Submission 92

Mr Michael Carlton
Australian Government
Defence Honours and Awards Appeals Tribunal

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UNRESOLVED RECOGNITION FOR PAST ACTS OF NAVAL GALLANTRY

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A submission for the posthumous award of the Victoria Cross to:

Captain Hector Macdonald Laws Waller DSO and Bar, RAN.
Lieutenant Commander Robert William Rankin RAN
Midshipman Robert Ian Davies RAN
Leading Seaman Robert Taylor RAN
Ordinary Seaman Edward Sheean RAN

SUMMARY

I write as an admittedly part-time naval historian and author of the book Cruiser: The Life & Loss of HMAS Perth and Her Crew (William Heinemann, 2010), a work of four years’ research and writing.

It is a curious and regrettable fact that no sailor of the Royal Australian Navy has been awarded the Victoria Cross. This despite there being no shortage of gallantry meriting the award.

Australian bravery at sea, in two world wars, has been at least comparable with, and at times more conspicuous than, the actions of Royal Navy sailors honoured with the VC.

It is my understanding that the award of the VC for the Australian Army and the RAAF was in the gift of the Australian government from Federation. For some reason – perhaps to do with Britannia ruling the waves – VCs for the RAN had to be approved by their Lordships of the Admiralty in London. This they never did.

There have been suggestions of imperial snobbery here, but I would discount that. In the Second World War, senior officers in the RAN were few, their energies and their talents stretched to the limit and beyond. It is quite likely they simply did not have time, in the turmoil of war, to make the appropriate submissions to London. Be that as it may, I respectfully submit that the tribunal has the power to remedy this injustice.
CAPTAIN HECTOR MACDONALD LAWS WALLER, DSO AND BAR, RAN.

Waller was, I believe, the finest fighting naval officer Australia has produced. In the Mediterranean in 1940-41, as commanding officer of the immortal Scrap Iron Flotilla and, later, the Royal Navy's 10th Destroyer Flotilla, his skill and gallantry were the stuff of legend. He was awarded the DSO for his part in the Battle of Calabria in July, 1940, and a bar to it for the Battle of Matapan in March 1941.¹

The Royal Navy's Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean, Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, thought the world of him.

"Now you are going to meet one of the greatest captains who ever sailed the seas," Cunningham said to the visiting Prime Minister Robert Menzies in Alexandria in 1941. "His name is Waller."² It was not an idle remark. Cunningham was the pre-eminent British admiral of World War 2, and a hard marker.

In his memoirs, he hailed Waller as: "one of the very finest types of Australian naval officer. Full of good cheer, with a great sense of humour, undefeated and always burning to get at the enemy...greatly loved and admired by everyone, his loss...was a heavy deprivation for the young Navy of Australia."³


The facts of Waller's final action are well known and not in dispute. As the Japanese swarmed south after the fall of Singapore, Waller's ship, the light cruiser HMAS PERTH, attempted to break out from Tanjong Priok, the port for what was then Batavia in the Netherlands East Indies.

PERTH was in company with the American cruiser USS HOUSTON with Waller, as the senior officer, in command. The two ships had only just extricated themselves from the disastrous Battle of the Java Sea a day before, which had been a crushing victory for the Japanese.

PERTH and HOUSTON were low on fuel and ammunition. Their crews were close to exhaustion. Waller himself was a sick man. He suffered from a gall bladder condition and
a mild jaundice which brought on painful cramps and bouts of vomiting, illness he concealed from his superiors in the belief that he was needed at sea.

Shortly before midnight on the 28th of February, near the mouth of the Sunda Strait that divides Java and Sumatra, they ran into a Japanese invasion fleet of troop transports, guarded by a large force of destroyers and cruisers. Waller instantly engaged the enemy, as did Captain Harold Rooks of the HOUSTON.

It was a battle against hopeless odds. The Japanese swarmed upon them, in a blizzard of shot and shell, and torpedo attacks.

After midnight, Waller ordered a course to break through the enemy, to resume his original intention to pass through the Strait. He had always been seen by his crews as a lucky captain, but now his luck ran out. So, too, had the ammunition. Some of the ship’s guns were reduced to firing star shells or practice rounds.

