

THE HANNA FAMILY

WORLD WAR ONE 1914-18



Henry Havelock Hanna service number 23079

David Hanna service number 7/56

George Victor Hanna service number 10/77

Robert Hayes Hanna service number 8/1253

Frederick John Hanna service number 36810

Thomas Reginald Hanna service number 10824

2014 onwards marks the Centenary of World War One- In particular April 25th 2015 marks 100 years since the landing in Gallipoli. This particular story honours and remembers the Hanna brothers, a handsome band of brothers , Henry, David, Robert, Fred, George and Tom who went to war for “King and Country” alongside thousands of others in the New Zealand Expeditionary Force. With no living parents, they left behind their only sister Alice, known as ‘Queenie’ whom they adored.

Libby and Gordon Ogilvie travelled in 1999 to visit the battlefields in France. Libby also spent much time researching her father Toms’ war years. Her story brings together the emotion and experience of war which affects a family, perhaps for generations to come.

REMEMBERING

100 YEARS AGO



*“They went with songs to the battle,
they were young.
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and
aglow.”*

The War 1914-1918 and its effect.

*Written by Elisabeth Ogilvie (nee Hanna –daughter of Tom and Edna with siblings David and Jane),
Photos and text edited and foreword written by Anne Ogilvie (Granddaughter)*

It is difficult to read and learn about the Hanna family and their contribution to WW1 without acknowledging the fact that they had already been through major sorrow and tragedy. This also puts in context the ordeal swirling around them in those years before the war began. Robert Hayes Hanna Senior their father from County Down Ireland, had married Alice Rickard and they had a large family- but the marriage had come into trouble, they were separated and then tragically Robert had taken his life in 1904. Tom was 7 years old. Henry had "shouldered responsibility" for his mother and siblings but she too died in 1911 leaving the family without parents. At this time Tom was 14 and had to leave school to help support the family. A large family of 10 children, two had already died as babies. Letitia Agnes at 18 months, who had somehow swallowed a brooch and Robert Hayes 2nd at age 5 months, William (number 4) died in 1907 aged 20 cause unknown. So it is not surprising with such tragedy behind them that in the event of WW1 1914 -18, six of the remaining Hanna boys one by one enlisted.

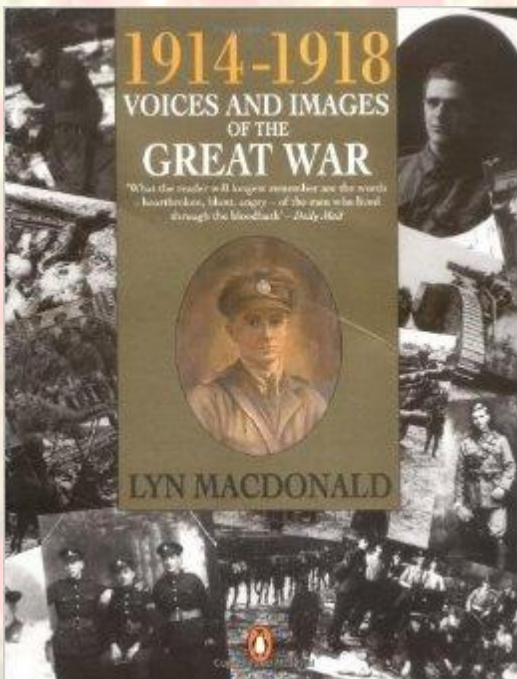
Libby writes.....

My interest in the First World War began early. I was found cutting up Tom's Khaki book "History of the New Zealand Division" with the nail scissors!

The searing bitter experiences in the trenches of France, Flanders and the Middle East remained in the memories of millions of men, British, French, German and all other nations caught up in what was called "The Great War" Mostly, those men never talked about what happened to them. They did not want to recall the agony of body, mind and spirit.

My own researches began in the 1970's when I read a letter in the British "Good Housekeeping" magazine. Their very fine book reviewer, Lyn MacDonald wrote an appeal for information from anyone who knew the stories of nurses involved in the conflict. She had worked for the BBC formerly and in that capacity had visited the battlefield of Passchendaele at the 60th anniversary of the battle in 1977. With her she took a party of old diggers. Aware of the impact of the event on these old men. Lyn

realised how histories written by officers diverged from the stark, horrifying tales she was hearing. She left the BBC and devoted many years to writing about this war using the experiences of her "boys"



I became involved with her over a number of years and began interviewing old soldiers in their eighties. It was the eleventh hour- perhaps nearer midnight! I had a good response to my letter to the editor and the phone rang for several days.

As well as the uncles' ministry of defence stuff I found a small volume tacked on to the history of New Zealand in the war volumes. It was about the NZ Cycle Battalion which was Tom's unit for over two and a half years on the Western Front. All the soldiers, leaving for the war, had their photographs taken in their uniform. In 1915 Tom was eighteen years old but he put up his age one year to nineteen to enlist.

Tom features on the cover of Lyn's book

In 1915 his brothers Bob and Dave (in France) and George (Gallipoli) were already at war. In the sepia photograph Private T.R Hanna wears his uniform solemnly and well. Having also suffered tragic losses in his family circle he is off to the great adventure which turned into a hellish nightmare.

When I was little Tom said to me, "I lost my faith in Father Christmas when I was eight and in God when I was eighteen." From an Irish family from County Down, reared in the stern Presbyterian tradition and considering a career in the church, Tom never went to church again after the war.



Trooper T.R Hanna 1916

Tom enlisted in the mounted rifles in January 1916 and was sent to Featherston Army camp at Tauherenikau on the 14th of January 1916. Here they spent some wintry months in tents –troops even slept in the grandstands at the country Wairarapa racecourses. These young boys, joined up as cavalry troops. Because the situation in France had stabilised into dogged and dangerous trench warfare the cavalry was not being used in the usual way. The *raison d'être* behind the huge "pushes" favoured by Field-Marshal Haig, Officer Commanding the Western Front was to clear a way through with infantry and allow the cavalry to follow on to turn the enemy lines. These frontal assaults resulted in appalling losses and would lift "The Great War" into a special class of twentieth century disasters. In March 1916 the New Zealand government offered to supply a Cyclist Corps and the officers and the men were found from the mounted Rifles reinforcements training at that time at Tauherenikau. Tom was transferred to this small

He was under the command of Lieutenant- Col Evans. The photos of "the lads" show a jolly lot smoking their pipes and horsing around in their singlets.

