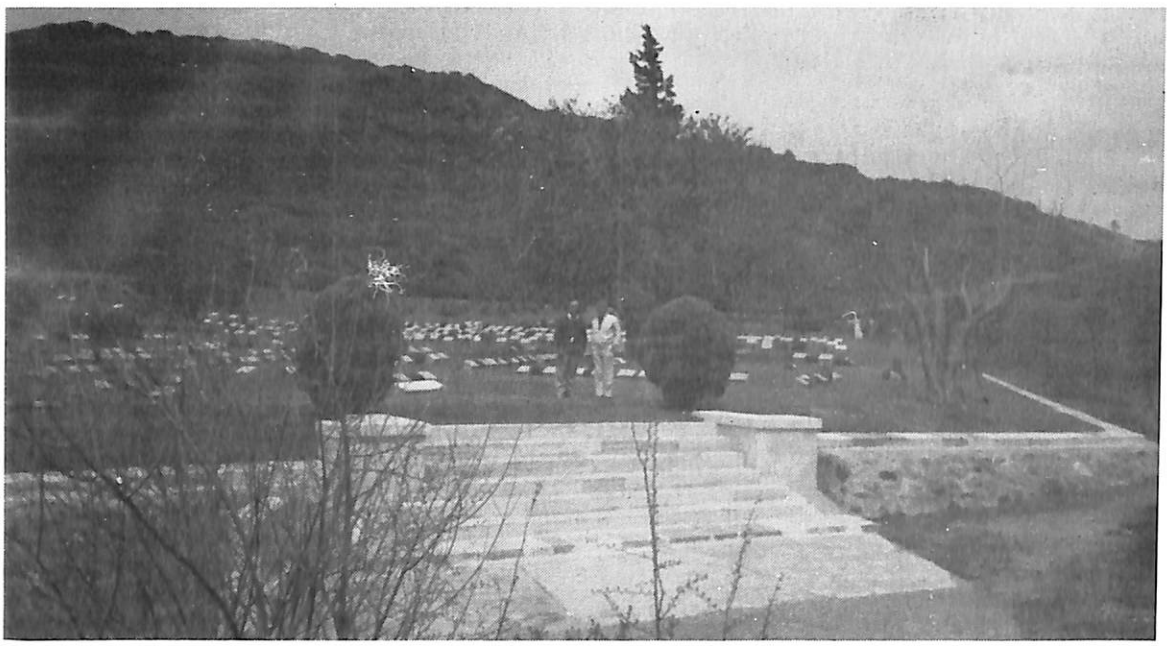
The next day, Sunday, I saw Dennis off on the Istanbul bus thinking it might be advisable for me to make tracks westwards myself. Then a casual remark by a local postman, whom I had befriended, put me on to an elderly professor living in Eceabat, who spoke English and knew the Peninsula like the back of his hand. When I visited him he welcomed me warmly and offered to show me all the battlefields. So I moved into his home, bought his food, supplied the transport — which not only took us everywhere, but bought back kindling for the fire and plants for his garden. In the four days that I spent with him we toured the Anzac area completely, climbing up to Plugge's Plateau, visiting Shell Green, Lone Pine, Chunuk Bair, Baby 700, The Nek and many other localities that are so familiar to Australians and New Zealanders.

We also ventured into the wild country, to the north, around Suvla Bay, the Salt Lake, and Lala Baba, places which tourists seldom visit. In short, I got to know and love the Peninsula.

I managed to get to 30 out of the 31 war cemeteries in the area. 'The Farm' cemetery defeated me, for it meant a steep climb down and an equally hazardous journey back.

The grave markers seem to be sculpted into the landscape, very different to the ones I later saw in the Ypres sector of the Western Front, primarily because the region is so isolated and the upkeep of each cemetery is a time-consuming task.

Lone Pine Cemetery, Gallipoli.



Shrapnel Valley, Gallipoli.

The texts on many tablets were heart-rending. You would commence to read but would break off, eyes would fill with tears and a lump come in the throat. I saw the graves of a 14 year-old and a few youths aged 15 and thought 'My God, they couldn't have started shaving!' The inscriptions were of the era just after the Great War, and very patriotic.

Tread softly on this soldier's grave. A mother's love lies here.

Only a boy, but a British boy, son of a thousand years.

A sniper was my brother Bill, we miss him then, we always will!

A quotation of Aeschylus — the Greek tragedian who lived some 500 years before the birth of Christ — appearing in his *The Agamemnon* often ran through my mind.

Beside the ruins of Troy they lie buried, these men so beautiful; there they have their burial place, hidden in a strange land.

Military historians are often accused of sabre rattling, but an afternoon visiting a war cemetery scales one down to size.

Regrettably, the guided tours had to end, for the facilities in Sabri's house were primitive and with a minor bowel disorder I needed medical attention; plus a shower or two. I crossed over to Cannakkale on the vehicular ferry and booked into a four-star hotel, where I suspect the staff thought that I was a 'hippy'. That was of very little consequence when hot showers, clean sheets and professionally cooked meals worked wonders.

The next day was spent trying to get to Kum Kale, the site of the abortive French landing. A narrow causeway, a mob of sheep, many tractors, plus an 'Off Limits' sign in four languages frustrated my efforts. So I had to be content in visiting Troy and delving into ancient military history.

The place did not inspire me the first time, but the next day when I took George and Shirley Lardner, from Seaforth, NSW, there I gradually acquired a sense of history. On the Monday the three of us went to the Anzac area — by which time my knowledge of the place was becoming quite professional — and a picnic lunch at Lone Pine rounded off the excursion admirably.

I put them on a small ferry, pointing them in the direction of southern Turkey, and headed down

towards Sedd-el-Bahr where I booked into a seasonal motel, the only accommodation available, with the feeling that I had jeopardised my original intentions — to be at Anzac Cove before dawn on the 25th April. Luckily, at the Cape Helles memorial, I bumped into a Welshman, David Saunders, and together we thoroughly explored the sector, blithely oblivious to any restrictive zones and gun-toting Turkish military personnel. At Pink Farm cemetery I spoke to an English lady who worked with a pen-pal of 25 years standing, whom I had never met.

Later, David and I visited the French cemetery, a grotesque monstrosity, far different to the landscaped serenity of the Commonwealth War Graves areas. We looked across to Troy from the base of the 42-metre high Turkish war memorial, now dominating the skyline.

But it was Anzac Eve and the Anzac sector was beckoning. With little fuel in my tank I headed northwards hoping to contact some Australians, although it was very disconcerting to be asked, by many perfectly straight-faced youngsters, if I had served at Gallipoli. At Ari Burnu, a father and two sons, from Sydney, were trying to scale the cliffs that had caused the deaths of many young Anzacs 70 years earlier. Giving them as much assistance as was possible I begged them to be there by dawn next morning.

I drove back towards Eceabat and saw Jeff Truscott, another Sydneysider, humping his pack towards the beaches. After refuelling I picked him up, as well as Darryl Mills from Yarra Glen, Victoria and we headed towards Gaba Tepe beach where a group of Australians had made an impromptu camp. Military police from the local *jandarma* post came along and chatted for a while but ruined a budding friendship when, fearful of scrub fires, they forcibly extinguished our camp-fire.

The long night was bitterly cold and any attempt at sleep was out of the question. Thankfully, 4.45 am on the 25th April 1985, we commenced our pilgrimage. On the way we met up with several others, all with the same idea. We must have resembled lost sheep for no one had the slightest idea of a rendezvous, or what to do when they got there.

Finally with just 15 minutes to first light we gathered at the Beach cemetery, within touching distance of the grave of John Simpson Kirkpatrick — of 'Simpson and the Donkey' fame. As streaks of light started to appear in the eastern sky I took the initiative and yelled 'Stand To'.

In the darkness a cultured Australian voice chided me saying 'Excuse me, but we're not having a Dawn Service this morning. An ABC camera crew will be along soon and there'll be a proper service in daylight.' Someone amongst our bunch suggested that the speaker visit a taxidermist and asked me to continue. My service was very short and simple, ending with the RSL ode. But that was all that was needed. The 'official' service was far too drawn out, catering for the vagaries of television cameras. When it finally ended we wearily headed back to our temporary base for a scratch breakfast and a clean up.

It was chaotic later that day and was doubtful if the Gallipoli Peninsula had ever experienced such an influx of motor vehicles. There were hundreds, bringing Australians, British, French, Indians, New Zealanders and Turks. Sightseers and pilgrims, as well as officials from every nation which had diplomatic representation in Turkey.

Pomp and ceremony were very much the order of the day. A new information centre was opened. The Turkish Government symbolically handed over Anzac Cove to the people of Australia. Senator Gietzelt, on behalf of our government, accepted it. The cavalcade proceeded to Lone Pine and Chunuk Bair for more ceremonies. But, after this, it was time for me to call it quits, leaving the cavalcade to travel down to the Cape Helles, French and Turkish memorials. Four of us bundled into a very small car and headed for Eceabat where we had a meal. Then saying cheerio to Darryl, we headed for Istanbul and the journey back to Paris. My trip to Gallipoli was over.

* * * * *

This paper was read by John Price at the Annual General Meeting of the Corps of Commissionaires (Victoria) Ltd., held at Anzac House, Melbourne on Thursday 28 August 1986.

Ronald White

'Our Boys' Noble Deeds — War and the school

Introduction

THIS article touches on attitudes in the school and community during 1914-18 war and also quotes extensively from the writings of Brigadier General H.E. 'Pompey' Elliott, one of the more popular military leaders of that period.

