

KENNEDY WAR CORRESPONDENCE

28TH OCTOBER, 1913 - 29TH JULY, 1925

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CATALOGUE

KENNEDY WAR CORRESPONDENCE

ABBREVIATIONS: 1. Document = doc.
 2. Envelope = env.
 3. Letter = let.
 4. Albox = Abx

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>DATE/PLACE</u>	<u>COMMENT</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
Bernard, Sr. M.	22 Nov., 1916, Elsternwick, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Parting with Clem.	74
Champion, H. H.	after 11 Nov., 1915, England, let, 1 p. Abx 1.	Dossier on Sir Walter Napier.	32
Crouch, R. A.	28 Oct., 1913, Richmond, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	21st Birthday greet- ings to M.S.K.	1
de la Valiere, L.L.P.	29 Jul., 1925, E.Mel- bourne, let, 1 p. Abx 2.	Loan of £6 received from R. Kennedy.	144
de Sibert, B.	2 May, 1918, Paris, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	In sympathy to M.S.K.'s death	137
	5 Jan., 1919, Paris, let, 1 p., env, Abx 2.	Acknowledge C. Ken- nedy's letter; photos, Sibert son.	143
Dickens, M.	11 Jan., 1918, Maryle- bone, let, 2 pp., Abx 2.	In sympathy to M.S. K.'s death.	125
	After 1 Mar., 1918, London, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	Thanking Napiers for weekend hospitality, safeguard M.S.K.'s belongings.	135
Freeman, N. A.	1917, Brisbane, doc, 1 p., Abx 3.	Princess Mary's gift to those in service Xmas, 1914.	5a

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>DATE/PLACE</u>	<u>COMMENT</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
Kennedy, M. S.	26 Feb., 1914, Cairo, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Observations on Moslem women, French, Zoo, irri- gation.	2
" "	6 Aug., 1914 Duntroon, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Feelings on the nat- ure of War & Aust. & personal role.	3
" "	26 Oct., 1914 Duntroon, let, 2 pp., Abx 1.	Report on results.	5
" "	9 Mar., 1915, Dulwich, let, 2 pp., Abx 1.	Illness, ineffect- iveness of life.	6
" "	12 Mar., 1915, Dulwich, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Flu, Spring flowers	8
" "	1 Apr., 1915, Cairo, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Bustle & expectant air in Cairo.	9
" "	10 Jun., 1915, "Ausonia" let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Illness, sailing to Alexandria, hoping to see father.	10
" "	24 Jun., 1915, Egypt, let, 13 pp., Abx 1.	Explains trench strat- egy, machine guns, at Anzac.	11
" "	19 Jul., 1915, "Abba- sich", let, 1 p. Abx 1.	Back to front, Italian girl & family.	16
" "	22 Jul., 1915, Egypt, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	ref. to Rupert's mar- riage, girl from Qld.	17
" "	Summer, 1915, Egypt, let, 2 pp., Abx 1.	Heat, 3 new horses, Gala night at Shep- heard's Hotel.	18
" "	undated, 1915, Egypt, let, 16 pp., Abx 1.	Homes & home life, Night excursion, ini- tiative, Morale	19
" "	15 Aug., 1915, Egypt, let, 4 pp., Abx 1.	Envy.	24
" "	21 Sep., 1915, Alex- andria, let, 4 pp., Abx 1.	Uncertainty & lack of support. Cairo musuem, sights of Alexandria.	25

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<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>DATE/PLACE</u>	<u>COMMENT</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
Kennedy, M. S.	1 Oct.,1915, Alex- andria, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Convalescing, good weather, drives around Alexandria	27
" "	3 Oct.,1915, Alex- andria, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Visit to Deaconess, still weak.	28
" "	4 Oct.,1915, Alex- andria, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Update on progress of health, Grey suit to brother, Jack.	29
" "	9 Nov.,1915, Farnham, let, 2 pp., Abx 1.	Visit to National Gal- lery, Officer expense in London.	30
" "	15 Nov.,1915, Farnham, let, 2 pp., Abx 1.	Timetable at Napiers. Adopt S.Napier as an Aunt.	33
" "	27 Nov.,1915, Farnham, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	ref. to letter from Mabel Webb.	35
" "	7 Dec.,1915, Farnham, let, 3 pp., Abx 1.	attained permission to attend Machine Gun school at Bisley, visit to Lord Tenny- son's	37
" "	12 Dec.,1915, London, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Sick leave, seeking a position.	38
" "	15 Dec.,1915, London, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Working at Common- wealth offices, go- ing to a play with Napiers, "The Case of Lady Camber".	39
" "	29 Dec.,1915, Picca- dilly, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Spent Xmas at Napiers. Searching for a posi- tion, but Commonwealth not co-operative.	40
" "	6 Jan.,1916, West- minster, let, 3 pp., Abx 1.	acting as off. secret- ary to Col. Buckley, Australians better off in hospital, than British.	42

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>DATE/PLACE</u>	<u>COMMENT</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
Kennedy, M. S.	6 Jan., 1916, Cambridge, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Lonliness, wishes for Elsie, heart set on D.S.O.	43
" "	22 Jan., 1916, Cambridge, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Snow, homesickness, unwell.	45
" "	26 Jan., 1916, Cambridge, let, 2 pp., Abx 1.	explains position as Capt. 'A' Coy, 52nd Battn. English pol. situation favours Lloyd George.	46
" "	9 Feb., 1916, Picca- dilly, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Passed fit, distin- guished at Hythe.	48
" "	Feb., 1916, France, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Off to France under Glascoe & Ridley.	49
" "	Feb., 1916, France, let, 2 pp., Abx 1.	Process of being gassed, troops are happy, confident of success.	50
" "	28 Feb., 1916, France, let, 3 pp., Abx 1.	Staff duties, order- ed to remain at Hqs. Fine training of Staff Officers.	51
" "	29 Feb., 1916, Abbey Wood, let, 6 pp., Abx 1.	Visit to Woolvrick Arsenal, snow balling.	52
" "	17 Mar., 1916, Picca- dilly, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	"A Kiss for Cinder- ella" with Mr Marsh- all. Flu again.	55
" "	30 Mar., 1916, Abbey Wood, let, 2 pp., Abx 1.	ref. Kitty Wilson. Job offer in British Army.	57
" "	12 Apr., 1916, Abbey Wood, let, 2 pp., nws clip, Abx 1.	Job with English War Office, Zeppelins, a play.	58
" "	17 Apr., 1916, Abbey Wood, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Weekend at Napiers. Photo of Clem.	59

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>DATE/PLACE</u>	<u>COMMENT</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
Kennedy, M. S.	1 May, 1916, Piccadilly, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Zepp raid, birth of Marshall grandson, opposed to Anzac day.	60
" "	5 May, 1916, Bisley, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	In charge of 12 officers, homesick.	61
" "	10 May, 1916, Bisely, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	In charge of 12, only marry a girl with #5000 per annum. Possibility of Major end of July.	62
" "	mid May, 1916, Bisley, let, 1 p., Abx 3.	Derby horse not as good as Qld horses. Working hard. Motor bike attached to job.	63
" "	23 May, 1916, Bisley, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Work, hoping for favourable result.	64
" "	16 Jul., 1916, Piccadilly, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Unable to participate in action, as companies not yet advanced. 3rd Div at Salisbury - wild men.	65
" "	5 Aug., 1916, Norfolk, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	In praise of Marshall's grandson & S. Napier.	66
" "	5 Aug., 1916, Norfolk, let, 2 pp., Abx 1.	Summer like Tasmanian summer, eager for the Front, on a wonderful adventure.	67
" "	22 Aug., 1916, Piccadilly, let, 2 pp., Abx 1.	Takes mother's advice about ladies. Very Shy. Casualties in France.	68
" "	21 & 28 Aug., 1916, Salisbury, let, 2 p., Abx. 3.	Receipt for clothing, bank balances.	68a, b, c,
" "	1 Sep., 1916, Salisbury, let, 2 pp., Abx 1.	Thinks he is off to the Front in France. Enclosed photos.	69

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>DATE/PLACE</u>	<u>COMMENT</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
Kennedy, M. S.	19 Sep., 1916, Salisbury, 1st, 8 pp., Abx 1.	Capt. not confirmed in A.I.F. orders. Birdwood disapproval of transfer to English Army. Visits Salisbury Cathedral.	70
" "	2 Oct., 1916, Salisbury, 1st, 2 pp., Abx 1.	King reviewed troops. General air in England of victory in near future & economy.	72
" "	29 Oct., 1916, France, 1st, 3 pp., Abx 1.	Cold, French are wonderful, dirty places, anxious to see Clem. Ref. new House.	73
" "	10 Dec., 1916, France, 1st, 3 pp., Abx 1.	Need for food parcels, & sox, in charge of 'A' coy.	75
" "	Mid Dec., 1916, France, 1st, 3 pp., Abx 1.	Mud, story of Guards carrying heavy loads, Wishes for a brother in the same regiment. Alternate comfort & discomfort.	76
" "	18 Dec., 1916, France, 1st, 3 pp., Abx 1.	Going to a Staff Course, Xmas with the Napiers.	78
" "	16 Jan., 1917, Cambridge, 1st, 1 p., Abx 2.	Detailed reconnaissances, heavy fall of snow.	79
" "	2 Feb., 1917, Cambridge, 1st, 1 p., Abx 2.	Leave, then off to War, skating, planning to visit Napiers.	80
" "	15 Mar., 1917, France, 1st, 3 pp., Abx 2.	German retreat, homesickness, attempts to write correct letters in future, France is beautiful in Spring.	81
" "	15 Mar., 1917, France, 1st, 2 pp., Abx 2.	Ref. to "The Sentimental Bloke" to sum up feeling. Prisoners seem more disillusioned.	83

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>DATE/PLACE</u>	<u>COMMENT</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
Kennedy, M. S.	15 Mar., 1917, France, let, 2 pp. Abx 2.	Villages are flat- tened. Row between two old ladies.	84
" "	30 Mar., 1917, France, let, 1 p., Abx 3.	Ref. to his baldness, Elsie Abrahams.	85
" "	1 Apr., 1917, France, let, 2 pp., env, Abx 2.	Met Malcolm Dickens & Jack Cook. Mail ships sunk in Mediterranean.	86
" "	April, 1917, France, let, 3 pp., Abx 2.	Visit to Amiens Cath- edral. 52nd Battn in action.	87
" "	9 Apr., 1917, France, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	Realises war must continue for some time.	89
" "	10 Apr., 1917, France, let, 2 pp., Abx 2.	Very cold, & bucked with results of the offensive.	90
" "	26 Apr., 1917, France, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	Rebukes Mother about informing S. Napier of his position.	91
" "	27 Apr., 1917, France, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	Not in a good mood for writing.	92
" "	late Apr., 1917, France, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	Loss of hair is an urgent problem.	93
" "	5 May, 1917, France, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	Delightful weather!	94
" "	17 May, 1917, France, let, 3 pp., Abx 2.	Resting & mention of reality of the war as opposed to the imagin- ation of his mother in Australia.	95
" "	8 Jun., 1917, France, let, 3 pp., Abx 2.	Describes leave in England at Lady Neale's at Marlow. House built by Henry VIII.	97
" "	18 Jun., 1917, France, let, 2 pp., Abx 2.	Resting & describes village life.	98

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>DATE/PLACE</u>	<u>COMMENT</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
Kennedy, M. S.	30 Jun.,1917, France, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	Resting, comment on Mother's letter.	99
" "	1 Jul.,1917, France, let, 4 pp., Abx 2.	Acting GSO ₃ . Allies' prospects brighter, if Russia can threaten an offensive. British pursue 4 British Spud planes, but no harm is done.	100
" "	mid Jul.,1917, France, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	Inspection by the King.	102
" "	undated,1917, France, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	Village bombed and Ormond Old Boys din- ner. German's have sunk the mail.	103
" "	27 Jul.,1917, France, let, 1 p. Abx 2.	Resting, sending a photo, great weather.	104
" "	29 Jul.,1917, France, let, 2 pp., Abx 2.	Story of an English- man in Russia.	105
" "	25 Aug.,1917, France, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	Resting, war has taken on a more cheer- ful aspect, fever epidemic.	107
" "	8 Sep.,1917, France, let, 2 pp., Abx 2.	Visit to Paris to see the sights & the comic Opera.	108
" "	after 26 Sep.,1917. France, let, 2 pp., Abx 3.	Details the taking of Glencorse & Polygon Woods.	109
" "	5 Oct.,1917, France, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	Describes living in a tunnel as a life that a rabbit must live. Urges Jack to join him in France.	110
" "	29 Oct.,1917, France, let, 1 p. Abx 2.	Contempt for Austral- ia's recruiting system.	111
" "	30 Oct.,1917, France, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	Contempt for recruit- ing system & mentions Jack's ill health.	112

<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>DATE/PLACE</u>	<u>COMMENT</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
Kennedy, M. S.	9 Dec., 1917, France, let, 5 pp., Abx 2.	Details future pro- spects, in the army, or in politics.	114
" "	18 Dec., 1917, France, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	Cold, requests a wallaby coat.	118
" "	winter, 1917, France, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	Cold, suffering, but grumbles mainly from the base.	119
" "	29 Dec., 1917, France, let, 2 pp., Abx 2.	Soldier's view on Aust. referendum. Presence of American officers.	120
Marshall, K.	17 Mar., 1916, Dulwich, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Comment on M.S.K.'s influenza attack.	56
" "	24 Nov., 1917, Dulwich, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	Spoons from Aust. yet to arrive, asks after Clem & about shortages.	113
" "	after 2 Jan., 1918, Dulwich, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	Sympathy in the death of M.S.K. & queries about his belongings.	124
Milligan, S. L.	25 Sep., 1918, Cambridge, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	Sympathy, about the absence of a message from M.S.K. before his death.	139
Napier, S.	11 Nov., 1915, Farnham, let, 2 pp., Abx 1.	M.S.K. convalescing at her home. Reassur- ing Mrs Kennedy, urging her not to be anxious.	31
" "	18 Nov., 1915, Farnham, let, 2 pp., Abx 1.	Progress report on M. S.K.'s health.	34
" "	2 Dec., 1915, Farnham, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Progress report on M. S.K.	36
" "	29 Dec., 1915, Farnham, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Fondness of & progress report on M.S.K.	41

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<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>DATE/PLACE</u>	<u>COMMENT</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
Napier, S.	1 Mar., 1916, Farnham, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Receives a picture of Clem from Mrs Kennedy.	54
" "	4 Jun., 1917, Farnham, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	Visit from M.S.K. & reassures Mrs Kennedy about his health.	96
" "	11 Dec., 1917, Farnham, let, 1 p. Abx 2.	Details of M.S.K.'s leave. London still a centre of activity.	118
" "	7 Jan., 1918, Farnham, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	Sympathy in the death of M.S.K.	123
" "	18 Jan., 1918, Farnham, let, 2 pp., Abx 2.	Widow M.S.K. was attached to. The afterworld.	126
" "	18 & 20 Jan., 1918, Farnham, let, 2 pp., Abx 2.	Deatails the bat- man's account of M.S.K.'s death.	128
" "	9 Feb., 1918, Farnham, let, 2 pp. Abx 2.	Grieving the death of M.S.K. & class conflict in England.	132
" "	1 Mar., 1918, Farnham, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	Malcolm Dickens visit, Organising M.S.K.'s belongings.	134
" "	2 Jun., 1918, Farnham, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	Ref. to a letter of M.S.K.'s found recently. Death of the policeman's child.	138
" "	19 Dec., 1918, Farnham, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	Encloses the address of Pte Rodgers.	140
" "	30 Dec., 1918, Farnham, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	In receipt of two photos of M.S.K. from Mrs Kennedy.	141
Robertson, A.	22 Mar., 1918, France, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	M.S.K.'s grave & renewed shelling by Germany.	136
Robertson, G.	13 Jan., 1916, Hobart, let, 1 p., Abx 1.	Mentions a loan to Mrs Kennedy & a job he wants her to do for him in Victoria.	44

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Rodgers, W. T. R.	20 Jan.,1918, London, let, 5 pp., Abx 2.	Details the dying moments of M.S.K.'s life.	130
Walker, H. B.	3 Jan.,1918, France, let, 1 p., Abx 2.	Sympathy & details of M.S.K.'s death	122

<u>NEGATIVE</u>	<u>PHOTOGRAPH</u>	<u>NUMBER</u>	<u>ALBOX</u>
- 3A	Sepia Portrait 1	2	3
- 4A	Sepia Portrait 2	2	3
- 5A	Sepia Portrait 3	1	3
- 35A	Sir John Cope's Fiddle	1	3
- 37A	Malcolm S. Kennedy's Grave, Dranoutre, France.	1	3
- 38A	Portrait of Malcolm S. Kennedy	1	3
- 39A	Group of 15	1	3
- 40A	Group of 17	1	3
- 41A	King George V viewing the Australian Troops,	1	3
- 42A	Salisbury Plain, September, 1916.	1	3
- 0	" " " "	1	3
- 1A	" " " "	1	3
- 2A	Group of 18 (Original Negative x 1)	1	3
	"another wet beach"	1	3

DOCUMENTS AND PAMPHLETS

ALBOX

1. Certificate of Commission to Officer of the Military Forces of the Defence Force of the Commonwealth. 3
- Malcolm Stuart Kennedy, dated 13 January, 1913,
(doc. 1 p.)
2. Observation on the Account of E Coy, 2nd Battalion, Heavy Section, M.G.C., Elveden Camp, Norfolk. May 1916. (doc. 1 p.) 3
3. Pamphlet: - "Christmas Greetings from Royal Military College of Australia" (4 pp.) 3
4. Pamphlet: - "The Graves of the Fallen", Imperial Graves Commission. (16 pp.) 3

CARDS AND POSTCARDS

ALBOX

- | | | | |
|----|---|------------------|---|
| 1. | Duntroon, Christmas, 1914. | (Card x 1) | 3 |
| 2. | "41 Eine von uns genomene russiche Stellung
an der Chausee Sawadow Stryj".
- From Malcolm to Jack Kennedy, 21 December, 1917. | (Postcard x 1) | 3 |
| 3. | Christmas Card from the Australian Commonwealth
Military Forces. 1917, FRANCE. | (Card x 1) | 3 |
| 4. | "KATAMARAN, NATIVE FISHING BOAT."
- February 19, 1918. | (Postcard x 1) | 3 |
| 5. | "BALL in Honour of H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.
Town Hall, Melbourne
29th may, 1920" | (Dance Card x 1) | 3 |

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NEWSPAPERS

- | | | |
|----|--|---|
| 1. | <u>THE AGE</u> , Saturday, February 2, 1918. p. 17 | 3 |
| | "Died of Wounds" | |

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FAMILY TREE

- | | | |
|----|---------------------------------|---|
| 1. | Robertson Family, (doc., 1 p.,) | 1 |
|----|---------------------------------|---|

-1-

THE YARRA BORDERERS,
DRILL HALL,
RICHMOND,
28 Oct 1913

My Dear Kennedy

I am hoping this will reach you on Thursday morning (30th) in time to wish you many happy returns of your Twenty first Birthday. It is the most important day in a man's life, and God permit it may be the opening of a fine sturdy manhood and brilliant career. Those of your old Regiment all wish you every good luck and blessing

Yours sincerely

Richard A. Crouch
Lt. Col

GRAND CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

Cairo, 26.2 1914.
(Egypt)

Dearest Mother,

There is a rumour that we will leave here in three weeks. I hope that it is true, since the heat here is tremendous & the life except for the soldiers, is rotten.

There is one thing here that interested me from the beginning & still interests me. The Mohommedan women here wear veils. The better class wear white semi-transparent ones. You see a beautiful pair of eyes, a delightful profile & receive an encouraging look. At first you feel like that you must go up & snatch that veil away, but the presence of about six eunuchs makes you pause. All our ugly girls in Australia ought to wear veils & then they would be the most sought after women in Melbourne.

The French people are the queerest supine lot I have ever meet. They know that life in Cairo is of the warmest nature; They keep a very close guard over their children, but they never make any effort to raise the moral tone of the lower classes. They leave all this to the English. Lord Kitchener has done wonders in this respect.

Since I wrote to you I have visited the Zoological Gardens. It is a fine place. There are innumerable animals & most of the path ways are made of pebbles which are of different colours. These are worked into a difficult pattern. They are beautiful to look at & the expense must have been enormous.

Tell Father that I have kept my eyes on the irrigation scheme in Egypt. It is a marvellous affair. One day you see desert, a fortnight after you see a green cultivated farm. The natives comprehend the use of the water well.

I hope you are receiving my allocated money. I am unable to spare you any from this end.

Now Hoping you are all well.

I am
Your Loving Son

Malcolm

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE,
DUNTROON,
FEDERAL TERRITORY.
6-8-14.

Dear Father

I received your letter and regret that you have had further bad luck. The very stars seem to be against you. You will have to arrange for a cloudy night when you want to pull something off.

You have asked for my feelings about the present state of affairs. I will try and put my view before you to some length.

If Australia sends an expeditionary force, it will be necessary for anyone who wishes to instruct men in the art of war afterwards to belong to it since, if they rely on peace training for their evidence for their theories, their views will be only of inferior value to listeners, to those of a man who has had the practical experience of the war.

This war is going to be the test ground for all modern theories; the future books ruling tactics will contain theories deduced from it. How much stronger would be the position of the man who was able by his experience to make his own deductions, than the man who would have to rely on the deductions of others.

This War is going to be the biggest War for about twenty years when United States and some big nation comes to blows (Theory).

There are three possible places & rôles that the Australian force may have to serve. They might be sent to India to replace the English divisions there which would proceed to the front. She might be sent to Egypt to fulfil the same object. She might be sent to the actual front.

The first two will not give one an experience of War, but it would give one strength in two ways which apply to me personally. In the first case the people whom I would instruct would know that except for the privileged few, none would know more about practical war than I. In the second case we would be in garrisons. I have some knowledge of Military matters so it would not be hard for me to keep abreast of the times. This would give me a chance of studying languages. I require three languages (French German & Japanese). The last is the more important. In the foreign places there are ever so many more chances of achieving this object than in insula Australia. For this knowledge I have two uses. Firstly it is necessary for my admittance into the Staff College and secondly a man with a good military education with a broad outlook on foreign affairs, a good career behind, may look upon possible Australian diplomatic work as fair spoil.

To summarise it is immaterial whether Australia's army goes to the actual theatre of Operations or not I would reap the advantage

I hear you saying that the fact that I am breaking in on my studies up

here would be serious. I don't think so at all since the rest of the course mainly consists of artillery. Of infantry & Light Horse I have nearly all that is taught here.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE,
DUNTROON,
FEDERAL TERRITORY.
26.10.14.

Dear Father.

There was a list of marks posted today showing the 2nd class in the order of their seniority, & the number of marks gained by each man while at the College. I was placed at the bottom of the list with a footnote stating that as an over nineteen candidate I had missed the marks allotted during the IVth Class. If the average of marks gained by me during my two years at College, was given to me for the other year, I would rise 13 places in the seniority list. There are no regulation fixing the seniority to be given to the over nineteen entrant. It seem unfair that a candidate who has previously held a commission, who has passed a qualifying exam & who must be a little older than the rest of his class should take lowest place in his class. I personally do not see any reason why by virtue of his previous commission he should not take seniority, subject to him qualifying each year at the College. The over nineteen candidate, unless he has had exceptional advantage of education, such as I have would never quality, since the obligatory part of the entrance exam does not cover the IVth Class work in civil subjects while it is unnecessarily hard in the Military subjects. If you take any action in this matter, it would be just as well if you took it at once. I will not make any moves up here since it would only raise hostile opposition & would not achieve anything. Officially I am unable to take any interest in any action that you take so please put this letter out of action. Another matter I would like you to settle is. Could you have mme put through as a Mason before I leave for the front.? There are several reasons why I should like entrance.

