

*Letters from*  
*Cpl. Herbert Andrew Smythe*  
*"Bert"*  
*Service No. 1175, 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion, A.I.F.*  
*from*  
*Durrington, Wiltshire*  
*1916 & 1917*



*Permission was granted for the use of these letters from Smythe Family [website](#)*

Ted and Annie Smythe lived in Jerilderie in western NSW with their 9 children: 4 boys Bert, Viv, Percy and Vern; 3 girls Viola, Ida and Rita; then 2 more boys Eric and Gordon.

They moved to Sydney in 1912 so that their oldest daughter could attend Fort St High School and their younger children could have better opportunities.

The four older boys helped get the deposit to build a very modest four-roomed cottage in Kogarah which they named Koppin Yarratt. They had all left school before the age of 12 and had joined the Post Master General's office where they learnt Morse Code and educated themselves to gain promotions.



*Vern, Bert, Percy, Viv*

All four boys enlisted in the Australian Imperial Forces (A.I.F.) soon after the outbreak of WWI in 1914.

Bert (aged 25) and Vern (20) were at The Landing at Gallipoli, Percy (21) sailed on the "Orsova" in July, Viv (23) did Officer Training and had married his long-time sweetheart Clytie, before sailing in September.

Bert spent a few months training in Egypt before taking part in the historic 25 April 1915 landing at Gallipoli Peninsula. As a crack shot and an expert signaller he was always in the front lines and in danger. After being injured in the right shoulder, he was sent to Blighty (England), where Percy Morgan another signaller, also wounded, introduced him to his mother, an English widow of 60. A correspondence began between Mrs Morgan and Mrs Smythe and all four boys who also stayed with her when injured or on leave. Mrs Morgan provided a second home and became like a mother. The boys often used her address in England to receive mail as it was more reliable than army post. She was especially fond of Bert, more so after the death of her own son.

Bert had been seconded to a Training Corps in England, although he felt he wanted to get back into the action. He was redeployed to France in 1917 and was killed-in-action at Bullecourt two months later.

His diary and letters home became very precious to his family.

# The Letters Home

1st (N.S.W.) TNG BN.  
DURRINGTON  
21-12-16

Dear Homefolks

Yours Mum of the 30/8/12 to hand. I hope – in fact I know that you enjoyed your stay at Mrs Foxs. Had a letter from Charlie the other day. He's been in dry dock for repairs – one of his horses kicked him in the arm and head. I didn't think that Eng would do him any good. He's in a dreadful tangle trying to find out which are the best – a little Scotch, a little Irish, a little English, or a little Angel – I mean Australian. The 3 former, always being in the limelight are well in the running.

What's this "marriage by proxy" one reads about, which has been instituted for Australians? There's a lot about it in the papers, but they carefully avoid giving us any information of how the deed is done. I suppose we'll be having bigamy by proxy & divorce by proxy soon.

After a huge hue & cry in the papers the poor soldiers were allowed xmas leave and the public, reading that trained men ready for the front were to get unrestricted leave, & untrained men were to get leave up to 10% of their strength, sank back in their respective chairs and felt that the soldiers were getting a reasonably fair deal. What actually happened as far as we are concerned, is that men ready for the front were given no preference whatever, & that only 5% of our total strength, which included trained men, untrained, and "neutrals" were given leave. Such is life.

I'll write to Mrs Richards this mail also to Mrs Askey & Mrs Casbourne of N. Mrs Casbourne is actually sending me a xmas parcel. That's very good of her isn't it.

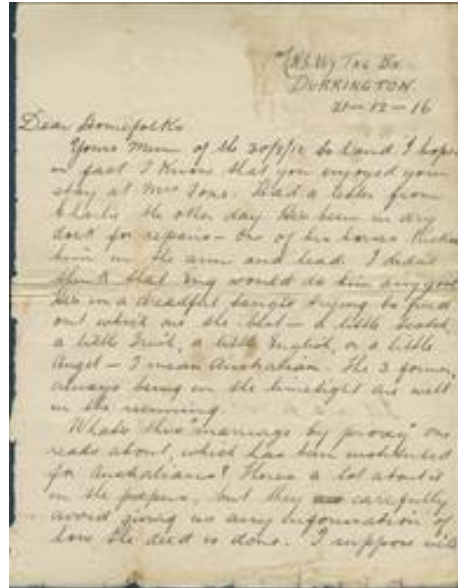
A girl in Birmingham, whom I met a Weymouth whilst at the Signal School, is going the right way to spoil me, and everything else into the bargain \_ \_ \_ . She sent me a parcel a couple of days ago which contained, 1 large cake, 3 doz nice chocolate biscuits, 1 lb of stoned almonds, big bunch of raisins & two very big sticks of toffee. Just after the parcel arrived, Wal Frazer, who must have a pretty good nose, turned up, so "the troops" & he adjourned to the Signal School & had a beano[?]. We made some cocoa, & then opened the parcel. Would you believe it? There was not a "neutral" amongst us. In spite of our valiant efforts however, we couldn't dispose of half. Next morning one of the Signal Officers spotted it, & made it look horribly foolish for awhile.

