

## Battle Experiences

### Some Daring Exploits

(By Our Special Correspondent)

ALEXANDRIA, July 13. - So long as wounded continue to arrive in Egypt from the front there will be stories of bravery and devotion that will never weary in the telling. Every day some new phase of battle is unfolded before those who have not yet heard the sound of guns in anger, and few can listen without a thrill of pride. The spirit of boastfulness is almost entirely absent, and in allotting praise or blame there is an uncompromising fairness.

When Sergeant Cotterill, of Young, New South Wales, was shot, he was on a scouting expedition of great daring. There were five men in the party, the others being Corporal Sullivan, Private George, Private Clark, and Private Tierney. Turks were everywhere in front, but that did not prevent these men from pushing their way forward unobserved, and they carefully reconnoitred a position which it was intended to occupy later on. Then Cotterill went farther ahead, and made other observations of the enemy's trenches at close quarters. He also discovered that some of the advanced lines abandoned by our troops a few days previously had been occupied by the Turks and greatly strengthened. He completed his work without being detected, and was returning to where the other men lay concealed when a rifle cracked suddenly, and Cotterill fell on his face. A rain of bullets followed, and it seemed impossible that any man should enter that zone and live.

In the thick of the shooting, however, Harold George, who was one of the best known international footballers of New South Wales, announced that he intended to help his comrade, and, without a thought of danger, he dashed from cover and brought the wounded man in. The party lay quietly for a while, without answering the enemy's fire, but it was obvious that if the Sergeant's life was to be saved he should be at once removed to where skilled attention was available. Private Tierney volunteered to go for assistance, and every yard of progress he made was marked by bullets kicking up the dust all around him. He did not return. Then the football crack lifted Cotterill on to his shoulders, and commenced to creep back, while Sullivan and Clarke (*sic*) stayed behind to cover their comrade's movements and to attract the enemy's fire. They were successful in their ruse for a time, but it was necessary for George to stand up at

one point, and, as he staggered forward with his burden, the Turkish rifleman saw him. An instant later he fell, hard hit. Then Sullivan and Clark began to fight their way back, shooting from every rock and bush that offered a scrap of cover. Corporal Sullivan was quickly put out of action, and had to be left in the neutral zone between the two lines of trenches. Clarke was the only survivor. He dragged himself into the territory of the 13th Battalion, when darkness came on, in a terribly exhausted condition, and without rifle or cap, which had been shot away. The information which he brought back, however, was of the greatest value to the Australians, and was probably the means of saving hundreds of lives.

Source: Unknown, photocopy of a newspaper article (possibly the Sydney Morning Herald) kindly supplied by Brendon Moore