

Troopship A17  
At Sea 20.10.1916

Dear Molly,

You will see by this heading that I am on the ocean at the time of writing, or not quite on the ocean but a good way out. We were out of bed this morning about half past two, so you see we made rather an early start getting into Seymour between 5 & 6 o'clock. We reached Melbourne a little after 5 a. m. suppose my wire was too late for Jack and Felix to get down but I sent it as early as possible, I can tell you. I watched anxiously for them but was disappointed, I suppose they will be down to see Bern off, so that will not be so bad. Tell FEE I'm sorry for not keeping my promise but that clink business put me all behind I took my wire to the post office as early as possible Thursday morning and there were about 200 in before me so my prospects were not too brilliant. In my letter to mum I told her all about it so it is no use me repeating it now, wasn't it wretched luck more especially as it happened at such a rotten time. I'll bet FEE laughed when he heard I had been under lock and key, but Molly it was no joke, I can assure you, but my bad luck did not end there as I was unable to get either of my parcels you and mum were so good as to send to me. I sent a wire to the S. M. at Spencer Street to forward them on to Flinders' Street as we were not stopping at the former station but our O.C. would not let me go to get them, although we had plenty of time and I can tell you I wished him allsorts of luck over it, but I have learned by this time never to expect a good turn from anyone over you. I am on the boat I mentioned when I was up home namely *The Port Lincoln*. She is a very nice boat for a troopship but we are rather crushed for room but of course she is not to be compared to the mail boat *The Port Melbourne* which I think Bern is going on, they are practically the same from the outside view. I have just completed swinging my hammock it will seem different in them after the boards we have been used to. I have had my hair clipped off short and I can tell you I look a real hard case but that does not trouble me now. I also have my shorts on, a pair of blueys cut off above the knees; they are just the thing to wear on the ship. It is a beautiful night but the water is a little bit choppy, it seems strange to look out over the water, but I will soon get used to that. Alex Anderson is on this boat and also half a dozen other chaps whom I know in Geelong, but we didn't have the luck to have poor old Bern to be here. I was sure he would be with me when I sailed but he won't be very far behind me, you can bet your life, I will look him up when we get to our destination even if I have to hunt all over England.

I hope he sees Jack and Fee before he goes. It is a beautiful sight to see a troopship off and there was many a tear shed especially when the band struck up "Auld Lang Syne" just as the ship was moving out. I think we are pulling up at Adelaide for a while so I suppose that is where this letter will be sent from. Well Molly Dear it is getting rather late so I will soon have to bring this letter to a close. Tell Gertie and Min I will write to them before long and to mum and dad not to worry about me, as I will be all right. I think this is about all I have to say this time. Give my love to all at home and also yourself, Felix and little Felix and hope all are well,

I am your affectionate brother Ted. X X X

No 411 Pte.