But any holiday camp atmosphere concluded with the reality of a route march from Featherstone over the Rimatakas to the wharves at Wellington. Here they embarked on the S.S Mokoia on May 6th 1916

(CONTINUED p5)

**"They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted
they fell with their faces to the foe."**



Original members of S.S Mokoia may 1916

EMBARKATION DETAILS MILITARY RECORD OF THOMAS REGINALD HANNA

WW1 (Auckland War Memorial Museum)

6 May 1916

Wellington

New Zealand

06 May 1916-21 June 1916

HMNZT 52

HMNZT 53

Wellington

New Zealand

Suez Disembarked 21st June 1916

Egypt

Embarked Alexandria for Marseilles 10th July 1916

Posted to field on arrival 17th July

Appointed temp Corporal 13th Dec 1916

Promoted to Corporal 1. Dec 1917

Leave to Paris 13th March 1918

Re-joined unit 22nd March 1918

Appointed Lance Sergeant in the field 26th April 1918

Evacuated sick to hospital 27th June 1918

Re-joined unit from Field Ambulance 2nd July 191

Wounded in action on 29th August 1918

Military records for Tom Hanna show stated age as 19 years 10 months on enlistment (although Tom was actually one year younger) Conscription age was 20 at the time.

Stated D.O.B was 11th March 1896 (actually 1897). Features described on medical were complexion 'fresh', hair dark brown, eyes blue, height 5 ft. 8 ¼ inches, 140 pounds, occupation clerk. Embarked 6.5.16, discharged 29.1.19.

When wounded he was placed on the dangerously ill list 1.9.18 and removed on 8.9.18 and sent to the U.K aboard Panama to a New Zealand General Hospital

He embarked for New Zealand aboard Marama from Southampton on the 19th December 1918 and disembarked in Wellington on the 30th January 1919. He was discharged being no longer fit for War service on account of wounds on 24th October 1919.

Tom was "mentioned in despatches" by FM Sir D. Haig for distinguished and gallant service and devotion to duty during the period 25th February 1918 to midnight 16/17 September 1918.

He also received the British War Medal and the Victory Medal.

Tom died in Christchurch on 29th December 1959 and his soldier's grave lies in the Ruru Lawn cemetery.



The voyage took 46 days via Albany (W.A) Cape Leeuwin, Colombo and the Red Sea to Suez where they arrived at Tel el Kebir camp. From Alexandria they sailed for Europe on the S.S Tunisian to Marseille in France where they arrived on the 17th of July. From there they entrained via Lyons, Paris, and Amiens.

On the N.Z Memorial at Longueval is written. "They came from the ends of the earth." Why did they? It is hard to recapture the atmosphere of those years. The bright, shining, promising faces going off to war. The bleary eyed, shocked, ghost-like figures who returned and those who didn't return would be the 1914, 15, 16, 17, 18 figures on truncated family trees. This was the greatest, all-encompassing disaster in the whole futile history of war.

Two of the above postcards exist- no1 reads "N'importe C'est la guerre" Never mind, it is the war-On second thoughts I thought it better not to tax you too much- Tom

Postcard No2 reads- Have not seen Henry

for some weeks but may run across him soon -Tom

Dear Queen was feeling crook when this was taken not a good photo, in best health now hope you are well - Bert

When I was in my teens I was a great fan of John Buchan, especially the Richard Hannay novels. One of these "Mr Standfast" has brilliant descriptions of the battles of the Somme, Passchendaele and all the other names that roll down the years. I read about the great "save" in 1918 when it was nearly all over. The great battles between Russia and the Turks at Erzurum were very exciting. I did not quite realise that Tom had been at most of those very battles!

During the first battle of the Somme, the Cycle Corps were used as runners and orderlies at N.Z G.H.Q. Here they would be working under the command of the icy and unpopular Lieutenant General Alexander John Godfrey. They moved with H.Q as the New Zealand troops marched into the battle on the (15th?) September at the little village of Fricourt. For 28 days they fought on through Mametz Wood taking all the objectives asked of them with notable energy, dash and flair.

One of their memorable experiences which Tom told us about was a long bike in January 1917. They went on a "Route Bike" to Boulogne. It was very very cold. Townspeople at Therouanne offered them the luxury of beds! The roads were frozen, slippery as glass. Spills were frequent and tempers

sullen. The “old man” riding in front put his brakes on going downhill and the resultant “motorway pileup” was impressive. The Col’s oaths were heard from the bottom layer.

Another memory was sleeping under a piece of corrugated iron in a field covered with hoar frost. A photograph survives of Tom and his best friend Frank Clarke taken in Boulogne 1917. Tom and Frank look exhausted, pale and bleary eyed. Their uniforms muddy and torn. Tom was at this time a Corporal.



The Cycle Corps duties were varied but all fiercely hard work. It included traffic control, tree felling, cable burying, repairing of trenches, plus holding the line as infantry and the reconnaissance of front line areas. The work of burying cables six

to eight feet deep, running up to the front line in shell swept areas and most of it done at night, was valuable and successful as it was arduous and dangerous. The Battalion became so experienced and expert at this work that latterly the personnel were used only for supervision.

“Commander of N.Z E.F General A.J Godley wrote at the end of the war. “As front line troop’s special mention must be made of the Battle of Messines, the filling of the gap near Vierstaat and the holding off of the enemy for four days in April 1918 during the critical phase of the offensive. The capture of Marfaux with the 5th French Army in July 1918 and patrol and reconnaissance work in the 2nd battle of the Somme and in the final advance from Arras to Mons.”

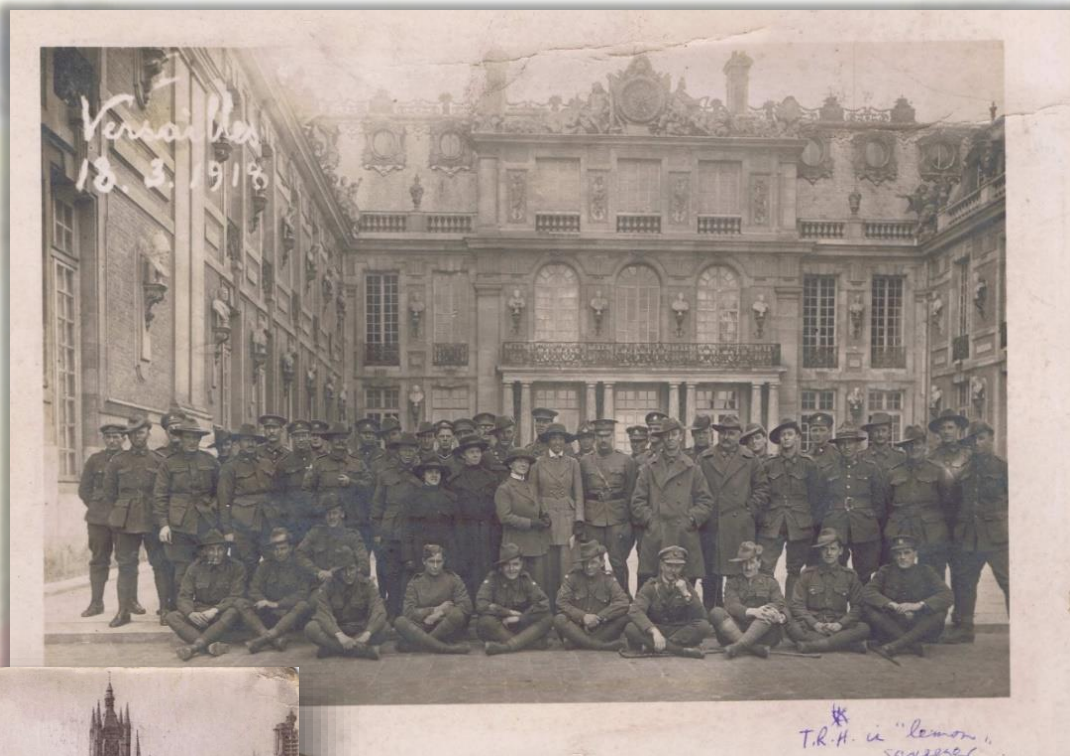
Throughout the tumultuous years of 1917 and 1918 the Cyclist Corps was in the thick of it. At Messines they built a track across the battlefield with more cable-laying under heavy fire. In August 1917, they lay cables at Sanctuary Wood and 13,000 yards of cable on the Passchendaele ridges. The Battalion supervised as the members of the New Zealand Rifle brigade dug. On the successful fourth of October advance, they followed the troops laying cables. No doubt they watched aghast on the 12th of October as 45 officers and 800 New Zealand troops died in the uncut wire (2,700 were also wounded) all in the space of a few hours. This was the most disastrous day in New Zealand military history.

