

SOME MEMORIES OF AN A.N.Z.A.C.

by

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“A true Australian – Born 26th January, 1892 (Australia Day)”

Extract from the Australian War Memorial web site

Summary

Charles Henry Livingstone was born at Fremantle, Western Australia, in 1892. In 1912 he travelled to NSW, intending to see the eastern states before returning to his home at Harvey, WA. He was working in Sydney as a tram conductor when war broke out, and enlisted in October 1914, sailing as Trooper 663 with the 1st Reinforcements to 6 Light Horse Regiment. Livingstone landed at Gallipoli with his regiment on 20 May 1916, and served until the evacuation. He continued to serve throughout the Sinai and Palestine campaigns, and was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal for his actions near Dhaheriye, north east of Beersheba, on 3 November 1917. Livingstone was en route to Australia on 'ANZAC leave' when the war ended. He was discharged with the rank of Corporal in January 1919, and after a brief period in Western Australia, returned to NSW, where he worked as a tram driver in Sydney for 40 years. In retirement, he moved to Tasmania to live with his daughter, and died at Launceston in May 1985.

<http://cas.awm.gov.au/item/REL/18155>



From Left to Right:

Distinguished Conduct Medal, 1914-15 Star, British War Medal, Victory Medal

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I will begin my story in 1910, aged 18 years. I had lived on a farm all my life and intended to take up land on my own account someday. I therefore accepted an offer of work as a jackeroo from a football friend called Pingelli. He had worked on a citrus orchard in my home town Harvey, Western Australia. His wife and young family accompanied him to a sheep station of 25,000 acres, 50 miles from Broomehill and north of Albany where he was to be manager. We all lived in the homestead house which was built of large dried clay bricks. The station carried cattle as well as sheep.

One of the station hands was a German named Pruller. I remember one day Pruller and I were rounding up cattle, when his stock horse veered suddenly to turn a running steer. Pruller landed on the hard ground. I gave chase to the steer ducking and weaving through the trees and brush. Eventually, when Pruller caught up with me he said "My word Charles you would make a great cavalry man." He was a good worker, but was only paid a few shillings a week and keep because he could not speak English very well. I advised him to apply for a job on a large sheep and wheat farm closer to Broomehill. I heard later he was their best worker.

One Sunday I went for a ride without telling anyone. I followed the river Tambellup for 8 miles or so where I met up with a mob of kangaroo, and just for fun I galloped in among them. When we were going at full gallop my horse put his foot in a tamar hole - a small wallaby which makes a hole in the ground in which to sleep. My horse turned a somersault and I flew 10 feet or so through the air. Fortunately, neither the horse nor I were injured. If I'd been badly hurt, and unable to mount my horse (which stood still after the fall) I may not have been found. I could have died there and then.

I went home to Harvey for Christmas after 12 months, where I remained working mostly on my step-father's farm. My own father had died in an accident when I was 4 years old. He was a bridge builder (Livingstone, Murray and Kniland) and had met my mother at North Pine (now Petrie) in Queensland whilst building a bridge over the North Pine River. When gold was discovered at Kalgoorlie and Coolgardie they moved to Western Australia knowing that railways would be needed, and therefore bridges. In 1896 few people were actually born in Western Australia, and to attract settlers from other States, homestead blocks were offered. The only conditions for ownership were that fences had to be erected around the property and a house of sorts had to be built. A large number of newcomers, whether they found gold or not remained, and when possible added to their holdings.

I was born in Freemantle soon after my parents arrived in Western Australia, on the 26th January 1892. My father's first bridge undertaking was over the Swan River (I don't know if he had the contract or merely worked on the project). It was whilst building a bridge over the Collie River at Brunswick when his fatal accident occurred. He was knocked off a staging by falling timber, which pinned him to the ground across the chest.

I can well remember my mother's grief when told the news. She was a stranger in a new State with no means of support for her young family of four children, the youngest being only a baby. There were no such things as pensions for widows or child endowment in those days. However, mother had made some good friends, and they collected one hundred pounds to tide her over.

A supposedly good neighbour decided that he would like some of this money for himself. At this time we used to buy our provisions from Perth. Bags of flour, sugar etc., and cases of canned meat. This (Mr. Brown) who often borrowed my father's dray, if he happened to be at the railway station, would deliver these items to us on his way home. He would also gather dry wood, which lay in abundance on the ground under the trees, and throw it on our wood heap when he returned our dray. When he heard of Mother's windfall he sent an account for goods carted from the railway and for carting wood. Mother's true friends were aghast and advised her not to pay him one penny. Mr. Brown then sued mother and she had to appear in court at Bunbury about 35 miles away. She was accompanied by many friends who gave evidence. The solicitor hired by Mr. Brown, after having listened to the evidence, stood up and said with feeling "Your Worship, I wish to have nothing further to do with this damn scoundrel". The case was dismissed, and Mr. Brown had to pay all expenses. I was only about 5, and can only report this incident from hearsay. Mr. Brown never allowed his wife to visit us afterwards.

Some 16 years later Mrs. Brown sent for mother (a good bush nurse) to attend to Mr. Brown who had been gored by a pet bull. Pet bulls, handled since they are calves, are far more dangerous than wild bulls because they are not frightened of humans. The bull's horn had penetrated his bladder, and the nearest doctor was at Bunbury. So it was mother who attended Mr. Brown whilst he was dying, although she could do no more than keep him warm and give him something to alleviate his pain.

Mother bought 2 cows and a number of fowl with the hundred pounds given to her, and we could grow vegetables. We planted about 2 cases of potatoes and when they were harvested sent half to Perth and half to Kalgoolie.

However, so many new settlers were growing potatoes and fruit trees, and with the small population of these two cities a glut on potatoes, and later fruit, was inevitable. We didn't get enough for the potatoes to pay for the digging and freight. Mother was able to sell her surplus eggs at the small local store at Harvey (one shilling per dozen and a half pound of butter for a shilling.)

Making the butter was quite a long process. The milk was placed into a large dish and left until cream settled on top. After about 2 days the cream would be lifted with a spatula or flat hand strainer and placed into an old fashioned churn. I can remember turning the handle of the churn for what seemed like hours to make the butter and buttermilk.

Indian and Afghan hawkers used to walk from farm to farm selling their wares which they carried over their shoulders in a big sheet until they could afford to buy a horse and cart. Most of the farms were more than a mile-apart. I think of them now with admiration - strangers in our land travelling the wide open spaces. It was amazing and wondrous to me what was carried in those bundles.

