

NOVEMBER 2016

# The Pioneer



AUSTRALASIAN

*Pioneers' Club*

# Lest we forget

AUGUST 2015

In our previous edition of *The Pioneer* (June 2015) the impact of World War1 on the newly established Australasian Pioneers' Club was outlined. Reference was made to the Club's Honour Roll, the six members who died while serving overseas and the Board's action to have a wreath placed at the Lone Pine War memorial as part of the national commemoration of the Centenary of the Gallipoli landings. The wreath recorded the death there during that campaign of members Captain Wallace Cox and Trooper Arthur Wellesley Oakes.

Both men died in the disastrous assault on Turkish lines on 6–7 August 1915, which was dramatically described by the Official War Historian Charles Bean as the weekend when *'the flower of youth, the sons of the old pioneering families rushed to their death'*. A hundred years later, on 7 August 2015, Club members led by President Chris White met at 25 Bent Street in a brief ceremony, marked by a minute's silence, to remember their sacrifice.



Left to right: Captain Wallace Cox and Trooper Arthur Wellesley Oakes

“A hundred years later, on 7 August 2015, Club members led by President Chris White met at 25 Bent Street in a brief ceremony, marked by a minute's silence, to remember their sacrifice.”

Wallace Cox attended the Kings School, Parramatta and was elected to the Pioneers in 1914. In private life, he was the manager of the family's large orchard and horticulture business in then—rural Carlingford.

His enterprising grandfather William Cox had arrived in the Colony in 1820 and was a classic convict success story at Parramatta rising from convict, to publican and then to builder with his children being among the first to attend the Kings School. William's son, Frederick became Mayor of Parramatta and a revered community leader.

Before the war, Wallace had served many years in the militia with the Parramatta Lancers and, in 1915, was part of the Light Horse reinforcements sent to Gallipoli from Egypt for what would be the disastrous August offensive. Wounded on 6 August, Wallace was evacuated but died at sea from his wounds on 7 August 1915. He was aged 33.

Wallace had an older brother, Charles Cox, who was a veteran of the Boer War and who also served at Gallipoli. Charles Cox was called *'Fighting Charlie'* by his men and was variously awarded the CB, CMG and DSO. He went on to become a Major General and later a long-serving NSW Senator.



*Left to right: John and Adam Oakes with the Club's portraits of Francis Oakes and Rebecca Small (the great grandparents of Trooper Arthur Oakes)*

Arthur Oakes attended All Saints' College at Bathurst and was a foundation member of the Pioneers'. He was an outstanding student at the University of Sydney in the new disciplines of accountancy and economics, gaining a Masters' degree and early prominence as a chartered accountant in NSW, Victoria and Queensland. He was also a member of the University Club.

His great grandfather Francis Oakes had arrived in the Colony in 1798 from Tahiti where he had been a missionary. Francis became Chief Constable at Parramatta and in that capacity he was a key supporter of Governor Bligh in his conflicts with John Macarthur, Lieutenant-Colonel George Johnston and the Rum Corps. Among our Club art treasures are the important colonial portraits of Francis and his wife, Rebecca Small.

Arthur's father was Archdeacon George Oakes (Bathurst 1903–1924)—a central figure in the Pioneers' from its foundation.

Arthur enlisted at the outbreak of war in August 1914, married in October and then sailed to the Middle East a fortnight later. He served at Gallipoli from the landing until the offensive in August 1915. On Friday evening 6 August 1915, knowing the desperate nature of the attack to be made, Arthur handed to his senior officer his private papers and mementoes to be forwarded to his wife in the event of his death. He died the next day on 7 August in hand-to-hand combat at the front of an assault on the third line of the Turkish trenches. He was aged 29.

The August 2015 memorial ceremony had a particular poignancy in so far as relatives of Arthur, John and Adam Oakes were present. Opportunity was taken to photograph them with the portraits of Francis Oakes and Rebecca Small.

