



THE WAR GRAVES PHOTOGRAPHIC PROJECT



In Association
with the CWGC



News from the Front line

January 2011

In the first instance let me wish you all very happy New Year. Being a 'Southern Softie', as my more hardy Northern compatriots often point out, we are not used to the deluge of snow that often hits anywhere north of the Watford Gap but now being eligible for SAGA offers I can say the harder race are welcome to it. However, the snow does bring out a more picturesque view of the cemeteries judging by the views I have been receiving in the post these last couple of months. Especially poignant were the graves in Narvik, Norway that we used on this year's Christmas card provided by Bodil Kristine Fagerthun.



This view sent in by Andy Hubbard taken at Thiele shows what scenic views are available if brave enough to go out!

The November period was especially busy this year mainly due to an article we had in *The Guardian* newspaper which was written by journalist Alison Windward. Alison had received a photograph via our request service and was surprised we have not been mentioned in any newspapers so offered to phone around to see what interest there was. *The Guardian* ran with the article and hits to the site on November 11th nearly quadrupled that of last year (4524 compared to 1279). I took a couple of days off work in order to keep on top of things but 'Webok', our web host, had their first crash on the system which was soon recovered, albeit with 'all hands to the pumps'. We have learned from this though and have set up plans to cope with demand during next year's remembrance period. Whilst investigating the issues it was determined that our uploading of images could be more efficient so changes to that structure have been installed, making things a bit faster from this end.

Another change to the site is the inclusion of a 'Thanks' tab. Instead of maintaining a 'guest book' we will be uploading messages of thanks periodically which show the appreciation of the work being carried out by all of our volunteers around the world. It also gives us the opportunity to display some of the images being sent out when requested.

During Remembrance weekend we were also asked to conduct interviews on various radio stations to promote the work on the project. BBC Radio Tees and BBC Radio Wales interviewed me and this brought in more volunteers, some as far away as Denmark! Marsha Thorndike got more words in than I did on BBC Radio Leeds!

Our next big event will be this year's 'Who Do You think You Are' show at Olympia the last weekend in February. The CWGC have kindly allowed us to accompany them on their large stand within the military section so if you happen to be there please pop along and say hello.

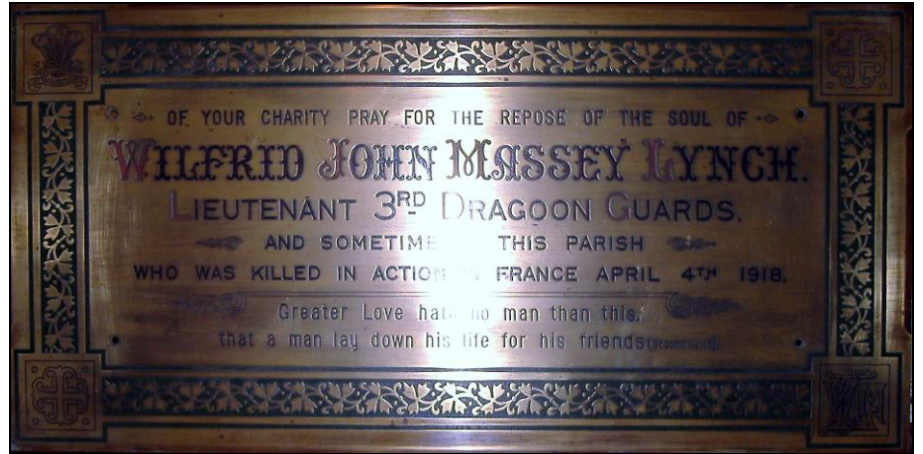
Best wishes for 2011 – **Steve Rogers**

World War One Memorial found after 80 years - Gordon Amand

A memorial from the Great War has been found while clearing out a cellar in Ross on Wye. It commemorates the life of WILFRID JOHN MASSEY-LYNCH, Lieutenant in the 3rd Dragoon Guards who was killed in action on April 4 1918 at the battle of the Avre, Somme, France. He was 25 years old.

The existence of this memorial has been known for many years, as it was originally in an old church in Ross-on-Wye, Herefordshire and probably erected there in the 1920s. It disappeared sometime after the new church of St. Frances of Rome was built in 1931.

There are several other memorials to Wilfrid. One is coupled with his brother-in-law, Lieutenant F.T.Harris in All Saints Church in The Trees at Bishopswood, which is a few miles from Ross-on-Wye. Another exists in St.Joseph's church in Blundellsands, Liverpool. He is also officially commemorated on Pozieres Memorial, Somme, France.



The memorial which has been discovered is a brass plaque measuring 24 inches x 12 inches (610x 305 mm). I hope to get the plaque refurbished and installed in St. Frances church and also have it rededicated and blessed at a ceremony with a church dignitary in 2011.



Lieutenant Wilfrid J. M. Lynch

3rd Dragoon Guards

KIA April 4th 1918

Wilfrid was born on 28 September 1893 in Seaforth, Liverpool. He went to Stonyhurst School near Clitheroe in Lancashire. His father expected him to work in banking which he did for two years with the Bank of Liverpool. Commercial life however did not suit him, and he decided to move south and took up a job as a trainee farmer at Great Howle, near Ross-on-Wye where he met the farmer's daughter Gwendoline Harris. They got married in July 1914, and soon after they sailed for south east Australia where Wilfrid set up a fruit farm. Their only child, Lisle was born here. In 1916 he decided to return to Liverpool and enlisted in the army. He got a commission with the 3rd Dragoon Guards, as a Lieutenant to serve King and Country. He was wounded with shell shock in 10 January 1918 and later rejoined his regiment on the 29 January 1918.

