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22nd BATTALION ASSOCIATION

+

TWENTY-SECOND'S

ECHO

No. 21

Issued Anzac Day, 1965

22nd Battalion Association

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Foreword—From the C.O.

In April, 1928 (now 47 years ago), I wrote the Foreword to the first issue of the "Twenty Second's Echo." Re-reading what I said then and being asked to furnish the Foreword to a special issue of the "Echo" in 1965, I repeat some of what I wrote then.

"Deeds speak louder than words, and the deeds of the 22nd Battalion through three years of hard campaigning have already won it a proud record of battle honours and a reputation for successful work, second to none in the Force.

"So let everyone do his bit towards making the "Twenty Second's Echo" a journal worthy of the Battalion."

After all these years the "Echo" still survives, due to the great spirit that animates all of us who were members of the 22nd, and to the devoted efforts of a fine Secretary and Committee in the 22nd Battalion Association.

It is a wonderful thought that after all these years we find in 1965 that, with those of us who are still alive, there is the old battalion spirit and comradeship.

What a record it was! Hard times and pleasant ones. The Battalion was our home, and we were in the fine 6th Infantry Brigade, with splendid sister Battalions. All will pardon us, I am sure, of being proud of gaining the first Award of a Victoria Cross in the Brigade. I had made up my mind in writing this foreword not to mention names, but I might be excused for saying that W. Reeves, V.C., has proved himself a fine man in peace as he was in war.

Good luck to him and all of you who read this.

(Signed) A. R. WILTSHIRE.

Foreword from the President

To Fellow Members of the 22nd Battalion Association Gentlemen,

I feel very honoured by the Committee having elected me President of the Association, and thank you for this privilege; also our officers and committee for all their kindly help and advice.

As we approach Anzac Day we realise that this is a memorable year: we commemorate the 50th Anniversary of the historic landing on 25th April, 1915, and in addition, the 50th Anniversary of the departure of the 22nd Battalion for service overseas on 8th May, 1915.

Those who are left will have fond memories at this time of comrades since passed on, but are still happily enjoying old friendships started probably round fifty years ago under conditions which could never have been foreseen.

Our annual pilgrimage to the Shrine took place in May last, and is becoming more popular each year. The address which was most interesting and informative was given by Mr. Joe Bennett. All who can should make it their business to attend this very impressive ceremony.

Our Annual Reunion was held in September on the usual Friday of Show Week in the Lower Town Hall. Sister Battalions were well represented and the attendance totalled 114 members and guests. This was a very good turn-up, and the evening passed off very happily.

On Sunday afternoon, 6th December, 1964, the Battalion took part in a Memorial and Commemoration Ceremony for the recognition of Battle Honours awarded to the 22nd Infantry Battalion for service in the Second World War, 1939-1945. This ceremony was most spectacular and impressive. A full description of the ceremony is given in this edition of the "Echo."

As you are all aware, the successful and smooth running of all these Battalion functions call for a tremendous amount of planning and organisation. I have no hesitation in saying that the success attending all these efforts is due to the untiring efforts of our Secretary, Fred Russell, so ably assisted by Fred Castledine, our Treasurer. All credit is due to these two stalwarts who have conducted our reunions on such successful lines, which happily, we have always been able to take for granted. Fred Castledine has not been in the best of health for the last few weeks, and I am sure I am expressing the wishes of all that he is soon restored to normal health.

We are now looking forward to our meeting on Anzac Day. Falling on a Sunday, it should be possible for a very large number. I do ask that all who can will turn up. There are two days in the year when old Diggers can meet in company, namely, Annual Reunion and Anzac Day. We should make the most of them. If unable to march, come just the same, and meet the boys. Our sympathy is with those unable to attend through sickness or other reasons, and our regards to those unable to attend through distance.

Best wishes to all and may those attending have many happy reunions on Anzac Day.

Les SPEAK, President.

Anzac Day, 1965

The 50th anniversary of the landing at Anzac is an event of national importance to all Australians, and in particular to surviving members of the 1st A.I.F. In company with our younger generation of the 2nd A.I.F., we will honour the occasion at this year's Anzac Day March.

It promises to be a parade worthy of the occasion, and special plans have been made by the Anzac Commemoration Council for the conduct of the march.

Being on a Sunday the march will be in the afternoon, and it is expected that it will be viewed by a great assembly of the public. Our members are urged to muster in force, even if many will be unable to do the march. At 10 points and more it must be accepted that this day of unity transcends all race.

However, the assembly is the main object for itself, just to be "present" and not follow with others they find as best they can some sense or active service.

The ceremony at the usual place in Shrine Street is front of Anzac March Cross—the national flag will be the focal point. Sir John, one of Peter Hudson, will be our Standard Bearer. In order to make the most of the opportunity of meeting one another, members are urged to be at assembly about 10 noon. The march is fixed to start at 1.30 p.m., and we will be the second division of the 1st A.I.F. to move off. So at best we will have only an hour and a half together.

Make the most of it fellows.

It has been suggested to the march Council that all Gallipoli veterans should lead the march, but it was ascertained that those men preferred to march with their respective units. Not as a special gesture on this occasion units were asked to arrange that all the men of Anzac should form the front ranks of their units.

Consequently all our members, who served on Gallipoli and who are marching, will form the leading ranks of our battalion.

They are asked to form up in that position prior to moving off, and en route, TV and radio commentators will mention that in their broadcasts.

Medals and decorations should be worn, and those items will focus public attention on the wearers, as well as giving the men themselves a particular kick.

After the short service at the Shrine on completion of the march, around 4.30 p.m., the massed bands of the Army and Navy will "Beat the Retreat," a very special ceremonial and one not often seen in this community.

This ceremony will take place in the forecourt of the Shrine.

1965 Reunion

Our Reunion this year will be held in the Lower Hall of the Melbourne Town Hall on Friday, 24th September, 1965.

As the occasion will commemorate the fiftieth year since formation of the Battalion in Broadmeadows, special plans will be made to honour the occasion fittingly.

Already many of our country members have signified their intention of making the trip to Melbourne to attend this momentous function.

Shrine Pilgrimage, 1965

Our annual Pilgrimage to the Shrine will be held on Sunday, 9th May, 1965, at 3 p.m.

Assembly opposite Victoria Barracks at 2.30 p.m., and after a short march to the Shrine, a Remembrance Service will be conducted in the Lower Shrine. Families of members are invited to this ceremony.

1965 Anzac Pilgrimage

We will have two representatives on the Anzac Pilgrimage, which left Australia on 2nd April for the express purpose of commemorating the Anzac Day Landing of 46 years ago—Sam Boldsworth and Bill Robinson, V.C.

The contingent, of 150 strong, will fly from Sydney to Athens, and then board a Turkish ship for a tour of the Mediterranean, calling at Sicily, Malta, Tobruk, Alexandria, a one-day tour to Cairo, Beirut, Rhodes, Bosphorus, Thessalonica, and Madras.

Leave Madras at 1 a.m. on 21st April and land at Anzac Cove at 4.30 a.m., and have two free days resting at well round Gallipoli. A number of wreath-laying ceremonies will be held at the war cemeteries at Beach Cemetery, Lone Pine, Chunuk Barr and the Turkish War Memorial at Anzac Bays.

The tour will last a month, and for those participating will revive many poignant memories of 1915.

E. Gorman Reminiscences

Fifty years have flown since the 22nd Battalion was formed. I use the word "flown" because that is the impression retained by surviving members. My mind turns to the days when the 22nd "Echo" used to make its appearance in France and Belgium. As a literary effort its standard was not breath hovering, but we found it an acceptable medium for our pawky, mordant humour. The compilation of the Battalion history was quite another matter. Under urgent commands from the C.O. (A. R. L. Wiltshire, Colonel, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.C.) it was churned out rather than written. My responsibility was grudgingly accepted. The sometimes peremptory orders for the next instalment too frequently disturbed a card playing school of which I was an ardent but unsuccessful member. There is not one of us who would exchange our experiences with the Battalion for all the gold on the Rand. We have acquired a sense of values. Quite irrelevantly may I inform my comrades that comparatively recently I re-found my former billeting hostess of Marcinelle (Charleroi) now in her mid-eighties. I hear from her regularly, and she, too, retains memories of the Battalion.

