

# Private Harold Henry ABBOTT

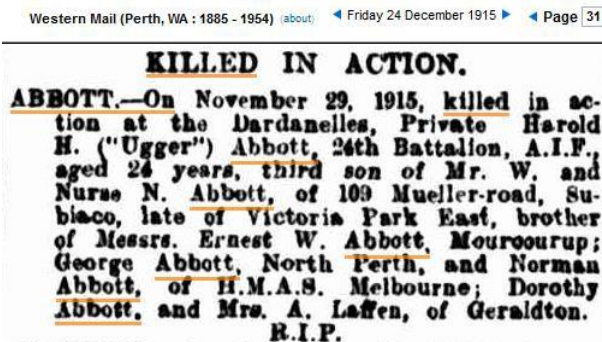
No 1138, Private Harold Henry Abbott, was born 1891 at Armadale, Victoria, the fourth of five sons of William Abbott and Ellen (McShane) Abbott of Beach Road, Sandringham, Victoria. He had four sisters.

He was a 23 year old brush-maker when he enlisted on 8 Mar 1915, naming his father William Abbott, of Wakefield Street, Victoria Park East, Western Australia as next of kin. He was 5'6 tall, weighed 11 stone 6 lbs, with dark complexion, brown eyes and light brown hair.

He embarked with the 24<sup>th</sup> Battalion, 'B' Coy from Melbourne, Victoria on board HMAT A14 *Euripides* on 10 May 1915.

Private Abbott was killed in action on 29 Nov 1915 at Gallipoli, Turkey, aged 24 years. He was buried at the Lone Pine Cemetery (Plot I, Row C, Grave 36) Gallipoli, Turkey.

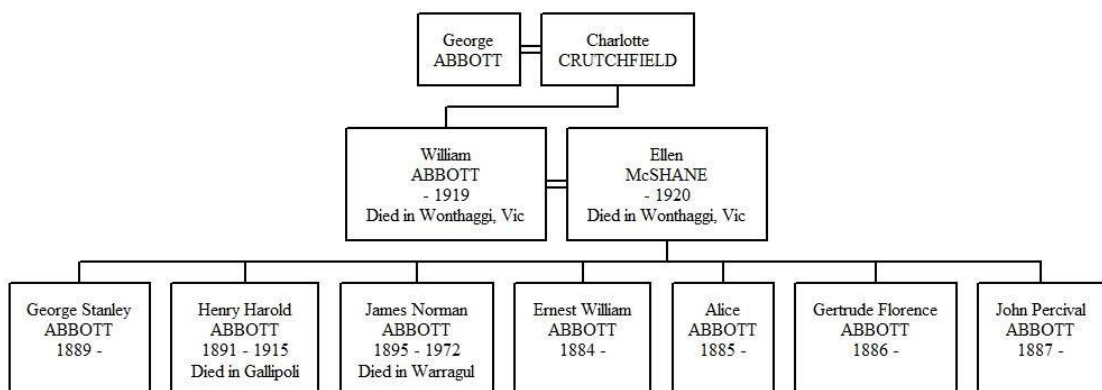
He is commemorated on the Roll of Honour at the Australian War Memorial (Panel 100); and on the Memorial Plaque to Bayside's Fallen, Green Point, Brighton Beach, Victoria.



## *KILLED IN ACTION.*

*ABBOTT.-On November 29, 1915, killed in action at the Dardanelles, Private Harold H. ("Ugger") Abbott, 24th Battalion, A.I.F., aged 24 years, third son of Mr. W. and Nurse N. Abbott, of 109 Mueller-road, Subiaco, late of Victoria Park East, brother of Messrs. Ernest W. Abbott, Mouroourup; George Abbott, North Perth, and Norman Abbott, of H.M.A.S. Melbourne; Dorothy Abbott, and Mrs. A. Laffen, of Geraldton. R.I.P.*

## *Descendants of George ABBOTT*





PRIVATE HAROLD ABBOTT.

The boy in the trenches (Private Harold Abbott), writing at the beginning of November, stated:—"I have had a busy day writing letters—

**My Day Out of the Trenches.**

" . . . How are things at home? I suppose much as usual, something that does to describe things here. We had a big mail in to-day—I got five letters altogether, so I will have plenty of reading when off duty. I wrote to Norman (the sailor) last week, but I suppose that the letter will go to Australia first. He could not have got the letters I wrote before, as I have had no reply. . . . We have been having a fairly quiet time here; of an afternoon a few shells come over, but though they generally get some poor beggar, I have been lucky. I have had a few lucky escapes; was knocked out of my post one day by a small shell, but it missed me, as it lobbed in the sandbags in front. As I said, it missed me, but the sandbags did not—they came at me from all quarters. However, they only shook me up a bit, and I soon got over the shock. . . .

Don't worry about me—I shall be all right. We are short of envelopes here—this one that I am using for you is one that ——— sent to me with her address on. I have crossed that out, and hope that it will see this through to you."

Quite a small romance is attached to this very envelope. Mrs. Abbott told the writer that it bore the address of a niece of hers that she had lost sight of for twenty years, and whom she had often wished she could again correspond with. As a result of the shortage of envelopes in Gallipoli, she has been able to obtain this niece's address, and had taken the opportunity to end the silence of a score of years.