A Family’s loss:

My Uncle Charley was someone who was mourned by his family. I never met him as he died in 1942 long before I was born. I am his niece.

Uncle Charley was the oldest child. He had 3 brothers and 2 sisters. My mother was the elder of the sisters.

Growing up in the house of my grandfather and Mother, I recall a wonderfully framed photograph of Uncle Charley always hanging over the door leading from the lounge room. He was easy to see each time you moved through that doorway – always looking into the lounge room, overseeing the activities of the family and I felt – part of them.

While he was not often spoken of, I guess the pain of the loss was too great – I understood that the family was proud of him, knowing the situation of his death in the Battle between the Japanese and his battalion and how he gave his life to save the life of his mates. No greater sacrifice.

Melanie McGaw