

DATE: 3rd October, 1914.

LOCATATION: Broadmeadows Training Camp.

STATIONARY: Y.M.C.A. "On Active Service" letter, same in poor condition. Pen.

CONTENT: Brief description of the routine at the camp.

From J.M. McGlade,
A Squadron B Troop,
8th A.L.H.

Broadmeadows.
Sunday 3rd.

Dear Sheila,

Excuse this scrawl but being in a hurry and having a rotten table to write on I can not settle to write much. Arrived out here last Monday & up to the present can't growl at much. Things are a bit ROUGH in the tucker line but one can't expect hotel fare out here. Bill Cowell and his brother Frank are in the same troop as myself and we were lucky enough to get into the same tent. We rise at 6 o'clock, have a cup of coffee, fall in for parade at quarter to seven drill till eight then breakfast, parade again at 9 & drill to to 2. Drill again 2 to 5.30

Yesterday was an easy day. In the morning..... & in the afternoon we were marched off for a swim. Norman McCleod..... the Light Horse & I am not sure what he is in now. Tried to get.....English papers in Melbourne but had no hope, all ordered ups ahead.

Will write longer next to put the above address

Yours sincerely
J.M. McGlade

DATE: 17th October, 1914

LOCATION: Broadmeadows Training Camp.

STATIONARY: Y.M.C.A. "On Active Service" notepaper.
(same in fair condition) Indelible
pencil.

CONTENT: Medical Exam, Uniform issue, Rifle drill,
Attack drill, Food.

Address B Troop
A Squadron
8th A.L.H.

Broadmeadows Camp,
17th Oct 1914

Dear Sheila,

received letters safely, many thanks. So far as I know I think I have passed the doctor. We were examined by him today but have not heard the result. As far as the work is concerned we are having a real easy time, not very long hours, about 8 hours a day work but as it is cut up into three parades it comes easy. We have not been given our uniforms yet but expect to get them about Monday. All this week we have been going through rifle drill & in that we have a lot of crawling about on the ground so you can guess it does not improve our clothes. For instance we are given the command to advance 100 yds in open order at the double. That means running 100 yds > then laying down > try to make ourselves as small as possible. If you happen to be at a nice little hole of mud you go into it, anything to get cover. She's grand? I left my camera in town but am getting it sent out. Will send you any snaps I take. Excuse the badly written letter but I have just finished a big tea of bread and jam. We get ditto for breakfast and stew for dinner. It seems all right for the first day or two but after two weeks Oh Lord! Must close now as I have to report for guard duty tonight on the horse lines. I lonely walking up and down the lines until about 6 o'clock tomorrow morning. So long for the present, will write more.

Yours sincerely,
J.M.McGlade.

DATE: December 14th, 1914
LOCATION: Broadmeadows Training Camp
STATIONARY Notepaper. Indelible pencil
CONTENT: Horses arrive, possibility of sailing
end of January, 'Dusty' marchpast the Govenor,
Watering the horses.

B Troop
A Squadron
8th L.H.

Broadmeadows Camp
14th Dec 1914

Dear Sheila,

I expect you have given up all hope of hearing from me, but since I came back I have been going full speed from five in the morning till ten at night. When we arrived back in camp we found that our lines had been shifted to another part of camp. Now that we have our horses we have very little time to spare. I managed to get a fairly good sort of horse.

We were in great hopes that we were going to sail in about ten days time, but we heard last night that we may not sail until the latter end of January, but still we may have the luck to get away sooner. I am just about full of this place, nothing but dust, dust, dust all day long.

Last Friday we had a March Past the State Govenor. We had been out all morning, came home at dinner time and found all the water turned off - couldn't wash so had to start out after dinner on the march past covered in dust. Couldn't get a wash when we came home & had to go short with our tea in the evening.

I suppose Mr Brophy will soon be coming down. I hope he will take a run out to see me before he returns. I will try and get a run into town some evening & send you a few papers. I am sending you a copy of a photo taken a few days ago.

Excuse this badly written letter but I am writing it on the ground. It has been raining all morning so we had not to go out on parade, so I am making the best of my spare time. Can't move outside the tent without getting mud up to the eyes. In about an hours time we have to take the horses to water. She's a roller game in wet weather. One man takes four horses & they are slipping and sliding all over the shop.

Well must close now as I want to scratch a line to Biddy. Be sure & write me a long letter & give me all the news. Give my kindest regards to Mr & Mrs Stagg & all in Glen Shira.

Yours sincerely,
Jack McGlade

DATE: 3rd January 1915
LOCATION: Broadmeadows Training Camp
STATIONARY: Y.M.C.A. "On Active Service" notepaper
(fair condition) Black ink
CONTENT: Four-day march, night marches, to sail
on Jan 18th.

B Troop Broadmeadows Camp
A Squadron 3rd 1st 15
B L.H.

Dear Sheila,

I suppose you have given up all hope of ever hearing from me. Christmas has passed and the new year & I never even wrote to wish you a happy time. We seem to be going night & day lately. However they gave us a few days at Christmas. After a great fight I got enough leave to take a run over to Sydney. I wanted to settle up a few things about my little neice. I did not see her as I was not sure about my leave until about an hour before I got it. Since I came back I have been going some. Next Tuesday evening or Wednesday morning we start out on a four days march. I think it is a sort of final test as to what we can do. I expect we will not have too sweet a time of it as we go without any blankets, only our greatcoats to sleep in. Still if the weather is anyways fine it will not be quite so bad. Lately we have been called out twice for night marches & both times it was raining in torrents. The first time we left here about 1-30 in the morning, rode over to the remount depot about 7 miles away, had breakfast & got three horses each & led them down to the transports at Port Melbourne. Altogether we brought down about 400 horses. They were for the re-enforcements who were going away. We arrived at the boats about 9-30, shipped the horses, left about 2-30 & arrived back here about seven oclock WET to the skin. Who wouldn't be a soldier for 5/- a day? The second time we were called out about midnight & did about 24 miles march on foot, raining again. However its all in the game.

We have been told that no more leave will be granted from now on as we are to sail on the 18th. I think the only thing that is keeping us back is the boats are not ready yet, but as soon as they are we will get a wriggle on. I will send you my photo tomorrow. I hope you had a good trip away at Christmas. On Christmas morning I was wishing I were with you. I suppose Combienbar is looking just it now. Please excuse this badly written note but the light is simply rotten, the candle shakes like blazes & my eyes refuse to stay open as I am just about beat. I was on horse guard from 2.30 am on Saturday to 6.60 am. When I came off that I had to drill all day & then go on police duty at night & didn't get off till 11 oclock this morning (Sunday).

I will write more in a day or two, also write to Mr Stagg. Please accept my best wishes for a happy happy & joyfull New Year and best of luck to Glen Shira.

Yours sincerely,
J.M.McGlade

NB: The niece mentioned in this letter was the daughter of his elder brother Francis. Both Francis and his wife had died some years earlier and the niece, Mary Ellen McGlade, was being raised in a convent in Sydney. She later became a nurse and enlisted in W.W.II into the 13th General Hospital of the Aust Army Nursing Service. She was captured with a number of Australian nurses by the Japanese on Banka Island on the 16th Feb 1942 and shot.
(reg No M.F.X. 76275)

DATE: Monday
LOCATION: 'At Sea'
STATIONARY: Notepaper stamped A.I.F. Passed
Censor 16 Indelible pencil
CONTENT: Destination ? England or France

At Sea
Monday

Dear Sheila,

I had not time to write to you before leaving Broadmeadows, so I am taking this chance of sending a few lines. I am sorry I cannot say where we are now but we are not allowed to give any information as to our movements. Where we are going we don't know but we all hope we will go to either England or France. The weather has been good so far, last night it came up a bit rough but it is getting calmer now. Bill & Frank Cowell have not been feeling too good but they will soon get all right. So far the horses have been doing all right & if we only get fairly good weather we should not have many losses. I suppose the Combienbar is looking in the pink now. Excuse this very short note but I hope to dig up more news in my next letter. Now don't forget to write & write often.

may not be able to write again for some time. I will write the first chance I get. Give my kindest regards to Mr Brophy & ask him to drop me a line now & then.