When I was about 8 or 9, mother married a man (Will Sharpe) who came from Victoria to try his luck in the gold fields. He purchased a 160 acre block of land situated about 22 miles from our place, and planted several acres with fruit trees. They were mostly apple trees, but there was a little bit of everything except tropical fruits. He also planted about half an acre of vineyard. He, with the aid of my elder brother, pulled mother's house down and rebuilt it on his block adding additional rooms. I'm afraid I resented him, and when my teacher asked me if my father helped with my homework, I replied very heatedly that "he's not my father." I realised as I grew older that he was a wonderful man, although far too generous to become wealthy on the farm and orchard.

In 1912 mother received the sad news of the death of her father in North pine, Queensland. She had not seen her mother and family for 20 years and longed for them. I offered to pay her fare home, and as I had never been outside Western Australia, decided to travel with her and see for myself the wonders of the various eastern states. There was no railway from West to East at that time, and it was with great excitement that I boarded the ship with mother to see the world.

We spent Christmas with my grandmother, aunts, uncles and cousins some of whom travelled long distances to meet mother after such a long absence. I remember the weather was very hot and sticky and I spent most of my time with my cousins in the North Pine River.

We travelled to Sydney by train and I noticed that thousands of acres in northern New South Wales was being taken over by prickly pear. I decided that I would like to see more of the State, and to stay for a while on a working holiday, and so I said goodbye to mother on the strip at Miller's Point bound for her return to the West.

I worked in several jobs in various parts of N.S.W. . I cut furnace wood for a copper mine about 50 miles up-river from Grafton, and I also worked on the railway between Grafton and Casino. My job was to put down the rails for the "Tumbling Tommies". I cut the saplings, cut them into lengths, split them in half and lay the flat side down, cut slots out of the round top to fit the rails into the slots. At the time no railway existed between Sydney and Grafton. Eventually, after working at Dorrigo, Temora, Ganmain and Coolamon, I decided it was time for me to see a bit more of Sydney before returning home.

For a short time I managed a picture theatre at Rozelle, but we could not compete with the City theatres even at three-pence for front seats and six-pence for backseats. The tram fare to the city was only a penny - we found we were only doing well on Saturday nights and holidays. After the theatre closed, I was employed as a conductor on the trams. This was just before Easter in 1914, and I was still intending to go home. I was still working on the trams when the First World War broke out.

I was boarding with an English family when war was declared, and I remember being absolutely shocked. There had been a number of wars in the Balkan States, but I never dreamed that nations like Germany and England as well as the other nations would fight against each other. The Englishman used to say that it would be all over in 3 or 4 weeks, and that Germany would soon be put in its place. I could see how things were going and I said to him one evening, "It's going to be a long war - Germany have been preparing for a long time and have the best army in the world. He jumped up very agitated and angrily roared "Your a German spy." It took me quite a while to pacify him by explaining that in my opinion the English were both brave and efficient, but that they were not prepared for war.

It wasn't long before I went to Victoria Barracks and enlisted for the army. I am actually very pro British, and I considered it to be my duty as a single man to do my part to help our mother country. I told the army recruiting officer that I was a good horseman and a good shot, and was enlisted in the first reinforcement of the 6th Light Horse, and was sent to Liverpool Showground for training and later to Holsworthy for mounted training. This is how I happened to be in a N.S.W. regiment.

One day whilst I was at Holsworthy, the sergeant major told me to use the saddler's horse when I came out with the regiment. It was a fine chestnut horse and I placed the saddle and bridle on him. However, I could not find a curbed bit which was necessary, so used an ordinary bit.

We were in columns of troops carrying our rifles in our right hands because we hadn't yet been issued with all gear. When the order was given "Form troop rear trot" my horse thought it was a race and took off. I could not hold him with my left hand and let him gallop around and around to tire him a little. I had just returned to the troop when we received the order "Form squadron rear gallop", my horse took off again. I had no chance of holding him, so let him gallop around until I was able to turn him in the direction of the sergeant major. I requested permission to return to the horse lines for a curb bit, and when I rejoined the regiment I discovered I had a wonderful horse. Later, when we were doing charging exercises (charging dummies of chaff bags filled with straw to represent standing and mounted men) requiring direction change after every dummy, I knew I had the best horse in the regiment. I only had to put pressure on either left or right stirrup to change his direction instantly. Some people may

think the curb bit is cruel, but once the horse realises that it is in his mouth, its use is not necessary.

Eventually the time arrived for us (the 1st. reinforcement) to embark for Egypt. We travelled by train to Melbourne where we boarded the ship. We were on duty 2 hours and off duty 4 hours to look after the horses, but I quite enjoyed the voyage as I was not subject to sea sickness. During our passage through the Great Australian Bight several of us were enjoying the sunshine on deck. A couple of men were sitting on the hatch cover when all of a sudden it blew off - billowing smoke and flames into the air. Because of severe damage to the ship, it was necessary to enter the Port of Albany for repairs instead of joining the rest of the convoy at Freemantle. We discovered later that our canteen waiter was found lurking around fortifications in Albany, dressed in a British officer's uniform. Evidently, the man was a spy, and his idea was to delay our transports and assist the German-raider ship in the vicinity. (the raider ship was later sunk by the Emden).

If I'd known how long we would be delayed at Albany I would have applied for leave so that I could spend some time at Harvey to see my mother and family. They travelled to Freemantle to see me off, but of course their trip was futile. I had not seen them for 4 years, and now would not see them until after the war.

We were lucky enough to have a swimming pool in one of the loading hatches and we used it to great advantage. We had great fun with King Neptune when we were crossing the equator, and nobody missed out on the initiation ceremonies. Each man sat on a chair, was lathered all over the face and head with soap suds and very boisterously dumped into the pool. A crew member decided to have a little joke of his own and placed a live electric wire in the pool. This caused electric shocks when those on deck grabbed someone in the water to pull him out. Needless to say we got even with the deck hand - he found himself in the water more times than he would have wished.

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Our ship was under shrapnel fire when we arrived off Anzac Beach. Although we were mounted horsemen we had volunteered to come to Gallipoli without our horses. A South African sergeant (a war veteran) took charge of us and handed around slices of raw ham taken from his bag, and we were taken ashore in naval pinnaces. After some time we lay down in an area we thought fairly safe from shell fire and slept. When I awoke I was surprised to find that the

beach had been bombarded during the night, and a few feet from me were two dead mules and carts. I had slept right through it.