If the next draft doesn't leave before xmas, I think that I will be on it. I've been a "neutral" quite long enough now don't you think. I received a Field PC from Percy saying he was in Hosp (France) sick, & getting on well. Haven't heard any further from him yet. Vivie, I believe is at some school or other in France. It finishes if I remember right, just before xmas. Vernie was OK by Vivie last letter.

I can see by the description that when we get back, we will see "some" home. I can hardly imagine what things will be like. You & Dad surrounded by 3 young ladies, & two strapping youths, a piano, furniture, & garden - & even Ponto – if not the original Ponto, a namesake. It all seems such a long long way ahead. I can hardly dare to even picture

getting back, but even this war cannot last for ever & so far our luck is holding good. Still address to c/o Mrs M. I'm sorry to say, she has not been too well lately at all. Her heart is affected by her trouble. One of the ones you addressed to her you omitted to give the town but it was eventually delivered O.K!

Well everything here points to the possibility of having a fairly enjoyable xmas – in camp. Your loving son & brother  
Bert



Durrington  
30/12/16

Dear Homefolks

Yours Mum of 30/10 & 6/11 to hand yesterday. I've come a proper cropper over France. After a \_\_\_ of a lot of battling, got a definite promise to be on the first draft after xmas, & had in fact my name of the list to go, & now I'm told that there is absolutely no earthly chance of getting away for an indefinite period. My name is rubbed off. Of course its nice to be told why you can't get away, but I've got special reasons for wanting to get over as quick as possible. I wonder if I'll ever get over.

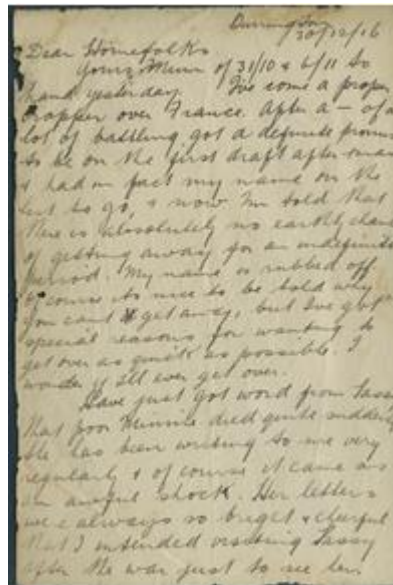
Have just got word from Tassy that poor Minnie died quite suddenly. She has been writing to me very regularly & of course it came as an awful shock. Her letters were always so bright & cheerful that I intended visiting Tassy after the war just to see her. I didn't have the slightest idea that she suffered from her heart. They are a very unlucky family aren't they. It was Nona who wrote to me about it. She has asked me to write to her brothers & let them know.

We are as usual, having rotten weather here & at the best of times Salisbury Plains is a place to avoid, but now – oh

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it's luvly. But of course France is infinitely worse so we've a lot to be thankful for. Haven't heard from any of them lately so they must be holding the mail back – or else knowing I expected to get over after xmas, they are waiting for me to turn up. Man proposes.

We had a pretty good time here at xmas as far as eatables were concerned. After dinner a concert was commenced which lasted to 4am next morning. Tea was served whilst the concert was in progress & consisted of sandwiches so as to let the mess servants have the afternoon & night free. The mess was decorated finely & is very comfy now containing 4 divans & a dozen lounge chairs that one can get lost in. The decorations will be left up for sometime. Before we sat down to dinner, all the Sgts had to wait on the men in the mess huts \_ \_ \_ . I was dishing out beer beer glorious beer \_ \_ \_ . There is going to be a bit of a shivoo[?] here at New Year too but exactly what it is, I cannot say yet. All I know is that we are not getting New Years day off. Bow wow. What did you enlist for anyway \_ \_ \_ . I wish Vivie or Percy could get a few days leave & come to England. Wouldn't it be fine. But I don't suppose there is any such luck for them as that. One never knows tho. I'm afraid that the proposal to give 3 months furlough in Aust to all the original 1st Div has come to nil. Well I'll close now. With tons of love from your loving son & brother Bert.