How many of you remember the post-Armistice days and the occasion when two local lasses disturbed the Church Parade as they entered the street from opposite ends—each wearing a costume with lapels decorated with the Battalion colours kindly provided by the Battalion tailor.

Could we but delete the casualties would we not like to start it all over again?

"On Active Service" 1915-1919

To commemorate the 50th Anniversary of the old Battalion "On Active Service" 1915 to 1919, excerpts from "With the 22nd," compiled by Captain E. Gorman, M.C., are published to revive the memory of members.

1915

The Battalion was formed at Broadmeadows, March 26th, under the command of Lieut.-Col. H. A. Crouch, V.D. The first parade was held 4th April. Lieut.-Col. Crouch announced the regimental motto: "Wipe out the bloody Germans." The Battalion embarked on S.S. "Ulysses" for overseas 8th May. Arrived Alexandria 9th June, entrained for Zeboun, via Cairo, and marched to Heliopolis. Shaking off the sea legs and being issued with khaki shirts, shorts and put helmets, which were more comfortable than the heavy uniforms, the Battalion settled down to solid training, not forgetting that historic march to the Pyramids headed by Col. Crouch and the band. Heliopolis was evacuated 29th August. Embarked on S.S. "Sontian" Arrived Lemnos 2nd September; re-embarked on S.S. "Gemanah" and arrived Gallipoli 6th September; relieved a portion of 6th, 7th and 8th Battalions and there remained till the evacuation on 18th and 20th December, and re-assembled at Lemnos on 22nd December. During service on the Peninsular, the Battalion suffered 616 casualties, of whom 60 were killed, 285 wounded and 271 evacuated sick.

1916

On 1st January the Battalion returned to Egypt and Tel-el-Kehir for replacements, entrained for Ismailia on 26th January, marched to Hag's Back on the Sands of the Sinai Desert via Ferry Post. The New Zealand Mounted Rifles relieved on 8th March, and the Battalion marched back to Mouscar. Embarked for France 19th March on S.S. "Llanoverly Castle"—the transport section on the S.S. "City of Edinburgh"—arrived Marseilles 25th March. A three-day train journey to Aire, passing through beautiful country of the South of France; greeted at Aire on 29th March with heavy snow and sleet. After a long march over cobblestones to billets at Roquetaire, another 15-mile march on 4th April over cobblestones to Haversque, then 15-mile march to Sally and Estaires. Relieved the Tomnies at Fleubain 7th April; remember the Turkish patrol and the Stars and Stripes on the gramophone, the 5-rounds rapid fire and the retaliation by Fritz. Early in May the Battalion moved to Erquinham, dug trenches, did wiring and had the first bath. On 10th June relieved at Bois Grenier and Armentieres till 30th June, then back to La Bourde for a spell.

Relieved the 6th Battalion at Pozieres on 25th July, the hell was let loose and casualties numerous; relieved 6th August; arrived Bellemeuse 10th August for replacements; into Mouquet Farm 26th August for another torrid time with plenty of casualties; relieved 27th August, then back to Albert. The Battalion moved to Fiers 2nd November amidst the mud and slush till 19th November. Back to Frecourt, into Ginchy Sector for Christmas and New Year.

1917

Relieved from Ginchy on 17th January; into Le Bars Sector at the end of January. There the mud was covered with snow many

feet thick and turning into ice. The battle of Warlencourt took place on 24th February, and we suffered 60 casualties.

The battle of Bullecourt started on 3rd May. The whole of the 6th Brigade fought the famous Prussian Guard regiments. This cost the Battalion 16 officers and 422 other ranks. The 6th Brigade was relieved on 7th May and moved back to Bouzincourt for replacements and reorganising. The Battalion moved into Westhoek Ridge on 16th September, occupied Hannebeke Wood, Zonnebeke Ridge. On 4th October the battle of Broodseinde was fought; relieved 10th October. The fighting strength of the Battalion had been reduced to less than 100. The Battalion moved to Kemmel on 18th November, spent the festive season, and a good time was had by all.

1918

The Battalion moved out of Kemmel on 12th January for the front line at La Basselville, facing Warneton, where the "minnies" fell thick and heavy; the weather conditions were absolutely shocking, but the Battalion was in and out of the line till 31st March. Word was received that Fritz had broken through on the Somme; then it was bus and train back towards Amiens. During this move the first issue of the "22nd Echo" was published by Sgt. C. E. Blachford—on demobilisation the printing press was donated to the Australian War Museum. On 6th April the Battalion was again in the front line near Dernancourt, overlooking the Albert-Amiens road and the town of Albert. The front line was held and consolidated till relieved on 1st May by the 21st London Battalion. The Battalion relieved the 39th Battalion in the front line at Ville-sur-Ancre and Morlancourt, and captured Villa-sur-Ancre on 19th May, when Sgt. W. Ruthven won the V.C. Casualties were very heavy. Relieved 20th May, the Battalion occupied the front line at Merisart on 31st May; engaged in raids till relieved 15th June, then moved to the reserve trenches on Hamel front on 4th July. Fritz saturated the area with mustard gas shells—our casualties were again heavy. The Battalion took over the front line east of Villers Bestonnex on 19th July; again Fritz put over a gas barrage. The Battalion relieved 29th July. The 8th August started the rout of the German Army, and the Australian Army march to victory, with the 22nd Battalion well to the fore, till 17th August, when the outskirts of Herleville were reached. 18th August orders were received to occupy the sunken road, a most perilous task with only 120 strong—the positions were occupied. Owing to so many being killed and wounded the survivors were eventually surrounded by a picked German division. Of the 90 men who took part in the attack 60 were killed, wounded or missing. All the men left after this action were relieved the same day by a battalion of Yorkshire Light Infantry 670 strong, and moved back to Veuquemont. After a build-up of reinforcements, the Battalion moved to Cappy on 26th August, then it was a case of hide-and-seek with the Germans who were retreating through Dompiere, Black Wood, Herbicourt and Flaucourt overlooking the River Somme. After 24 hours' rest the Battalion moved to Chersur-Somme on 31st August in support to 21st, 22nd and 24th Battalions in the capture of Mont St. Quentin. La Motte Farm was captured and high ground overlooking Geneva on 2nd October. Geneva was captured on 4th October. This final conflict cost the Battalion 22 killed and 63 wounded. The 117th American Regiment relieved the Battalion on 6th October. After a rest march to

Boisel, the Battalion entrained for Amiens and marched to billets at St. Vaast, then to Gourdinne for Christmas.

1919

The Battalion moved to Charleroi on 13th February, awaiting return to Australia.

About 8,000 men passed through the Battalion, of whom 876 died on Active Service, 4,518 wounded and sick, and 44 prisoners of war.

The following decorations were earned:
V.C., 1; C.M.G., 1; D.S.O., 4; M.C., 36 (2 bars); D.C.M., 22 (1 bar); M.M., 154 (11 bars); M.S.M., 6; Foreign, 9,
making a total of 253 decorations. 25 received Mentioned in Despatches.

F. R. CASTLEDINE.

Fred R. Castledine

After 47 years of continuous service as Honorary Treasurer of the Association, Fred has had to admit to the limitations of "Anno Domini."

He has been retired for six years and pursuing his usual activities at home, but of recent months he has had to curtail them, and in January last was made T.P.I.

He and Mrs. Castledine have moved to Mitcham in a home adjoining that of their daughter, Mrs. Cramer.

Much as he regrets it, Fred will have to miss Anzac Day March this year, as standing for any length of time is "out" for him.

