

bass violin. Fortunately it burst about 20 yds. in front of us, and I don't think it did any damage but it was a nasty jar all the same.

Then we started to advance up the hill – steeper and rougher than Mt Dandenong – with an occasional shell and a good number of bullets to keep us on the move. By the time we hurried into the firing line I had thrown away everything except my rifle, bayonet and ammunition as the weight was too much for me.

To cut a long story short I was working my way back from a message to where my own company was passing through an empty Turkish trench. I was just going to make a rush out of the other end in order to re-join my company when bang!

I remembered no more for about an hour or so, when I woke up half buried in earth and feeling more dead than alive and for the moment utterly demoralised. I was scratched and bruised all over and when I tried to stand I found that my left leg was broken. So I crawled down the hill until I was picked up by the stretcher bearers, taken to the beach and thence per lighter to the hospital ship and then, worst of luck, back to Egypt'.

Donald Fergus Scott lived with that wound to his leg for the rest of his life. Although it wasn't bad enough to send him home he was forced out of the infantry and into an administrative job with the army for the rest of the war, returning home in 1918.

Some others weren't so lucky. John Metcalf of Mooroolbark had just jumped out of his boat with the rest of the 5th Battalion when he was shot dead by machine gun fire. Twenty-one year old Leonard Lawlor of Coldstream was killed by shrapnel as he

tried to charge across the beach to cover, he was buried on the beach that day and it wouldn't be until 1922 before he was reburied in a proper grave. Roy Bonham from Monbulk started climbing the steep cliffs alongside his mates from the 7th Battalion but was never seen again; some think his body was totally destroyed by one of the bombs that rained down on their uphill advance.

Hubert Reid of Seville was actually celebrating his 23rd birthday on this day. As he struggled to climb a gully, a bomb exploded near him, wounding him severely in the eye. A medic who checked on him thought his wounds were so severe that he must have been dead. Lucky for him though, the next stretcher bearer who passed was Ralph Goode from Lilydale, who recognised Bert and decided to check him thoroughly and discovered he wasn't dead but extremely injured. Ralph carried him down to the beach where he was looked after and evacuated to a hospital ship. Bert eventually returned home to Seville with only one eye he could see out of, but went on to live a happy life until he was seventy-seven years old.

Another stretcher bearer from Lilydale, Harry Allen, got more than his fair share that morning. He carried a wounded soldier he found down to the beach and wounded no less than six times in the process as he climbed down those cliffs. Likewise Albert Robertson of the 8th Battalion, the first man from Monbulk to enlist, only made it to the first ridge before he was stopped by shrapnel wounds to both his legs. He later recovered and served throughout the Western Front, returning home in 1918 to become well known as the creator of the famous Phillip Island tourist attraction, the shell house.