Dear Homefolks

Letters are still very scarce, tho I received a nice long one from Elsie. There is no word as yet of exactly when the draft leaves, but rumored that it kicks off on Saty or early next week so will probably be in France some time when you receive this.

Percy I believe has started his leave. Hope that he can manage to get down here for a couple of days before I go. I'd

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1st T.BN.  
No 8 CAMP DURRINGTON  
Nr SALISBURY 23-1-17

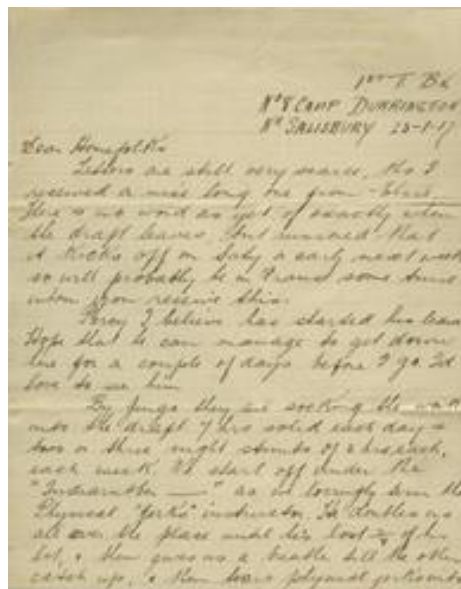
love to see him.

By Jingo they are socking the work into the draft. 7 hrs solid each day & two or three night stunts of 3 hrs each, each week. We start off under the "Indiarubber \_\_\_\_\_" as we lovingly term the physical "jerks" instructor. He doubles us all over the place until he's lost  $\frac{3}{4}$  of his lot, & then gives us a breather till the others catch up, & then tears physical jerks into us. We have him for an hour. Then we do an hours bayonet fighting at the dummies. Then an hour bombing, & that is followed by perhaps a gas demonstration, with perhaps a nice little double with a suffocating gas helmet on \_ \_ \_ . The other three hours are chiefly spent in drill of some sort or other. Its bitterly cold here & we parade without great coats, & wear full packs. They keep us moving but our ears & feet suffer. We all wear gloves so our hands are O.K. The ice doesn't melt all day & its quite an exciting, pleasant, & frequent thing to suddenly assume a sitting posture on the cold, hard, slippery & unfeeling pavement. The language which is released by these little incidents melts the ice for yards around & also releases smiles & guffaws of appreciation from the numerous spectators. The yarn of the chap who put a dish of water on the stove overnight so that he could have a wash, & got up to find it had an inch of ice on it, has become so common that one fails to smile at it.

My lady friend in "Brumm" (Birmingham) is quite taken with Percy, & I believe that he has promised to spend part of his furlough there. Her employers too (she's in a tailoring est) think a lot of him, & he's in for quite a good time generally between them all. Well he deserves it all. He's trying for a com I believe & has a good recommendation from his C.O. in the 24th Bn. Hope he gets it. I do not quite know how they work this O.T.C stunt here. Unless one has plenty of influence there doesn't seem to be any chance at all.

Continue to address everything c/o Mrs M. It's quite possible that I will not go to the 3rd. I'm tired of the Militarys effort to keep my letters up to me. Through Mrs M. they will be regular no matter where I go to.

One million beds to be ready in the hospitals by March. Cheerful eh \_ \_ \_ . One of them is for me \_ \_ \_ . Till the next, with best love from Bert.



1st T Bn  
1st Garrison 23-1-17  
Dear Mother  
Letters are still very scarce, tho I  
received a nice long one from Bert  
This is no word as yet of exactly when  
the draft leaves but I'm sure that  
it ticks off on Sat a early next week  
so will probably be a grand some time  
when you receive this.  
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hope that he can manage to get down  
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into the draft 7 hrs solid each day -  
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No 8 Camp  
Durrington  
[unknown date assumed 30.1.17]

Dear Homefolks

Ida's of 27/11/16 & Mums of 2/12/16 & 10/12/16 to hand.

Yes I jolly well think you ought to be ashamed of yourself Ida for neglecting your loving brother, whose undying love & admiration for you is so wonderful that it survives triumphant, all your many faults & your cruel neglect \_ \_ \_.