That day we moved up to the trenches with the 18th battalion, and when it got dark the sergeant and I were ordered to take up a position on top of an earth mound at the back of the trenches. We were on the skyline, and all the protection we had were two sand bags. We had no sooner taken up our position when bullets began thumping into the sand bags, and the sergeant was killed instantly by a bullet in the temple. I yelled out that the sergeant had been hit, and after we had taken him down I said to the Captain that I had always be trained to avoid positions on the skyline if possible. We should have been looking out over the front of the trenches with the earth mound behind us. The enemy were only about 150 yards in front of us with a gully between. He admitted his mistake! Sadly, I had men killed next to me on many occasions.

One night a mate and I were ordered to go out in front of the trenches to give warning if the Turks were making any moves to attack. We were supposed to be called in before daylight, however, morning arrived and we were still there. I decided it was time to crawl back through the prickly holly bushes and called out in a low voice "Charley Livingstone coming in".

We were in danger of being shot by our own side as well as the enemy, but fortunately we arrived back safely. The officer had completely forgotten us. We used to take turns to observe the enemy through a port hole made from a thick steel plate, and one night I had no sooner been relieved from that duty when the man who had taken my place was hit by a bullet in the eye. His brother who was further along the trenches was able to be with him when he died shortly afterwards. Another time I was detailed with other men to go to the beach to fill the troops water bottles. When we arrived at the beach a long queue had formed, and we thought we could be there for hours. However, the Turkish gun we called "Beachy Bill" because it always seemed to fire on the beach suddenly lived up to its name. From previous experience I knew that usually only 3 shots were fired at a time, and as soon as we heard the 3 shots I said "Come on boys", and we were the first to get to the taps.

We decided to return to our position on Ryries Post via the short cut across Shell Green instead of walking the long way round the beach and under the cliffs. Several mule carts were hurrying along in front of us and a loaf of bread fell off. I quickly pounced on it and tucked it under my tunic. We didn't have bread issued at Gallipoli, only hard army biscuits and bully beef and sometimes thin apricot jam or marmalade. When I got back to the trenches I said "I bet you can't guess what I have here". After much conjecture and anticipation, when they saw the bread the general cry was "you beaut". What a treat we had.

The Indians had a flock of sheep with them and so ate fresh meat. Some of the British sailors positioned in dugouts in the cliffs, sometimes sold us sixpenny chocolates and tins of condensed milk for two shillings and sixpence, and they also sold cigarettes but I don't know for what price as I have never been a smoker. One day I was sitting on a ledge cut into the hill near the cook's dugout when a shrapnel shell exploded some 50 yards in front of me and about 100 feet in the air. Fortunately I had my feet well apart. The nose cap of the shell went between my feet and pellets seemed to be all round me - far too close for comfort.

During training in Egypt, before coming to Gallipoli, we were doing rifle shooting. I had never used a military rifle (Lee Enfield), but was a good shot with a 44 and a 22. We shot 10 rounds rapid fire at 500 yards, and after finishing all 10 rounds my marker called out "bull - bull - bull", 9 times in all and 1 inner. The lieutenant in charge must have been impressed. Because he called out "Who is that man - I must have him in my troop. So it happened that I was in C. Troop B. Squadron.

It didn't do me much good in the long run, because every time Lieut. Drummond saw an enemy in the distance he would come looking for me. One day I was in my dugout in the trench having a game of bridge, when I heard the lieutenant calling for me. I told the boys to be quiet. When he couldn't find me, another Aussie volunteered for the job saying "I'm a pretty good shot sir". He was taken to a ridge some distance behind our position and shown the positions of both our trenches and the Turks trenches - fortunately he was not the good shot he claimed to be because he immediately commenced firing on our trenches. There was a great commotion with cries of "who's that fool firing on us." We couldn't understand how he managed to be accepted into the army. He was almost deaf and had not heard the instructions correctly. No one was hit, and he was promptly promoted to the cook house where he had nothing to cook but water.

We were holding our positions where there had been some clearing and cultivation on level ground in front of us. It was some time since the enemy had made any determined effort to drive our forces back to the sea. Dead bodies of both sides were lying in the area in front of us looking like sheaves of hay and the stench was horrible. The Sultan's guards were fighting alongside their other troops, and many were dead.

A Turkish messenger carrying a white flag was sent to request an armistice to enable them to bury their dead. On 24th May 1915 at the appointed hour agreed upon, an equal number of our men and of the enemy met half way between the trenches. We stood together some 12 feet apart, quite friendly exchanging coins and other articles, and in some cases were able to communicate. A Turk gave me a beautiful Sultan's guard's belt buckle made of brass with a silver star and crescent embossed with the Sultan's scroll in Arabic. (the Arabic language was used by the Turks at that time). All I had to give him in exchange were a few coins. Our troops

carried the dead Turkish bodies over the dividing line and the Turkish troops did the same for our dead. We also handed their rifles back to them. These rifles were lying around the ground , but we first removed their bolts. The armistice lasted until approximately 6pm. and almost immediately the Turks opened fire on our parapets. We were once again enemies.

My mate Ringrose and myself were looking out over the ocean from a protected ridge on 25th May. In particular we were watching the warship "Triumph" which was standing out from shore firing at the Turkish positions. Suddenly we saw destroyers steaming around the warship. It had been torpedoed, and we watched in horror as it slowly and gradually sank from the stern.

After a snow storm and some rough seas I was in a group sent to the jetty at Anzac Beach to guard articles sent to us from the Red Cross. We noticed a naval pinnace coming toward us from a warship, and when it got close I could see General Lord Kitchener aboard. I called my group together and we gave him the "present arms" salute - he answered us with "Carry on boys". The word spread that the General had arrived, and there was a rush of men from the dugouts. It would have been a good opportunity for the Turks to bombard beach, but not a shot was fired .

The winter was upon us, and after Lord Kitchener had examined our positions he recommended evacuation. On the night of evacuation 4 men from each troop stayed behind to keep the rifle fire up and to set unmanned rifles to fire until we had gone. Small rocks were painted white and placed in strategic positions so that we would not get lost on our way to the boats, waiting to take us to the ships. Our destination was Alexandria where we arrived on Christmas Day.