* * * * *

The 1914-18 war was a time of great patriotism in Australia, as the community busied itself in moral and material support for the soldiers in the field.

In Victoria during those years, state school children contributed magnificently in raising money, and providing many thousands of hand-made articles, such as shirts, socks, balaclavas, gloves, handkerchiefs, scarves, and other comforts for the troops. These efforts were actively encouraged by the State Director of Education, Frank Tate, who urged children and teachers to show their solidarity to the cause of the Empire. The *School Paper* of those days, a monthly publication, consisted mainly of articles, songs and poems concerning the war, helping to permeate the atmosphere of the schools with 'the spirit of loyalty and service'. In fact in 1915, a deputation which included the Lady Teachers' Association, requested that this paper contain 'less warlike' material.

Many army recruits had received some military experience through the Junior Cadet system, which was active in schools in the pre-war era.

Following the Armistice, churches, schools and other organizations established memorials to those who served in the great conflict. These were often beautiful boards of polished wood with gold lettering, or more imposing monuments in stone.

Director Tate not only urged schools to set up Honour Rolls of ex-students who were in the services, but also asked that 'a book of memories' be kept to record details of service, citations and other relevant information.

Ascot Vale Primary School No. 2608, in the suburbs of Melbourne, recently celebrated its centenary. It was typical of many of the larger state schools. It has an Honour Board for World War 1 containing close to 400 names. It also preserves a book *'Our Boys' Noble Deeds*, relating to many of the names on the board. Hand-printed on parchment and leather bound, this volume has an introduction by Brigadier General H.E. Elliot who, as a lieutenant colonel, commanded the 7th Australian Infantry Battalion on Gallipoli. While much of the record merely states date of enlistment, units and theatres of war, etc., there are several reports written by General Elliott concerning the deeds of some former students who served with the 7th Battalion. The introduction is reproduced below, together with the general's accounts of the following:

Captain Harold Barker.
Corporal A. McArthur.
Captain William Charles Scurry.

These make interesting reading, and reflect the spirit of the period.

Introduction
by Brigadier General H.E. Elliot
C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., D.C.M.

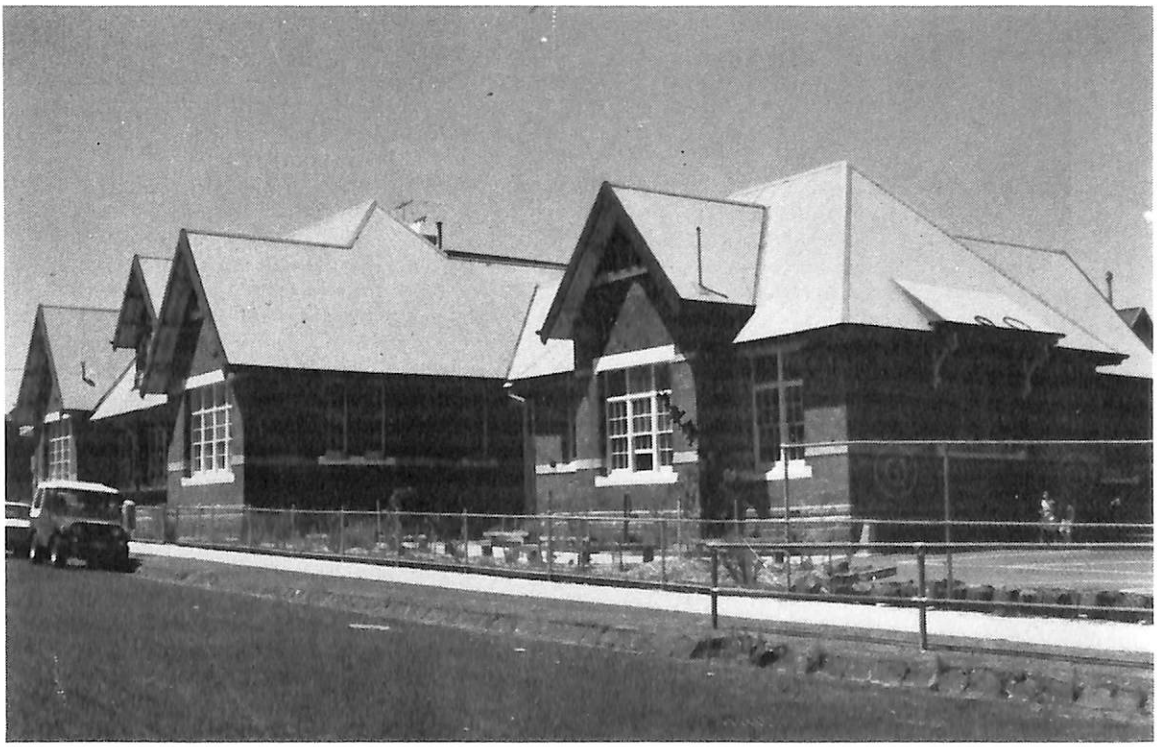
'In consequence of the invasion of the Belgian territory in August 1914, upon the outbreak of the war between Germany and France which followed as the outcome of the war just previously declared by Austria upon Serbia, the British Government delivered an ultimatum to the German Government to immediately withdraw her troops from Belgium, which Germany refused to do.

Many years before, a solemn treaty had been entered into by Germany, England, France and other powers, whereby the independence, integrity and international freedom of Belgium were guaranteed by the signatories.

It was the breach of this treaty, the famous tearing up of the "Scrap of Paper", as it was characterized contemptuously by the German Chancellor, that led immediately to the Great War 1914-1919.

Australia had grown for some 150 years from infancy to greatness and power, in peace and prosperity under the protective power of the British navy. Its colonists were almost entirely of British blood Britisand descent, and the great danger to the mother country was exposed in this

Ascot Vale (Vic.) State School, about 1914.



Ascot Vale School today.

crisis which found a ready response in the hearts of the Australians.

Corporal Burns, one of those who laid down their lives for their country in the deadly struggle which followed, well expresses this feeling of loyalty and duty to the mother country in his poem, written on his enlistment.

The bugles of England were blowing o'er the sea
As they had called a thousand years, calling now to me.
They woke me from dreaming at the dawning of the day.
The Bugles of England, and how could I stay?

The banners of England unfurled across the sea,
Floating out upon the wind were beckoning to me.
Storm-rent and battle-torn, smoke-stained and grey,
The Banners of England, and how could I stay?

O England, I have heard the cry of those that died for thee,
Sounding like an organ voice across the winter sea,
They lived and died for England and gladly went their way,
England, O England, how could I stay?

Amongst those who responded so promptly and gladly to the call, the men of Essendon and Ascot Vale were well to the front, and many of the old pupils of this State School nobly played their parts on the fields of Gallipoli, France and Palestine during the years which followed.

By the efforts of the Australian soldiers, in common with those of the other parts of the Empire and our allies, the enemy was defeated, and our own homeland spared from the ravages of war which despoiled many fair lands in Europe and elsewhere, and our freedom and liberty were preserved to us.

For their services Australia will hold them in everlasting honor and reverence. In pursuance of that respect and love which is a fitting tribute to the sacrifices on her behalf, this Book has been prepared, enshrining the names of those former pupils of this school who answered the call of Empire in this great struggle.'

"Their names shall live for evermore."

Barker, Harold. Captain

Brigadier General Elliot says of him:— 'One who distinguished himself above his fellows was Harold Barker. He enlisted in the 7th Battalion in August 1914, and was posted to the machine gun section under Lieut. Whitelaw. Soon afterwards he was

The Honour Roll.

promoted to the rank of Lance Corporal, and whilst holding that rank Barker landed with the battalion on the 25th day of April, 1915, at Gallipoli.

At the spot where the boat, in which his detachment was, grounded, the water was deep close to the shore, and into this her stern projected. Misfortune at once overtook the detachment in the loss of one of the three guns with which they were armed, through one of the men leaping overboard with it at the stern into the deep water as soon as the boat grounded, and being obliged to let the gun go to save himself.

The web belts carrying the ammunition for the guns also fell into the water, and after being with difficulty recovered, were found to have expanded and become temporarily useless. The detachment nevertheless pushed forward and were ordered by a staff officer to take up a position in the firing line beyond Monash Gully, where they were exposed to severe shell fire, and suffered heavy casualties.

Honour Board with names missed on main board. Below is the cabinet containing ***The Book of Noble Deeds.***

Corporal Golding had been mortally wounded on the beach, and Lieut. Whitelaw and Sergt. East Almond were speedily incapacitated by severe and dangerous wounds. Both guns were severely damaged and indeed almost destroyed.

The command of the detachment was thereupon assumed by Lance Corporal Barker, who managed from the remnants of the two guns to construct one serviceable weapon, and maintained it in action throughout that day and the succeeding days. This gun played a prominent part in checking the counterattacks of the Turks upon our position. Lance Corporal Barker thus won the Distinguished Conduct Medal, and was shortly afterwards promoted to commissioned rank. He served throughout the Gallipoli Campaign until the evacuation in December 1915. In France later on he was promoted to the rank of captain, and commanded the 2nd Brigade Machine Gun Company.

During a battle in the Somme area he was dangerously wounded.

It is to be remembered that the landing at Gallipoli was the baptism of fire of our boys, and they found themselves plunged at once into the inferno of modern warfare. Barker and his companions exhibited that initiative and enterprise which made the Australian soldier pre-eminent in war.'

McArthur, A. Corporal

'Corporal McArthur (says Brigadier General Elliott), answered the call to arms by enlisting immediately in the 7th Battalion. He had been a trainee of the 58th Battalion and enlisted when he was very young.