Naturally, we deplore this calamity to Fred Castledine, but will have to do as we were often ordered in the past—"Carry On."

Fred will carry on his office with the Association, but he will not be so boisterously active as we have become accustomed over so many years.

Recollections from 1914-18

Did anyone ever make an investigation of the railway revenue during the establishment of the camp at Broadmeadows in 1914-15? It would be very interesting to know the receipts at that station on the last train in each night. From necessity the porter used to stand at the exit gate with his inverted cap held out as a receptacle—ostensibly for rail tickets.

But there were very few tickets deposited therein—in fact, anything but—gum leaves, cigarette cards, even cigarette butts, stones and any readily available article in order to gain egress.

Another form of organised handiwork. A very obvious new recruit in uniform approached the ticket window at Flinders Street and asked for a second-class single ticket to Broadmeadows. The astounded clerk came back with, "What, has the camp stuffed?"

The apparently irrelevant remark was not so innocuous as it appeared. For months, troops catching the train back to camp suspiciously bought a "second-class to North Melbourne" which was the name of the clerk's friend, and the recruit's actual destination.

Queen's and Regimental Colours

In 1920, our Battalion, in company with all units of the 1st A.I.F., was the recipient of King's and Regimental Colours presented to them by His Majesty, King George V.

At a colourful parade held in the Domain Gardens in 1920, the Victorian units received their Colours from the hands of the Governor-General, Sir Ronald Munro Ferguson.

For the next few years our Colours were in the custody of the 22nd Battalion C.M.F. "The Yarra Borderers" and remained with that unit until its disbandment in 1942, when they were placed in custody of St. Phillip's Church of England in Abbotsford for safe keeping.

As it was one of the main purposes of the Shrine to be the repository of Regimental Colours, when eventually laid up, vigorous steps was taken by this Association in 1952-53 to have our colours transferred to the Crypt of the Shrine for final laying up.

Considerable opposition was encountered to our wishes, and after long negotiations we achieved our aim and at a very impressive parade on Sunday, 29th November, 1953, our Colours, together with those of the 29th Battalion, were handed over in the presence of the Governor, Sir Dallas Brooks, to the President of the Shrine Trustees, Sir Edmund Herring, for laying up in the Crypt of the Shrine, where they are still in safe keeping.

It is a matter for deep regret that our sister battalions, the 21st and 23rd, were denied access to their Colours, now in a church in Geelong, and were unsuccessful, and still are, in inducing the Trustees of that church to agree to the Colours being placed with ours in their national repository at the Shrine.

The Colours of the 24th Battalion were placed in the Shrine some months before ours.

So our four Battalion Colours of the 6th Brigade are not resting together as they should be. We shared our battles together and it is lamentable that parochial prejudice should be able to deny the two battalions mentioned the right to have their Colours laid up in the place of their choosing and which is theirs by national sentiment.

In due course, Battle Honours were awarded to all 1st A.I.F. Units, and we were given eleven, which were emblazoned on the Regimental Colours.

In World War II, our counterparts, the 2/22nd and 22nd Inf. Battalion also gained Battle Honours—7 in all—and these have been emblazoned on the Queen's Colours.

In order to commemorate fittingly the award of these honours, the three units conducted a joint parade at the Shrine on Sunday, 6th December, 1964.

Major-General Sir Walter Cawthorn was to have commanded the parade, but owing to a recent bout of hospitalization, he had to relinquish the honour and could not attend the parade.

Colonel Wiltshire, who had been requested to take command of the parade, had to decline owing to ill health, but he attended and was able to participate in the Shrine Ceremony while remaining seated.

Major F. Field, 2/22nd, took command of the parade, which assembled in front of the Victoria Barracks.

The three battalions formed up independently and preceded by the Southern Command Band, marched to the Northern Forecourt

of the Shrine and formed up in a hollow square—22nd on right flank about 150 strong, 2/22nd on left, also 150 strong, and 22nd Inf. Battalion, about 300 strong, on rear flank.

The Colours were on display on the dais, and in the presence of Sir Edmund Herring, Chairman of the Shrine Trustees, Col. A. M. Kemsley, Deputy Chairman, Mr. W. Ruthven, V.C.—a Shrine Trustee—Major-General Taylor, representing the G.O.C. Southern Command, and a large number of friends and relatives, a memorial service was conducted by Rev. H. T. Shotton and Rev. H. R. Birch, both Chaplains of the 22nd Inf. Battalion.

Prior to the service, Sir Edmund Herring officially acknowledged the custody of the Colours and recounted the total Battle Honours emblazoned on the Colours and their significance to those who had participated in the actions which they commemorated and of their inspiration and example to future generations who may have to emulate the deeds of their forebears.

The following address to the assembly was given by Mr. E. German, 22nd Battalion:—

"In the infinity of time fifty years are only a moment, but they represent a long important segment of our young nation's history, and to us mean two-thirds of a lifetime. Many of those who died in the three battalions, indissolubly linked in today's memorial commemoration, lived only one-half of fifty years. They never grew old and it is as very young men that we remember them.

Greatly depleted are the ranks of those who experienced the emotion which inspired Australia when the first 22nd was formed and waves of shock and sorrow swept the nation as the casualty lists touched every home. The cost of Australia's advance into Nationhood was terrifically high. The bereaved sought consolation in the certainty that the terrible price had effectively insured Australia and its youth from participation in future wars.

Hardly twenty years passed before this baseless confidence was shattered by a madman and another generation was called on to uphold Australia's honour on battlefields far removed from those where the parent Battalion had gained its glory. The Second 22nd Battalion was formed; overwhelmed by enemy force it suffered such grievous losses that it was never re-formed, and it was left to the 22nd Battalion, known to some of us as the Third 22nd, to prove its worthiness and to earn by its sweat and blood the recognition evidenced by the seven Battle Honours now emblazoned on the Queen's Colours.

No sensitive man, be he even a Field Marshal, would assert a claim to worthiness to the role of testifying to the greatness of a battle-scarred battalion. As with the oracles of antiquity a disembodied voice should come from this Shrine saying what men are shy to say, speaking the things that should be said, praising the sterling worth of those who gave honest service to the battalion of which they had the honour to be members and honouring the oft repeated promise to our Dead that they indeed held in honour and affectionate remembrance by those whose regard they would most value.

That any man who served in an infantry battalion should ever regard material success, however great, as comparable with the greatest experience of his life—service with his Unit—is unthinkable. Never could there be any similar companionship, camaraderie and mateship. Men were temporarily elevated above their normal selves, the separateness of civilian life was thrust aside by a consciousness

of what was due to comrades and men of the plains were, by the demands of their Unit, elevated to men of the mountains.

The pain of loss has long ceased and old sorrows have been dulled by the passage of time, but sometimes on an occasion such as this we recapture for fleeting moments something of the old noble days and dream that we are again with the great Dead, their youth preserved and their comradeship regained. 'Death he taketh all away but that he cannot take.'

What the 22nd Battalion has done is done. It can neither be added to nor subtracted from. Its story is told in 'Etched in Green,' the Battalion history, the record of its honourable service in the South-West Pacific, preserved for posterity by the seven emblazoned Battle Honours. It is assured of unshakable everlastingness. The future, long or short, is for us who carry the heavy obligation of discharging our ordinary duties and at the same time proving that those who were spared have not forgotten.

If words are not to be meaningless things, expended on conventional clichés, each of us has to add to his daily burden some service to his fellowmen in memory of fallen comrades from whom so much more was taken. Then only can we redeem our oft-made promise that our Dead shall continue their life in the thoughts and deeds of those who knew and loved them. The true honour we can pay is to follow as nearly as our human weaknesses permit their example of service and sacrifice. These men were not patriots on pedestals; they were vital humans who realised in some extraordinary fashion the antique ideal of friendship. We think of them now not as dead but, in the immortal words of that great war historian, Bean, we see them still as an army of generous men marching down the long line of their country's history, hands playing, rifles slung, packs on shoulders, bayonets, scabbards and entrenching tools slapping on countless thighs.