Well I'm jiggered, Fancy having a 4 by ! mirror stuck up to practice your bewitching smiles & facial heart palpataters. No wonder you girls can make a man go rocky with a flick of your eyelashes.

I'm sorry I didn't tell you the names of those little & big girls in the photo. It wasn't an oversight. As a matter of fact I didn't know them \_ \_ \_.

Please do not imagine that I'm going to the dogs cos I nurse girls I do not know. My long & varied experience of girls (since the war) has enabled me to discover that it is quite safe to nurse girls you do not know, whereas it is decidedly unsafe to do so with ones you know \_ \_ \_.

Good heavens Ida, don't get worrying over your freckles. I love every one of them. Especially those adorable little ones on your nose. They were put there specially to be kissed. Why I'd never kiss you on the nose again if you got rid of them. So just you be very thankful for them.

And so my little Ida is sweet 17 & never been – shall we say – K – no we won't, we'll say 18.

Ida when I go to France I'll try hard & send you all some interesting souvenirs each one with a history if I can. I could send you plenty of buttons etc from here but they have no value as souvenirs.

I'm so pleased that you are so good in French & English & also that you are having another year at school. I felt quite sorry when I heard that you were leaving. I'm as proud as anything of my three sisters. You three are lovely things to own. I wouldn't swap anyone of you for the best .3' ever coined \_ \_ \_ . & I'M BROKE \_ \_ \_ .

Am very pleased Rita to hear that my own little sister is growing so well & big. I can see that I'll have some job throwing you round the world & back again \_ \_ \_ . Never mind, if I can't do that, I'll tickle you till you lose your breath \_ \_ \_ .

Received the last of the 3 parcels yesterday, Mum. Thanks very much for them. I made the contents look foolish. They each arrived independently with nearly a months interval between each.

Yes Mum, the two kidlets are the same in both photos. Haven't seen any of them since the photos were taken.

Your letters have been arriving OK lately Mum. Keep addressing them to Mrs M. by the way she is not too good lately. Her grief has affected her heart & the Dr says she must always have someone with her.

As you all seem so anxious W.F. was classed A1 at the Lloyds some time ago \_ \_ \_ . Just got a note from him in France. He is quite O.K.

Yes by jove I'd love some snaps of our place. Get some from all places & have some of the family in each. Let me see. You & Dad in the garden, Viola in her element – up one of the trees \_ \_ \_ . Ida & Rita running around the house with Ponto doing chasing stunt. And Eric & Gordon knitting sox on the back verandah \_ \_ \_ . Any & all sorts of snaps will be very welcome. I'm not adverse to having some of her ladyship either. Also Clytie, Dorothy, & Wasabell, Isabell & alwal#llbeabell.

Thanks so much for the xmas bush Mum & also the cuttings.

I got an awful shock yesty as no doubt you did also when you heard it. Hadn't heard from that scamp of a Vernie for 4 months until yesty when he coolly advises me of his matrimonial intentions. Gee. I thort I was sudden, but never any more. I haven't got over it yet. And he is trying to get over here for 3 weeks from the 9th Feby to get married. Well I'm jiggered. Two war weddings in one family in one war. Can't we go the whole hog, & engineer three more? \_ \_ \_ . I'm quite agreeable, Percy is floating about Brumm with my extra special English girl, & having no end of a good time, & I dare say that Viola \_ \_ \_ \_ . Don't know what Percy's views are but I'm afraid that the other two will have to wait till peace is declared \_ \_ \_ .

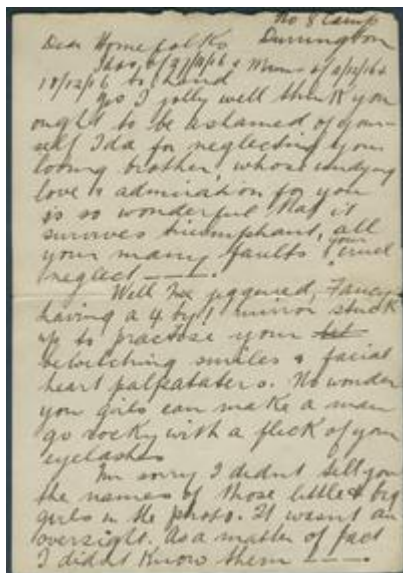
I think I told you that I just missed a draft through half the men being inefficient. Well I've just missed another which leaves tomorrow. I was on it, but last Thursday a man in my hut got measles & now the hut is isolated for 3 weeks. Being isolated merely prevents us from proceeding over seas & in my case using the Sgts mess. We have to parade as per usual \_ \_ \_ . Funny sort of isolation isn't it \_ \_ \_ .