He was small in stature but sturdy in build, with a never-failing cheerfulness that was a valuable asset at the time when the camp at Broadmeadows was new and discomforts were prevalent. He at once received recognition despite his youth, but being raised to the rank of corporal. At the landing at Gallipoli, he was detailed to the first boat to push off from the ship, the naval pinnaces having failed to appear at the time fixed for them to convey the troops ashore.

It was therefore necessary to detail oarsmen to row ashore, and amongst those who undertook this duty was Corporal McArthur.

As this boat drew near the shore it was fired upon by a Turkish machine gun concealed upon the shore. The boat was pierced again and again, the rowers sank down dead or dying, whilst other kept their places, but still the boat kept on. A bullet tore through McArthur's thigh as he toiled at his oar, and severed his femoral artery; his blood spurted out in a crimson stream across the boat.

A comrade bent forward to assist him but McArthur rejected his aid crying "Never mind me.

I'm done." But though he knew that he was dying, he continued to pull at his oar until with the last drop of blood drained from his body, he fell forward dead.

It was a magnificent example of courage and devotion to duty, and McArthur and his comrades on this memorable occasion laid the foundation of the A.I.F. tradition, which it became a sacred duty to maintain, for King, Country, and the hallowed memory of the fallen of Anzac.'

Scurry, William Charles. Captain (later Major)

The following information is supplied by Brigadier General Elliott.

'One whose career shed lustre on his old school was William Charles Scurry, the younger, born 30th Oct. 1895.

It may be said of him at once that he was a natural soldier and a born leader of men.

As a boy of eighteen he could drill and handle a Battalion on parade with the assurance and confidence of a veteran soldier. He received his commission in the Essendon Rifles almost immediately after he joined.

He of course was amongst the first who volunteered, but owing to his extreme youth, was rejected. He then desired to resign his commission, and go in the ranks, but for a time this was not permitted. Nevertheless, a few months later, he was on his way to Gallipoli, and served during the later months there as a non-commissioned officer. It was not till the evacuation of the peninsula that he obtained his first chance to prove himself.

The great danger of the operation of evacuating the trenches and embarking in the face of a vigilant enemy was apparent, and as a means of misleading the enemy various plans were proposed; but that which received the most universal approval was one put forward by Corporal Scurry of the 7th Battalion.

This plan consisted of an ingenious device whereby rifles could be fired automatically from the trenches after all the men had left them, thus deceiving the enemy as to the time of the actual evacuation of the trenches by our troops.

The plan was adopted, and undoubtedly the ruse played a great part in the success of the operations. Corporal Scurry played his part well. He volunteered to remain with the rear party in the retreat to supervise the laying of the rifles and the final adjustment of his invention. For his services on this occasion he received the Distinguished Conduct Medal, and shortly afterwards was again promoted to commissioned rank.

He subsequently served in France, in command of the 15th Brigade Light Trench Mortar Detachment, the efficiency and discipline of which he maintained to a remarkable degree, and by his example did much to make this arm popular with the Infantry. For his services he received the Military Cross. Unfortunately the effects of a wound deprived him of his sight almost entirely, not long afterwards, and thus his country lost the service in the field of one who promised to be one of her most brilliant soldiers.

His unfailing cheerfulness despite this appalling misfortune, and the energy with which, upon his recovery, he devoted himself to the instruction of recruits for his arm of the service, formed a striking example to all who came in contact with him during the rest of the war.

In the War Museum (now the Australian War Memorial), there is to be found an example of the ingenious device whereby young Scurry so brilliantly solved the difficulty of the retreat in the face of the Turks.'

Conclusion

The book of 'Noble Deeds' is by no means a complete record of all who are named on the honour board. This may have been due to post war changes in school administrators with differing priorities, or perhaps to difficulties in obtaining details of ex-service personnel. Perhaps it was that many just wanted to forget the horrors through which they had lived.

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Paul Rosenzweig

The Brigadier and his Driver: aspects of the military occupation of Darwin, 1942-45

Many accounts of Darwin during the second world war tend to concentrate on the events surrounding 19 February 1942 — the date of the first Japanese air raids, when Australia for the first time felt the effects of foreign aggression. Conscripted while fleeing the confusion of the bombings, Victor Raymond served as Brigadier Max Dollery's driver during the latter half of the second world war, and was witness to a rather tumultuous Darwin. His account, and a brief biography of the Commander, NT Lines of Communication, add to the military history of the 'top end' of Australia.

THE Northern Territory has been the scene of some notable military activity over the past century and a half, its northern shore being well recognised as the gateway to Australia. Fort Dundas (1824-27) on Melville Island was the first of three British attempts to colonise the north, primarily in an effort to ensure that neither the French, Germans nor the Dutch could occupy the new land.

The most voluminous chapter in the military history of the NT is by far that of the hectic days of the 1939-45 war — the raids, the air battles and numerous special units of which little is yet known, including the NT Special Reconnaisance Unit, the North Australia Observer Unit, Darwin Mobile Force, and the Guerilla Warfare Groups.

Overall command of the 7th Military District (7MD), or NT Force as it became known in 1942, was vested in the General Officer Commanding, with his headquarters at Larrakeyah Barracks. For a short while however, with an invasion seemingly imminent, NT Force was moved down the Stuart Highway (the main, and only, north-south road link with, the rest of Australia); its Advanced HQ 22 km from Darwin and Rear HQ at Coomalie Creek some 34 km further south.

Much remains to be recorded of the NT's military history, particularly from the second world war when Australia's security was for the first time violated by a foreign aggressor.

Conscripted

Victor Raymond had just finished his night shift on the sanitary cart and was in town buying meat when the first Japanese planes droned overhead. He and his brothers were living in a house at Parap, and to earn a living took turns collecting Darwin's refuse and waste, depositing it behind the cemetery: little wonder that this is now one of Darwin's football grounds famous for its lush turf.

He recalls that as he ran for cover he passed two 'plonkos' in Cavenagh Street pointing at the aircraft and erroneously crying 'Yanks! Yanks!' He huddled in a drain as the bombers passed over, unleashing their payload minutes before 10 am and wreaking havoc on the town, after which he hurriedly boarded a truck bound for Adelaide River some 113 km south of Darwin. Upon reaching the river their truck was confiscated by the military and the refugees were herded into a compound, where they were left with little option other than to enlist. His 15 year-old brother Fred became a cook while Vic became a driver.

A Thursday Islander, Vic had left school at the age of 14 to work on the boats — 45-foot luggers —from which he would dive for cone-shells and abalone off the Queensland coast. Vic spent six years in the heavy uniform and helmet of a pearler, living on a diet of damper and treacle and earning £3/10/- a month. He had tried to join the Army at the age of 20 but his mother had refused her permission. After the bombs had fallen however, this was a formality easily overlooked in the compounds of Adelaide River.

Vic Raymond and his brothers were amongst many who fled from Darwin after the raids, although Vic was luckier than most. Initially chosen to be driver for Lieutenant Colonel Eastman, who had recently arrived as NT Force's Assistant Adjutant-General, Vic was soon 'transferred' to Brigadier Dollery, Commander of NT Lines of Communication. His posting caused a little embarrassment at first as his mates would deride him each time he drove past in the highly polished staff

car with pennant flying. The rebukes became more vigorous as he would cruise past his mates on one of their many route marches around the area.

Brigadier E.M. Dollery, MVO, OBE, MC, MIARE

The brigadier was in his forties, recalled Vic, and was greying and losing weight, although he still looked remarkably fit for his age. He was very quiet about his service in the Great War, particularly about the Military Cross he had earned during the heavy fighting on the Somme.

Born in Hobart on 21 April 1897, the only son of a Royal Navy officer from Portsmouth, Edwin Maxwell Dollery had been educated at Hutchins School and Queen's College. An electrical engineer in the PMG at the time of his enlistment, he was commissioned in the 93rd Infantry Regiment, and in 1916 joined the 12th Battalion, Australian Imperial Force.

In late August 1918 the young platoon commander rushed a German position, breaching the line near Chuignes. After he had consolidated, he chased some machine-gunners out of Olympia Wood but his party was unfortunately mistaken for Germans by a company of the neighbouring 11th Battalion. Dollery and his men took what cover they could while their compatriots did their best to finish them off, emerging relatively unscathed at daybreak.

A graduate of Duntroon (1921), Dollery was selected to specialize in supply and transport work and was closely associated with the development of mechanisation in the Australian Military Forces. In 1943 he was promoted to brigadier and posted to Darwin as Commander, NT Lines of Communication. He had as his aide the tennis player Colin Long (from the same vintage as Jack Crawford), while his batman was Steve Abala who after the war became a respected Darwin sportsman. Dollery, Long, Abala and their driver Vic Raymond travelled widely, visiting the vast array of military units and camps in the Territory, the companionship of the crowded vehicle being especially welcomed during the dusty eight-day journey to Alice Springs.

While being the Brigadier's driver had its disadvantages such as the enormous distances to be traversed, often on very primitive tracks and in appalling weather, Vic did have some obvious benefits. He frequently swam in the cool clear waters just down from the Officers' Mess although this area was out-of-bounds to all military personnel for it was the ladies' swimming beach. When caught by the provosts during one of their regular patrols he would simply convince them of his identity and nothing further would be said. The RAAF boats would often visit however, and the airmen would swim in to meet the ladies. At the appearance of the provosts they would scatter and briskly swim back to their craft, leaving Vic on the shore to bear the brunt of the provosts' wrath.