**ROBERT WHITELAW**

*Editor*

“The August 2015 memorial ceremony had a particular poignancy in so far as relatives of Arthur, John and Adam Oakes were present. Opportunity was taken to photograph them with the portraits of Francis and Rebecca.”

# General Sir John Monash GCMG, KCB

**Editorial note:** This article was an edited transcript from an audio recording of an address given to *Australasian Pioneers' Club and Union, University & Schools Club* members by the former Deputy Prime Minister, the Hon. *Tim Fischer AC* on 10 March 2015 against the backdrop of national commemorations of the centenary of the ANZAC landings at Gallipoli in April 1915.

It is a little longer than usual, but it better captures for the reader the enthusiasm of the distinguished speaker who had earlier launched his book, *Maestro John Monash: Australia's Greatest Citizen General* in November 2014 at Scotch College, Melbourne

I commend the Club for its World War 1 commemoration activities and if you turn to page 2 of tonight's official program, you will see the incredible uniform *George V* gave to his first cousin *Tzar Nicholas II* (I found it in the State Museum of Moscow). George's the other first cousin was *Kaiser Wilhelm II*. They all had the same grandmother!

The disaster that would become World War 1 started when *Archduke Ferdinand* was assassinated at Sarajevo on 28 June 1914. What you may not know is that the Archduke Ferdinand came to Australia in 1893.

He caught a train to Dubbo, went shooting kangaroos on the Mack family property at Narrabri and had a wow of a time.



*John Monash*

“I hate the business of war, and soldiering with a loathing I cannot describe ... the awful horror of it, the waste, the destruction, the inefficiency; my only consolation has been the sense of doing my duty for my country.”

*John Monash, 1917, in a letter to his wife in Melbourne.*



He then went down to Bowral for a couple of days looking around the Highlands and returned to hold a Ball on his royal Austrian yacht which had come from Trieste (then part of Austria). He sailed out through the Heads and next gets into the history books when a Serbian killed both him and his wife in June 1914. I have stood on the exact corner in Sarajevo where that assassination took place.

In Europe, in the summer month of July 1914, the diplomats went sleepwalking into war. The aforementioned three first cousins could not resolve the crisis. Suddenly, the Germans launched across Belgium. Right up to the last minute, the German ambassador in London held that if Britain gave an undertaking to remain neutral (if France was not invaded), there need not be a Western front. The Kaiser was told of this. He called his generals in, said *let's stop the Western front, let's just go East and sort out Russia and Serbia*. The generals said to him, famously, it was too late as the trains were already on the move.

On 4 August 1914 World War I, the war that killed millions, was declared. It would change Australia and the life of Melbourne engineer/soldier/citizen soldier, *John Monash*.

### MONASH: BEFORE THE WAR

But let's go back to the beginning. John Monash was born of *Louis* and *Bertha Monash* in Melbourne in 1865. Louis Monash had come out from Prussia to go hunting for gold.

John Monash grew up in Jerilderie in the southern Riverina, where his father had a horse—trading business. The stables were

behind a house next to the news agency in the main street of Jerilderie today.

I once suggested they might like to rename their main street, which is “Jerilderie Street, Jerilderie” as “*John Monash Parade, Jerilderie*”. They are still thinking about it!

**As an aside**, *Roland Perry*, the great Monash biographer, and I, both agree that Monash did meet *Ned Kelly* at Jerilderie. Ned was having trouble with the ATM of the era (couldn't quite get his money out of the Bank of New South Wales) and took direct action. He gave young Monash, aged 13, a florin to hold his horses.

Monash attended the local primary school and was learning Hebrew, German, French, English, Mathematics way beyond anything Jerilderie primary school could teach him. The local



*John Monash's childhood home, Jerilderie Street, Jerilderie.*

schoolteacher, *William Elliott*, eventually wrote “I can teach this lad no more, he must go to Melbourne”. So he went to Melbourne and became equal dux of *Scotch College* in 1881.