I knew his daughter Lisle and her two cousins, who gave me a lot of information about Wilfrid. Other information has been obtained from The Stonyhurst Association and the National Archives. Lisle never married and her two married cousins did not have any male children, so the family name of Massey-Lynch will be lost after this generation.

The newly found plaque will be logged by the UK National Inventory of War Memorials at the Imperial War Museum in London.

Remembered in a Foreign Field

During a recent visit to photograph cemeteries in France, David Milborrow was given a number of RBL Poppy wreaths to lay at the cemeteries he was visiting. It is not often that these are recognised as being laid by TWGPP volunteers so the feed back below from Georgina Keeble was appreciated.

“Just to say that, today, Armistice Day, I attended (as I do each year) the ceremony at my village cemetery and was delighted to see that a TWGPP wreath of poppies had been placed on the tomb of a British soldier killed nearby in the First World War. The Mairie of Monchy-Humières, in the Oise, was not aware of anyone having passed by to do this but informed me that they are paid 1€ per year to maintain the (single) grave which, incidentally, has recently been cleaned. I have no connection with this soldier but, as the only Anglaise in the village, I was proud to be associated with your good work which, I feel, should be acknowledged. Kind regards, Georgina Keeble.”



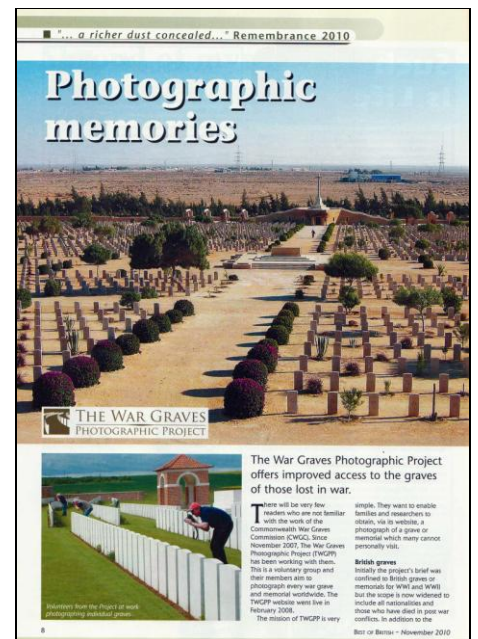
Recognised in Brazil

Without the funding to advertise our services it is always pleasing to be contacted by magazines and publications offering to promote the work we carry out in photographing the war graves of all nationalities around the world. The recent article in The Guardian proved popular but above and beyond that 'Best of British' magazine did a three page spread in the November issue.

More unusual was the fact that we were contacted by ISTOÉ Magazine in Brazil and asked if we could submit an article based on Brazilian casualties.



We do not have a great number of these but the article was published and we had some interest about graves in South America. It looks like we will be promoted in a Portuguese magazine soon so hopefully gain some interest in their former colonies.



Ransomed from Dachau – Arthur Hamley – Baumfeld By Sonja Seiler-Baumfeld

This is the story of my grandfather Arthur and the few things I knew about him and his family.

His Mother “Pepy” (Josephine) had been an immigrant from Czechezin, district Jaroslau, near Premysl – today Poland. She was born in 1863 and went to Vienna at the end of the 19th Century (where her first child, Moritz, was born) and was registered in the archive of the Jewish Community in Vienna. Arthur was born in 1897, also in Vienna.

Pepy Gams married Josef Baumfeld in 1902 (also registered) and, as both were not able to write their names, signed with three little circles. Josef was born in Premysl in 1849. He was also an immigrant and died early, in the year 1904.

Arthur was a hapless victim of circumstance. His upbringing must have been extremely poor, thus rendering him far less fortunate than other children. Of course, it was frowned upon to be an illegitimate child at this time. His Mother, Pepy, arranged for all her children to be legitimatised in 1907. Thus, in compliance with the law, they became legitimate children of her and Josef Baumfeld. Arthur, therefore, was now named Baumfeld. Arthur was an assimilated Jew and maybe he feared repression, a state of forcible subjugation, which was growing at this time in Austria.

In 1924 he married Elisabeth Schmödl (b.1900), a catholic woman and the daughter of immigrants from Bohemia. They were both travelling merchandisers and used to drive to markets, fairs and fetes etc., where they sold their wares. Their first child, Herta, was born in 1926 and their son, Kurt, in 1930. The grandmother Pepy cared for the grandchildren while the parents were merchandising in different places around Vienna. By now she was getting old and not so healthy so Kurt was taken to a foster family in Gresten, Lower Austria. The decision to do this was, at least, saving his life through the period of National Socialism, for the foster parents were people of high integrity; honest, reliable and trustworthy. They saved Kurt from being deported to, and murdered at, the concentration camp in Mauthausen.

Arthur was imprisoned in the Concentration camp of Dachau in 1938. My parents were told that his sister Sidonie Sonia (b.1899) paid for his liberation. She had emigrated to London, where she married Joseph Finer. Arthur escaped to the United Kingdom after being freed, but Sonia lost contact with him. The last information she received from the "Sally Army" was that he had changed his name from Baumfeld to Hamely and he died in 1949. This, however, was not true. Last week my cousin Peter found his grave within "The War Graves Photographic Project" website.