With best wishes to Mr & Mrs Stagg and all the little taggers.

Yours sincerely,
Jack McGlade

DATE: Although this letter was dated 12 th
of April 1916, the content clearly indicates
it was written in 1915.

LOCATION: Mena camp, Egypt.

STATIONARY Y.M.C.A. notepaper. Ink and pencil

CONTENT: Arrived Egypt, report of voyage, walking the
horses for two weeks, letter continued 16th April,
camp moved to Pyramids, expects to be moved soon,
last page missing.

Mena Camp
Egypt.

12th April 1916 * (15)

Dear Sheila,

at last we have managed to get this far on our journey. We arrived here yesterday week, after having spent five splendid weeks on the voyage. We had a good trip over, splendid weather & very little work to do. When we left Melbourne we were supposed to come straight here, but we had a slight breakdown on board two days after we left and we had to put in to Albany for repairs. We stayed there two days, but were not allowed ashore. Our next port of call was Colombo & we were granted five hours leave. We had a splendid time. Bill & Frank Cowell & myself all went ashore together. We hired a motor car & went all round the show.

The next day just about an hour before we were due to sail we were all made to fall in on parade. About fifty of us were picked to go ashore on duty. We had to go & get all our gear & rifles. In about a quarter of an hour we were ready to go ashore in full marching order. We went ashore & marched off from the jetty. We thought we might only have to go up to the barracks & back again but we soon found out differently. We were sent out on a ten mile march right out & around the town. When we were about three miles from the end of our march it started to rain & did it rain. When the rain stopped you would have thought we had fallen in to the harbour. Then to make matters worse we had to stand in our wet clothes for about an hour before we got back on the ship. However it's all in the game & we are enjoying it.

The horses stood the voyage very well indeed, we lost about nine of them but some of those we never expected to stand the trip as they were a bit sick when we put them on board.

We did not go through the Suez Canal as we expected to. Before we arrived at Suez we were set to filling bags with ashes & building the bags up all around one side of the ship. It was reported that the Turks were close to the canal & that we might be fired upon so of course we had to get ready. However when we arrived at Suez we were told to get off there. Started to

disembark the horses about 9 oclock at night & kept at it all night. I was put on guard over some stores on the wharf & as the horses were passing me all night I didn't get much sleep. Our squadron (A) got their horses off about 6.00 am, put them on a train and started for "Cairo". We arrived at Cairo about 12.30, de-trained our horses & started out for here. We were not allowed to ride our horses so had to walk & lead the horses. It is about ten miles from Cairo out to the camp here, and after five weeks on board ship we were pretty soft. That ten miles seemd more like twenty. We will not be allowed to ride the horses for two weeks after we land, so have to lead them to water. The water is about a mile & a half away.

Each man takes three horses, sometimes four. It's a rotten game walking here. All heavy sand, would almost make you think you were on the beach. It is not too bad so long as there is no wind, but when it blows 'Oh Lord'! Dust, sand, grit & D____D____D____.

They are much stricter with us here than at Broadmeadows. They make you spring to it here, no slacking allowed. Yesterday being Sunday we were all expecting to have a spell, but it turned out that we had almost more to do. In fact I am thinking of selling my blankets as I have no further use for them. I seem to have just got properly rolled up in my blankets & I hear someone yelling at me to get up or I'll be late for parade. Then people tell you that a soldier's life is a lazy one.

continued on the 16th April

Had no time to finish the letter the other night, so will try to do so now. Please excuse the dirty note paper but have been carrying it around in my pocket as note paper is hard to get hold of here. They don't keep a very good supply & as for ink it is almost impossible to get hold of. Since writing the first part of the letter, I received your very welcome letter & post card. I am sorry to hear that the war has extended to Combiensbar & that it is necessary to come to blows to advance (?) the place. Just as we get settled down here, we have to shift camp. I think we will leave here about Monday & go over to another camp about 16 miles off. I rather liked this place (except on windy days). We are camped right beside the pyramids. Billy Cowell and I took a stroll round them last night but we did not have time to have a good look over them. We are making up a party tomorrow & will get away at dinner time, so that we will have time to visit the tombs inside the pyramids & also climb to the top of one. They are about 450 ft high & the base of them cover about 13 acres & that is each pyramid, so you can see they are a sizeable size.

I am afraid that we may be in Egypt for some time to come. There is talk going about that we may be sent very soon.....(letter ends).

1

DATE: 28th December (1915)

LOCATION: Mutruh Camp, some days' march from Alexandria.

STATIONARY: Blue notepaper witten in indelible pencil. Paper torn.

CONTENT: Desert march, fighting natives, a wet and miserable Christmas, taking prisoners.

Egypt.
28th Dec

Dear Sheila,

It is since I wrote to you last but we have been going like the blazes for some time. I think I told you in my last letter that we were going away mounted. We camped outside Alexandria for about a fortnight & then started out. Part of the journey to this place consisted of a four days march accross the desert. It was a rotten trip, no water all day. Could only get water for the horses & ourselves at night time when we camped at a water well. Have a drink in the morning & then off again on another day's march to the next well. We have had a busy time fighting the natives around here, & so far we have come off best. We have to thank (?) the niggers for giving us a merry Christmas. We left here about three o'clock on Christmas morning & never got back till 9 o'clock the same night. We were going hard all the time, stopped about a quarter of an hour at midday for a Christmas Dinner which consisted of 4 or 5 hard biscuits and a tin of billy tea. To make matters worse about an hour before we arrived back at camp here it started to rain. It simply poured down. We had no over-coats as we had to travell as light as possible. We got wet through to the skin & when we got back we found we had to camp on a new site so had to sleep without tents & in our wet colotheres. Oh yes it was a lovely Christmas I don't think. The only good thing about it was we gave the niggers 'What 'O'. Took a big number of prisoners & large quantities of supplies and camels. We were all looking forward to getting Christmas billyies (billies) but our lot went astray so we will have to go without. The only Christmas gift we have received was some tins of chocolate. Please excuse the badly written letter but I am resting the paper on my knees & sitting on the ground & also I am like Bert Clay "pushed for time"... Give my best wishes for the New Year to all at Glen Shira & I hope I will be back in Combienbar by next Christmas. Must close now, will write later first chance I get.

Yours sincerely,
Jack McGlade

P.S. Better address the letters as usual to Heliopolis

Suddenly you make a dive at the biscuit & jam with your mouth & all going well & you happen to be quick enough you may not get more than two or three flies in a mouthful. Very nice Eh ? Of course you must remember that these flies have very likely been taking a little gentle exercise over the body of a Turk who has been laying outside the trenches about two months.

I have been here close to four weeks & I haven't had a line from my beloved sister, so if I don't soon hear from her soon Biddy & I won't be playing speaks. The last letter I had from her was about a month before I left the peninsula. Her husband at that time was stationed with his regiment somewhere on the south coast, but she was not allowed to say where.

I am looking foward to getting a long letter from you giving me all the news & scandal. Give my kindest regards to all at Glen Shira & hoping that they are feeling in the 'pink'.