PERTH was hit in quick succession by four torpedoes, and began to sink. Waller gave the order to abandon ship and, as I wrote in my book:

Towards the end there were only three figures left on the bridge: Waller, Peter “Guns” Hancox, and Lieutenant Willie Gay, the Officer of the Watch. Hancox was bleeding from a shrapnel wound near his ear.

“Let’s get off before she turns over,” he said.

“What about Hec?” Gay asked. The Captain was standing a short distance away, in his Mae West, both hands on the bridge rail, staring down at the silent 6-inch turrets below.

“He says he won’t come,” Hancox replied.

Waller turned to look at them.

“Get off the bridge, Gay,” he said.

And that was all. Peter Hancox went down the port ladder and was killed when a shell or a bullet or another piece of shrapnel smashed into it. Willie Gay went down the starboard side, unscathed. He was the last man to see Hector Macdonald Laws Waller alive."

It is likely that Waller was killed when more Japanese shells smashed into the bridge. Rooks of the HOUSTON also died on his bridge shortly before his ship went down.

I think it significant to point out that Rooks was awarded the United States’ highest decoration for gallantry, the Medal of Honor, for actions in which Waller participated with
equal bravery. Waller’s secretary at the time, Paymaster Sub-Lieutenant Gavin Campbell, is now (at the time of writing) PERTH’S last surviving officer. I believe he would be a vital witness at any public hearing the tribunal might conduct.

After the war, when PERTH’s survivors returned from Japanese prison camps, many of them sought to see their captain’s gallantry acknowledged. Paymaster Commander Phillip “Polo” Owen, who had been in PERTH, wrote for the Naval Historical Review in 1972:

Those of us who survived the Battle of Java Sea and the Battle of Sunda Strait were few, and having been captured we reappeared nearly four years later, after the tumult and shouting had died. When I returned and attempted to tell the story at Navy Office I was counselled to ‘let the dead past bury itself.’

‘That may be so,’ I said ‘but what about Waller? Is he not to be awarded a posthumous Victoria Cross?’ There was no answer.” vi

COMPARABLE ACTIONS BY OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

I note that in its terms of reference the tribunal “must consider the nature and context of the members’ actions in relation to the criteria for Australian and Imperial awards in order to arrive at a fair and sustainable response to claims for appropriate recognition.”

At this point, then, it is valuable to examine the actions of Royal Navy officers awarded the VC in WW2. Does Waller match up? I have selected three comparable examples:

• **Lieutenant Commander Gerard Broadmead Roope VC RN.**

Roope was captain of the small destroyer HMS Glowworm. His citation for the VC reads:

*On 8th April, 1940, H.M.S. Glowworm was proceeding alone towards West Fjord, Norway, when she met and engaged two enemy destroyers, hitting at least one of them. The enemy broke off the action and headed north. Lieutenant-Commander Roope, though*
appreciating the intention of the enemy to lead him on to his supporting forces, gave chase. The German heavy cruiser, Admiral Hipper was sighted closing the Glowworm at high speed, and an enemy report was sent, which was received by H.M.S. Renown. Because of the heavy sea it was not possible for the Glowworm to shadow the enemy, and the Commanding Officer decided to attack. Ten torpedoes were fired without success; then the Glowworm, badly hit and her speed reduced, closed and rammed the Admiral Hipper. As she withdrew the Glowworm opened fire again, and scored one hit at 400 yards range. Badly stove in forward and riddled with enemy fire, the Glowworm heeled over, and the Commanding Officer gave the order to abandon her. Shortly afterwards she capsized and sank; only 31 out of her complement of 149 were saved. The Victoria Cross is bestowed upon Lieutenant Commander Roope in recognition of his great valour.

Most extraordinary of all, Roope was actually recommended for the VC by the Germans. HIPPER’S commander, Kapitän zur See Hellmuth Heye, wrote to London via the Red Cross to laud Roopes’s courage in engaging him.

- **Captain Edward Stephen Fogarty Fegen, VC RN.**

His citation reads:

For valour in challenging hopeless odds and giving his life to save the many ships it was his duty to protect. On the 5th November, 1940, in heavy seas Captain Fegen, in his Majesty’s Armed Merchant Cruiser Jervis Bay, was escorting thirty-one Merchantmen. Sighting a powerful German warship, he at once drew clear of the Convoy, made straight for the enemy and brought his ship between the raider and her prey, so that they might scatter to escape. Crippled, in flames, unable to reply for nearly an hour the Jervis Bay held the German’s fire. So she went down; but of the Merchantmen, all but four or five were saved.