So Arthur had decided to fight against Nazi-Germany and became a soldier. To change a German name into a British one was usual for soldiers – it was an act to protect their life in the case of war captivity. Arthur died in active service in April 1945 without having the chance to search for his son Kurt in Austria. Tragically, he also did not know that his wife Elisabeth and his daughter Herta (at the age of 16) were murdered in the holocaust.

I am gladdened by the revelation of the grave of my grandfather Arthur and I am proud of his honesty and braveness and the fact that he had given his life by taking part in the liberation of Europe from the nationalistic terror.



So, the story of my family is not only the story of oppression, emigration and death. For me it is more important that it is also the story about people with vitality, the will to live and to take care of their (foster) children and whose strengths were cleverness, integrity, honesty and courage.

Sonja Seiler-Baumfeld
Daughter of Kurt Baumfeld

Recent Completions

We are pleased to be able to announce that further a submission to the project now mean that Russia and Cyprus are complete. Yanina Grigoruk travelled to Murmansk and Archangel to complete the outstanding graves around the White Sea having waited for the thaw as this area is often snowed in. She was assisted in the planning of the photographic trip by Paul Faulkner who has made a return visit to the NATO controlled Buffer Zone in Cyprus to complete those we required in Waynes Keep as well as visiting cemeteries containing pre WW1 graves.

Visit to CWGC HQ Maidenhead

In November a number of volunteers, who have helped the project from the outset, were invited to a day out at CWGC HQ at Maidenhead. The purpose of the visit was to enable those not normally privileged to see the workings of 'The Inner Sanctum' to gain an appreciation of the work of the CWGC rarely seen by the general public.

Tours of the archives, museum, photographic section and digital recording of archive material were appreciated by all those who attended and allowed many to put faces to names.



The continued association between CWGC and TWGPP is appreciated by all concerned with support at all levels. The next 'Combined Ops' will be at this year's 'Who Do You Think You Are' exhibition at Olympia in February.

Fancy meeting you here ! – David Milborrow

It was only lunchtime, but the temperature was still only 6 degrees; add in the wind chill factor, and it had been raining for the last half hour. One more site - and then call it a (very early) day. Home tomorrow and the rest of the trip had been good.

A small site - only 200 graves - en route to hotel. The sat nav couldn't cope with In From The Cold's gps position, so I resorted to the CWGC information and eventually found the track and signpost. Took the track; arrived at 'no entry for cars', drove on, arrived at 'all vehicles forbidden', and the gate closed.

Re-read CWGC info page - ah - the cemetery is 1.5 Kms down the track (unsuitable for vehicles). Well, thank you Derek. Raining too hard (!) to walk, so it's retreat or advance by car. Open the gate and drive through. The track went on, and on, and steadily got more and more muddy and water-logged. Finally reached a CWGC sign, but that wasn't my cemetery. Drive on, lurching through thick mud and rain-filled pot-holes. Reach cemetery at last - a little clearing in the wood.

The rain eases and the photography is complete. However, as I turn the car back onto the line of muddy potholes which is my escape route, a vehicle appears driving towards me. Now, as it's no way a two way road, I have to await its arrival and my clear run through the mud. Or is it the owners of the woods come to remonstrate with me - or worse? Eventually the car arrives through the bog; no way is this the car of a Belgian farmer! I wind down the window to greet this person who's as foolish as me. The passenger alights from the car and greets me first. 'We're from the War Graves Commission and I'd like to talk to you.' Oh my; I hastily cover up my file of CWGC info sheets - this one's down to me, not the Project. Why did I ignore all those 'no entry' signs? Why didn't I close the gate? I could have just left this one as a 'not enough time'; Derek wouldn't mind...

I find I have been 'caught red-handed' by the Commission Vice-Chairman, and the Regional Director. After a while I realise that I can confess to being a Project volunteer without jeopardising the 'partnership', and so I do. My views are requested on some aspects of the Commission's work, and frankly given. It was a privilege and pleasure to meet them.

I leave the two men to the little cemetery in the woods and wend my way back through the swamp towards the hotel. Well, just one more 'one more site' on the way.

An Australian Remembered – William T. Maddern



William T Maddern

Rudy Van Kerckhoven, a volunteer based in Belgium, has photographed many thousands of graves for TWGPP and recently had feedback about a picture he took of the grave of Lance Corporal William T Maddern in Menin Road South Cemetery.