Yours sincerely,
J.M. McGlade

DATE: 4th September, 1915
LOCATION: No 1 General Hospital, Heliopolis, Egypt.
STATIONARY: Notepaper, indelible pencil.
CONTENT: Wounded, "willies", losses at ? Russells
Top, more men needed, life on Gallipoli, bathing
and "sea shells", food, flies.

4th September

No 1 General Hospital,
Heliopolis, Egypt.

Dear Sheila,

I received your very welcome letter, written from Rosedale, last mail. As you can see by the above address I am still stuck here. The wound in my arm has healed up all right, but I still have lost the power of my wrist and hand. The doctor says it will get all right in time, but it seems pretty slow. I have been here three weeks & it seems little better. However the rest won't do me any harm. Still I growl. When over on the peninsula we were all wishing we could get away. Swore at ourselves for ever coming to the war, & now when we are here getting the best of care and attention, we growl at having to stop here and want to be on the peninsula with the boys. Do you think we would ever be satisfied. I wish I were back on the peninsula, I wish the war was over, I wish I was back in Combienbar. In fact I don't think I know what I want. I must be suffering from the "willies".

I am afraid the poor old 8th L.H. will never be the same. We have lost nearly all our old officers and men. After the "charge" they had a roll call & 3 officers and 120 men answered their names out of a strength of about 500 of us who went out to charge. What seems to me to be the worst part of it is that all the best men were killed. I have just seen a list of our losses & they have posted a lot of them as missing but we know that they all "went down". Poor old Jim Cameron went down right on top of the Turkish trenches. But what is the good of thinking of it all. We have got to learn to put up with the losses, and we know that each one has "done his bit".

Billy Cowell is all right again and is back in the camp here waiting to be sent over to the peninsula. Frank Cowell never got a scratch & yet here I am in the hospital & I was laying close along side Frank when I got hit.

Doug Rodwell came over a couple of days ago to see me. He is in the 13th L.H. They left for the peninsula last night. He was telling me that a lot more Gippsland boys were coming over. It's a pity one or two of the "Farmer" boys from Combienbar wouldn't come. Harry or Joe would just do for the work & it would do them the world of good.

Our style of living at the front is simple, in fact so simple that we seem to have gone back to the age of the cave dweller. Having to keep under cover in the trenches all the time, and the trenches being very narrow, not more than two feet wide, we dig a hole in the side of the trench to sleep in. Some of these dug outs are all right, but the majority of them are not what you would term comfortable. Some are made so that you lie lengthways, just deep enough to lie on, but they nearly all seem too short with the result that your feet are hanging out over the side all the time. Then there are others just like a rabbit burrow only bigger. Tunnel straight in until it is long enough to lie in. In this sort you've got to crawl in head first & have hardly room to roll over once you get in. As we have generally to sleep with all our clothes on you can guess we look a bright lot. If I did not have the sea to bathe in I don't know what would become of us.

They talk of the excitement of surf bathing but it is nothing to what we have here. Talk about gathering shells by the sea shore; we do, mighty big ones, but sometimes the shells gather a few of us. The Turks have a couple of guns they shell the beach with. One we call "Beachy Bill" and the other "Tucker Time Liz" or "Lonely Liz". The Turks seem to always fire her just about tucker time. However we generally manage to dodge her. She is a long way off & we can hear the shell coming. If we are in swimming & we hear one coming we all make a wild dash for cover. Some race ashore & dive onto or under the nearest cover they find. Others keep out in the deep water & take their chances, because if the shells strike in the air look out. A shrapnell shell contains about 300 or 400 shrapnell bullets (which are round & about the size of a small marble) & when the shell explodes the bullets are scattered around as well as bits of the shell itself. I saw one shell one day come over & it got nine of our boys. Killed two and wounded seven. Still they can't stop us bathing.

The supply of fresh water is not so great so can't afford to wash in it. About once a week I used to have a great clean-up. Get half a cup of water, have a shave & use what water was left over to have a sponge bath with. There was never enough to allow me even to reach my neck. The tucker bill is also simple. Bully beef & biscuits & jam with a little rice about once a week. The Bully is so salt you could drink the sea dry. The fresh water is all brought over from Malta in water barges & it is not too good. There are one or two wells on the peninsula but they're starting to dry up.

Then to add to the comfort of our meals we have FLIES. Little flies, big flies, young flies, old flies and dead flies. Keep waving a biscuit & jam in one hand & with the other keep rescuing flies who are trying to drown themselves in the tea.

1
DATE: 3rd March 1916
LOCATION: Serapeum on the Suez Canal
STATIONARY: On lined note-paper in blue ink
CONTENT The war drags on.

Egypt

3rd March 1916

The snaps enclosed are
very poor but I hope to
do better next time. J

Dear Sheila,

just a few lines to catch this mail as I am afraid I
have missed a few lately.

We have been shifted from Heliopolis & at present are camped
on the Suez canal at a place called Serapeum.. It is a very sandy
& windy place & I am afraid it will be very hot during the
summer. A few days before we left Heliopolis I had a visit from
Charlie Thompson. He was looking in splendid health. I had not
seen him since last July so we had a great old yarn over old
times. I suppose by the time this reaches you Roy will have left
Australia. Don't forget to let me know what he is in so I can
try & hunt him up if we are anywhere near each other. I hope we
will meet as I have so much to ask him. It seems years & years
since I left Combienbar & worst of all it seems as if it is going
to be years & years before this horrid old war is going to end
& let us home. I will write next week when I hope to have more to
tell you. The trouble now is that my candle is just on the
wobble to go out. Give my kindest regards to Mr & Mrs Stagg &
all the children.

Ever yours sincerely.
Jack McGlade

just beat the candle.

1

DATE: 13th March 1916

LOCATION: Serapeum, Egypt

STATIONARY: Lined note-paper, blue ink

CONTENT: Roy Stagg sailing soon, reflections on
Gallipolli & the losses, Trip to Western
Frontier, Thoughts of Combienbar, sand,sand,
sand.

Egypt, 13th March 1916

Dear Sheila,

I just received your very welcome letter yesterday. You mentioned that Roy had been home on final leave. I am waiting to hear that he has sailed. I hope you will let me know what he is in, so that I can try & hunt him up when he arrives. Unless we know exactly what regiment and squadron a man is in, it is impossible to find them.

Yesterday morning we were going out on patrol work & just after we left the camp who should I pass but Tom Farmer. That is the first time I have seen him since I left Broadmeadows. I sung out to him to come over & see me when we came back so I am looking out for him in a day or two. I am pleased to hear that Roy likes the life & the work. Over here it is a bit rough but we must expect that & if a man takes an interest in the work it is not a bad life. Of course we growl & all reckon we were D.... fools to have ever come to the war, but I don't think one of us would have missed it for anything. The Gallipoli Peninsular was an awful place & we were glad to get away from it, but we are all pleased we saw it.

It seems a pity that so many lives should have been lost & then have to give it up, but I suppose it was the best thing to do. Even in this regiment I often look around & when I see so many new men & officers in it I think of all we have lost. It is now that we miss the old original officers & men. When we were in Broadmeadows we seemed more like a big family, we all pulled so well together.

So you have been hearing great tales of the hardships we had crossing the desert. I wrote to you telling you about our trip to the Western Frontier, it was a bit rough but I wouldn't have missed it for anything. The thing that hurt the most was to see the poor old "neddies" going short of water & feed. Where we were on the march & on short rations I used to feed my old horse on biscuits. He got quite a regular old pest, always poking 'round looking for more. Yes, you're right, I expect the wedding on Monaro was a "rare affair". I take it that "Andy & Joe" were some dog that day. So the swallows are building their nest. (I am expecting to see big changes when I get back) Now that you are starting to send wool away from Combienbar I suppose you will all beturning your noses up at the poor old pig.