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After more mounted training we were sent to the Suez Canal. The Turks had made an attempt to invade Egypt. We thoroughly enjoyed our stay at the Canal, where we were able to spend many happy hours swimming. Later we were moved to Kantara where, on the 28th April we received orders to go to the assistance of the Worcester Yeomanry who had been attacked by the Turks. We arrived too late to help them, and had the sad task of burying their dead. They had been caught napping with no patrols posted in front of their lines. The Turks shelled their horse lines, killing many of the horses and scattering the rest. The Yeomen were caught dismounted, thus taking away the advantage of mounted men over the slower moving infantry. We of the 6th Light Horse always had patrols well out in front of the horse lines to give warning and enable us instant nobility.

We made our headquarters at Romani some miles closer to the Canal , and one night during our stay there we set out for Davada which was held by the Turks. The only water we carried was in our water bottles (not more than a pint). It turned out to be extremely hot, and by morning most of the water had been drunk. Next day the temperature rose to 121 degrees, and by the time we reached Davada men were falling off their horses - fortunately for me I was situated in the centre of the troop. We saw the Turks disappearing over the sand dunes and when the wells were examined they were practically empty and timbered with the stems of date palms. I was pretty agile being used to shinning up date palms to shake the ripe dates down onto a horse blanket. The ripe dates were quite large and tasted like very ripe persimmons. I easily climbed down the well with a dixie and a canvas bucket which, when filled, were hauled up for the men around us to quench their thirst. The troops on the flanks had no water and we lost many men that day from heat exhaustion.

We knew of a good well some 6 miles on the way back and of course were anticipating a good supply of water. We had no luck there either. A New Zealand reserve regiment had been enjoying the water, showering themselves and even their horses, consequently very little water was left. I climbed down the well as before to get water for those mostly in need. Some of the men tried to rush the well, but Major White stood firm and soon had the troops in order again. He told those of us able to ride back to Katia to do so, as Abraham's well had a plentiful supply of water.

It was wonderful to reward our faithful horses with a drink, and to be able to boil the billy over a fire made of palm branches. After that terrible experience we were issued with an extra water bottle, and better still, with a water bag which was carried around the horses neck. The water in these bags was kept cool by evaporation.

We were attacked by the Turks early in August 1916 and fighting was furious. We of the 6th were holding a ridge on the north side which we held until ordered to retire to the ridge behind. When we got back we were told that one of our mates Simpson was badly wounded with a bullet through his chest, and volunteers were called for to bring him in. Cpl. Johnston, Burbank, Tesse and myself ran out 200 yards or so with a stretcher. Johnston was hit by a bullet which went right through his hat just grazing his head, but without injury. When I felt liquid running down my leg I thought I had been hit too, but the bullet went right through my water bottle and hit, the leg of the man behind me. He was being taken to our clearing station when he was hit by a 20 pound bomb (the largest used at that time) - most of the bombs used were cricket ball size.

As the Turks could have attacked at any time during the night we were not allowed to water our horses. The enemy started to retreat, and we followed capturing many of their stragglers. We followed them to Katia and made an attack where we lost many men. My mate

Charlesworth and I were well out in front when the order came to retire. Bullets whistled around our ears, but once again we got back safely, We followed the Turks to Bir el abd and made another attack on their positions. I was once again fortunate to be spared after being under heavy fire. The Turks gradually retreated to El Arish (a large oasis) where there was a running stream and hundreds of date palms. During this period we used to ride patrol every night and return in the morning. One night we went further than usual, and when daylight arrived we were out of the sandy desert and onto firm ground. Crops of wheat and barley were planted around us, and in the uncultivated areas there were an abundance of wild flowers (mostly red poppies). What a beautiful sight - after being in the desert for so long.

We were then moved near to Rufa on the Egyptian border which had already been captured. We used to ride night patrols to a ridge which had a good view of the terrain and it was a good observation post. You can imagine our delight when a group of Arabs came up to us with (wonder of wonders) oranges for sale - "two for half" they used to say. The only oranges grown in the area in large quantities were from near Jaffa, and the arabs had to cross enemy lines, where they were charged a fee, to bring them to us.

After Magdaba had been secured we moved to a wonderful camp situated between a fresh water lake and the Mediterranean Sea. We enjoyed surfing and even had our own beach patrols. When we set out from Magdaba to cut in between Gaza and Beesheba we rode through a heavy fog and we managed to pass without being observed. A troop of the 7th Regiment surrounded a carriage in which a Turkish General was travelling to Gaza. When he was requested to surrender by the sergeant he was highly insulted and state 'I can only surrender to a gentleman of my own rank". The sergeant explained to him in no uncertain words that he would either surrender or be shot. He gave in but only if he was allowed to keep his sword until he could hand it over to someone of his own rank.

Our main objective in surrounding Gaza was to keep Turkish reinforcements out while the British infantry attacked from the north. We were under heavy rifle and machine gun fire, and when the enemy reinforcements were closing in we were ordered to retreat. The order came from General Murray whose headquarters were in Cairo. Our General Rylie was against retreating and said he could not do so until he received written orders.

Finally, we had to gallop out in pitch darkness. Sergeant Stevens who was riding in front of me failed to see an open underground granary. He tried to jump over the hole at the last minute, but it was too late. His horse had to be shot, but we managed to pull the sergeant out of the hole with the help of ropes.

Several weeks later General Murray ordered a second attack on Gaza. This time we had the assistance of 5 tanks. The 6th regiment was in reserve situated in a flat hollow with a wadi

(small stream) flowing through it. The dismounted camel corps went into battle with the tanks, but the Turks were waiting and ready with armour piercing shells. The tanks were destroyed and the depleted camel corps had to retreat.

In the meantime a German plane was flying so low over our position that we could see the pilot quite distinctly. He was dropping cricket sized bombs onto our regiment, and we tried firing at him with rifles and light Hotchkiss guns which had no effect at all. He then concentrated on the retreating camel corps. One of our planes arrived and, after a short battle, the German plane floated down like a piece of tin floating on water. He had few injuries but lost some of our horses and horse drawn guns, shot by an Austrian tank. General Murray was recalled to England after that attack and replaced by General Allenby.

The 6th regiment was sent to Esau to form a camp and to clean out the wells in that area. They had been blown up by the enemy, and were needed to fall back on if necessary. We rode out one night to cut the IJbron Road between Beersheba and the Dead Sea. After riding for hours we noticed that the ground was wet. There had been a providential thunder-storm a few days previously, and when we neared Beersheba we found a stream running with fresh water. We were able to water our horses and replenish our water supply. We galloped under fire to take up our positions on the IJbron Road, which ran between 2 very high ridges.