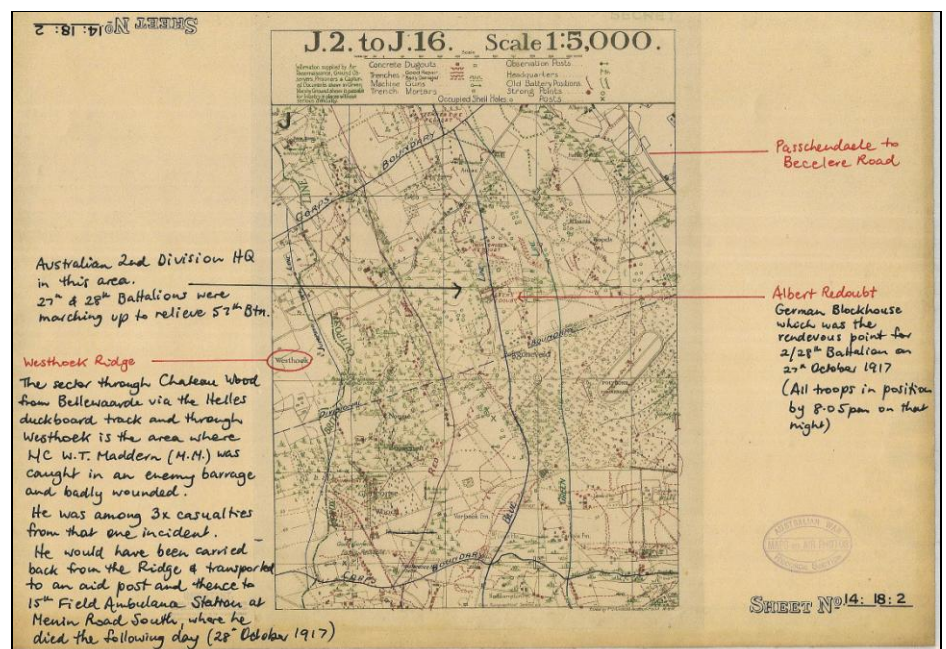
“Lance Corporal William T. Maddern, MM – was my late husband's grandfather .I am still trying to find our more details of how he died on 28th October 1917. I have managed to piece together some of the story and have exhausted the Australian War Memorial website and the Unit Diaries for the 28th Battalion AIF, to which L/C Maddern belonged. In so doing, I have been able to place him, together with his battalion, marching up to the front line on Saturday 27th October 1917. To the best of my knowledge, their destination was to reach the Albert Redoubt which seems to have been located north of Polygon Wood.

To get there, they had a five hour march in which they left the Menin Road somewhere around Birr Crossroads and then north east along a series of duckboard tracks past Bellewaarde Lake, Chateau Wood and the Westhoek and Broodseinde Ridges

At some point along this journey, there was an enemy bombardment in which three men were injured. As this was the only incident listed for the battalion on that day, I am almost certain that L/C Maddern must have been one of those men. He died the next day of wounds at the 15th Field Ambulance Station. (I believe I have also been able to locate where this was; apparently the 15th F/Ambulance was stationed in an old schoolhouse close to Ypres and is on the site of where the Menin Roads South Military Cemetery now stands.) So, from what I have been able to research, I gather that somehow L/C Maddern must have been transported back down the track to this location, first by regimental stretcher bearers and then probably by motor ambulance along the Menin Road.

What I do not know is the approximate time when the enemy bombardment occurred on that day (it must have been sometime between 3.00pm when the battalion began its march up to the front and 8.00pm that night when the Unit Diaries record the rest of the battalion reached their final destination at the front line). I realize it is now almost impossible for me to find out anything more specific, but I would so love to be able to pinpoint the place where this incident took place and an approximate time. I guess, having come so far it is really frustrating not to be able to complete the story! My hunch is that it was in Chateau Wood; I don't know why I think this, just an educated guess maybe. Probably all that area is now farms and fields, but I would love to visit it one day and try to get a picture in my mind of where it all took place.

I have attached a 'Tracks Map' of the area where L/C Maddern was wounded which I managed to get from the museum at Zonnebeke. You will see that we have tried to plot a course which roughly follows the coordinates provided by the Unit Diaries of the route they took on their march up to the front. We know that these duckboard / wet weather tracks had names and we know they started out via the Warrington Track, Birr Cross Roads and then the Helles Track, all of which are clearly marked on the Tracks Map.



We tried to estimate the approximate location of the Albert Redoubt where they were heading and know the distance took them 5 hours, so somewhere within that span of time our relative was caught in an enemy barrage. Just where on the track and what time is the mystery.

After so many generations of coping with these brutal invasions, it is so touching that you and your countrymen still care about those liberators who suffered beside you in trying to preserve the freedom of your country. It is also heart-warming for us, who lost our own sons, brothers, fathers and grandfathers so far from home, to know they lie in kindly and peaceful ground and are still visited from time to time when we are unable to do so ourselves. To know that their names are not forgotten; that their stories still resonate to life down the years, to a certain extent makes their loss seem worthwhile. Such huge holes were left in families back here in Australia and the added alienation of not having a place to visit to mourn the lost loved-one only added to the burden carried by the generation that was left to carry on without them. My late mother-in-law, who was the only child of L/C Maddern, spent her whole life without any sense of resolution to the loss of her father; my late husband, Ian, was denied a grandfather and so the legacy went on. It is a story you have probably heard a thousand times, few families were left untouched here in Australia; I would venture to say no family escaped loss in your country. C'est la guerre!

The fact that, thanks to the internet in recent years, my late husband and I were able to do some research, made it possible for us to finally put some closure on a story which lay unattended as an open wound in the heart of their entire family. Not knowing exactly what happened to a loved-one is probably the hardest burden of all to carry; death is bad enough, but how and where and why are the things that only knowledge can heal eventually. And beyond that, the greatest healer of all is to think that the death was not in vain; someone bore witness then and cares still. These are the things that unite us all as humans and why the work of the War Graves Commission and the volunteers who give their time, mean so much to the eventual resolution to that conflict all those years ago. Even little things mean a lot, for example to see some lovely purple flowers growing beside our relative's neatly kept grave in the picture you sent helps demonstrate that he is still honoured.



