Bean, Charles Edwin Woodrow.

ASC 1886-8
“Charlie”
CHARLES EDWIN WOODROW BEAN,
D.Litt., M.A., B.C.L.  
(Bean period)

Charles Bean was born at All Saints’ College, Bathurst, the eldest son of Edwin Bean, its headmaster, on 18 November 1879. He received his early education there, subsequently completing it at Brentwood School, Essex, under his father, and at Clifton College, and Hertford College, Oxford, where he gained the Essex Scholarship in Classics. In 1903 he graduated M.A. and B.C.L. In the same year he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, and in the following year, on his return to Australia, was admitted to the New South Wales Bar.

While acting as associate to Mr Justice Owen he wrote a series of articles on the impressions of an Australian educated abroad and returning to Australia, which were published when he finished his associateship in 1908. In that year, attracted by a writing career and disliking the law, he entered the service of the Sydney Morning Herald as a junior reporter, another Bathurst man, H. M. Green—later Librarian at Sydney University—joining at the same time.

Although Bean was then twenty-eight years old, by intense work he rose within two years to one of the best positions on the staff, being sent outback to report on the Western country, and the wool industry, and to New Zealand to meet the American Fleet. From 1911 to 1913 he served in England as the Herald’s London correspondent. There he was awarded the silver medal of the Royal Art Society for a paper on the Wool Industry in the British Dominions (1913). When the Great War broke out he was recommended by a vote of the Australian journalists for appointment as Official Correspondent of the Australian Government with the Australian Imperial Force, with the rank of captain. He served from the Landing to the Armistice, visiting every important trench or position occupied by Australian troops to enable him to describe the special features of each engagement. In August 1915 he was wounded below the thigh, and still carries the bullet in the limb. Early in 1919 he revisited Gallipoli as leader of the Australian Historical Mission, and on his return to Australia was appointed Official Historian. He also acted as temporary Director of the War Museum.
THE SHY REPORTER WHO SET THE PACE

As a young man Charles Edwin Woodrow Bean took for his own motto some words of Sir Thomas Browne - 'Be substantially thyself and let the world be deceived in thee as they are in the lights of heaven'. It was a motto that fitted his life well.

Of Bean the *Manchester Guardian* wrote: 'He was the best war correspondent the war elicited. He understood war and also that unprecedented war; he went everywhere and had a great eye for the currents of the fight; he is a man of independence, civility and deep feeling without a drop of gush or a thread of fluff about him'.

At Cape Helles, at the foot of the Peninsula to which the Second Australian Brigade was sent to help the British try to reach the heights of Achi Baba, Bean went with the Brigade. When the bloody attack on Krithia was brought to a halt Bean went back and forth carrying water and wounded despite the constant machine-gun fire. In the August offensive he was wounded below the right thigh. He carried the bullet for the rest of his life. It would have been enough to have him evacuated from Gallipoli if he had wanted.

Bean had been elected by members of the Australian Journalists' Association to cover the war. He was always loyal, as any Digger, to his mates. When the New Zealand official reporter Malcolm Ross lay ill Bean first sent off his own cable and then said 'Now we must send one for poor old Ross'. The cable went off in Ross' name giving an expert account of the landing at Imbros on 20 December 1915.

Few reporters have described their first combat as well as Bean did. This was perhaps because for the first two weeks he was unable to file any copy although British reporters on the vessels in the bay were able to do so. Bean was a thoughtful reporter, careful with his notebooks - he filled more than 300 over the course of the war - and perhaps the galling lull before he could file copy allowed him to polish what might otherwise have been the sort of prose that Moorehead later said was unavoidable in a war situation.

When the Australians were sent to the Dardanelles Bean wrote: 'I am in luck... This is perhaps the most interesting operation in the war... business of this sort of scale has never before been attempted. If we come through it, alright we shall have had an experience that will last us our lifetime'.

And on the eve of the Gallipoli landing he wrote: 'Some people have been a little thoughtful tonight because we know what a tremendous job it is, thi
Above verse quoted from Bean’s “Abdul.”