That is the picture we are seeing now—a picture rising as it will always rise 'above the mist of ages, a monument to great-hearted men and for their nation a possession forever!'

As a memento of that Ceremony and a lasting record for our members, we have had a picture of the Colours in full colour included in this issue of the "Echo." The Battle Honours shown on each Colour will recall the stirring events in which they participated and which will live long in their memories.

"ECHO" Anniversary Issue

On the fiftieth anniversary of Anzac and in honour of our own battalion record, both there and in later actions, we have "let our heads go" in production of a worthwhile issue of "Echo." Our front page includes a reproduction of the first page of No. 1 issue of the "Twenty Second's Echo", and as mentioned elsewhere, we have included our Queen's and Regimental Colours in colour. Naturally we have incurred considerable added costs in its publication, but we feel that members will approve our action and respond as they always have, to our request for their generous donations in meeting the expenditure.

The "Echo" costs £78 in printing alone each year and with the colour work in this issue, that will be increased considerably.

Anzac Day, 1964

Last year our historic Commemoration March was carried out in accordance with established custom, but we have to admit to the passage of years. Our number who march is gradually diminishing, much as the spirit would prefer otherwise.

We had a good attendance at the assembly, but many more remained than those who marched. Inevitable no doubt, and a situation we must expect.

In view of the lack of adequate bands, we experimented with a boys' drum squad from Caulfield State School. The enthusiasm of the boys was very evident, and the band provided a means of maintaining step. Usually the nearest band on the march is so far distant as to be inaudible, and we introduced our own medium.

However, the weather was good and there were no incidents to report.

Anzac Day Donations

H. J. Nichols, Lorne.	K. E. Moore, Bacchus Marsh.
F. Holmes, Col. Col. N.S.W.	T. Hoare, Moorabbin.
W. J. Salter, Preston.	R. Mitchell, W. Preston.
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	W. E. Smythe, Heidsieck West.

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L. Good, Surrey Hills.
A. Carroll, Regent.
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W. Beale, Thornbury.
W. Aimers, Bulleen.
F. Sturrock, N. Carlton.
W. P. Yelverton, Brighton.
H. Vawdon, Caulfield.
T. Jewell, St. Morang.

G. A. McKenzie, Abbotsford.
B. Stringer, Mont Albert.
W. Greenwood, Wangaratta.
W. Tierney, Reservoir.
J. Giroud, Fawkner.
T. Watson, Oakleigh.
W. Langan, Essendon.
C. H. Johnson, Glen Iris.
J. Collins, Strathmore.
E. C. Cook, Box Hill.
L. Speak, Elsternwick.

Shrine Pilgrimage, 1964

We conducted our Annual Pilgrimage to the Shrine on Sunday, 10th May, 1964, and the increased attendance of members and their relatives was encouraging. A rough count gave the number at 46, plus a good number of relatives.

As this is our only ceremony of combined Remembrance, members are urged to make it as fully representative as possible. Their attendance at this function will be the best evidence of their sentiment towards "departed comrades."

Our President, Mr. J. B. Armstrong, led the short march to the Shrine and conducted the ceremony.

Mr. J. R. Bennett gave a very inspiring address, in the course of which he epitomised the men of the A.I.F.—

Let us for a moment consider the men of the A.I.F. We had the rich man, and the poor, the student and the teacher, the station owner and the jackeroo, the Jew and the Gentile—in short, every type and creed welded together into true comradeship.

The faults of men were overlooked, social frills were brushed aside, and all, opposed to a common danger, regarded each other as brothers. They only varied their judgement of others by outstanding evidence of courage, leadership and self-sacrifice. They trusted each other even with their lives for each knew that his pal would prove as staunch in time of need, and he was determined to stand by him. The employer and the employee fought side by side with a mutual confidence and supreme trust.

Should such tradition be allowed to die?

At the conclusion of the address the President laid a wreath on the Stone of Remembrance, and after the sounding of the Last Post and Reveille, all present filed past the Stone, each in turn depositing a Poppy in "Remembrance."

Anzac Tokens

The R.S.L. maintains a number of institutions for the welfare of ex-servicemen and women, irrespective of League Membership, and has incurred considerable expense in so doing.

In order to assist the League in this sphere, all members are asked to purchase a token and wear it on Anzac Day. The tokens are obtainable at varying prices, and will be on sale from helpouts in street selling on Friday, 3rd April.

1964 Reunion

"When you are on to a good thing, stick to it." That very sound piece of Australiana can be well applied to our Reunion, for we are certain we have developed just the right touch to make our annual shows appreciated by all members—both present and absentees.

Undoubtedly our absent members are with us—in spirit—as evidenced by their generous donations from all parts of Australia, and the universal declaration that they will be "standing to" at 9.30, the time of the Absent Members' Toast.

Our show on 18th September last was typical, and although we have to accept a lessening of members attending, still those present thoroughly appreciated the company of fellows with whom they had shared so many adventures and experiences in the days of their youth.

Les Speak, who had just taken over as President of the Association, made a happy initial opening address to members and expressed his appreciation of being elected to that office.

Again we had members attending for the first time: **Alex Buchanan**, of Werrimah, N.S.W., and **Fred Archer** of Burwood, and **Charles Campbell** of Ascot Vale. Alex has been fully occupied growing prunes on his property in mid-N.S.W., and trips to Melbourne have been a rarity.

Fred can give no such explanation for his absence, but we can anticipate he will be a starter from now on.

For many years **Charlie** was a primary producer at Nyah, and distance in that case would have been an obstacle. But such does not apply to Ascot Vale.

George Hardy, of Bendigo, our veteran member aged 86, made a special trip by car from Bendigo to be in it, and left early on the return trip. How's that for assiduity?

Reg Hawkins made an appearance after many years of absence, but as he has been a country resident for years he claimed absolution on that account.

Bert Rayner, of Red Cliffs, was last with us 7 years ago, and **Fred Maskell**, of Shepparton, had a similar period of absence. Bert brought down an apology from **Arthur Tostevin**, of Mildura.

Jack McLeod, of Wonthaggi, and **Ern Thomas**, of Newport, could only claim 3 years' absenteeism, but we look for better records from both in future. Incidentally, Jack was present although he was the subject of an apology from **Arthur Blamey**, of Cowes. Arthur had telephoned from Cowes to apologize for his and Jack's inability to be present, as he understood Jack was on the sick list, and as he was providing the transport they would both have to be amongst the absentees.

Jack strongly denied the assumption and demonstrated his presence in no uncertain manner. How he and **Arthur** eventually straightened things out we have not been informed.

And it was our very great pleasure to give a hearty welcome to **Tom Miles**, of South Australia, present at a reunion for the first time. Tom was in Melbourne especially for the reunion and was the guest of **Eugene Gorman** for his stay.

It was good to see him again, and from all appearance "age has not wearied him"—too much anyway. As to be expected, he and **Reg Hawkins** and **Ralph Dickens** were soon collaborating. Having

been a team at H.Q. for so long their reunion was an event in their lives.

Jack Russell, who had just returned from an overseas trip, gave a short account of members whom he had contacted. He spent three days with **Roly Werrett** at Bertaucourt, and again **Roly** and **Mrs. Werrett** proved the perfect hosts. Apart from advancing years **Roly** looks much the same, but as **Jack** said, he has become a typical Frenchman with all the habits and gestures of those people.

He had a night with **Pip Powell** and **Mrs. Powell** at their home in London, and had them for their guests at their own flat for one night. **Pip**, too, has accumulated the years and has developed one unique habit—he stirs his beer with a pencil—says it takes the gas out of it.

Vic Kirby of Bristol was his host on a short visit there, and both **Vic** and **Mrs. Kirby** and daughter made **Jack** and **Mrs. Russell** most welcome. **Vic** is now very much crippled up with arthritis and has to move around aided by two sticks.