My old gentlemen at Rannardale (rest home) wept as they told me about it. “It was criminal,” they said. “We should never have been sent in there” “It was a waist deep sea of mud” “Not enough guns” It would appear many things combined to produce this disaster.

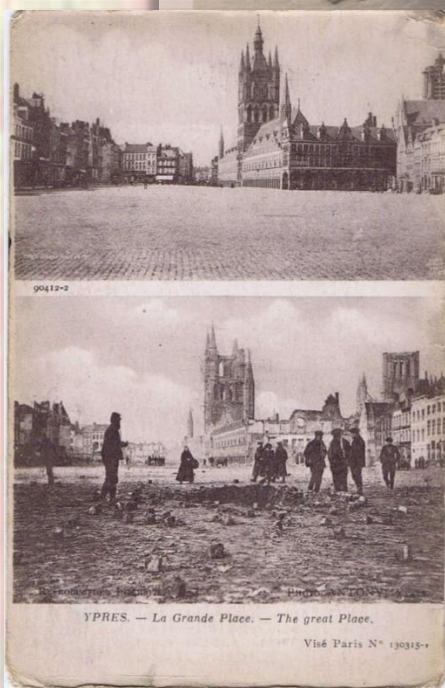
The story is well told in “Massacre at Passchendaele” by Glyn Harper and “They called it Passchendaele” by Lyn MacDonald who tell the story well.

The most important failure was the inability of the gunners to anchor their weapons in the mud. As they fired, they skewed upwards or sideways, leaving the German pill-boxes and wire unscathed. There was no creeping barrage for the troops to follow and they died in hundred's at the hands of the German gunners and on the uncut wire. The habit of the British in creating Battalions of troops from geographical localities meant that a "bad push" wiped out the majority of the men from a single village or town. The poignant memorials with dozens of names from remote places like Collingwood New Zealand shows this.

After Passchendaele Tom went on leave to Paris. There are two photos of him in parties visiting Versailles and Fontainebleau. I am pleased he saw something of the glory of France as well as the diabolical shambles of the front. A photo taken in a Paris studio shows him looking fit and well.



Tom Hanna in "lemon squeezer" 5TH from the top right



Ypres — Le Grande Place, before and after bombing



"It was a waist deep sea of mud."



On the 3rd of July they were inspected by the Hon. WJ Massey, Prime Minister and J.G Ward

(Minister of Finance). On the 14th of July 1918 orders came for the unit to entrain not at Amiens, which was now in the front line and being shelled, but round eastwards of Paris via Versailles to Pont du Seine. From here they biked 70 kilometres to Ay near Epernay on the Marne River east of Rheims, famous champagne country. They swam in the canal by the Marne River on arrival. Next morning was a difficult ride along miles of indifferent roads, through dense forests where roads were choked with troops and Lorries.

*Tom Hanna 4th top left
Fontainebleau 17th March 1918*

From the hill the Montagne de Rheims they could see that wonderful city, in German hands since the war began.

The orders were to leave the cycles, move forward and capture the village of Marfaux. This village was the limit of the enemy's advances. On the third of June 1918 our cyclists were flung in with "The Hampshires" to hold the line. They followed a creeping barrage and took all the objectives. The boys did their job well and as their history says "showed that dash and determination so well-known from colonial troops." 10 boys died at Marfaux- a big blow to the small unit. But the Germans were turned back from Epernay.

The citizens of Epernay requested that the New Zealanders who had helped save their town be rewarded with a battle banner by General Berthalot of the 5th French Army. This was presented to them- the only unit in the British Army to receive one.



MARFAUX



Location Information

Marfaux (New Zealand) Memorial takes the form of a panel stone erected in the shelter in Marfaux British Cemetery. It commemorates, by name, 10 casualties of the New Zealand Cyclist Battalion who fell in July 1918 and who have no known grave.

Historical Information

Marfaux was captured by the Germans in May 1918, and retaken, after severe fighting, on the 23rd July, by the 51st (Highland) and 62nd (West Riding) Divisions and the New Zealand Cyclist Battalion (Commonwealth war graves commission cemetery information)

When Tom was ill towards the end of his life Marfaux weighed heavily on his mind and he talked a lot about it. The unit then returned to Picardy to do Patrol and reconnaissance work in the second battle of the Somme. On the 25th of August, the companies were ordered to follow up the retiring enemy and move out as an advance guard towards Longueval. They were held up in Mametz wood by a considerable enemy force. On the 26th of August they were holding a line with Lewis guns south and west of Maricourt. Sergeant Coates and three men were wounded in the attack. Here Tom was hit by a shell fragment in the thigh and was evacuated to the casualty clearing station. Here he woke to a voice saying "What children are receiving stripes these days!" It was Sister Jean Irwin from Christchurch who was his former Sunday school teacher.

On the dangerously ill list for some time Tom pulled through and arrived some time later at the Brockenhurst NZ Military Hospital in the New Forest near Southampton. Frank Clark was already hospitalised here with a lesser wound. He had heard that Tom had been killed and was very sad. One afternoon mooching around the camp gates two ambulances arrived. The first stretcher off was Tom's and there was a great reunion.

One of my callers from the letter in the Press was a medical orderly who was later stationed at Brockenhurst.



In uniform, Tom and L.H Stewart.



He had a pile of photos from the camp and the first one I picked up showed Tom playing snooker in the recreation room, surrounded by fellow lemon squeezed convalescents.