By the test by which we can --
That with all your breath, in life, in death,
You’ve played the gentle man.

Gallipoli, 1915

In the Western Desert in World War II John Hetherington of the Melbourne Herald even remembered Bean’s techniques, writing: ‘I believe that C.E.W. Bean who wrote the major part of Australia’s 1914-18 war history had a system of recording in his notebook his estimate of the worth of information he was given by men in, or fresh from, battle.’

When C.E.W. Bean died in 1968 war correspondent Guy Harriot wrote:

The tradition of the Australian soldier has been displayed by many thousands of anonymous fighting men. But it was one man, a mild, gentle and unwarlike man, who gave form and shape to the tradition, who proclaimed it to the world and not least to his own incredulous countrymen, who sought out on the field of battle and analysed the qualities which set the Digger apart in the great company of warriors, and who in the last analysis acted as midwife at the birth of Australia’s national consciousness.’

He was the only correspondent to stay on Gallipoli from April to December. On 6 August he was hit by a bullet in the right leg. Determined not to be taken off to a hospital ship, he hobbled to his dugout and lay there until 24 August, having the wound dressed each day, until he was well enough to get out and watch the fighting.

Gallipoli Forum

Captain Bean Praised

In a letter to his relatives, Signaler Dave Benson of Perth W.A. highly praises the conduct of Captain Bean during a recent engagement. ‘There are some heroes in this world,’ writes Signaler Benson, ‘and Bean the official press correspondent with the Australian forces in the Dardanelles’ and Dr, Matheson are two of them. Captain Bean carried water up to the trenches and helped the wounded back all through the night. He is an honour to Australian journalists.’

Maitland Daily Mercury 30/7/15 P.4
Captain Bean Wounded.

Reporting' from Gaba Tee, under the date of August 11, on the extensive operations of the Allied armies in Gallipoli, Captain C. E. W. Bean, Official Press representative-with the Australian Expeditionary Forces, says: — 'I regret personally having been unable to get later details of the great attack, owing to being slightly wounded on the morning of August 7, while making my way toward the 4th Australians. Brigade, This will prevent my personally moving about for a few days, and will unfortunately delay the collection of details for letters.

Regret above reference not recorded.

Charles Bean – The first report:
The following report, which has been received from the official press representative with the Australian Expeditionary Force in connection with the landing of the troops on the Gallipoli Peninsula, is published for general information.

ANDREW FISHER,
Prime Minister.

Gallipoli (One). – The Australians and Maori landers landed in two bodies, the first being a covering force to seize the ridges around the landing [which took place] about an hour later. The moon that night set about an hour and a half before daylight. This just gave time for the warships and transports of the covering force to steam in and land the troops before dawn.

It had long been known that the Third Australian Brigade, consisting of Queenslanders, South Australians, Western Australians, and Tasmanians, had been chosen to make the landing. This brigade consists largely of miners from the Broken Hill and Westralian gold-fields. It had left Egypt many weeks before the rest of the force, and had landed on Lemnos Island, where the troops were thoroughly practiced at landing from ships and boats. During the second week in April the greater part of the Australian and New Zealand troops from Egypt followed, and had been just a
fortnight in Lemnos when they sailed to effect a landing at a certain position on the northern shore of Gallipoli Peninsula, about 60 miles away.

The covering force was taken partly in four of our own transports, partly in three battleships. The night was perfect; about three o'clock the moon set, and the ships carrying the troops, together with the three warships which were charged with the protection of the flanks, stole in towards the high coastline. It was known that the coast was fortified, and that a battery on a promontory 2 miles southwards, and several other guns amongst the hills inland covered the landing place. The battleships and transports took up a position in two lines. The troops were transferred partly to the warships' boats, and partly to destroyers, which hurried in shore, and re-transferred their occupants to boats, which then made by the shortest route for the beach.