Percy is on leave at present & as I said before, having no end of a good time with my little English girl in Brumm. He is spending a week in Brumm & a week with Mrs M. He then reports to the Command Depot at Perham Downs about 12 miles away. With any sort of luck I'd be able to see him.

I collected Vivies sovenirs from the officer who had them I'll post them to Mrs M. to look after.

The weather here has been bitterly cold. I'm in bed writing this. It is imposs to keep warm otherwise. With 30 men in the hut one can't get near the fire.

Well I'll close now with best love from your loving son & brother Bert.





c/o Mrs Morgan  
54 Standard Rd  
Hounslow M'sex Eng

Durrington  
11-2-17

Dear Homefolks

The Austn mail has again failed to turn up, with the exception of a nice little card from Doris MacPhee, but perhaps will get the rest during the week, or again it may have gone down on that boat that was sunk.

Well I'm safe again for another 3 weeks. Was put on the draft last week to go away tomorrow but hadn't been on it more than two days, when a fresh case of measles broke out in my hut, & we have been again isolated for 3 weeks, & of course taken off the draft. I'm quite convinced now that my guardian Angel must be endeavouring to protect me from some horrible fate. Perhaps if I had gone on either of these last drafts, I might have got tangled up in chains of some alluring fascinating beautiful French or Belgian Damsel. Wouldn't that be a damsel \_ \_ \_ . I'd have to look for a VC. then \_ \_ \_ .

Percy has finished his furlough & is now at Perham Downs. Have had a couple of letters from him. I cannot get over to him owing to the isolation, & he cannot get over here unless he can get hold of a bike. He had a pretty enjoyable time on furlough. Mrs Morgan, as I knew she would, thinks the world of him, & cannot say anything too good of him. She's giving him a wristlet watch like the one she gave me.

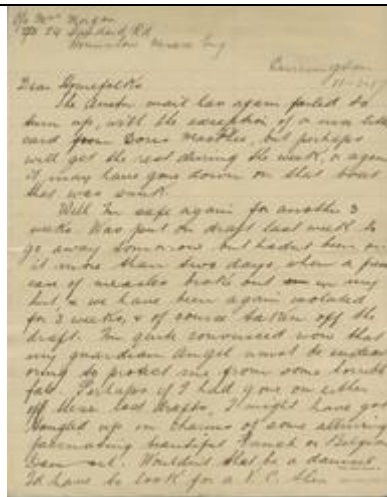
The snow that fell last week has just beginning to melt & the ground is getting very slippery & muddy. The weather is decidedly warmer, tho still quite cold.

All leave from France is stopped after the 18th, so I expect there will be another push starting again before long, probably about the end of this month. I hope to goodness we break right through them & force a general retreat back to the rotten place they came from. Wouldn't it be great. I can almost see our boys swanking it down the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin. (I believe there's a street of that name there \_ \_ \_ .)

My roommate here has had a nice little windfall. His Pa-in-law to be died & left him £2500. Not too bad is it. He's likely to be marked Home Service too, owing to his feet so he's right in the boom.

I do not know if Vernie or Vivie are coming over here or not. The last I heard from Vernie he was trying to get over here from the 9th Feb. Whether he's got over or not, I don't know. Vivie was also expecting to get over, but have not heard anything definite.

Well I'll close now with best love, from your loving son & brer  
Bert.



Durrington

17-2-17

Dear Homefolks

Am still stuck in this hole, waiting for the isolation to lift, to get away to the front. Young Hill whom you all at home know well, left for France two days ago. Osborne of Jd also left on some draft as well as Cpl Davies Clytie's uncle. Only met him the night he left. They all, especially young Hill, wished to be remembered to you. Young Sleeman is here now & will leave by next draft. He missed the last one through his teeth. One of the Freeman boys is here too. He's an orderly at Bn Ord. Room, being too young for Active Service. They have all the under 19 youngsters – "war babies" we call them, doing permanent duties, guards etc. Jolly smart guards they make too. The smartest dressed man on guard is put on as orderley – a soft cop - & so there is always keen competition for the honour.

The weather here has become distinctly warmer, so now the ground which was frozen hard, has become a sticky morass. Its lovely – good practice for the conditions in France.

