

Cacophony

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A melange of interesting notes and the promise of things to come

There is no compromise, no piped lament to stay the blind, just a shrike cacophony of war.
- Nemesis



When Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria was shot in Sarajevo on June 28, 1914, his last words were "It is nothing, it is nothing."

It wasn't nothing, it was the incident which precipitated World War I, the war to end all wars.

Ferdinand and his wife Sophie had been attacked earlier in the day, when a grenade had been thrown at their car. Ferdinand had deflected it and it exploded behind them, wounding a number of people.

When they arrived at Sarajevo Town Hall, Ferdinand interrupted the mayor's welcoming speech. "So you welcome your guests with bombs," he shouted angrily. "What is the good of your speeches? I come to Sarajevo on a visit, and I get bombs thrown at me. It is outrageous." The royal couple decided to visit the wounded in hospital. Their driver took a wrong turn, and had to reverse up a lane. Gavrilo Princip, one of six assassins determined to kill the Archduke was sitting in a cafe drinking coffee when he recognised the couple. Rushing up, he shot Sophie in the abdomen, and Ferdinand in the neck.

Ferdinand was the heir to the Austro-Hungarian thrones, and favoured the formation of a third kingdom, Bosnia, which antagonised the Serbians, who probably funded the assassination.

Austria issued an ultimatum to Serbia, both mobilised their armies, prompting Russia to do the same, on the side of Serbia. Germany mobilised, and ordered the French, who were allies of the Russians, not to. France refused, the Germans invaded Belgium, and on August 4 Britain declared war on Germany.

Interesting to speculate that if only Ferdinand's driver had a GPS, it might have altered history.

As the war progressed, a problem arose for Australian troops — they urgently needed socks. General Birdwood issued an appeal. On Gallipoli, socks were the first thing to wear out, and troops went barefoot in their boots. In the trenches of the Western front in Europe, soldiers could not wash and dry their socks, and 'trench foot' was rampant and disabling.

In the winter of 1916 the Australian Comfort Fund sent 80,000 pairs of hand-knitted socks; in the course of the war they provide 1,354,328 pairs of woolen socks, representing an estimated 10 million hours work by volunteers. The Red Cross, the Soldiers' Sock Fund, the State Schools' Patriotic League and other organizations, encouraged and coordinated the women and schoolchildren who knitted socks for the soldiers.

My mother, was one of the knitters. Against the rules, she enclosed a note with the socks she knitted. If she thought that her socks were headed for an Australian soldier in the front line in France, she was in for a surprise. She received a reply from a Scottish doctor with the Light Horse in Egypt.

Fergy Mac, as he became known to our family, was transferred to France during the latter stages



of the war. "I don't like France. It is far too bumpy all the time. They overdo things here, and someday somebody will get hurt," he wrote.

This is how he described his day on 11th November, 1918: "I had a whole lot of war crammed into the last day. In the morning as we advanced along the road after the retreating bosch (sic) the natives cheered and threw flowers and offered coffee and stuff at every little village. At one place, I had a narrow escape from being kissed by the prettiest girl in the place who had been detailed to hand over to the first arrival a big bunch of chrysanthemums. I happened to be at the head of the column with two other officers and she chose me as her victim - on she came, straight at me. I saw what was coming and could only blush. You would have laughed to see me. I stammered my thanks and - would you believe it? - I marched on."

In the four years of the war, 65 million troops were mobilized, of whom 57% were killed or wounded. In all 16 million people died, 20 million were wounded.

Officially 418, 809 Australians enlisted, representing probably at least half of the eligible male population, and 331,000 served overseas. 61,720 died, 155,000 were wounded. Some sources maintain that these figures are underestimated.

Whatever the statistics, Australia paid a high price, and it is fitting that we remember them, and all the Australians who have served their country in other conflicts.

Our concert on August 3 will feature music of the period, and "I Remember", a tribute to the men and women who served in WWI by local composer Victor N. Marden.

More program details in our next issue.

An interesting footnote; The car used by Archduke Franz Ferdinand in Sarajevo is preserved in the Vienna War Museum. It is a 1910 Gräf & Stift Type Doppel-Phaeton, The licence plate is A III-118.

Say again : A 11 11 18. I read this on the internet — it's too good not to be true!

My mother continued her correspondence with Fergy Mac until his death in 1961, but they never met.

"General: The general commanding is desirous that as much silence shall be preserved in the army as possible, and in order that this end may be attained he wishes the use of the bass drum entirely discontinued, also the practice or use of any band music or field music save the usual bugle calls. All cheering of bodies of men, except in battle, should also be dispensed with. You will please give the necessary orders in your command to continue in force until further orders."

Letter from Headquarters, Military Division of the Mississippi to Major General George H. Thomas, commanding Army of the Cumberland, May 12, 1864.

Cacophony is edited by Peter McCloy on behalf of the Newcastle University Choir, who do not necessarily share the views of the editor. To contribute or to communicate, email us at newcastleuniversitychoir.com