My recommendation has gone in for Light Horse, so it may be almost taken for granted that that is the arm into which I will be put.

At present I am trying to bring about a recommendation to be put in my report by the Engineer instructor. This will give me a basis to work on after the war if I desire to take the Engineers instead of the A & I Staff, but it all depends upon the amount of success I have during the war as a Light Horse Officer as to whether I will apply for the engineers.

We leave the College on Monday night, via Goulbourn. We arrive in Melbourne sometime about midnight on the Tuesday.

I am afraid that this letter is more egotistical than usual.

Hoping that you are enjoying better luck & that all the family are in good health

I am
Your affectionate Son

Malcolm.

AUSTRALIAN MILITARY FORCES,

1st Military District.

=====

D.C.R. 50/11/127.

, "Telephone" No. 4220 Central.

HEADQUARTERS,

'Please Address

BRISBANE,

1917,

Reply to "Head-Quarters,

1st Military District.

MEMORANDUM FROM THE D.A.Q.M.G., 1st M.D.

TO. Lt. M.S. Kennedy.

C/o R. Kennedy
St Cliens

Greensborough. Vict.

Her Royal Highness Princess Mary desires to make a gift to every person who was serving with the Colours in any part of the world on Christmas Day, 1914.

The gift in question is forwarded herewith by ~~registered~~ Parcel post. Please acknowledge receipt.

N.A. Freeman

Captain

Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General, 1st M.D.

In Bed
The Grove.
Dulwich Village
Dulwich
SE
9.3.15

Dear Father

Again I write from my bed. Last week end I was invited to Dulwich for a week's winter sport, shooting & salmon fishing starting from the Monday. I started off to the Marshalls to spend the weekend &, when I arrived Colonel Giblin C.B. (the man who went to school with Uncle Alec, put a thermometer in my mouth & sent me to bed with a bad attack of 'flue. Temp has been even 103 for 4 days. They were frightened of lung trouble but I managed to escape that & can sit up.

For the first time in my life the ineffectiveness of my life has struck me. Nothing up to date has been positive. It seems looking back very paultry. The last year has been spent by doing my job & looking around for the easiest way to success. The insight in

the tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled

has never touched me. At present I am absolutely the best trained officer in the Australian Army in the subject of Musketry & have no outlet. I have the goods but can't get on the market. I am loosing promotion by being absent & it is making me infernally jealous. It is quite possible that I may be pulled back to Australia to train troops. The new Inspector of Machine Gun Training, Major Hogan has promised to or threatened to pull me back to help him. I would hate that, but it would be immeasurably better than sitting ineffectively for months in this country. If ever I reach my own crowd again & have some fighting on hand, they will have to give me morphia before they bring me to a possibility of this period of futility.

Do you know what I have been doing since I've been here? I've been making reports on certain subjects that will be most likely investigated after the War & the big chief over here wishes to have something to fall behind. I'm making beautiful reports because they might come before someone that counts. Big Chief over here thanks me for report glances over it; files it in a beautiful file; & forget its. Please don't put two & two together & use this information.

In England for the last fortnight there has been practically a constant fall of snow. It rests upon the ground & after a day thaws. It is immediately followed by another snow storm. The result is that while it is snowing the country is beautiful, but when the thaw sets in it is beastly. We have a lot to be

Hughes arrived home he lately. He is doing the usual round. The English public is in the right spirit to give away in any reasonable point

to the overseas dominions at the present time. With Fisher, Hughes, & Ried home, we are well represented. Ried is well liked in the English House. People here think that the Allies have turned the tide of battle & that now it is only a matter of pushing on & securing victory. I hope they are right. There is also a definite feeling that the German Fleet is coming out in a few weeks time & underneath there is a dread of a big surprise. Even if the German Fleet is smashed up a number of its members will break away & play havoc with our merchantships for a time.

Colonel Churchill's attack upon the Admiralty was received badly here. I think he will keep to soldiering in future.

Give My love to the family.

I am
Your Son

Malcolm.

The Grove
Dulwich Village
S E
12.3.15

Dearest Mother.

Your letter telling of your proposed trip to Sydney has just reached me. I hope that you had a good time I wish that I was there with you. It would be lovely to be in the sun again & feel it burning you.

For the last seven days I have been in bed with a dose of flue. It is a thing worth calling influenza in this country. To-day I was allowed into the garden for a few day. I am almost right now except that I am unable to talk, my voice has gone.

The English people have a wonderful Spring to look forward to. To-day in the garden, the crocuses, the primroses were out giving a brilliant colour to the lawn in places. In the house we have beautiful hyacinths. I have the best in my room it is a blue of a dark but pale order. It is magnificent. Another we have is crimson in colour. To think that these grew wild in our country! The trees are commencing to sprout, so in another month the country will become green. I do hope that I am not here to see it.

Mrs Marshall, my hostess is writing to you. I hope that she gives you a description of me that fits.

Love to you all.

I am
Your Loving Son

xxxxxx Malcolm

GRAND CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

Cairo, 1/4/ 1915
(Egypt)

Dearest Mother,

I have now recovered from my slight illness and I am returning to the regiment tomorrow.

Cairo, when you are unwell, is a wretched place especially when everyone is in an expectant bustle. One of the New Zealand Staff Cadets from Duntroon has had his baptism of fire on the ^{Camel} ~~Camel~~. He seems to have lost no flesh and his company upheld the dignity of the English race so I suppose we can say he did will.

I expect to be into something in about five weeks. I wish we had time to do a little more training. My own boys I think will follow me. From now onward I am going to simply throw myself into my work and pump information into my men. It is beastly luck that some of them are sick.

The weather over here is commencing to become very warm, so the hot winter clothes we bought to withstand the snows of Europe are beginning to become unbearable.

Yesterday I had the pleasure of seeing an infantry regiment that had its embarkation orders march out. They looked a fine keen lot of men. I think they can compare favourably with any body of troops in the world. They had only such material as they have on service. All the rest of their staff has been left in Cairo.

With love to all.

Your loving Son

Malcolm

-10-

STEAMSHIP "AUSONIA"

10-6-15

Dearest Mother.

I am having a run to Alexandria in this boat for my health. Something went wrong inside, but it is now fairly correct now. After I get my teeth fixed up i will be glad to get back to my regiment. I have been suffering from neuralgia.

I hope to see Father in Alexandria, that is if his ship comes in.

If I get back within a week I will be in time for a ripping big scrap.

I am feeling a little weak a present so I can't write you a long letter. Love to you all

I am
Your loving Son

Malcolm.

Anzac
24/6/15

Dear Father.

I suppose that by this you are back in Australia & that our home address will find you without any lengthy delays. You, while in Alexandria, had an opportunity of seeing the artificial side of war. Egypt is a huge base and bases of that immensity are the product of this war of nations. While there you saw the collection of the sinews of war, ammunition, clothing, food & comforts: you saw the men who had returned wounded & their numbers surprised you, although they only appear few to a casual observer, when scattered over the various British controlled cities of the Levant: you must have felt too, (your semi-military position association you with it) the lack of central organisation, which appears to be lacking there & you were possibly irritated by it. Of the latter subject I will have more to say.

Prior to the War there was a large school of military critics who controlled the teachings of our text books, & who dwelt largely with the subject of initiative. Initiative was to be fostered at all costs. This teaching has gone to the winds here. The unexpected is not allowed for. A commander of a small unit is forced to give a minute scheme to Division of any small diversion he is about to create. He perforce works it out by clockwork. He limits his objective. If he succeeds he feels himself so tied down to his plan that he is unable to reap full benefit of any chance information he may receive while in contact with the enemy. If a commander wishes to make the smallest advance he must apply to the division for sanction of his plans & set in motion machine which has for its consumption time. Perhaps in this instance we are reaping the sins sown by our leaders in the landing, but it seems incredible that the periodic law would swing a doctrine of tactics so adverse to our former teaching.

Again our artillery has adopted a role which is foreign to their teaching. There is a gun of the enemy popularly known a BEACHY BILL which plays upon our landing stages. This gun is cleverly concealed in a valley several thousands of yards away. Its exact locality is variable & unknown. Yet every time this gun opens fire our artillery make a cheerful noise & send round after round into the valley. BILL only ceases to fire when his target disappears. Now these tactics throws our artillery upon the defensive. In front of our lines there is row upon row of Turkish Trenches which are nicely loopholed & which have not been subjected to shell fire. Possibly some day we will have to attack these trenches. To me the artillery commanders appreciation should be this." Now up to now BEACHY BILL by opening upon the landing beach has been able to draw me into copious retort. The reason for this is the landing beach is more or less vulnerable to me. Now if every time he opens upon my vulnerable spot I reply by opening upon a vulnerable point of his, I ought to silence him or to neutralise his effect. To assist this opinion he has this motto from his text books that the artillery is not to engage in duels, but should assist the infantry advance. The enemy's vulnerable point is his trenches. If every time BILL opened fire a length of trench was destroyed by our guns,

The case would be interesting psychologically & as we have a definite object & he has an objective which he is unable to see & the value which he can only gauge by our return of fire, I think we ought to come out on top.

In our line we have some remarkable types of trench. Every builder has sought to meet the tactical situation & the topographical difficulties with his own design. Naturally some bear critical inspection better than others. In our peace training we had never in most hyperthetical cases imagined, a situation similar to those confronting us now. We have not only to build trenches to fight in but also to live in. Owing to our grip of Turkey being small in proportion to the numbers that are holding, the men in occupation do not move more than a mile from the place they land in. The trenches are for the most part built on two lines, nominally called the firing line & the support trenches. In rear of these there are the dugouts which in well organised fortifications are terraced on the hill sides in rear & facing the sea. The trench which is in most favour as a firing line, consists of a two foot trench which is traversed about every six yards. This trench is 10 foot deep & is 2 foot wide. Between the traverses "possees" are built & these consist of cuts made on the forward side of the trench. These cuts are usually 6' long 4" wide & about 5' deep. On the parapet which is usually ground level sandbag loopholes are built. In these possees there is room for the observer to observe & two reliefs to lie & sleep. In the possees there are in the walls _____ which contain bombs & flares. In the trenches, judicious widenings occur where urine buckets are placed, where reserve ammunition is stacked, where reserve water & water for respirators are placed.

From the firing line to the support trenches, (a distance usually about 15-30 yards), frequent communication trenches run. They are usually deep open & frequently traversed trenches, but where the communication trench would go over the sky line resort is usually taken to tunnelling. Tunnels are of doubtful advantage, since they must be either high & narrow or broad & low, to give the roof strength. In cases of attack upon the lines the mouth of the tunnel usually is the scene of confusion & the inside is the theatre of much jostling & excitement especially if wounded are coming back as the supports are going forward.

The support trenches are similar to the firing line except that in the latter case the earth is thrown to the rear, while in the support trenches the earth excavated is thrown forward. Possees which are more capacious & comfortable are built & one tries to have all the men in possees, so that the trench is clear for movement. Under normal conditions all cooking is done out in the reserve line & is brought in in dixies & issued. The latrines during the day time are outside & at night tins are placed at well marked localities for use (urine tins only are in the firing line).

The firing line that I have described has advantages & disadvantages. The great advantages are that it is comfortable, it localises the effect of shell fire, it keeps the trench clear. (the fact that the trench is clear & that the possees are higher than the trench gives the men an advantage over bombs. When a badly timed bomb arrives in a possee, they kick it down into the trench, much to the consternation of the supervising officer). The

great disadvantages are that they are difficult to get out of, they cannot develop a great volume of fire, 3 rifles per possee, & observation through loopholes is very restricted. This naturally leads one to the conclusion that this style of trench is not an advantage when only a short distance is between the opposing lines.

One method that has been adopted to increase the number of rifles in the firing line is to make a firing line on the heap of earth between the firing line & support trenches. the men of the supports would then fire over the heads of the men in the firing line which is unsatisfactory at night. Another method is, when on a slope, to tunnel forward & create a firing line in front by only breaking the surface to open up "possees". These possees were kept as much as possible concealed from the enemy. They are safe as they are difficult for artillery to range on as no dirt is carried to the rear, but by day no observation is possible through the exposed position of the observer & the fact that he would give away the position. At night those trenches are fully manned & in case of attack both these & the firing line in rear fire.

In exposed positions & especially where the distance from the enemy is so small that it can be covered in one rush, the old fire trench is the best. For observation purposes, length of sandbag can be placed but for the most part a continuous parapet is best. Elbow rests are seldom used even if they are built. The difficulty is that you have no accommodation for the men & the trenches when fully manned are liable to congestion, but they are easily manned & at a moments notice they can develop the maximum of fire.

In the trenches of the possee variety, head cover is generally used. In very few cases do you find overhead cover being utilised. Cases such as those in which he can see into you from above it is used but it is a doubtful advantage.

Machine Gun entrenchments are interesting, both as we use them & as they use them. They have the advantage over us in the fact that their ammunition has little flash & that they must have some instrument which cuts off some & the existing flash & incidentally some of the noise. Besides these there is no steam escaping from their gun & a gun that is fed by clip does not need such a large platform as our belt filled machines. Their gun is also lighter, faster & less liable to jam than ours. This information is born out by the experience we have in working some of the captured guns. Back to entrenchments.

The triangular platform emplacement which is so evident in our peace training is not serviceable under present conditions. Firstly because the M.G. must be concealed & in this form the gun cannot be brought near enough up to your head cover to give you any width of traverse. We have had some success with a platform which has the rear leg forward and dug in under the overhead cover. This brings your gun up to the cover & gives you a wide traverse.

In trenches that are close machine guns do not use frontal fire if it can be possibly avoided. A gun in one portion will fire at the trenches 100 or

200 yds on its flank. another gun will fire to the first one's front. This has the advantages of developing a greater destructive fire & firing upon the enemy until he reaches the parapet. In this situation you built on the front of the emplacement a solid protection of sandbags & on the flank you have the loophole for the gun to fire through. You always arrange that the tops bags can be pulled down quickly, so that the gun can be traversed to the front if circumstances should desire it. Our superiors say that we should fire straight to our front even when we have only 50 yards of fire & when you commence to argue they say you can fire 450 a minute? You have to then explain that as men in trenches have effect along the whole of a trench when they open fire, a machine gun only fires one shot at a time & takes quite an appreciable time to traverse 90 degrees. They seem quite dissatisfied.

When a gun position has been decided upon, a carefully study of the positions on either side should be made & care & time should be expended upon the design so that the outward form & contour should be similar to the rest of the line. Through neglecting this considerable casualties to the gun crews have resulted.

When the opposing lines are several hundreds of yards away at best, greater boldness can be shown & as shelling is to be expected here more than when the trenches are close together as goodly number of alternative positions should be insisted upon. A position which is much beloved by machine gun officers & which has very good points is one of this nature. Where the line of trenches comes forward onto a salient, start to tunnel forward. The length of tunnel should be about 30ft up to 60ft. There built a position by night put up strong over head cover, protect yourself from reverse fire. Assimilate the fall of earth to the ground mask your opening. This trench will enfilade any advance made on your line & if the enemy's advance reaches the position he cannot do any harm when there is heavy overhead cover to be removed in the face of infantry fire to your rear. A plan of one of these which I built myself I attach.

In sighting trenches an extraordinary mental condition has arisen. The "Notes from the FRONT" tell us that trenches should be sighted on the reverse side of the hill. These notes were compiled at the beginning of the War & apply to hasty field fortifications. Our trenches do not come under that class but rather as permanent works. Influenced by these facts we are placing works on reverse slopes to protect us when possible from artillery fire. Brother Turk neglects this precaution & places his trenches as near as he can obtain a fair field of fire. Does this mean that their artillery is more destructive than ours? It has not been proved so. Bomb throwing is a thing which we did not realise the importance of. All men should be put through tests, similar to musketry tests, & a necessary proficiency in bomb throwing insisted upon. The men should become familiar with the inside of all our ordinary bombs & should gain knowledge of the effect of weather on the component high explosives. The Turk is very proficient with bombs & places great reliance upon them.

Since my last paragraph I have visited a distant part of the line & have inspected some trenches captured from the Turk. They are very

intricate & comfortable. A machine gun position stood alone for brilliance. Front view it looked like a length of Trench with loopholes. Inside they had arranged that all the sandbags were on a frame work which could be lifted about 6" with a common lever. The trenches were only 40' apart so no elevation was necessary on the Gun. They must have levered the frame up a few inches & after completing a traverse dropped the frame again.

The foregoing you may lend to any of my brother officers that are coming over here as there may be a few points that may be of interest to them. Now to more personal matters. I have not received a letter or parcel from Australia for over a month. You people at home have nothing but your ordinary routine to upset you, here we are under difficulties so I think that I may expect a letter. Send some papers if you have them.

Now Father, love to you all.

I am
Your Affectionate Son

Malcolm

-16-

KHEDIVIAL MAIL LINE.

R.M.S. Abbasich

19-7- 1915

Dear Mother.

I have quite recovered from my slight indisposition & I am now on my way back to the front. I am on a fine little boat of the Khedivial line. there are some 20 officers of both the English & Australian Armies. The boat is fitted especially for this kind of traffic.

In Alexandria I spend 5 days. There I met a very charming Italian girl there. She is nineteen & is a stunning girl. The friends & family are very nice.

There is very little to tell you about except that we expect that something will be doing now. I have not received any letters since I left so expect a budget when I get back. I will write to you then

Your Loving Son

Malcolm K

My Duggout.
22-7-15.

Dearest Mother

Received your welcome letter. I am glad that Rupert's marriage was such a roaring success.

I have returned from Alex in fine spirits. I was not able there to pick up the Th_____.

Inclosed I send you a photo of a dear big girl I met in Queensland. & her people were very good to me when I was at Ennojera. I have promised her a photo so if I did not include her amongst my previous list please send her one immediately.

I am glad to see that you are in good spirits. Buck up With love to you, Clem & Jack.

Your Loving son

Malcolm

(undated; Summer, Egypt, 1915)

Dearest Mother

You say that I do not write to you. Every mail sees a letter from me to you placed in the box but every mail from Australia does not always bring a letter from you.

We are beginning to stifle in Egypt now. The heat & the dust are terrible. There is a moistness in the atmosphere which reminds one of Sydney on a bad day.

Most of the first division has left Egypt for some place of the Canal. We learnt today that they had effected a landing somewhere near the Dardanelles so there is a possibility that we will have our chance.

I have not been put in command of the Machine Gun Section. I do not know if it is permanent or not, but I enjoy the work since it is interesting and keeps one on one's own book. I have now no commander except the Colonel.

Malcolm Dicken & the Bolden's have gone out with their regiments. I hope they do well.

Now Mother I have very little news to tell you about.

I have three lovely horses. I will send you some snaps of me on them. My new horse is the admiration of the regiment. When the O. C. machine gun trots up to the Colonel the whole regiment looks pleased.

Last Saturday Shepherds Hotel gave a Gala night. Venetian night they called it. We went in & so did official Cairo. My word Mother It's a wonder I did not propose to the girl in the brown mask. She was a Gypsie Moslem girl with lovely brown eyes.

Now Mother I must knock off for this week. Love to all in Melbourne.

Your Loving Son

Malcolm

Wednesday.
(Egypt, 1915)

Dear Father.

I am sending you some scribbling of mine which I wrote, when we had plenty of time on our hand in the trenches. We are having a very slow time here at present. Abdul is keeping his distance on our side of the line. Give my regards to all in Melbourne.

Your Affectionate Son

Malcolm

Homes & Home Life in Gallipoli

The view from the dug-out is magnificent. At our feet stretches the Mediterranean. Blue did you say? The blue of our imagination was never so vivid as that we find the Mediterranean. In the distance standing out in bold relief is the Island of Imbros. On the water between Imbros & us Torpedo boat Destroyers, Trawlers, & Troopships are continually moving, busily doing their appointed task. From the sea up to our dugouts is a steep climb of several hundreds of feet in as many yards. The slope is everywhere indented by deep cut watercourses which are this time of the year dry but which in the rain must bring down large volumes of water. On the land side of these slopes are the trenches. On the sea side are the dugouts of the troops. As the shells of the enemy burst from all sides except from the sea, all the dugouts face the sea. A Dugout consists of a cut into the hill. The floor is sunk so that one can stand in it & be protected from snipers. The earthen walls when they become dry send showers of dust whenever field piece is fired. In the walls there are undercuts which hold the belongings of the inmate. If a dugout is occupied by two a hole is cut in the centre of the floor so that one can sit on the side & put one's feet in the hole. For a roof a waterproof sheet is used. The large Australian waterproof shut fulfills this purpose. If two dugouts are made close together. There is always five feet of solid wall between them.

Daily the rations & water are issued to each unit. In some units the men do their own cooking, in others a cook who serves up the rations is appointed. The latter is the better since it allows of a greater variation in the somewhat monotonous rations of service. Gladly do we hear the cook call "What's Oh the fifth". Each dugout sends its representative & the cook serves out the meal. The meals are not eaten in the dugout for sanitary reasons & after each meal all scraps & empty tins are carefully collected & placed in a refuse pit. Meals consist usually of Bully Beef, of tinned Corned Beef, Bacon & Biscuits. Sometimes we get fresh meat. Potatoes & onions appear at intervals & at greater intervals a rum issue. Tea & sugar goes with every meal. The appearances of our men is becoming rather unique. As the weather is now becoming warm the men are converting their breeches into shorts. Some men favour for facial ornament the goatee beard, others

side boards, while another school prefers the plain moustache. Yet despite the seeming difference of appearance there is a great similarity amongst the men who were in the firing line on the first days. There is a ruggedness & determination which is common to all. This is singularly absent from the newer arrivals. They have not been through fears & dangers of several days of severe fighting.

After certain periods in the trenches the men come from the upper trenches & occupy the lower sets of dugouts for a rest. They seem at first so unprotected that they long for the well build protection of the firing line. While resting the men do fatigues such as moving food supplies. This is the time when the men are able to have frequent swims & full use do they take of the chance to cleanse themselves & their clothing. When the unmentionable Turck stops dropping shells along the beach the sea shore takes on the appearance of a summer resort. After two days of rest the men return to the trenches greatly refreshed & cleansed.

In the firing line life is in some trenches exciting & in other monotonous. In one case the sentries are always waiting for a shot at some quickly moving torch. In the other case the turks are so far off that ammunition would be wasted if one fired or that he never appears above his fortifications. In the latter case the sentry has the irksome task of watching a small strip of uninteresting country for two hours at a time. At night the sentries work is lightened by the possibility of an attack. The Turck likes the dark & whenever possible takes advantage of it.

When questioning the men as to their former vocations, one often wonders if these men after this spell of hardy open air life will be content to sit at their town desks & use up large quantities of ink. Will Australia gain her primary producers through this world turmoil?

A Night Excursion.