It’s a great College and a plaque, where he set a foundation stone after World War I, is on the wall of the Memorial Hall. On Remembrance Day last year, 500 people turned up and bought 400 copies of my book—*Maestro John Monash: Australia’s Greatest Citizen General*.

### MONASH: THE ENGINEER

After Scotch College, Monash went on to *Melbourne University* where he graduated, not without some difficulty, in *Arts, Law* and the big one, *Engineering*. It was Engineering that gave him those practical project development and man management skills that informed every aspect of his later holistic battle plans. This can be seen in his work with the pre-War construction of the Benalla Bridge on the Hume Highway, or the outer circle eastern suburban railway of Melbourne. Sadly 10 years later, it was ripped up. Now it would have been famously useful if it still existed.

(Alas we have always been a little shortsighted on the matter of railways in this country. **As an aside**, the fact that we once had 22 different railway gauges, more than any other country in the world, caused *Mark Twain* when changing trains at Albury at 5am to remark “*which paralysis of the parliamentary intellect dreamt up the Australian break of gauges?*”).

Monash, the engineer, left his foot print across Melbourne and Victoria—particularly in bridge and pipe construction where he pioneered the use of the new Monier reinforced concrete systems.

He contributed to the Princes Bridge across the Yarra at Swanston Street, to the Hoddle Bridge just upstream on the Yarra near Punt Road, and to the great dome, the magnificent dome, in the State library.

### MONASH: THE PRIVATE MAN

His family life was a bit complicated. His father never made a dollar. He was an unsuccessful business man in the Riverina and his mother died quite young.

His private life had its irregularities. Monash married *Victoria Moss* in 1891—they had one daughter, Bertha. When he married Victoria, they caught the train to Sydney for his honeymoon.

Who knows what he was thinking when, two days before leaving, he sent a telegram to his previous (but recent) mistress *Annie Gabriel* now living in Sydney saying “I’m arriving at Platform One and would be pleased to say hello”. Now you might begin to think Giuseppe Verdi and a good Italian opera plot as to what happened next: the train unloaded and Monash and his wife of one day walked along the platform, Annie Gabriel walked along from the other end. You’ll have to buy the book to find out what happened.

In the years before the outbreak of war, Monash became a pretty well-known as a very practical, good man around the Melbourne Establishment. But he was Jewish—still not quite someone who would in the values of the day fit into the Melbourne Club or the Athenaeum Club.

## MONASH: THE CITIZEN SOLDIER

Importantly for what was to come, as a university student, Monash had joined the militia—the first University Regiment and later the North Melbourne Field Battery as a private soldier. He rose through the ranks to eventual command of the Battery, which had responsibility for the coastal artillery defences of Melbourne. No Sandhurst, no Duntroon, here.

From 1908 on, Monash expanded his engineering and project planning skills into the different areas of military intelligence (mapping) and to troop training. In 1913, he was appointed to command the 13<sup>th</sup> Infantry Brigade with the rank of Colonel.

At the outbreak of war, he was tasked to organize an Australia-wide Infantry Brigade being assembled and given elementary training at Broadmeadows in Victoria before sailing to Europe. The expected destination was England and France.

## MONASH: DEPARTS WITH THE AIF 1914

Monash sailed with his relatively raw troops from Albany, Western Australia on 31 December 1914 as head of the second AIF convoy to Europe. The next time you go to Western Australia and are exploring the Margaret River it should be a touch stone on your trip to see that site where so many brave Australians saw Australia for the last time in their young lives.

Albany is the location of the new National ANZAC Centre on a headland overlooking the spectacular convoy assembling point of King George Sound. Nearby is the great Desert Mounted Corps monument rescued from Port Said and the site where Albany

claims the first ever Anzac Day Dawn Service was held by a local Anglican clergyman in 1932.