Padre Durnford was also visited at Alnwick in Northumberland and again **Jack** and **Mrs. Russell** were very much the honoured guests. **Padre** is now 83, but still very active, and although not in charge of a parish nowadays, is still actively engaged on church services. On the day of **Jack's** visit a telegram had arrived from South Africa announcing the birth of the **Padre's** first grandchild. He said that had made his day complete—the arrival of a grandchild and a visit from a 22nd member.

Mr. Armstrong very fittingly proposed the toast of our guests, who were:—

Mr. C. Willis, President, and **W. Power**, Hon. Secretary of the 21st Bn. Assn.

Mr. Bert Jackson, President, and **H. Capon**, of the 23rd.

Mr. Jack Gibson, President, and **Les Henderson**, of the 24th.

Messrs. H. E. Smith, President, and **E. Appel**, **G. Braden**, **W. Dell** and **R. James**, of the 2/22nd.

Mr. G. Macfarlan, President, 22nd Inf. Bn. Assn.

Mr. Jackson responded on behalf of the 1st A.I.F. units and **Mr. Smith** for 2/22nd, and **Mr. Macfarlan** for 22nd Inf. Bn.

Mr. Smith related on a recent visit of a party of 2/22nd members to Rabaul to visit the scene of their gallant but disastrous action against the Japs in January, 1942.

Mr. Macfarlan mentioned a proposed ceremony at the Shrine when all three 22nd Battalions would conduct a combined ceremony of dedication of Battle Honours awarded to our units in two world wars.

Donations

We have pleasure in recording donations from the following relatives of deceased members, and other donors who have supported our Association. To each of them we express our thanks and appreciation.

Mrs. J. Aston, Faiclight, N.S.W.

Mrs. S. Tytler, Essendon.

Mrs. Sullivan, Carlton.

Mrs. V. C. Hanlon, Noorat.

Mrs. M. M. Watts, Strathmore.

Mrs. Thurston, Lilydale.

Mr. T. Jeffs, Won Wron (Brother of L.R.).

Mr. S. Holmes, Reservoir (Son of Fred).

Mr. G. Braden (2/22nd Bn.).



Donations at Reunion

J. McLeod.	J. T. Marshall.
R. W. Hawkins.	M. A. Dewe.
D. E. Smart.	F. J. Silver.
R. Baker.	C. Johnson.
H. Barker.	R. Briginsshaw.
F. Maskell.	F. Craske.
F. Archer.	J. Carter.
F. B. Mann.	A. Carroll.
D. McCallum.	H. Benson.
W. Higgins.	V. Evans.
A. Buchanan.	L. MacDonald.
C. Christie.	G. Caulfield.
E. Dickens.	G. Rayner.
D. Lächte.	C. Stanley.
H. A. Hayes.	J. H. Bennett.
T. McKenzie.	W. McLeash.
D. Mitchell.	L. R. Speak.
C. Shaw.	B. Armstrong.
L. Good.	C. F. Monk.
R. Thomas.	N. Dooly.
H. T. Noye.	L. B. Stringer.
J. A. Hocking.	T. Hoare.
T. Watson.	J. Young.
F. W. Alder.	T. Burrage.
A. J. Pacock.	K. Meidrum.
C. V. Gold.	J. Ryan.
J. Greene.	S. Gilchrist.
J. Giffard.	H. Vawdon.
J. Topliff.	W. J. Cawthorn.
H. Barton.	D. Thomas.
A. S. Neal.	J. Caffrey.
C. Campbell.	W. P. Yelverton.
D. J. Smith.	J. Gibson.
W. E. Smythe.	

Members' Subscriptions 1964

In appreciation and with many thanks from the Committee, receipt is acknowledged of subscriptions from the following members:

F. W. Kirby, Bristol, England.	A. V. Taylor, Shepparton.
A. G. Birkill, Mermaid Beach, Q'ld.	B. Gray, Caulfield.
L. Vanslow, Canterbury.	H. W. Heathcote, Blackburn.
L. C. Guthrie, Sandstone, W.A.	W. B. Entwisle, E. Malvern.
E. Dawson, Altona.	B. S. Chettle, Northcote.
A. Milne, Upwey.	G. H. D. Williams, Balwyn.
V. T. Oscar, Parkdale.	F. Downie, Bentleigh.
L. G. Pimblett, Gosford, N.S.W.	K. Wale, Blackburn.
R. Holdsworth, Mt. Eliza.	V. N. Moore, Ivanhoe.
I. T. Birtwistle, Perth, W.A.	C. T. Willoughby, Bendigo.
C. A. R. Dawes, Vermont.	W. Evelyn, Bendigo.
C. Rogan, Moama, N.S.W.	A. Spencer, Thornbury.
L. Binns, Jeparit.	J. Gifford, N. Fitzroy.
A. L. Tostevin, Mildura.	F. J. Silver, Fairfield.
F. H. King, Bentleigh.	B. P. Jenkin, Box Hill.
A. W. Hiddle, Dandenong.	G. Cochrane, Camberwell.
W. E. Smythe, W. Heidelberg.	A. Salmon, Caulfield.
F. W. Lavender, Mt. Eliza.	H. W. Benson, Armadale.

Reunion Absentee Donations

In appreciation of their support, receipt is acknowledged of donations from the following absentee members:—

J. B. Sparks, Surrey Hills.	J. W. Masters, Dee Why, N.S.W.
H. Craker, Oakleigh.	A. Cumper, Hawthorn.
J. Sutherland, Seymour.	F. A. Kerrigan, Robinvale.
C. Fulton, Adelaide.	R. Dawson, Altona.
A. I. Meakin, Geelong.	L. W. Howship, Surrey Hills.
Gen. Carter, Port Weichpool.	D. T. Miles, Caulfield.
A. R. Wiltshire, Toorak.	K. S. Anderson, Portland.
C. S. Bell, Montrose.	J. Bulsh, Coburg.
R. Mallinson, Griffith, N.S.W.	W. H. Jamieson, Armadale.
A. G. Harper, Swan Hill.	R. Smith, Brisbane.
A. G. Birkill, Mermaid Beach, Q'ld.	H. J. King, Hepburn Springs.
A. Dewe, St. Kilda.	C. A. Davies, Rosebud.
J. E. Mathews, Caloundra, Q'ld.	N. W. McKinnon, E. Kew.
H. A. Glasscock, E. Kew.	R. McDonald, Fernbark.
A. Q. Sinclair, Toorak.	E. Thompson, Hawthorn.
A. Wilson, Prahran.	J. Graham, Nyah.
A. R. Hampton, Cardross.	H. Waters, St. Mary's, N.S.W.
L. F. Binns, Jeparit.	F. G. Robinson, Shepparton.
W. H. Tierney, E. Reservoir.	F. Howell, Ringwood East.
K. McRae, Echuca.	M. Sutherland, Forest Hills.
G. H. D. Williams, Balwyn.	N. A. Browning, Oakleigh.
B. Gray, Sth. Caulfield.	J. McCaul, Toorak.
H. C. Yeaman, Greensborough.	W. C. Cornish, Swan Hill.
H. S. Harvey, Toorak.	A. T. Salmon, Caulfield.
W. Cannon, Albury.	A. Milne, Upwey.
F. B. Stilley, Coogee, N.S.W.	S. Mossop, Seaford.
W. Fraser, Lockhart, N.S.W.	A. Robinson, Hobart.
L. W. Harricks, Ararat.	J. W. Young, Chapple Vale.
F. J. Warrnan, Somerville.	W. H. McLean, Niima.
R. Hamilton, Kew.	H. Hoyle, Kew.
M. Ridgway, Burleigh Heads, Q'ld.	W. J. Bailey, Bayswater.
E. Hughes, Bendigo.	L. Bodsworth, Seaford.
E. Draper, Footscray.	G. Dempster, Donvale.
A. Chapman, E. St. Kilda.	