After our Lieutenant had undergone the thoughtful period which he usually has when thinking out a surprise for Abdul, we all commenced to feel that our hours of watching would be relieved by a small night excursion into the enemies lines. Consultations between our officer & the Colonel & then the Brigadier followed. The plan was now finally settled on. Information is required about that line of trench seven hundred yards to our front. Fifty men from our company, under cover of the dark were ordered to take the trench, gain the information & retire. Now came the selecting of the men to go. We all want to go, some more than others. At last the number is selected & we are told that we are to assemble at eleven o'clock in the trenches.

After assembling the scheme is explained to us & we with our equipment under our coats to prevent any noise follow one by one with fixed bayonets our leader over the parapet. At first being the wrong side of the parapet causes an excited feeling to come to your head, but soon your reassurance comes back. Slowly we creep forward through the undergrowth until the

leader reaches some fifty yards of the enemy's trench. Then acting on signal, we form line on the leader. We remain quite for a period, then slowly creep forward. Nearer & nearer we approach. Just as we think that Abdul has no sentry posted we hear a scream. In an instant we are over the parapet, bayoneting anything within reach. The officer then passes down the order to remain quiet. He slowly goes down the trench making note of everything. He finds that there are eleven killed among the turks & we have one prisoner who is regarding the buisness end of the Sergeant's Bayonet anxiously. There is a place for a machine gun which has unfortunately been withdrawn. Now we commence to withdraw as silently as we came until we reach our own parapet then each man tell his own experiences. Then the count is made. All are present & unharmed except for a man whose hand has been gashed by a Turkish bayonet

Initiative

An officer should never attempt to gain the confidence of his men to the extent that they feel that they cannot do without him. A command of this kind is not a useful unit for the higher commander. Its usefulness is dependent upon the life of one man. In the recent fighting a very popular officer with a troop which looked to him as a father made a reconnaissance during which they were to rush a trench. In rushing the trench the officer was very seriously, if not mortally wounded. At the fall of the leader the patrol's actions become chaotic. They commenced to bring the officer in & on being pursued they abandoned him without searching him. The troop came back a leaderless mob although there was a sergeant in charge. This is one of many cases. History is full of them.

A officer should be careful when he is training a unit that he does not cripple the initiative of his command. Great care must be exercised when N.C.O.'s make their first efforts at individual efforts. Harsh criticism of their efforts would stultify their initiative but friendly criticism would promote a hardy growth. Every man must be inculcated with the feeling that he would if the occasion arise be capable of taking command, but at the same time strict obedience to all orders must be insisted upon

It was once argued that this feeling of capability in a man promoted discussion. Healthy discussion does no harm if the officer's actions are sound tactically. An officer must at any time prohibit any open criticism of his orders, but it would always be to commands benefit if he explained the reason for his action after he has achieved the result he desired. A small appreciation of the various means that could have been employed would help his men to reason on the correct lines.

Written while wounded in the right wrist.

Morale.

More attention should be paid to the cultivation of morale in peace time than has hitherto been the custom. The only time in peace training that morale enters into our calculation is when we, as students of Military History, put the advantages of one army in contrast with those of another. In these studies morale is treated as a big factor but the students, although they draw tactical lessons from the battle under consideration, never draw any conclusions from the features of morale. Another time that morale of a country's troops may be given a passing thought is when our military experts try to appreciate the strategical military position of our state. In this case morale cannot be given great consideration, since a contrast of the morale of troops that have not met for a generation is an exceedingly delicate matter & could only be undertaken by a person who is familiar with the aspirations & mind of both nations.

Let us then make an enquiry into this thing called morale. For ease we will divide it into two headings, Peace & War.

As has been stated the study of peace morale is a very delicate matter & care must be exercised so that confusion does not result. As a basis we may say that history states, that a nation that has shown her men to be better fighters than those of another nation man to man with equal weapons in one war can be relied upon to do so in the next. If the nations have had several wars with varying success, if they remain numerical approximately equal & if, in the last war a crushing defeat has not been given by the victor, then the basic morale may be considered equal. These historic conclusions would give a good guide to the personal morale, but is no guide to the national morale. While considering this personal aspect we must go into the feelings of the average man. Is he embittered with his nation's possible opponent? Has he the determined spirit to carry him through times of stress? Is he willing to make any personal sacrifice to the national need in a war against the opponent under consideration? Those are questions that are important & can be answered only by a person who has made a close study of the nation.

Let us now take the other phase of peace morale. National morale has so many influences bearing upon it that a minute & full account of them would be impossible in a small paper. Confidence in the efficiency of an army as a whole is an influence upon the morale. Efficiency in minute matters regarding personnel & efficiency in commanders young & old, should be insisted upon & this would be immediately reflected upon the morale. Any system of training that does not permit sufficient time being allowed for the army to be efficient should on this ground alone be pushed from us. How often have we heard the saying that the irregulars did quite well for the training they had. Quite well is not enough. The inferiority that is there expressed must have its reflections upon the spirit of the men. Their quite well might be turned into disaster, if they were opposed to the enemy's

regular troops, that are in the habit of doing all military matters as well as military training makes its possible. It is the thought of this that is present in the half trained man's head, that affects the morale of an army.

The promiscuous castings of news of the armaments & of unauthorised press appreciations have quite a considerable effect upon that class of the nation & the army which either from lack of inclination or for want of intellect neglect to balance the factors of their nations situation carefully & exhaustively. In modern days, when the average man has time to read the newspaper only. The prominence given to the increase of armament & training of the enemy's forces have an effect upon his mind & if he has not some reassuring news of his nations preparedness affect his morale.

Men of military importance should be circumspect when talking of military matters to people of no military education. This slightest discouraging word which is capable of exaggeration will be circulated & have a depressing effect.

The presence of leaders who are recognised as strong adds greatly to the peace fighting value of a nation. If these leaders are just & aggressive & determined to push the matter in hand to a final at all cost, so much the better. Vascillation in a national leader is immediately reflected in lack of confidence in the nation.

A nation at war knows what it requires. It is or is not in a position to gratify its desires. If it has the position, the direct route is the more pleasing route for it.

These are the most obvious points of peace morale. It is not a constant factor. Month by month it varies & when a storm approaches there are daily fluctuations which must be reckoned until a nation takes the final step & then it is the moral of the leaders that must be studied until the opening engagement.

Morale in War

Morale in War is not such an ethereal thing as it is in peace. It is a fluctuating thing which daily varies, but which is easier to appreciate as the person who is appreciating it has definite means of finding its value. If his own morale is neither positive or normale he can gain a value for the present value of morale by mingling with the troops & asking questions. But if one has to contrast the morale of one's own troops with those of the enemy, one has to rely largely upon conjecture & the inaccurate information of spies & deserters.

A warning may now not be ...

Written in August 15 during a
period when envy was rampant &
after a conversation with
Charlie Gywme.

Envy

Envy, thou well named Green Eyed Monster who reduces the thoughts of men from their high ideals to the thoughts of petulant childhood. Thou; who covers man's eyes with a scale which prevents clear vision & rational thought; who forces man to action against his saner judgment, are one of the fearful menaces of mankind.

No man is safe from thy touch. Unripe youth & seasoned age are alike affected by thy madness & whilst under thy influence are reduced to the same mental level of pettyness.

How often have men, governed by thy influence committed acts that a long life of repentance has not obliterated their consciousness from their memory. Acts committed under thy influence are generally of that secret nature that a man's soul is his only witness. Ever after conscience laughs inwardly at the man who has succumbed to thy indications whenever he lays claims to an upright mind. The upright mind which to its possessor is the greatest happiness.

Envy! Certain paths are well-beloved of thee. Amongst men whose destiny is mixed with nations, it is thy delight to traverse. Politicians, soldiers are thy chief ambitions. How oft has the Happiness of Nations been affected by thy influence? How oft have the Wars of peoples been governed by thy sway.

Lust of power & lust of renown are thy chief implements with individuals & nations. Man & Nations possessed of these characteristics will ere long fall an easy victim to these & thereby bring their ruin.

Oh! Envy! Thou Destroyer of mental peace, thou who enters the minds of men at unguarded moments; thou who takes possession of men's aspirations without warning; come forth that I may see thee & know thee in the long battle to be fought, so that I through the long years to come shall keep my shield turned towards thee & preserve my uprightness & singlemindedness.

M.S.K.

No 19 General Hospital
Alexandria
21 September, 1915

Dear Father

Your letter 9-8-15 reached me as a ray of light after two months of silence. On an average my letters have been leaving here about every four or five days to my home. Even in our worst periods no week has passed without a service post card being sent. In future, I will number my home letters, both on the first page and on the back of the envelope.

Some of "Kitcheners Chaps" arrived at Gallipoli. Physically they are small, well built, men. The physique of the officers is not so good as that of the men. All would derive immense benefit if they could be turned loose on a fifty thousand acre patch of scrub and made to push for themselves. Our fellows live quite well, when they are around. You cannot appreciate the difference intellectually and physically, between a new-chum Englishman and an english-australian of two years standing. The English regular officers have asked me in a wondering way where our fellows obtained their experience. I always reply "While chopping wood in Australia".

I was never so delighted since the opening of the war than when I read some extracts from the note-book of a German Officer, which were printed in the Sphere. It so pleasant to know that they feel that uncertainty and the lack of support. That they find difficulty in fulfilling Mathew Arnold's words.

But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled

Sometimes it is very difficult to "bear the burden and the heat of the long days" when the insight is not yours and when the task you are fulfilling the task shown by the insight of another person. In the face of opposition and disappointment you always wonder if the fellow above you has hid the insight, but when I read the writing of this German Officer I was met with the fact intimately, that the other fellow has the same feeling and will have it worse than you, if you can make things go badly with him.

I am getting on quite passably with my French. As my stomach will not return to normal until a spell of six weeks has elapsed I will be kept in Alexandria. During this period I intend to devote six hours a day to study and so ought to make a marked progress in a subject of an examination which I intend to pass before I am thirty. God Willing.

You spoke of the Cairo Museum in your letter. I wrote you a rather detailed description. Evidently you have not received it. When I went there I had an approved guide and devoted a whole afternoon to it. I thought this quite sufficient before I started.

When we entered we were met immediately by wonders which were magnificent. Each called for special attention. Then the guide started to

talk. He gave descriptions and carried the mind from 50 AD to 3000 BC and beyond that. The dynasties rapidly became mixed up. By the time we reached the mummies my mind refused to take in impressions or to feel surprised. For a whole day my mind was not normal it felt like a athlete who ardently follows a new form of exercise which absorbes all his faculties and results in stiffness and numbness.

I determined at the time to make a slow study of the Museum, room by room. But my military duties, more or less, hindered me and unconsciously my being did not relish the task of assimilating superficially the information which has taken many lifetimes to accumulate.

Alexandria has few antiquities which are visible to a cursory visitor. The catacombs and Pompey's Pillar are the only well known place for visitors.

I suppose you saw those when you were here. They are interesting, when one connects them with the Roman period. It is peculiar to an Australian to find himself in places like Camp-de-Caesar and realise that one of the caesars had a camp near by. The same feeling was felt when I passed the Island of Rhodes and read of the Street of the Templars and the fights of the Red Cross knights in the Levant. In Australia we read of this things and learn fragments so that we may appear literate. one does not feel them until you have seen the places and appreciated the difficulties and caught that indefinable thing called atmosphere. I will take much more pleasure in reading now than formerly.

Before I leave the Dardanelles for Australia I would like a trip to London to see the new civilisation intensified. From the old civilisation and the new one ought to come to many conclusions as to what ought to take place in our land of promise.

Now, Father, kiss Mother and Clem and Jack for me. If Clem has had his photo taken lately I would like a small one of him.

I am
Your Affectionate Son

Malcolm

No. 10 Convalescent Home.
Ibrahimieh,
Alexandria.
1st October, 1915.

Dearest Mother.

I have been out of the hospital two days and have been sent to a most beautiful home. The house has been requisitioned from a German who made his money out of Gypsie Cotton. The reception rooms are palatial, but the bedrooms, except two are very poor. A good facsimile of their minds.

I am very weak and am tired very easily, but otherwise I am my old self. I am going to get quite well before I expose myself to the rigors of a winter campaign. A great number of our officers have cracked up with dysentery or enteric recently. So many have done so that the regiment is very short of officers.

The weather here is delightful. Beautiful mild days with nights that have a slight snap of cold in them. Just sufficient to make one find that the covering of a sheet at night is barely sufficient. I have not expected any letters for a period since they are being kept for me at my regiment, but it is very hard to be without your little letters, but I will reap a harvest when I reach my goal.

I have not been about much except for drives. There are some exceedingly beautiful gardens in Alexandria and some fine picturesque roads along the canals. Even driving is fatiguing.

Now Mother, keep in the best of spirits. Love to our little family.

I am Your Loving Son

Malcolm

xxxx

No10 Convalescent Home,
Alexandria
3/10/15

Dearest Mother

Letters from you & Father dated 13/7/15
 26/7/15 Father's
 26/7/15
 29/7/15

Cablegram 27/7/15 arrived with them. I am replying to the cable by cable.

I have had my second visit to the Deaconess which you must know from my former letters. I write to you often so suppose that you get my letters in bulk as I receive yours. I am not progressing as quickly as I anticipated & If they wish to send me to England I won't refuse the second offer.

There is very little to write about at present, but, dear, it was delightful to receive all your letters & hear that three months ago you were doing alright. I will write you a letter when I feel not quite so hot.

I am
Your Loving Son

Malcolm.

UNION CLUB,
ALEXANDRIA,
EGYPT.
4/10/15

Dearest Mother

Just a few words to let you know that I am progressing fairly well. The weather here is much warmer during the last few days, but the heat is not objectionable.

There is very little to tell you, especially as we are just as much in the fog of war as you are.

I am glad that you gave my grey suit to Jack, but your excuse that you did not like me in it was lame especially as I have never worn it.

Tell Father that his ten pounds saved the situation financially when I reached Alex. the second time.

Now Mother I close with heaps of love to you all.

I am Your loving Son

Malcolm

xxxxxxxxx

CHINTON HANGER,
CHURT,
FARNHAM.
9/11/15

Dear Father.

Lady Napier invited an Australian Officer to visit her and it fell to my good fortune to be the one chosen for the honour. It is a delightful place and the inhabitants are the most courteous people imaginable.

Inform Mother, that my hostess intends to write to her. Tell Mother that my only regret is that I cannot pretend to be a greater invalid than I am in order to give the motherly sympathy of my hostess some scope.

When you returned to Australia from your trip you expressed wonder at the Spring. I in my turn marvel at the Autumn. The tints in the leaves is marvelous. The trees are so thick. Everywhere there is a mass of golden and hectic red leaves. This morning when I looked out from my window, the ground beneath was covered with pure white leaves. Similar to some pictures I remember discussing with you.

Speaking of pictures. On Sunday I went to the National Gallery and saw the English side of the gallery. Over 1000 pictures have been taken away and placed in safety. All of Turner's best were absent and the "Fighting Temaire", which I have always longed to see, was amongst the missing. There remained only a number of unfinished works by this master. Reynolds was represented but some of his best were away. On Sunday morning I went to St Pauls Cathedral for morning service and did not enjoy it as much as Westminster Abbey where I witnessed a daily service at 3 pm, St Paul's had not intimacy and the echo made the choral and linguistic efforts of little value.

Otherwise I have had very little time to spare and hope to live quietly down here for a few weeks.

What is said about the officers life in London is true. No matter what salary he is given he cannot hope to keep up to the pace that is set by the senior officers. Their areas account must be enormous and his wine bill would keep me for a year.

No Father be of good cheer for the new year and be certain that your eldest son is for a period quite safe.

Love to all

I am
Your Son

Malcolm

11th. Nov. /15

CHINTON HANGER,
CHURT,
FARNHAM.
Surrey

My Dear Mrs. Kennedy,

I am afraid you must have been very anxious about your son, & you will like to know that he really seems to be fitting in very well. He came to us on Monday afternoon - today is Thursday - & my first impression of him was one of health & vigour. He looks as if he had a first rate constitution, & so is likely to throw off the effects of his recent illness completely.

For our satisfaction I asked him to see our doctor - who is very clever - & Dr. Lyndon has given me a very reassuring account. We must of course be very careful with regard to diet for the next fortnight - no meat, no pastry or rich or madeup dishes, no jam with seeds, no fatigue, not to sit in damp clothes. He may eat fish, poultry, game, eggs, floury potatoes, etc. so he might not to starve! The doctor asked if he had lost much weight, & he says he has, but it would not strike a stranger that he has but just recovered from a severe illness.

We live quite in the country on sandy soil, the house faces due South so that we get a great deal of sun, & the air is always considered very good here. So I hope your son will get on very well. It will be a great pleasure to us to do anything we can for him. Our own boy is in Winnipeg (he is hoping to come on with a Canadian Contingent, but up to the present has not been able to pass the medical test, as he got suppressed Scarlet fever which affected his kidneys). So we know what it is to feel anxious about a boy who is far away.

Your son is much interested in the way in which we all live over here, & I hope he will manage to find enough to interest & occupy him in our quiet house. For the moment we have quite a big house party - Some other convalescent officers & tomorrow or Saturday a nephew home on leave from France comes for a few days with his mother.

I do not think you need feel at all anxious about ...

NAPIER, Sir WALTER JOHN, Kt.cr.1909; D.C.L.; Barrister-at-Law; b..10 July 1857; s. of late George W.Napier, Alderley Edge, Cheshire; m. Susanna, d. of late Emil Stoehr, Alderley Edge; one s., two d. Educ.: Rugby School; Corpus Christi College, Oxford; 1st class School of Jurisprudence; Lincoln's Inn; Studentship, Inns of Court. After practising in Vice-Chancellor's Court of County Palatine of Lancaster and on Northern Circuit commenced practice in Singapore, 1889; acted as an unofficial M.L.C., 1896-7; unofficial M.L.C., 1900-7; Member of Commissions on Education and on Shipping Conference and of Committees to draft Courts and Civil and Criminal Procedure Codes; Attorney-General, Straits Settlements, 1907-9; District Grand Master Eastern Archipelago, 1903-9. Publication: Introduction to the Study of Law as administered in the Colony of the Straits Settlements. Recreations: motoring, travelling. Address, Chinton Hanger, Churt, Farnham. Club. United University.

This is all I can find about your friend
I'll keep my eyes open for any other details

H.H. Champion

CHINTON HANGER,
CHURT,
FARNHAM.
15.11.15.

Dearest Mother.

By this, no doubt, you have received a letter from Lady Napier. She has been very good to me & has tried to be a second mother to me. The following is the time she has laid down for me to follow.

7.30 a.m. morning tea & bath

8.00 am breakfast

After breakfast I either go for a walk of less than 2 miles or a motor drive.

12.30 lunch after lunch I rest until evening.

7.30 dinner

10 bed.

This is a wonderful programme for your strenuous son.

I have adopted Lady Napier as an Aunt.

One of Aunt Susie's real nephews came over for a weeks leave from France. He brought his mother a, Mrs Fisher, & she was one of the nicest woman I have never known. She lives up in the country one of those sweet lives which we read about in the novels of George Elliot. We became great chums. She left here this morning & last night she came in & kissed me good-bye. It felt just like having one from you, so if ever you have a chance of giving that kiss back to a lonely stranger please remember me & give way to the impulse.

After I have made Lady Napier dead tired of me, which I expect will take place in about a month, I intend to have a week in Ireland & another in France. In the meantime I am putting my name down for a job & by that time I hope to have one which will occupy the remaining six weeks of my leave.

I guess that I have now exhausted my news. Love to you all

Your Loving Son

Malcolm

CHINTON HANGER,
CHURT,
FARNHAM.

18th Nov. /15

My Dear Mrs. Kennedy,

I think that your boy is getting on quite well, though he was not very happy from Monday afternoon until yesterday (Wednesday) morning. It seems he always gets a little set back every fortnight, & Dr. Lyndon, whom I called in, said there was nothing to worry about. Malcolm (he has asked me to adopt him as a nephew!) was fearfully homesick, poor boy, & we felt very sorry for him. He is such a dear boy, & so plucky, it is a real pleasure to do anything we can for him. He is so unused to being ill that it is particularly hard for him, & I was quite afraid that his slight relapse was due to insufficient care - However the doctor made quite light of it, & he is now looking considerably better than when he first came to us, & did not seem at all tired after quite a long walk this morning. Tomorrow a friend of his comes down here to convalesce. So I hope they will be quite happy together. Malcolm talks so much of you all, & particularly of you. & has shown us The photograph of his beautiful small brother.

You will be amused to hear that several other boys have adopted me as an aunt, so I am really getting quite used to it! One of my adopted nephews had just been here with his mother, spending five out of his eight days leave from the front with us. I am so fond of boys, & only have one of my own, & he is alas! away & I am much happier when I have got someone to look after. Though I am sure it must be a terrible disappointment to you not to be able to be with Malcolm yourself.

You will probably like to know how he spends his day. Well, he comes down for breakfast at 8.30 o'clock, & goes out either for a walk or in the car before lunch. He has a glass of hot milk sometimes in the morning & a little rest after lunch at 1 o'clock. In the afternoon he generally goes out again for a little. We dine at 7.30 & the last few days he has gone to bed at 9 pm. I think he was going too late before that. If he has had any exertion I make him lie down for a bit, & have just tucked him up in a sofa to try & go to sleep (though he said he would had) because I thought he walked rather a long way this morning.

You may rest assured that we will gladly do all we can for him, so I hope that neither you nor his Father will worry.

The friend of Malcolm's who is coming tomorrow is Mr. Pollard & he is coming straight out of a London Hospital.

Sincerely Yours
Susanna Napier

P.S. The Dr. is allowing Malcolm to go up to London for the day on Tuesday. He wants to go to the War office to see one or two people about getting work, as he might be able to do something here before he is fit to rejoin his regiment.

CHINTON HANGER,
CHURT,
FARNHAM.
27/11/15

Dearest. Mother.

Another week has passed and I have not yet received any letters from you, but I think that the chain of addresses is now complete & I will receive some shortly.

I am living a very quiet life here, but am greatly refreshed by it. I expect to find a job for myself.

There is very little to tell you, except that I met Malcolm Dicken in London. He was in the best of health & nearly in love with a cousin of his here.

Mabel Webb wrote to me & asked permission to visit the wounded here at the hospital. I am replying suitably by this mail.

Hope you are all in the best of health.

I am
Your Loving Son

Malcolm

2nd Dec. /15

CHINTON HANGER,
CHURT,
FARNHAM.

Dear Mrs. Kennedy.

Malcolm really seems quite well again. I should be delighted did it not mean that we were to lose him, & he is such a dear. We shall miss him! I do sympathise with you so much in his being so far away.

But to return to his health. He has had a fortnightly relapse, but a relapse was due at the beginning of this week & did not happen! I had been hoping & working for this. On Friday of last week I took Malcolm quite a long walk, but he was only comfortably tired after it, & these last few days he has seemed quite fit. This morning he is going to play golf.

Next week he is going to Bisley for a few days. They do a special Machine gun course there, & Malcolm is anxious to see just how they do things. My husband drove him over & it was fixed up. I am afraid we shall not see much more of Malcolm, but he will always be able to come here whenever he likes, & of course I would look after him again if he got ill - but I hope he will keep well.

With all fond wishes

Sincerely Yours

Susanna Napier

Chinton Hanger
Churt
Farnham
7.12.15

Dearest Mother

I have quite a considerable amount of news to tell you this time.