It was eighteen minutes past four on the morning of Sunday, 25th April, when the first boat grounded. So far not a shot had been fired by the enemy. Colonel McLagan's orders to his brigade were that shots, if possible, were not to be fired till daybreak, but the business was to be carried through with the bayonet. The men leapt into the water, and the first of them had just reached the beach when fire was opened on them from the trenches on the foothills which rise immediately from the beach. The landing place consists of a small bay about half-a-mile from point to point with two much larger bays north and south. The country rather resembles the Hawkesbury River country in New South Wales, the hills rising immediately from the sea to 600 feet. To the north these ridges cluster to a summit nearly 1,000 feet high. Further northward the ranges become even higher. The summit just mentioned sends out a series of long ridges running south-westward, with steep gullies between them, very much like the hills and gullies about the north of Sydney, covered with low scrub very similar to a dwarfed gum tree scrub. The chief difference is that there are no big trees, but many precipices and sheer slopes of gravel. One ridge comes down to the sea at the small bay above mentioned, and ends in two knolls about 100 feet high, one at each point of the bay. It was from these that fire was first opened on the troops as they landed. Bullets struck fireworks out of the stones along the beach. The men did not wait to be hit, but wherever they landed they simply rushed straight up the steep slopes. Other small boats which had cast off from the warships and steam launches which towed them, were digging for the beach with oars. These occupied the attention of the Turks in the trenches, and almost before the Turks had time to
collect their senses, the first boatloads were well up towards the trenches. Few Turks awaited the bayonet. It is said that one huge Queenslander swung his rifle by the muzzle, and, after braining one Turk, caught another and flung him over his shoulder. I do not know if this story is true, but when we landed some hours later, there was said to have been a dead Turk on the beach with his head smashed in. It is impossible to say which battalion landed first, because several landed together. The Turks in the trenches facing the landing had run, but those on the other flank and on the ridges and gullies still kept up a fire upon the boats coming in shore, and that portion of the covering force which landed last came under a heavy fire before it reached the beach. The Turks had a machine gun in the valley on our left, and this seems to have been turned on to the boats containing part of the Twelfth Battalion. Three of these boats are still lying on the beach some way before they could be rescued. Two stretcher-bearers of the Second Battalion who went along the beach during the day to effect a rescue were both shot by the Turks. Finally, a party waited for dark, and crept along the beach, rescuing nine men who had been in the boats two days, afraid to move for fear of attracting fire. The work of the stretcher-bearers all through a week of hard fighting has been beyond all praise.

Note above, gunshot wound right thigh.
Note above, that his father, former ASC Headmaster then resided in Hobart.

He was described; as is well known, “Official War Correspondent, AIF.” Note, in copy document just above. His, “Regimental No. was given as, “Press Rep.”

Note, card below has his unit, “Australian War Records Section.”
Clipping below is a clipping taken at random, of a typical press report from Bean.

MR. BEAN'S REPORT.

Mr. Bean, the Australian official correspondent, telegraphing on Wednesday, says:

At midnight last night the Australians raided the German line at several places between Warneton and East Wytchahoe. The principal raid was on the defences of the western suburbs of Warneton, where detachments of the New South Wales battalions penetrated 400 yards of the enemy system immediately south of the river Lys.

The assault was by two parties, one on each side of the road entering Warneton. The enemy's opposition was slight on the extreme right. The garrison mostly fled from their dug-outs when they were bombed and killed. Several machine gun positions were abandoned by the crews after brief bursts of firing, and were shot down as they fled. The Australians destroyed several large dug-outs and bombed many others.

It is estimated that they killed about 50 of the enemy and captured ten prisoners and three machine guns. The demoralisation of the enemy and the absence of any counter-attack during the 35 minutes raid was due principally to the splendid Australian artillery fire, which suppressed the enemy guns, and wrecked the enemy trench system. Our casualties were insignificant.

Simultaneously a smaller New South Wales detachment raided Wytchahoe and destroyed three dug-outs. Another attack on the enemy garrison resulted in the killing of 18 and capturing one prisoner and one machine gun. The enemy had offered greater resistance, but was unable to stand up against the Australians at close quarters.