Ivor T. Birtwistle

First Hon. Secretary of 22nd Battalion Association.

Ivor was approached for a contribution to this issue, but has—very reluctantly—to admit to the passage of time and its impairment to his memory. But he can recall the first meeting of returned members of the battalion in Sargent's Cafe in Elizabeth Street on 21st September, 1918, when Doctor Craig presided and was elected Vice-President to Brigadier R. Smith.

Of the 16 members elected to the first committee, only three remain—I. T. Birtwistle, H. F. Vawdon, and R. Andrew. Harold Vawdon is the only one still on the committee.

The first financial statement of the Association, presented on 12th March, 1919, showed receipts as £38/4/6, and expenditure as £34/1/10, a credit balance of £4/2/8. Such was the modest beginning of our Association, which has continued to thrive ever since.

Ivor has furnished an anecdote for our journal, which we accept as his contribution to our anniversary issue (see page 25).

OBITUARIES

The increasing number on our Honour Roll creates melancholy reflections. This issue of "Echo" records 52, and in many instances the press notice is the only reference we have. The known details of some of them are published for the information of members who knew them on Service.

4415, Alex C. Doig, was our oldest member when he died on 25th July at the age of 86. He had had service in South Africa, joined the battalion in 1916 and was in uniform again in 39/45, but was with army administration in Melbourne. His wife had predeceased him by one month.

1738, Tom Jewell, passed out very suddenly at his home at South Marang on 27th August. Tom had made application for a pension and was to have been boarded by Repatriation the following week, but a heart attack carried him off.

650, Bill Matthews, had carried on for years despite war-caused disability, and was actively employed up to twelve months prior to his death on 20th September. In World War II he served the whole time first with Signals and in the Islands campaign with an Engineer's Company.

278, Harry Waters, died in Sydney on January 10th, 1965. He was a resident at Samoa for many years and managed to evade capture by the Japs and served for the rest of the war as advising officer to the U.S. forces.

603, Lindsay Good, had been retired only a few months when illhealth overtook him and resulted in his death at R.G.H. on January 14th.

1615, Herbert L. Smith, died in London on 23th February. Prior to 1940 he was on the staff of the Bank of Westminster in Paris, but managed to evade the German occupation. Bert had the distinction of being the battalion's first war casualty, although only a minor one. He was wounded in the arm by a stray Turkish bullet while on board the "Osmaniah" prior to our going ashore at Anzac. However, the injury did not prevent him carrying on with the unit.

Joseph E. Hatfield was the victim of a surf tragedy at San Remo on 26th September. He and his son Allan were fishing off the rocks when a huge sea swept him into deep water. Joe's body was recovered 24 hours later, but his son's was never found.

When the Turks tricked the Anzacs

It was during our period of occupation at Johnston's Jolly on the hills of Gallipoli in 1915.

We, the 22nd Battalion of the 2nd Division, were standing to at dawn, when a Turk surrendered to our lines and explained to the interpreter that the Turks were giving themselves up that night. So we were taught in Turkish to sing out when they were coming over. It sounded like this: "Boo ri yer gal," which meant, "Come in friend." Anyhow, at "stand to" that night, we were ordered out to fire. There seemed no activity near the Turks' front line, and we were waiting for a long time and all went quiet, but no Turks came, and the next morning at "stand to" we discovered that the wily Turks had put all new barbed wire entanglements in front of their front line. What a trick it was to play on us poor old Anzacs.

—SAILOR PARSONS.

Oriental Magic

It was subsequent to the Gallipoli evacuation that the Battalion was encamped at Tel-el-Kebir.

Here, there was an occasion when a party of about a dozen of the troops were detailed for fatigue duty to load on to limbers, at a Gyppo merchandise depot, the A.I.F. supplementary Egyptian Government ration allowance.

On arrival at the depot referred to, there was considerable delay before loading commenced. The fatigue party in the meantime—awaiting orders—was scattered around the merchandise-packed marquee.

One of the party, being seated with his back against a tall crate, discovered that it possessed a loose panel, which, with a little manipulation, was further loosened, thus enabling him to insert a hand to within the crate's interior.

By some mystic influence, on withdrawing his hand, he discovered it contained a large tin of Herrings and Tomato Sauce.

For the next twenty minutes or so, each member of the party took a turn in occupying the magic seat in front of the magic crate. Strange to say, the very same thing happened to each occupant. The magic crate yielded smokes, chocolate, tinned fruits, dried fruits, and seemingly no end of goodies.

The procedure continued until such time as the magic crate ceased to function any further, and was by this time so divested that it could have been pushed over with the greatest of ease.

Thus the fatigue party, having now loaded themselves, proceeded to load the limbers.

Should this Gyppo establishment still be seeking redemption for deficiencies regarding this particular magic crate, there are—at least four—the two Kohns, Ruthven, and Holdsworth still at large, whose whereabouts can be established on application being made to the Editor of the 22nd Battalion "Echo."

—RON HOLDSWORTH.

"Ask a Foolish Question"

C.O.'s are human, after all, although their position as arbiters of the destinies of 1,000-odd bods may appear to place them in a place apart.

Stories of Lieut.-Col. R. Smith are legion. In September, 1916, we were en route to Ypres for the first time. After detraining some miles south of Poperinghe, a route march of some miles followed, in the very late hours of the night. We had marched well beyond the regulation 50 minutes, and were passing through the streets of Poperinghe. The troops were dragging badly, and a continuous murmuring started in such terms as "Don't we ever get a rest?" and "What about a halt?"

At last the C.O. gave a blast on his whistle, and called "Halt," when the whole crowd burst into ironical cheers. In high dudgeon Bob shouted: "Who's in charge of this bloody battalion?" when a very intrepid voice from "D" Company replied, "You are, you big bastard." This reply evoked considerable merriment in the whole battalion, and no doubt was the cause of the curtailment of the rest period.

"Not Before Breakfast"

Lt.-Col. D. M. Davis contributed his quota of incidents. One recounted by Chas Fulton is a gem.

Prior to Bullecourt we were holding a reserve line in a sunken road outside Nereuil. Very early in the morning, Fritz staged an attack directly on to our front. They were making considerable advance towards our line and Charlie rushed to the C.O.'s dugout to awaken him. After much shaking he woke the Colonel and informed him of the German attack. His only comment was to ask the time, and when told it was 2.30 a.m., he responded: "What an inconvenient hour."

Charlie had the rejoinder ready, but maintained silence.

The attack was duly repulsed and our battalion Lewis gunners played a very important part in that action.

Col. Wiltshire must get a mention too.

He was O.C. Troops on the homeward bound troopship, and in the ship's company was a deck sergeant, Arthur Gould, M.M. A very belligerent troop had an altercation with Arthur and transgressed so far as to strike him.

In due course he was brought before Col. Wiltshire, who took the unusual course, in view of the troops being homeward bound as to suspend sentence, but gave the culprit an ultimatum. He informed him in no uncertain terms how he viewed his behaviour, but that he would leave retribution to Arthur's pals who were on board. He stressed how much these fellows honoured Arthur as a sterling soldier with a decoration and that they would see that anyone who attacked their cobber would be suitably handled.

He warned the offender to go quietly and keep out of sight of the other members of the 22nd, who would deal with him.

For the rest of the voyage the fellow was not evident and very discreetly lay low so apparently the Colonel's action had the intended result.

Can you Remember?

Who still remembers the occasion when the Battalion entrained at Zietoun to proceed to Alexandria for embarkation on the "Scotian"?

"B" Company had settled in "comfortably" in their compartments awaiting departure, having divested and packed in the racks all accoutrements, when Major Conway reported and demanded immediate vacation. "B" Company, you are in the wrong carriages," he exclaimed, "you'll all have to get out."

Bob McNair was most indignant. "Always 'B' Company!"—not muttered either.

"What's your name," demanded Major Conway.

"Bloody Thompson," replied Bob.

"I'll deal with you later," stated the Major.