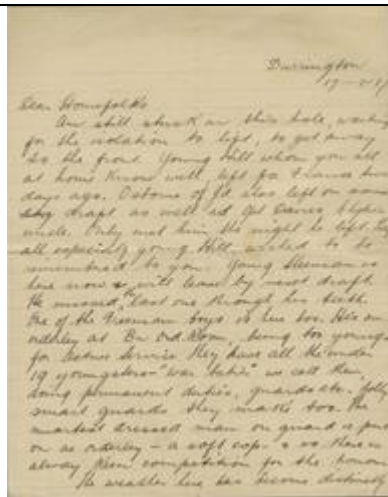
Haven't heard direct from Vivie or Vernie lately, but they are both O.K. I do not think either of them got any special leave. I expect it is postponed until after the Big Push which I expect will start before long. Must get over to see the fun.

Percy is at Perham Downs (No 1 Command Depot) but haven't been able to see him yet. Perham is 12 miles away & tho I could get a bike, the isolation prevents me from riding over.

Haven't had any mail lately. Only received one (from Doris) the last time the Austn mail was in – may get a double dose next time.

Things are very quiet here so I cannot give you a decent letter.

With best love, your loving son & brer Bert.



Durrington

11-3-17

Dear Homefolks

Things are still drifting along here. Very nearly went to France last Wednesday night, but just before we fell in the draft was postponed so now we are awaiting further orders. There is a big chance of all further drafts from here being stopped altogether, as it is rumored that the powers that be are going to make a new Division out of the troops on the Plains, but of course nothing definite is known. If it comes off I do not think we will see the front under 3 months.

My letters do not seem to come to light any better. The blanky U boats must be sinking the ships. The Austrn mails seem to be a month apart.

Vernie is in London on leave & married. A mutual friend met him & Mrs M had a letter from him for Vivie c/o of her. The little beggar has never dropped me a line. He is evidently too much engrossed in his blushing bride.

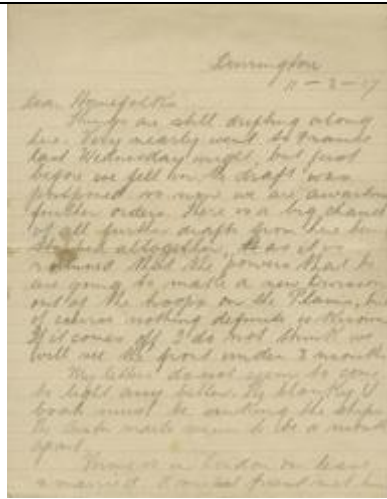
Had a letter from Viv last week dated 1/3/17. Still no sign of his leave. He's putting in all his spare time stirring up Fritz. The fighting is approaching open field work in his sector. His mail seems to be as elusive as mine.

The Sgts mess held a very successful dance in Salisbury last Friday. The festivities lasted till 3 am. Everybody enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Personally I didn't go. Being on draft I was not allowed out of camp, so I came the proverbial \_\_\_\_ with a capital G \_ \_ \_ .

Do you remember Les Scott of the GL PO? He's here now – a Sgt in the 2nd Bn.

Well news is right off. Weather just the usual Salisbury stuff.

Your loving son & brer Bert.



Finally in March 1917 Bert was sent to France. Two months after getting back to the Front in France, at the age of twenty-six he was killed at Bullecourt on 3<sup>rd</sup> May, 1917 and was sadly missed and fondly remembered. Bert kept a diary from the time he left England in 1917 for the French Battlefields, until just a few days before his death. A transcript of his diary can be found [here](#).

## Herbert Andrew Smythe

“Bert” was born at Toorak, Melbourne, Victoria in 1889 and grew up at North Winton and Jerilderie. He had very blue eyes and fair hair. He left school at an early age and at times worked for his grandfather at North Winton and for Steele's Drapery, Jerilderie and later joined Post Master General's Office and learnt morse code. He had an understanding with Elsie Maloney, a Jerilderie girl. He was adored by his brothers and sisters had affectionate nicknames for them, was universally liked for his sense of humour, not always to be taken seriously.

With P.M.G. he worked at Katoomba and the Sydney head office. He contributed to the Starr-Bowkett Society, which eventually enabled the family to get their own home.