I went to the Military Adviser to the Commonwealth of Australia & from him obtained permission to attend the Machine Gun School at Bisley. I have been down here & have been instructed in the use of the Lewis Gun. The whole place down here has been changed into a training camp for Machine Gun Officers & for Musketry Instructors.

Prior to leaving Aunt Susie's (Lady Napiers) I went to the house of Lord Tennysons (Both the Poet & the G. G of Australia). His study is unaltered & it is a most delightful place imaginable place. The terrace in the garden commands magnificent views. The lady who lives there has the label of Lady Parker. Her husband is one of the Lords of Appeal. She is the best hostess that I have ever witnessed. All the awkward corners of conversation were eased off gracefully. I was making slightly awkward phrases so as to watch her round them off. She had the power of directing about five conversations at once.

I am now with Gotts, a sculptor, He is charming & is temporarily acting as Sergt. Instructor at Bisley. His wife is the brother of Ashmead Bartlett the correspondent. I am going to have my first day in Town on Friday, when I have an appointment with Mabel Webb. She has written to me & asked me to pose as the wounded hero to herself & Blanche Browne who by the way is going to do or die at the Newmarket in a new comedy.

I am having good health & am spending my time in writing what ultimately may make a book on Machine Guns.

I received a letter from Father the other day. The difference of dates between my last two letters is three months, so there must be a number of letters knocking about the world.

Give my love to Jack, Clem Father & be assured that

I am
Your Loving Son
Malcolm

REGENT PALACE HOTEL,
PICCADILLY CIRCUS
LONDON, W.
12.12.15.

Dearest Mother.

I am going to dissappoint you, but I am afraid I do not see any way out of the dilemma in which I am placed.

I have asked for a position, while I am spending my sick leave. The Military Adviser has taken to me very kindly & if I am able to nail down the job he is giving me a try out on, I am to be made his adjutant.

The difficulty is this I am not able to live upon my pay while in London, until either I obtain the post as his adjutant or go back to the front. During that time I must stop my allowance to you. It will be only six weeks so I hope you will forgive me.

Except for the uncertainty of my inside I am in good health. Lady Napier has asked me to spend Christmas with her & during the last few days she has been in Town while her younger daughter has been attending her exams.

Now Mother be of good cheer, & give my love to my family.

I am

Your loving Son

Malcolm

x x x

COMMONWEALTH OFFICES,
72, VICTORIA STREET,
WESTMINSTER,
LONDON, S.W.
15.12.15.

Dear Mother.

I am now at the above place, doing some work. I am very glad of the opportunity of doing a bit instead of loafing around.

My job is very light but it is a little interesting. At present I have one of the four areas over London. I have about ten hospitals to look after. In the course of a few days I am going to get an opening into a bigger job. If it does not turn up quickly I am going back to my allowance & my regiment as fast as it is possible.

I have been to several of the shows. I always go in Mufti since it is cheaper. Officers in London are not allowed to go anywhere except the best places in the house.

I am going to spend Christmas with Aunt Susie at Farnham. Tonight I am going to take her to "The Case of Lady Camber" which is being played by H B Irvine. Her little daughter is coming with us.

There is very little doing in the Military line at present, except that ceaseless preparations for War.

Heaps of love from us all in England. I have met Mabel Webb and Malcolm Dickens.

Love to Jack, Clem and Father.

I am

Your Loving Son

Malcolm

No. 1 Clarges Street,
Piccadilly,
W.
29/12/15.

Dearest Mother.

I spent Christmas down at Lady Napiers. I was the only guest & she gave me a lovely time. A nice quiet Christmas such as we have at home. I am very fond of Dame Napier. When the weather was clear the elder daughter & I played golf. I play the game particularly badly.

Another 30 days & I will be back with my regiment. I tried for several positions in England. The English people were most willing to make use of me in positions that would have been very advantageous to me, but the Commonwealth people would not permit me to obtain a temporary transfer. Such is luck, but there is a great deal to be said for their side of the affair.

Now Mother I am looking forward to seeing you shortly. I do not think that this war can last very long.

I hope by this time you have sold the orchard & you are enjoying a temporary rest. You will not rest for long & then your rest will be such a period that an ordinary person would call hard work. You are a wonderful woman.

Love to you all.

I am Your Loving Son

Malcolm.

P.S. Jack Cook called and saw me. I met M.D. in the street. He is having a good time. G.R. has invited me to spend New Years Eve with him. MSK

CHINTON HANGER,
CHURT,
FARNHAM.

29th Dec. /15

My dear Mrs Kennedy.

You will be glad to know that Malcolm really seems quite well again, in fact I think he is quite wonderful for he has led a very busy life since he left us, & he appears to be none the worse. He came down to us for Xmas - we were so glad to have him again - & he looked far less tired than he did when I saw him in London, & I think the few quiet days he had here gave him just the little rest he needed.

We are all very fond of him, & I feel as if I was indeed his Aunt! I expect you know that he has adopted us as relations! I am getting quite used to be 'adopted'!

Malcolm strikes me as having a magnificent physique, & I fancy his illness was a great blow to him, but nobody who saw him now would dream that he had but so recently recovered from so serious a thing as enteric. His keenness about everything is delightful. So many men of his age would take what holiday they could, but Malcolm is always thinking of his work.

You & his father must be enormously proud of him - I know that I should be were he my son!

With kind regards & hoping that 1916 may bring you nothing but good news of Malcolm.

Believe me
Sincerely yours

Susanna Napier

72. Victoria St
Westminster
6.1.16

Dearest Mother.

I am sorry that I have not written to you before, but I have been very busy. At present I am acting as official Secretary to Colonel Buckley who is the Staff Officer for Administration for Australia in England. The job is wonderful & very interesting. You do not know what interest things are for one looking at them from the inside.

By the way I wish someone in Australia would give this Red Cross Society & our Medical people a jar. Most of the things we have in the papers in Australia are so much wind.

The Australians in Hospital in England are having a great time when compared with the English Tommy. They receive all that he gets & in cases where the tommy does not obtain a full ration the deficiency for the Australians alone is made up by our Commonwealth. They are never permitted to feel the pinch. Although the English private is not permitted to have money in Hospital the Australian government permit our men to cable home for limitless quantities, with the result that our men are decked gaily in unissued clothing, are able to spend more money in a day than an average Kitchener's man could spend in a week or two.

They (our authorities) are so frightened that the men will be understocked in any way that they reissue as many kits to a man as hospitals he goes to. This means that if a man is transferred from a general hospital to a special hospital it costs the Commonwealth a new kit for the man. I am disgusted to think that our men are not permitted to take their chance like ordinary tommie's

I am living a very quiet life at present, with a Mr Marshall down in Dulwich.

Give my love to all the family.

I am
Your Loving Son

Malcolm

Staff Course
Clare College
Cambridge
England
6.1.16

Dearest Mother.

Another week has passed & I have not heard from Australia. I do feel so very lonely & miserable.

The work here is very strenuous & interesting. In fact it is most admirable for me. I've been thinking lately that I had better get going. I've set my heart upon the D.S.O. & I'm going to get it. I bet you a dress I carry one off before July.

Cambridge is a very beautiful spot & it was made more beautiful by Aunt Susie motoring over to see me. Yesterday The whole family came over & we were very merry. I wish it was my own family that was coming across to see me now & then.

I am feeling dreadfully lonely here in spite of the fact that 3 Duntroon men are at the course with me. I wish Elsie was over here. I feel that lonely that, if a really nice girl said she loved me, I'd believe her. Give my love to Father, Jack & Clem. & a hug for yourself.

Your Loving Son.

Malcolm

THE HIGHFIELD HOTEL
Bathurst and Murray Sts.
HOBART 13=1=1916

My Dear Clemmy,

Was very surprised to get your letter and must thank you for your good wishes which are heartily reciprocated. Am very sorry to learn that you have not been very well, but hope your stay over here will fix you up again. The worst of all our family is that we look so jolly well that we never get any sympathy. With regard to my loan, I am not in any hurry and simply would like you to repay it only when you feel you can spare it. I haven't been to Colin Kennedy's place yet. He called on me at my office the other day, and I shall probably call next Sunday. I have been having a jolly nice time over here, and spent a very fine Xmas holiday. I shall be very glad to leave here however and start in Western Australia. It is a wretched feeling that once one settles down in a place, one has to leave. You might let me know when you are coming over here. I want you to do a certain job for me over in Victoria before I leave, as you are the only person I can think of who would be suitable. I will write you again in a couple of days unless you are coming over here before the middle of next week in which case you might wire me when you get this letter telling me what day you intend to leave Melbourne. Please do not fail to do this as I am rather anxious. I am sorry that Malcolm is rather run down, but don't fret: he will soon get alright. I hope you understand what I want you to do. Write me if you are not leaving Melbourne until a fortnight or so, but if leaving earlier wire date you are leaving to me here on receipt of this letter.

Fondest regards to Robert and self.

Your affectionate Brother.

Glen

Staff Course.
Clare College.
Cambridge.
22.1.16.

Dearest Mother.

Here we have plenty of snow & it is remarkably cold in Cambridge.

We are having an exceedingly hard time at this Course & I regret that I am not feeling too bright at present. In fact I am feeling remarkably unwell, but I guess I have sufficient go in me to last until Feb 3rd, when we close down & go back to France.

There is no news that would interest you, as we are kept hard to our work.

Mother, I do wish I was back in Australia. I am horribly sick of this war. I wish I could give you a good hug & a kiss. I would then feel so much better. It seems a tremendous time since I left you. This is well on in the third year. Please do not forget me.

I would be delighted to go home.

Best of Luck Mother

x x x Your Loving Son

Malcolm

Clare College
Cambridge
26-1-16.

Dear Pater.

I received a letter from you dated the 11th November & was greatly delighted that you sympathise with me & fully understand my position with regard to the English army. Mother says in her letter that I was underhand & uses a term that I do not relish even when it comes from Mother. I thought that at periods I gave you a definite statement of my position.

I have not seen the Handsome Val & I do not think that I will see him unless I am forced in it. There is quite enough useless exaggeration & small talk, going on in Australia about me, without my opening a main line of communication through that gentleman.

My position at present is this. I am a permanent Captain of the 52nd battn & I am officially in command of 'A; Coy of that Battn. The 4th Division picked me out & sent me to this Staff Course here, with the view of my becoming a Staff Officer. I had nothing to do with the matter & the news came as a complete surprise.

We are on the last week of the course today & after that I have not the faintest idea of what I am going to do. If they want me for staff work, I will be sent to it. If not, I will return to my unit. Personally I leave it to God. I am never going to influence my fate again, & will prepare for eventualities. If they come or not it lies with my senior officers & German implements of War.

You will be doubtless pleased to know that we are preparing for all possible eventualities in the Spring offensive & I am unable to think that Germany will be hold out against a determined & concentrated British Empire, assisted by France.

If we can maintain the man power, our preparation, with reasonable climatic assistance, once put into action will do the rest.

As you know, Uncle Arch has the A.S.C. Company in my Brigade. He has been having a fairly rotten time as A.S.C. times go & is making a fair fist of his job. He is not an ideal man for sympathetic co-operation.

We (the seven Australians at this Course) kept up Foundation Day & each wore our piece of Mimosa. One thought of our pretty Australian Girls trotting about the Block & felt very lonely.

The political atmosphere in England is very much clearer & the country is quite satisfied that it will have a fair deal from Lloyd George. Personally I have not interested myself in the situation, except to feel pleased that this former Little Englander has blossomed out a Great Imperialist thinking with true imperialistic mind.

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I am glad to hear that you are so fit.

Your Affectionate

Son

Malcolm.

P.S. Address letters to the regiment. I will side track them if necessary.
MSK.

JUNIOR NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB,
96, PICCADILLY, W.
9. 2. 16.

Dearest Mother,

I was passed fit today & will be out of England with luck in a fortnight. I will be delighted.

I managed to obtain a Distinguished at Hythe. I will help in the future. I am longing to be back in the thick of it. Tell, Father, that I have left off trying to be a round peg in a square hole & am going to make a fist of whatever they give me in Egypt. I've decided that a D.S.O. is necessary, despite the fact that you assure me that a live coward is better than a dead hero.

A photo of me will reach you by next mail. I hope you like it.

Now Mother, address my next letters.
Malcolm Kennedy Esq.
5th L.H. Regt.
2nd L.H. Bde
Maadi
Egypt

Fondest of love to you all.

I am Your Loving Son

Malcolm

xxxx

13th Inf Bde.
4th Inf Division
A.I.F.
B.E.F.
France.

(February, 1916)

Dearest Mother.

I am off to France tonight & my new address will be the above. I will be with General Glascoe & Major Ridley who are both chums of mine &, if I do not do well this time there must be something wrong in my makeup.

When I reach France & settle down I will write you the long letter that I have always been going to write.

Heaps of love dear Mother.

From Your Loving Son

Malcolm

13th Inf Bde.
4th Aust Div.
A. I. F
B.E.F.
FRANCE

(February, 1916)

Dearest Mother.

I have today received instructions to go forward to my unit, so from now onwards I will be in the thick of it again & I am exceedingly glad to get there.

Yesterday I went through the process of being gassed. We put on our masks & march through a chamber containing gas, so that we may know the smell & become accustomed to the feel of our helmets.

Afterwards we went through a tear shell hole & it was a laughable sensation. We were all crying & looking as miserable as possible.

Everyone over here seem very happy & all are certain of our ultimate success. The French people are magnificent. They all have friends & relatives fighting & they keep a smiling face. Everywhere the womanfolk are doing men's work & apparently enjoy it.

Dear Mother my money is in the Commonwealth Bank of Australia London. If I stay out here any length of time it will have become quite an appreciable sum & quite sufficient to cover any emergencies that may arise over here. All my private Kit I have left at the Marshalls whose address you know. I heard from Aunt Susie the day before yesterday. She is greatly delighted with the fact that she has her house full of wounded officers & has been appointed visitor for Australians in Hospital to the hospitals in her district.

Give my love to my brothers & Father.

I am
Your Loving Son

Malcolm

1st Aust. Division
Headquarters
France.
28-2-16

Dearest Mother.

Well, Mother, I think that it is about up to me to send you a long screed & tell you all about everything in general & myself in particular.

It must keep you fairly busy keeping check on my addresses. This one should only last for two months or more, if I have any luck.

My position here is that either I am a Staff Officer GS03 or I am an understudy for staff duties. Any way I have to work tolerably hard & it is interesting work.

Well when I left England I went to our base in France & remained there for several days, until I could obtain a part of a train to carry me forward to my regiment. I reached it just as it was about to go into the line. I took my Company as far as the supports when I was ordered out & told to report here. Here I have been ever since.

Things have been very interesting lately, but have toned down. By reading the paper & noting the dates of above you will be able to get a fair idea of what has happened.

This Staff Officer business is fine training. Precision, absolute accuracy, & good expression are essentials. They are things that I have not previously picked up, so they are being learnt very dearly.

I admire the blissful way you always accept bad reports of me. I told you in one of my previous letters that as soon as I reach an agonised complaint in your letters, I close down. I have not read more than about 1/2 of your recent letters. Please do not stop sending them, as the fact that they arrive, brings a pleased feeling and their absence makes me feel very lonely.

Spring is commencing to struggle to make herself felt over here & in a day or two it will commence to grow strong & we will be finished with this intense cold.

Well, mother, if I am able to make good here, I am commencing a career that is to count in after years.

I am very sorry to hear of Uncle Jim's death & I am writing to Aunt Clara by this mail.

Give my regards to everyone at home.

I am
Your Loving Son

Malcolm.

Aust. Intermediate Depot
Bostol Heath
Abbey Wood.
29. 2. 16.

Dear Old Jack.

I have a number of interesting things to tell you about & I am now going to write a long letter to you & as I have promised it a long time I will make it a very long letter.

Yesterday I visited the Woolvrick Arsenal, on the invitation of our cousin Robert Robertson. He is the head of the experimental department. One of the most important positions in the whole of England at the present time. Before I go any further I will tell you about his family. He has a wife called Kathleen & two children (a girl called Josanne & a little boy). They are fine kiddies, willing to play with anyone & good to look at.

Well with my Colonel, Lt/Col Abbott I visited the Arsenal. Cousin Robert met us & showed us over the laboratories. At this place shells are tested for their power of breaking up into small pieces. They place a shell in a well & explode it & if the shell casing does not break up into small pieces it is not a good shell.

After we saw this we were taken to see the big guns tested it was wonderful. There were 6 inch howitzers, 6" guns, 15 inch guns off the big battleships 8" howitzers and 10" howitzers. The tests that we saw were to find out how fast the shells were going when they left the muzzle. To do this they had a huge sand hill hundreds of feet thick. On rails they had frames of wood with wire stretching across. Through this wire there passed an electric current which also passed through an electro-magnet in the office. There were two screens 50 yards apart. The gun is laid so that the projectile will pass through each screen & will go into the sand bank. It was wonderful. The guns would be fired & you would be nearly deafened. I would be into 60 foot of sand & the shells they use do not explode. They find out by the screens how long it took the shell to pass from one to the other & from this the rate the projectile was travelling when it left the muzzle.

The 15" guns were very long. The breech was 6 feet in diameter & they must have been 40 feet long.

After seeing this we came backed to camp quite satisfied that England knew what she was doing.

During the last few days there has been several inches of snow on the ground. We have had some fine snow balling. The men here snow the officers & we have a bad time when we go from our mess to the Office. There are several snow men about. I am sending a photo of myself & another officer in the snow.

I hope you like this letter.

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Kiss Clem and Mother. Love to Father and yourself.

I am
Your Brother

Malcolm

1st March /16

CHINTON HANGER,
CHURT,
FARNHAM.
Surrey
England.

Dear Mrs. Kennedy.

Your two letters came almost together, & I am so touched by them & by your sending me that picture of your beautiful little son. Malcolm had already shown me, with much pride, the portrait of his small brother's head. He is quite beautiful & one just longs to kiss & cuddle him!

It will be a fortnight tomorrow since I last saw Malcolm. He was very down because he had been ordered to stay on in England & give a course of instruction, & he feared it would interfere with his promotion in his regiment. We lunched together in London, but since then I have not heard from him. We are hoping he will come down here for another weekend. I could not be altogether sorry that Malcolm was not to go just yet, as we shall miss him so much. He really looks quite fit again, & you will have heard how well he did at Hythe, coming out bracketed first with a Canadian officer.

My boy left Canada yesterday with the 10th Brigade of Artillery.

The brunt of the fighting is now in the West & seems likely to remain so for some little time. So I hope very much that you will have no need to feel anxious on Malcolm's account.

Again thanking you for the charming picture & with our best wishes,

Very Sincerely Yours

Susanna Napier

JUNIOR NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB,
96, PICCADILLY, W.
17. 3. 16.

Dearest Mother.

Still in the country. There appears to be very little chance of my getting out of it.

Last night Mr Marshall took me to "A Kiss for Cinderella" by Barrie It was a first night. It was glorious. The crowd that was there. Sir Squire Wyndham, Marie Lühr, numerous other critics & old favourites. All were received with applause. Gerald Du Marier was the chief actor & he was ably assisted by a woman called Trevalyn. It was delightful & was generously received.

I have lost my voice since I have had the flu. It persists in being lost.

People in England are very optimistic & are preparing for huge casualties in the Spring.

The Spring I am longing for it, The flowers here, especially the wild flowers, give such a promise of a beautiful display of colour.

I met two of the Buckley's of Buckley's & Nunn. They are charming. They gave me some Baronia which I took to the Marshalls. They are delighted with it.

Love to you all

I am Your Loving Son

Malcolm

THE GROVE,
DULWICH VILLAGE.
S.E.

17.3.16.

Dear Mrs. Kennedy,

I am glad to say that Mock has recovered from the sharp attack of influenza & is almost quite well again, of course, worrying to get back to work but it won't be long now, I expect before he can go.

I am truly thankful that he was taken ill here, where I could look after him.

He was a delightful patient, & said "right-o" to everything I suggested, in the most cheery manner.

I know well how you & his Father are looking forward to seeing Mock again, when this awful war is over. May you have a very happy meeting then.

He is a dear boy. I love having him with us & shall hate parting with him.

With our kind regards to you Mrs Kennedy
Believe me
Yours very sincerely.

Kittie Marshall

Aust. Intermediate
Depot.
Abbey Wood.
30-3-16

Dear Father.

Your last letter surprised me greatly. I had not thought of Kitty Wilson as you seem to think I showed by my letters. The only memory I have of her is a lank ungainly flapper with whom I used to have an excellent time. I will take your advice and tone down my letters. Rereading some of her letters makes me realise that there might be something in what you say.

I had a job offered me yesterday, after I received your letter in the British Army. I turned it down as I have decided to rejoin my unit.

It appears that a large number of our men are in France. I would like to be with them.

Hughes has made quite an impression here. I don't think that it will last, but it has done good service.

The people over here are quite resigned to large casualties shortly. The little mothers are very brave.

Love to Mother & the boys.

I am
Your Affectionate Son

Malcolm.

BOSTALL HEATH,
ABBAY WOOD,
KENT.

12.4.16

Dearest Mother.

Glorious News. I most likely will be out of this place within a week. I feel very bucked about it

One thing that annoys me is that you say that my letters do not reach you. This is strange as I write almost every seven days. Last week end I spent with the Marshalls. They are very kind & are very good to me. She was very cut up through losing her only son & I think that I have helped her to forget a little.

The English War Office have officially asked for my services in a job that would be honourous & which would help me in advancing. I do not lay much stress upon it & am taking the first opportunity of rejoining my regiment.

The weather here is delicious. It is like the beautiful Spring days we have at the premature spring week each year. I can almost sorry to miss the flowers that must show up here in the full spring.

I went to Caroline last week & saw Irene Vambrugh & Lillie McArthary. & Boyle. Dion Bonercault. It was a splendid bit of acting but a very weak theme.

I saw the Zepps on Friday last & saw the one that hit. It was very exciting. I have a cutting here which made me really understand what the Zepps mean.

Love to Father & the boys

I am
Your Loving Son
Malcolm

x x x x x

Aust. Intermediate Base
Bostall Heath
Abbey Wood.
17.4.16.

Dear Mother.

I have not had any mail from home for over three weeks. I suppose that you have according to my instructions sent my letters to Egypt.

I am still in England & there is very little chance of my getting out of it at present as the war offices is not sending back any Entenics. There are hundreds here kicking their heels.

The weather is doing its best to help us to get absolutely fit. Beautiful sunny days which have typical April showers.

I spent last week end at the Napiers they are very fit & very delighted with Clems photo. He looks a darling God! I would like to be home to cuddle him. I suppose he is too much of a man to be cuddled now.

I met a very nice woman called Lady Tapper Sir Charles was the Attorney General or something of Canada & is now in France. She is a very interesting woman.

Now Mater best of luck.

I am
Your Loving Son

Malcolm.

JUNIOR
NAVAL & MILITARY CLUB,
96, PICCADILLY, W.
1/5/16

Dearest Mother.

You will be pleased to hear that I am a captain & am lent by the Australian Army to the Imperial Government for a definite purpose. I will be in England for three months & then will go to France with a body of men that I've trained during that period.

We had another Zepp raid last Friday. I had a good view as usual. The Zepp was too high to be hit.

The weather over here is glorious & it is almost like the delightful between season days we have in Australia.

Mrs Marshall has a grandson & the family is very bucked. This is to be the heir of the Marshalls as the only son was knocked out in Gallipoli.