Tom Hanna second left R&R

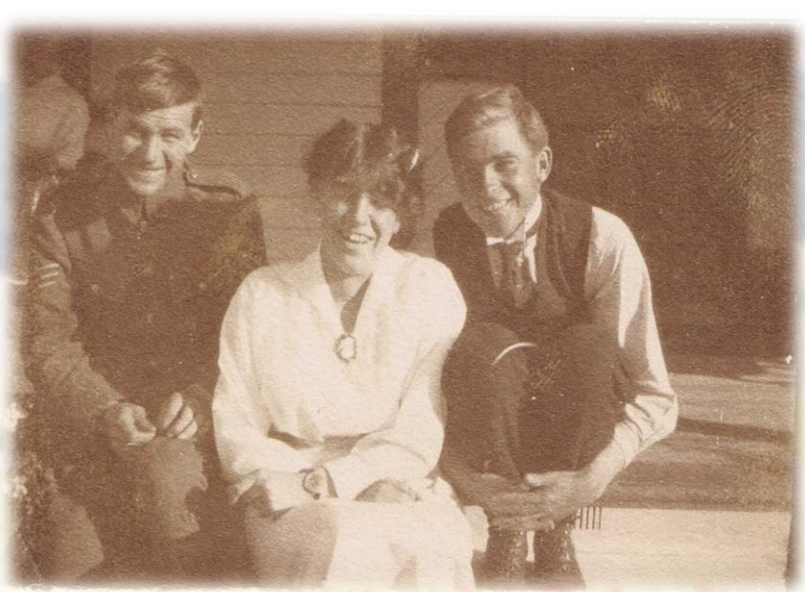


Tom with great friend Frank Clark



Tom with Frank Clark front possibly L.H Stewart

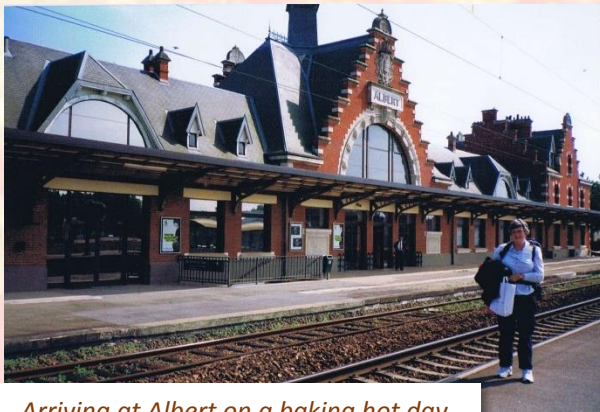
Later Tom returned on board a hospital ship and was discharged as unfit to render further war service. Joyous photos of his reunion with sister Queenie at Hereford Street are among the family pile.



Joyous reunions with Queenie and Bob

In 1999 during several weeks backpacking in Europe, Gordon and I visited both the Somme and the Montagne de Rheims area.

On a baking afternoon we arrived at Albert by train from Amiens. The troops marched to Albert from Amiens along a dead straight Roman road which featured in all the soldiers stories. All the way they could see the statue of the Virgin Mary leaning dangerously from the shattered tower of the Basilica. "If it falls" they said, "we will lose the war". It never did. Albert was completely rebuilt a friendly market town doing their very best to help us.



Arriving at Albert on a baking hot day.

Our train took us along the valley of the Ancre, a watery, poplar lined tributary of the Somme. Amiens is renowned for its water gardens and touring by barge is popular in all this territory. We stayed two nights with Monsieur and Madam Daudigny-Ditois at the aptly named "Hotel de la Paix" We had dinner in the tiny restaurant – absolutely positively French! Madam was about 35, nifty and nicely dressed, nimble married to the waiter- hilarious! Crisp white curtains in the dining room, other rooms had painted wooden dados,

floral wall paper, papered ceilings and a big ticking clock. It was very very hot and reminded me of scenes in Rumer Goden's "The greengage summer". We had a good meal and a good sleep.

Next day we discovered our hire car had been mistakenly booked at Albertville 600 km's away Consternation! No hire car firms in Albert so while we absorbed this calamity we visited "The Musee des Abris de Grande Guerre" This was situated in long chalk tunnels beneath the ground in the square. The music echoed through the long tunnels and was spine tinglingly eerie.

The set pieces were riveting. I felt icy cold as a "flu strain" I had met up with in Durham began to take hold. Gordon left me on the warm steps of the Basilica, the Virgin holding her baby aloft above me.

Gordon disappeared for a long time. In fractured French he explained to the staff of a garage that his wife's father had been wounded in the defence of this town and there was no car to visit the battlefield. Although not a car hire establishment and much moved by the tale they gave him a car for the day and he arrived tooting below the triumphant virgin.

It was clear and sunny, away from the little market town with green wheat fields spread all around. Dotted and edged with drifts of scarlet poppies, blue cornflowers and white daisies small roads meandered from village to village, wood to wood. We came to Fricourt where the New Zealand troops had marched into the line in September, 1916. The woods surrounded the villages with shelter and here and there the graceful white plinth of the British cemeteries led us to them.



I walked around in a Flu-induced dream which somehow protected me from the

The symbol of Flanders, the red poppy flamed everywhere. It became shimmeringly hot- quiet, peaceful and quite beautiful.



sadness and I felt a wonderful calm in the beauty of this countryside which had seen such horror. In September 1916 the New Zealand division was marched into battle on the Somme at this little village of Fricourt. For 28 days they fought their way through Mametz Wood. These little woods were fearful boggy areas of splintered trees – hell holes of roots, German snipers and attack and counter attack. On the road to Mametz poppies the symbol of Flanders and Picardy- which we grew up with and cornflowers bluer than the photo, trefoil and daisies.

The next village we found was Maricourt near which Tom was wounded in August 1918. We wandered along a dirt road to a clump of trees with an iron shrine in it. Shells are still laid beside the roads for collection and, of course, Gordon found one. "I know about shells" he said "It's ok" and insisted on photographing

me, gingerly holding it. It was a wonder I didn't come home in a bag!

We ate our lunch on the steps of the Memorial to the New Zealand Division at Longueval. It stood on a small hill which was taken by our soldiers and then they moved on to Flers and Gaudecourt taking every objective asked of them. At Caterpillar Valley cemetery nearby, we signed the visitor's book. The cemeteries are immaculately kept, surrounded by oak trees and filled with flowers. At the back of this one a long wall lists the names of 250 New Zealanders whose graves are unknown. What a long way they had come to lay down their lives in a foreign land, for a cause which did not affect them at all



Libby gingerly holding a shell! and lunch at Longueval at the Memorial to the New Zealand division



*Caterpillar Valley cemetery. Recorded on a rear wall
Are the names of 250 New Zealand soldiers whose graves
are unknown.*



Gordon finds (another) artillery shell

We drove north to visit Thiepval – a leafy village on a high ridge, up which the allies had to fight to reach the German lines. Here dominating the whole area is the Lutyens designed memorial to 72,000 British troops whose graves are unknown. Each of the huge white blocks at the base of the arch are engraved with lists of names from dozens of the old British regiments. I felt sadness and anger at this place but my Flu dream kept it in check.