It is a sad truth, isn't it, that it takes generations for the scars to heal? Countrysides re-establish themselves thanks to the regenerative powers of nature; forests grow, poppies bloom, grass covers shell-holes, birds and animals take up where they left off after the rude interruption to their lives. Humans also are resilient; houses are rebuilt, roads and shattered railways reconnect and traffic flows once more. Yet it is the human cost that takes so long to make right again; here it is almost a century ago that all this happened and still we are mopping up the damage, still trying to breach the big gaps left in families, still trying to close the chapters of stories cut off in mid-sentence, just as so many lives were cut off in mid-breath.

I am so touched to think he lies in a place where people care enough to want his family to know that his life meant something to be honoured in this way. Thank you so very much for thinking of our family with this kind gesture.

Anyway, just on the off chance some of this might make sense to you I'm sending it off and for good measure, a photo of L/C Maddern. You were kind enough to photograph his grave; the least we can do is to introduce him to you as a way of saying thank you from his family.

Colleen van Hemert

Site updates

The website has now been updated with a page of 'Thanks' <http://twgpp.org/thanks.php>. Rather than maintain a guest book, this page gives us the opportunity to pass on some of the thanks we receive via e-mails and letters on a regular basis so that those helping can see the responses we receive.

Derek has completed the uploading of all images in France to replace the default pictures. English counties will be next. All foreign nationals held in archive are now up on site although we could do with some help with making up the spreadsheets for many of the German memorial plaques that we hold. Those that have visited the German cemeteries will have seen large bronze plaques on which many names are commemorated. As yet we have been unable to procure full German listings so these have to be painstakingly 'deciphered'. If you feel you could help in this process please contact Steve.

A Forgotten Marble Memorial in Malta - By Denis R Darmanin

A recent news feature in Malta reported that the church of St. Mary Magdalene in Merchant Street has been vacated, is to be cleaned and returned to the Archdiocese of Malta. As well as the exquisite and elaborate sculpture that adorns the apse and doorways, by the right hand corner just within the church's main door there is a small marble slab that not many would have noticed or know about.

In 1915 areas within the Pembroke Cantonments were vacated and converted into hospitals and convalescent camps for servicemen wounded during the campaign in the Dardanelles, mainly in the Gallipoli and Salonika theatres. Some merely consisted of a number of weatherboard wards and offices, supported by large rows of tents.

As the number of wounded arriving in Malta rapidly increased more hospitals were required and St. Paul's Hospital was erected near the musketry ranges, followed by All Saints Convalescent Camp, St. David's Hospital, St. Patrick's Convalescent Camp and even the Officers Mess, later named Juno House, was converted so as to accommodate officer patients. Due to the shortage of manpower the Sappers could not cope with all the work and many of the RAMC personnel and the Maltese soldiers in the camp lent a hand in the construction of these hospitals and camps including the full expansion of St. George's Barracks by late 1915.

However, military hospitals were not just in Pembroke but in every part of Malta and even in Gozo, her smaller sister island. The principal hospitals and camps were; Bighi Naval Hospital, Valletta Hospital, Cottonera Hospital, Forrest Hospital, Mtarfa Hospital and Chambray Convalescent Depot. Other hospitals and hospital camps were set up including; Hamrun Hospital, St. John's Hospital (in the Sliema Primary School), St. Ignatius Hospital (in the old Jesuit College in St. Julians), Tigné Hospital, St. Elmo Hospital, and Baviere Hospital, Manoel Hospital, the Blue Sisters' Hospital and the Għajn Tuffieħa Camp. It has been estimated that some 135,000 British, Empire and allied casualties were brought to, or passed through, Malta during the First World War.

Besides the RAMC and Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service invaluable service was given by various local doctors, nurses and stretcher bearers who were the first to assist the military. Others, including those who already had branches operating in Malta, came especially from overseas. The St. John Ambulance Association, Voluntary Aid Detachment, Young Men's Christian Association, British Red Cross, Scottish Women's Serbian Unit, Soldiers and Sailors Institute, No. 1 Mediterranean Nursing Unit, 1st City of London Field Ambulance, the Guild of the United Free Church of Scotland and St. David's Marquee.



One of the V.A.D. nurses who came to Malta was the renowned writer and feminist Vera Brittain (1893-1970), who arrived on the hospital ship *Galeka* and was stationed at St. George's Hospital between October 1916 and May 1917. A number of these nurses and volunteers died while serving in Malta during the war. It is about one such nurse that I have made an unexpected discovery in the course of my research. Although very little could be found about her locally, the amazing discovery consists of a commemorative marble plaque dedicated to her.



Towards the end of the 19th and the first half of the 20th centuries, the church St. Mary Magdalene in Valletta was used by Roman Catholic soldiers stationed at near-by Fort St Elmo and Royal Marines and their families from the Camerata Barracks just across the narrow St. Nicholas Street.

The plaque consists of two central figures, a soldier wearing a khaki uniform and Wolseley Pattern Foreign Service Helmet and is having his hands bandaged by a long haired female in biblical robes, possibly Mary Magdalene. Above her head is the badge of the Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service (QAIMNS) Reserve. At bottom is a scroll with the legend; **WHATSOEVER YOU SHALL DO TO ONE OF THESE, SHALL BE DONE FOR ME** (Matthew 25:40), which is slightly painted over. Above on each end is a shield, possibly that of St. George of England while at centre is a dedication which although also painted over, some of the text is legible; **(SACRED ?)..TO THE MEMORY OF ..(NURSE ?).. MARY A. WALSH Q.A.I.N.N.S.R. DIED AT MALTA 19 VIII 1915.**

The sculptor was C. di Paolo. Her age is not known but Staff Nurse Walshe is recorded as having died at the Nurses Hospital in Strada Maggiore, Floriana from a disease that she had contracted, possibly from one of the patients whom she was attending. The building where the Nurses Hospital was located was formerly the Soldiers and Seamen's Home and now houses the Housing Department. She was buried at the Santa Maria Addolorata Cemetery. The plaque was erected as her memorial as her grave was located in the 'public' section of the cemetery and these graves are cleaned and reused.