I suppose you have got a garden now. My word, what I would give to see a garden. In this rotten country we see nothing but sand. All the water is brought out in tanks & carted all over the country on camels. I wish they would take us to some country where we could ever see a blade of grass. Well Sheila, you must try and excuse this badly written letter. I am resting the pad on my knees & have only the light from an old stump of a candle. There are about a dozen men all lying in bed & all talking at once so I hardly know what I am writing about. Give my kindest regards to Mr & Mrs Stagg & all the kiddies.

I am in great trouble over two parcels Biddy has sent me. She sent them nearly two months ago & I have not received them. It is a shame the way parcels get lost coming to us. Now don't forget to let me know Roy's address when you write & write soon.

Yours sincerely
Jack McGlade

1

DATE: 12TH April 1916

LOCATION: Egypt. No further details

STATIONARY: Ruled notepaper, black ink.

CONTENT: Written to ? Jack Stagg, patrol work,
night work. Incomplete.

Dear Jack,

just a few lines to let you know I am still in the land of the living, that is if you could call this God forsaken, fly infested place the land of the living. We are stuck out in the desert miles from anywhere, doing patrol work & as far as I can see the enemy are at least 10,000,000 miles from here & not likely to come any closer. I am afraid the only chance of seeing a Turk again is to wait until the war is over & go to the waxworks.

The days are getting pretty hot now but the nights are always cold with a heavy dew. We get a fair bit of night work & we don't get much sleep, as there are only three men on a post one is on watch, one on guard over the horses & the other asleep, so it works out at two hours on duty & one off. However we shouldn't growl as we are having a pretty good time compared to other places we have been in. I am pleased to hear that Roy is coming over. I hope I will be able to meet him after he arrives. Let me know exactly what unit he is in so that I can hunt him up. I see by the papers that the M.P.'s have been getting a rough time over their trip to Orbost. I suppose you count yourselves some class now that you have a railway to Orbost. I see by the "Snowy River" that Andy Hewitt is going to get something done at last to the road out to his place. About time Eh ? What sort of season have you had, the last

letter ends.

1

DATE: 18th May, 1916

LOCATION: Egypt. No further details.

STATIONARY: Lined notepaper in indelible ink.

CONTENT: Mentions the Composite Regiment, Roy has arrived, thoughts of home.

Egypt 18th May 1916

Dear Sheila,

yesterday I received your letter dated 18th Feb. It was addressed to the Composit regiment, so I expect that is the reason it was so long in arriving. It is strange that you should mention that Roy had been on his final leave & was likely to be sailing soon. Roy is camped about 300 or 400 yds from here. I got a great surprise last week when someone came to the tent & asked for me. He had filled out & grown so much I didn't know him. We have been having great old yarns over old times. The only trouble is that it makes me long all the more to be back in Gippsland. Fred Farmer is camped about five miles from here but I have not had the chance of seeing him yet. I don't know how long we will be here, but I fancy that Roy will be leaving very shortly, but where for I don't know. I hope & trust that they will take him far away from here as the heat is unbearable. Hot winds, sand storms & flies. It would make a Saint swear.

Roy was telling me all about Ted's trip to town with "Herbie". I guess he deserves the V.C. for taking him. No thanks. Not for mine ! Reading about your fishing expedition to the junction made me wish you could transfer some of the jungle from there over to here, together with some of the fish as all we get is stew. Stew, stew, stew, day after day. If I get back to Combienbar & anyone offers me stew, well all I can say is that there will be a great rough house. So far I have only seen one "Snowy River". It was pretty old, last Febuary, but I still enjoyed reading it. Yes. I 'hae ma doubts about Ted Farmer coming over her altho' I would like to see him. Wouldn't he make a dashing soldier, also what price "Ike" or Andy. Roy tells me that Ted was always swearing at me for not writing but I am afraid a lot of my letters must go astray as I write pretty regular. I received a letter from him yesterday also written in Feb.

I am going to try & get a snapshot of Roy & will send it along as soon as it is ready. Well Sheila must close for this mail as I want to drop a few lines to Ted & have not much time as I have to go out on a night patrol. Lonely job laying out in the desert looking for Turks that are not there. Will write again next mail when I hope to have a few snapshots to send along. Kindest regards to all at Glen Shira.

Yours sincerely,
Jack McGlade

1

DATE: 6th November 1916

LOCATION: Egypt. No other details.

STATIONARY: Plain notepaper. Black ink.

CONTENT: Horse killed by aeroplane, very busy, in a
Lewis Gun Section, thinking of home, Christmas.

Egypt 6-11-16

Dear Sheila,

I am hoping that this letter will be in time for Christmas mail but if not, well better late than never. It is a long time since I last wrote to you but ever since we went out to the front line I didn't seem to have any time to do any writing. We were always on the move. At present we are having a rest & I can tell you we want it. We had a few lively days with "Mr Turk" when he came over this way. The horses had a pretty rough time of it but stuck to their work well. In the last 'stunt' I was unlucky enough to lose my horse. We were just starting to come home when an aeroplane come over us & opened out with her machine gun. My horse & another one were hit & we had to destroy mine straight away.

I didn't like seeing the poor old "laddie" shot but it had to be done. I have got a pretty good horse now. He is small but tough.

I suppose you have heard from Roy by this time. I hope he is still going strong. He gave me his address before he left Egypt. I expect he will be gettin pretty cold weather over there by now. We have a good climate. The summer months are hot, red hot, but generally cool nights - at present we are just getting the first of winter. The nights are cold & the last week or so it has been trying to rain but very little falls. I don't know what we will do if we ever get back to Australia & have to live in a changeable climate. If it was only a grassy country here instead of sand it would be worth living in but we can't expect everything.

I received a letter from your father last mail day. I was pleased to hear from him. From all accounts he's had a busy day. He also told me about his trip to Melbourne. I guess he enjoyed it. I reckon I could just about do with a trip there too but I'm afraid business is too brisk at present & we may have a big rush on soon so I will let it hang over for a while. You see the trouble is that if I got back home I'd dig myself into one of the hills away back of Bungywarr & it would take all the A.I.F. to get me out.

I am in the "Lewis" machine gun section. It is not a bad job at present but when the "iron or lead rations" are flying about it is generally in the thick of it. However if a man is going to get it where the chicken got the axe, well all the dodging in the world won't save him.

We are all wondering where & how we will spend Christmas. One thing, I can't spent one worse than I did last year out on the Western Frontier when we had one tin of bully beef & three biscuits for three of us & about ten seconds to eat it in. It was a "great up" I can tell you.

As I am like Bert Clay "pushed for time" I won't be able to have Christmas dinner with you so you'd best write & tell me all about it, what you had to eat, how much you had & if you felt any ill effects after. I don't think our pudding will be too rich or give us nightmares.

Well Shelia you will have to excuse this badly written rambling scrawl but I am sitting on the ground & it is not a very comfortable position. I don't know what Biddy will think of me as I haven't written to her for over two months. She gets worried when she doesn't hear from me, but now I have more time to spare I will have to keep the letters up to her.

I see by the papers this mail that there have been big floods in Victoria. I suppose the Snowy River got its share. I hope you did not get too much rain in Combienbar or get any piglets washed away. It would be frightfull if I were to go back & find "Kingdom Come" washed away.

Well must close now as it is getting near time to water & feed "Billy" & old "One Eye" the pack horse. I have been thinking of applying for a glass eye for him but I am afraid there would be trouble matching the colours.