Most military activity in Darwin was concentrated at Larrakeyah Barracks which had been completed in 1938 after five years of construction. The buildings were well designed for the tropics, and most had punkahs to ventilate the rooms. One night during a formal dinner the aboriginal orderlies failed to appear — their task being to operate the punkahs. The responsiblity for ventilating the mess fell upon Victor, although the brigadier's aide, Colin Long, ensured that Vic did not suffer unduly.

One of Victor's regular tasks was to take the dirt road to the wharf and meet the incoming ships to obtain cheap drinks for the officers' mess. On one occasion, the men of the 'working platoon' acquired a crate of beer and, upon their return to Adelaide River, held an enormous party. The next day Vic had been sent to Adelaide River to collect a letter for the brigadier and found all his mates in the local lock-up — still intoxicated.

The Provost-Major at first wanted Vic locked away for compliance, but was soon convinced that not only was the brigadier's driver innocent but that he was a fit man to defend the accused.

The orders, decorations and medals of Brigadier Max Dollery, MVO, OBE, MC.

Vic managed to have the case dismissed by convincing the authorities that they had become drunk on locally made 'jungle-juice', so the workers were released and the hunt for the brigadier's beer continued. The missing bottles never were found, although an account of the mystery was later published in the *Bulletin* by Captain David McNicholl. The bottles had apparently been dropped into the Adelaide River to hide the evidence. Of course, later in the war they became invaluable, so when the workers felt like a drink (being islanders with years of experience from the pearling luggers) they would simply dive from the bridge to recover their precious bounty.

NT Force

At the end of February 1942 the General Officer Commanding 7MD held responsibility for the military administration of the Northern Territory, while on 9 March the whole area north of Alice Springs came completely under military control. On 9 April General Blamey reorganised the disposition of the army in Australia, the recently returned 6th Division moving to the NT and absorbing 7MD, becoming known as 'NT Force'.

GOC NT Command and 7MD at the time of the first raids was Major General D.V.J. Blake, whose command at this time was not held in high regard. The official historian records that under Blake, the troops became restless and discontented, the tension between AIF and Militia became explosive, and there were many complaints that his deployment of units was tactically unsound. He was replaced on 24 March 1942, just five days after the disastrous first raids.

The succession of General Officers Commanding was as follows:

24 Mar 42 - 11 Aug 42
Maj-Gen E.F. Herring, DSO, MC, ED

12 Aug 42 - 14 Mar 43
Maj-Gen J.E.S. Stevens, DSO, ED

15 Mar 43 - 28 Oct 44
Maj-Gen A.S. Allen, CB, CBE, DSO, VD

28 Oct 44 - 28 Feb 45
Brig R.H. Nimmo (Adm. Comd)

01 Mar 45 - 15 Jan 46
Maj-Gen J.J. Murray, DSO*, MC, VD

It is interesting to note that each of these officers, as well as the four commanders of 7MD from 1933 exception to 1941,[1] have been honoured with the naming of a Darwin street in their memory — with the sole exception of General Blake.[2]

The remains of one of the many camps which were established throughout the NT during the war. In this camp up-turned beer bottles were half buried to mark out paths and boundaries, and also to leave a tangible reminder of the engineers' presence. Any information on 'Camp Liberton' or 'No 3 Platoon RAE' would be greatly appreciated.

The memorial constructed by NT Force at Larrakeyah Barracks in honour of the first three garrisons in the territory: Fort Dundas (1824-27), Fort Wellington (1827-29) and Victoria (1838-49). Comprising stones from the original buildings, it stands outside HQ Norforce, formerly HQ 7MD and, during the second world war, HQ NT Force.

Larrakeyah Barracks was Vic's home during the war years, although he spent much time shuttling between the barracks and the various top end camps at a time when the Stuart Highway could only loosely be described as a 'highway' — clouds of fine white dust being visible for miles. General Murray was a particularly popular GOC, and Vic often had the duty of driving him around the various units, together with his batman Bob Bates. He was brother of Tom Bates the Mess Corporal (later Sergeant) of the Larrakeyah Barracks Officers' Mess.

In his 'memoirs', a short collection of contemporary anecdotes of life in the General's Mess, Bates attests to the GOC's 'sense of fun'. Vic Raymond recalls that often they would depart Flagstaff House with a strict military formality, leave the barracks gate and turn past the hospital, and then he and the General would break into song, 'just like two old drunks!', while the provosts stood bemused on the roadside, saluting.

During its brief existence, NT Force was responsible for much development in the top end, including roads and dams. On the lawns outside the NT Force HQ (now the headquarters of the North West Mobile Force) stands a memorial to the NT's early military garrisons, built using stones from the original buildings. Another memorial was constructed in 1944 in a combined effort with the RAN — a gateway and porch at the entrance to Christ Church on Smith Street, built 'as a tribute to the memory of those members of all services who died while on active service in the Northern Territory during the second world war'.

Subsequent careers

Brigadier Dollery was posted to Brisbane in 1945 as Commander, Queensland Lines of Communication Area, while Colonel Eastman was posted to Siam as Australia's political representative, later Siam's first Australian Consul-General. He took Steve Abala with him while Vic went to Brisbane with the Brigadier. This was the last Vic saw of his good friend Steve, except for some newsreel footage of Colonel Eastman overseas talking to some senior officers, with Steve Abala in the background eating an apple.

Steve Abala went on to serve in Korea, but rose to prominence in Darwin as a sportsman, eventually dying on the field. Well respected in soccer (Stuart Park), rugby (Navy) and basketball (Urgers), he gained most notoriety as captain of the Buffalos (Australian Rules) and winner of the coveted Nicholls Medal.

After taking his discharge at Wacol, Victor returned to Darwin and was employed with the Department of Transport and Works until his recent retirement. Ironically one of his first tasks

was to return to Larrakeyah Barracks, to erect a safety fence along the high cliffs of Emery Point.

Brigadier Dollery was subsequently Director of Quartering (1946-47) and Deputy Quarter-Master General (1947) at Army HQ, while in 1947 he assumed command of 6 Military Distict and Tasmania Command in his home state. He held this position until the time of his retirement in 1952 at the age of 55.

For his distinguished service as Tasmanian Marshal for the 1954 Royal Tour he was created a Member of the Royal Victorian Order (MVO), while for his distinguished services in the second world war he was appointed an Officer of the Order of the British Empire (OBE). After these he wore his GVR Military Cross and first world war campaign medal pair, followed by his five campaign stars and medals of 1939-45 (including the 8th Army bar on the Africa Star), and lastly the coronation medal of Queen Elizabeth II. A fine group of eleven, they are on permanent display in the Hobart Museum.

Notes

1. Lieutenant Colonel C.A. Clowes, DSO, MC (1933-1936); Lieutenant Colonel W.W. Whittle, (1936-1939); Colonel H.C.H. Robertson, DSO (1939-1940); Colonel W.A.B. Steele (1940-1941). Major General Blake assumed command 1 September 1941.

2. There does exist in Darwin a Blake Street but this is attributed to the first Regional Manager of the Darwin radio station 5DR, Mr Blake Rae, who died in 1953.

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V. Raymond, Personal communications, 27 April; 30 April 1986.

Acknowledgements

I am indebted to Mr Victor Raymond for the opportunity to discuss various aspects of his time in Darwin.

Panorama of the hillside just outside Adelaide River where NT force established themselves following the bombing of Darwin in February 1942. The concrete foundations can clearly been seen, and tracks can only vaguely be distinguished between sites.

Peter Stanley

The Soldiers on the Hill: the defence of Whyalla 1939-1945

Part 7: 1943 'Whyalla Defences'

WHEN on Christmas day 1942 the soldiers on the hill awoke from their after-dinner snooze they returned to their duties in defence of Whyalla's iron and shipbuilding industries. The searchlight company spent a less enjoyable Christmas than did Captain Moorfoot's gunners, for between Christmas eve and Boxing day it moved from tents at the foot of Hummock Hill to the former naval barracks at the shipyard basin. Captain Nash was happy with his company's quarters, describing them as 'somewhat luxurious'. The fly-proof barracks had an excellent kitchen and even refrigerators. The only disadvantage seemed to be that the barracks were alongside the fitting-out wharf and 'it was somewhat noisy ... the shipbuilding ... went on 24 hours per day'. The sappers acquired a ship's bell and a bulldog mascot. The bell used to call men back to the barracks, the bulldog kept unwanted visitors away:

> He used to spend his day under a corner of a building near the entrance gate ... Anyone not wearing an Army uniform would soon have an ankle firmly fixed in the big sloppy mouth. And they could only be released on instructions from a unit member.

Searchlights were mounted at the quarry on Hummock Hill, and later on were installed near the shipyard basin.[1] From February 1943 Captain Moorfoot's force was officially designated 'Whyalla Defences', and about this time reached the height of its operational efficiency. The month also saw the defenders' first serious wartime alarm.

