

Eric Wilfred Beament

well I was at [?] on the Bapaume near Somme but to describe the wound will set you at ease the runner we think walked straight into Bosch & the captain had to return he was bombed about 0600 when I caught the piece to describe will set you at ease a most lucky place the left-hand when I caught the piece a gash right across tearing the tendants the lucky left-hand above nuckle of first finger across the tendants the piece which evedentally had my number above the first finger a most successful barragh & took 500 yds the piece which had my number penetrated through sheep skin & woolen gloves & took 500 yds the duck boards & track like glass through my sheep skin gloves just a short narrative of the past duck boards & track like glass I did not feel pain except a chill past when at noon we set off for Hospital I did not feel any except a chill & then the hand went stone as if frozen when we set off for Hospital we set off for Rouen & then the hand went like as if frozen you wrapped a sand bag around your boots to prevent yourself from slipping we set off for Rouen I think I am now cooked for piano playing slipping but all this is better than mud which no imagination can exagerate I am now cooked for playing even your breath freezes on the blanket at night which no imagination can exagerate 4th Division hopped over on the Sunday night even your breath freezes at night I had

my first bath for 6 weeks the doctor visited 1100 & put me down for
Blighty on the Sunday night the captain had to return he was
bombed & Blighty well I was at [?] on the Bapaume near Somme

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Beament, Eric Wilfred. Enlisted 11/2/16, age 23. Rank/Unit: Private
#2129, 59th Battalion. Source: letter to parents from Royal Berkshire
Hospital, Reading, England 21/2/17. RTA

Clifford Harding Browne

[*Sea Spray* #1 Sept 11th 1917] EDITORIAL since leaving Cape Town we have discovered our skipping champion in Pte Rampling who skipped 529 times in three minutes debating between Units now in full swing boxing was effectively punctuated by vaudeville items Corpl Bennett with his violin & Pte Skinner in his Irish Jig made great impressions the boys cheered again & again SPORTS NOTICE owing to vaccination strenuous sports postponed in their place we shall run off lighter competitions to day Potatoe & Apple dip races we expect good sport from this the absence of Lights the other night upset Concert but Concert intended for Saturday night this evening at 1900 sharp ROLL UP! ROLL UP! WANTED man of weak intellect to take charge of two gramophones apply Sergeant's Mess ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS "District Six" get your head red that chap was there ON DUTY— "Mark Two" too true your contribution too lurid for us— "Anxious" certainly CSM in any form is troublesome if merely cerebral-spinal-meningitis it may be cured if Company Sergeant Major you have our sympathy— "Censor" you don't understand our censoring is done on moral not military lines your contribution therefore sent to isolation— "Byron" you are evidently a poet of high aims & low trajectory— "Orderly Room" Shakespeare's line *the gentle DEW from heaven* refers to the Adjutant we DON'T think— "Dixon's OT" well what do you want to talk about it for?



Browne, Clifford Harding. Enlisted 18/4/16, age 23. Rank/Unit: Lieutenant (YMCA), 59th Battalion. Source: newsletter "*Sea Spray*" written at sea (HMAT *Star of Victoria*) for troops aboard 9/11/17. RTA

Stanley George Garrett

well we got off alright & started to get height as quickly as possible & Duigan had bombs on & was about 1000 feet behind & we were about 7500 & had crossed & were taking photos & Barrow shouted Huns & I saw what looked like the Circus & the two foremost they were triplanes very fast very small two machine guns firing through the propeller & Barrow & I had 200 hours & practised our system & he knew exactly what I would do & during the scrap I saw one it was gaudy red & seemed to be all over us & Barrow pouring in lead at 800 per minute & apparently the Hun got fed up & we last saw him in a funny roll & Barrow firing for all he knew & Duigan says the sky was red with Huns & when we landed we mentioned the scrap but did not put in a combat report & not until another hour & going up again we heard it was the Hun crack airman Baron von Richtofen claimant of 79 of our machines & when we landed the second time were met by Generals & doctors & goodness knows & up till 0130 explaining to more officers ascertaining whether the bullet through his heart could have been ours & the result is not yet known & I am not bothering with it much for I have no desire to kill & felt very sorry for the poor fellow & someone once said APilot'sLifeIsALifeOfIdlenessPunctuatedByMomentsOfIntenseFear & his remains were buried with full military honours with our squadron supplying six officers as pall-bearers & as I was walking

around the workshop this morning I saw the cross they had made for the grave & it is a four bladed prop with three of the blades cut short



Garrett, Stanley George. Enlisted 5/10/16, age 22. Rank/Unit: Lieutenant, 2nd Flying Corps Squadron. Source: letter to sisters (Mabel and Edie) 25/4/18 and brother (Walter) 26/4/18 from France. RTA