Another memorial we visited was that erected by the Canadians at Beaumont-Hamel. Here the old trenches and the no man's land have been preserved. When Gordon began learning the pipes at St Andrews his first tune was the 51st Highland Division at Beaumont-Hamel. Here 3/4 of the raw recruits from the then colony of Newfoundland were wiped out in half an hour. A devastating loss for those small settlements on that island. While I rested sitting on the little hill, surrounded by North American shrubs,

Lutyens designed memorial to 72,000 British Troops

Libby with Canadian Guide Megan



Gordon walked through the trenches and "no man's land" to the plinth dedicated to the highlanders on the German trenches- once again on the high ground.

Young Canadian guides on their summer vacation showed us around. Our friend Megan told us that the German High Command captured all the high points in the early days of the war which they had mapped and designated from marching over this terrain in the Franco-Prussian wars of the 1870's.

The 51st Highland Division finally dislodged the Germans late in 1916.

This division was commanded in the World War 11 by Major-General Thomas Rennie, Grandad Ogilvie's 1st cousin. He was killed crossing the Rhine at the forefront of his men.

From the Somme area we returned by train to Paris and walked from the Gare du Nord to the Gare de l'Est. Sitting on my pack at the Gare de l'Est while Gordon got the tickets I slipped over backwards through some potted, small tree's and landed on my bottom at the table of some chic Parisienne lunchers! Getting too old for backpacking!

We returned to Rheims and stayed at the Youth Hostel. Here our car was ready as ordered! Rheims is the central city of the Champagne country. Epernay, just south is the nearest town to the lines and beneath all this area are the carved chalk cellars which contain the vintages. Rheims, a charming red brick city with an incomparable cathedral when we visited it in 1958 has exploded into a madhouse of motorways, roaring east and west, concrete warehouses, grids, pylons etc.

We took the motorway to Epernay and turned off into the charming area known as the Montagne de Rheims. I had recently read a fast paced action thriller by Noel Barber set in the area during the 2nd World War. How much have these people between France and Germany endured!

Row after row of tidy vineyards spread across the rolling slopes- each row headed by an attendant rose to check on the arrival of fungi. We passed many familiar vineyards, Veuve Cliquot, Dom Perignon etc. and many "house vineyards" and tasting stations. In view of the motorways we left our glass of champagne until we were back at Rheims in the evening

We quickly found the little village of Marfaux and its attendant cemetery. Marfaux British Cemetery overflowed with golden roses- next door the stark, unadorned black crosses of the German fallen. We spent a while here wandering in the sun, smelling the roses and reading the map of the battle and signing the visitor's book- we were the only kiwis in the current book. Alongside the little memorial chapel was a plaque of white granite which read

"Here are recorded all the names of men

of New Zealand who fell in 1918 in the battle of the Marne and whose graves are known only to God".

Round the edges of the green wheat fields the poppies romped away in waves of red. "Lest we forget" said the poppies "all the loss, sorrow and hopelessness of these years and of all wars"

Tom died in 1959- forty years earlier than my visit to Marfaux and is buried in the soldier's cemetery at Ruru Christchurch. As I sat among the poppies I could feel his presence, not the Tom I knew but the earlier young man who went off adventuring and lost his faith in God. He would have been intrigued that I followed his journey and I felt amidst the quiet and the sun that I had closed a chapter for him and for me.





Basilica in Albert, Mum sat under, badly bombed during the war, now completely rebuilt complete with Virgin Mary and child on top



"They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
We will remember them."

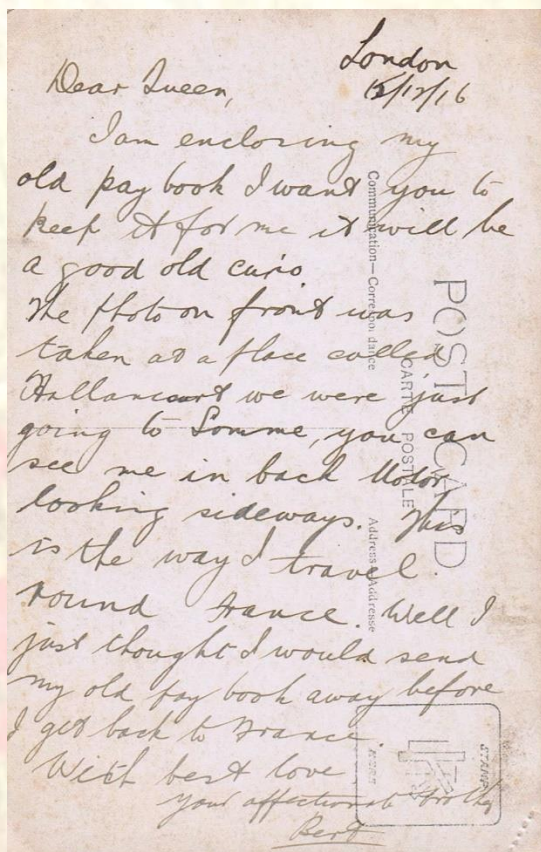


ROBERT HAYES HANNA

SERVICE NUMBER 8/1253



Robert (Bert) front wagon looking sideways postcard to sister Queenie



Robert Hayes Hanna with dagger

(Per Press Association.)

WELLINGTON, June 14.

KILLED IN ACTION.

Moreau, K., Private, Maori Contingent.

DIED OF WOUNDS.

Gough, F. E., Private.
Shearer, C. H., Private.
Taylor, D., Private.

WOUNDED.

In a long list of wounded, dates May 28th to June 1st the following Canterbury names appear:—

Ecroyd, Gilbert (R. & Ecroyd, Riccarton).
M'Cauley, Alexander (Elizabeth M'Cauley, Kimberley, mother).
Bonniface, Thomas Charles, lance-corporal (Mrs M. J. Bonniface, Christchurch, wife).
Cumming, Reginald A. (Mrs W. Cumming, Addington, mother).
M'Cauley, Robert (Mrs C. M'Cauley, Kimberley, mother).
Nordstrom, Alfred William (Robert Nordstrom, Tinwald, brother).
Wren, Timothy (Mrs Bridget Wren, Christchurch, mother).
Young, William Lambert (Robert Young, Waikari, father).
Oliver, William Roland (Herbert Oliver, Hororata, father).
Grace, Harold (William Grace, St. Albans, father).
Hearn, Charles (Mrs Sarah Hearn, Christchurch, mother).
Parker, Ernest (Mrs A. Parker, Richmond, mother).
Dalzell, William Edward, corporal (S. Dalzell, Rangiora, father).
Hanna, Robert Hayes (H. H. Hanna, Christchurch, brother).
Small, Phillips Geoffrey (William H. Small, Okuku, father).
Smith, James Matthew (Mrs J. Smith, Avonside, mother).
Clark, Robert John (C. G. Clark, Sydenham, father).
Matthews, Clifford Osborn (Jeremiah Matthews, Christchurch, father).
Jones, Ernest (Mrs S. A. Jones, New Brighton, mother).
Wheeler, Charles D., lance-corporal (Thomas Charles Wheeler, Christchurch, father).
Clark, Alfred (Mrs A. Clark, Riccarton, mother).
Emerton, William (Mrs Marion Emerton, Christchurch, wife).
Feutz, Edwin Walter (H. Feutz, Papanui, father).
Northam, John Henry (S. J. Northam, Geraldine, brother).
Gabb, John Langdon (Mrs T. Gabb, Christchurch, mother).
Burnell, Thomas James (William Burnell, Heathcote, father).
Lloyd, Percy, lance-corporal (Mrs E. M. Lloyd, Sydenham, wife).
Wounded accidentally, admitted to hospital:—
Webster, Charles F. (Amy Webster, Addington, wife).
Wounded, embarked for England:—
Meachen, Charles Emerson (Mrs Mary Meachen, Christchurch, mother).
Slightly wounded, remaining with unit:—
Paterson, John (Mrs M. A. Paterson, Riccarton, mother).
Crocker, Edward Robert, lance-corporal (Mrs Isabella Crocker, Lyttelton, wife).
Gunter, William (Mrs J. Gunter, Christchurch, mother).
Pannell, Edgar Douglas (H. Pannell, Christchurch, father).