Between these places the Australians entered enemy trenches at two other points east of Warneton, and found them almost deserted. Four of the enemy were killed, and two prisoners were taken.
Note, ASC Roll has his service end date, 1/4/19, which was the date his ship left for home. In document, below one reads, “Appointment Terminated 30/6/19.”
AUSTRALIAN MILITARY FORCES—3RD MILITARY DISTRICT

Received One VICTORY MEDAL

Rank

Name

AIF

Bean

Unit

Schedule No.

105-5

(Signature)

(Witness)

Place

History Card completed

10/11/25

Note, ASC Honour Roll does not list his MID

Received from the Officer i/c Base Records, Department of Defence, two oak leaves (one large and one small) - Mentioned in Despatches emblem.

550a.

(Signature) C. Bean

(Date) Sep. 3rd 1920

This slip to be returned to the Officer i/c Base Records, Victoria Barracks, Melbourne,
RECEIVED from the Officer i/c Base Records, Department of Defence, one Certificate for Mention in Despatches, London Gazette No. 20664 Cert.No.4710 (Captain C. E. W. Bean, Official War Correspondent A.I.F.)

(Signature).

12/6/1917 (Date).

CAPTAIN BEAN.

GALLANT CONDUCT.

Captain J. W. Bean, of the A.M.C., who has been wounded, and is now in Alexandria, writing to his father, says:—Charles (Captain C. E. W. Bean, Australian Press Representative in Gallipoli) has been doing some good work among the wounded at the front. It appears that somewhere about May 7 or 10 he was leading a charge with Brigadier-General McNeay, and had gone 1000 yards when the troops stopped in a trench to take a rest. Lying outside was a wounded Australian. Captain Bean made to leave the trench, and General McNeay told him he was not to go. Captain Bean persisted, and General McNeay said that if he went to the man he would send him back. Captain Bean went out and brought the man in, and General McNeay reported him for bravery. The same day Captain Bean displayed great bravery in attending to Colonel McNicol, commander of the 2nd Brigade. Colonel McNicol fell wounded in the stomach, and Captain Bean, under a heavy fire, collected some palisades dropped by the soldiers in the charge, and built a shelter round the officer, at the same time giving him all the aid he could. Colonel McNicol says Captain Bean saved his life.
Captain Bean Returning After Nearly Five Strenuous Years at the Front.

In returning to Australia, after more than four years absence at the various theatres of war. Capt. C. E. W. Bean, the Commonwealth’s official war correspondent, is to be congratulated on the successful discharge of his labors. Those who are familiar with the difficulties of censorship, and not always sympathetic military oversight which Mr. Bean has had to encounter, will appreciate how well his work has been done, and now much better it would have been done had he not been hampered by his divided duty of historian of the war and panegyrist of the daily event.

CAPTAIN BEAN IN SYDNEY.

Captain Bean returned to Sydney yesterday, and was entertained by the Journalists Association, who nominated him for a position. Captain Bean said he was writing the history of the work of the A.I.F. in Gallipoli and France. The material was enormous, but contained the most magnificent story ever written. If the history was not magnificent the fault would be with the author, and not with the men by whom the history was made.

Mr. Bean will now devote himself to the historical record of Australia’s part in the world’s re-birth, a task he is peculiarly fitted to fulfill. He has had personal touch with every field in which Australia has been engaged in Gallipoli and France, a privilege enjoyed by no other soldier or writer. His information, gained at first hand, will, therefore, be of vast historical importance. Let us hope the Government will not merely assist him to preserve the detail of battles and the minutiae of military organization, but that the narrative will be compiled in a form sufficiently interesting to enable the, average reader to appreciate at its true worth the great part Australia has played. His comrades in the newspaper world will welcome Charlie Bean back to the Commonwealth. He was selected to occupy his post by the votes of his journalistic colleagues, who have appreciated the conscientious, tireless, sympathetic efficient manner in which he has discharged his onerous duties in the interests of Australia and of the Diggers at the front. Capt. Bean was born at Bathurst in 1879, and is the son of the Rev. Edwin Bean, formerly principal of All Saints’ College. He is an M.A. and B.C.L. of Oxford and was called to the N.S.W. Bar in 19.04. He has published several books, including On the Wool Track, the Dreadnought of the Darling, and Flagships Three.