The “powerful German warship,” was actually the pocket battleship ADMIRAL SCHEER, a vessel overwhelmingly superior to Fegan’s ship.
Captain Bernard Armitage Warburton Warburton-Lee VC RN.

Warburton-Lee commanded the destroyer HMS HARDY. His citation reads:

For gallantry, enterprise and daring in command of the force engaged in the First Battle of Narvik, on 10th April, 1940. On being ordered to carry out an attack on Narvik, Captain Warburton-Lee learned that the enemy was holding the place in much greater force than had been thought. He signalled to the Admiralty that six German destroyers and one submarine were there, that the channel might be mined, and that he intended to attack at dawn. The Admiralty replied that he alone could judge whether to attack, and that whatever decision he made would have full support. Captain Warburton-Lee led his flotilla of five destroyers up the fjord in heavy snow-storms, arriving off Narvik just after daybreak. He took the enemy completely by surprise and made three successful attacks on warships and merchantmen in the harbour. As the flotilla withdrew, five enemy destroyers of superior gun power were encountered and engaged. The Captain was mortally wounded by a shell which hit the bridge of H.M.S. Hardy. His last signal was "Continue to engage the enemy".

As Waller’s entry in the Australian Dictionary of Biography correctly states:

"[He] knew the difference between gallantry and suicide and had both the combat experience and the moral courage to make the distinction."

I submit that his action in seeking to fight his way through the Japanese invasion force was at least equal in courage to the three examples above.

And so too for:

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER ROBERT WILLIAM RANKIN RAN.

Born at Cobar in western NSW in 1907, Robert "Oscar" Rankin, began his wartime service in ships of the Royal Navy, in the Atlantic and Mediterranean. He was 35 when he was given command of the sloop HMAS YARRA in early 1942.
At the time, YARRA was one of the smallest fighting ships in the RAN. Of just over 1,000 tons displacement, just 81 metres long, she carried only three 4-inch [102mm] guns, a pitifully small main armament.

On the 4th of March, 1942, YARRA was some 400 kilometres south of Java in the Timor Sea, escorting a small convoy of ships attempting to break out from the Japanese and to reach Australia. In “a glorious sunrise” that morning, her lookouts spotted a Japanese force of three heavy cruisers and two destroyers.

The action is best described in G. Hermon Gill’s official history of the navy in WW2:

As soon as the enemy was sighted, Lieutenant-Commander Rankin, YARRA’S Commanding Officer, made an enemy report, ordered the ships of the convoy to scatter, took station between them and the Japanese, and made smoke to screen them while himself engaging.

From the start it was a hopeless effort. One by one the four ships were smashed and sunk by gun fire from an enemy whose advantages in range, speed, and overwhelming superiority in fire power, resolved the encounter into a mere matter of target practice for him, aided by spotting by aircraft catapulted from the cruisers.

.... Last to go was YARRA, some time after 8 a.m. Rankin ordered "Abandon Ship" shortly before he was killed when an 8-inch salvo hit the bridge. Leading Seaman R. Taylor, captain of the last remaining gun, disregarded the "Abandon Ship" order, and continued in action until he was killed and the gun silenced.

The sinking of their ship—after heavy close-range shelling by the destroyers and bombing by the cruisers’ aircraft—was watched by 34 survivors of YARRA, who were on two rafts. All except one were ratings. The exception was the Dutch captain of PARIGI [a merchant ship]. The final stage of the drama was watched also, by survivors of [a British destroyer] STRONGHOLD, from the [Japanese] cruiser MAYA. When the convoy was first sighted they were sent below decks under guard, but later:

“We were taken on deck and shown, as they tried to impress us, the might of Japan’s navy. The YARRA was the only ship left afloat, and we could see flames and a great deal of smoke. The two destroyers were circling YARRA which appeared stationary, and were pouring fire into her. She was still firing back as we could see odd gun flashes. The
three cruisers then formed line ahead and steamed away from the scene. The last we saw of YARRA was a high column of smoke, but we were vividly impressed by her fight ...”

Survivors from all ships of the convoy attested to the gallant way in which YARRA fought.