I was posted on one side of the ravine with my Hotchkiss gun. With me was my No. 1 and No. 2, and on the other side a man named Watson. Our job was to stop the Turkish reinforcements from reaching Beersheba, and we had the Regiment protecting our rear at the foot of the ridge. One of my men, Jeff Warren, was killed by a bullet in the head, and some time later my No.2 was also killed. Rolf Warren, on the other side of the defile, had his leg broken by a bullet and as he was being taken to our clearing station he heard that his brother had been killed. We managed to hold our position until Beersheba was captured by a charge of the Light Horse with fixed bayonets.

I received the Distinguished Conduct Medal for my part at Beersheba, and the man on the other side of the ravine received the Military Medal.

We gradually drove the Turks back past Waddi Eicen near Jaffa. As we were riding through one of our men called to one of the local inhabitants "Sieda Wallat", the Arabic greeting. We were surprised to hear him answer in perfect English "Good morning sir welcome to the crusaders". We thought that Waddi Eicen was by far the best camp we had ever occupied. We were able to exchange small quantities of sugar or cheese for a plentiful supply of oranges. However, we had to move on, and when we lined up to move off in heavy rain we were approached by some of the local Jewish girls. They said they were sorry to lose us and that "even the heavens are weeping".

We rode to the foothills of the Noah Mountains where we camped for the night in what turned out to be a dry stream. The rain fell heavily all night and some of the men found on awakening that they were in several feet of water. It amused us to see one officer perched on a high rock in mid stream.

Next day we commenced the ride up to Jerusalem along a road with a high cliff on the right side and a hundred feet straight fall down the left side. I was asked to change horses with a Scotsman who was not a fully experienced rider and whose mount was only partly broken in. All went well until he overtook some camels, and one of them made a sort of blubbering sound. The horse I was riding reared up on his hind legs and fell over backwards. Fortunately I managed to pull him over to the right, and I jumped clear as he fell toward the cliff.

As we arrived at Jerusalem a light sleet was falling in the darkness. We camped some distance from the city and experienced a very cold night wearing wet overcoats as the only protection from the weather. We were camped under olive trees near the Garden of Gethsemane and as soon as daylight came we were able to gather dead olive branches and light a fire to boil the dioxies for tea. That morning we exercised our horses through the valley of Jehosofat, and I was amazed to see a large number of dead camels. The cold weather, after having been in the Sinai heat was too much for them. Local inhabitants were gathered around each dead camel skinning and cutting the meat.

We had the opportunity of visiting the Holy City the next day and also of partaking of a meal of a leading hotel. We supplied our own sugar and biscuits and the hotel served us steak and eggs. We were fairly certain that the steak came from the dead camels killed by the cold night. We were taken on a tour of the "Via Doloroso" and the place where Jesus was crucified - also the Garden of Gethsemane. We were told that the olive trees were the same trees growing during the time of Jesus.

A few days later we were on the move again, down to Jericho in the Jordan Valley - 1300 feet below sea level. We crossed over the Jordan River on a pontoon bridge close to where (it is said) Jesus was baptised, (a short distance from the Dead Sea) then to the mountains on the east side. The Turks were holding the bridge and all the territory north of Jericho, including the main road to Amnan. We had great difficulty clambering our horses up a very steep track scattered with rocks (3 or 4 feet high) when attempting to surround a large force of Turks at a town called Es Salt, but we finally managed to reach the top onto a plateau where we camped for the day. The day was wet and cold and a few mates and myself decided to visit the camp of some nomad arabs close-by. We gave them some bully beef and biscuits and they made us very welcome. The tent was warmed by a small fire, and I was surprised to see there was no hole in the top for the smoke to escape.

We were joined by the 5th and 7th regiments, making a full brigade of 1100 men, and moved out again after dark. We always rested for 10 minutes every hour when travelling, and very often this was the only sleep we had. When the first 10 minutes halt was called I dismounted only to find that we were standing in about 2 inches of water. I couldn't find a rock to rest on so I remounted and promptly fell asleep. We were on the move and had travelled some distance when I awoke. I called out to the man on my right to find out which regiment he belonged in – he was in the 7th. I rode a bit further and called out to the man on my left.- He was in the 5th. We were all jumbled up together and had to sort ourselves out when daylight arrived. When we set up camp that night after having my meal of bully beef and biscuits, I gathered some bushes to lay between some rocks and had a comfortable nights sleep.

The next morning we cut the road between Es Salt and Amman. The Turks retired but left their German trucks and cars and a large quantity of supplies behind. Their front trucks had become bogged in the sand and blocked the road. Their vehicles did not have rubber tyres, instead the tyres were made of iron with connecting steel springs. By capturing Es Salt we had opened the main road back to the Jordan Valley.

Many of the inhabitants of Es Salt were Circassian and their sympathies were with our side. Therefore they decided to leave with us and it was a pitiful sight to see them hurrying along with their belongings carried in sheets over their shoulders - the lucky ones had donkeys. When we eventually crossed the Jordan River over the bridge the Circassians camped on the west side.

The Turks now occupied the foothills on the eastern side about 4 or 5 miles away. We were bivouaced close to Jerrico where we remained for some weeks. The weather was extremely hot but we were able to swim in the river and also catch a few fish to complement our diet. As the dead Sea had no outlet, it is full of minerals washed down from the mountains on both sides. We were not far from the Dead Sea and had great fun there. We could lay on our backs and read, or walk in the water only sinking as far down as our waists, but when we came out we would be covered with glistening minerals. A dip in the Jordan would soon get rid of these.

Jesus was baptised in the Jordan close to our camp, and the Monks from the Monastery on the Mountain of Temptation used to come down to pray and bathe. One day I asked a monk if he would baptise me - he was a bit hesitant saying that he didn't know if he would have the authority to do so. I asked him if John the Baptist needed authority to baptise Jesus? And so it was that I was baptised at the same place in the River Jordan where Jesus was baptised.

Later we moved some miles further north where the river had very high banks. Our horses had to be watered by long troughs. The ground was like flour by the time we had been there a few weeks, and our faces were covered with a white dust. Fortunately we still had the river for bathing.

We rode out on a daylight patrol with our artillery behind a ridge which jutted out into the valley. As we were riding past the hump which we called the ridge, our Major told me to take my machine gun crew out in front of the hump until we drew fire from enemy guns so as to fix their positions. A crew consisted of the gunpack horse leader, ammunition pack horse leader and the gun crew members - 5 men in all. When we had gone about 100 yards a shell landed about 10 yards in front of us - we kept moving and the next shell landed just behind us. My thoughts were that the next shell would probably not miss us, so I called out "right wheel gallop" and we zig-zagged our way back to the regiment .

