

Footscray Chronicle (Victoria) 31-7-1915

CORPORAL GORDON INGLIS.

Corporal Gordon Inglis writes on June 3 to his mother from No. 17 General Hospital, in the Mediterranean:— At last I am able to write a few lines myself. I have just enough, strength to sit in a chair, propped up with pillows. Oh, if you only saw me as I am at the present moment! I weigh about seven stone, and my arms and legs are no thicker than a broom handle; but, thank God, I am on the mend now. I was wounded the day we landed (Sunday, April 25), about 2.30 p.m. and was taken aboard a ship on which they put 850 aboard, with only one doctor, without any instruments, and a couple of army medical chaps. My condition was pretty bad, and I owe my life to Hughie Blair, who had a slight scalp wound, and saw me on the beach in a dying condition. However, he cared for me and got me aboard and made me comfortable — going without himself. He nursed me night and day, never leaving me. -My lieutenant, who was aboard, wounded in three places, used to come down and see me, and the doctor always followed his visit. I expect he sent him. I got very bad on the Wednesday night, so they decided to take me away from where I was below up on deck, where so many were taken only to be buried. But no, Hughie would not let them touch me. - He would have killed them had they touched me. Well, we arrived here on Thursday night, and I still lived, so the following morning I was carried ashore by Hughie, and put in an ambulance waggon and brought to this hospital on April 30. I have had three operations up to date, but my bullet is still inside. Don't get a fright when I tell you that it is in the region of the heart. I have been X-rayed five times to see if it alters its position: but the doctors have no fear of it, and I have less. I have a couple of ribs to men yet but for all that I am getting on like a house on fire, slowly getting my strength back. I laid on my back for four weeks without a move, and had to be fed. Then, after the last operation I had to lie on my right side only for nearly a fortnight. The result was I became paralysed right down that side. But this letter will prove that it is nearly better, though it has taken me hours to write this much. I receive the best of attention by all and sundry, and am the father of the ward now. All the others have either gone to England or to the convalescent camp — or died. But their places are always quickly filled by new cases. My diet consists of chicken, fish, milk and a hundred other things, and I am beginning to , eat like a horse now. Well, I could write a hundred pages of news, but I am getting weary, and will write again soon. I may be sent either to England or Australia any day. No more fighting for me, says the doctor.

---

The Argus (Melbourne, Victoria) 3-2-1916

INGLIS.—On the 24th January, 1916, at Y.M.C.A.

Red Cross Hospital, Swansea, England, Corporal Gordon Rankin Inglis, 5th Battalion, late Victorian Railways, wounded at Gallipoli on the 25th April, 1914. (Inserted by his fellow clerks of rolling stock accounts office.)

INGLIS.—On the 24th January, 1916, at Y.M.C.A. Red Cross Hospital, Swansea, England, Corporal Gordon Rankin Inglis, aged 24 years, wounded at Gallipoli on the 25th April, 1914. (Inserted by his friend, Norman and Hazel Helgeson.)

---

# WANTED A BAGPIPE SKIRL.

## LAST REQUEST OF DYING ANZAC.

In connection with the death of Corporal Inglis, one of the wounded Colonials at Swansea Y.M.C.A. Hospital, Mr. Dawson (H.M. Customs) relates a last pathetic request. Inglis was a Scotchman and a pipe-major, and in the latter capacity was one of the best players on the bagpipes in Australia. When he responded to the call of King and country he took his beloved pipes with him to Gallipoli, but the authorities would not allow them to be landed, and he never saw them again. Many times to Mr. Dawson, the deceased young fellow, thinking probably of his old home and the happy times he had had with them, expressed his wonder as to where his bagpipes had gone to.

And just before his death he said that if he died in hospital there was one thing he hoped for and that was that a skirl of bagpipes would be played over his grave.

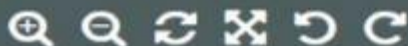
On Wednesday Mr. Dawson got into communication with members of the local Caledonian Society in the hope that someone could be found who would be able to gratify the Colonial's dying wish.

### **Some Recognition Wanted.**

It may be added that the deceased was a fine young fellow, and that Mrs. Francis Cook, lady superintendent of the Y.M.C.A. Hospital, has communicated with his distracted mother in Melbourne, informing her of her only son's death.

Meantime one wonders if the grave of a Colonial some twelve thousand miles from home and friends is to go unmarked by even a cross bearing his name, and recording the fact that he laid down his life for his country?

South Wales Weekly Post



5th February 1916

**Williamstown Chronicle (Victoria) 18-3-1916**

CORPORAL GORDON R. INGLIS.

DYING WISH GRATIFIED.