SMH 7/7/1919 P.1

SMH 11/5/19 P.4

(The following text has been copied courtesy of Trove. There has been much correction of the reproduction by the Editor but it may still contain errors from the scanning.)
CAPTAIN's BEAN'S STIRRING ADDRESS.

READ AT SCHOOL CELEBRATIONS.

Throughout the State to-day, in the High Schools and the Public Schools, a stirring address prepared by Captain C. E. W. Bean, official war correspondent to the Australian Imperial Forces, was read. The address was as follows:-

“It is over the enormous effort of the men —yes.and women and children — of every decent nation is finished. The last gun has sounded. The last troop-train winds homewards. The last big transports, turned homeward, are punching white foam out of the southern rollers. The vast ammunition factories will presently settle down to enrich the world with peaceful goods. The trains will carry busy passengers and commerce: the big steamers will move around the world with teeming holds; the little trawlers will unship their guns and go forth to their fishing; the earth will become itself again and Australia will settle down to carve out her new and splendid future. For the submarines which scattered murder across the seas are now safely chained in a British port. And the Army witch almost forced a wicked religion upon the world is beaten and harmless through the heroism of the world’s, good men. We are free to be happy again. Sixty thousand Australians bought us this happiness with their lives. Some of you may remember how five years ago, when war fell upon the world, there marched past, our windows men in every sort of civilian dress with their white, shirt sleeves. Folded up carrying wooden rifles. They; drilled they practiced, they exercised. Some people even laughed at them. Nobody laughs at them to-day for they were Australians who rushed forward to prevent a dreadful thing happening in the world. The rulers of Germany determined that because Germany was a mighty power, therefore she should have her way whether right or wrong. A small sister nation had offended tier; and she determined to try upon the world her wicked rule that, whoever stood in the way of a strong nation, right or wrong, should be crushed. She knew that she was strong and that, was all she cared for she dad practiced soldiering with all her people aid had prepared huge cannon and immense factories of ammunition. In that fateful week in August, 1914 when France and Russia were deeply occupied with other things, she fell on them swiftly at full strength. She had small chance with the French forts and mountain barriers. . But, because the little. Belgian nation, which lay nearby, possessed a flat country to march through, and was too weak to keep their great armies out of it. The Germans suddenly marched into its land which they had promised to protect, and struck at France a vile blow in the back. And when the Belgian nation, small though it was, struck back at them, the, burned the villages and killed the people in order to cow them into quietness. Britain hated war, and was hesitating to fight. But, on the moment when they heard of what happened in Belgium, the British flung themselves straight in beside the French, across the path of the Germans. In Australia and in New Zealand, 12,000 miles away, men said: ‘So long as we are alive in the world we shall give all we have so that this sort of thing shall not happen in it.’ They left their offices, their tools and farms and hurried to offer themselves to cross the sea.
They drilled in their shirt sleeves. In two months they were formed into regiments and the first splendid force of them sailed from the West.