On the evening of St Valentine's day Whyalla police station received a telephone message reporting a 'suspicious person' near Dunstan's Quarry, just beyond the tramway north-west of the town. Captain Moorfoot sent a detachment of gunners to investigate, which found two 'prepared unlit fires'. Two days later intelligence officers from Adelaide visited Whyalla in connection with what the battery's war diary referred to as 'happenings'. On the 20th, in all likelihood coincidentally, Whyalla Defences was placed on the alert. It may have been on this occasion, which Jack Clayton recalls, when a message was flashed onto the screen of the Ozone open-air cinema advising 'All army personnel report immediately to the hill'. South Australia's defenders were ordered to implement 'extra precautions on account of submarine sighted in southern waters'.[2]

The alarm was, as it happened, false, but the precautions were not entirely unfounded. On 8 February the BHP ore-carrier *Iron Knob*, bound for Whyalla, had been torpedoed off the south coast of New South Wales with the loss of 36 lives. The *Iron Knob* was the third ship to go down enroute to Whyalla in a year: the *Iron Chieftain* had been sunk on 3 June 1942 and the *Iron Crown* the following day, with a total loss of 49 dead.[3] It is now known that no Japanese submarine operated west of Cape Howe — indeed it seems that they did not have the range to do so.[4]

Danger from seaward attack — however remote — had been acknowledged in January 1943 when the battery assumed a coastal artillery as well as an anti-aircraft role. This change required 26th Heavy Anti-Aircraft Battery's officers and men to acquire new skills. Despite their relative unfamiliarity the gunners responded as they had to their introduction to anti-aircraft gunnery the previous year, and learned quickly. At the battery's first coastal artillery shoot, held on 27 January, its gunners scored six direct hits out of nineteen rounds.[5]

The new role also brought changes for Captain Nash's searchlight company. Lights had now to be directed at sea-borne targets at elevations below zero. Both the parapets of their enplacements and the light mountings had to be modified, and because the lights had been designed to point upwards, directing the beams horizontally led to problems in clearing fumes from the arcs and affected the surfaces of the lights' mirrors. A plotting system for the unaccustomed role had also to be improvised, and not until March was a coast plotting room begun.[6]

During the first three months of 1943 Captain Nash's company conducted four searchlight training exercises in co-operation with aircraft of Spencer's Gulf Aero Club. While anti-aircraft and searchlight units were stationed at Whyalla the club's pilots flew 368 hours in daylight and 40 at

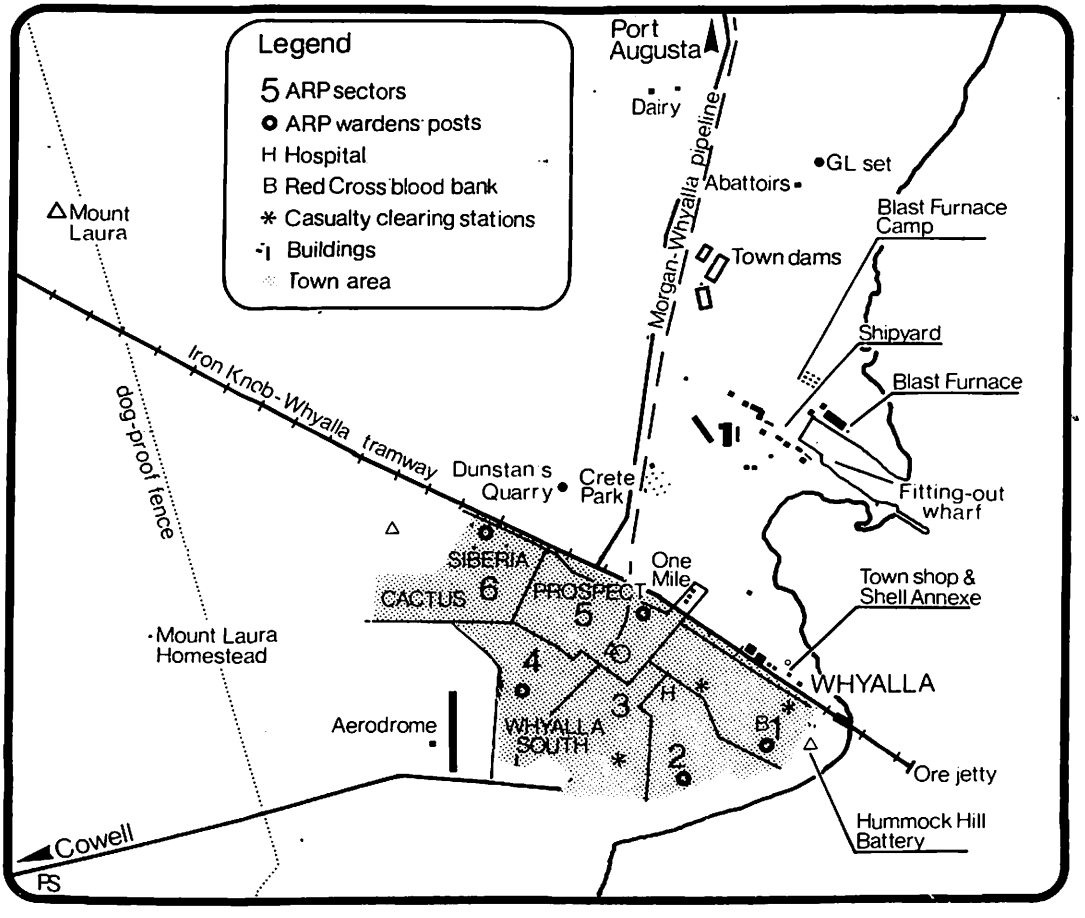
night in training exercises. The night exercises, which had begun in July 1942, were especially demanding, and even hazardous. Jack Kellow, who flew for the searchlight sappers on several occasions, recalled how one night he took up with him Leith Richards, an advanced pupil:

> I said to Leith, 'You can do the turn, and I'll have a look outside'. About half-way round the turn, whilst I was not watching the Instruments, Leith's turn started to go astray, with the nose dropping and the aircraft commencing a spiral dive. The impression I had, looking out from the cockpit, was that I was looking up in the sky, and the searchlights were shining *down* on me from *above*. Nothing would shake this impression, and the sensation was horrible. I had to use some will-power to stick my head back in the office and sort things out, believing what the Instruments indicated, and ignoring my sensations.

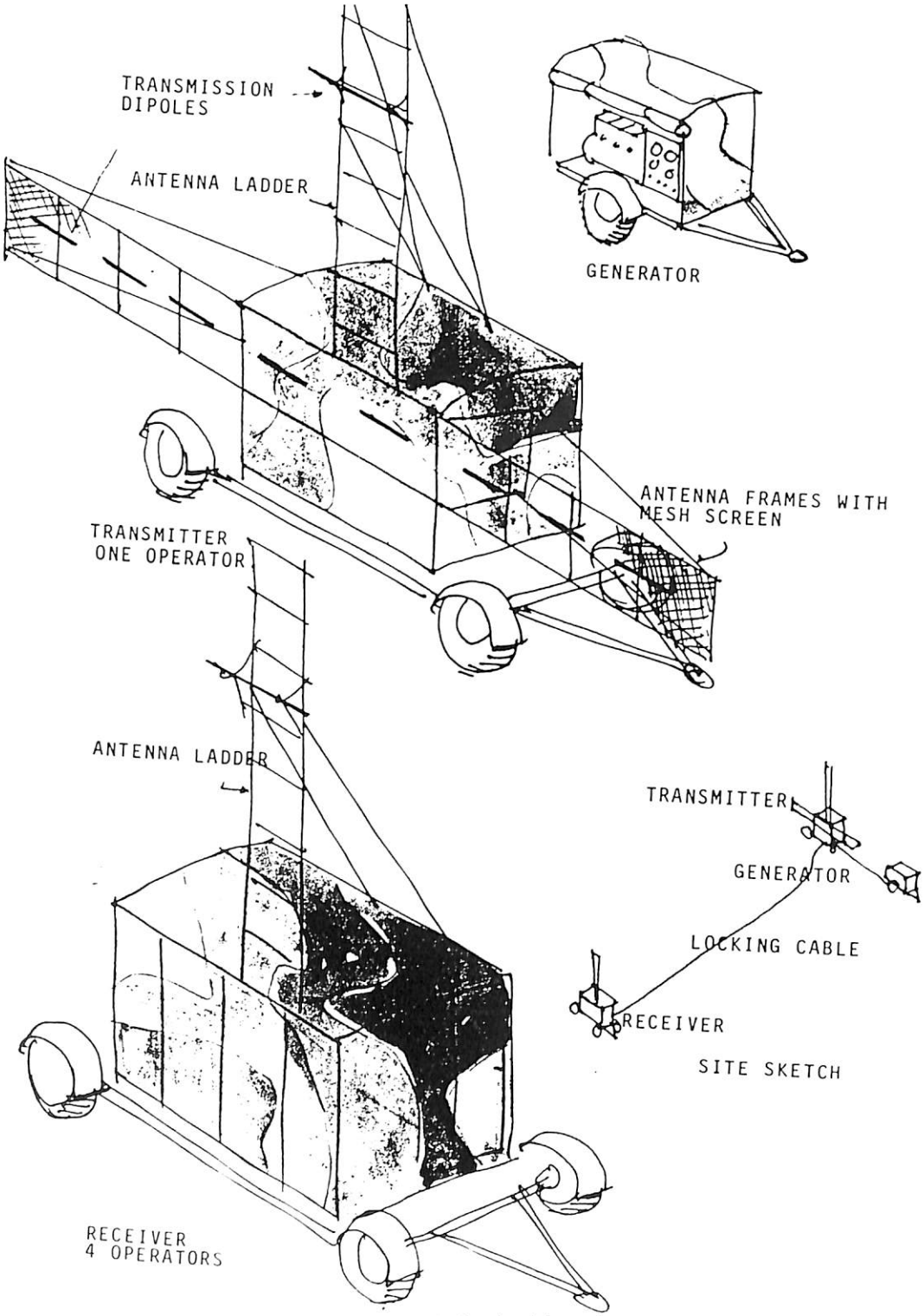
After several flights, Mr Kellow suggested that for the last five minutes of each exercise he would try to escape from the searchlight beams. He recalled that he managed to evade the beams 'more often than not'.[7]

In contrast to the searchlight company's somewhat improvised coastal defense system, the last refinement to reach Whyalla's defences represented the most advanced artillery aid then available. In March 1943 radar equipment, known as an RDF (Radio Direction Finding) or GL (Gun Laying) set, was landed from the steamer *Moonta* at the blast furnace wharf. At least one member of the battery (Sergeant Harvey Grey) had attended a radar course in Sydney, and with ten men set up his equipment at an isolated site in the salt bush beyond the town's abattoir.