Monash's convoy of 17 ships travelled via Ceylon (or Sri Lanka as it is now known). When they arrived in Colombo everything was fine but when the local traders came out to the boats half the AIF went overboard, went ashore, found all the pubs and the hotel bars. Twenty troopers have not been found to this day.

## MONASH: GALLIPOLI 1915

The citizen ANZAC forces stopped in Egypt for further military training. The entry of Turkey into the war in October 1914 and the failure of the Allied navies to break through the Dardanelles in March 1915 stimulated the generals in Whitehall to devise an amphibious landing as an alternate assault on Istanbul. The ANZAC troops were conveniently at hand to take part in the doomed project.



*The ANZAC Desert Mounted Corps monument at Albany WA on the headland overlooking King George Sound.*



Monash landed with his freshly trained brigade on the morning of 26 April 1914 (having been held back on the boats in reserve from the initial landing). He quickly sensed the huge gap between the British approach and the Australian approach to man management. In Australia, you brought the team along; you related to all the men; you brought your orders down from battalion level to company level to platoon level; you mixed with them; and you developed a holistic battle strategy.

In July, aged 50, he was promoted Brigadier-General on the beach at Gallipoli.

During the disastrous 7/8 August breakout attempt he had what was probably the worst period of his war when his brigade (weakened by trench fevers and typhoid) took part in a series of confused and unsuccessful assaults on Hill 971. His performance was criticized, even if the planners had given him targets impossible to achieve.

But for all that, Monash learnt from his mistakes which cannot be said for General *Ian Hamilton*, the British commander who seemingly never learned a thing. Above all else, Monash learned where the allies were going wrong with trench warfare, how you should protect the men to the last minute before they jumped out over those trenches, and the tricks of the trade by which you could protect them.

He also became embroiled in controversy with *Charles Bean* and the newspapers back in Melbourne when he tried by irregular means to defend the performance of his brigade and to explain the situation that had prevailed at Gallipoli.

*Kitchener* arrived at Gallipoli in October 1915, took one look at the place, stayed for three hours, went back on the destroyer and ordered the evacuation which started on 18 December.

## MONASH: THE WESTERN FRONT 1916

By June 1916, Monash and his men were considered sufficiently recovered to be moved to France—to the Somme, the dreadful Battle of the Somme.

The Battle of the Somme opened on 1 July 1916 under the leadership of British General Sir *Henry Rawlinson*. He said we will have an artillery barrage and then we will have a 20 minute pause. Then we will blow the whistles. In perfect lines of 1000 the best of the British, the best of the Highlanders and the best of the Allied soldiers jumped up out of their trenches and in slow order advanced towards the German trenches.

And what did the Germans do in those 20 minutes? They got back into their concrete pillboxes from which they had been sheltering during the artillery barrage, loaded their machine guns and were presented with row after row of Allied troops all morning long. Twenty thousand allied soldiers died on the morning 1 July 1916.

Monash was lucky he didn't die on that first day. He and his men had been held in reserve to conduct a night raid on the German trenches. It was less than successful. The barbed wire had not been properly cut by the artillery shells. The whole thing was a disaster.

Try this extract from a *Sergeant Yates* in his diary (a magnificent war diary held in the Mitchell Library) on this particular morning, 2 July 1916: “almost imperceptibly the first day merged with the second when we held grimly to a battered trench and watched

*each other grow old under the day long storm of shelling for hours, sweating, praying, swearing, we worked on the heaps of chalk and the mangled bodies. Men did astonishing things. At dawn next morning I looked out to a wood. There were flowers among the ferns and my last thought was a dull wonder that there could still be flowers in the world."*

And yet they got up the next day, and the next day, and the next day and they battled on in the battle of the Somme for three months.

Monash was pulled out of the line, promoted Major-General and put in command of the new 3<sup>rd</sup> Division then arriving at Salisbury Plain in England. But it was what happened at the Somme, clearly that is what caused him to say to his wife in the letter quoted at the start of this talk (*see page 9*)—he hated the business of war; he was not there for the glory of war, he was there to do a job and get home.