We used to take turn camping in a dummy camp made up out of sticks, bags and straw to represent rows of horses. The idea was to fool the enemy planes flying over, by making as much dust as possible by galloping our horses between the rows of dummies, dragging bushes. Whilst my troop were taking our turn at this camp we shot a hare and a partridge - a wonderful addition to our food supply. We were always in touch with the regiment by field telephone.

We were on patrol one day to find out the position of the enemy front line. The Major once again told me to move my gun crew out until we were fired on by rifle and machine guns. The river bank was covered with scrub something like tea tree. The enemy must have been a bit windy because when we were within 7 or 8 hundred yards from them they opened fire on us. If they had waited until we were closer to them we would not have had a chance. The bullets whistled past our ears; but we managed to escape.

I began to think that I must have a charmed life with all the narrow escapes I was experiencing. I also began to wonder why I was always given the dangerous missions.

Several regiments made an attack on the Turks to drive them back and so clear a ridge leading past Es Salt. While this attack was taking place, we of the 6th were given the task of making a demonstration. It reminded me of the "Charge of the Light Brigade", as we galloped from our positions on the right bank of the river under heavy shell fire. We kept changing direction so that the enemy gunners could not get a bearing on us by firing a barrage of shells in front of us.

After we had gone some distance, the leader of my gunpack horse called out that the pack was slipping. The pack consisted of the gun and a pannier of ammunition on one side and 2 panniers of ammunition on the other side. We had to stop to adjust the pack, and I was very anxious that we would cop a shell whilst stationary. We were probably only (a very long) few seconds, and the enemy were too busy with the rest of the regiment who were galloping close to their trenches up the mountains. We galloped into a deep gully where we were safe from shell fire with only a few casualties. After dark, we moved back to our position near the river.

We were ordered to attack Ammon, on foot, down a 500 foot slope leading to a large deep gully. We had no cover whatsoever, and all down the side of the gully the enemy had built

stone bunkers. Every section of 4 horses had a corporal and his No. 3 left in charge of the horses under cover of a high natural rock wall. Rain had been falling heavily and the ground was soft and wet with a few rocks lying about on the flat plain in front of the rock wall. The enemy were about 300 yards behind the wall. I was put in charge of our section horses and should have been perfectly safe sitting in front of the wall with all the horses packed tightly in front of us. Our No. 2 corporal Fred, who was to go into battle with the dismounted regiment asked me to change positions with him. He said "Charlie I am a married man and have 2 children and I want to get home to them after the war" I remarked that he should have thought of that before enlisting (Australia had no conscription in the First World War). However, I did change positions with him as I had no dependents, but about 10 minutes later the Captain ordered me to take four pack horse leaders (2 packs to each man) and collect rations for the squadron. We were sent about 6 miles to pick up the rations and on the way back we were joined by several Arabs who were firing their guns into the air. Obviously too seem to look dangerous.

When we returned, the attack had taken place - It was a disaster. All but 1 man had either been killed or wounded, and the wounded were taken prisoner after dark. The 1 man who made it back to us had his hat and clothes riddled with bullet holes. I asked one of the officers in charge of the horses how Fred had got on. I was told that he had been killed. The shell must have landed on one of the flat rocks and part of it found its way through an opening made by the frightened horses to where Fred was sitting. Had the shell hit the soft earth it would have exploded upwards, (another escape for me.) Next morning we could see the enemy in the distance moving to cut us off. We fell back (each man leading 3 horses) to a post on a high ridge with a deep gully in front of us. That night we took turns to watch - 5 men at a time. Our watch was 2 hours on and 4 hours off, I but I found it terribly difficult to stay awake as we had not slept much for the past 24 hours. I kept splashing my eyes with water but finally had to wake up one of my men to keep watch with me. After some hours, General Rylie rode along the ridge and told us that if we didn't move back and stayed here much longer we would be taking a trip to Constantinople.

We travelled along a high ridge being held by an Australian regiment and British artillery. We were driven back some distance, but we managed to hold on to the junction of the road and the Jordan Valley. As we were riding along a valley we were bombed by 6 German planes. The planes were much improved since Gallipoli, and were dropping 20 pound bombs. Things looked pretty bad for us until a flight of our planes arrived and succeeded to drive them away. We were very thankful to return to our old positions.

We weren't very long in the valley when the big offensive took place. I was not manning the machine gun any more, and was put in charge of screening the left flank. When riding over a

high ridge I witnessed what I believe was the last charge on horseback. (It is generally believed that the last charge on horseback was at Beersheba)

The enemy were entrenched in a round hill about 150 yards ahead of me and some distance to my right. I was about to warn the regiment when I was thrilled by the sight in front of me. A squadron of light horse came over the rise a little lower than where I was, charging the Turkish redoubt. A couple of our horses were brought down, but when our troops got close to the enemy - up went the white flags.

I continued with the screen up the valley, and came to a place where grapes were being harvested. One of the men held up a big bunch for me and would not accept the few coins with which I tried to pay for them - I was very grateful. I came to a Circassian village and along a street I found a pomegranate tree with ripe fruit hanging down over the fence. I quickly put a few in my nosebag.

I received the signal to rejoin the regiment, and was informed that Amman had surrendered and that it was to be handed over to our regiment. The approach to Amman ran down a defile between 2 hills. My section of 4 men (one of whom had just joined the regiment and had never been under fire) were entering the defile when a machine gun opened fire on us from the other side of Amman. I had been in every engagement (my number was 663 and the new man's number was above 5000) and it was he who was shot, he fell off his horse alongside me - dead. He had just got into the army in time to be killed and to make matters worse it was the last time we were fired on and the last time we were under fire. When my mate Ringrose and myself realised he was dead, we handed our horses to our No. 3 and placed him to the side of the road. The gunner who had been firing at us was very quickly put out of action. I wondered if he had known of the surrender of Amman.

Just as we were about to ride off we heard someone call out. We investigated and found a German soldier with a broken leg caused by a bullet wound. He had been bandaged and left behind when the enemy retreated and was in danger of machine gun fire from his own side. Ringrose and I carried him down a slope where we thought he would be safe. We gave him water and made him as comfortable as we could. He said to me in perfect English "please accept my watch" and to Ringrose "please accept my compass". I asked him how he came to speak such perfect English and he told me that his mother was English, and as they happened to be in Germany when war was declared, both he and his father were conscripted. I often wished later that I had written down his name and address - I would have liked to know how he got on.

