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A WEBSITE SERVING AS AN ARCHIVE OF MY
DIFFERENT ADVENTURES ON PLANET EARTH...



BY FAYE HARRIS

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Memories from the mid 1900's

When the 1914-18 commenced Dad went to enlist but was refused because of his health, however Dad's saying was "what I was born with I will die with", but later he had to have dentures so I think that must have upset him!

During the war Dad was put to work in Melbourne making horse stalls for the ships that transported the horses to war service.

Now there is a gap in my knowledge until a few years after my Sister and Brother were born. I often wondered how Dad got Mum to the hospital for all our births as the hospital was quite a distance from home in Glen Iris. Taxis were not available and, as Dad and neighbours had no cars, my imagination is Dad riding to the hospital with Mum on the side bar of his trusty bike.

I wish I had asked questions when I became older but I thought those stories boring! No one left to ask now!

In Glen Iris, Victoria, Australia

The Perfect Excuse

My Dad, Albert Valentine Lunt, was born in Maryborough, Victoria on Valentines Day 1892 and had younger a younger brother called Cyril. My recollections of Dad's younger days are not very clear but I know that he worked at Phelan's in Maryborough learning to be a cabinet maker.

Dad's Saturday afternoon was to take Uncle Cyril to the pictures but Dad only made sure Uncle Cyril was safe in the theatre would meet his mates and spend the afternoon in the local pub listening to the football and having one or two beers. Later he was always back at the picture theatre to meet his little brother after the film was over. By the time they had walked home Dad had quizzed Uncle Cyril about the film so he could tell Grandma all about what the picture was about!

My Dad never saw a moving picture in all his life!

In Maryborough, Victoria, Australia

Helping my Great Uncle rest in peace

On Saturday 21st Apr 2007 I sat in my comfy chair to read the newspaper and came to a heading, "Who Are the Anzacs known only to God in a Flanders Field?"

Soon I began to read of some Australian soldiers' bodies being found by men digging in Belgium to lay gas pipes. They were recognised by their badges and had been hastily buried during a lull in fighting.

One name "jumped" out at me - Sgt George Calder of Goldsborough, Victoria. I remember my Aunt Gladys mentioning Calder and Goldsborough but, being a young uninterested person in past history, that is all I remembered.

I then looked through a box she left to me which contained a small diary revealing that I had relations to the Calder's of Goldsborough. By the following Monday I was in touch with the Australian Army History Unit and from then on matters got very intense concluding with my DNA being a match to Great Uncle George 90 years apart!

With compliments of the Army, two of my Daughters then went to Belgium on the 4th Oct 2007 for the reinterment of 5 soldiers with one of those being Great Uncle George Calder.

My Daughters, Susan & Anne brought home for me the flag from the coffin, a new khaki hat and later on replica medals were sent to me. Media interviews were frequent and a documentary was made for Melbourne ABC and shown on the next Remembrance Day.

I am proud to be able to pass on this story. George Calder's photo is now in the Dunolly Historical Museum (Victoria) where we were able to obtain a photo of him.

In Lange Dreve 5, Zonnebeke, Belgium

About Author

Faye Harris

Faye is a mother of 3 and grandmother of 5. An active member of St Lukes Anglican church and previous committee member of U3A. She found her WW1 relative through DNA testing.

Why is the website called bytestories.com?

This is a place for "byte-sized" stories and there is a 1500 character (about 250 words) limit for two main reasons. Firstly, we want you to know that "War and Peace" isn't required to leave your mark. Secondly, it takes about 2 minutes to read each story meaning you can head here whenever you want a quick (and entertaining) read.

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