She is also commemorated on the 'Five Sisters', the glass screens in the North Transept of York, Minster, England

Two Nurses in Belgium

Whilst on the subject of nurses, Sister **ELSIE MABEL GLADSTONE**, A R R C, Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service was one of only two female casualties of the Great War buried in Belgium. She died of pneumonia on 24th January 1919 aged 32.

The other was Staff Nurse **NELLIE SPINDLER**, Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service who was killed in action on 21st August 1917 aged 26. She now lies in Lijssenthoek Military Cemetery



The Forgotten Soldiers at Albany, Western Australia - By Tony Wege

With the outbreak of the Great War in August 1914, the newly independent governments of the Commonwealth of Australia and the Dominion of New Zealand, wishing to support the British war effort to the hilt, put together a combined expeditionary force to help defend the Empire. It became to be called the "Australian and New Zealand Army Corps" – ANZAC.

In order for this totally untrained and inexperienced force of several divisions from two new countries to be marshaled together, troops were embarked in a miscellany of British merchant passenger ships in ports throughout New Zealand and Australia and under Royal Navy orders, gradually assembled in October 1914 in the remote but gloriously vast and safe harbour at Albany, Western Australia.

The harbour at Albany is in fact two magnificent harbours. The outer harbour which opens towards the south east, is called *King George Sound*. It is huge, deep and well protected from the south western storms that frequently surge up from the sub Antarctic waters of the Southern Ocean. Its entrance is guarded by two islands. The spacious and deep inner harbour, connected to King George Sound by a deep but narrow passage, is called *Princess Charlotte Harbour*. It is on the northern shores of this totally protected inner harbour where British settlers in 1826 established an outpost of the Empire which they eventually called "Albany". By 1914 it had grown to be a significant but very isolated Western Australian town. In October of that year, war in Europe was to thrust this all but unknown and very remote port near the south western tip of the Australian continent, into a unique slot in Australian and New Zealand military history.

Beginning in early October 1914, 26 ships chartered from many well known British mercantile companies such as Orient, P&O, Shaw Savill and carrying Australian soldiers from all states of the country who had all volunteered for army service, began to sail into the vast King George Sound and there anchored to await other vessels' arrival. Reports of German naval cruisers loose in the Indian Ocean meant that a defensible anchorage on the south western coast of Australia was vital to form up the convoy in safety. On October 26 ten ships carrying the New Zealand contingent sailed up over the south eastern horizon and steamed into the Sound to join the 26 ships already anchored there holding the Australian troops. Several naval warships, the British cruiser *HMS Minotaur*, the Japanese battle-cruiser *Ibuki* and two RAN cruisers, *HMAS Sydney* and *Melbourne*, fussed about ensuring that this huge convoy would be organised and well protected when they eventually left the safety of King George Sound. The 36 ship fleet plus escorts sailed out of the Sound on 1 November 1914 for their troops' bloody destiny on the shores of a remote and totally obscure Turkish shore that few of the thousands of men on board those ships would ever have heard of - Gallipoli.



Private Francis Le Cerf

The convoy was the first of many to sail from the Antipodies to the Middle East and Europe in the Great War. Albany and its magnificent harbours often was the last staging port for troop convoys that left Australian waters for the battlefields overseas. By extension, the crags of the surrounding protective hills and peninsulas were the last vista thousands of them would ever have of their homeland. Conversely, Albany was the port returning convoys from Europe, particularly if they had been routed via Cape Town South Africa thence across the Indian Ocean first saw as the ships approached the Australian continent when coming up from the south west. Thus this small town saw in its two harbours, hundreds of troop transports going to or coming from the theatres of war overseas from 1914 until well into 1920.

In the Albany (Old) cemetery located on the side of a hill above the long, sloping main street of the town, York Street, slowly mouldering headstones hint at a story never really fully told.

This cemetery was, during the Great War, the town of Albany's only cemetery. In it, apart from a score or so of other military graves or memorials and hundreds of civilian ones, are ten New Zealand and Australian soldiers who died long before they ever saw battle of any form. These were men who succumbed to diseases that they caught enroute to Albany whilst on their troopships which today are easily treated but then were much feared. Likewise there are three internments here of men whose injuries or illnesses sustained during active service in Europe were so bad that although they were being repatriated home, they were disembarked at the first Australian hospital encountered and there to linger in either the Albany General hospital or the Albany Quarantine hospital, before they died. Nineteen year old *Private Francis Le Cerf* of the 2nd Battalion AIF came from the small rural New South Wales town of Tumberumba when he enlisted into the AIF. He took ill with measles whilst on a troopship en-route from Sydney via Albany to the Middle East in 1915. Whilst his ship was anchored in King George Sound he was admitted to the Albany Quarantine hospital but later died of respiratory complications. He was buried at the Albany (Old) cemetery, 3500 kilometres from his home in NSW. The people of Tumberumba organised a headstone for him but the writing of which, now after ninety five years, is almost weathered away. There is no military marker for him of any form whatsoever although his grave is listed on the Commonwealth War Graves Commission database as a war death.