Here again it can be seen that Rankin’s valour was in every way comparable to that of Waller and the three British officers cited above. In a letter to a family friend, written only days before his death, he made it clear that he knew where his duty lay:

*I am fit and well and ready for whatever may befall. Care weighs rather heavily tonight, but also do they [sic] weigh heavily on those charged with the defence of our country and Empire. It is easy to be critical but we in our service are doing our best under difficulties we did not anticipate. And we shall carry on trying to stave off the horrors of war from our people.*

After YARRA sank, the five Japanese warships left the scene. Rankin’s gallantry had saved many lives in the merchant ships he had been guarding.

**MIDSHIPMAN ROBERT IAN DAVIES RAN.**

A ‘friendly, fresh-faced lad,” from Greenwich, in Sydney, Davies graduated near the top of his class at the Royal Australian Naval College and was promoted midshipman in 1941.

By 1942 he was one of five Australian midshipmen serving in the Royal Navy battlecruiser HMS REPULSE which, with the battleship HMS PRINCE OF WALES, had been sent to help prevent a Japanese invasion of Malaya and Singapore.

The loss of these two great capital ships, sunk off the coast of Malaya by Japanese bombers on the 10th of December, 1941, was one of the great allied disasters of WW2.
In his account of the sinking of REPULSE, her First Lieutenant, Lieutenant Commander Kenneth Buckley, wrote:

*It was a glorious day with the bluest of seas. The port side of the ship, usually about 20 feet above the water, was just awash, and the starboard side correspondingly higher. Forward, the boatswain was chucking wooden planks over the side, and aft of me an Australian midshipman was still madly firing his Oerlikon gun at an aircraft and blaspheming anyone who dared to foul the sight...***

That midshipman was Bob Davies, whose action station was at No.5 Oerlikon anti-aircraft gun on the ship’s starboard side. His conduct was also seen by one of REPULSES’s gunnery officers, Lieutenant A E. Jacobs, who wrote of one attack by a Japanese bomber:

*The aircraft passed down the sides of the ship and I saw No.5 Oerlikon hit one just abaft the wing. There was a big red flash but the aircraft did not immediately fall but turned away. The gun still continued firing at him, and in so doing, missed a very good opportunity of engaging one which was following and nearer to the ship. As soon as the attack was past, I looked over to No.5 Oerlikon and asked him how he was situated for ammunition. Mid. Davies, RAN, who was in charge of the gun, looked up and with a great big smile said, “Alright so far, but if you can get us any more we’ll get rid of it.” I replied, "Nurse your ammunition and don’t forget, always take the nearest ones." He seemed as happy as a sandboy and went on loading a magazine.*

Davies’s kept firing as REPULSE took him down. His conduct is confirmed by one of the other Australian midshipman in Repulse, Guy Griffiths, now a retired rear admiral and alive and well at the time of writing.

As I wrote of Davies in Cruiser:

*A year later, his grieving parents, Tom and Mabel Davies, of suburban Greenwich in Sydney, learned that their only son had been awarded a Mention in Despatches and were paid a “war gratuity” of £93 and 15 shillings. It should have been a Victoria Cross.*
Again at this point, it is useful to offer a comparable British example:

- **John Travers “Jack” Cornwell VC RN.**

  Cornwell was a boy seaman of 16, serving in the cruiser HMS CHESTER at the First World War’s greatest sea engagement, the Battle of Jutland in May, 1916.

  CHESTER came under heavy fire from four German cruisers and the gun where Cornwell was serving as a sight-setter was showered by steel splinters. All of the gun’s crew were killed except Cornwell who, although severely wounded, remained standing at his post for more than 15 minutes until CHESTER retired from the action. One unconfirmed report says he managed to ram home one last shell, close the breech and press the firing button, and that this shell hit the German cruiser Wiesbaden, causing damage which led to her sinking.

  Cornwell died of his wounds two days later.

  His citation for the VC, written by the battlecruiser commander, then Admiral Sir David Beatty, read:

  "The instance of devotion to duty by Boy (1st Class) John Travers Cornwell who was mortally wounded early in the action, but nevertheless remained standing alone at a most exposed post, quietly awaiting orders till the end of the action, with the gun’s crew dead and wounded around him. He was under 16½ years old. I regret that he has since died, but I recommend his case for special recognition in justice to his memory and as an acknowledgement of the high example set by him."