At the outbreak of WW1 he was granted leave from P.M.G. and joined up eagerly. He was a 24 year old Telegraphist from Eltham Street, Gladesville, N.S.W. when he enlisted on 21st August, 1914 with the 3rd Infantry Battalion “F” Company of the Australian Army (A.I.F.). His service number was 1175 & his religion was Presbyterian. His next of kin was listed as his father Edward Albert Smythe of Eltham Street, Gladesville, N.S.W. Bert listed on his Attestation Papers that he had served 1 year with the Post & Telegraph Rifle Club & 1 year & 8 months with Australian Rifles.

Pte Herbert Andrew Smythe embarked from Sydney on HMAT Euripides (A14) on 20th October, 1914 & disembarked at Egypt. He later embarked on Derflinger to join M.E.F. (Mediterranean Expeditionary Force) at Alexandria on 5th April, 1915.

Pte Herbert Andrew Smythe was promoted to Lance Corporal on 6th April, 1915 & Corporal on 7th April, 1915.

Corporal Herbert Andrew Smythe was admitted to Hospital Ship Galika with a gunshot wound to his right shoulder which occurred between 25th & 30th April, 1915 at the Gallipoli Landing. He was transferred to Goorkha at Alexandria on 3rd May, 1915 & then transferred back to England. Bert was admitted to 1st Southern General Hospital, Dudley Road, Birmingham on 16th May, 1915.

On 21st July, 1915 Bert return to rejoin the M.E.F. & disembarked at Alexandria on 2nd August, 1915. He was taken on strength at Mustapha on 3rd August, 1915 & embarked for the Front from Alexandria on 10th August, 1915. Bert was sent to Hospital at Lemnos on 15th September, 1915 then admitted to Mudros with Bronchial Cattarrh. Bert was transferred to Hospital Ship *Acquitania* on 18th October, 1915 with Bronchitis & transferred back to England where he was admitted to 3rd London General Hospital at Wandsworth on 27th October, 1915.

On 25th March, 1916, Corporal Smythe formed part of 26th Draft from England to join the M.E.F. He was transferred to Signal School at Bulford on 6th July, 1916 & then transferred to Signal School at Weymouth on 27th July, 1916. On 9th September, 1916 Bert was transferred to 1st N.S.W. Training Battalion.

Between 21st December, 1916 & 11th March, 1917 Bert was stationed at Durrington, Wiltshire – which is where his letters above were written from.

On 13th March, 1917 Cpl. Smythe proceeded overseas to France from 1st Training Battalion. He was marched in from England at Etaples on 14th March, 1917 & marched out to his Unit on 31st March, 1917. Cpl. Smythe rejoined his Unit in France on 1st April, 1917.

Corporal Herbert Andrew Smythe was Killed In Action on 3rd May, 1917. He was buried in the vicinity of Maricourt Wood, France.

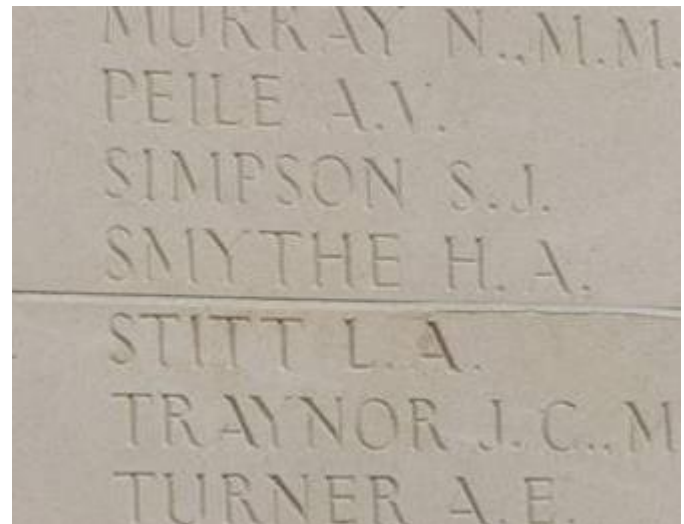
A War pension was granted to Annie Smythe – mother of late Herbert Andrew Smythe in the sum of 10/- per fortnight from 28<sup>th</sup> July, 1917.

Corporal Herbert Andrew Smythe was entitled to 1914/15 Star, British War Medal & the Victory Medal. His medals were awarded to his mother – Mrs Annie Smythe as his father was deceased.

Corporal Herbert Andrew Smythe is remembered on the Villers-Bretonneux Memorial, France as he has no known grave.



**Villers Bretonneux**



Corporal Herbert Andrew Smythe is remembered on Panel 38 of the Hall of Memory Commemorative Area at the Australian War Memorial, Canberra, Australia.