Next morning on the "Scotian" there was a parade for identification, due to spy scare. If the Company Commander was uncertain of the name of a man inspected, he enquired regarding the identity of the individual.

When it came to Bob's turn the Major enquired: "What's your name?" "McNair," replied Bob.

"Oh no," replied the Major, "your name's not McNair, it's Thompson."

No doubt those with a long memory can recall the latter days on the Peninsula, when the Turk produced a new and novel offensive weapon in the way of what we termed a "Broomstick-Bomb."

"Jacko's" first display was at dusk one evening. The demonstration was more like a Venetian Carnival than an offensive measure.

There was much in the way of derisive laughter and rejoinder directed back across No Man's Land by our boys.

The Turkish "Broomstick-Bomb" attack was sustained for several minutes—then an interval—followed by a solitary rocket and a distant lone exclamation: "Here's another bastard."

It was not so funny a few days later when a salvo of the new missiles landed into Shrapnel Gully, bowling over the tanks containing our precious reserve of drinking water.

Whose memory is still fresh with regard to the time when, after being several weeks at Johnston's Jolly, our locks had assumed the proportions of "Beatles" standard?

By some freak of nature, Syd Kohn had obtained possession of a hair clippers.

We were all only too happy to submit to his instrument of torture—applied without detail—to become "Yui Brunners."

For those who are consciously inclined, Syd is still available to collect his fee—not to be met with a ratio of firewood kindling or tin of "Fray Bentos."

During the sojourn of the Battalion at Anzac, there was little of value which could be obtained from a monetary point of view.

However, as a medium of exchange, kindling wood was considered to possess a very high priority.

Many of the troops were prepared to take undue risks in the face of the enemy for its valued possession.

There was one occasion when Bob McNair and Tommy Carter

returned from the beach with a treasured piece of considerable sized deal wood.

The affiliation between these boys was very close. The pair even arranged the two-hour observation duty together. Their vigilance concerning enemy activity was renowned.

Integrity, generally was a matter closely observed by all, but kindling firewood was considered to be "fair game."

To safeguard their valued possession, the pair during the night whilst on observation, placed the prize beyond the parapet of sand-bags into No Man's Land.

At the termination at one of the two-hour sessions, and attempting to regain their valued trophy, it was found to be missing. Bob's expostulations of an explosive nature could be heard over in Turkish lines.

—RON HOLDSWORTH.

Unofficial History

The first C.O. of the Battalion, as all originals will remember, was Lieut.-Col. The Hon. R. A. Crouch, V.D. The C.O. no doubt had many excellent qualities; he was a man of considerable attainments in the legal and political spheres. He had been a member of the first Federal Parliament; hence the courtesy title "The Honourable." However, one thing he was not, and that was an accomplished horseman. This was a pity, as it was necessary for the C.O., in common with the D.I.C. and the Adjutant, to be suitably mounted as fitted the occasion of a Brigade parade or a Battalion route march. The C.O. had made a practice of ordering the Battalion (at a rest halt during a march) to: "Order Arms," "Stand at Ease," "Stand Easy," "Lie Down." Now this was all to the good as far as the footsloggers were concerned, but the Colonel's horse (goodness knows where he had landed it, in a circus, I guess) immediately followed suit to the dismay and annoyance of the Colonel. He would try to retain his dignity while his demagogue with his horse lying flat on the ground. I need not say that all this occurred to the great delight of the Diggers who, although the Officers and N.C.O.'s made some show of trying to restrain them, gave a cheer and a great deal of laughter.

For those who might think that it would be impossible for a horse with the sensibility to find its way into the army, let me mention what happened in 1916 when the transport section of the A.I.C. was ordered to load so many horses to equip the Light Horse and the mounted officers of the infantry, field artillery, etc. In fact all those for the Light Horse requirements were supplied by the soldiers (mostly New Zealanders). The Army had no big stock of animals, as given in consequence some animals were imported under the War Emergency Regulations. The boys of the New Zealand Section then called their own the animals, as to the terms, wherever there were horses. I heard stories of headmen's carts and portable vehicles were left stranded in the streets when the horses had been taken—*or was not the horse a donkey?* I think that the Colonel was really sorry that he got the horse by his, think how embarrassing it would have been to have got one that dropped at every yolk.

—R. MITCHELL.

The Whale Oil Story

It was during our stay in the front line, at Pier's in the very cold winter on the Somme in 1917. Captain Cull came to the out-post at "stand to" at dawn. "How are things, Sailor?" I said, "Pretty bad. A man's freezing and I haven't tasted a drop of rum for weeks." He passed on and said, "I will see what I can do for you."

So, the next thing Jerry Geroud, our section Sergeant, went behind to get the rations. On his way back, my word, we could smell the rum, but alas an order had come—we were to be supplied with whale oil to rub our feet to stop causing trench feet. Clever Jonah, off-sider to Company Quartermaster, had received half a jar of rum, and half a jar of whale oil, so he finished up pouring the rum into the half a jar of whale oil. "What a turn-up," Jerry Geroud said, "Here you are boys, you can please yourselves, rub your feet or drink it!"

—"SAILOR."

News from George Williams

No. 3968, George H. D. Williams, was encountered last year sojourning at Marysville. For some years he has been T.P.I., the outcome of a shell blast at Pozieres, which resulted in his evacuation and subsequent return to Australia for over 12 months' hospitalisation.

Per medium of the "Echo" George would like to remind Waxy of an incident which still looms big in his recollections. It appears that George bought a fight with a much bigger man and the argument was to be settled in the camp stadium.

Prior to the impending bout Waxy exerted his gift of eloquence on the opponent, building up a fictitious record of George's pugilistic prowess, that he decided to call it a day—and no fight—much to the relief of George, who was dreading the possible encounter.

George and Mrs. Williams are now looking forward to their Golden Wedding anniversary in July next. George went he able to evade that event.

Walkabout — "See Australia First"

Vic. N. Moore achieved a life-long ambition to tour the Australian outback. Early last year he and Mrs. Moore—per utility—travelled to Darwin, then on to Broome, Derby and down the West Coast to Perth. After a stay with his daughter in Perth he returned via the Nullarbor. Total mileage, 9,000, on one set of tires; travel time, one month.

Tom E. Betchell did the same trip about that time and to date has not reported in. We hope he is not marooned in the Kimberleys.

Naam Stevens also visited Darwin, but he then travelled east to Mt. Isa and Cairns, then returned to Melbourne. Naam has some very caustic comments on some of the roads he travelled, but was very agreeably surprised at others. All our wandering members were very much impressed with their contact with our "Empty North" and in particular with the grand scenery.

Bill Holstuck has much more capacious ideas. He and Mrs. Holstuck were in a party which traversed Russia from Vladivostok

to Moscow, and then on to Norway and Sweden. He wrote from London that he was leaving for U.S.A. and expects to be somewhere on that Continent for Anzac Day. He had paid a visit to Padre Durnford and found him as lively as ever, although now over 83.

Harry Hayes has got the travel bug again. He and Mrs. Hayes left on 5th April for U.S.A. and will travel through Panama to Barbados per ship, then fly to New York. He will take a "Greyhound" bus to tour the U.S.A. and en route hopes to contact Clive Waxman. Then on to Europe, including a trip to Norway to see the "Midnight Sun" at Bergen and return through Russia and Poland. Eventually he will fly home from U.K.

Arthur Robertsen, who has for the past few years resided in Hobart, has moved on to London for a year or so. He proposes to make a leisurely survey of Europe during his sojourn. In view of his age and the English climate, he has equipped himself with a "Jacket, sheepskin; soldiers for the use of."

Bill Cornish has made a partial recovery from his physical setback of two years ago, but manages to get about with the assistance of a 4-legged walking stick. Bill was grieved to learn last December that his war-time billet host in Charleroi had passed on at 92 years of age. During his tour in 1962 Bill had stayed again with the old man, and together they had recounted doings of 50 years ago. At the 1964 Anzac Day Service in Swan Hill Bill achieved distinction by wearing an Egyptian Fez, and his picture, adorned with that headress appeared in the "Swan Hill Guardian."