With the hindsight of history, the award of a VC to Cornwell takes on a political and public relations hue. Jutland, though in fact a British strategic victory, was perceived by many at the time as a tactical defeat.

There had been no crushing Nelsonian triumph. The Royal Navy lost more ships and men than the Germans. The Kaiser’s High Seas Fleet had escaped annihilation. A hero was desperately needed. The British historians Nigel Steel and Peter Hart wrote:
Jack Cornwell, aged just 16, emerged from subsequent newspaper accounts of the battle as the epitome of youthful British valour and selfless dedication to the higher cause. By that time he had already succumbed to his mortal wounds but his story encapsulated many of the virtues held dear by a nation at war. Jack Cornwell became a hero. He was awarded a posthumous Victoria Cross, becoming the youngest recipient in the 20th century. The exact circumstances of his courageous deed are now blurred. There were few direct witnesses and what factual evidence did exist was quickly overshadowed by the propaganda value of his example to British youth in a time of conflict."

My underline. The conduct of Davies in standing by his gun in HMS REPULSE is of superior merit to Cornwell’s behaviour. So, too, are the following Australian examples:

ORDINARY SEAMAN EDWARD “Teddy” SHEEAN RAN.

There are many accounts of Ted Sheean’s heroism in the corvette HMAS ARMIDALE, still firing at attacking Japanese aircraft as his ship took him down. Several are by eye witnesses, including Lieutenant Commander John Sullivan, commanding officer of the corvette CASTLEMAINE:

Ord. Seaman Ted Sheean was responsible for one plane in the last attack. He was a loading number at the after Oerlikon, and when the order was given to abandon ship, he made for the side, but was wounded by a machine gun bullet. He returned to his gun, and started firing again, bringing down one plane, but was again wounded and went down with the ship. Sheean received a ‘Mention in Dispatches’. xi

The Australian Dictionary of Biography records:

Shortly before 2 p.m. on 1 December 1942 ARMIDALE... was attacked by no less than thirteen aircraft. The corvette manoeuvred frantically. At 3.15 a torpedo struck her port side and another hit the engineering spaces; finally a bomb struck aft. As the vessel listed heavily
to port, the order was given to abandon ship. The survivors leapt into the sea and were machine-gunned by the Japanese. Once he had helped to free a life-raft, Sheean scrambled back to his gun on the sinking ship. Although wounded in the chest and back, the 18-year-old sailor shot down one bomber and kept other aircraft away from his comrades in the water. He was seen still firing his gun as ARMIDALE slipped below the waves. Only forty-nine of the 149 souls who had been on board survived the sinking and the ensuing days in life-rafts.

The most substantial account of Sheean's deeds is by a shipmate, Lieutenant Frank B. Walker, one of ARMIDALE'S officers who survived the sinking. In civilian life, Walker had been a professional journalist, and he returned to that career with distinction after the war.

The ship was now heeling more sharply to port, and it was hard to keep a footing. Some of the crew were already in the water, swimming away to avoid being dragged down with her.

Having crippled the ship, the Japanese now turned their fury on the survivors and streaked in at sea level with their guns and cannons blazing. The men in the water seemed doomed. Some duck-dived to escape from the hissing bullets, only to come up for breath and have their head shot off.

Sheean could see that his shipmates were being ripped to bits. He was himself unwounded and could have scrambled to some sort of shelter near the bridge or funnel. He could have dived overboard and trusted his luck by duck-diving. He did none of those things. Instead, he scrambled back to the Oerlikon gun abaft the bridge—a distance of some 10 difficult and hazardous metres—thrust his shoulders into the semi-circular grips at the rear of the gun and strapped himself in. The ship was already sinking fast—it was only three minutes from the time the first torpedo struck until she vanished. The moment Sheean fastened that strap he must have known he would go down with the ship.

He poured a stream of 20mm shells at the strafing Japanese planes and sent one cart wheeling into the sea. A Zero flashed in, its guns blazing, and slashed Sheean's chest wide open. With blood pouring from his wounds, Sheean kept fighting, forcing some of the
Japanese planes to shear away. The ship was now sinking faster and the water was lapping Sheean’s feet, but still he kept firing.