The Swansea "Leader" (England) refers to the death of Corporal G. R. Inglis, of Williamstown, as follows :

"His last fond wish has now been gratified, and the scene over the flower-bedecked grave of Corporal Inglis, of far off Australia, was touching and pathetic, for though he lies beneath the green sward in Danygraig Cemetery, Swansea, and his mother mourns him in her home at the Antipodes he was not without friends and

admirers here, as was proved on Tuesday. The scene I refer to was the gathering of a group of wounded soldiers and of civilians and women, who stood on Tuesday afternoon around the little mound, covered with beautiful wreaths, marking the last resting place of Corporal Inglis, listening to the strains of 'The Flowers of the Forest,' played on the Scotch bagpipes by the genial giant, Donald Fraser, as a last token of respect to the Australian soldier who died in a Swansea hospital from wounds sustained in the war, and who was buried last Tuesday in one of the most charming spots of the cemetery at Danygraig.

#### A DYING WISH.

Last Christmas Piper Fraser was at Swansea, and learning that a young man who was one year the champion piper of Australia was lying in the Y.M.C.A. Hospital dangerously wounded in the breast, he promptly decided to see his compatriot. The two had a brief conversation, difficult for the dying man because of his critical condition, and yet sufficient to create a warm friendship on both sides. Fraser was in his tartan plaid, and played a skirl or two for the wounded soldiers and for others, and the favorites, 'Lord Lovat's Lament' and 'The Flowers of the Forest,' cheered the heart and brightened the eyes of the suffering patient, who asked the visitor if he had "a bonnet," meaning the feathered bonnet worn afterwards by Sergeant Fraser when he came again on Tuesday to make the quiet hillside echo with the sound of that same pibroch. Inglis did not then know that he was dying, but when, later on, he felt himself becoming weaker, he asked that, if he should die, the pipes should be played over his grave.

#### FLOWER-BEDECKED GRAVE.

There was no piper in Swansea at the time, and on the day of the funeral the dying soldier's wish seemed to be impossible to fulfil. But the ground was literally covered with wreaths and crosses of, flowers, and by Tuesday Donald Fraser, the friend of the Christmas visit, had heard of the incident and volunteered to come from Barry, where he was at the time, to Swansea to comply with the dying desire of his friend. He had, when on that visit, offered to let the medical staff put him on the slab and take a pint of blood from his veins to transfuse into those of his young comrade if that would do any good, but the doctors considered it would be of no avail. So big Donald Fraser came to Swansea again on Tuesday and, accompanied by a number of wounded soldiers, went to the cemetery and paid their tribute of respect to poor Inglis."

---

#### **Footscray Chronicle (Victoria) 7-7-1917**

Williamstown Soldier's Grave

#### PALM SUNDAY INCIDENT.

#### PIPER GORDON INGLIS' GRAVE.

Pinned to a lengthy letter is a pictorial cutting of a Swansea churchyard scene, forwarded by Private W. Dick, of Williamstown it recalls one of several sad incidents that have come to pass in the closing lives of those gallant local lads who have made the 'supreme sacrifice.' It is a picture of the grave of Piper Gordon Inglis a former resident of Railway-crescent. Beside a mound, at the head of which stands a cross, two nurses are seen — one in a kneeling position ; the other standing. Both have flowers in their hands. The kneeler is apparently about to deposit her nosegay upon some portion of the heaped turf. Above the presentment appears the lettering. 'Palm Sunday' ; beneath it intimates. 'Nurses tending the grave of an Australian soldier, who died at a hospital amid the Welsh hills.'

Describing his visit, the writer goes, on to say : --

I went out to try and find the Y.M.C.A. hospital, where Gordon was as I thought I might possibly see some of the sisters who nursed him. I was successful in finding three of his nurses. The grave shows signs of being well attended to. Before leaving, I planted a shrub at the foot of the cross erected over it. I learned that Gordon was the only Australian buried there. His was the only fatality at this hospital since the beginning of the war. 'While having tea at a cafe in Swansea at one of the tables, a gentle man came over and entered into

conversation. Apparently Australians are not frequently seen over there, as he asked me if I had people resident there. He was a Scotchman, attached to the Home Office. I told him the reason for my visit. So soon as I mentioned Gordon, he remarked, 'I know all about him. He turned out to be a friend of Mr. Chapman, the photographer, who had taken photos of the funeral, copies of which Mrs. Inglis has had sent out to her. My friend suggested that he should take me over to Mr. Chapman's place. Putting his proposal into practice, it was not long before I was introduced. Mr. Chapman seemed very much interested to meet anyone who knew Gordon. He mentioned that three of his sisters were nurses at the Y.M.C.A. hospital. One is commandant there. He mentioned that on the previous Palm Sunday, a week or two before, these ladies had gone to the cemetery to decorate Gordon's grave, as is the custom, seemingly, on this date. Mr. Chapman had taken a snapshot of (them on the occasion, and had sent it to the 'Daily Mirror.' This paper had reproduced it the week previous.'

## The Piper's "Last Lament" at Danygraig.



(Photo by Chapman).

A pathetic scene was witnessed on Tuesday at the Danygraig Cemetery, when Piper Donald Frazer carried out the dying wish of the young Australian, Private Inglis—who died from wounds at Swansea—that the pipes should be played over his grave. Piper Frazer and a number of wounded soldiers are shown standing around the flower bedecked grave.