HOSPITAL REPORT.

The following South Canterbury name appears in the official hospital report:—

Not severe case—Private Robert W. McVey, Albury.

Mrs J. H. Jubb, Collins Street, Kensington, has received word that her son, Lieut. Jubb, is dangerously ill in a British Red Cross Hospital in Calais, suffering from a gun-shot wound received on June 9th, and bronchitis. Lieut. Jubb left with the 17th Reinforcements.

CASUALTY LIST Timaru Herald, Volume CVI, Issue 16262, 15 June 1917, Page 11 states Robert Hayes Hanna wounded

EMBARKATION DETAILS Robert Hayes Hanna

WW1

14 December 1914

Wellington

New Zealand

14 December 1914

HMNZT 13

HMNZT 14

HMNZT 15

Wellington

New Zealand

Suez

Egypt

Departed - 14 December 1914

EMBARKATION BODY

WW1

14 December 1914

2nd Reinforcements

Otago Infantry Battalion

Verdala or Willochra or Knight of the Garter

Private



Robert with Aunt Minnie on return

Post script:- Libby writes about childhood memories of Bob- "Bob I knew well, he lived in North Beach at the end of our bus line. He worked as a warder at Paparoa Prison and was married to a sweet Irish lady called Minnie. We used to visit Bob and Minnie on our bikes with Dad during the war. Bob was back in the army at that stage WW2 (Fred had reenlisted by that stage but according to his sheet had been deemed "not suitable") Bob was a cracker gardener and had grand vegetables and flowers. They had no children, "Bob did not want them" according to my mother. Bob had a cracked sort of voice and laugh and I enjoyed him when I was a child- Minnie I thought was lovely, she was very Irish.

'We lost the fun informal contact we had as children when we went on to University and jobs.'



Robert with sister Queenie on return

Back of Postcard reads

London 15/12/16

Dear Queen,

I am enclosing my old pay book, I want you to keep it for me it will be a good old curio. The photo in front was taken at a place called Hallencourt we were just going to Somme you can see me in back motor looking sideways. This is the way to travel round France. Well I just thought I would send you my old pay book away before I get back to France with best love your affectionate brother

Bert

FREDERICK JOHN HANNA

Service Number 36810

NEXT OF KIN ON EMBARKATION

Miss Alice Hanna (sister)
care of Standard Fire and Marine Insurance Company of N.Z. (Limited)
Christchurch
New Zealand

AWWM (Auckland War Memorial Museum)



EMBARKATION DETAILS Frederick John Hanna

WW1

26 April 1917

Wellington

New Zealand

26 Apr 1917-28 July 1917

HMNZT 82

Plymouth

Devon

England

Cape of Good Hope

Cape Province

Republic of South Africa

Port of Call

Depart - 26 Apr 1917

Arrival - 28 Jul 1917

EMBARKATION BODY

WW1

26 April 1917

New Zealand Rifle Brigade

G Company

Pakeha

Sergeant



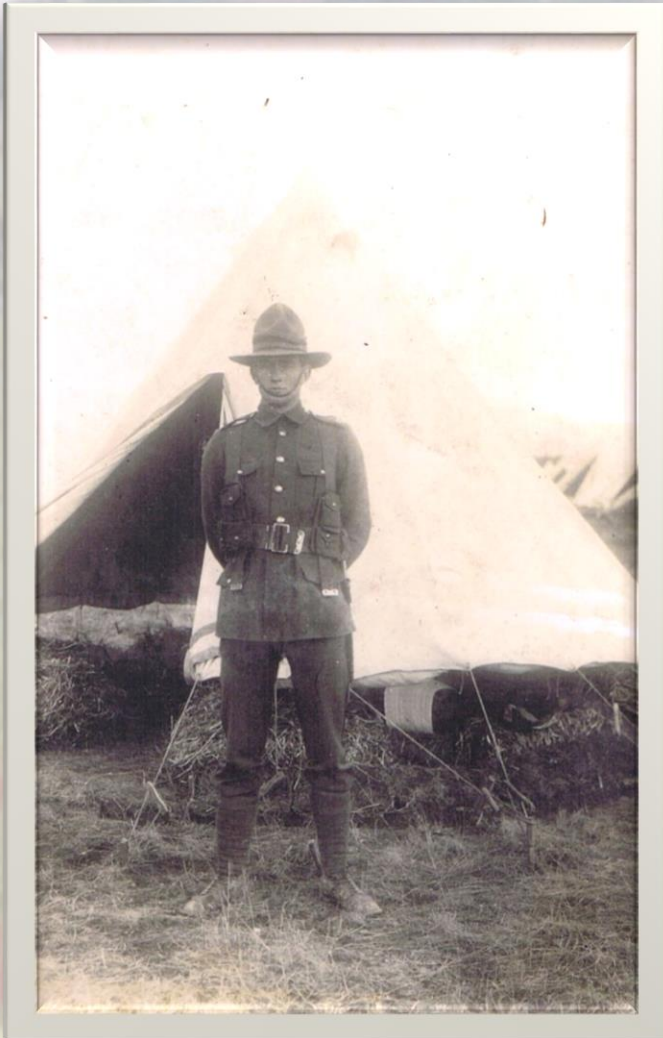
Post script-Libby writes "Fred was a dag, he was separated from his wife Vera and for years he came in the weekend and helped out in the garden at New Brighton Road. He was not tall, twinkled like a leprechaun and had all the charm in the world. He liked a drink (much to the disapproval of Edna!) Uncle Fred was also a racing man and bet on the horses. The first race at Addington-after an absence of some years and Fred was gardening (and enjoying the beautiful weekend dinner.) He wanted to place a bet on the phone with the bookie (illegal at the time!) Mother was horrified "stop him Tom!" she said "not in front of the children!" I remember the horse yet-'Gold bar' and it won.