So it was that this small army from the barely known lands of the South ranged itself by the side of every good and great nation of the world. Beside the splendid army of France, the slender British line, barely one man deep in its early water-filled trenches, amongst the sodden ditches and hedge rows, with scarcely ammunition even for its few guns, was holding the Germans who looked down with their monstrous artillery behind the opposing hills. Behind the Germans the valleys and woods were stacked with their huge shell dumps: the explosives, the bombs, the machine guns had, for years, been pouring out of their whirring workshops as a river runs into the sea. They had fleets of aeroplanes, huge zeppelins, military railways crossed their country like a grid-iron; troop-train crept after troop-train in constant procession; endless motor lorries streamed down their roads. They had prepared for generations. They were vastly strong. But all their strength could not crush the spirit of Belgium. Blow after blow was driven into France, burning farmhouses, turning towns into ruins, splintering the forests, ploughing and scattering whole miles of land; yet the French people only set their teeth the more firmly. The Germans, battered the British infantry with their huge guns, and the British guns had scarcely a shell to reply; weeks; months, ears, British soldiers had to suffer the crash of day-long bombardments, and hear their own guns bark scarcely once or twice in return. Yet, with cannon against mere rifles, that colossal artillery could not tame their spirit. Onto the weaker side; thank God, beside the great and generous and unprepared nations of the world, the small army of Australia and of New Zealand went. They were only eight divisions amongst over two hundred in the great armies of Britain and France. But they played their part to the uttermost. They fought with consummate loyalty to their friends beside them. Sunken in the Somme mud till the frost bit the flesh from their bones, or sweltering knee-deep, in the dust of the Jordan valley, they shared their best with the others, heart and soul. Beside their friends and their Allies, in Gallipoli, in France, in Palestine, in Mesopotamia, in Russia, and on the seas, everything that was asked of them they gave. From the first hour – to the last, in every turn of fortune, together they stood. Strained by suffering much as the world has never known, holding fast long after all hope had died, struggling at unbelievable efforts, the great armies of the Allies at last turned back the tide. They broke the Germans in west and east. The sailors of Germany refused to sail. Her people and army gave up the fight. And the long struggle came suddenly to its close.

And what is the end? The nation which attempted to force on the world the rule that only the strong had rights, that small and weak thing must go to the wall, that treaties were useless and any powerful people could break its given word — that nation itself has been broken because the best men of all countries determined by their lives or their deaths to prevent it. A great fear has been lifted from the world. Treaties are become binding again. The world has ruled that that even the strongest nation shall dare to break her given word; that be a nation never so small, if she has right upon her side a scrap of paper may protect her. The world has exacted from the great breaker of treaties a terrible punishment. And our own young country — what does the
peace mean to her? Australia rides safely in harbour to-day., a new nation. Five years ago, the world barely knew her. To-day, the men who went to fight for her have placed her high in the world’s regard.

During four long years, in good fortune and ill, they so bore themselves that when the tide changed, the great and free nations beside whom they fought and with whom they emerged, counted Australia among them. She has been given a place in the conference of nations; the great world has recognised her right to mold her future as she pleases. That is what the Australian force not only in Franco, Gallipoli, and Palestine, but in Mesopotamia, in Persia, in Russia, and on the seas, has done for Australia.

And while we offer thanks on their return to those who have won for us this right to make our country one of the greatest. And our nation the happiest upon earth, while the flags flutter and hands are waving. Let us not ever forget that to many of these to whom we owe the most, our thanks can never be given. They who raised Australia to the very height of the world's regard — the gay welcome in our streets is not for them. For others the cheers, the smiles. The rejoicings which they so oft en longed for, they will never see. Twelve thousand miles from home they sleep for ever in the bleak moorlands where by their lives the place of Australia in the World was won. Yet could they speak, they would not call us to weep. Their lives they gave cheerfully, grandly, knowing the cause; and they have won for their country more than they ever hoped to win. Only by one means can we work out our thanks to them—by continuing the task which they were forced to drop when the bullet took them, and devoting our lives to make this country the happy, great, and generous land whose future with their death they gave into our hands.'

The Maitland Weekly Mercury 26/7/19 P. 10

Australian War Museum.

MEMORIAL TO A.I.F.

Captain Bean's Proposal.

. SYDNEY, Wednesday.

Captain Bean, the official correspondent to the A.I.F. arrived in Melbourne He stated that he is taking a keen interest in the establishment of the proposed Australian War Museum, and he hoped that it would be established at the Federal capital, where it was expected it would take the form of a memorial to w the men of the A.I.F.