Please tell all of them in Glen Shira that I wish them a very happy Christmas & Bright New Year & accept the same from

yours sincerely
Jack Mcglade

ps: My address is now

A Squadron
8 L.H. Regiment
3rd L.H. Brigade
Egypt

1

DATE: 17th November. 1916

LOCATION: Egypt.

STATIONARY: Ruled notepaper, black ink. Signed by censor.

CONTENT: Floods at home, enjoying his new section, thoughts on conscription, looking forward to life back on the farm.

Egypt.
17-11-16

Dear Sheila,

just received your very welcome letter, also the papers today. I can hardly tell you how sorry I was to hear about the trouble you had at "Glen Shira". How lucky you all were that nothing fatal occurred. Who in the name of all that's lovely could think of such a frightful thing.

I see that you also had your share of the flood in Combienbar. From what we read in the papers, a lot more damage must have been done all over Victoria. I only wish to the Lord we could get a flood over here & keep us flood bound in this camp for a few months, then we would be sure of having a good long spell, but I suppose we would growl at that.

As a matter of fact I shouldn't growl, because since we came in here I have hardly done a thing except look after my horses. I don't know whether I told you, that I am in a "Lewis" machine gun section attached to A Squadron. There are only seven of us in the section and we have a very easy time. I have to look after my own riding horse and one pack horse. No doubt if we ever get into action again (which is pretty sure to happen) we will get a lively time of it, but then that is all in the game.

I am very sorry to hear that Finlay Munro is ill & I trust that by now he is all right again. If you happen to see him or are writing to him please remember me to him.

I expect there is great excitement over conscription. We have not yet heard the result, but rumor says that it has been defeated. I hope not. I would like to see it carried, so that we could get some of those who could come but won't. Unless we get conscription I can't see how reinforcements are going to be kept up. I guess I didn't come over here for the love of killing, & I can tell you I'll be mighty glad when it is all over, but I'll be pleased to think that I wasn't made to come.

Well Sheila, I suppose you are tired of reading all this rot, but there is so little to write about. If a man was in a civilized country, there might be something to write about, but living in a waterless, sandswept, fly-infested, sun scorched up and down country like this, is enough to drive anyone dilly.

When I read your letter about Roy being billeted in a farmhouse with real live cows & pigs (God bless 'em) & chooks running about, well I felt inclined to go outside & throw sand in my face. I don't know what the blazes the Turks see in this country that they want to fight for it. I'm afraid they must be like the Irish & love to fight just for fight's sake.

I am pleased to hear that "Kingdom Come" is looking so well, although you say the garden looked a bit of a wreck. Never mind, wait until I get back & if I can't grow better roses & breed better pigs than anyone on the Combiobar, well I'll chew my old hat, so you'd better tell the 'model' ? farmers across the river to look out.

I hope you have got your organ by now. I am looking forward to hearing some good music at "Glen Shira" when I get back, that is, when I can slip away from the pigs (the 'devil' take 'em) & the rose etc. etc. etc.

Oh, before I forget you asked me to give me my proper address. Well just address it to A Squadron, 8th L.H. Regiment, 3rd L.H. Brigade, Egypt. That will find me, in fact you needn't put Egypt, On Active Service will do just as well as you never know where we may be shifted to.

Give my kindest regards to all at "Glen Shira" & best wishes for the New Year.

Yours sincerely,
Jack McGlade

1

DATED: 15th January. 1917

LOCATION: Egypt.

STATIONARY: Ruled notepaper. Indelible pencil

CONTENT: Two big 'stunts', surrendered to bayonets,
horses without water 30 hours, mail slow.

Egypt.
15th 1st 17

Dear Sheila,

I suppose you have seen by the papers we have been scrapping again. We had two big battles & both turned out complete victories. The last one we had took place on my birthday so you can guess it was a lively one, if not a comfortable one. On both occasions we managed to bag the whole show. It took a lot of fighting but when they saw the bayonets coming they chucked it in. The last scrap we were in we passed through some pretty good country with crops growing. As it was the first time we had seen a bit of green stuff since we left Heliopolis eleven months ago I can tell you the horses had a great time when we halted. As usual we were kept going while the stunt lasted, which was almost four days. We travelled all one day & all that night then attacked at daylight, fought until nearly dark before we won. Then turned round, travelled all night & all the next day & arrived home about midnight - you can take it from me we were some tired.

It is wonderful how the horses stand to it. Some of them went without a drink for 30 hrs. At present we are resting but I suppose we will be out again. I have received several papers from you lately but no sign of the parcel & no letters for ages from anyone. I haven't had a letter from Bidy for nearly two months. I don't know what has been wrong with the mail lately. It gives one the dumps when no mail comes along as it is all we look for. We don't give a hang how the war goes so long as we get our mail. Well Sheila I must close for this mail as I want to drop a few lines to Bidy.

Kindest regards to all at Glen Shira. Will write longer next mail.

Yours sincerely

Jack McGlade

1

DATED: Letter undated, content suggests late
January - early February 1917

LOCATION: Egypt, an oasis near El Arish

STATIONARY: Ruled notepaper. Indelible pencil

CONTENT: Parcel arrived & useful, missing home,
history lectures.

Egypt

Dear Sheila,

I have just recieved your welcome parcel this morning. It came as a very welcome surprise as I had given it up for lost.

Thanks very very much Sheila for the parcel. It was packed with the things I wanted. The cigarettes could not have arrived at a better time, as I have been cadging cigs for some time now. The cocoa & meat paste are just the thing to have on a march, they don't take up much room & you can soon have a hot snack with them. As for the lollies well, they are "non est" by now; so you can see that the contents of the parcel will not go to waste. I have been looking out for a letter from you but the mails have been so irregular lately that we never know when to expect a mail.

I don't know when we are going to move from here but I won't be sorry when we do. It is all right camping here for a little time but I soon get tired of it & wish we were on the move again. If we do move further out from here I think the country will be a little better as on our last 'stunt' we travelled over a lot of country under crops. It seemed lovely to see a bit of green after so many months of sand. I suppose you are in the midst of lovely summer days by now. I hope to goodness I'll be home for next summer. We have had several lectures lately on the "Sinai Peninsula".

The lectures were given by Fr. Goodman the R.C. Chaplain to the Brigade. He is a splendid speaker & we all look forward to his lectures. This country may not seem much to look at but when one hears the history of it it makes one think. The "Oasis" or "Hod" that we are camped in at present is the same one Napoleon camped his army in before their attack on "El Arish" about 1798.

Well Sheila I'm afraid there is little to write about & besides the box I am resting the paper on is very wobbly, which is not helping me to keep the best of tempers with it.

I have not heard from Roy yet but am looking forward to a letter from him soon. Give my kindest regards to all at Glen Shira & tell them to start & fatten the pig as I think we will all soon be home again.

Let me thank you again Sheila for your great kindness in sending me such a splendid parcel & I hope that it will not be long before I can thank you personally.

Yours sincerely,

Jack McGlade.

1

DATE: 27th April. 1917

LOCATION: 14th Aust. Gen. Hosp. Cairo, Egypt.

STATIONARY: Ruled notepaper. Indelible pencil

CONTENT: Wounded again, septic (5 days to hospital),
shelled while wounded, OK now.

27th 4 17 14th Australian General Hospital
Cairo. Egypt.

Dear Sheila,

I suppose that you have heard I am wounded again.

We had a bit of a scrap on the 19th & I managed to stop one on the upper part of the left leg. It would have been all right only that septic set in & by the time I got down here (5 days) I had a pretty dirty looking leg.

However it is getting on AI now & I expect I ought to be back with the boys in about a months time.