“Monash was pulled out of the line, promoted Major-General and put in command of the new 3<sup>rd</sup> Division then arriving at Salisbury Plain in England.”

## MONASH: THE WESTERN FRONT 1917 AND LESSONS LEARNED

In training up the new Division, Monash had the opportunity to apply his holistic approach to battle preparation and to build from the hard lessons learned at Gallipoli (1915) and the Somme (1916). *King George V* himself came down to review the 3<sup>rd</sup> Division on Salisbury Plain just near Stonehenge. The King and Monash fell into an easy conversation on their two horses as they went along the ranks out of ear short of everybody else. *George V* could speak fluent High German and so could John Monash. I suspect that it was not the time or place to speak too loudly in German.

In November 1916 his new Division was sent to France. The New Year brought the battles of Ypres, Passchendaele and Fromelles. British General *Haig* continued to get it so wrong, so wrong in the battle of Passchendaele. The war was drifting from one disaster to another until in 1918 on 25<sup>th</sup> April 1918, the Germans made one last lunge. It would be Monash's great opportunity.

Most historians would say that Germany could still have won that Continental war as late as March/April 1918 when they brought back all their divisions from Russia having done a dirty deal with the Bolsheviks and signed a peace deal. The Germans tried to cut through the Australians at *Amiens*, take the key rail junction with the idea that half the German Army would then turn north to push the English into the Channel—the other half turn south and in one day take nearby Paris. Had they been successful Continental Europe would have fallen to Germany and Britain would have pulled out of the land war. There would have followed an uneasy peace with the sea lanes being the locations of ongoing clashes between the fleets of Germany and Great Britain.

But, the Australians stood their ground. That particular night, Anzac Day 1918, the Australians pushed the Germans back out of *Villers-Bretonneux* in what has been described by Charles Bean as “the best night fight of the whole war.” Pompey Elliott, Gellibrand, Glasgow and Monash turned the tide. The Western Front held and was patched up.

In due course, this led to the Battle of *Hamel* on 4<sup>th</sup> July 1918. There was a corner in the German line which jutted out and Monash wrote these **battle orders** (finally he was promoted to commander of the AIF by Billy Hughes who was at that stage in awe of Monash). Monash wrote “*if all goes well this battle will take 90 minutes*”. History records the Battle of *Hamel* took 93 minutes: 1000 Americans, 7000 Australians and was a success. The Yanks are embarrassed that they are under the command of an Australian—US commander Pershing did not like this.



*Australian War Memorial*

There was a Yank soldier who interviewed a German POW the morning after the battle (you'll find him in the book) and he said to the German POW—*'do you guys still think that you are winning the war'*. The German replied—*'yes, God is with us'*. The Yank replied—*'that's nothing, the Australians are with us'*. To my delight, I found that story, possibly apocryphal, in a diary in the Mitchell Library. It is exactly the way it is reported in the diary of *Sydney B Young* on 5 July 1918.