Daily Observer (Tamworth) 8/5/19 P.2
At All Saints' College Old Boys' dinner. Captain C. E. W. Bean, referring to the proposed war memorial which is to be erected at the college said that a committee consisting of Bishop Crotty, Captain Bean, Colonel Rabettt, and the headmaster would shortly meet in Sydney to consider the matter.
The present suggestion is that the memorial shall be in the form of entrance gates to the sports oval. On the gates shall be engraved the names of old boys who fell in the Great War.

**CAPTAIN BEAN’S PRESENT TO ALL SAINTS’ COLLEGE.**

It will be interesting to know that Captain Bean, the famous War correspondent and an early student of All Saints’ College has presented his old college with a complete set of his most valuable compilation of war records in connection with the great world-wide struggle. The whole work when completed ‘will consist of eight large volumes, handsomely bound in leather and printed in fine clear type. The headmaster of the College, Rev. L. G H. Watson has received four of the volumes and his staff as well as the students appreciate the recognition of the old’ college by one who received so much that was so invaluable at the beginning of his great career.

*The Bathurst Times 16/2/24 P.2*

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*Bathurstian circa 1918*

We know what a stirring success he will make of his great chance. Speaking of the work of Captain Bean, Lieutenant-General Sir C. B. B. White said that there was no finer man in this Commonwealth than Mr. Bean. No one would ever know the extent of his courage. He had faced danger more times than any other single man in the A.I.F., but had no reward. He did it from a pure sense of duty.

Little time ago,

We were very pleased to have Captain Bean among our visitors at the last Old Boys’ Reunion. He took the opportunity of personally congratulating E. L. Baker on winning the Bean Prize.

In addition to the Bean Prize, several valuable Prizes have been given by various Old Boys, including Dr. Barton, Evan Davies, and S. Beddie.

We wish to thank Dr. C. E. W. Bean for the gift of his latest book, “Gallipoli Mission,” to the School Library. This is just another instance of Dr. Bean’s continued interest in All Saints’. Incidentally, a half of the Red Page of the Sydney “Bulletin” of July 10 was devoted to a review of this book.
The following letter was received by the Headmaster during the year and will probably be of interest to members of the Old Brigade:

'I hope you will remember one afternoon just before the beginning of the last term when my wife and I enjoyed an hour or more with you and Mrs. Gebhardt. The conversation I enjoyed and the recalling of much that I remembered of All Saints' back in 1911-12-13 when I was a boarder at St. Stanislaus College. Since then I have read and quoted pretty thoroughly the copy of the History of All Saints' that you gave me then. I was, and am, amazed at the very much of things and people of my life that were associated with All Saints'. If feel that you would be interested if I tell you some of them.

First, and most touching, my friendship with Charles Bean, son of the second head of the College. He was described by General Sir Brudenell White, who was responsible for the successful plan for the evacuation of Anzac, Suvla and Cape Helles without the loss of a man in 1915, as 'Australia's greatest son'. Sir John Latham wrote, 'I have an admiration for Bean which is so deep and real, that I would have difficulty in expressing it.' These opinions were quoted at the service in St. Andrews Cathedral during the funeral service of this wonderful man. He had such a love and respect for his father, the All Saints' Headmaster of so long ago, 1878-88. His house at Collaroy was named Clifton for the school he attended in England where he knew Henry Newbolt. (There's a deathless hush in the close tonight!)

Major James McManamey, killed at Anzac, where I saw his grave, was brother to William Fraser
McManamey and John Fraser McManamey, all
friends of my father. My father who began as
schoolmaster at Ophir, near Orange, while Edwin
Bean was Head at All Saints’. Ophir, the gold
town and diggings which have long since disappeared

Bob Hall, Bob Munckton, were schoolfellows with
me at Dubbo in 1910-11, both killed in action
W.W.I. Tom Machattie also a Dubbo boy, ‘Paddy’
Fitzhardinge, Bob Dulhunty, A.D. Booth, Ted
Burkitt and W.S. Kelk, all of Dubbo.