I hear that both Bill & Frank Cowell are still going strong, never got a scratch. Frank & I were together until I got hit. It was a pretty hot shop I can tell you. After I got cracked I lay down behind a Turkish trench we had just taken & the shrapnell started to come over pretty thick. Every time one would come I'd say " Hello, here's another one for me." I can tell you I hugged Mother Earth mighty close. At last things got too willing & I thought I best make a break for it. Another chap helped me to hobble to the dressing station & I wasn't sorry when I got there. I had about a mile to go & it seemed like ten.

They are looking after us AI here & I'm afraid I won't like leaving here & going back to stew, bully & marmalade. Well Sheila there is not much to write about. I will write next mail & let you know how I am getting along. Give my kindest regards to all at "Glen Shira" & don't forget to keep Christmas dinner hot for me. I think I ought to be there next Christmas Eh ?

From what you tell me in your letters, I am looking forward to hearing some good music at Glen Shira when I return. I will feel quite out of not being able to join in. What are your terms for your lessons.

Kindest regards
yours sincerely,

Jack McGlade

1

DATE: 28th April. 1917
LOCATION: 14th Aust. Gen. Hosp. Cairo, Egypt.
STATIONARY: Ruled notepaper. Indelible pencil
CONTENT: Parcel arrived,going well.

14th Australian General Hospital
Cairo, Egypt.

28th 4 17

Dear Sheila,

just after I posted my letter to you I received your parcel of cigarettes.

My word I was pleased to get them. About the only thing we can do here is read and smoke so you can guess your cigarettes arrived just at the right time. My old leg is getting on tip top, but I hate having to stay in bed all the time. I tried to stand up this morning but it was no good, nearly toppled over on to my nose. Will write again.

Tons of thanks for the cigarettes,
yours sincerely,

Jack McGlade

1

DATE: 25th Febuary. 1917

LOCATION: Egypt.

STATIONARY: Unlined paper. Indelible pencil

CONTENT: Very happy with mail, summer approaching,
nearly two years away, too healthy for his own
good.

Egypt
25th - 2 - 17

Dear Sheila,

received your welcome letter last night.

I guess this has been a great week for me. First of all I received your splendid parcel, then two days later I received one letter from Biddy & also a letter from Roy.

It is the best run of luck I've had since I joined.

Roy's letter was dated the 31st - 1 - 17. He was then going strong but the weather conditions there didn't seem to appeal to him. From all accounts they are having a very severe winter. Strange how countries differ. Winter is our best time & the summer, which will soon be upon us, will be appreciated by the boys in France while with us over in Egypt it will be "huff sed". I can see it coming. Hot days, sand storms, flies, long marches & mighty little water. Even now we are commencing to get fairly warm days, another couple of months & the real thing will be along. From your letter I take it you had a fairly quiet Xmas day, except for the "stunt" in the evening at Greenwash Park. I guess that was "some evening", especially if "Johnnie Walker" was still going strong.

I wish I had been with you on your trip over to Buldah. I can picture what a good time you had. I always thought that one of the prettiest parts of the Combienbar track was going over to Buldah, just after you leave the Combienber & start up the hill. If I get back I'll be a regular old bush hermit. It is just two years since I sailed from Australia & at times it seems more like 22. It was all right at first but after going through the Gallipoli nightmare & living twelve months right out in this land of nothing, well it takes all the gilt off it.

I keep so uncomfortably healthy I can't even get sick enough to get a trip to the base. Lots of the boys who only came out here a few months ago, their health broke down & they got sent away. However good health is a good complaint. Both Frank & Bill Cowell are A1. Jack Long has gone away sick, I don't know what was wrong with him. We have another Orbest man here. Jack Bell. Do you know him? Your father no doubt would remember him.

We had a big field day last week. It was the best bit of fun I've had for a long time. Galloping all over the country. We had a great race for home & came galloping down through the lines. The few men who were left at home, when they saw us coming they must have thought we had all gone mad or that the Turks were after us.

Well Sheila must close for this mail. I don't know whether you will be able to read this scrawl but I am getting pushed & shoved all over the place. Best wishes to all at Glen Shira.

Ever yours sincerely,

Jack McBlade

Don't forget about fattening that pig. I think your dad is right when he says he can smell peace.

1

DATE: 11th May. 1917

LOCATION: 14th A.G.H. Cairo, Egypt.

STATIONARY: Ruled notepaper, Indelible pencil.

CONTENT: Letter addresses to Jack Stagg, another perspective to his being wounded.

14th A.G.H. Cairo
11th May - 17

Dear Jack,

as you will see by the above address I am back in hospital. About a month ago we had a bit of a box on with "Jacko" & I managed to stop one in the leg. I suppose some would call it hard luck but I don't know so much about it. I'm having a great time here, best of tucker & attention & nothing to do but eat & sleep. This is the first spell I have had for fifteen months, so you can bet your life I am going to make the most of it. My wound was not too good when I arrived here, but it is healing up tip top now & I expect I ought to be out again in about a weeks time. I suppose I'll just land back to the regiment in time for another bit of stoush.

I fancy that from this on we are up against something. This last scrap made some of us do a lot of deep thinking. I don't mind getting hit but I strongly object to having to lay out for a couple of hours before its safe to hobble away. When I did start for the dressing station they kept sending them after me but missed me every time. Oh it's a gay life I can tell you.

I suppose you had the usual riots on election day. What a pity that party feeling runs so high on the Combienbar. Let us hope there will be no deaths over it.

Well Jack I guess it's on you to drop a line to me. Give my kindest regards to Mrs Stagg & all in Glen Shira.

Yours sincerely

Jack McGlade

1

DATE: 25th May. 1917

LOCATION: 14th A.G.H. Cairo, Egypt.

SATATIONARY: Ruled notepaper. Indelible pencil.

CONTENT: Parcel arrives, leg still stiff, concerts, reading.

14th A.G.H. Cairo
25th May 17

Dear Sheila,

last night I received your welcome letter, & two days ago I also received your parcel of cigarettes & tobacco. Thanks Aw - Aw - Awfully for them. The lollies that were also in the parcel, how short a life. It was a case of 'now you see them, now you don't'.

I don't know how long I am going to be kept here. My wound has healed up but the leg is still a little stiff. I have not been out on leave yet, but I hope to go out in a day or two. Whilst we are in hospital we are paid the large sum of 10/- a fortnight, so if I go into Cairo with that I ought to have a wild and woolly time. Eh What?

I have not had any word from the regiment since I left but I hear that things are fairly quiet, although they are getting plenty of work to do. We had a good concert here last night given by some of the English soldiers. It was very amusing. The tears were running down my face from the laughing. There is a very good little concert hall here & we generally have about three concerts a week. It helps to kill time. I have been doing a good bit of reading since I came in here, but unfortunately there is not a very large stack of books to choose from. I have just finished one of Sir Gilbert Parker's books 'The Translation of a Savage'. It was rather nice. I also got hold of another good one, 'Freckles' by Gene Stratton Porter.

Yes, I fancy you will hear some wonderful tales from Brough when he returns from his visit to Government House.

Well Sheila must close for this mail. I see the dinner coming up the ward & I'm Oh so hungry. I'm afraid I must have hollow legs I seem to be able to eat so much.

Kindest regards to all at Glen Shira,

yours
Jack McGlade

Be sure & let me know if you had many casualties in Combienbar on Election Day.

1

DATE: 29th July. 1917

LOCATION: Chelsea, London, England.

STATIONARY: Plain notepaper, black ink.

CONTENT: On leave in England, Ireland and Scotland,
seeing Biddy, not wanting to return to Egypt.