Last Tuesday was Anzac Day & we had celebrations here. I was opposed to the idea & volunteered to remain in camp. I was left in charge of the camp & spent a hard day in keeping the men in order.

My address for the future will be

Capt M. Kennedy
5th L H. Regt
attached M M G Corps.
Bisley
England.

Love to the family

I am
Your Loving Son

Malcolm

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MOTOR MACHINE GUN SERVICE,
BISLEY,
SURREY.
5.5.16

Dearest Mother.

For three weeks I have not had a word from you. It is something terrible. I'm at last working at a job that may bring in something. I am a Captain and have twelve choosen officers under me. It is going to be a great thing. It will only last about six months, then I will recur to the British Australian Forces with the rank of ----. The latest thing is that the Light Horse Officers are transfering to the Infantry so I am doing as well as they by taking on this & I am more in the lime light.

I am looking forward to going home to Australia. I am fearfully homesick at present. There is only one joy my present station is near Aunt Susies.

Give my love to all in Australia.

I am
Your Loving Son

Malcolm

MOTOR MACHINE GUN SERVICE,
BISLEY,
SURREY.
10.5.16

Dearest Mother.

Your letter dated 14th of January has just reached me. In accordance with your instructions I have become a captain with the great possibility of becoming a Major before the end of July.

I am very sorry that I have not been able to return to Egypt Melbourne but it was impossible with this Great possibility in my view. I have 12 junior subs in my command & will be entrusted with the greatest possible venture in the world.

Hurray for the little Sister. I will take your tip about not getting married. She has to have at least #5000 per annum if I marry.

I am sorry that until my pay as a Capt comes through the head office I will not be able to make you your allowance, but Mother please buck up & write me more cheerful letters. Every one you write makes me feel a perfect beast & I am not that.

Love to the boys & Father.

Your Loving Son

Malcolm

Heavy Section
M. M. G. C.
Bull House
Farm.
Bisley
Nr Woking.
England.

(mid May, 1916)

Dear Father.

You have, I suppose, been greatly surprised by the fact that I am attached to the Imperial Army. It is to the best that I've taken the position that is open to me. It is a magnificent scheme & only the most efficient Officers are enrolled in it. We are to be ready by the end of July, so that we are working at high pressure. Confidentially I must tell you that the Derby Recruit is not half the fighter those wild & woolly bays I came away from Queensland with. This is to be regretted, but if I had returned to my regiment I would have never seen any fighting, since Birdwood himself said that most probably the Light Horse would remain in Egypt till the end of things now. I have taken the step now, so wherever it leads to I will have to go. The Discipline will be good for me anyhow & the experience will be invaluable.

May in England is wonderful. In fact it is hard to realise. You could hardly understand the profuseness of the foliage & the quantities of wild flowers that abound.

My position here has a motor bike attached to it, so on Sundays I have every chance of seeing the country. As I have told you we are working at high pressure we work every day excluding Sunday up to Midday.

I have been doing nothing except my job, so I have nothing to relate.

Love to mother & the Kids. Is it right about a daughter?

Your Son.

Malcolm.

"E" Coy. 2nd Battn.
H.S. M.G.C.
Bull House Farm
Bisley.
23.5.16.

Dearest Mother.

Another week has gone by & I've done nothing but work. The work is very interesting. We are going to have an alteration in our organisation. If the powers that be are friendly to this Australian, there might be a pleasant surprise for for him.

We expect to be at the front by the end of August so we will have to continue our efforts tirelessly until then.

Love to Jack, Clem & Father.

I am
Your Affectionate
Son

Malcolm

JUNIOR
NAVAL & MILITARY CLUB,
96, PICCADILLY, W.
16.7.16

Dearest Mother.

After a terrific rush & bustle which nearly killed us we have been informed that we will not be able to participate in the present advance as some of our companies are not sufficiently advanced. Cheer'Oh!

We have been having wretched weather. The very heavens are weeping over the great loss of life that has been occasioned by the great advance.

We have changed our camp and now are at a manoeuvre area. You had better address my letters to the above as they will always be forwarded then to my correct address. This club is called the incubator as when an officer becomes a Major he moves on to the Army & Navy Club next door.

Your letters have been very irregular lately. I have not received any for over a fortnight.

I have not seen any of the Australians yet about town. The third Division is now on Salisbury plains. They seem a fairly wild sort of man. They have been leaving their mark on London.

Good Luck to you all.

I am
Your Loving Son

Malcolm.

"B" Company.
H. S. M. G. S.
Elveden Camp.
Norfolk
5. 8. 16

Dearest Mother.

Two delightful letters from you reached me yesterday. You cannot imagine how bucked they made me. Well! very little has been happening to me lately. Last week-end I spent with Godmother Marshall. She is greatly tickled with the grandson & she has every right to be so. It is a fine kid. Nan Marshall was forced by health to give up her job as a V.A.D. & now is at home. I am glad as Godmother is at a loss without her son.

Aunt Susie wrote to tell me that she had a charming letter from you. Aunt Susie is economising hard. She has it reduced to a system. Aunt Susie is a stunner...

"B" Company
H. S. M. G. C.
Elveden Camp
Norfolk.
5.8.16

Dear Aunt Anne.

My Mother informs me that Uncle Malcolm has not been well. I hope that ere this reaches you he is up to form & is not further cause for your anxiety.

We are enjoying summer here & it is almost hot enough to make one think of a Tasmanian summer. It is not wonderful that English people Tasmanian climate delightful as it is a fair edition their best weather.

I am feeling very fit & eager to be at the front representing the Kennedy Clan. It is not impossible that I should be in France before the month is out. I am on a wonderful adventure which ought to provide all the excitement that I require & if lucky, the experience which a young soldier should have.

Give my regards to Uncle Malcolm.

I am
Your Affectionate Nephew

Malcolm.

Junior Naval & Military Club.
94 Piccadilly
London W.
22.8.16

Dearest Mother.

Things have been very active in France the last few days. Many of our fellows have become casualties. Fortunately the proportion of the dead to the wounded is very small. Several of the Duntrooners & several of my other pals have been blown out.

I had a letter from Edie Hunter who is in a camp on Salisbury Plains. He is a Lance Corporal & is very bucked with himself.

Went to a very nice provincial show the other night. I was called "My Lady Frayle". It is comic Opera & is delightful.

Please address my letters as above as I most likely will be leaving any day for the front now. These people will forward my letters as soon as I notify them of my whereabouts.

Now Mater. Here's the best of good luck to you & the Kids

I am
Your Loving Son
Malcolm

P.S. I have taken your advice about the ladies. I am gradually becoming very shy when they are about. I wish I could find a nice clean country lined English girl that I could use as an anchor
Malcolm xxxx

Light Horse Details

ParkHouse Camp

Salisbury

21.8.16

To Regt. Paymaster.

From Capt Kennedy.

Enclosed is a receipt for
£2 . 4 . 9 . for marking clothing. Also is
a Bank Balance of my account at the
Bank in Woking & a cheque giving my
balance.

Please reply to this quickly as
I am at any day going to France with the
A.I.F.

Malcolm Kennedy

From
REGIMENTAL PAYMASTER,
MACHINE GUN CORPS S Kensington.

To Capt. Kennedy (late O/C E Coy 2 Btn MGC)
Light Horse Details
Park House Camp
Salisbury.

With reference to attached observations:-

1/ Marking & Fitting £2-4-9.

This cannot be allowed you on the authority of attached receipt. Army form H 1179 or H 1178 is required in support. Please endeavour to obtain this form. On receipt of which the amount will be allowed you.

2/ Cash from Cashier shown by you as £76.

As according to my records only £73 is shown, you were credited with £3. As no such amount appears against either "R", "S", at E Coy 2nd Btn, it is not understood how the amount was credited to you, without a notification of the fact to me by the Cashier. Please forward your Cash Book, Bank Pass Book & Cheque Book to this office, when the matter will be taken up by me.

3/ /

4/ You have not answered this observation.
Please do so.

5/ In obedience pending your reply.

Light Horse Details.
Park House Camp.
Salisbury.
1.9.16.

Dearest Mother.

I think that at last I am off to the Front in France. Brigade orders last night came out stating that I and two padres should hold ourselves ready to proceed overseas.

I am enclosing some photo (snaps). One of your son as O.C. an English section and the others are of my little Italian Chum in Alex. What do you think of their house? It is in the most aristocratic part of Ramlih. I am thin in the Ramlih photos but that is why the medical people sent me to England.

Now Cheer oh Mother.

I am Your Loving Son

x x x. Malcolm.

Light Horse Details
3. Park House. Camp.
Salisbury.
19.9.16

Dear Father & Mother.

It is about up to me to make a long explanation to you. When Col. Swinton made the offer to me of a Company under his command, I accepted with the conditions that he should make my promotions good in the Australian Army, that I should receive Australian pay according to my rank & that I should have charge of a company.

Everything at first was correct. I had charge of a company, but my promotion in the M.G.C. to the rank of Captain was not confirmed in the A.I.F. orders. He promised to have these thing seen to. Later owing to interference of the W.O. the Corps was reorganised & in the reorganisation I was made second in command of a company that was almost double the original companies. I did not make any protest. After four months my promotions were not confirmed in the A.I.F. & my pay did not advance with my rank. I spoke to Colonel Swinton & he said that he was unable to arrange matters with the A.I.F.

Birdwood was not favourable to any transfer to the English Army & was setting opposition in my way so I took the only possible way open to me, I asked to be sent back to my unit. Swinton had me paraded & I stated my case & he unwillingly transfered me. I reported at Park House for duty with the Light Horse. The men of the Light Horse were converted into infantry to fill the vacancies of the men that fell at Bozières. The shortage that occurred was not in men but in trained men. The Light Horse Officers have remained in camp under orders for Egypt. I myself have be warned for draft three times to Egypt & twice to France. I saw the D.A.A.G. today & I think that my affairs are moving at last.

Last Sunday & the Saturday wee before I visited Salisbury Cathedral. On the Tuesday I was present at a Soldiers service there. You cannot imagine what a fine edifice it is. The tower is over four hundred feet high. My chum who is a padre in our Camp & who is about 40 years old acted as my guide & tutor. We cycled over & enjoyed ourselves immensely.

Sir John French was out here recently & he expressed his admiration for the physique of the Australian troops. I see that the famous tanks which were the name of the motors that I was on are in action at last. It is a fatal mistake to send only a part of them in at a time. Why did they not wait until the whole 150 were ready?

I am living in boxes, waiting daily for news to push off. It is very uninteresting.

Last week they gave me a job that has ever since taken all my energies that is of O.C. details. All drafts of troop from overseas come into No 3 Camp & I draft them from there to their various units. I have up to 900 men

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under me & about 8 officers. The thing started from zero & it was very hard compilling records, but I have got over that & am waiting for a Major...

Details Coys.
No3 Camp
Park House
Salisbury.
2.10.16

Dearest Mother.

Nothing has happened since my last to you except work.

Last Friday the King reviewed the Aust Troops on Salisbury Plains. I had 150 of my details on parade. The total number of Australians that turned out was about 35 000. We put up a fine display. I took a number of snap with my camera. If they are any good I will send you some of them.

The general air in England is that of a nation seeing victory in the near future.

There is a general feeling of economy through out the country at present. In the A.I.F. a feasible form of economy in equipment has at last been instituted. This system starts at my depôt & the whole weight of its initiation is borne by yours truly. This entails a considerable amount of work which is giving me great experience.

Now Mother, heaps of love to you all

I am
Your loving Son

Malcolm

The Field.
29.10.16

Dearest Mother,

I am sending you some lace and a YPRES spoon for a Christmas present.

The weather here is miserably cold and by all the potents I think that it is going to be colder. Everyone is very cheerful.

The French people are wonderful. Since coming from the trenches I have been billeted with an old French couple, one is 73 & the other 68. They work from 6am, till 6pm, always talking, always happy. It is there assistance to La Belle France during the war.

The Fields over here are worked by women & old men who are happy in the thought that they are ably assisting their children at the Front.

The places are very dirty, but what does that matter, if everyone is happy & it is the rule to live to a ripe old age.

I have not heard from my Godmother or Aunt Susie, since I came over the Channel, but I expect their letters have gone astray.

I received a delightful letter for you yesterday. It has been wandering around for a long time, but I am delighted that it recently caught me. There is absolutely no need for you to think that I should ever forget you. You are always in my thoughts, even when I was at the theatre in London I used to think how you would like being with me. I am terribly anxious to reach home to see Clem. His photos are fine and show that he must have a devil of a temper.

Your new house must be a stunning affair & Elsie wrote to me quite enthusiastically about it. I am still more fond of that girl than any of the others. Don't tell her so for heavens sake. It takes me all my time to keep from telling her.

Give my love to everyone.

I am

Your Loving Son

Malcolm

x x x x x

O'Neill College
Elsternwick
22. 11. 16

Dear Mr. Kennedy,

Thanks for Your kind note. We are all very sorry to part with Clem. He is a clever child and most interesting. He has improved very much lately and we Sincerely hope that in the future we Shall have him back.

I am,
Yours faithfully

Sr. M. Bernard

In the Field.
10-12-16

(France)

Dearest Mother.

Greatly disappointed by the fact that in coming out of the trenches I have received no letter from you. Well did my last letter please you? I have met Uncle Arch lately. He is quite fit. The A.S.C, is a good job. You do not have so much of the arduous times as the infantry & with luck can always take to a bed somewhere at night.

Things are moving very slowly at present. & we have remarkably little news.

Have you received my copy of ANZAC that I have forwarded to you. I ought to have attained its objective by now.

Any little parcels of grub that turn up would most welcome. I would be too late to start when you receive this as we will be out of the worst of the winter when you could get a parcel to me.

Cheer up mother. When ever you are particularly rotten thing you are with this child standing for a 48 hr stretch in the trenches with no other covering, but my great coat. It is cold here, not that mild sort you have in Australia.

The Aust mail leave tomorrow so you ought to have this in record time.

I am in command of A' Coy of this Battalion & the men with me are a remarkably fine crowd of men. I have a fine pair of officers. Wilmot who is the grandson of a former governor of Tassy & Morwell who played cricket against me when I was at school at Tassy.

I am not going to write to Uncle Malcolm any more. I wrote him quite a decent letter when I was in England about three months ago. He has not yet had the decency to reply. There is nothing in the fighting at present, but the cold & the mud are our worst enemies.

Tell the people in Australia to knit hundred of thousand of sox, & send them to every infantry man they know for next winter. One pair for each man by each mail would solve a great difficulty here.

Love to everyone

Your Loving Son

xxxxx.

Malcolm

(undated; France, mid December, 1916)

Dearest Mother

A cheerless letter from you & one from Father reached me yesterday as a sent off to our turn in occupying the front line.

I am now in Command of "A" Coy 52nd Battn 13 Aust Inf Bde. 4th Div. This is going to be my address until the end of the War or until I stop another bullet.

Things have been very interesting lately. My Brigadier is a Light Horse Man from Queensland Brig/Gen Glascoe & the Bde Major is Major Ridley the former Adjutant of the 5th L.H. Regt. There is another Duntrooner in the Battn of the senior year to myself. Steele is his name.

There is a large quantity of mud over here. In fact we live in it. It is marvellous to watch the indifference that the men treat the trying conditions that we are experiencing. The other day I was in a communication trench which was covered with water knee deep, when a party of privates carrying duck boards & sandbags. They were laughing & when our friend the Bosch commenced shelling they, to my delight, started singing "What a Friend we have in Jesus."

Another party of Guards were passing my dugout carrying enormous loads. They were quite contented & singing a famous song called
Hi Tiddley Ti Ti

All the way to Blightie

when the leader stopped & said "They think that we're Elephants". This was quite sudden & the man followed it up by dropping his load. The remainder blocked up & asked what was wrong. "Think we're Elephants" was echoed down. Generals went past, Colonels went past, every grade of officer passed, but no effort from the men.

Suddenly I heard "Get going chum Here comes the Sergeant". They all hastily took up their loads & moved off. Followed in the distance by about the smallest man on earth with three stripes.

I would like to have a brother in the same regiment as myself. There are two Morwells as officers & in my coy. there are three sets of brothers. The brothers look after one another. One knows that if the other is in camp there will be a home for him. The night before last, one brother came into my dugout & said that his brother was lost. He was extremely annoyed when I did not turn out the Coy to look for him.

It must be stunning to have someone to whom one can always talk & not have to think that if he commits certain offences you will have to be slanging him in the near future.

We are giving a dinner to the O.S. "B" Coy as today the Comforts Fund came to light today with a goodly stock of Coffee & Milk, Cocoa & milk &

soup tablets. I have a Lieut Wilmott, a son of a former Governor of Tasmania, as one of the Coy Officers, He is a fine chap only he has the beastly habit of telling me how happy he would be if he could see his wife for a spell.

Life even here is an extraordinary thing. One is alternately thinking how comfortable one is & how beastly uncomfortable it is. The concentrated beastliness of the front line, one does not mind, but the mediocre sample served up in support & reserves, that is most objectionable. One has the joy in the fact that one is still alive & has something to do to make one enjoy the discomfort in the front line. This is lacking further back.

Say, Mater, I am terribly anxious to go home & see my parents & brothers. It would be stunning to go home for an hour & kiss you all round & return. I have not the slightest desire to live in the past. In fact all none of us talk of past experiences, we know that each one has seen beastly things & done beastly things, so we loudly agree to go on with the matter in hand & look to the future. Most conversations are of the future leave that one is going to have & what will we do after la Guerre.

Cheeroh mother. Now please do now write me any more cheerless letters.

x x x x x Your Loving Son

Malcolm

18-12-16

My Dear Father

Your letter acknowledging the receipt of "The Project of the Commonwealth" has reached me. I am glad that it interests you. I have arranged that the two projected volumes will be sent to me. I will forward them to you.

This quarters "Pound Table" deals admirable with the peace question from a Colonial point of view & also delegates a considerable portion of its space to Aust. Politics. I will send it to you when I have read it.

I am a confirmed Captain in the Aust Army. If records have not it ask to see A.I.F. List 196. Division Hqrs are sending me to Clare College Cambridge to attend a course in Staff Work. I hope that this is only preparatory. I am the only rep from this Division. Three other Divisions are sending reps, of these two are of my senior year & the other of my junior year. Things will doubtlessly be very fierce.

It will last until about the middle of February & will carry me over the worst of the winter. You thought that it was cold when you were over here several winters ago. We are not living at the best hotels. There are numerous trophies I would like to send home, but the postal regulations here make it almost impossible.

If my good fortune holds good I will have Christmas dinner with the Napiers.

Now Father, please write to me. My letters from Australia have been remarkably few. In fact recently, if it were not for Aunt Susie & Mrs Marshall I would be very lonely on mail days.

Best of luck for the new Year.

Your Son.

Malcolm

Staff Course
Clare College
Cambridge
16-1-17.

Dear Old Jack.

I am very sorry that I have not written to you.

There is a very heavy fall of snow outside & it is very disconcerting in the morning, when my servant who at Cambridge is called a "Gyp" says "Time to rise! sir! Two inches of snow on the ground.

We have a very busy time here, so busy that I have not had the time to devote to a packet of salts that is on my wash-stand. We ride bicycles around the country & practise moving Divisions & fighting them. We will all meet at a point & our instructor will come along in a cab & deliver a message. We are given a short time to write our orders & we then rush off to make a detailed reconnaissance. It must seem very funny to ordinary people to see forty more or less elderly men sitting by the road writing as if the fate of the Empire depended upon their efforts. I have given 7/6 per day of my pay to the War Loan. If I am bowled over, you can have it. It is in the Commonwealth Bank in London.

Give my love to everyone in Australia.

Your Loving Brother

xxxxxx

Malcolm

Staff Course
Clare College
Cambridge
2 Feb. 17.

Dearest Mother.

Today is the last day of the course & according to instructions we are to have eight days leave & then enter into the theatre of war again. I have a feeling that I have done quite well. I always can do well at this sort of thing, but that "tactless personality of mine" prevents me putting my knowledge into execution. Let us try this time to be tactful.

It has frozen here & we have had some skating. My centre of nervous energy (bottom) is feeling very delicate as a result. Nevertheless the exercise was fine.

I am going to spend a few days with Aunt Susie. She is the finest woman I have ever met. Charlotte has gone to a finishing off school & I have some good fun teasing her. She is like Bobby Brown in ways, but besides has endearing feminine ways which are unusual in the English flapper.

Well, I must close as I have to attend the final lecture.

Your Loving Son

Malcolm

x x x x

In the Field
France
15-3-17.

Dearest Mother.

I am under the impression that my former letter to you on which I, forgetful of the censor's dictates, placed the name of my unit has been stopped. If not, so much the better.

We have been resting now for a short period & I think that the men are commencing to buck up under the strengthening influence of Spring. Besides this they feel pleased that the German has thought it best to retreat. No matter how great the advantages the German has obtained by retreating, the men realise that to have reached this stage the German must have felt his inferiority.

Mother: there is always with me at present a desire to be home. Two years absence from you & home is commencing to feel a life time. It is so long that those tiresome pests such as flies & dust do not enter into our dreams of our home-land.

Home-land. that is a word to think over. I personally did not understand its full meaning before I left it. The glamour & strangeness of foreign countries may hold you bound for different periods, but as inevitably as death, the longing for the surroundings of one's home land comes. There is only one thing that makes a man forget for any length of time & that is work. Each time I commence on a job that is new to me, I find that while I am learning my job everything is strange & so interesting that I forget all ties except that of my work, but the longing to return home always forces itself upon me as soon as I have time to pause.

This France is going to be a most beautiful place in the Spring. Even the horror of war cannot hide its possibilities. Picardy the least beautiful part of France is commencing to assume a pleasant garb & is trying its best to make us believe that it is the finest country in the world. I suppose it is for some Frenchmen who are fighting for the same cause to our South.

I have read recently a book entitled "A Conner of Harley Street & it has made me recognise how for short of readable my letters are & that I approach a letter in the wrong way. A letter is an instrument by means of which one communicates those thoughts that you deem the recipient would be pleased to know. Thoughts are usually rounded off & complete ∴ a letter should be rounded off & complete in itself. I am endeavouring to cultivate the habit of writing complete letters & I am sure that this will be read by you with a badly suppressed boredom & father when he has completed, will mutter "Piffle or Padding".

Personally I am in great form & If it were not for a cold & my hair coming out, I would consider myself singularly fortunate. Everyone to whom I appeal for sympathy about my possible baldness, does not treat the matter with becoming seriousness, but tell me that it would do me much harm, if I

lost a lot more.

It is regrettable that you are not well, especially as you have the household work to do now. Father writes to say that he is holding his own & is fairly fit. Things must be exceedingly tight in Australia at present.

Now Mother, best of luck.

Your Loving Son.

xxx Malcolm. K.

In The Field.
France
15-3-17.

Dearest Mother.

As the mail goes out tomorrow, I could not resist the temptation of writing to you. This period of the year must be passed in great anxiety by many wives & mothers in Australia.

We have had a considerable amount of fighting lately & I am pleased to tell you that we have added glories to our feats. I can say this without boasting as the Division to, which I now have the honour to belong, knows me scarcely long enough to know me as its child.

I have read recently "The Sentimental Bloke" By Dennis & I must say that I was delighted with it. The things, he describes in slangy Australian, are very near to us here. His opening sentence

"The world 'as got me snouted just
a treat
And Fortune has past to me a dirty left."

is a description of a feeling we often have with us.