Arthur Hall, V.C., was a platoon commander in my
battalion in W.W.2. ‘Nesty’ Veness, remembered
by a plate in All Saints’ Cathedral, played football
against us so often. Alan Fairlie Cunningham (Bt)
is a friend and fellow sapper of long ago.

Bishop Camidge married my wife’s parents in ’97.
Mr. Britten and Mr. Stiles both were at T.K.S.
later on, I knew them both. One’s life is so much
richer in having known all these men, and to be
still here below to remember them.

Thank you again for giving me this History of the
college, and for the interest of our visit. My wife
and I wish you and Mrs. Gebhardt good health,
happiness and success for yourselves and your
family and may All Saints’ College prosper and
grow under your direction over many, many years.

Yours sincerely,

Keith A. Tweedy.

Errata: “Bob Hall” should read Bob Holl.
Gallipoli Medallion

For many years the Australian Government pressed the British Government to authorise a medal to recognise service on the Gallipoli Peninsular in 1915.

Finally in 1960 the Australian and New Zealand Governments awarded this medallion to the men and women who had served during the campaign. It depicts Simpson and his donkey with a wounded soldier and the reverse has the stars of the Southern Cross.
CAPTAIN BEAN.

GALLANT CONDUCT.

Captain J. W. Bean, of the A.M.C., who has been wounded, and is now in Alexandria, writing to his father, says:—Charles (Captain C. H. W. Bean, Australian Press Representative in Gallipoli) has been doing some good work among the wounded at the front. It appears that somewhere about May 7 or 10 he was loading a charge with Brigadier-General McCay, and had gone 1000 yards when the troops stopped in a trench to take a rest. Lying outside was a wounded Australian. Captain Bean made to leave the trench, and General McCay told him he was not to go. Captain Bean persisted, and General McCay said that if he went to the man he would send him back. Captain Bean went out and brought the man in, and General McCay reported him for bravery. The same day Captain Bean displayed great bravery in attending to Colonel McNicol, commander of the 2nd Brigade. Colonel McNicol fell, wounded in the stomach, and Captain Bean, under a heavy fire, collected some packets dropped by the soldiers in the charge, and built a shelter round the officer, at the same time giving him all the aid he could. Colonel McNicol says Captain Bean saved his life.

The page below, from the ASC Official History, is on his brother John. It is repeated here as some of the material is common to the both of them.
JOHN WILLOUGHBY BUTLER BEAN, M.A., M.D.
(Bean period)

The second son of Edwin Bean, born at All Saints' College, Bathurst, 1 January 1881. Educated at All Saints' College, Brentwood School, Bath College, and Selwyn College, Cambridge (M.A. and M.D.). Was house physician at St Bartholomew's Hospital, London, afterwards practising at Brentwood, and Waverley (Sydney).

He specialized in anaesthetics, but when the war broke out he joined on the first day of enlistment, and became the original medical officer of the 3rd Battalion, A.I.F. He was badly wounded at the landing at Gallipoli; and again at Lone Pine, while attending to wounded men under dangerous fire. Though, thenceforth, incapacitated for front-line work, he continued to serve behind the lines in France and also in England. If not so well known as his brother (Dr C. E. W. Bean), he earned the gratitude and regard of thousands of soldiers and ex-soldiers of the rank and file of the Australian forces, whom he assisted when they were physically and morally "down and out". He returned to Australia on leave with the original Anzacs, as major in the Australian Army Medical Corps, and immediately took an interest in social problems bearing on world brotherhood.

From 1919 to 1924 he was general secretary of the Theosophical Society in Australia. Next, after practising at Roseville, N.S.W., he was in 1927 appointed medical officer for schools in Queensland. In 1939, on the death of his wife, he went to Hobart, and served in the Second World War as medical officer of the 6th Garrison Battalion and at South Arm Camp from 1939 to 1943. He then joined the school medical service in New South Wales, retiring in Decem-