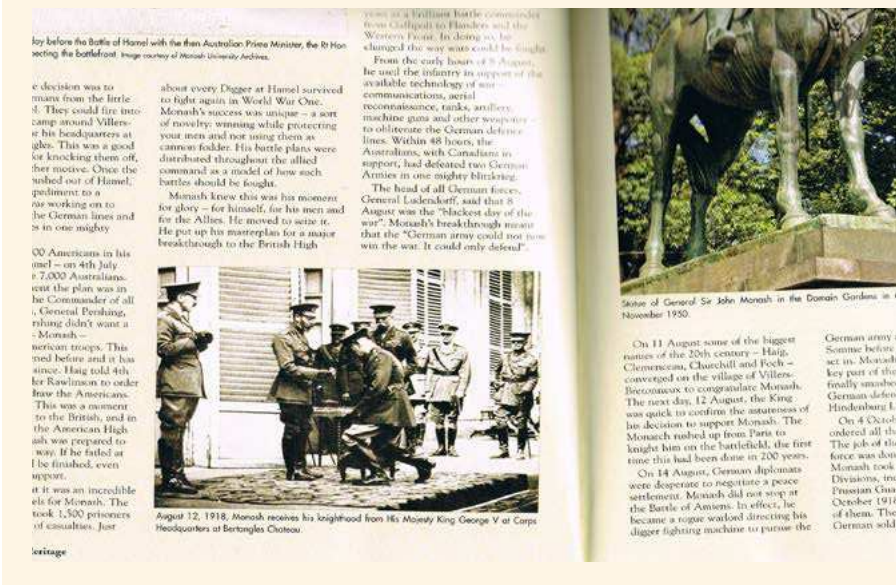
It was after Monash had scored this victory at Hamel that the British generals began to take notice of him. They said *'well you'd better have a go'*. Monash replied—*'I'll have a go, if I've got the Canadians on the right flank and we'll have a proper go. We'll go right through and on Day One take out the German artillery base line so they can't launch a counter-attack'*. It was all part of his holistic thinking involving light aircraft, tanks embedded with every platoon, the tanks carrying the heavy munition resupply for them; all in combination with the artillery barrage and smoke and gas being used. After this, *Lord Montgomery* of El Alamein fame later claimed Monash possessed more creative originality than any other general on the Western front.

So on we went—on 8<sup>th</sup> August 1918 to the Battle of *Amiens*. On the first day, 16 kilometres (an unbelievable chunk of fortified German territory) captured by mid-afternoon including hundreds of heavy artillery guns, among which is the huge gun now outside Brendan Nelson's office with a huge barrel that was used to hurl shells 60 kilometres westward. The Germans could not ever use those guns again. Record numbers of POWs and minimum casualties for the Australians and Canadians. Now they are starting to push forward. Next day was a bit messy.

*Winston Churchill* flew over the channel and nearly landed on the wrong side of the front line in his little light aircraft. He found Monash and asked *'how did you find the tanks this time around?'* because the previous year the British Mark 1, 2 and 3 tanks had been underperforming. Monash advised Churchill—*'they were decisive, your new Mark 4 tank with just one driver (not four different drivers on each track) has made a big difference'*. Allegedly, he had a brandy with Churchill—tipple of the day for every hour of the day for Churchill, but I can't vouch for that.

The big 8<sup>th</sup> August breakthrough by the Allies was described by the German General *Erich Ludendorff*—*'this is a black day of the German army ... we must now negotiate an Armistice'*. He had no realisation that the Armistice would result in a massive German surrender at Versailles. The rest is history.

Monash's headquarters where he and his staff planned for the battle was the *Chateaux Bertangles*—20 minutes out of Amiens; 15 minutes from Villers-Bretonneux; and 15 minutes from Hamel. The Chateaux is now open to visitors for a few days each year in Summer. There was a fire there in 1930 but the rooms have been restored. It was here that Monash was accorded the particular distinction of being knighted (KCB), on the battlefield as it were, by *King George V* on 12 August 1918.



Monash being knighted by King George V at Chateaux Bertangles 1918  
(Australian War Memorial)

As an aside, the chateaux of northern France were well remembered by another ANZAC war hero in World War 2—Nancy Wake (the White Mouse) who has been in this club. She was an underground resistance fighter of legend and loved to tell the story that she spent the last six months of the war (in her own words) drunk as a skunk as she and her resistance colleagues ‘liberated’ the wine cellars of chateaux as the Germans retreated. They knew the Germans had no taste for good wine so the very best red wines from the vintages pre-war were still in the cellars. She said she had a most delightful time. She was a formidable lady and once when the Mayor of Deniliquin introduced her with the

words “would you all please welcome the White Rabbit”, she replied “you bloody fool, I wasn’t the White Rabbit, I was the White Mouse”.