The prisoners we have taken lately seem heartily sick of the war & there is a change in their outlook. They do not so firmly believe in the inevitable win for Germany. To the contrary they say that they cannot win, but they can stalemate. This is great news as history has taught us that a nation that admits this is beaten.

The Spring showed herself to us & then felt shy. The weather has become beastly cold again.

Well, Mother, best of luck & love to you all.

I am
Your Loving Son
xxx. Malcolm Kennedy.

P.S. Please pardon the whole name. I have had such a lot of practice in signing things lately that it came instinctively.

MSK.

In the Field
France
15-3-17.

Dear Old Man.

You are a blighter. Why don't you throw off your sickness & come and help us with the War?

Well I saw a rather funny sight the other day. It was pathetic too. Every month the French Authorities permit the former occupants of the villages in this part to visit their home. They are always accompanied by an interpreter. All the villages about here have been completely flattened, either by us or the Germans.

Well the other day the french villagers came & two old ladies claimed the same heap of bricks as their former home. A terrible row commenced in which the old ladies & their interpreters became inextricably mixed. They argued all day & were still arguing when they left. Next month the Mayor is coming to adjust matters.

I have now a lovely horse, but I am sorry to say that owing to the great amount of work I have to do, I have very little time to use anything but a motor car

Well, old boy, buck up & make us all happy.

Give my love to all at home. Kiss Mother & Clem for me.

Your Loving Brother

Malcolm

France.
30-3-17.

Dearest Mother.

I did not write to you last week, but I sent a letter to Father, who has doubtlessly shown it to you.

We are at present resting well in rear of the front line. & are enjoying ourselves in a sober way. The men are in good spirits over our recent successes & are keenly desirous of having another go. They are commencing to feel impatient to get the thing finished & to be home. It is a very long time. The Division has now been one year in France.

I am at present under a very experienced staff officer & one from whom I hope to derive a considerable amount of benefit.

Nothing of any importance has happened to me. For the last fortnight I have applied myself to my work and to nothing else. It is very interesting & satisfying, but it would not be very entertaining for you to hear a detailed account of it.

I had a letter from Ferdie Nilken the other day. He is now a private & feels rather bucked. He was quite prolific in giving me advice. A queer kid. I hope to have a day off & visit Amiens. It would be a delightful spell. There is a cathedral & I am told there are other things worth seeing there.

I am afraid that you will have a bald son. Nobody takes it seriously, but I am sure that it is getting thin & it is not a spring molt. Nevertheless, Mother, I will always say you are my sister.

Elsie Abrahams sent me her photo the other day. She seems to have her share of good looks. I say there must be something in that american man of hers. She has not told me of him. Hasn't some old cynic said that a womans silence is dangerous.

Now, Mother, best of luck. Love to all

Your Loving Son

Malcolm.

France
1-4-17

Dearest Mother

Here we are at the beginning of another month. We are at present resting & organising for our labours of the Spring & Summer.

Today I met both Malcolm Dickens & Jack Cook. Both look extremely well & are keenly interested in their work. Malcolm Dickens is about to enter into a school to be trained for a commission. Jack Cook is a Corporal & has the Military Medal. Both Aunts have been notified of this meeting by this mail.

I fear that your letters have been sunk in the Meditteranean. Several ships from Australia have met with disaster lately. You spoke of a parcel in your letters. I have not yet received it. You may expect my letters at rather irregular dates for the future as we will be very pressed for time. I will try to send you a field postcard at least weekly.

The weather lately has been typical April showers. It is even more changeable than the mid-season period in Australia.

I am feeling very fit at present, so fit that I have absolutely cut out all alcoholic stimulant. I wish I could go back to Australia to have a look at you all. It seems a tremendously long time to be away. I have not seen my people for any length of time for nearly five years now.

Aunt Susie sent me a charming letter recently. She is a fine person.

Love to everyone

Your Loving Son

Malcolm.

(undated; France, April, 1917)

Dear Father

On Sunday last, fired by "The two paths" of Ruskin I visited Amiens Cathedral. The Door which he praises so highly is covered by sand bags as is the font which is also reckoned a work of art. Despite this there was plenty to see.

Just before entering the building which from the town side is only separated from the remainder of the town by a street, I caught a glimpse of two French girls with a crown of white roses, dressed in white & with a flowing veil, running a break neck speed to the side entrance. At the door of the cathedral there was the inevitable beggar.

On entering the church I found that I was in the midst of a communion service. The scene itself was unique. The service was not at the large altar but at the smaller one which was decked out in white and gold. In front of the altar were some twenty to thirty little girls about 12 years old who were taking communion for the first time. They were all dressed similarly to the girls that I had seen running to church. They were a lovely collection of children. Each one was trying to look saintly as the occasion demanded, but could scarce conceal the excitement & pleasure felt in being the centre of attraction for the time.

Among the congregation there were a number that sat down in the chairs, but to my astonishment a large number roamed over the cathedral, muttering in low voices & even laughing. Even when the curé gave an address this noise did not cease. At the finish of the ceremony the choir gave us a selection. Their style is entirely different to ours. All the boys sing with an open throat & to our idea seem to make as much noise as possible. It was rather disappointing as the choir is very strong.

After the ceremony I made a tour of the place & it was heart rending to see the little French women down on their knees praying for their sons, Some were crying openly. Each prayed to the altar of the Saint that they chose, but most prayed before the figure of Christ.

I have just learnt that my Battalion has been in action again and has had a tough time. A man junior to myself is running the Battalion & has done wonderfully well. Most senior to myself are killed or wounded. Such is luck!

It appears that we are going to rest for a little while longer, then I suppose we do something. This is the longest spell we have ever had & the men are very fit. Their only grievance now is that they want to be doing something that matters.

-88-

I am sending you a book on Jean Gauche Rousseau. It is a fine book but it is more Gran, its author, than Rousseau. It is an interesting book & one I would like kept so that I may reread it.

Please give my love to the family

Your Loving Son

Malcolm

In The Field.
France.
9-4-17.

Dearest Mother.

Well, things are commencing to move again & on the flush of our early successes, we think that we see the end in view. It may not be so, but we doing our best to place ourselves in a place, where we have an advantage. This war must go on for some time. Now that we have gone so far we must not stop until we have forced our will upon Germany. To do that we will have to destroy her field forces & humiliate her. That is a stupendous task.

I did not receive a letter from you this mail. I rather feel hurt about it, as I have been very punctillious in ...

In The Field
France.
10-4-17.

Dearest Mother.

I received three letters from you today & I feel very guilty, when I think of the scrappy letters I have been sending you recently.

The weather is extremely cold at present and, to our surprise we are having a period of snow storms.

We are feeling very bucked with the first fruits of the offensive. The feeling has circulated among the men and it has bucked them up immensely.

Really Mother, I have not the slightest idea of what, people, who write reams & reams of information to their parents. If I try to write a similar amount, I am sure that I would bore you stiff.

A present I am attached General Staff Officer to the 1st Aust Divn. I have been telling this to you in very nearly every letter for the last two months. It seems rather extraordinary, that the news of this & my captaincy has not reached you before this.

I had a letter from Aunt Susie. She feels very fit & has a very busy time trying to think of the comfort & desires of her numerous adopted young officers. No only now does she have all her officers to think off, but she has made herself responsible for the comfort of all Australians soldiers who are sent, as wounded or sick, to a very large area near her home.

Well cheer-oh, Mother, Best of Luck.

Love to all

Your Loving Son

Malcolm

In The Field
France.
26-4-17

Dear Mother.

I wish to call your attention to the fact that I am now twenty-four years of age. It is an age where I may reasonable make the request that you permit me to make my own arrangements without outside interference.

To-day I had a letter from Lady Napier stating that she had a letter from you in which you explain my worldly goods, & stated that there are some rumours floating around about my position. Good God, Mother, as Aunt Susie has not received any rumours of our position, don't you see what a ...

In The Field
France
27-4-17

Dearest Mother.

Another week has gone by at a rush & now we are resting.

There is a possibility of my going to Paris for four days. I will be a great treat in the beautiful weather. Fortunately it will not interfere with my leave which will come in a few months.

Jack Cook came to see me on his way through to England. He is in great form. He is a very nice boy.

Dearest Mother I am not in a mood for writing to any one today, & so will close down. Love to Father & the boys

Your Loving Son

Malcolm.

(Extract of letter written by Malcolm S. Kennedy, undated; France, late April, 1917)

...understudying job. A clear run at a job of my own, is what I wish for.

Heaps of love to everyone at Home.

Your Loving Son

Malcolm.

P.S. my hair still falls. Can you suggest anything? This is very urgent.

1st Aust Divn
France
5/5/17

Dear Mater.

The weather here at present is too delightful for worlds. It is really astonishing to think that a fortnight ago we were envying a man who had four blankets, when we are now thinking what fools we were in not bringing our drill tunics.

We have done some fighting lately with some good results. You will have all that news in the papers long before this reaches you.

Well, good luck, Mother. Love to Father & the boys.

Your Loving Son

Malcolm.

1st Aust. Division
France.
17-5-17.

Dearest Mother.

I received two letters from you today for which I thank you. The weather, which up to two days ago was everything that could be desired, is now cold again.

We are at present resting & preparing ourselves for what further test the Dame Fortune sends to us. We hope that it will be something great as we would rather be one of the participators in a large effective action than be fretted away in a small action that does not affect the general situation except in deflecting or holding a few troops.

I am still hoping to have a little leave in the near future. The 24th possibly.

The War seems to be going our way now. & there is a chance of it being over by the end of the year. I hope it is as I would dearly love to be back in Australia again. 3 years continuous war is all that I require for this trip.

Regarding Doris's husband. I am perfectly certain that I have never seen him & I learn by the Gradation List he has never been in the same Division as myself, so please do not let the Fatts pull your leg any more. Your statement that I handed him despatches is ludicrous & makes one realise how different the life out here is from what you imagine it.

My chiefs at present are men who have gained their positions by continuous soldiering & exertion. The senior Col Blamey will be the first soldier in Australia after the War. The second will be a great soldier in a few years time. This men have both been through the Staff College.

I intend to look up both Jack Cook & Malcolm Dicken when I return to England. I hope they do well. & I think that they would do with a little looking after. England is a beastly place for an inexperienced N.C.O. who has the possibility of a commission before his eyes.

Now, Mother, please keep writing your typical cheerful letters. Give my Love to Father & the Boys

Your Loving Son

Malcolm.

4th June /17.

CHINTON HANGER,
CHURT,
FARNHAM.

My dear Mrs. Kennedy.

Just a few lines to tell you that Malcolm was looking very well when we saw him last week. We had a telegram from him last Monday (28th May I fancy the date was) asking if Helen & I would dine & go to the theatre with him next night. It was such a delightful surprise as we had no idea he was over. Of course we went, though we had a lot of guests here! It seems Malcolm had ten days leave & he is likely to get this every three months, being on the staff, so he is really very lucky.

He was looking perfectly fit & seemed determined to make the most of his leave. We had a very nice dinner at one of the big hotels & then went on to the opera - Aida by Verdi. The hotel was full of Australian officers on leave, & we had another friend there in addition to Malcolm & met such a number of officers. The first Australian to win a V.C. Lieut. Tasker amongst them - Malcolm has made a collection of German bombs, which he showed us: he says he has one of every kind they use. They are horrid things!

On Wednesday we breakfasted together & went out for a little bit, & thus Helen & I had to return home. Malcolm said he had some shopping to do, & he was taking Charlotte (my younger girl who now at School in London) out to tea in the afternoon. I thought it was rather bold of him to offer to fetch her, but I fancy he wanted to see what a girls school is like.

I don't think you need worry at all about Malcolm's health: he could not have been looking better. He was going down to spend a few days on the river with a party of friends. So we have not had the pleasure of seeing him down here this time, but the river would be a very good thing for him. He goes back to France tomorrow.

I was sorry to hear that you are still not well. I am sure all the worry & anxiety of the war must be a special strain to those so far away & I am afraid it is not going to end just yet, though people seem quite satisfied with the way things are going - I have not felt nearly so worried about my own son since he was on the Staff, & I hope you too feel relieved about Malcolm.

With best wishes

Very Sincerely yours

Susanna Napier

1st Aust Divn
France.
8/6/17

Dearest Mother

Your letter enclosing Aunt Annie's letter reached my yesterday. I have just had 10 days leave in England. By this mail you will doubtlessly have received letters from Lady Napier & Mrs Marshall. I have had an excellent. I spent several days on the river at Marlow at the home of Lady Lavissart Neale's. This house was erected by Henry VIII & has been added to by each generation since & the result is wonderful. There are portraits by all the great painters. My own room which was the official Guest chamber, had the most wonderful furnishings. The room was about 50 feet square. papered by a paper of subdued animal design. The bed was so tremendous that one immediately felt lonely. The bed had hangings in white with coloured animals on it. The rest of the furniture was wonderful. Each piece had a history & each was placed so as to show it to its best advantage. The ornaments were all of silver which were the gifts of Princes of the royal house.

To add to the effect the room had small bunches of exquisite flowers. The room was beautiful but it was forgotten when one looked out the window. Remember that it is late Spring now. The river at this point makes a wide bend. On either side of the river there are lawns & gardens, now beautifully green. Bisham Abbey, where I was staying, had been occupied by monks & was moated. The moat was just below my window & in the distance through the green trees I could catch sight of a battlement of an old castle. To the rear of the Abbey was the forrest which was originally part of Windsor Forrest. In these surroundings I spent two very happy days. My host & hostess were exceedingly good & helped me in every way to obtain an insight into the beautiful things around me. They also strove to let me see the mental point of view of a wealthy country gentleman. I think that during this stay I received more mental impressions that I have ever done before in a month.

While I was in London I saw the opera Aida by the Karl Roas Company. I took Aunt Susie & Helen. I enjoyed the show immensely. I also saw a Revue called "Bubbly". It was exceedingly clever.

Now I am back at Montigny Chateau conducting an Intelligence School & I am quite content to stop here and do things jusqu'au la bout de la guerre.

Well Mother Love to everyone at St Clems

Your Loving Son

Malcolm.

1st Aust. Divn Hqrs.
France.
18-6-17

Dearest Mother

We have heard recently that several mails from Australia have been intercepted by enemy submarines. What I know is that I have not had any mail from Australia for nearly a month

At present I am running a School for Intelligence Officers & am having a very interesting . It is similar to the one I wrote you of several months ago. There is some very interesting country around. The country we are sketching is the battle field of the Battle of PONT NOYELLES in 1870. I fortunately have some recollection of the Battle from my studies at Duntroon, so it is particularly interesting.

We are resting at present & are becoming very fit. The A.D.M.S. today accused me of becoming fat

I am living with the School Teacher & Mayors Secretary in the village. The mayors secretary has a wife who cooks for me and two daughter who are quite nice girls (tres propres et timides). As they speak no french, I am becoming quite proficient in my French.

The village life is queer to us who are used to Australian conditions & distances. The Farmer does not live on his farm. All the people live collected in the village & daily go out to the farm. It is the custom for the mother to do the house work & the remainder fo the family are in the fields from 5 am to 9 am in the summer. Now that the men are at the war the old men & old women go into the fields. It is wonderful to see these old people struggling through the day's work. When one greets them they doff their caps to you. It seems that they do this to officers out of respect. When one thinks of the sacrifices of these old people, one wonders too think that they believe that we are willing to make sacrifices worthy of respect. These old people never grumble. It is never personal. C'est pour La France C'est La Guerre.

My love to Father & the Boys

Your Loving Son

Malcolm.

France
30-6-17

Dearest Mother

Your letter enclosing a cutting about Charlie Patterson's Death reached me today.

Your comment on Conilee's marriage are rather amusing & to the point. I never realised that Bas' wife was one of your friends. Bas has made a bit of a mess of things, but he could do much worse. They pronounce his name quite correctly.

We have been quite quiet resting lately & are going to have a few weeks more by the look of things. Please do not set anything on foot to get me back to Australia. I have got my foot on the first step of the ladder & I do not want to be pulled out just when things are going my way. Things are just coming around my way at present.

Well mother I will close. Give my love to everyone at Home.

Your Loving Son

Malcolm.

1st Australian Division
France
1-7-17.

Dear Uncle Malcolm.

Your letter of the 6th April has just reached me. I am always glad to receive letters from home as we are commencing to be filled with a desire to go home. It is now nearly three years since I left home.

You recommended two Tasmanian men to me. From their description I am unable to trace them. if you will send me their rank & units, I would do all in my power to help. Naturally, if they are in this division, I can help them more than if they are in the other Divisions.

Malcolm Dicken & Jack Cook called in to see me two months ago. They were both very fit. A few weeks later I was in England on leave & sought to see them. Unfortunately Malcolm was unable to obtain leave while I was in England. I received a letter from him in which he says he is very fit.

As for myself I have just found an opening. I am at present acting as G S O₃ of this division. It is a very interesting job & consists mainly in the collection of all information about our troops & the enemy's & seeing that this information reaches the person that requires it. Maps & aeroplane photos come to me for disposal & interpretation. The position is a good training ground for further promotion & it brings one in close contact with men who can help one, if the knowledge & character is present.

Recently I was in charge of a fortnight School for Intelligence Officers (the officers who collect information with this Battalion). This school was very interesting & caused me to work very hard. The surrounding country was particularly interesting as the Battle of PONT NOYELLES of the 1870 was fought thereabouts.

Physically I am in the pink of condition, although some of my friends say that I am growing a field Officers figure which is noted for curves.

Things are looking considerable brighter for the Allies in Europe at present. If Russia can only threaten an Offensive & keep German troops facing them, then the French & English in France & Belgium can hope to reap great results from any seeds in the form of offensive. Our Salonica army will now be a mobile force, as the threat of a Greek attack from the rear has been removed. The whole situation can be summarised as promising.

This morning I visited a Flying Squadron close by here. They are a fine body of men. They were feeling very humble when I arrived as one of their flights, when returning from a distant reconnaissance, saw four aeroplanes which appeared to be hostile. Chase was immediately given & the machine guns were brought into action. The four "enemy" made for a British aerodrome & landed. The pursuing flight felt rather mad when they learnt that they had been fighting 4 of our Spud planes. Fortunately no one was hit by the machine gun bullets. When I arrived at the aerodrome, the first

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batch of insulting & sarcastic wires had just arrived. Under threat of publishing this happening in the Divisional Intelligence Summary I forced one of the pilots to take me up in their latest machine. It is a wonderful thing which travels at 135 miles per hour.

I am sorry to learn that your health has not been good, but I suppose that 'ere this reaches you, it will have improved. You left yourself open to the charge of vanity in your last letter. I will have to find out the measurements & weights of an ideal Greek of the height of 5 ft 11 in.

Please give my love to Aunt Annie. Wishing you the best of health.

I am
Your Affectionate Nephew

Malcolm.

Date	Receipt	Bank			Date	Payments			
		£	S	P			£	S	P
18/5/16	Paymaster	50	0	0	18/5/16	Self	20	0	0
28/5/16	"	23	0	0	"	Gale & Poldin		8	3
8.6.16	Self		8	3	28.5.16	Self	26	0	0
?	Paymaster	3	0	0	"	Self	1	18	0
					30.5.16	Junior Army & Navy Stores	24	18	¹⁰ 0
					"	Quartermaster	2	4	9
						Bank Balance ^{Cr.}	1	4	5
		£ 76 8 3					£ 76 8 3		

Cheque for Bank Balance forwarded
to Regimental Paymaster

Malcolm Kennedy
Capt.
28.8.16

(Extract of a letter written by Malcolm S. Kennedy, undated; France, mid July, 1917)

...line each month or so.

The King inspected our people a few days ago. I was lucky enough to obtain an aerial photo of the whole thing. If I am lucky enough to retain it it ought to make a very nice trophy after the war.

Now Mother please give my love to Father & the Boys.

I am
Your Loving Son
Malcolm.

Be sure and
save the Menu
Card and bring it
home with you

RK

1st Aust Divn.
France.

Dearest Mother.

Another week has passed since I wrote to you. Over here we are doing nothing that counts, but we are looking forward to making our mark in the near future.

The village in which we were billeted was bombed by the bosch the other day. or rather early morning. There were some very delightful sights. A french officer who was trying to appear as if the bombs were not affecting him in the least. He was attempting to carry off the situation with the English air of "Buisness as usual." He was beautifully dressed except for the fact that in his hurry he had forgotten to put on one puttee. Of this fact he was absolutely unconscious.

Last night I attended an Ormond Old Boys Dinner at St Omen. It was fine meeting so many of the old men there. General Elliott was in the chair & we had the toast of the college & Dr McFarland drunk with great success. In fact it was a remarkable evening.

I am enclosing the menu & a piece of the table decorations. Elsie would like to see some of the names as there are several of her friends amongst them.

It is the very devil the bosch sinking of our mail. It seems years & years since I heard from home. I have to read old letters in order to keep from being very home sick.

Ferdie Nilken visited me a few days ago. He was quite bucked with life although he is only a private. His company commander says he shapes quite well, but he is too young to do anything with at present.

Well, Mother, Love to all at home

Your Loving Son

Malcolm

France.
27-7-17

Dearest Mother.

At last the Australian mail has arrived & brought two letters from you, one from Father & one from Aunt Clara and Aunt May. I am having some photos taken by the photographer of this village, so if you receive the photo of what looks like a close-cropped criminal, you must take it for granted that it is your son.

We are still resting, but it is the rest of a tiger with all its muscles taunt ready to spring. By the way the old bosch is attacking in other theatres of war, our little effort ought to produce some results.

I had a letter from Eddie Hunter's wife. I feel very sorry that she has been so unfortunate, she is rather taking things to heart. It is very bad luck.

Every one is saying that you are looking very well & all are agreed that Clem is the most wonderful thing on earth I had a good run up north in a car the other day. I enjoyed it thoroughly.

I am feeling extremely jealous. One of Aunt Susie's nephews has the D.S.O.. I am determined that her Australian Nephew must be a credit to her.

The weather over here has been absolutely wonderful. It is like mid summer in Tasmania without the shady fern gully to hide in Well Cheer oh' for this week mother.

Love to Father & the boys.

Your Loving Son

Malcolm.

France
29-7-17

Dear Father.

Things have not settled down here yet, We are all undecided as to what is to happen. It appear to be going to be a tremendous action. As I am writing a bombardment has commenced, which is spreading. Is it Der tag? If it is we are not booked for this trip. An unusual experience for our fellows.

I have just received a very charming letter from Uncle Malcolm which encloses a paper cutting showing that he is on his game of Bowls.

I am having some snaps taken locally & am sending mother a copy.

My chief has just been conversing with an Englishman who acted as one of the English Mission in Petrograd. The situation there appears to be somewhat unique & the impression that this man gives leads one to be optimistic. The situation is that everyone has a keen desire to do just what he desires. Time will show them the falacy of this plan. Two examples of the way things are:- A certain regiment had occupied a position in a valley which was very damp & which was very difficult to fortify. The O.C. of the regiment ordered the regiment to occupy the hill upon which the enemy was sitting. The committee of soldiers sat & said "That as it was a defensive war they would not go on." He then ordered them to retire & they replied "That as it was a principal that they should defend their country, they could not retire."

An englishman left his passport behind & wished to Travel through the outposts. He drove up to the sentry group. The sentry demanded his passport, so the officer said "Is Russia not a free country?" The sentry replied "Yes". "Then why should I have a passport" said the officer" "God has willed Russia to be free. Pass Friend" said the sentry.