Other memories of Fred were mainly amusing. He was good with kids "She's filling out nicely isn't she Tom?" said Fred – at the age of 13, I'll never forget that one!

Fred liked Akaroa and visited there a lot, he met and married a lady called Sally which gave him a short lived happiness again. She was a very pretty widow but sadly died a few years later."

George Victor Hanna

Service Number 10/775 AWMM



George Victor HANNA 10/775 Wounded at Gallipoli

FORCE – ARMY

ADDRESS BEFORE ENLISTMENT

Hunter Road
Matapu

NEXT OF KIN ON EMBARKATION

Henry H. Hanna (brother)
Solicitor Christchurch New Zealand



*Portrait Auckland Weekly News
Roll of Honour. Left) photograph
training camp probably Egypt*

Spring comes Gallipoli

If they could come back on a day like this,

And witness the sea's profound peace, the way the blue
comes close to the shore,

Soft lipped waves barely moving,

And the wild romance of the Judas trees

Like a lost dawn in the cemeteries, irises banked deep
below

Shell green

As spring finds Gallipoli

The bitter campaign of 1915

Would seem a macabre, desperate dream.



RELATIONSHIP STATUS

Pre 16 October 1914

Single

Service

WARS AND CONFLICTS

WAR

World War I, 1914-1918 AWMM

(Auckland War Memorial Museum)

CAMPAIGNS

1915-1916

Gallipoli

Turkey

1914-1916

Egypt

MILITARY UNITS

11th Taranaki Rifles Company

MILITARY SERVICE

11th Taranaki Rifles Company

EMBARKATION DETAILS

WW1

16 October 1914

Wellington

New Zealand

16 Oct 1914-3 December 1914

HMNZT 7

HMNZT 10

Wellington

New Zealand

Suez

Egypt

Departed - 16 October 1914 -3 December 19

Arrived - 3 December 1914

EMBARKATION BODY WW1 16 October 1914 Main Body- Wellington Infantry Battalion, Arawa or Limerick, Lance Corporal

This information is obtained from George's Military file available through Archives New Zealand. Date of Birth stated was 19th June 1890. 6 foot 1 inch, eyes blue, complexion fair, hair brown, pronounced fit on medical records. He was at the Gallipoli landing with the 11th Taranaki Rifles Company then under the command of William George Malone one of New Zealand's most celebrated commanders well known for his advance to Chunuk Bair (Turkish-*Conk Bayırı Muharebesie*) and inventor of the "lemon squeezer hat" designed to keep the rain off. George was wounded in action with a gunshot wound to the head (severe) on 8th May 1915 sometime later on the 12th of May he was shipped to Alexandra to hospital. He returned to New Zealand on the "Willochra" on the 16th July 1915. It appears from the "personal notes" that he tried to enlist in the 8th reinforcements but was diagnosed with cerebrospinal meningitis before departure and also Tuberculosis. He was admitted to Coronation Hospital where he was visited by Queenie. In August 1916 it was mooted to the chief health officer that Lance corporal Hanna should go and board in Western Australia with his uncle if contact could be made. However he spent his last days it appears living in a tent on farmland in Yaldhurst. He was awarded the British war medal and the Victory medal. He died age 26 on 23rd April 1917 at Yaldhurst of Phthisis (Pulmonary Tuberculosis)-12 months and Asthenia (weakness)3 months as per his death certificate.

His military funeral is described in "personal notes"

"They mingle not with their laughing comrades again.

They sit no more at familiar tables of home;

they have no lot in our labour of the day - time;

they sleep beyond England's foam."

Account of Funeral for George Victor Hanna

PERSONAL NOTES.

Mr J. W. Piper, of Hereford street, Linwood, received word yesterday that his son, Lieut. J. W. H. Piper, R.E., is now in Bournemouth Hospital, making excellent progress towards recovery. He expects to be on furlough within a month.

Word has been received in Dunedin of the death in France of Private Richard Treston. The late soldier, whose death was the result of pneumonia, was familiarly known in Dunedin some years back as "Dick" Treston, a member of the Zingari-Richmond Football Club, and an entertainer whose humorous items on the concert platform were always welcome. About 16 years ago, "Dick" Treston, who was in the service of the Massey-Harris Company in Dunedin, was transferred to Melbourne, where he was stationed until he joined the Australian Expeditionary Force 12 months ago. He was the second son of the late Mr P. Treston, of Dunedin.

The funeral of the late Lance-Corporal George Victor Hanna, who died at Yaldhurst on Monday, was held yesterday. The body was conveyed on a gun-carriage from King Edward Barracks to the Linwood Cemetery, and was escorted by a detachment from the New Zealand Artillery, commanded by Sergeant Wetherall. The firing party consisted of No. 9 Company of the Army Service Corps. The late Lance-Corporal Hanna was about 27 years of age, and was, prior to the outbreak of war, the Wanganui representative of the Kaiapoi Woollen Company. He served with the Main Body of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, being wounded in the head at the Gallipoli landing. After being invalided home he enlisted in the 8th Reinforcements, but failed to get away on account of having contracted cerebro-spinal meningitis prior to the departure of the Reinforcements. He went into hospital, and, lately, it being found that he had consumption, he was removed to the Coronation Hospital. Subsequently he lived in a tent at Yaldhurst. His family bears an excellent record, as five of the deceased's brothers are at the front, and a sixth is on his way there.



Also in plot but no headstone:

Nelson Ewart DALZELL [1]

Died: 28 January 1923

Born: Christchurch

Aged: 3 days

Address at time of death: 139 Salisbury St, Christchurch And

Alice HANNA [2]

Cause of death: Cerebral haemorrhage

Died: 20 December 1911

Born: Scotland

Aged: 61 years

Address at time of death: 467 Hereford Street

Occupation: Widow

Years in NZ: 42

HENRY HAVELOCK

HANNA

EMBARKATION DETAILS AWMM

WW1

16 October 1916

Wellington

New Zealand

16 Oct 1916-28 December 1916

HMNZT 66

Devonport

Devon

England

Cape of Good Hope

Cape Province

Republic of South Africa

Port of Call

Depart - 16 Oct 1916

Arrival - 28 Dec 1916

EMBARKATION BODY

WW1

16 October 1916

New Zealand Rifle Brigade

12th Reinforcements, 2nd Battalion, F Company

Willochra

Second Lieutenant

OCCUPATION BEFORE ENLISTMENT

WW1

Solicitor

NEXT OF KIN ON EMBARKATION-John R. Cunningham (friend)

Solicitor- Graduated Canterbury University 1912 LL.B

181 Linwood Avenue Christchurch.

Post script- Libby write-"Uncle Henry, I remember him as being rather taller than the other brothers- big and somewhat 'boomy'. We did not see him often as my parents didn't have a car and he and Greta lived on the other side of town. I do remember calling once and he was gardening- in his pinkie- red woollen vest which all men over the age of 30 seemed to wear in those days and his baggy old gardening trousers tied up with binder twine around an ample waist. All the uncles were great gardeners- I think it was a special talent they had. All fathers and husbands gardened then, it was the weekend activity. Nobody went anywhere much, especially during the war. In retrospect they worked hard. They played Auction Bridge, there were always huge rows when the Hanna brothers played cards, my father was the peacemaker. My father had a battery of 'sayings' and he always called people different names from the normal. Edna was "Dip" Henry was "H.H" Bob was "Bert", Lynley Jackson was "Jane" and so on, He would have been a great writer, but as he said when we asked him to stay home for the day "Who would pay the mortgage?" It was years before I found out what a mortgage was!"