Returning to main subject, by September 1918, Monash and the AIF had moved north halfway to the German border to Mount St Quentin, Clerly on the Somme. It was at Clerly that John Howard’s father bumped into his own father and laconically noted in his diary—“met dad today.” Very few father and sons met on the Western Front. Both survived the war, both were gassed, they were in different units and went in different directions. Probably only spent about 20 minutes together, but father had met son.

Eventually, an Armistice was signed in a railway carriage at 5am on 11 November 1918 to take effect on 11<sup>th</sup> hour, 11<sup>th</sup> day 11<sup>th</sup> month. At 10.59am there was a Canadian soldier killed and would you believe it, there were 2000 Allied soldiers killed, including Canadians, between 5am and 11am on that morning. It was a dreadful war.

Winston Churchill (by then Minister of Munitions) recorded that as he stood in his office looking down Whitehall that at the first chime of Big Ben suddenly from all sides men and women came scurrying into the street, people in their hundreds, in their thousands in a frantic manner shouting, screaming with joy, bounds were broken, but tumults grew, flags appeared as if by magic almost before the last stroke of Big Ben had died away. The strict, war-regulated streets of London had become a triumphant pandemonium now the war was over. Victory had come after all the hazards and heartbreaks in an absolute and unlimited form of safety and after 52 months of giant destruction and distortion.



## MONASH: VICTORY AND THE POLITICAL SUB-PLOT

The Victory Parade, the Arc de Triumph ... then an incredible thing happened. Billy Hughes called Monash back to London and ordered him to lead the Demobilisation and Repatriation and so stay in London another full year. The political sub-plot was: I don't want you to come back to Australia and run for prime minister because you'll beat me.

An Allied Victory banquet was held on 27<sup>th</sup> December 1918 in the ballroom at Buckingham Palace. If you are in London during August-September you can pay £10 to go in at 10.15, or 10.45 and see where that banquet took place. It was a never to be repeated collection: President Woodrow Wilson, King George V, five prime ministers (Canada, Newfoundland, South Africa, Billy Hughes from Australia and of course Lloyd George from Great Britain). Lloyd George had been a backer of Monash as overall battlefield head because he knew he would make a difference and bring the war to an end far more quickly.

On spec, I wrote to Buckingham Palace in early February last year saying would you happen to have the menu and the seating plan for this banquet? Thinking I would never hear a reply. On 18<sup>th</sup> of February, just 12 days later, back came a letter so damn good I put it in as appendix B: Here is the seating plan, here is the menu, pate de victory and all that sort of stuff, *'the Queen has given permission for you to use this in your book about Field Marshal John Monash'*. So the Palace has already promoted John Monash to Field Marshal!

Monash was sitting next to *Rudyard Kipling*, *Smuts* near him, *John Singer Sargent* the famous portrait painter opposite, Churchill

just up the other way sparkling and looking out over the whole room. Billy Hughes, technically more senior, jammed in at the top. Allegedly, the King walked past Hughes to shake Monash's hand and congratulate him. Hughes was unimpressed by that I can tell you.

Five days later Monash got promoted by the King to Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St Michael and St George (GCMG). Billy Hughes was not knighted. Hughes became more and more politically jealous.

## MONASH: A POSTHUMOUS FIELD MARSHAL?

So, ladies and gentlemen to bring it all together, can I suggest that there are several reasons why Monash has been discriminated against and why you as Club members and citizens of Australia might consider writing to your local federal member asking that the Parliament and the Government (sometime between now and 2018—the centenary of WW1's end) promote John Monash posthumously to the rank of Field Marshal.

It has precedent. The Yanks did it with *George Washington* in 1976 and George was long dead by 1976. Our two Field Marshals are symbolic. *Thomas Blamey* was deemed to have been on active duty for one day and received his Field-Marshal's baton on his sick bed in 1950. Who can tell me who our other Field Marshal is—the Duke of Edinburgh—appointed an Australian Field Marshal in 1954. So we have Blamey and we have Prince Philip.