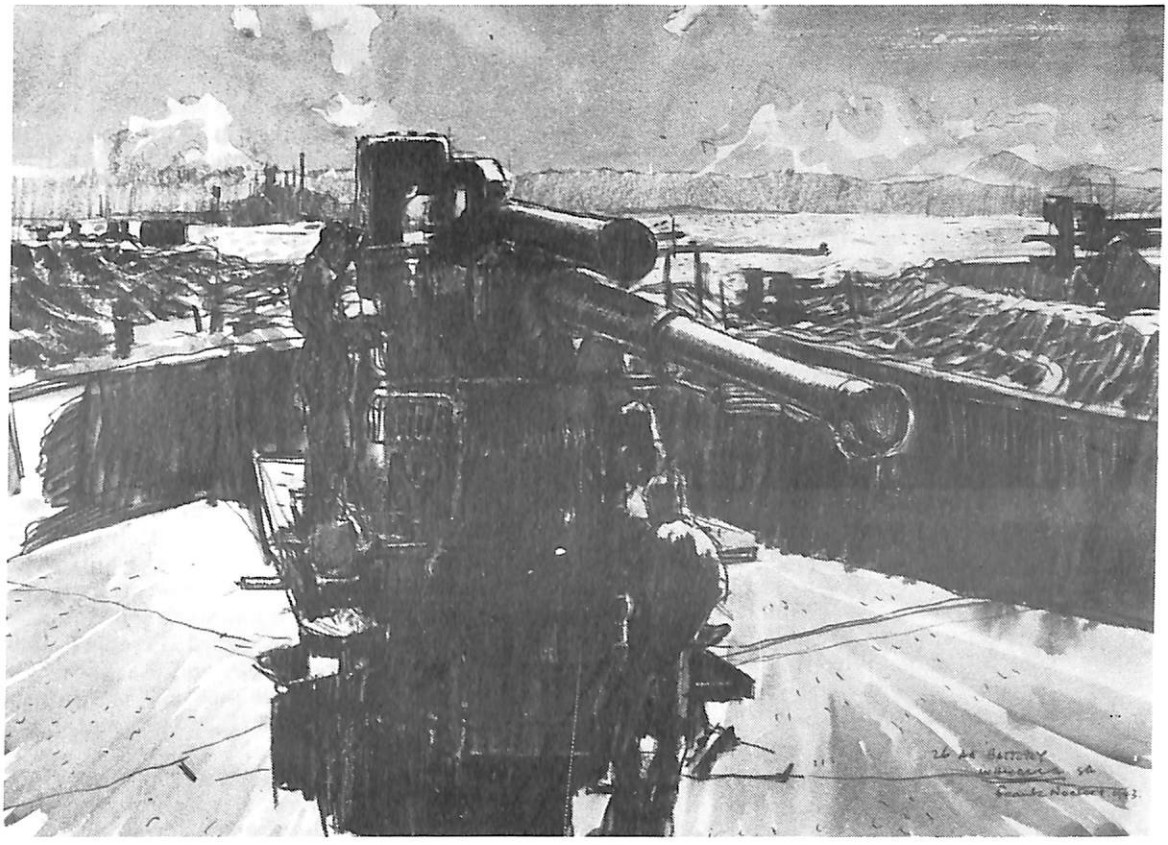
The GL set, consisting of a generator, a signal transmitter and a receiver, was primarily a warning



Whyalla town and the blast furnace and shipyard, showing the locations of the Hummock Hill and the GL set. The map also shows ARP sectors and the location of Dunstan's Quarry. Crete Park, on Port Augusta road, was a hostel for BHP workers opened in 1941.



Mr Don Dewar's sketch of the 26th Heavy Anti-Aircraft Battery's GL set. Mr Dewar was a member of the set's crew.



Frank Norton's 3.7 Battery, Hummock Hill *was painted when the war artist visited Whyalla in May 1943 after his return from the Mediterranean theatre. This view shows the gun emplacement on the northern side of the hill, overlooking the BHP town shop, with the blast furnace in the distance. (Australian War Memorial).*

and aiming aid for the Hummock Hill battery. Its information would have enabled the battery's plotting room to send up a predicted barrage against attacking bombers.

The set required great skill to operate, particularly in interpreting the coloured 'pips' displayed on the operators' screens. The Whyalla operators, however, obtained little practice besides the daily De Havilland Dragon Rapide flights to and from Adelaide and Fairey Battle training flights from Port Pirie. No special flights seem to have been arranged between the army and air force to train the GL set's crew, though it is possible that the GL operators took advantage of the participation of Battle drogue-towing aircraft in the several practice shoots organized during the year.

The battery's radar set was regarded as being highly secret, and its crew maintained a constant guard over the site. The heart of the set, a 'pulse modulator' which emitted the radar signal, was so secret that it was mounted alongside an explosive charge and was to be destroyed in the event of possible capture. This sophisticated equipment completed the battery's efficiency.[8]

Whyalla differed from most, if not all, defended areas in south-eastern Australia in that members of the Australian Women's Army Service (AWAS) were never stationed there. AWAS were permitted to be posted to anti-aircraft defences from mid-1942, and in September of that year Captain May Douglas, the AWAS commandant in South Australia, visited Whyalla to discuss arrangements for AWAS to serve there. The battery's war diary does not reveal the result of this conference, though within ten days the rumour that AWAS were to arrive appeared in the *Whyalla News*. Nothing further, however, occurred during the remainder of 1942.[9]

On 2 January 1943 sappers from 65 District Commander Royal Engineers (DCRE; an RAE unit stationed across Spencer Gulf at Terowie), arrived in Whyalla to survey accommodation for AWAS, and on 25 January a party of fifteen AWAS from the 58th Anti-Aircraft Company arrived from Adelaide.

They were not, however, to be a permanent part of Whyalla's garrison, having come only to participate in a two-day exercise. It seems that Captain Douglas' lack of success in having AWAS join Whyalla Defences was due to Captain Moorfoot's opposition to their presence. Sergeant Maddern recalled that his commander was 'very much against' AWAS, perhaps seeing them as a potentially disruptive influence for his young men. It is possible that the exercise in January was arranged not so much to further the AWAS' military training as to persuade Moorfoot that they represented no threat to his unit's discipline.[10]

In any case, no AWAS postings followed, and in April another AWAS officer, Colonel Sybil Irving, visited Whyalla to discuss the matter. Moorfoot seems to have remained obdurate, for in May the Deputy Assistant Adjutant General of South Australian L of C Area Headquarters recorded that Land Headquarters had approved Whyalla's defences to be 'manned by male personnel only'. Moorfoot had apparently succeeded in convincing senior AWAS that Whyalla was an unsuitable location for women soldiers. South Australian AWAS Headquarters recorded that Whyalla's 'accommodation and environment were found to be unsuitable'. This conclusion is remarkable; Whyalla's population at that time included at least three thousand women of all ages and many hundreds of young children and, even though its climate is not ideal, AWAS were posted to isolated locations in northern Australia to live in even more primitive accommodation than Hummock's Hill's unlined tin barracks.

Once made, however, the decision was not rescinded, and the story of Whyalla's wartime defence remains primarily a male one. Rather aptly, Moorfoot had persuaded Colonel Irving of Whyalla's unsuitability on April Fools' day![11]

Though Captain Moorfoot was able to oppose successfully the posting of women to his battery, he was never able to solve satisfactorily the difficulties he encountered in maintaining the complex equipment which formed the key to the defences. The story of Whyalla's gun and searchlight workshop units is a pitiful one, which illustrates the difficulties of a small isolated force in what soon became a backwater of Australia's military war effort.