The men in the water were awe-stricken as they saw the blood-stained, desperate youngster wheel his gun from target to target, his powerless legs dragging on the deck. Then came the most incredible sight of all – the ship plunged down and the sea rose up past Sheean’s waist to his shattered chest, but still he kept firing, and as the gun itself was dragged into the sea, its barrel kept recoiling and shots kept pouring from it.

Even when there was nothing left of the ship above water, tracer bullets from Sheean’s gun kept shooting up from under the water in forlorn, bizarre arcs. ARMIDALE and the man who loved her so much had kept fighting beyond the end.

It was an act of sublime, selfless heroism. It was not the result of years of training and discipline – Sheean had been in the navy onl oy a few months. He was not acting on orders. It was his decision and his decision alone., It was not a question of duty – the order to abandon ship had been given and he was free to try to save his own life. Instead, he chose to try to save the lives of his shipmates and to inflict as much damage on the enemy y as he could. It was valour above and beyond the call of duty.xii

Another of Sheean’s shipmates was Col Madigan, who also survived the sinking and the war and became an architect, gaining a national reputation with his design of the National Gallery in Canberra. Madigan also confirms Walker’s account of Sheean’s actions.

But as with Midshipman Davies, Sheean received only a Mention in Despatches. In 1979, a former naval officer, corvette captain and later member of federal parliament, Captain Sam Benson, petitioned the Fraser government to have Sheean’s heroism recognised with the VC, but to no avail. As Benson later said, that was :

“...a wrong to Tasmania and to those who fought in the navy....the wrong was created in that people have been awarded the Victoria Cross for doing less than Sheean did. Those who have got the medal rightly deserve it – I am not belittling that. But injustice has been done in the case of Sheean.
LEADING SEAMAN ROBERT 'Buck' TAYLOR.

Born at Carlton in Melbourne in 1918, Taylor entered the navy in 1935. In August 1939, just weeks before the outbreak of war, he joined the sloop YARRA, serving with her in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea.

After a Japanese air attack in early 1942, YARRA’s commanding officer, Lieutenant Commander Hastings Harrington (later a Vice Admiral and Chief of the Naval Staff) reported that:

"Taylor, the captain of No.2 gun, deserved commendation in that, on this occasion, as on many others he controlled his gun with judgment and determination. This ratings keenness and courage are a good example to all those in his vicinity."

It was a sign of things to come. As mentioned above, Taylor remained at his gun during the sinking of the YARRA in the Timor Sea. As the Australian Dictionary of Biography puts it:

"Taylor ignored the order to abandon ship and stayed alone at his gun, firing slowly and defiantly at the enemy until he was killed shortly before the ship went down."

CONCLUSION

The gallantry of the five men mentioned here is beyond doubt and beyond praise. Each man deserves the letters VC after his name.

It is not so much that injustice has been done, although there is that aspect. More, I think, there have been accidents of history. The tribunal now has the opportunity and I would respectfully submit – the duty to put those accidents right.

Often when medals are awarded – for gallantry or even just dogged long service – the recipients will say, in modesty, that the recognition is also for those they served with. Like all clichés, this contains a considerable measure of truth. I know from my long interviews
with PERTH survivors that they feel keenly that Hec Waller has been denied an honour he deserves. Many of them showed extraordinary bravery as well, which also went unnoticed, but this does not bother them. They would, however, see an award to Waller as a final seal of their country’s approval in the sunset of their lives.

A difficulty facing the tribunal is that if these five were to be so honoured, there would be some criticism that medals were being handed out willy-nilly. Indeed, it would be unprecedented for so many to be awarded simultaneously and so long after the event.

Yet surely the question is both simple and over-arching: did these men deserve their country’s highest award for gallantry?

Were they in the official wording, “persons who, in the presence of the enemy, displayed the most conspicuous gallantry; a daring or pre-eminent act of valour or self-sacrifice; or extreme devotion to duty?

The answer must be a resounding yes.

Lawrence Binyon’s resonant Ode to the Fallen ends with these lines:

*To the innermost heart of their own land they are known*

As the stars are known to the Night;
As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain;
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

It can never be too late to honour these five immortal Australians.

Mike Carlton,
Clareville, NSW
June 2011.
END NOTES:

Australian Dictionary of Biography.


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