We rode into Amman to the centre of the city where a platform was erected and Amman was formerly handed over to our leader. We rode on across the river to an old building where we

watered our horses. When a few fowls flew down amongst us the temptation was too great. They soon had their necks wrung and found their way into our nose bags.

We put our horse lines down near the ruins of an old Roman Temple (amphitheatre) which was being used as a Turkish casualty hospital, and it wasn't long before we were boiling our poultry in some empty biscuit boxes and kerosene tins. We were delighted to see a couple of Arabs driving a flock of sheep rounding the hill and managed to nab a few sheep. I was greatly amused by one of the Bengal Lancers (attached to our regiment) drop the can of water he was carrying and grab a sheep by the ears. In no time at all we were grilling chops on shovels borrowed from the pioneers. We had been living on bully beef and biscuits for so long that it seemed like the best feast we had ever eaten. Whilst we were enjoying our banquet, the orderly officer came up to tell us that the Arabs had complained about the loss of their sheep and poultry and that our brigade would have to pay for them. He asked me how many animals and poultry had been taken, and I think the Arabs were compensated for about 1 sheep and 4 fowls per troop. I'm sure they would have been well satisfied.

As we were boiling the billys after riding patrol all day, we received the order to be ready to move out in 30 minutes. We were fearful that the 5th Light Horse were in trouble and that we were needed to assist them. We rode in the direction we had earlier patrolled, and had only gone a few miles when we met several cars (we were only just beginning to see these vehicles). I changed my mind about the 5th being in trouble when I noticed that the passengers consisted of Officers of both our army and the Turkish army. I thought they must be doing pretty well. As we neared the action we could hear the rattle of machine guns and rifle fire and numerous flares being fired into the air- it sounded like a furious battle being fought. The Captain told me to post a guard on a ridge nearby to find out just what was going on, and I'd no sooner done this than a Turkish soldier and 2 Arab civilians carrying cans of water tried to pass by the guard. I called out "stana swyer" (Halt and stay where you are) - the arabs dropped their cans and fled with the Turk closely following. I was puzzled by all this until the Captain explained that 8000 Turks, in a series of hill redoubts had surrendered on condition that they be allowed to keep their arms until we had sufficient strength to protect them from the Arabs. The 5th Regiment occupied the trenches with the Turks and were having the time of their lives firing salvos of rifle and machine gun fire and sending the flares into the air to keep the Arabs at a distance.

Next morning we rode around the redoubts and the Turks clambered out surrendering their arms in piles. We marched then into Amman where they were handed over to the right authorities.

That was the end of the war in Jordan for the Light Horse.

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We moved back to the camp near Jaffa, and later our troops occupied Damascus.

Those of us who had enlisted in 1914 were given leave, and had the choice of going to England or returning home. I would have loved to have visited England but by this time it was the European winter and I thought it would be too cold for me. I therefore opted to go home, and I thought I would be back to fight the Germans, but before we reached Australia the war was over. Later, I found out that the men who were going to England for leave had been kept back to put down a revolt by the Egyptians. They received their leave in the late autumn - perfect weather for a trip to England.

Before we left Palestine the ranks of the Light Horse were severely hit by Spanish Flu and many died from it in Damascus. I was lined up to disembark at Fremantle when much to my dismay I was told that the quarantine station was over-crowded, and that I would have to go on to Melbourne where we would all be given shore leave. We arrived in Melbourne on Christmas Day 1918, and were looking forward to Christmas dinner ashore. However, once again I was disappointed when I was put in charge of a potato peeling squad. The men were indignant and so was I. We decided to quit and protest to the Colonel, but all he said was "Please yourselves, but all you will have for dinner is bully beef and biscuits." That was our first Christmas Dinner on returning to Australia. We were given leave that night providing we were back by midnight, but next morning I did not feel well. I had a bad cough and a high temperature and was taken to Caulfield Hospital by ambulance where I spent several days. When I was well enough I was given leave, and spent 2 enjoyable weeks with my step-father's people at Castlemain. I later travelled to Perth on the Trans Continental Railway which was not air-conditioned in those days. I remember the waiters bringing ice around for everyone to suck going across the Nullabor Plains - the heat was terrific.

My mother and 2 young ladies met me at the station in Perth. I had not been home since I had left with my mother in 1910, and remembered my 2 half sisters as little girls. When I eventually arrived at Harvey (my hometown) I met my little 5 year old half-brother who had been born whilst I was away. I always intended to take up land when I returned to Western Australia so I began negotiations with the Repatriation Department. My eyes had been giving me trouble for some time caused by the glare of the Sinai Desert. They became worse and I was sent to Fremantle Hospital where the doctors operated on both eyes at the one time. I was left with bandaged eyes, unable to see, but I had previously taken note of where the bathrooms and toilets were located so I was able to find my way around. I asked the nurse who came to feed me to just cut up my food so that I could feed myself. When I was discharged from Hospital, I asked the authorities to reimburse me for the 2 weeks I had spent there as I was still on accumulated leave, but I was told that I had already been paid for my leave and that I could not be paid twice. I tried to put up some kind of an argument but didn't get anywhere. Some years

later when I was married and had a family, I received a cheque for the time I spent in Freemantle Hospital.

Back at Harvey we were caught up in the local sports. I was enjoying the games and tried my hand at (among other events) tossing the caber. Unfortunately, I injured my back and I was laid up for 2 weeks. The nearest doctor was still 35 miles away at Bunbury so I did not consult one, but relied on my mother's care. When I recovered from the injury I discovered that if I tried to lift anything heavy or did much digging my back would start to ache again. That was the end of my negotiations for land and my plans for becoming a farmer.

I decided to return to Sydney where I had been working on the trams before enlisting. I wrote to the Department of Tramways, and received a reply telling me that I would be made a driver as soon as I passed the examination. I tried to hurry up my discharge from the Army only to be told that my papers had been lost. I had several trips to Perth regarding this matter and finally was granted a temporary discharge. I received no medical examination at the time. I became a tram driver in Sydney for a short while, but decided to commence a hire car service with 2 returned soldiers. There were very few cars around, and the cabs were all 2 wheel hansom cabs. (the old adage - the hansom cabby and the plain cook). We thought there would be a great future in hire cars, so we set up a garage in Penny Lane Kings Cross and bought 2 Studebakers. We were doing very well until the Red Taxi Service started with 30 Fiat cars. Hire cars had to work from the garage but taxis were allowed to pick up on the road, we therefore depended on phone calls and had to charge for a both way fare.