HYGIENE

I was interested to read "Hygiene—Army Pattern" in the 1964 issue of the "Echo." I had forgotten the incident described therein, but immediately I read it, it all came back to me.

There was another "Hygiene" incident. I think that we were at Tel-el-Kehir before we went to the Sinai. We had come from Gallipoli and after a brief stay at Lemnos were back in Egypt. As stated in the article there were no baths on Gallipoli; so the "chats" were still with us.

The powers-that-be had decided that there should be something done about this, so one fine morning we received orders to take all our belongings and proceed to a certain isolated spot in the desert, on a railway line, but not near to habitation.

On arrival we found several railway trucks similar to refrigeration vans awaiting us. Orders were given that every man was to strip off and place all his clothes, blankets and other belongings in which a louse could hide, in a bundle and then to place the bundle in one of the railway vans. I believe that there was one van to a Company. This left every man in his birthday suit. He only had his boots—even his hat was included in the bundle in the van.

Unfortunately, although the sun was shining, there was a bitterly cold wind. The spectacle of the troops in their back-to-nature costumes, endeavouring to keep warm, was something to remember. Some played games, some lucky ones had a newspaper to wrap around their nakedness, others had endeavoured to make a hollow

shelter in the sand, which sad to relate, was of a nasty gravelly nature.

I forget just how long the steaming went on for, but as I recollect, it was for some considerable time.

The scene, when at last the vans were opened and the bundles thrown out, beggars description.

There was many an argument over ownership, although each bundle was supposed to have been labelled. Clothes seemed to have shrunk, as many did not now fit the owners. Hats were hopelessly crumpled and shapeless and all other clothes creased. And after all this, it was very doubtful as to whether it has been effective.

—R. MITCHELL.

The Open Door

About a month before the blizzard of November 27 hit Gallipoli, sappers had tunnelled towards the Turkish lines from Johnston's Jolly area, manned by the 22nd Battalion. It was intended to blow the enemy sky high, but a premature explosion of ammonal turned the enterprise into an Australian tragedy.

An attempt to probe the fume-filled chaos amongst the tumbled earth caused the collapse of the first entrant. There was no lack of volunteers to try to bring him to the surface, but rescuer after rescuer reeled and fell as he inhaled the poison from the blast.

Five bodies were laid side by side on a rocky ledge behind the trenches overlooking Monash Valley and Shrapnel Gully. They were to be buried when night came.

As the day neared its close, I sat with others on the same ledge and ate the rations that preceded stand-to. The subdued talk in the still air was cleft by occasional rifle shots, with a running accompaniment of clinking dixies and cutlery.

The sun neared the sea, flushing the firmament with gold and scarlet, shading to pale green, pink and mauve. Across the purple Aegean rose the darkening masses of Imbros and Samothrace. Naval craft moved on the intervening water. From the valley below came the soft sound of digging.

One of our company, an Englishman who was to die at Pozieres, nudged me. He gestured toward the prone figures anonymous under grey blankets.

"You know," he said, glancing at the heart of the sunset, "looks as if these chaps had rushed into heaven in a hurry and had forgotten to shut the door."

I. T. BIRTWISTLE,

No. 730, "C" Company, 22nd Bn., A.I.F.

Deaths—1964

	1964	May 10, 1959
4767 G. W. PRICE		February 15
4383 A. FINDLAY		March 14
756 I. P. GRACE		March 17
4484 P. MAHONEY		April 9
488 W. A. WATSON		April 29
58813 A. R. BROWN, Bon Beach		May 22
L.L. F. J. ABERCOMBIE, South Yarra		June 12
1164 G. HOBSON		June 15
4677 A. W. CULLEN		June 17
2219 S. BODDY, Hepburn Springs		June 18
4708 H. F. GOULD, Eaglehawk		June 19
373 W. H. FULLARD, Clayton		June 22
424 F. C. KING, Bendigo		June 20
144 A. ARMSDEN		June 23
1942 G. W. OLDFIELD, Westmere		July 2
2124 A. G. STANLEY, North Croydon		July 12
6885 C. H. COOPER, Bendung		July 18
50652 L. C. FREEMAN		July 23
367 E. J. DUNDAS, Northcote		July 25
4415 A. C. DOUG, Williamstown		August 2
2272 E. W. DAY, Adelaide		August 12
2829 J. B. O'NEILL, Williamstown		August 12
3985 V. C. HANLON, Noorat		August 15
242 G. C. DAY, Box Hill		August 22
417 W. E. LANGAN, Essendon		August 27
1738 W. H. T. JEWELL, South Morang		September 4
367 F. G. VAUGHAN, Mornington		September 6
4668 J. H. CONWAY, Springvale		September 16
5431 C. G. WEST, Colbinabbin		September 19
59 J. STEEN, St. Kilda		September 20
650 W. S. MATTHEWS, Caulfield		September 23
4133 F. C. HARRIS, Chindirah		September 24
J. E. HATFIELD, Mentone		October 16
13 S. C. BAILEY, Springvale		October 20
939 A. E. WATTS, Strathmore		October 29
3517 A. R. J. FREEMAN		November 6
4473 V. E. KELLY, South Melbourne		November 11
2044 H. E. PATTERSON		November 11
758a W. HUNTER, Footscray		November 26
6886a W. RENTSCH, Byaduk		December 11
5364 A. G. HARPER, Swan Hill		December 14
61851 E. H. FARLEY		December 20
241 F. G. ROWE		December 24
2885 H. C. GLOSSOP		December 22
879 W. P. CAINE, Burwood		December 26
H. S. ANDERSON, North Melbourne		
	1965	
6914 H. G. VEALE		January 6
278 H. F. WATERS, St. Mary's, N.E.W.		January 10
800 L. G. A. GOOD, Surrey Hills		January 14
1897 E. N. FRANCIS, East Malvern		February 13
L. T. ROWNEY, South Caulfield		February 17
1615 H. L. SMITH, London		February 23
2466 T. SNOWDEN, Coburg		March 3
9080 J. C. FRIEND, Sydney		September 8
9047 J. BOLAND, Sydney		March 2

Twenty-Second Battalion Association

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE FOR TWELVE MONTHS ENDED 31st DECEMBER, 1964

RECEIPTS	EXPENDITURE
Bank Balance S.S.B. 1/1/64	£78 0 0
Members' Subscriptions	11 7 11
Donations	3 18 0
Sale of Buttons and Donations—Anzac Day	3 9 0
Interest—S.S.B.	18 4 1
Sales—Battalion Book	7 4 1
Credit Balance—Reserve 1964	10 14 7
	7 0 0
	10 0 0
	10 0 0
	10 0 0
	5 0 0
	5 0 0
	2 12 6
	5 7 11
	1 10 0
	185 13 0
£721 8 10	£78 0 0
74 13 2	11 7 11
6 2 0	3 18 0
52 6 0	3 9 0
4 11 3	18 4 1
10 0	7 4 1
15 9 10	10 14 7
	7 0 0
	10 0 0
	10 0 0
	10 0 0
	5 0 0
	5 0 0
	2 12 6
	5 7 11
	1 10 0
	185 13 0
£721 8 10	£78 0 0

EXPENDITURE

Printing "Echo"
 Postage "Echo"
 Buttons—Anzac Day
 Shrine Pilgrimage—11/5/64
 Telephone—Rent
 Postages—General
 Stationery, Printing
 General Expenses
 Appeals—Legacy
 Carry-On
 R.S.L.
 Shrine Statuary Appeal
 Anzac Memorial Chapel, Canberra
 Shrine Ceremony—6/12/64—
 Envelopes
 Postages
 Wreath
 Bank Balance, S.S.B., 31/12/64

£78 0 0

£78 0 0