Phillip Murray Portsmouth Knight

Dear Walter just a few lines as it is my Birthday to-day it is a Beautiful Spring Day to-day it wants to be seen to be fully appreciated. Dear Walter I wish I could entertain the same hopes of Peace but to my way of thinking Peace is a long way off. Dear Walter your letter reached me a few days ago the first I have received from Home since I was wounded. Dear Walter just a line to let you know I am in the trenches again it has been a very wet & miserable day & nothing but mud. Dear Walter your letter reached me & finds me quite well excepting my Wound which appears to be Obstinate I do not mind how long I stay here as it is a pretty place & quiet. Dear Walter the nature of my wound Right Thigh Shoulder Forearm & Right side of Head & Face in all 13 or 14 Pieces of Bomb I removed one piece from my Head about this size \cup the other piece in my Head about the same size the one on my Face this size \subset as are six little bits in my Thigh the two in my Shoulder are about this size \supset the piece in the Wall of my Stomach about this size \cap & only troubles me when the Cold is intense & then the Wound feels the same as when I was Hit. Dear Walter snow fell 10 days ago & to-day I saw the completion of Thaw it was a great sight whilst it lasted. Dear Walter your most welcome letters find me still above ground & in good spirits in spite of the Weather & other unpleasant things. Dear Walter just to let you know I am going

strong thanks for Xmas wishes Wal old Boy & hope you spend the
Season Happily well I guess I'll ring off now with love to all I
remain Your Brother & Cheerio. TELEGRAM COMMONWEALTH OF
AUSTRALIA POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT VICTORIA
Word today Murray died of Wounds tell his Mother.

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Knight, Phillip Murray Portsmouth. Enlisted 27/6/15, age 21. Rank/
Unit: Private #3084, 1st Battalion. Source: letters to brother (Walter) from
France/England 1916-17, and telegram re death 1918. DOW

Reginald Hugh Mathers

24th birthday. I never expected to see it. an Armistice to bury the dead. talk about dead. thousands lying in all positions. feet & arms of the buried dead. only yards from their trenches. sudden death to show our heads. 24th birthday. our trenches shelled three men killed & my breakfast blown away. a most mournful wail Allah Allah. 24th birthday. our men throwing bombs & Turks returning the compliment. continually sapping day & night most utterly worn out & have a bad cold. 24th birthday. sapped through & round dead Turks the smell something damnable. left for firing line could hardly climb the hill. heat intense & flies awful sickness breaking out. 24th birthday. too crook for anything day off. trenches again & particular hell. shells coming [?] dirt stumps sandbags kitbags things of all descriptions flying. one shell landed on a grave & unearthed three week old corpses. very ill put off duty again. trench again. had to wear respirator the smell terrible. too ill to do anything back off duty. cannot say now I have never been lousy. feel most grateful to be alive & cannot tell how I was never hit. I have got away with a whole skin. June 1st 1915. my 24th birthday. I never expected to ever

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Mathers, Reginald Hugh. Enlisted 15/12/14, age 23. Rank/Unit: Trooper #594, 9th Light Horse Brigade. Source: letter to sister (Effie) from England 22/9/15. RTA

Richard George Christopher Robinson

dear mother having a ripping time a big crowd on the pier when we sailed then we were on the water we passed new zealand not very close could see a few lights so did not see much & the next land raupua a pretty sight & pretty rocky & pretty moss & grasses we passed the next land the pitcan islands one big & 9 smaller white on the sides & all the houses painted white then 3 or 4 more islands close together also different shapes one like the pyramids all high & cloudy then the next galapagos about 15 islands one big with a light house & 3 days after reached panma canal that where the excitement was we sailed to the entrance but before the mouth a wall 3 miles long built into the water with a train & a place to load ships we took 2000 ton coal to take us to england every thing done by electric machinery there are 6 locks the locks are what hold the water to float the ship & every lock she goes into lifts her higher & higher & it takes 9 hours to go through hauled by big engines the proper name for the engines are electric mules we were told if the trucks of dirt lined up one behind the other they would go round the world & half way round again so must of been some dirt taken out all the americans are not black only some of them most of them white we had the pleasure of being the first australian troop ship through the canal so got as many cocoanuts as we wanted for nothing also bananas a foot long & nearly 2 inches thick it was worth the trip to

see panma even we had saw nothing else I would not of missed this trip for the world we will never see such a sight again the wonders of the world when I return if I am able I will take you back for a trip

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Robinson, Richard George Christopher. Enlisted 19/5/17, age 20.
Rank/Unit: Private #7558, 6th Battalion. Source: letter to mother written at sea (HMAT *Themistocles*) 23/9/17. RTA