An example of a more formal CWGC style headstone at Albany is that for *Private Frank Proctor* of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force. He fell ill and later died on 26 July 1915 when his troopship, enroute to war, was anchored in King George Sound. His grave in Albany (Old) cemetery is marked with a New Zealand style CWGC headstone similar to several other NZ ones in this cemetery. Private Proctor never saw any action. He is buried here in Western Australia far from his home in New Zealand.



Finally an experienced war veteran from Mt. Gambier, South Australia, was *Driver Thomas McDonough* of the 1st Division Ammunition Column. He had been sent home on board the troopship "Pt Darwin" in early 1918 very sick. He had fought for over a year amid the foetid tunnels of the Western Front and not surprisingly suffered illness during his service. He was admitted to Albany hospital when his ship arrived in King George Sound but died on 8 March 1918 at the age of 34. His grave is marked by a CWGC headstone very similar to those in Europe.



Albany (Old) cemetery contains unique military history which Susan and I noted when we visited the town as ordinary tourists in August 2010. But there is nothing on public display there to indicate its historical military links. However Albany does honour its place in history in other ways. An extensive new park at the end of York Street at the water's edge on Princess Charlotte Harbour, is named "ANZAC Peace Park" and commemorates the fleets and troops that left Albany for the Great War. Interestingly, the narrow passage that connects King George Sound to Princess Charlotte Harbour is now named "Ataturk Entrance" in acknowledgement of the Turkish general at Gallipoli in 1915. The AIF and ANZAC is an enormous part of the nation's history and Albany is integral to it.

We hope that our work at Albany (Old) cemetery and discussions that we had with a few locals who watched us in our work for TWGPP, may well see local townsfolk becoming even more interested in their past as the 100th anniversary of ANZAC in 2015 approaches.

Torwerth Rowland Owen - RFC



Whilst searching out family memorials in Liverpool cemeteries, John Hurst came across an impressive memorial to Second Lieutenant Torwerth Rowland Owen. He had been a pilot in the RFC and was killed in action over Arras whilst tackling five enemy planes so it says on this memorial. Unusually the stonemason has carved a portrait of Torwerth onto the stone which must be a facsimile of his official portrait. Torwerth died on 7th May 1918 aged 20 most probably by the German Pilot Allmenroder. He now lies in Ste. Catherines Cemetery in Arras.



Uncle in the Luftwaffe - Gottfried Pickle

In the Autumn Newsletter we mentioned that a nephew of a Luftwaffe pilot had requested an image from Cannock chase German war cemetery.

Gottfried's uncle was Gottfried Schneider, a Lieutenant who had been flying a Dornier 17Z during a reconnaissance mission over London Docklands on 7th September 1940.

At 18:00 the formation was attacked by Spitfires of No 234 Squadron including one which was flown by the Australian Ace Flight Lieutenant Pat Hughes. It would appear that the Dornier was in collision with the Spitfire flown by Pat Hughes which killed Pat. Of the Dornier crew only one managed to bale out and survive. The remaining three crew were killed and originally buried in St Marys Church cemetery at Sundridge in Kent as this is where the wreckage of both planes fell. The German casualties were later moved to the main German in cemetery at Cannock in 1962.



The official RAF report indicates that after Hughes attacked the Dornier a large part of the aircraft fell off and hit the Spitfire. Flight Lieutenant Hughes managed to bale out but his parachute failed to open and his body was found in a garden at Sundridge. He now lies in Sutton church cemetery in Yorkshire

An eye witness of the engagement drew this picture of the collision

Searching for my grandfathers grave – Gordon Amand

I was reading the story about Steve's visit to Malta earlier last year and it reminded me of my trips there in 1999 and 2003. My object was to find my grandfather's grave who died aged 30 in Malta whilst serving in the Royal Navy in 1900 on board HMS Renown. I had a photo of his grave from my Mother who died in 1973.



Arriving in Malta in 1999 I had with me the photo of a cross mounted on three stone plinths, shown here is this photo with its inscription. It also shows a large imposing building in the background. I reckoned nothing could be easier than to locate this cemetery. Several people directed me to the Cappuccini naval cemetery between Kalkara and Rinella. When I got there I was very impressed by this graveyard, how neat and tidy it was. However after traversing the place many times that day, I could not find any sign of grandad's grave as per the photo. There were no large buildings in the immediate area. I was puzzled and spoke to many people about my quest. Later, through a family history society in Hampshire, I got in contact with a gentleman in the RN. One of his network of many friends suggested that my grandfather was buried in the RN Hospital at Bighi. I decided to follow up this line and made another trip to Malta in 2003. Again I was equipped with my mother's photo.

I was told that the RN hospital at Bighi on the Grand Harbour and opposite Valletta had closed down as the whole area was being redeveloped for housing and roads. The hospital and cemetery were no longer required by the RN who left Malta in 1979. My contact suggested that in 1967 all the remains from Bighi were taken to Cappuccini RN cemetery where I had been four years previously. When I got there I managed to speak to the superintendent about Bighi and he apparently knew all about the story.

In 1967 all the remains were exhumed from the hospital cemetery and later reinterred in Cappuccini in a special ceremony on March 25 1967. About 90 sailors, including my grandfather, were transferred there. The superintendent showed me to a lovely spot under some lush palm trees and there I found grandad's name, Arthur Boulton, on a white marble slab.

