The CLARK BROS. OF ANZAC.

 This story starts over in Maldon in 1912. My GR –Grandfather passed away from miner’s disease. Gr-Grandma took the family down to Sth Yarra, where they found work.

 My Grandfather Joe Clark trained up as a boot maker. His brother Percy was in New Zealand. In August 1914 , as expected, war broke out, and my grandfather was soon to find out that war is a pain in the arse!.

 Percy , the first Clark to go, enlisted in the Wellington Infantry Battalion, then went to Gallipoli with the NZEF. Before August 1915, and his brother’s arrival, Percy ended up with a septic finger from a trenching accident, plus a hernia. These were enough to see him shipped back to NZ and medically discharged, ( **M**edically **U**nfit),

 Elizabeth, in Sth. Yarra, gave her consent for Bob and Joe to enlist for overseas service. The boys must have thought this would be a good lark, as they enlisted together. Bob was Nr 2124 and Joe 2125 of the famous 7th Bn.

 Early August finds Grandpa Joe and Uncle Bob, rowing ashore at night time, into ANZAC cove. They were amongst about 400 re-enforcements that the 7th BN received early that month. The battalion was soon to lose 400 men.

 Then the generals unleashed the great August battles. The 7th Bn, had a job up at Lone Pine area. The fighting was deadly serious, it is still debated whether the 7th, won three or four, VCs… “*before breakfast!”.*

 Pte Joe Clark’s situation also became serious, not the least being, he had contracted gastro-dysentery . You can see the exhaustion on Joe’s face in the **AWM photo A02022**.

 In Joe’s Lone Pine battle, and I quote from my Grandpa’s oral history…

 *“We moved out over the top again. I was moving over the ground when I felt as I thought, was a kick in the arse, then I turned, saw no one, so I felt my arse and it wasn’t there. I next remember being belly down across a mule heading for the beach and hospital. That bloody mule had a backbone like a razor and having crook guts and the sore missing arse, it was hell!”*

Grandpa Joe, lost a lump of his buttocks ( the size of a tennis ball) and his back and neck were peppered with shrapnel.

 Later, brother Bob was also blown up, medivac back home and discharged **M.U**.

In 1916 Joe was discharged as **M.U**. and resumed his trade as a bootmaker.

 To stop white feathers being sent to him, Joe put a sign on his shop window. *“ late of the 7th BN “* . . If you look at **AWM photo P06246.001**, you can see his sign.

 I have his grimy discharge certificate, where he obviously has had to unfold it numerous times to prove his service, and wounding

 But at least the these three brother lived!.

 Lest we forget.

 Bill Clark