Yet we have bypassed arguably our greatest general who was discriminated against because he was the son of Prussian migrants and he was Jewish (which he was reminded of from time to

time including in 1920 when British General Rawlinson wrote “*Montague and Monash they are Jews, clever, slippery, creepy crawly Jews*”). How dare Rawlinson write that when Monash had effectively saved his goose in France. Not graduate of Sandhurst—he was CMF, army reservist, or “*choco*” if you want to use that term.

Charles Bean considered him too old at Gallipoli and Bean also had the anti-semitism of the day.

A further problem for Monash was his complicated private life. Monash had two mistresses—one he tried to meet at Platform 1 at Sydney Central and later *Liz Bentwitch*, who he had wanted to marry. His daughter ensured that his private papers were not released until the key parties had died. As a result, the first big biography on Monash did not come until after World War 2. By then, there was another round of heroes and Monash had been downplayed.

The ever wily politician Billy Hughes was jealous and Monash was frozen at the rank of Lt General for 11 years.

We can do better than that, ladies and gentlemen, and why should we? Well, I will leave you with one additional point.

We should honour Monash because in the Great Depression with Prime Minister Scullin struggling to hold the nation together, the New Guard, the Old Guard and everyone was getting upset with JT Lang in this state. These groups all write to Monash and saying in effect—*‘next week, when they open the Sydney Harbour Bridge, watch us. We want you to lead a coup d’état. We want you to be our Mussolini, our Franco and to run this country. Abolish the Parliament and then after 10 years of your rule, we can go back to democracy’*. In a famous letter, Monash wrote back and said “NO—it would be an act of treachery. Yes, I might have been badly handled and dealt

*with post-war, but I do not carry a chip on my shoulder. The only hope for Australia is the ballot box and good education”.*

In some of the darkest days of my political career when things were pretty hard that statement by Monash kept me up front and centre—the *best hope, the only hope, for Australia is the ballot box and good education*.

I salute John Monash—shalom, amen, salem!



*The Hon. Tim Fischer AC at the launch of his book—Maestro John Monash*

**JOHN LANSER**  
Transcriber

**ROBERT WHITE LAW**  
Sub-editor

# Vale: (Bevan) Henry Badgery

## 1934-2015

It is with sadness that The Pioneer records the passing of **Henry Badgery** at age 80 on 3 July 2015 after a period of illness. Henry was twice President of the Club: 1982-8 and 1996-99 and was later made an Honorary Member in recognition of his contribution to the Club over many decades. A celebration of his life was held by family, friends and fellow Club members at 25 Bent Street on 21 July 2015.

Finishing school at Cranbrook in the early 1950s under the energetic Headmaster, Brian 'Blitz' Hone, Henry returned to the family's leading stock and station business in Moss Vale. His large personality was well-suited to the dynamics of country auctions.

In 1967, given his wide pastoral industry experience, he was appointed to the Closer Settlement Advisory Board in Sydney. But a chance encounter over lunch at the York Street clubhouse in 1973 resulted in Henry being invited to return to auctioneering (albeit in the City) as chief auctioneer with the historic auction house, Lawsons.

By 1986, he and his wife were the owners of Lawsons with Henry enthusiastically presiding over its Cumberland Street rooms in the Rocks. He introduced new technologies and took the firm into the new fields of high art and fine furniture. Henry retired in 2002.

Henry's family had arrived in the Colony as free settlers in 1799 and had been associated with the Pioneers' for more than a 100



*Henry Badgery and his grandfather, Henry Septimus Badgery*

years. His grandfather, **Henry Septimus Badgery** (1840-1917) was a driving force behind the creation of the Club in 1910 and indeed had chaired its first meeting. Henry Septimus had large pastoral estates in the Southern Highlands near Sutton Forest and Exeter. He was also a renowned auctioneer as well as a parliamentarian and a long serving Managing Director of Pitt, Son & Badgery.

**ROBERT WHITELAW**

*Editor*