243 Kings Rd,
Chelsea,
London. W 1

Dear Shelia,

I expect you were greatly surprised when you heard that I was on my way to England on leave. It came as a great surprise to me as I never applied for leave. My dear old sister got to work & by getting the strings pulled in high places, managed to get me three weeks leave. Needless to say I am having a glorious time. It was great to see Biddy after so many years. At first it seemed almost too good to be true. Unfortunately the time seems to simply gallop past but we are going to try and get an extension of leave for another week or ten days.

I had a run over to Ireland & Scotland last week but most of the time was spent travelling. I spent two lovely days in Scotland with some friends of mine in New Galloway. It is a lovely old place & of course at this time of year it is just looking at about its best.

Yesterday we spent the afternoon with some Australian friends who are a little way out of London. Had a splendid afternoon's tennis. Although quite close to London (about 10 miles) you seem to be miles away in the country. Everything was so quiet & peaceful & it was a most delightful Old World garden.

I'm afraid I won't like having to go back to Egypt & to work again after the gay time I am having here. I have not received any of your letters since I left Egypt. I expect they are keeping them until I return as it would hardly be worthwhile sending them on to me here as the mails are so uncertain, but I will get them when I return. I have had delightful weather since I came over, only one wet day so in that respect I have been fortunate.

You will have to try & forgive me this scrawl but as you can quite understand I am all of a rush, but I wanted to drop you even a few lines & let you know how I was getting along. Oh how I loathe the thought of going back to the front. If only the war would end suddenly & they sent me home to Australia, but no such luck.

How are all in Glen Shira. It seems ages since I heard from you & I am looking forward to receiving quite a bag of mail from you when I get back to Egypt. Well Sheila must close now as I have to rush off with Biddy to the theatre & suffer afterwards. Going to have quite a swell night and D--- the expense.

Best wishes to all in Glen Shira

Ever yours sincerely,

Jack McGlade

1

DATE: 5th September. 1917

LOCATION: Egypt

STATIONARY: Ruled notepaper, black ink

CONTENT: Back in Egypt, more detail about his leave.

Egypt

5th 9 17

Dear Sheila,

as you see by the above I am back in the land of sand and flies after spending a most delightful month in England.

As you can quite imagine the time simply flew round. It was grand seeing my sister again after being seperated so long, Biddy got a great surprise when I arrived home. She knew I was coming home but didn't know exactly when, & I wasn't able to send her a wire, so I just strolled in one morning about eleven o'clock. And didn't we have "some time". It was just like old times over again. Never got to bed before one or two o'clock & very seldom got up before half past ten or eleven. I took a run over to Ireland. Had one day in Dublin & a couple of days in Belfast. Dublin seemed quite dead & parts of the city are nothing but a mass of ruins. On my way back to London I spent two days with some friends in Scotland at a place called New Galloway. Lovely old place, I was sorry I couldn't stay longer.

I am enclosing a few snapshots taken at home. They ae not very good. It was a new camera & I wasn't quite sure how it would work. By the way Sheila, do you remember the photo you sent me of yourself? Well I'm sorry to say that I've lost it. I was carrying it in a little leather wallet along with a photo of Biddy & some addresses. I fancy some of the niggers stole it on board the boat. If you have another copy how about sending it along. I got my photo taken whilst in London, but have not seen the proofs yet. I had a letter from Biddy yesterday & she said that the photo's were good, so will send one along as soon as I receive them from her.

How is Roy getting along? When you write to him next tell him to drop me a line. Now Sheila be sure & write me a long letter & give me all the latest news & gossip. Give my kindest regards to Mr & Mrs Stagg & all the little Staggers.

Yours sincerely,

Jack McGlade

1

DATE: 7th October. 1917

LOCATION: Egypt.

STATIONARY: Ruled notepaper. Indelible pencil.

CONTENT: News from home, Walter Deforest sails,
quiet at present, rain soon, photo astray.

Egypt

7th Oct 17

Dear Sheila,

I wrote to you a few days ago but have not been able to post the letter. Today I received a letter from you so I am enclosing these few lines in my last letter. I am delighted to hear that the road is at least going to be continued up past "Glen Shira". Things ought to be looking very "swish" when I return. You mention in your letter that "Walter" has sailed. I take it that it is Walter Deforest you refer to. I am surprised at him joining up. I guess there are still a few on the river who have a better right to come over instead of him. However Good Luck to Walter & I hope that he will return safely.

You said that you were sending Walter's address but you must have forgotten to enclose it. Don't forget to let me have it as I would like to drop him a line. We are still fairly quiet out here but I fancy it won't be for long. I hope that when we do start that we will give "Jacko" such a lively time that he will think about chucking it in. I think that he is going to get a rough time of it when we do start.

We expect to get some rain very soon now. I shan't be sorry when it does come. It may make things unpleasant for a while but it will get rid of the dust & that will be a blessing.

I received the "Leader" & "Advocate" you sent me. It seems ages since we got any Australian papers. I'm afraid that there must be a lot of my mail gone astray. I am still waiting on my photos from London, I should receive them anytime now. I will send one along as soon as I get them.. Don't forget to send yours along to me to replace the one I lost. Well Sheila I suppose you are fed up with reading all this rot, but perhaps you can excuse it by putting it down to the ravings of a mad Irishman. Kindest regards to all in Glen Shira.

Ever yours sincerely,

Jack McGlade.

1

DATE: 23rd October, 1917

LOCATION: Palestine

STATIONARY: Ruled notepaper, Indelible pencil.

CONTENT: Out on a big 'stunt' tomorrow, start of the big push, missed Roy in England.

Palestine
23rd Oct 17

Dear Sheila,

Please excuse this hurried scrawl but I wanted to catch this mail.

We are going out on a big stunt tomorrow morning. We may come back here for a day or we may push on. I fancy that this is the start of the big push on this front. We are expecting some heavy fighting.

I am enclosing a "rough proof" copy of my photo taken in England. I was going to wait until I got the good copies before sending one, but as I have not received them yet & one never knows what will happen on a big stunt I am sending you the rough copy.

I received your welcome letter the day before yesterday. I was so sorry to find that I missed Roy in England. Judging by the date your letter was written (24th Aug) I fancy that Roy was in England just before I left (12th Aug) or just after I left. If I had only known he was going over I could have written & given him Biddy's address. Better luck next time. Excuse the hurried scribble but fearful rush on getting ready to move. Write soon.

Kindest regards to all at Glen Shira
Ever yours sincerely

Jack McGlade

1

DATE: 26th December. 1917

LOCATION: Cairo. 14th Aust.Gen.Hosp.

STATIONARY: Ruled notepaper, Indelible pencil

CONTENT: success against the Turks, bad weather, dismounted & poorly equipped, back in hospital, a quiet Christmas.

26th Dec 17

14th A.G.H.
Cairo.

Dear Shela,

I fancy that it is some time since I wrote to you, but lately we have had a busy time. I expect you have seen by the papers that we have been giving the Turks some "hurry up". Everything has gone off A1 & I don't think we have finished with him yet. During the first part of the operations we were troubled with heat & scarcity of water, but lately it is just the other way round. Cold; Oh Dear. And Wet. It settled me.

We have been dismounted this last month or so as the country is too rough for horses, so we went "per boot". It would be bad enough in fine weather but when it is raining day & night it's a bit off. It wouldn't be so bad if we had proper equipment like the infantry but we have to carry on with our own equipment. We look more like a lot of swagmen than soldiers. A blanket & ground sheet rolled up into a swag across our backs & a billy or two hanging on the end of our rifle, not to speak of odd tuckerbags tied or hung on to us. Then besides that just in case we might want them? we carry a belt & two bandoliers containing over 200 rounds of ammunition. I stuck it for three weeks & then broke down so I am here in hospital for a few days. I am feeling pretty right now, only a bit weak, but I hope to be out in a few days. We had a quiet Christmas here but an enjoyable one. They gave us a very nice dinner & tea & in the afternoon a concert party came over from Cairo. Still I was wishing all the time I was at home & wondering what sort of time you were all having at Combienbar. This time last year I thought that twelve months would see us all home, but I don't seem to see any end to it now, but I am still hoping that we will be home for next Christmas. I have not had any mail for some time but I expect it will follow me on to here. Even down in Cairo here it is cold & I often wish I could get some of the Combienbar summer weather. I will write again next mail when I hope to be out of here. Wishing you the best luck for the New Year,

Yours sincerely,

Jack McGlade

1

DATE: 30th May. 1918

LOCATION: Palestine. Jordan Valley.