For the first eight months of the battery's time at Whyalla technical maintenance seems to have been undertaken by the state's army ordnance workshops. The raising of the 26th Anti-Aircraft Workshop Section (AAWSS) and the 69th Anti-Aircraft Searchlight Workshop Section (AASLWSS) was authorized in August 1942. They were to consist of 38 and 25 men respectively, comprising electricians, fitters, armourers, and several other kinds of artificers. The sections were slow to form, however. Not until November did five men of 26 AAWSS arrive at Whyalla, and in January 1943 (by which time it had become part of the newly-formed Australian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers) most of its members were still at Keswick, in Adelaide. Not until March 1943 did the section parade at Whyalla as a separate section, and with a strength of fifteen was well short of its establishment. It did, however, succeed in erecting a workshop at the Hummock Hill camp early in 1943 (after having borrowed a shed from BHP), and despite its difficulties in attaining its war establishment performed vital maintenance work in trying conditions. In October 1943 the section was transferred to the Adelaide Fortress Workshop, and seems to have thereafter sent men to Whyalla when required.[12]

The experience of 69 AASLWSS was briefer and even less productive. By December 1942 it had only one electrician working on Captain Nash's searchlights — presumably, as in the anti-aircraft battery, the unit's members themselves carried out minor repairs or routine maintenance. The workshop section's diary for March 1943 records that it had no commanding officer and that some of its tools were on loan to the gun workshop section and the rest were 'lying idle'. The entries for April, May and June read simply, 'this unit is still not functioning'. In October 1943 (69th Anti-Aircraft Searchlight Battery having marched out in September) the workshop section was disbanded, having for most of its existence only once risen above a strength of ten members.[13]

The difficulties which South Australian L of C Area Headquarters encountered in finding artificers to maintain the guns and searchlights at Whyalla reflected those of the Australian Military Forces as a whole. Whyalla's defenders, like those of other defended areas in southern Australia, were less likely to see action with each passing month. The state was therefore regarded increasingly as a source of 'manpower' for units in operational areas to the north. Already in 1942 less fit 'B' class soldiers were more likely to be employed in logistic and training units in southern Australia, and in 1943 inroads were made on operational but essentially inactive units such as Whyalla's. In January staff officers visited Whyalla to locate tradesmen able to be diverted to engineer units in the north, and February saw the first group of gunners leave Whyalla. Thirteen men marched out to go (eventually) to heavy anti-aircraft units defending the base at Milne Bay, and in March 24 men were transferred to a light anti-aircraft unit.[14]

Despite the mild excitement of the submarine alarm in February, it became clear during the opening months of 1943 that Whyalla's defenders would not see action unless the Allies experienced a dramatic change of fortune in the Pacific war. A

war correspondent (probably John Hetherington) visiting Whyalla in mid-year found the young gunners of 26th Heavy Anti-Aircraft Battery keen but frustrated by inaction. 'You should have been here yesterday', one is reported to have told him, 'We had a practice shoot and our gun got the target twice. I only wish it had been _____ Jap planes we were shooting at'. Another is supposed to have said that he had been at Whyalla for almost a year, 'And man, am I hungry for a bit of real war'.

Even if these bellicose words were not literally spoken by Captain Moorfoot's men, they seem to accurately convey the feelings of Whyalla's defenders as the front line in the south-west Pacific moved away from Australia's doorstep, out of Papua and into New Guinea. Many of the soldiers on the hill would experience the real war soon enough, but not in Whyalla. The second half of 1943 would see changes in Whyalla's defenders.[15]

Notes

1. Letter, Mr Stuart Nash to author, 2 February 1981.
2. AWM 52, 4/16/29, War Diary, 26 HAAB, February 1943; interview, Mr Jack Clayton.
3. G. Hermon Gill, *Royal Australian Navy 1942-1945*, Canberra, 1968, pp. 75-77; 253.
4. Communication from Captain Chouwa Takezoe, Japanese Maritime Self Defence Force, 23 January 1981.
5. War Diary, 26 HAAB, January 1943.
6. AMW 52, 4/11/25, War Diary, 69 AASL Coy, January-March 1943; letter, Mr Stuart Nash to author, 2 February 1981.
7. War Diary, 69 AASL Coy, January-March 1943; *Whyalla News*, 2 November 1945; letter, Mr Russell Matthews to author, 27 August 1981; typescript reminiscence of Mr Jack Kellow, p. 77.
8. War Diary, 26 HAAB, March 1943; typescript reminiscence of Mr D. Dewar.
9. War Diary, 26 HAAB, September 1942; *Whyalla News*, 18 September 1942.
10. AWM 52, 5/8/26, War Diary, 65 DCRE, January 1943; War Diary 69 AASL Coy, January 1943; questionnaire, Mr J. Maddern.
11. War Diary, 26 HAAB, April 1943; 1/7/27, SA L of C Area HQ, DAAG, Memo 18 May 1943; 1/7/28, SA L of C Area HQ AWAS, May 1943.
12. War Diary, 1/7/26 HQ 4 MD DAAG, August 1942, October 1943; 14/16/8, War Diary, 26 AAWSS, September 1942 - October 1943.
13. 14/23/8 War Diary, 69 AASLWSS, August 1942 - October 1943.
14. AMF General Routine Orders, A.307, 14 August 1942; War Diary, 26 HAAB January 1943; War Diary 4 MD HQ DAAG, February 1943.
15. *Advertiser*, 31 July 1943.

Notes on Contributors

Clem Sargent has been a member of the Society since 1959 and Federal Secretary since 1978. His interests are the history of the Peninsular War 1808-1814 and the Peninsular Veteran in Australia. He is currently researching the service of the 48th Regiment in New South Wales 1817-1824 under an Australian War Memorial Grant and is also involved in the production of a history of the Royal Australian Survey Corps.

Julie Russell has been a member of the ACT Branch of the MHSA for seven years and since the beginnning of this year has been running MHSA Books. She has been a collector of military ephemera and books for some years and works at the Australian War Memorial.

Bert Denman is a recent contributor to *Sabretache*. Some details of his career are published in this issue, together with his second contribution to the journal.

John Price has wide interests in history and is the author of a number of books and articles. He is a regular contributor to *Sabretache*.

Ron White has made several contributions to *Sabretache*. A graduate in science and education from Melbourne University, he recently retired from the Victorian Education Department. He saw service during the 1939-45 war with the CMF and the RAAF.

Apart from his interest in military matters, he has also investigated and written some local and school histories.

Paul Rosenzweig is a medal collector as well as a historian and is a frequent contributor to *Sabretache* and other journals.

Peter Stanley is a noted writer on military history and has published a number of books and articles. His latest book is *The remote garrison: The British Army in Australia*.

Book Reviews

Don Charlwood, *No Moon Tonight*, Penguin, Ringwood, 1987, 189 pp. RRP $6.95.

With the benefit of hindsight it is easy for historians to freely criticise decisions which in the exigencies of the time appeared valid. The Allied strategic bombing offensive has attracted such comments, particularly in the policy of area bombing German cities. Recent historians, most notably Max Hastings and Norman Longmate, have attempted in the light of new sources released by the Public Record Office to impartially analyse the impact of the campaign. *No Moon Tonight* is Don Charlwood's account as an RAAF navigator on an RAF heavy bomber squadron in the winter of 1942/1943 when the campaign was approaching its peak.

RAF Bomber Command aircrew were expected to complete a first tour of thirty operations, and after a break of at least six months as instructors, a second tour of twenty operations. The probability of completing the first tour was remote. Many crews were lost during their first five operations, a period during which Charlwood believed that crews, with luck, began to acquire a knowledge of operational routine. After surviving the first five operations, by more luck than skill, the chances of finishing the tour seemed to improve.

Bomber Command staff considered a 4% casualty rate acceptable. Casualties varied on each operation with some squadrons suffering periods of constant losses. Whilst Charlwood was with 103 Squadron he witnessed a steady flow of replacements as 'men appeared but we seldom learned to know their names ... often they did not have time to unpack their kit before they, too, were lost'.

Charlwood, at his first briefing, was surprised by the Intelligence Officer's conclusion that the aim was to break German workers' morale. He questions the achievements of the campaign, but aircrew as part of a military system, were committed to its demands. The first loyalty to the other members of the crew remained and individual thoughts or doubts had to be suppressed.

The reality of the campaign was distanced from the aircrew. It was difficult to visualise the in-habitants of a German city, and all too easy to become accustomed to seeing aircraft disintegrate. At the time it was sufficient to survive for the freedom to plan beyond tonight at the tour's completion.

No Moon Tonight is a timely reminder that human beings flew the aircraft, a point usually hidden by the cold statistics of machines lost. The aircrew of RAF Bomber Command exhibited an understated courage in continuing to operate, knowing survival was unlikely, which should be separated from criticism of the campaign. The bomber offensive was the Somme of the second world war; a battle of attrition in which life seemed unimportant. Ten years later Don Charlwood asks whether 'the loss of life (would) appear justifiable, or would it be evident that he had been led into a wrong and unnecessary course, that he had cast the pearl of his life before swine? Perhaps the only man who should go to Bomber Command was the man who had seen for himself that mass killing was the only way to a better world'.

Originally published in 1956, *No Moon Tonight* remains relevant today; questioning, conveying the unreality of those nights, tragic, but above all warmly human. The consolidation of the original forty-two chapters into twelve and the inclusion of a glossary has enhanced the book's presentation. *No Moon Tonight*, without doubt, remains the best account of a participant's experiences in the bomber offensive, an honest self examination and the most noticeable omission from the bibliographies of the campaign's recent histories.

Stephen Willard

J.L. Balmer, *Regimental Medals Handbook 1745-1895. Part 1, Regular Army*, Langlands Edition Ltd, Loughborough, Leics, England, 1987, 96 pp, 210 x 147 mm, rrp £5.95.

The book reviewed is a prepublication mockup from gallery proofs and contains a few minor mistakes as well as a number of typographical errors. The finished item, due later this year, will be card bound and offset litho printed onto Antique Wove 80 gsm woodfree paper.

Over the past twenty years there has been a number of books printed, or reprinted, on British gallantry and campaign medals, in order to satisfy demands in a very popular collecting field. Unfortunately few publications have made any reference to regimental medals, mainly because the relevant information is

hard to find, making research difficult and time consuming. Two books by Irwin-Hastings (1910) and Tancred (1891) contained a small amount about regimental medals but both have been out of print for over 70 years and are collectors items in their own right.

The Regimental Medals Handbook details in excess of 600 medals in museums or private collections. They are listed by regimental order of seniority, except for the unnumbered units which are listed alphabetically towards the end.

This publication is a preview of a three volume work entitled British and Irish Regimental and Volunteer Medals which is due to be printed, with illustrations, in about two years. The definitive work will, of course, be much more expensive. However, for collectors, dealers and researchers who cannot wait for the ultimate reference guide, the handbook is excellent value if only for reading about the different types of privately awarded medals.