During their demonstrations recently all classes of the community carried banners. The woman of the street carried a banner. on the banner was "We want free love." I do not think that they intended this to be taken literally. Our general suggest the crest for these people should have been "une lettre francaise" rampant.

Personally I am anxious to get back to the line as until I have held this job down in the line there will be no further prospect of a rise, & it is not a job one wishes to stay in for life although very interesting. Please do not think that I am not building strongly while I go. It has taken me a very long which to commence. My Majority will take a long time to arrive, as the senior officers of my battalion are not fit to command & are to good to be disposed of with the result that we impart commanding officers. It is possible to obtain promotion by appointment.

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Well, good luck Father. Love to all at home.

Your Loving Son

Malcolm.

PTO

The address on my last letter would find me wherever I am
MSK

France.
25-8-17

Dear Father.

Your letter of June 20th has just arrived. Please be of easy mind about my "marriage" with Elsie. I have not been married nor do I contemplate it at present.

Your advice about Uncle Arch has been noted, & will be acted upon

Although the Australians or rather the Anzacs have been doing such deeds that are commanding notice, we have not been involved yet. We do not expect that this Elyan of idleness to last much longer, but we are not the people that control our movements.

The War recently has taken on a more cheerful aspect recently. The Italians have had a great success, The French have again pulled off a masterly attack & we have made one or two noteworthy efforts, but what has pleased us is the fact that the Russians appears to have gained a grip over their situation. A few miles retreat on the Russian front rather improves matters in this side, as long as the Russians can keep the troops of the central powers facing them.

We have had a small epidemic of a kind of fever recently. I have caught it & naturally feel depressed. I think that I will be clear of it in a day or two. I hope to have some leave in a day or two.

Please give my love to all at home

Your Loving Son

Malcolm

France.
8-9-17

Dear Father.

We are again busy. I am very glad of it as our three months spell was becoming irksome.

I visited Paris for four days recently & had a jolly good time. You cannot imagine what a wonderful place it could be after roming about in the shell torn places of France. I visited Versailles Notre Dame, Les Invalids & all the other places.

While there I met a very charming family le Baron Courcelles de Sibert & sa femme. They were exceedingly good to me. A the end of my sojourn there madame le baron persisted in having mothers address & writing to her. Please see that mother does not make any faux pas this time?

While there I also ran up against Carpenter the boxer. He is a peculiar man. I had dinner with him at a small restaurant & the way the woman rushed him was extraordinary. Altogether I had a terrifically interesting time. Notice I have not told you that I visited the Opera comic, Follie Béjere Olympia, etc?. Of course I did.

I had a letter from Malcolm Dickens the other day. He seems to be progressing famously in England. I hope to see him over here with a pip up shortly. I have not heard from Jack Cook.

By signs that are going around it seems that I am going up higher, I am not at all anxious to go up at present. I know that at present I can fill this job & I know a little later I can hold a greater, but I would like to have a pause here.

Love to all at home

Your Loving Son

Malcolm

France
(After 26th September, 1917)

Dear Father.

I received a long letter from you today. It has arrived very opportunely - just when we have come out of the most historic & successful battle of the year. In co-operation with a number of Division we advanced 4 500' on a large front. The Division took GLENCORSE WOOD & the POLYGON WOOD. These woods have already been attacked three times & lost, so we were on our metal. Everything went of successfully & we held what we took. About 5 hours after the jump off I went up to have a look around & I must say that of all the sights that I have seen this one was the most remarkable.

The ground we captured was the top of a rise & from the captured country we obtained an excellent view into Boschland. Everywhere the bosch collected a barrage of of calibre guns was put down. To see this terrific concentration of guns acting was sufficient to astonish & awe. To see our barrages being put down so satisfactorily was so satisfying that that lonely feeling one generally have were passing shelled ground dissappeared. In fact one become a sort of super god whom no shell could damage.

Everywhere one saw men coolly carrying stretchers. The Bosch prisoners were especially good at this. The stretcher bearer deserves a medal everytime he goes into an action. That slow carry back to the Dressing Station with one's back to the racket is enough to try even the bravest's nerve & they do it time after time.

Everyone has been very pleased with the Division Intelligence Work & I have received a very nice letter from my Staff Officer at Corps. He is very bucked as he has received several flowery epistles from Army.

I saw Ferdie Nilken after the show, so please tell his mother. He is going to report to me after each battle

Well Father you know that a Staff Officer's work is never done.

Love to all

Your loving Son

Malcolm.

5th Oct, 1917.
France.

Dear Old Jack.

Have you received any of the postcards that I have sent you periodically.

We have been very busy recently killing Germans. Our Australians have done very well. The German does not like to have to face Billjim.

At present I am living in a tunnel, & I do not like it. It is like the life a rabbit must live.

I hope you have recovered from your operation & are perfectly fit. Come over & be my observer. You would like that. Keep writing to me old boy. & send me one of those photos. I received a print, but that will rapidly fade when I have to live out of the tunnel.

Well good luck old boy, give my love to Father & Mother.

Your loving Brother

Malcolm

P.S. Tell mother that I have not received any parcels
MSK.

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France
29 Oct. 1917.

Dear Father.

I wish you could do something to buck up our recruiting question. Over here we do not care a damn if you have compulsion or a voluntary system, as long as you send the men. Your present system which has resulted in deadlock seems to us here to be contemptible

Besides the fact that when the roots of a tree are cut, the tree dies, you also have the fact that the men here have a harder task here if we are not up to strength. Leave cannot be given as often to the man in the line & those men who have been fighting for a long time with good records cannot be spared to be sent to our training Battalions, if there are no men behind to take their places. The state of things as described above will be reached shortly if our politicians & people in Australia do not find a working scheme for providing reinforcements.

The Division has done remarkably well lately. You cannot fully appreciate it out there. Our policy of killing bosh, must tell on the enemy in the end. I firmly believe that man power will be the deciding factor.

It is wretched that the Italians took this knock just when things were beginning to look cheerful again. It will buck up the Austrians who were in great need of being bucked up, but methinks, the Austrians are more affected by their stomach than by a military victory. A severe winter will be the thing that will reduce the Austrians.

I have not been too bright lately. Ten days leave perhaps will fix me up, if I take things quietly. Tell mother, to rest assured that her son will not be bald for a few days yet. Dear Father, thanks for your tip about presents. I sent mother #20 the other day. I hope that it will please her, as for Jack & Clem I have been writing fairly consistently lately.

Well, best of luck, father, with the bizz.

Your Loving Son

Malcolm

France
30.10.17

Dear Uncle.

A month ago I received a letter from you which I put by me to await a lull in this intense activity. Today which by the way is my birthday has produced a few hours of lesiure.

During the last two months we have been participating in the battle of Flanders. Our Division has maintained their high Standard which is rather high. For myself I have been having a fairly good time. My present position is a very interesting Staff position & I have just enough reconnaissance work to make me fully appreciate the comforts of Headquarters. A thing that is really annoying us is the wretched way Australia is send us recruits. If we do not obtain more Shortly it will double the task of the men over here. We don't mind how you obtain recruits but Send us men. Brother Jack has had a wretched time of it lately I hope to goodness that he pulls around. It appears to be worrying mother tremendously. I hope to go on leave to England shortly I am going straight into the country and I am going to insult anyone who speaks of the war. I have just had the pleasure of entertaining Major Symonds K C who is just having a look around. He is a delightful man to speak to He is a Staunch Imperialists. This Italian break up has recently had a cheering effect upon the Austrians they will want it all before the war is finished. The effort the Americans are making are pleasing us. Their first communique stating that they are in the line, came out last night. Vive American. Please give my regards to Aunt Annie

Your affectionate
Nephew

Malcolm.

THE GROVE,
DULWICH VILLAGE.
S.E.21.

24.11-17

Dear Mrs. Kennedy.

I have been waiting to acknowledge your very Kind letter in the hopes that the Spoons would arrive, but alas they must have gone to the bottom of the Sea I fear. We are all so sorry but my daughter & I thank you very much indeed for the kind thought & for the trouble you took in collecting them. it is a pity.

I heard from Malcolm the other day. & hope to see him before long as he expects to get leave shortly.

Clem must be getting a big boy now. I hope he is well & your other son much stronger. - I wonder if you are feeling the effect of the War much in Australia - here we have a shortage in many things. but are not feeling the pinch very seriously, the worse will be coals, if they give out & we have a winter like last, which seemed unending. This ought to arrive early in 1918. so I send my greetings & good wishes for the New Year - I hope before it is over you will have your boy back with you! I can wish for nothing better.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Kennedy.

Yours very sincerely

K. Marshall.

CHINTON HANGER,
CHURT,
FARNHAM.
9.12.17.

Dear Father.

You see by the above that I am with the Napiers. They have been very good to me & are giving me a quiet time after my exertions in London. I am going up to town on Monday & back to France on Thursday morning.

Reference my previous letter. I do not think that anything will come of that affair of mine with the widow, but of course one never knows.

I have stopped rotting about & my vein of seriousness is coming to the fore. A couple of days ago I visited a specialist & was examined inside and out. He also took blood tests, urine tests & others. He has reported that I am an extremely healthy animal. This is extremely satisfactory.

Added to this I have been thinking a considerable amount about after the war. Before I go any further let me put my prospects during the war to you.

Up to the present moment I have been educating myself for Staff Jobs. "my life in Gallipoli, my period in the tanks, my course at Hythe, my tour of duty with the Infantry, my course at Cambridge, the 4 months of understudy, were all part of my education. I have been given a Staff Job & have made a fist of it. This fact is proved by a letter from the G.S.O.2 at Corps, which I am enclosing & by the fact that I am going to have a mention this list. That brings us in our review to the present moment.

My present prospects are these. The fact that I am being sent to another Division as G.S.O.3 means that I have been identified with intelligence side of the army & may mean that I am intended as a G.S.O.2 Corps. This is quite possible as Birdwood is rapidly becoming too big for his present job & he always carries Butler with him where ever he goes, so it is quite possible that I am marked down for this job. That would mean that I would become a Major in the General Staff in about 6 months. This would naturally mean that in the course of time I should receive the DSO & some foreign decoration. If I am not intended for Intelligence Duties I suppose that I will do a period on the English Staff as G.S.O.3 & will then return to the Australians for duty as a Brigade Major.

Now taking these alternatives into consideration, it means that I am not getting on fast enough. When I go back to Australia, that is considering the war is going to last another 18 months, I ought to be a Brig/Gen, if I am going to make a mark out there. The idea of staff duties out in Australia, under an uneducated, unexperienced man would be intolerable unless I make big strides during the next year that is what will happen. Now I think that you have a good idea of how things stand with me here.

Now, let me put another phase to you. When I joined at Duntroon I signed on for 12 years. That was at the beginning of 1912. It is now approx 1918. That is 6 years have passed. Let us for the sake of argument, say that the war will be over in two years & by that time I will be in Australia. That is I will have four years of my time in the Army to run. I will be then 27 years old. As soon as the war is over I will know by my record exactly where I stand & what my chances are of a successful military career. By that time if I am not married & am fortunate enough to meet the right girl, I will be married. I will be then in a position to know, if I will stick to the Army or not. Personally I have a distinct leaning to politics. It is doubtless the result of my taste for political literature. Now If I do enter politics at 31, the year my agreement is up with the Commonwealth Government my years & experience will be to my advantage. If I decide not to enter politics, I will want to go to the Staff College in India.

If I entered Politics the subject I would specialise in would be international politics & political economy. Now for the Staff Course I will want two languages, a thorough knowledge of the Geography of the world and an intimate knowledge of the peoples & strategy of the different nations. Now if you inspect these subjects carefully you will see that they would assist me if I took on either career, so as these subjects are closely allied to my work of Intelligence I am going to commence a comprehensive study of them. Now when I return to Australia I will want a comprehensive library on these subjects, so I am going to read books one by one, take whatever extracts I require & send them to you for retention.

I have not mentioned these things to anyone, but I felt that I would like your advice on the matter. Do you think they are quit possible? Remember that the Australian Army gives no pension & it is exceedingly difficult to save on the pay enough to ensure a pleasant old age after 52.

I met Malcolm in hospital. He is looking very fit. He is going to convalesce with the Napiers.

I do not think that I told you of my visit to the houses of Parliament. Leonard Brassey took round. The House of Lords was just rising, but the Commons were hard at it on an Irish Question. Dillon & several others spoke, but by the tone of the Irishmen's debate I was convinced of the horrors of Oireland.

Give my love to Mother and the boys.

Your Loving Son
Malcolm

Until I settle down my address is

Capt M. S. Kennedy
General Staff
A. I. F. Headquarters
Horseferry Road London

CHINTON HANGER,
CHURT,
FARNHAM.

11th Dec./17

My dear Mrs. Kennedy.

It has been such a joy to have Malcolm back. & he is looking very well though rather thinner than he used to be. He is enjoying his leave immensely: he kept saying what a perfectly splendid time he was having.

By good luck we were in town when he arrived, so saw him the very next day (a Thursday now 12 days ago, so it must have been Nov. 29th. Then on the 30th we all lunched with him at Claridge's Hotel - Which is now the chic place in Town, & you know Malcolm does love going to the 'right' places!- We hoped he would have come back with us here for the weekend, but he had much too many engagements. By a strange chance our son was over too, & last Thursday we had a very jolly time together. Malcolm lunched with us & then took us to tea at a place where there was dancing, & as our young people are very keen on dancing too, they enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Our son returned to France early last Friday morning, & later in the day I motored Malcolm down here in our little car. Officers on leave are allowed a little petrol, otherwise we should not have been able to have the car for a pleasure trip. Malcolm stayed quietly with us here from Friday till Monday (yesterday) & the quiet was just what he needed after his hard work in France & the society of Town, & we loved having him. My husband & I were quite alone but Malcolm never seems bored. He got up late both Saturday & Sunday, but on Saturday he spent a strenuous day on the golf course. Sunday was not very fine & he lazed about, O alas! on Monday he left! However we thought it very nice of him to spare us the weekend & thoroughly enjoyed it.

He had a slight cold, but I got him "Mackenzie's cold cure" & I think it was quite better when he left, & he really seems to be exceedingly fit. I am sure he is doing very well, though I fancy he is a bit disappointed at not having got a decoration yet. However there is a good deal of luck about that, & no doubt it will come in time. He has been "mentioned in dispatches" & some people say that is what counts most now. a. days.

We are sorry to hear that you are having such an anxious time about your second boy. We hope that in the end the operation may prove to have been entirely successful. Malcolm showed us the last photograph he had had of his two brothers. We hope the young one is very well. His photograph still adorns our Drawingroom mantelpiece & is the only photograph up in the room!

I hope that you are quite well again & not too worried over your sons.

You would be surprised at the way everything still goes on in London, but the people home on leave must have relaxation, & even we want a change of scene & thought sometimes.

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I enclose a snapshot of my husband & myself taken in the garden.

With all good wishes

Sincerely yours

Susanna Napier

France.
18-12-17.

Dearest Mother.

I did not receive a letter from you last mail, although two pairs of sox arrived. These have arrived very opportunely as the cold spell has just set in. When I returned from leave, it had not been decided where I was to be sent, so I am carrying on with the Division, until they make up their minds as to where they will send me.

The cold weather set in the day we went into the line & the temperature instead of falling gradually, slipped so that everything froze solid. One's shaving water freezes before it reaches one from the kitchen.

Are there any wallabies on the farm. If there are I would love a wallaby motoring coat for next winter, but I suppose it would be asking too much.

We are at present in a very quiet sector, so quiet that it is almost boring.

Well good luck Mother. Kisses to the boys

Your Loving Son

Malcolm

(Extract of letter written by Malcolm S. Kennedy; France, winter, 1917)

...to late to send an Army to France, but her financial support & the help of her fleet will doubtless prove a great help in solving the Food question for the Entente.

I have told you about Malcolm Dicken in a previous letter. He will become an officer shortly if he behaves which doubtlessly he will do.

The weather of the God Forsaken country is wretched. You cannot imagine the cold snow & drizzle that we are subject to. On the Staff we have some shelter from it & yet we feel it. The suffering of the men in the line must be tremendous, yet they are the most cheerful lot of beggars one ever encountered. Grumbles do not come from the front line, but from the base ...

France
29-12-17

Dear Father.

The first count of the referendum has just reached us & rather astounds us. We rather expected the soldiers vote to be fairly close, but never for a moment thought that Australia would give such a preponderance for no.

The soldiers vote has been biassed by several things. Firstly he has very little time to spend of thinking of social & political questions after the war & only realises the extreme discomfort he is living under. His sporting instinct makes him feel that he does not want to force others to undergo them. "If the b-- in Australia is in man enough to wish to come. I wont' force him." Secondly there have been several things which the government has done to individuals that have not helped matters & which have been widely circulated. There is the case of four brothers. Three of which are serving at the front. The fourth was in Australia keeping the homes together. This man was entrapped into enlisting by the cry that he would relieve one of his brothers that is at present serving. We have the four of them here, all serving manfully. The Government has time & again promised the original forces' remnants leave to Australia. This has not come to anything. These things have been the outcome of government policy & possibly the man that put them forward did his utmost to carry them through, but Billjim does not think of that. He has reached a stage where deeds alone talk.

Since I have returned from leave I have been with the Aust. Divn. & have been waiting for orders to proceed to an English Division. We are in a very quiet sector where nothing extraordinary happens. We have been told that an Australian mail is in England, but owing to the fact that our Post Office is moving its headquarters they are unable to send it over for a few days. It is about time it arrived as we have not had anything for over a month.

I think Germany's offer of peace which appeared in yesterdays paper will find England, France & America prepared to fight on in spite of the slight amount of give on the part of our enemy.

The Americans have been about lately or rather their senior staff officers. They visited us with the idea of seeing our methods. Their Staff Officers are no fools & have rather impressed us. Their senior officers are very old, in fact I think rather too old to be sufficiently elastic mentally to respond to the imagination test this war puts a senior officer through.

I am sending by the next mail this quarter's copy of the Round Table. It is exceedingly interesting. I wish you would tell me from what side politically the fellow writing on Australia is placed. To me he seems to jump.

We have very seasonable weather for Christmas. Snow on the ground & a

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bright day. Our Mess President did us very well with the result that we slightly overate.

Well Father, best of luck for the new Year.

Love to Mother, Jack & Clem.

I am
Your affectionate Son

Malcolm.

France.
Jan 3 1918.

Dear Mr Kennedy,

I must write to sympathise with you on the loss of your son Malcolm. To tell you how we deplore his death and to give you some particulars. He was going into the Forward area to visit some posts; he was in what we always considered quite a safe area, on the duck boards and was caught by a solitary shell and wounded in the abdomen - He was as you may know, on my staff as General Staff Officer for intelligence - I sent up another staff officer at once who put him into an ambulance and brought him down to the nearest hospital what is called a dressing station.

There his wounds were examined and it was found that he would have to be operated on - It was therefore necessary to send him further back, but as they were putting him into the ambulance he collapsed and died - chiefly from shock. He talked collectedly and apparently did not suffer a great deal.

I cannot tell you how sorry I am. He had a bright future before him. He was also as perhaps you know, a great friend of my cousin Sir Walter Napier. I had to at once write to tell them about the sad occurrence. I have heard from Lady Napier who is greatly distressed. We are all loath to be caught as he was and he died a soldier's death but it is sad he should have been cut off thus in his youth.

Believe me.

Yours sincerely.

H B Walker

Major General
Commanding 1st Australian Division

7th Jan. /18

CHINTON HANGER,
CHURT,
FARNHAM.

My dear Mrs. Kennedy,

We are a proud people, for the deeds our menkind have done & are doing have not been surpassed in the world's history; but amongst the proudest must be you & your husband, for your Malcolm was indeed of the Salt of the Earth. Not only brave, but loveable, clever & straight - a White man through & through. He was almost like a son to me, & the world is a poorer place because he has left it, & I am so sad because I cannot have the joy of his sunny presence again: and I think of both of you & of what it must mean to you. But for Malcolm I do not grieve. With him all must be well. If there is a next world, he had nothing to fear. If there is none, he is at peace, & his life was not only a happy one, it was a good one & brought happiness to others. It is a comfort to me that his last leave was a 'wonderful' one, as he himself put it. Never had he had such a good leave before. I think he enjoyed every moment of it.

The news of Malcolm's death reached us this morning in a letter from General Walker (my husband's cousin) who writes: "he was on my staff & I feel his loss. He had done some excellent work during last year's operations & only just failed to get into the last Honours gazette by one place. He would have got his M.C. or D.S.O. next time. He was hit by a shell & died in about three hours".

I hope he felt no pain. I am told that the shock to the system is too great as a rule for pain. I should like to know whether or not he was conscious - I am afraid we shall hear no further details unless through you.

Our deepest sympathy is yours. You know we loved him & so we realize what his loss means to you. He would in all probability have made a name for himself had he lived.

Very sincerely yours

Susanna Napier

THE GROVE,
DULWICH VILLAGE.
S.E.21

(after 2nd January, 1918)

Dear Mrs. Kennedy.

My heart goes out to you in loving sympathy for i know what it is to lose a son, so I know what you are suffering, Dear Mock. he was such a lovable boy so bright & cheery; I should like to write you a long letter about him, telling you little details of the times he spent here it you would like me to, but I won't do it till I hear from you it takes so long to get accustomed to the thought of life without one's boy that it would be more than you could stand now perhaps - Dear Mrs. Kennedy, I wish I could see you & talk to you, we might each be able to help the other -

Will you tell me some time what I am to do with some of dear mock's things, Clothes & his Camera & his Sword. I won't risk sending them out without authority from you, but will keep them very carefully till I hear. I keep them in a room where I keep some of my boy's things & will look after them like his, till you say what is to be done. I saw Mock in December - he was so well & happy there. He showed me photos of his brothers -

Believe me, dear Mrs Kennedy

Yours with affectionate sympathy

Kittie Marshall.

Prince of Wales
Marylebone
NW1.

Jan 11th/18

My Dear Uncle

Please accept my sincere sympathy in your great loss. it is simply awful to believe the Dear Old Malcolm has left this world. but thank God he has gone to a better one where strife will never enter his life. He was a man loved by all & a thorough Soldier & a Gentleman & I know the only way he would like us to remember him by was in these few words (Thank God he did his Duty.)

I had the pleasure to spend a little holiday with him just before he went back to France and his only thought was how he could make his Father proud of him. Well Uncle I am sure you are proud to have brought such a fine man into the world.

I got the account of his death he was hit by a shell & died in a-bout 3 hours. with very little pain.

His work in the Division will never be forgotten by his Comrades...

Churt
Farnham
Surrey

18/1/18

Dear Mr. Kennedy,

I hope so much that you received the very long letter Malcolm wrote to you when he with us. I think he wrote it on Dec. 9th. He shut himself up all that Sunday morning to write to you - He said he always told you everything.