STATIONARY: Ruled notepaper (small), Indelible pencil.

CONTENT: Hardest months in the army, two nights sleep in fourteen, Frank Cowell wounded, weather getting very hot, hoping for some leave to Alexandria in a few months, short of men.

30th May 18

Palestine

Dear Sheila,

It is so long since I wrote to you that I almost feel ashamed to write at all. All I can say is that I hadn't time. You may hardly believe that, but the last two months have been about the hardest I've put in in the army & it is not over yet. We seem to be going day & night. To give you some idea I had two nights in bed out of fourteen & then only got about five hours each time. At other times it was a case of sleep when you get the chance. We had a big "box on" with the Turks lately & I think we did our part all right. We had a few losses; amongst them Frank Cowell got wounded. He got hit in the head, but I am pleased to hear he is getting on all right. Bill Cowell is still going strong & as for myself I never felt better, except that I would love about a weeks sleep.

The weather is commencing to get very hot here & we are in one of the hottest places on this little globe. Fortunately we are camped close to the "Jordan" river & can get a swim every day. On our way out here we passed through the "Holy City" but did not stop there so saw really very little of it, but it was very interesting what we did see of it. Bill Cowell had a couple of days there & got several snapshots. He has promised to let me have some copies. I have been trying to buy another camera from some of the boys but have not managed it yet. They are granting leave to Alexandria so I am saving up for it. I don't expect my turn will come for a couple of months or more so I hope to have a nice little pile by that time. Living is dear in Egypt & it is not much good going on leave if you have to just scrape along. It is our only chance of getting a real rest & get our minds away from all military matter for a few days. I am sorry Sheila, I forgot to give you my number so to avoid any mistake I will give you my full address.

I see by the papers that there is a chance of getting the road from Combiénbar to Bandoc. What a big thing that would be. I'm afraid that if I get back home I will hardly know the place. It seems as if this old war is never going to end. But now that I have seen it so far I'd like to see it through to the end.

My word Sheila it is over here where one feels the need of Conscription & sees the result of the Referendum. We are under-strength & doing just about double the work. If we are short here, how must they be in France? Why they don't bring in conscription & make them come beats me.

Well Sheila there is little to write about & besides the flies are giving me ______. It is impossible to sleep in the day time on account of the flies & meal time is almost unbearable.

Best wishes to all at Glen Shira,

Ever yours sincerely,

Jack McGlade.

Address.

No 105 Corporal J M M. Glade,
A Squadron,
8th Light Horse Regt.
3rd Light Horse Brigade,
A.I.F.

1

DATE: 7th July. 1918

LOCATION: Palestine. 78th General Hospital.

STATIONARY: Ruled Notepaper. Black Ink

CONTENT: Regiment near Bethlehem after 3 months in Jordan Valley, in hospital knocked by the heat, letter continues next day, doesn't like the "Tommy" hospital, sore "tummy". (Dysentry)

78th General Hospital, Palestine

7.7.18

Dear Sheila,

I suppose you have given me up as lost or dead as it is so long since I have written to you.

Perhaps it would be as well not to start to making excuses but I've had a busy time up till I came in here.

When I left the regiment we were camped near "Bethlehem" after doing three months duty in the Jordan Valley. I did not have time to have a proper look around Bethlehem or Jerusalem but I hope when I am going back to the regiment that I will have time to have a look through the old city of Jerusalem as that is really the only interesting part, altho in the "new" city there are some splendid buildings.

At present I am in the above hospital, have been here over a week. The hot weather & work of the Jordan Valley just about finished me, but I hope to be all right in a few days.

I expect you have heard that Frank Cowell was wounded. He got a nasty crack on the head. However I am glad to say that he is getting all right again. Bill Cowell is still going strong & looking as well as ever I have seen him look.

I don't know what my bloved sister will think of me as it is months since I have written to her.

If it is not troubling you too much would you mind letting me have Roy's address and also Walter Deforest's as I have lost them.

Well Sheila I'm afraid there is very little to write about. I have been looking out for a letter from you but as it is so long since I wrote to you I can hardly expect you to write to me.

Just before I left the regiment I received two copies of the "Snowy River" from you. Our paper mail is very irregular as those are the first papers I've had for months. Now try & forgive my long silence & write soon. Kindest regards to all in Glen Shira.

yours sincerely,

Jack McGlade.

Next day

Just received your welcome letter. Pleased to know that the bits of lace arrived safely.

Just before your letter arrived I was feeling miserable. This is a "Tommy" hospital & as there are only a few Australians in it we never hear any home news & have no one to talk to (that is so far as home talk goes). We are all growling & want to be sent to our own Australian hospital.

Will write a longer letter next mail, would do so now but my 'tummy' is too sore.

J. McG.

1

DATE: 3rd October. 1918

LOCATION: Egypt, (? Cairo) 14th Aust. Gen. Hosp.

STATIONARY: Ruled notepaper (poor condition), indelible pencil.

CONTENT: Returned to hospital after ten days, missed the last big push, same very successful, Deforest wounded, feels the end of the war is near & looking forward to coming home.

14th A.G.H.
Egypt.

3rd Oct. 18

Dear Sheila,

I had a letter written to you over a week ago, but I was ordered back to bed before I finished it so failed to get it away.

I am feeling better now so will make another effort to catch this mail.

As you see by the above address I am back again in hospital after spending ten days with the regiment. Had another attack of gastritis. However I am pleased to say that I am getting splendid treatment here in our own hospital & I think that this should be my last visit to a hospital.

I was unlucky breaking down when I did as we were getting ready for our big push against the Turks & which has resulted in such a wonderful victory. It was a "stunt" the like of which one might never strike again. The marvellous thing about it was the very small losses we sustained. I think we have just about settled the Turk.

I guess Sheila I got a great surprise when I heard that "Bunga Bill" had married a widow with four children. I reckon the farm will boom some now. The next thing I expect to hear is that the "Brough" has been & gone & done it !

So sorry to hear that Walter Deforest has been badly wounded & I hope that he will soon recover. Kindly remember me to him as I have not got his address. What a strange thing that you are not allowed now to send papers to any particular soldier. I'm afraid with the new system we will receive very few papers. But I don't think it will matter very much now as I think that we are at last coming near the end & I think I would not be far out if I wrote to Ted & told him to prepare the fatted calf (or should I say pig).

This last five or six days I have been on a "starvation" diet so you so you can quite imagine that all I can think of is fat pigs, roast duck, etc. etc. etc. Well there is really nothing to write about & we see or hear very little here in hospital. Kindest regards to all in Glen Shira.

Yours sincerely,

Jack McGlade

NOTE:

The Turkish surrender was given at noon on October 31st, 1918. On November 11th came the German armistice and the end of the war.

Included with this letter is a paybook receipt dated the 9th January, 1919 at sea on board the troopship LEICESTERSHIRE. This provides some indication of when Jack finally arrived home. He was discharged on the 6th of April, 1919 after 1651 days of enlistment, 1428 days being on active service overseas.