Charles Hearson

Tee Emm (Training Memoranda), Air Ministry, UK, 1941-46, reprinted by the Australian War Memorial, Canberra, 1986; pp.1504, index, illus., 2 vols in paperback, boxed, $29.95.

The Australian War Memorial has reprinted in two boxed paperback volumes all 60 issues of *Tee Emm*, the Training Memoranda distributed monthly by the British Air Ministry to members of the Commonwealth air forces in England and overseas from April 1941 to March 1946.

It is an excellent production, faithfully reproducing the originals (checked from several copies still retained by the writer after over 40 years). The characters we got to know so well — Pilot Officer Prune, Flying Officer Fixe, Sergeants Winde, Backtune, Burste and Stooge (guess what their jobs were), ACs Plonk and Natter, ACW Winsum, Squadron Leader Lyne-Shute, Flight Lieutenant Duffgen and many others — are all with us again. Popular features include the awards of the MHDOIF (the Most Highly Derogatory Order of the Irremovable Finger — motto, *Dieu et Mon Doigt* — patron, Pilot Officer Prune) for clueless performances, mainly by members of aircrew, and the series showing Prune standing beside a be-ribboned senior RAF officer (who always reminded me of 'Butch' Harris' off-sider, Air Marshal Sir Robert Saundby) and remarking 'that guy can't teach me anything even though he's been flying since Pontius was a Pilot' or 'since the Air Force was painted blue, not wearing it', or again, 'when that guy started flying Air Ministry Orders were carved on stone'. My favourite in that series was 'that guy's been in the Air Force so long that he remembers Daedalus as a Squadron Commander. His Squadron was known as the "Icarus All-sorts"'.

Although written in light and humorous vein and illustrated accordingly, these Training Memoranda were restricted official publications with a serious purpose. There is a tremendous amount of sound and informative operational and training philosophy and instruction in their pages.

On this side of the world *Tee Emm* was received with interest and amusement but its distinctive Royal Air Force style did not appeal to everybody, possibly a reaction to the Battle of Britain nonsense of 'wizard prangs', 'gremlins', etc. There were, of course, 'Prunes' about in the RAAF and many cases of 'finger trouble'. I do not know if it was practice in the RAF, but I actually saw an MHDOIF awarded at an RAAF Service Flying Training School in Australia. Pilot trainees of all four courses were paraded in a hollow square and there was a recital of the 'citation', followed by a ceremonial pinning on a member of the senior course of a large 'Order', made of cardboard and featuring the rigid up-thrust index finger. Very unfunny, we thought, RAF nonsense, and only too conscious of the possibility of repeating his crime of landing an Anson with its wheels up. Still, I daresay it had a deterrent effect.

The first volume contains some material pertaining to the 1914-18 war in the air — shortish pieces of 1000 words or so on McCudden, Bishop, Barker and McLaren, Alan McLeod and Hammond, Maybery, Leefe Robinson, Cutler of *Konigsberg* fame, Wendell Rogers and the Gotha, and the Cuxhaven raid.

The two volumes contain no less than 1504 pages, plus indexes, are nearly 10 cm (4 ins.) thick and weigh 2.5kg. (5½ lbs). At $29.95, this is the book bargain of the decade. For the old Poms, who will be very interested in this production, having regard to the exchange rate (44 pence to the dollar as I write), it would have to be the bargain of the century.

Alan Fraser

Australian Joint Copying Project Handbook, Part 4, War Office; Second Edition, National Library of Australia, Canberra, 1986, $5.00.

Researchers will be well acquainted with the Joint Copying Project, initially set up in 1945 between the Public Library of New South Wales and the National Library of Australia to microfilm material in the Public Record Office, London, relating to Australia. Military researchers will welcome the publication of a new edition of the War Office material to replace dog-eared copies of edition one, and to bring the lists up-to-date.

The General Introduction and Preface have been partly reorganised but contain the same information as the previous edition. The descriptions in the Preface could be improved by reference to the excellent Public Record Office publication *Records of Officers and Soldiers who have served in the British Army* (£1 at PRO); WO 17, Monthly Returns, seems still not to warrant a mention. Some additional material is included in the new edition — WO 12 (Muster Rolls and Pay Lists) have been extended, so too WO 17, WO 86. New material includes returns for the Bushveldt Carabineers 1901-1902; WO 201 Military Headquarters Papers; Middle East Forces 1939-45 and WO 202 Mil HQ Papers; Military Missions 1939-45.

Perhaps the organisers of the AJCP could be persuaded to copy more South African material and to start on WWI.

At $5 a most useful reference tool, particularly for the pre-1870 researcher.

T.C. Sargent

Menzies Scholarship

MHSA member Peter Stanley has been awarded a Menzies Scholarship by the Australia — British Society in order to make a study of British military museums. Peter will visit the museums of regiments which served in Australia from 1788 to 1870 as part of his work of compiling a guide to the artefacts of the British army in Australia.

He will also visit major British history museums in order to learn of developments which will be useful to him in his work at the Australian War Memorial.

Peter would like to hear from *Sabretache* readers who may have visited British military museums and who may be able to offer advice on what to see in Britian.

The regimental museums which Peter plans to visit are:

Bury St Edmunds	Suffolk Regiment
Sheffield	York & Lancaster Regiment
Pontefract	King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry
York	Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire
Perth	Black Watch
Glasgow	Royal Highland Fusiliers
Lancaster	King's Own Regiment
Manchester	Manchester Regiment
Warrington	Lancashire Regiment
Stafford	Staffordshire Regiment
Leicester	Royal Leicestershire Regiment
Northampton	Northamptonshire Regiment
Gloucester	Gloucestershire Regiment
Salisbury	Wiltshire Regiment
Bodmin	Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry
Exeter	Devonshire Regiment
Dorchester	Dorset Regiment; Dorset Military Museum
Southsea	Royal Marines
Canterbury	Royal East Kent Regiment
Maidstone	Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment
London	Middlesex Regiment; Royal Engineers; Royal Artillery

Society notes

Election of office bearers to Federal Council

In accordance with Part 1, 10 (1) of the Society Constitution and Rules for Elections — Part 1, nominations for the following officers of the Federal Council are called, to take up office at the Annual General Meeting of the Society to be held in Canberra in late July 1987:

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer

Nominations are to be in the hands of the Federal Secretary no later than 1 May 1987. Nominations may only be submitted by financial members of the MHSA and those nominated must also be financial members. Members must indicate their acceptance on the letter of nomination.

T.C. Sargent
Hon. Secretary

Regimental medals handbook 1745-1895, Part 1, Regular Army.

As Australian distributors, the Society expects to have stocks of this new reference work available in two or three months. Cost will be $17, including postage. Your copy can be secured now by forwarding your cheque to the Federal Treasurer — Mr Neville Foldi, 9 Parnell Place, Fadden, ACT 2904.

Members' wants

Mr Peter Huxley, PO Box 131, Red Hill, Qld 4059 is anxious to locate the medals of his grandfather, Lieutenant Colonel John Herbert Huxley, ED. Any member able to help should write to Mr Huxley at the above address.

Mr Tony Peck, 'Lochiel', 615 Jones Street, Albury, NSW 2640 is seeking information on Second Lieutenant M.C.L. Learmouth, NSW IB, QSA medal recipient with 4 clasps, invalided to England in 1901. He also wishes to obtain a minature QSA clasp 'Rhodesia'.

THE MILITARY HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA

The aims of the Society are the encouragement and pursuit of study and research in military history, customs, traditions, dress, arms, equipment and kindred matters; the promotion of public interest and knowledge in these subjects, and the preservation of historical military objects with particular reference to the armed forces of Australia.

ORGANISATION

The Federal Council of the Society is located in Canberra. The Society has branches in Brisbane, Canberra, Albury-Wodonga, Melbourne, Geelong, Adelaide and Perth. Details of meetings are available from Branch Secretaries whose names and addresses appear on the title page.

SABRETACHE

The Federal Council is responsible for the publication quarterly of the Society Journal, *Sabretache*, which is scheduled to be mailed to each member of the Society in the last week of the final month of each issue. Publication and mailing schedule dates are:

Jan.-Mar. edition mailed last week of March
Apr.-Jun. edition mailed last week of June
Jul.-Sept. edition mailed last week of September
Oct.-Dec. edition mailed last week of December

ADVERTISING

Society members may place, at no cost, one advertisement of approximately 40 words in the 'Members Sales and Wants' section each financial year.

Commercial advertising rate is $120 per full page; $60 per half page; and $25 per quarter page. Contract rates applicable at reduced rates. Apply Editor.

Advertising material must reach the Secretary by the following dates:

1 January for January-March edition
1 April for April-June edition
1 July for July-September edition
1 October for October-December edition

QUERIES

The Society's honorary officers cannot undertake research on behalf of members. However, queries received by the Secretary will be published in the 'Notes and Queries' section of the Journal.

SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS

Society publications advertised in *Sabretache* are available from:
Julie Russell, G.P.O. Box 1052, Canberra, A.C.T. 2601
Orders and remittances should be forwarded to this address.

THE MILITARY HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA

Please address all Correspondence to:

The Federal Secretary, P.O. Box 30, Garran, A.C.T. 2605, Australia.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

I/We ..... of .....
(Name, Rank, etc.) (Address)

.....

hereby apply for membership of the MILITARY HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA and wish to be admitted as a *Corresponding Member/*Subscriber to *Sabretache*/*Branch Member of the

..... Branch
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