From the photo you can see I was very pleased with the outcome. I was only too sorry that my Mother was not around to see my photo and hear the story of how I eventually found her father's grave even though it was a mass grave. I also wish that I could have found out what had happened to the original stone cross grave. I suspect this sort of thing happens more times than we realise when a memorial is removed and the remains reinterred. I'm surprised that my Mother was unaware of what had happened as she was still alive in 1967. I'm sure she would have told me.



I reckon that grandad's former grave is now in the middle of a new roundabout on the old Bighi site!

My visit to Malta in 2003 had an added bonus. Thanks to the Director I had a very interesting guided tour of the old Bighi hospital which I had not expected. I also learnt that Bighi had the blessing of no less than Lord Horatio Nelson in 1803, who famously said he wanted a 'proper hospital for his men'. It was nicknamed the nurse of the Mediterranean by the sailors who went there and received the best medical treatment at that time. The building is now used as a centre for the restoration of works of art.

Finally I have to thank the person who helped me find my Grandad's final resting place. He was a CPO in the RN and lives in Horndean. Steve, thank you very much for your excellent help.

G'day Steve and all your team.

Just a note of thanks. Last week I helped an old bloke here find a school friend's war grave in Berlin. He was a 20 year old RAAF pilot attached to an RAF Stirling bomber squadron shot down over Berlin in 1943. Only two of the crew were found to be buried, the old bloke's mate being one of them. I went around to my mate's house last Monday, got onto TWGPP web site and helped him order an emailed photo that I found David Millborrow had taken of the pilot's grave.

This morning at church the old fellow came to me with printed copies of the headstone and the Berlin war cemetery. He was very happy needless to say. In less than a week he had photos back from you. I also managed to find for him a summary of the last mission flown by that pilot (crew members, times, places etc) on an obscure page on the Australian War Memorial web site. This and a few other things including the photos and the pilot's flying log book which my mate had in his possession for the last 60 years, he is taking up to Bundaberg, Queensland over 2000 kms from here next week. The younger brother of the dead RAAF pilot lives there. He is 80. The family apparently had never known where the log book was and if it existed and had assumed for the past six decades the pilot had no known grave. He has been all but forgotten. Not any more. Now after all this time these things are coming together. I guess you see this sort of thing all the time but in this case it's a bit more personal for me because I know I have helped, via you, to make a difference to two families and to two old men here on the other side of the globe. Regards Tony Wege (Australia)

..i am flabagasted at the speed you work. If i can pluck up enough courage to show her. I can say you will have made a very old lady very happy, Thank you very, very much regards Wally

Many, many thanks for the hard copy of the photo of my great uncle's grave and also for the photo of the Mikra British cemetery. I had long wondered what his last resting place was like and now I know. Having visited some of the cemeteries in the Ypres area (including Tyne Cot) and having seen the Mikra photo, I really feel that the Commonwealth War Graves Commission do a sterling job in maintaining these cemeteries. I, for one, am in their debt and will do whatever I can to highlight the good work that they do. As for the photography project, well that really is the 'icing on the cake' and, I'm sure, is much appreciated by many. Please do keep up the good work. With my heartfelt thanks. Matthew Tregenza

[Thank you so much for the two sets of photographs showing my two Great Uncles' graves. I am choked to read the inscriptions and WILL visit their resting places over the next few years. Thank you so much again - and keep up the sterling work! From a very tearful Christine.](#)

Thank you so much for this..... My father, who is 82, is going to be so moved by seeing a photo of his brother's grave for the first time. The words on the grave were written by him, as the original headstone had my uncle's name spelled incorrectly. The War Graves Commission offered to correct the error and gave Dad the opportunity to add some words. He has always wanted to visit the grave, but it is too late now, as he is too frail to make the journey. However, seeing a photograph is very much the next best thing. I'm sure you hear many stories like this, and it just goes to show what an important project this is. Many thanks on behalf of my family. Regards Lucy Cassels

Thank you so much. What an amazingly worthwhile project - I am really appreciative to be able to see the grave of the uncle I never knew. Alison Reynolds

Thank you very much for these. I never imagined that I would see my Great Uncle's grave. I have been thinking about it for many years. Amazing, wonderful and yet so very sad. Thanks again and best wishes, Katharine.

I wish to record my gratitude to yourself and all those helping you in this remarkable enterprise. In fact, from the information attached to the web entry, I have - quite unexpectedly - learnt a great deal more both about my cousins' selflessness, and also discovered a whole branch of my family. We are able to visit my cousin's grave, but to those who are unable so to do, your service must be a considerable help to them. Once again, many thanks. Kind Regards Graham Daly

Thank you so much for providing me with details of an uncle whose war grave in Tunisia I can now view on my computer. (Halford Frederick Burdett, Enfidaville) The lines his mother contributed to the headstone are making us all cry buckets, and will continue to do so, and I could not have seen them but for your careful research. What a lovely and humane idea this website is. Yours sincerely, Jane Burdett Eades

This is unbelievable !Great Uncle Jack has been lost for nigh on a century, I'm not sure which is the more moving, suddenly finding him or the speed and kindness of your answer. Audrey will be more grateful than you can imagine. Many thanks indeed. Regards Rosalind Gelgon

Thanks for your efforts (and those helping you) to make such a wonderful project a reality. Kindest Regards Barry