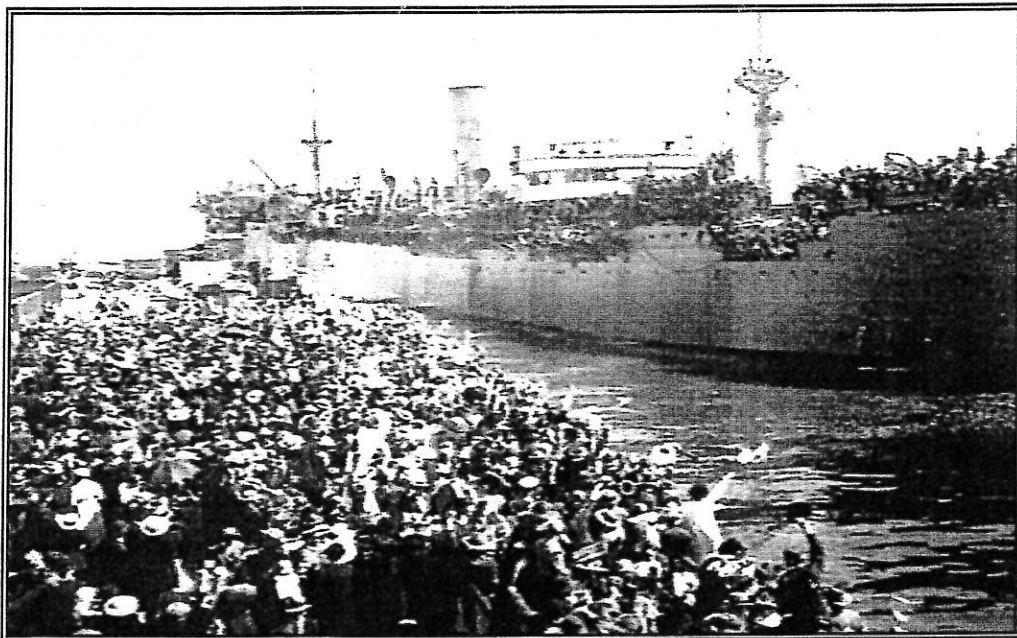
6<sup>th</sup> Reinforcements

2<sup>nd</sup> Machine Gun Company

A. I. F. Abroad

Saturday morning. It is a glorious morning hardly a ripple on the sea it is simply beautiful out here. I have just learned that we are not calling at any port until we get to Durban, so will have to get this away as the letters are going directly.

Good bye Ted.



The Port Lincoln leaving Melbourne 20.10.1916

Ted and a friend, were having a bit of fun acting the fool, on the Wednesday night before they sailed and an officer locked them up for the night. There were no charges, but by the time Ted sent a wire home the next day, to say he was leaving Friday morning, it was too late for the family to see him sail. Every one was sad and very disappointed, that he left without a last farewell.

Perham Downs  
March 8<sup>th</sup> 1917

Dearest Sister Molly,

Just a few lines from the boys at Perham Downs. Things are going as over here the sun still rises in the east and so forth. Bern has been transferred to my company at last, so we are both Machine Gunners now, or at least that is what they are trying to make us. Won't Mum be pleased when she hears (or reads) that we are both together now. I suppose you will also. I dare say you often wonder why a fellow doesn't write big long letters and think that one is in a strange country he ought to be able to write a letter like a small book or something of the sort. I think so too, so I may wake up one of these days and send you a good long letter, of course I won't guarantee to do so. Bern is still writing his letter to Mother it must be a long one so you can have a look at it and see all the latest. I haven't had a letter from home for about six or seven weeks now, it's so long I can't remember, I suppose you still write now and again, anyhow I am hoping to get a little correspondence before the end of the year. Well Molly, Bern is waiting for me to finish it's also close up time so I'll wind up here.

Love to all from your ever-loving brother

Ted xxxxxx



Bern and Ted practising on a Vickers Machine Gun.

The boys enjoyed camp life and had a wonderful time together in England. They were out most nights at concerts, dances and picture shows. On leave, they went sightseeing to London, Portsmouth and Southampton. They thought the war would be over before they got to France, but there were two more terrible years before it finished. They left Southampton for France on 15<sup>th</sup> September 1917.

Remembrance to Sister



Sister o' mine, have no fear  
Now that the time is drawing near,  
For us to go to the firing line  
To help the Boys to cross the Rhine.

Sister o' mine, keep up your heart,  
God will not keep us long apart.  
Mem'ries of home locked in my breast,  
Thoughts that will make me fight my best.

Sister o' mine, I shall soon return.  
And ever for thee my heart shall yearn.  
Safe in your prayers I'll always be,  
God give us quickly, Peace and Victory.

Sister o' mine, I can say no more,  
But to bid you a tender au revoir.  
God keep you free from this parting's pain,  
And hope that we soon shall meet again.

D. E. [Copyright]

POST CARD.

France  
18<sup>th</sup> September

Dear Molly,

My first letter in France. Arrived all O K and both well. Had a very fine trip over on a dirty old tub of a boat (active service you know). I don't know what to write Molly until we get into the run of things, as it is certain to be crossed out.

Love to all from Ted xxxxxxxx