I cannot find out who the girl is that he fell in love with. I asked her name & I thought he said Mrs. D_____ & that she lived in Russell Sq. However a letter I wrote to that address was returned. He also told me that Mrs Buckley knew her. but she couldn't think of anyone answering to the description & whose Christian name is given. Of course I would not dream of letting Mrs Buckley or anyone of his outside friends know that Malcolm had fallen in love with this girl, but I wanted if possible to send her word of his death. She gave him six of her photographs, & these I expect you will find with his things. He wrote & told me that he had said nothing to the girl herself. He was waiting to see how he felt about it when next he got leave. I was unhappy about the whole affair & it worried me very much. Though I hid this from Malcolm - I could not believe that a girl of 20 who had only been a widow for five months was at all likely to suit him. He would have given & demanded much - I think it is so hard on you & on his mother that he was not married, & a national calamity that his splendid physique, his brains & his charming nature should not have been handed on to another generation. I cannot believe they are dead. I think they must live somewhere. But I can imagine how it would have comforted you & his mother to have a little grandchild to love & care for - To return to the girl. Malcolm told me he had never been in love before, but he had got to the stage when he longed for his very own home, & in the only letter he wrote me after his return to France he said that he was lonely - It must have been a case of love at first sight, for he never saw her till he came over on leave this last time. He kept saying to me that his leave was 'wonderful' & he wrote it too.

Dear Malcolm! I loved him most dearly, & his going leaves my life the poorer.

He got a doctor to overhaul him & tell him if he was physically fit. If I remember rightly he reached London on a Wednesday or Thursday, he was overhauled the following Tuesday. I think he must have met the girl on Friday two days after arrival. He came to us from 7th - 10th Dec. & on the eighth I took him to golf & he asked me to leave him by himself. There he thought the whole thing out & in the evening he told me he had decided to say nothing to the girl at present. (He had known her barely a week!)

I drove him out from London in our little car & on the way down he told me he loved his little brother Clem so much - this I had always known - & had made a will in his favour.

He always used to open his heart to me. Malcolm's batman has brought me his testament. I asked if Malcolm read it much & the batman said he had seen Malcolm read it.

I have felt a little unhappy about one thing. I am not a religious woman & can make no definite statement of my beliefs, but when some months ago, I read Sir Oliver Lodge's book 'Raymond' I thought that if anyone very dear to me died I would try & get into communication with them. I wrote this to Malcolm & he replied in almost a scoffing way, but on that journey down to Churt in the car I alluded to it again. He then said it was extraordinary how people's thoughts were turning to such things & we discussed the matter.

I think I am far too matter of fact to communicate with anyone in another world - if another world there be, as I believe there is - & my family would strongly object to my trying. A friend of mine who has tried it has gone completely off her head. In 'Raymond' it says that people who have gone on are unhappy if they cannot communicate with their friends here, & I hate to fail anyone in anything - But this thing I cannot do. I do not think I am failing Malcolm, & I am not - as you may think from this letter, a hysterical woman. As I told him, I have no opinion one way or the other: so many extraordinary things are true that this too may be possible - Quite apart from the objections my family would raise, living in this world takes all the capacity I have, & I have neither the physical or mental power to do more. This I told Malcolm, & said it would be impossible for me to do my duty here & at the same time try & communicate with people in the next world. And I think that if he has consciousness he will understand.

As Malcolm told you everything I too am telling you this. We do not think very seriously of the next world till we are really touched, & of all our many friends & acquaintances very few leave a blank that will never be filled. But Malcolm has left the blank in my life.

I feel very shy about sending you this letter, because I should not like you to think of me as an unbalanced woman, & yet, as you are Malcolm's Father. & he told me many times how dear you were to him, I want you to know just exactly, born at the risk of your thinking me quite ridiculous - you will know without any words how much I feel for you & Mrs Kennedy.

Very sincerely yours

Susanna Napier.

Churt

Farnham : Surrey.

18th Jan./18.

My dear Mrs. Kennedy,

We have had two more letters from General Walker, & I have also seen Malcolm's batman several times. The batman was sent over with Malcolm's effects & came out to Churt to see us, without being asked to do so or giving any notice. I think it was quite touching. He came on Monday last 14th Jan., & by good luck I was at home. He had collected all the little things he could lay his hands on - Malcolm's testament, his badges Torch, wallet & other things that he had on him when he was hit, & he brought them all. Of course he had not business to do so, but he was so afraid they would get lost. I shall of course send them to you - The pocketbook containing photographs was not to be found. Either it was too badly damaged or it was thrown away with the things Malcolm was wearing which, being saturated with gas, were destroyed. I cannot piece together the story so as to be quite certain of all the facts, but Malcolm went from H.2., which is situated about 7 miles behind the front line, to inspect in front, which was one of his ordinary duties. General Walker writes that he delayed too long over his tea & started out an hour too late, but the batman says it was his usual time. He took his Sgt. Adeney with him & had arranged to be met by two guides. As these did not turn up he went to a dressing station near by & got two Australian orderlies as guides. He was not far from the dressing station when hit by a gas shell. A large wound was made in his right side punctuating the abdomen & liver. He was also wounded in the right side of his neck & his hair was turned chocolate colour by the gas, but his face was untouched. He was taken to the dressing station where his wounds were attended to & the batman saw him on a stretcher, covered with blankets at about 7.30 pm. The batman's story is that his eyes were closed & he was unconscious. That he was put in an ambulance to be taken to the clearing station, but that when in the ambulance the doctor said that as it was a hopeless case he was not to be moved. Sir H. Walker writes "He died while he was being moved from the dressing station where the wounds had been dressed, on to an ambulance. I am afraid he did suffer : tho he was conscious & made several remarks & did not complain." He died at about 10. or 10.30 pm. The batman was not present. I do not know what remarks he made. The batman said they gave him morphia so that he did not suffer. The batman is 2598 Pte W. T. Rogers & both he & Sgt. Adeney are H.2. 1st. Australian Division, France. I have asked the batman to write to you.

Malcolm was buried on Jan. 3rd - The day after he died - at Dranoutre. There was a large attendance. for he was very popular - It was a full military funeral. The body being placed in a coffin on a gun carriage. There was a firing party composed of one platoon of the 6th. & one of the 7th Battn. A.I.F. The General & H.2. staff attended & Major Dexter the senior chaplain of the 1st Division gave an excellent address.

The batman will send photographs of the church & of the grave. I have also asked him to write to you.

I came up to London on the 15th. - the day after seeing the batman - & asked Mr. Dickens to come & see me. We thought it would be best if we could get Malcolm's baggage & communicate with you as to your wishes. We got hold of the batman & went with him to H.2. but they refuse to let us interfere. They go through his baggage, take out what they believe to be government property, seal the things up & send them off to you, & no doubt this is the best.

I shall try & send the few little things I have by some officer returning to Australia. Unfortunately I am unable to get hold of them to send them by a Capt. Bennett who leaves this week as I shall not be home in time to get them off.

I cannot help feeling that as Malcolm was killed in what was really quite an accidental manner his work on earth must have been fulfilled. His Sgt. & one of the orderlies were untouched: the other orderly was wounded but is expected to recover. They were about 3 miles behind the front line. H.2. was stationed at Dranoutre where Malcolm has been buried.

My deepest sympathy with you all.

Very sincerely yours

Susanna Napier.

P.S. The General is evidently very upset: everyone was fond of Malcolm.

20th Jan: The reason I was anxious to go through Malcolm's things with Mr Dickens was because I was told things so often went missing, but they assure me at Head Quarters that this is not so, & that you may rely on getting everything unless torpedoed, & that is most unlikely. It is therefore much better that everything should be sent to you through the naval channels. The batman did not give me Malcolm's watch which he always wore, & I forgot to ask about it. I do hope you will get it.

I have told you as much as I can, but I will write again if there is more to say.

I think Mrs. Marshall has some of Malcolm's mufti & will communicate with you.

I could not post this before as I had not got your address in Town.

London
20. 1. 18

Dear Sir

Just a few lines to let you know how your late son Captain Malcom Kennedy came to such a sad death on Jan 2nd, being his batman for the last eighteen months you would not imagine how I miss him as he treated me more like a brother than a servant and if I go on to the end of the war, I am certain that I will never find another friend like him in the whole Australian Army and a better Soldier I am sure you would not find and loved by all who were connected with him at the time of his death.

We had just a few weeks before came out of Ypres for a rest a living hell for any human being to go through and yet I have seen him go out on duty just the same as he would be going to business at home in fact Sir I think he was to fearless at times but if I should happen to mention it to him at times he would just smile and say that duty must be done."

He had just arrived back from leave in England and we moved to a quite part of the front called Mereines when he met with his sad end.

Being as you know G.S.O. III of the Division it was his duty to visit the front line which he used to do every two or three days for Observation on the Enemy's movements.

On the night in question he came to his room as usual to change into his old clothes and told me that he would not be back until late so I lit his fore and started to read a book when about eight o'clock they came and told me that he had been wounded severely so I went right away with the doctor as I thought if it came to the worst he may have a message that he would like me to take charge of. But I don't think he regained consciousness I have been told since that he spoke but I hardly think that such was the case as the poor fellow was badly hit through the stomach and neck by a High Explosive shell and died at 10.30 the same night.

He was buried next day at a place called Dranoutre and was given full Military Honours with the Gun Carriage and firing party and a splendid attendance from Hd Qtrs including the General who was very much attached to him.

I took charge of all his belongings and brought them on to London to the Australian Kit Store and they will be forwarded on to you sir in due course, but one thing I could not find was a little pocket book with the Photos of some little curly headed boys which he used to treasure very much but I think it must have been blown out of his pocket in the explosion as it would be just about in the place where he was hit.

You cannot realize Sir how deeply I sympathize with you all in your great loss as I am sure Captain Kennedy had a great career ahead of him and he was just about due again for promotion and I am more certain that he should have received decoration for the work he has done in the last

Campaign.

Well dear Sir any thing more I can possibly do or anything that you would like to know I will willingly do anything in my power to assist you and hoping to hear from you soon and once again I deeply Sympathize with you in your great loss so will now close with the best of wishes to you

I am Sir
2598
Pte W T Rodgers
1st Australian Division
Head Quarters
France

PS I have arranged to have some Photos taken of his grave and will forward them on to you later. W.T.R.

9th. Feb./18

CHINTON HANGER,
CHURT,
FARNHAM.

My dear Mrs. Kennedy,

I have no further news to give you, but I think of you & Mr. Kennedy so often that I must send you a few lines.

I can hardly realize yet that Malcolm is no longer here: he was so wonderfully alive - It is too pitiful that so many such splendid young lives have been lost, & there seems no hope of a peace we could accept in prospect.

I take the following from a book I have read "I've got a kind of theory, in a crude sort of way, that man has made the Earth... into such a hotbed of materialism & selfishness, that man again has to atone by sacrifices of mankind in the prime of their physical life. So that by that prime self-effacement, they will bring more spiritual conditions on to the Earth, which will crush the spirit of materialism."

I have put off writing to you thinking I might have arranged what to do about Malcolm's things. I wrote to Malcolm Dickens, but he, poor boy is still laid up as a result of this last operation on his neck.

I sent your Malcolm's pass book to the Bank & told them to make it up & communicate with Mr. Kennedy, whose address I gave. I would like to send out the three books of lectures in Malcolm's own handwriting which A.I.F. Headquarters suggested you might be willing to send to Duntroon, where they would not only be of the greatest use, but where they would be so glad to have them as the work of one of their own boys. But unless I send them through A.I.F. Headquarters I must find someone to take them to you. I do not like to risk the pose. And the other few things I have I must either keep till I hear from you, or send by some officer who is returning - & it is not very easy for me to hear of one. I shall not send them through H.2. because they keep everything they can claim as government property, & I do want you to have his badges, his little torch & his belt & I do not know what they would consider government property. I know they would keep the belt. I have written to ask his batman what has become of his watch, but to this there has been no reply. I also wonder what has become of his valise. I am afraid I was too much upset when I saw the batman to get as much information as I should have liked. Malcolm was very dear to me -

Did I tell you that I also have a good many war photographs which Malcolm left here? I have written to my boy to ask if I can send you these before the end of the war if I can find someone to take them. I certainly could not send them in any other way, & I don't know if there would be any risk of their being stopped if they did go in some officer's personal luggage.

I have not heard from the batman at all since he returned to France. He promised photographs of Malcolm's grave for you, & I hope he has written

to you. I am sure Malcolm was very popular & that you will have had many letters if his friends knew where to address them.

I hope your second boy has got over his serious operation & that he is much the better for it? I fear you have had a most anxious time.

Everyone seems to think that we in England are faced with some very difficult months. The government are, I consider, much to blame, for not having brought in proper rationing sooner. Now it has caused class feeling, for the poor imagine that the rich are living as usual. One thing, which I think has been very stupid, is that while we civilians were asked only to sue 2 lbs. of meat per head per week, the allowance for all public places (hotels, clubs etc.) was 2 oz. for breakfast & 5 oz. both for lunch & dinner. Consequently everyone who took meals away from home got more than double the home allowance.

Excepting in large forms private entertaining otherwise than by having guests to stay, is almost impossible, as people have not the means of getting about (one is not allowed to use a car for pleasure) Consequently people flock to London if they want a jaunt - & the men coming home on leave all do want some gaiety - & resterants & theatres are packed. This too makes a bad impression on the working classes, though people must have some relaxsation in these anxious days, as the strain would otherwise be unbearable.

I hope you will write to me sometimes - I should like to hear about you all, & please tell me about little Clem.

Very sincerely yours

Susanna Napier

1st. March/18

CHINTON HANGER,
CHURT,
FARNHAM.

My dear Mrs. Kennedy,

Malcolm Dickens came to us for this last week end, & took away with him the few things of your Malcolm's which we had, so now I hope you will get them safely. It will be such a comfort to you to have Malcolm Dickens back, & to hear from him as many details as possible of your beloved boy. I do so hope that Mr. Dickens will have a good voyage & that he will not have more trouble over his wounds. It is hard lines on him to have had so many operations & yet not have all the shrapnel out. We thought it so nice of him to come & see us, & wished he could have stayed a longer time.

I did up the badges Malcolm was wearing when he was hit, & the other little things the batman told me he had on him in a separate little box. I am not quite sure if he has the black wallet on him. I have sent you his belt, a roll of photographs, his testament (old) the three books of his lectures, & two little boxes with trifles like his badges etc. & now I have nothing left.

I have has no reply to my letter to his batman asking about his watch, so I can give you no further information about anything. There must have been a valise, but of this I have heard nothing. Nor have I as yet had any photograph of the grave. Oddly enough Malcolm himself gave me a picture pc. of the church where his funeral service was held & your nephew will try & get one of them for you.

Later I had just got to this point when callers came, & then the afternoon post & this note from your nephew. Poor boy, I do indeed feel sorry for him & shall try & go & see him, as I expect to be in Town one day next week. He was very bright when he was here & the wound looked healed. He was going to rush round & say goodbye to his relations over here: I wonder if he has been doing too much. I think he has felt Malcolm's death very much & his note sounds very sad. I let Mrs. Marshall know that he was in Hospital & she offered to go & see him, but by that time he had left. I hope he will let her know that he is back there again as they have met.

We are so sorry that your Jack is not improving in health as had been expected after his operation.

I hope I may hear from you sometimes, I can hardly yet realize that I shall never see your dear bright Malcolm again. With our kindest regards to Mr. Kennedy & yourself.

Very sincerely yours

Susanna Napier

after 1st March, 1918
London, England

(Extract of letter addressed to Lady Susanna Napier)

...expected to land Malcolm's things back, but I can assure you they will be guarded very well while they are in my care.

I will close now again thanking you for the very pleasant Weekend you & Sir Walter gave me.

Yours Sincerely

Malcolm Dickens

In the Field
22/3/18

My Dear Clem,

I have your letter of 26th Dec & have to thank you for all the cheery little bits of news you have managed to squeeze in it. I am afraid that I cannot agree with you as to Flo, the children being much better at her mothers but as she is there well it is hardly worth worrying about. I am still of your opinion that the youngsters ought to go to a Private School but as I am not on the spot well there you are again. Sorry to hear young Struan came down in his exams but was not so very surprised. Glen & his wife still seem to be in the Garden of Bliss & as you truthfully remark it is not hard to do so when one lives in a hotel & has no children. However I trust should they ever start housekeeping for themselves they will be equally as happy. I rode over to see poor Malcolm's grave & am going into the matter of putting up a decent wooden cross for him in conjunction with his Battalion. Should you & Robert wish me to go into the matter for you and would let me know what you would wish I will be glad of the opportunity. We are having a rather weird time of it just now as Fritz has been playfully shelling all the back areas & last night dropped one shell into the next camp but fortunately it was a dud & another about 150 yards away from the house which made a hole about 12 feet in diameter. I sincerely trust he will discontinue this nasty practice & give us a rest. We hear that he has started his offensive & I suppose he will be doing great stunts from now onwards. The weather has been glorious this last month & I am keeping in wonderful fettle although Lumbago & neuritis on the arms trouble me a little. I sent you a photo when I was last in London and hope you received it. Now with kindest and fondest regards to Robert, children and yourself

I am your affectionate brother

Arch

Dear Mrs. Kennedy

We are very much affected by the sad news your letter brought_ We sympathise deeply with the terrible feeling you must have of being so far away from you dead hero_ His short stay among us, left us such a bright memory, that I can understand what this loss must be to you and your family _

We admire so much your steady patriotic sentiments, instead of selfish regrets _ I hope to be able to send you the photograph, I so well understand you long for, we have got one copy over here, and I shall use that one to have it reprinted_

I hope it will be a success, and bring some comfort to you _ But it will take some time before I can send it to you _ I regret so much not to have taken one myself when he was with us!

May God help you in your bereavement.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Kennedy

Yours sincerely

Bonne de Sibert

64 Avenue Malakoff
Paris

2 Mai 1918

2nd. June/18

CHINTON HANGER,
CHURT,
FARNHAM.

My dear Mrs. Kennedy,

A letter from Malcolm to me dated 26.8.17 says "I have sent my Hythe & Cambridge notes to Churt. I hope they have reached there safely. Plenty of people when at a loss for a lecture used to borrow them & when they returned a page or two would be missing. As I require these lectures for instructing the future generation of Australia I thought that England would be a better place for them." Then in a P.S. "Please hold those notes of mine against the day the war finishes".

I have just come across this letter.

I suppose you will have had all Malcolm's things for quite a long time when this reaches you. I never really knew what he did with all his heavy luggage. I am afraid it is inevitable that some of his things will have got lost. I do wish you could have had them all.

Do you know what has happened to his friend Bobby N_____?

Dear old Malcolm! I do miss him.

We are having the most glorious weather, but need rain. It is going to be a very bad fruit year. Caterpillars have attacked our gooseberries & there are going to be hardly any plums or apples because the weather was so cold. The fruit could not set properly. In fact the apples did not bloom properly either. We seem to have tided over the worst of the food difficulties, for the time at any rate, but we are short of sugar & fruit & consequently of jam, honey, treacle etc.

Our policeman has just lost his only child, a fine boy of 11 years old, through spotted fever, supposed to have been contracted from his going to the Canadian quarantine Camp now near here. I happened to be with the parents when the wire telling them came, for the child had been taken to hospital. Our vicar made touching allusion to it this morning, & said that but for our hope in a future life such trials would be too hard for us to bear, & I do believe in a future life.

Very sincerely yours.

Susanna Napier

Cambridge
Sept. 25th 1918

Dear Mr. Kennedy,

I received your letter about a week ago and at once wrote to Colonel Huxtable, the A.D.M.S. 1st Australian Division who was with your gallant son at the end. He tells me that he has written to you and that Captain Kennedy did not charge him with a message for you or his mother.

I had to leave him about an hour before he died though at the time I did not know that the end was so near - nor did your son, and I fancy that may be the reason for there being no message.

I wrote to you some months ago, but I presume my letter, like so many others, must have been lost at Sea.

May I repeat my assurance of my sincere sympathy with you and your wife in the loss of such a splendid son.

Believe me yours sincerely

Stanley L. Milligan

19th. Dec./18

CHINTON HANGER,
CHURT,
FARNHAM.

Dear Mrs. Kennedy,

I think you may like to see enclosed. Do not trouble to return it as I do not want it back. It reached me this morning.

2598 Pte. W. T. Rodgers A.I.F.
H.Q.1st. Australian Division
France

is the address - unless you ought to put abroad instead of France, which I fancy is the proper thing, but you will know that.

I hope you will receive the staff badge which I posted to you yesterday.

With kindest regards to you & Mr. Kennedy & my love to Jack & Clem.

Sincerely yours

Susanna Napier.

CHINTON HANGER,
CHURT,
FARNHAM.

30th. Dec./18

My dear Mrs. Kennedy,

Thank you so much for the two photographs of Malcolm which came a couple of days ago. I like them very much, but even when we first knew him he, of course, looked older. I notice it chiefly in the lower part of his face : his chin seemed to have broadened, & yet the more I look at the pictures you have sent me, the better does the likeness seem to become. Dear Malcolm : he was such a delightful person! "It is good to be remembered with pleasure - better perhaps, more enviable, than to be missed," are words I read the other day (in a review on a book called "Personalia" by E.S.P. Haynes, Selwyn & Blount publishers) Will I always remember Malcolm with pleasure, though like you I shall always miss him. It will be the anniversary of his death on Jan. 2nd. I was going to put off writing till then, but I may not have time to get a letter off that day. Lennox, who has been in hospital in France with dysentery is to have 3 weeks sick leave & we expect him on Jan. 1st. & also Major Fisher, of whom you may have heard. I am getting rid of my Xmas party (Canadian boys & a S. African) to make room for them.

There are now very few Australians in the Hospital I visit, & I fancy they are evacuating all the sick & wounded back to Australia.

We are delighted at the result of our general Election. I should make quite a difference at the Peace Conference, for there can now be no doubt about Lloyd George having the country behind him.

It has seemed a long year, & it has often been very difficult to keep going. Even now our hearts are heavy, but the future is full of hope - thanks to the brave boys who have fought for us. I cannot believe that we in this country will not solve our class & labour difficulties without undue dislocation & friction, & for the rising generation a much happier time should be in store. Your Clem will, I hope, never have to fight but will be an unfailing source of comfort to you & his Father, & I hope that you are now less anxious about poor Jack.

I shall think of you with great sympathy on Thursday, but I am sure you are very brave. We simply must be brave & I am sure we were not meant to break our hearts for those who have gone before - whom we hope to rejoin - & they would not wish it. One must not forget that! Our boy, though our only son, always said we were not to grieve & mourn if he were taken from us.

Again thanking you, & sincerely yours

S.Napier

If you have heard of Major Fisher (who also calls me Aunt Susie) you may be interested to hear that he fell in love for the first time a year

ago, & after seeing a good deal of the girl & waiting some time for an answer they got engaged in the summer, but it was recently broken off, I don't know why. He is an only child & so was she. I never met her. He was very upset: but I hope is recovering.

How goes Malcolm Dickens' love affair?

5 Janvier 1919
64 Avenue Malakoff
Paris.

Dear Madame Kennedy

I was greatly relieved when I got your letter telling me that the photos of your brave son reached you safely.

Your letter took 4 months to get to Paris, and it is only yesterday that I received it.

I hope that one day you will come to Paris, and that I will have the opportunity to see you, and to speak with you of your dear son.

I thank you for your kind wishes for my son. God spared him, in these 4 long years of war - and I never can be thankful enough.

We hope that peace will soon be signed, but my boy is too young to come back before a long time. He will be kept for occupation in Boirsie.

Hoping to see you one day I send you my best wishes for you and your young son.

Bonne de Sibert

-144-

174 George St
E Melb
29. 7. 25

Received from R. Kennedy the loan of (#6) six pounds in order to buy tool for carrying on my business. The loan to be paid back in regular weekly instalments of 10/- per week commencing 20th August 1925.

L L P de la Valiere