In Flanders fields the
poppies blow, between the
crosses row by row.

They mark our place; and in
the sky, the larks still
bravely singing fly scarce
heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days
ago. We lived, felt dawn
saw sunset glow, loved and
now we lie in Flanders
fields.

Take up our quarrel with
the foe: To you from failing
hands we throw the torch;
be yours to hold it high.

If ye break faith with us who
die. We shall not sleep,
though poppies grow

In Flanders fields

(Colonel John McCrae's
1915 poem written during a
lull in the second battle of
Ypres)

DAVID HANNA

Service Number 7/56



David seated Right on camel in Egypt

EMBARKATION DETAILS

WW1 AWMM

16 October 1914

Lyttelton

Christchurch

Canterbury

New Zealand

16 October 1914

HMNZT 4

HMNZT 11

Wellington

New Zealand

Suez

Egypt

Departed - 16 October 1914



EMBARKATION BODY

WW1

16 October 1914

Main Body

Canterbury Mounted Rifles

Tahiti or Athenic

Trooper

NEXT OF KIN

ADDRESS BEFORE ENLISTMENT

Unknown

Old Bank Hotel

Timaru

New Zealand

NEXT OF KIN ON EMBARKATION

Mrs Alice Hanna

467 Hereford Street

Christchurch

New Zealand Relationship status single

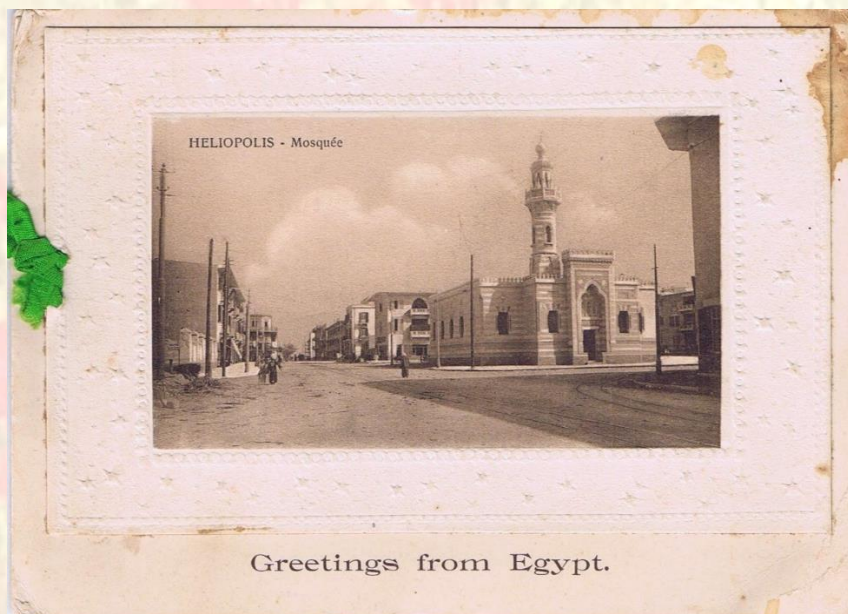
Military files show David served 4 years 226 days in the New Zealand Army service corps

He was hospitalised on several occasions with Pleurisy. He was once listed absent without leave from a "Tattoo" in the U.K. When he enlisted he was 28 years 5 months old. He was 5 foot 8 ½ inches tall with grey eyes, fair complexion and dark brown hair. His listed occupation was electrical engineer. Military rank L. Corporal. He enlisted on the 16th October 1914 was discharged from duties on 26th June 1919-

Date of Birth stated 17th January 1886

His duties included cook, motor driver and active service in France. Military file available in Archives NZ.

Libby writes that she never met Dave but notes 'David died in 1928 of Diabetes her mother Edna said.' Edna also said 'Dave was charming and very close to Tom who named our David after him.' After the war he lived in a boarding house in Sumner (called "Digs") Dave was picked for officer training and was about to move when the war ended.



Inside card- To greet you this New Year

From Dave to- His loving sister

1919 home from war and reunited with Queenie (Miss Alice Hanna) her five brothers

Standing Left Bob, and David

Sitting Left Fred, Henry, Alice and Tom



Libby wrote "Meanwhile Queenie married a Dalzell, he was a farmer in mid Canterbury. She died in 1923 being nursed by her mother-in-law at her house in Rugby Street. The surviving brothers all adored Queenie, who had taken on the mantle of mother to the younger ones after the death of both parents .Photos show her with dark hair "piled up" as it was then, a serious sensitive face and the beautiful blue Hanna eyes."

Footnote by Anne, according to records Miss Alice (Queenie) Hanna married Lesley Ewart Dalzell and had one child Nelson Ewart Dalzell who died when 3 days old in January 1923. He is buried with Alice Hanna (Grandmother) and George Victor Hanna in Linwood Cemetery. Alice Dalzell (Queenie) died aged 29 on the 14th August 1923 and is buried in Bromley Cemetery.



*Hanna descendants
Anne, Melike and
Dilara Ogilvie
Gungor visit the
New Zealand
Memorial at
Chunuk Bair,
Çanakkale Gallipoli
in Turkey
September 2014.
We also pay respect
to the Turkish
Soldiers who fell
defending their
homeland in the
Çanakkale War.*



Libby Ogilvie Gallipoli 1991



Post script.---I thank our mother Libby, who through her own interest in history and in particular her research into the First World War, gave us throughout our lives, an appreciation of the effect this war had on her family.

Although we didn't understand it all that well at the time, it speaks louder as we go through life, almost whispering down the generations. The involvement in WW1 of the Hanna family, that generation now long gone, is a very important time in New Zealand's history and in our own family history. It is hard to imagine that just under ten percent of our then population of 1.1 Million, served overseas and that 18,000 died. There were also over 40,000 hospitalisations due to injury or illness. Nearly every New Zealand family was impacted. The Hanna family were no different, although they all miraculously returned home, George, who never recovered from his wound and illness was to die at the age of 26, Tom was wounded, and the psychological scars and trauma of what was experienced, meant a generation of the men who did return, were largely silent about the war, except in comradeship with their war friends who had been through the same pain and suffering. As we commemorate and remember all those brave young men this Anzac day, we can appreciate and see the real faces of our family who went before us and those years which shaped not only New Zealand but our family too. -
Anne Ogilvie 12th April 2015