The Red Cabs were an immediate success, and the company then purchased 10 yellow cabs and later green cabs. By this time the only business we had was for weddings and christenings. We decided that the hire car business had no future, and so I returned to the trams and drove them for over 40 years.

I have said before that my life seemed to be charmed and throughout the war years I had many lucky escapes. My life in civilian society continued to be a series of what I like to call "My Miracles".

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The most fortunate and rewarding experience of my life was when I met and married my wonderful wife Vera. She had travelled to Sydney from Young to greet her brother returning from the war. We met in the boarding house where we were both guests, and spent just on 60 years together. Some hardships - but always happiness and love. We raised 4 children and had 14 grandchildren and 24 great grandchildren.

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I now relate my "Miracles"

1. I was driving a hire car carrying 6 young children to the ferry at Woolloomooloo and had to cross over William Street at Crown Street. I thought it would be perfectly safe when the tram driver waved me across because vehicles were not allowed to pass a tram at a stop. As my car cut across the front I saw a speeding car passing the tram. I knew that I would be struck by the car if I tried to stop, so I slammed my left foot on the accelerator and my car leapt across the road - clear. A disaster would have occurred had my car stalled.

2. During my time as a conductor, from the footboard of a tram on the "goat track", I had 4 nasty falls any of which could have cost me my life. The track was called the "goat track" because of all the bends and hills it wound around between the city to Bondi via Bellevue Hill. Several men were killed from falls on this particular line and others were hit by cars on the road after the fall. I was never injured by any of these falls and in all cases was able to carry on without even reporting the accidents.

On one occasion I managed to blow my whistle, to let the driver know to stop the tram, as I flew through the air. I twisted around and landed on my feet taking the shock as I rolled over on my side.

3. I was on my way to work one day and was running a little late. I decided to leave the tram before it reached the stop at the Depot and I stepped onto the footboard ready to jump off. Unfortunately someone had dropped a banana skin on the step and I slid off, landing on the hard cement road. I pulled my head up as I fell so that my head would not hit the cement. The driver was very concerned, pulled the tram up quickly, ran over to me and said in a frightened voice "Are you alright Charlie". I was able to get up, brush myself down and walk up the hill to the Depot to take charge of my tram. The only damage I sustained was a stiff neck for several days.

4. On another occasion, I was driving a tram down a fairly steep hill from Glenora Avenue towards Wellington Street when a large semi trailer pulled across the road in front of the tram - and stopped. I was travelling at full speed and did not think I had any chance of avoiding a collision. The particular type of tram I was driving was notorious for skidding if the brakes were applied suddenly, so I tried to ease up with the air brakes. I was nearing the truck much too quickly and I imagined that the steel under carriage would go right under the truck, and that the top of the tram with myself and all passengers would crash into the upper part of the truck. I let the sand down to blow onto the rails and when we were only a few feet from the truck I reversed the motors - thinking all the time that this was it. The tram stopped with a jerk about 7 inches short of the truck. I really breathed a sigh of relief - I wonder if the passengers realised the danger they were in.

5. One wet day I was driving my tram up the hill from St. Vincent's Hospital toward the old Darlinghurst Jail. The wind was blowing leaves from fig trees in Green Park onto the rails and my tram began to slip badly downhill towards heavy traffic in Victoria Road. I knew that if I let the sand down it would pour on the rails on the wrong side of the wheels and would do nothing to stop the tram. I quickly called to my conductor to come and get the sand punch, take it to the back and install it and then let the sand down. We were saved just in time and were able to avoid the Victoria Street traffic.

6. I was given long service leave after 20 years with the Department and decided to take Vera to Western Australia to visit my home and family. We travelled to Adelaide by rail and we planned to sail from Port Adelaide to Freemantle on board the 'Kanimbla'.

We arrived in Adelaide at 9a.m. and after looking around the city we went to a park not far from the cricket ground and the Cathedral. We sat on a bench for awhile and then Vera asked me for some stamps I had in my wallet. I must have got the stamps out and then placed the wallet on the seat whilst I attended to the mail. After a while we moved over to a bench in the shade of trees and later we spent some time wandering around the park and a small zoo then had lunch at a cafe. I paid for our lunch with some notes I was carrying in my shirt pocket. Our boat train to Port Adelaide left at 7.70pm so at 6 o'clock we went into the city to dine at a restaurant recommended to us. Somehow we didn't fancy the restaurant and decided to go straight to the Railway Station, where we would be on hand for the train after a bite there. So that we would have enough change for a taxi fare from Port Adelaide to the ship, I decided to pay for our dinner with a large note from my wallet instead of using the money from my shirt pocket. You can imagine my dismay when I could not find my wallet. Vera searched her handbag and when we still could not find it I realised that I had left it on the bench in the park. I told Vera to stay at the station and rushed off to the park. The wallet held all our tickets and money for the trip and I did not hold much hope of retrieving it. I could see something on the

seat as I approached and put an extra spurt on as I could see a man walking toward it. There was the wallet - Just as I had left it with nothing missing. Hundreds of people had used the path about 10 yards away from the bench. - a Miracle. I ran back to the railway station as quickly as I could and as I neared Vera I raised up the wallet to let her know I had found it. She had told the porter our story and he very quickly transferred our luggage from the cloak room to the train. Vera ran down what seemed to be hundreds of steps and no sooner had we boarded the train than we heard the whistle and the puff-puff of the engine. Thank goodness I did not know that the train pulled up alongside the ship at Port Adelaide, otherwise I would not have reached for my wallet to pay for our meal. The wallet was on the seat for at least 9 hours of broad daylight.

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CONCLUSION by Terry Livingston

My father came to live with Hedley and I in Launceston, Tasmania, at the age of 92. He enjoyed his time here and had some wonderful experiences such as visiting the War Memorial in Canberra as an honoured guest, for the opening of the Gallipoli Wing. He endeared himself to many friends in Launceston of all age groups, and enchanted them with his stories. I suggested to him that he write his memories down, so that they could be passed on to his great grandchildren. These pages are his reminiscences of his life and of what he called his miracles, written when he was 92 years young. After attending Anzac Day Services on April 25, 1985 he became very tired, and like the song "old soldiers simply fade away" he entered into his eternal rest on May 14th, believing that God gave us a wonderful world with everything we needed in it. It was his hope that man would not spoil it.

'Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn

At the going down of the sun and in the morning

We will remember them.'