

For Remembrance Day

For a peace-loving family, we have had many members involved in wars.

My great-grandfather, Major George Whittaker Mellish, was in the British Army and was at the Crimea, Ashanti in Africa and Hudson Bay in Canada before migrating to Australia. The family has his sword. My grandfather, Edward Daly took part in the Boer War.

My father, Geoffrey Dunsandle Daly, enlisted as a young man in the Fifth Light Horse regiment and with them was sent as reinforcements to Gallipoli. He was still there when they pulled out over two nights. He told of a group of them trying to load some mules on to the transports. They had just succeeded with great difficulty to get them on, when a German reconnaissance plane flew overhead. The order was given to unload them, so the enemy would not know they were leaving. By the time they eventually got them back on, patience was greatly strained. After Gallipoli, he was united with his beloved horse, Pimple, and sent to Palestine, where he and four others were sent to guide Lawrence of Arabia into the camp. He was not impressed, as Lawrence would not speak to him because he was only a Sergeant.

As we are celebrating the charge of Beersheba at the moment I wish to mention that Dad was there, but not in the charge, as that was the 4th and 12th Light Horse. The 5th came up just after, when Beersheba was already captured.

Dad stayed when the war was finished to help implement the peace process. He received the Medal of Romania for his services. His only physical injuries were a broken rib playing football, and he got shot in the thumb!

My uncle, Anthony (Cecil) Daly was in the Transport Division in France. He and Dad only met once during the war, at Alexandria. He never spoke of his experiences, but we know he fell sick of a particularly virulent strain of influenza, and spent some time recovering in England and Ireland.

Their younger brother Fr Charles Daly was a chaplain in the Second World War and rose to the military rank of Major. There was an article in the Brisbane paper about the escape from Barce when the Germans were advancing. They had to evacuate the hospital at 2am, and it was noted that Fr Daly lost all his belongings. They went on to Tobruk where he served for some time. After that he insisted on going with his men to New Guinea, and was on the Kokoda trail. After the war he was sent to minister to the freed prisoners in Singapore, and according to the story, bought one thousand pounds of beer for them and sent the bill to CUSA, the Catholic charity.

To continue to the next generation. My brother Geoff Daly says the only lottery he ever won was to Vietnam. He trained at the officers' training camp at Scheyville and received the Sword of Honour. He was in Vietnam for about a year, but the only injury came from a swarm of hornets. He returned home a Second Lieutenant.

All of these men were and are peace-loving, concerned with right and prepared to do what they saw as their duty. I am immensely proud of each of them

Denise Daly



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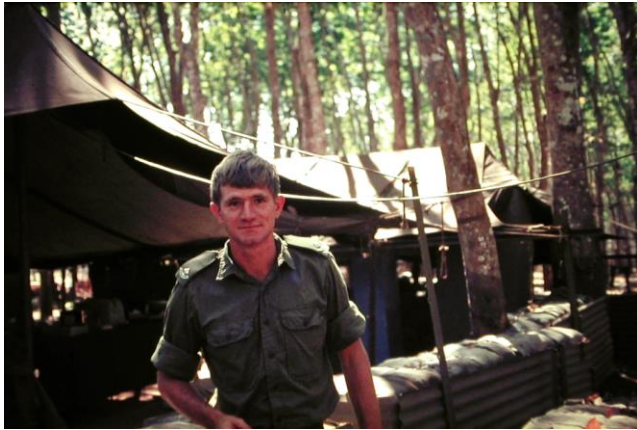
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Pictures

1. George Whittaker Mellish with wife and baby Stella (Denise's grandmother)
2. Edward Daly – Denise's grandfather, husband of Stella
3. Father Charles Daly –Denise's Uncle
4. Anthony Daly –Denise's Uncle
5. Geoffrey Daly – Denise's Father of the 5th Light Horse Regiment
6. Geoffrey Daly jr. Denise's brother in Vietnam
7. Geoffrey Daly with wife Carmel and parents Pat and Geoffrey snr at the passing our parade at Scheyville before leaving for Vietnam

A member of the 5th Light Horse Regiment sniping a Turkish periscope by shooting over the parapet rather than through the loophole. He is 712 Trooper Geoffrey Dunsandle Daly.



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

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BELOW: Light Horse Trooper G. D. Daly snipes at a Turkish periscope. The Turks had most of our loopholes marked down and firing over the parapet was sometimes safer — if you were quick and did not shoot from the same spot twice.