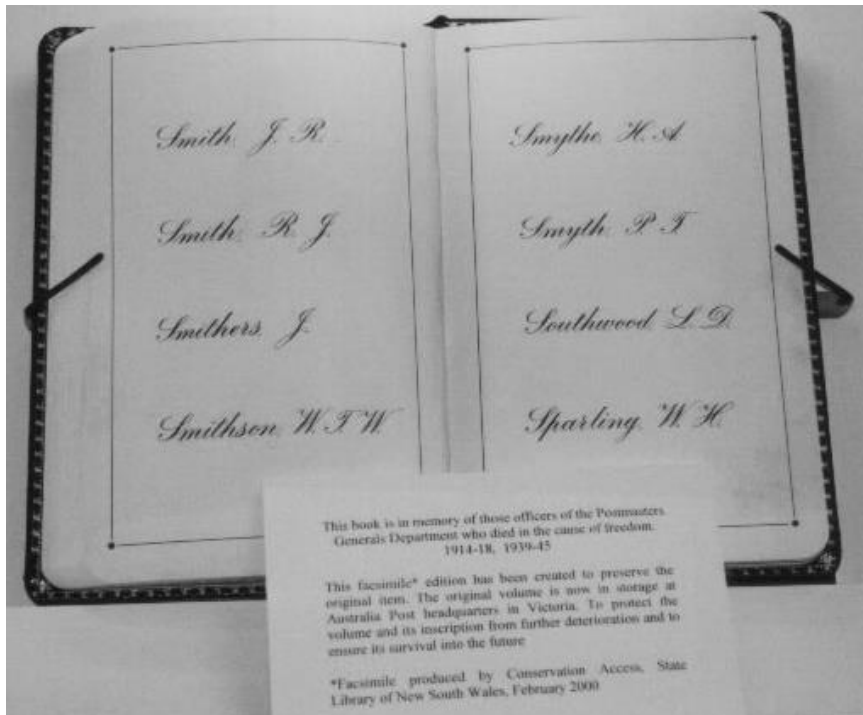
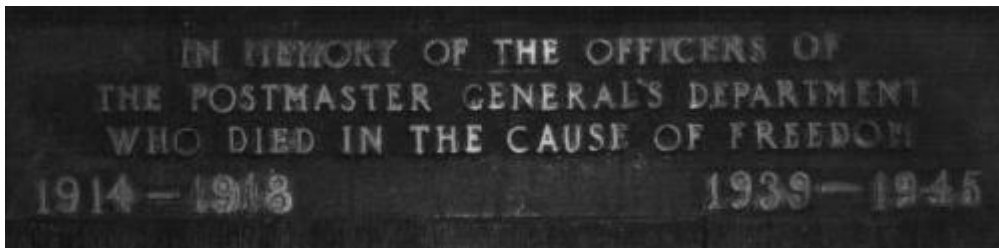
*Roll of Honour WW1 Australian War Memorial Canberra, Australia*



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

F07938.001

Bert – H. A. Smythe is remembered on the Roll of Honour Board in the G. P. O. Sydney and also in the Book remembering the Officers of the Postmaster General's Department.





The four Smythe brothers are remembered on the World War 1 plaque at St. Andrew's Church, Gladesville, N.S.W. Captain Vernon Erle Smythe (awarded 2 Military Crosses), Captain Edward Vivian Smythe (awarded 2 Military Crosses) & Lieutenant Percy Ellesmere Smythe (awarded a Military Cross) survived. Corporal Herbert Andrew Smythe is incorrectly noted on the plaque as H. E. Smythe.



**St. Andrew's Church, Gladesville** (Photos from Register of War Memorials NSW – Andrew Howell)

The four Smythe brothers are also remembered on the Jerilderie Public School Roll of Honour & the Jerilderie Presbyterian Church.



Elsie Maloney ("the one and only" or "t.o.o.") did not marry. The Smythes kept in touch with her and her brother Lorrie. Later she took on the care of her niece and nephew after the death of their mother. She loved them dearly and treated them like the children she would never have. She had lived in Jerilderie all her life until the 1950s when she left and was glad of the change. In her old age she gave to Viola some trinkets given her by Bert, so that they could be kept in the family. One was a rising sun badge on a mother-of-pearl background. She died aged about ninety at Hammondville.



*In Loving Memory of Herbert Andrew Smythe  
Artwork by brother Percy as a tribute to Bert.*