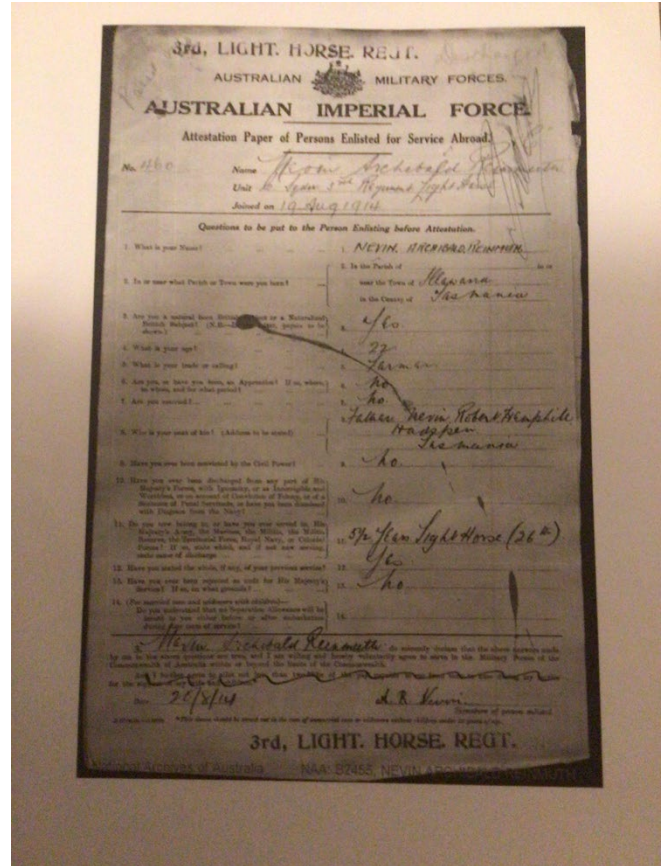


Archibald Reinmuth Nevin:



For my soldier research, I wanted to do a soldier from either the Ulverstone area or who was relevant to my family as I feel I have the most connection to these particular soldiers. After speaking with my Aunty, I became aware that I had a family member who I previously did not know about, who served in the First World War. For me it became an easy decision that I would choose to do my research on him. Unfortunately, I found out that he was never really spoken about by family members after he was killed in action. A photo of him in his uniform was displayed in some family members homes, but he was never spoken about in great detail. This made researching him a bit difficult, as there wasn't a lot of information on him online. However, this also made choosing him more special, as it is a chance to honour and remember him and his story specifically.

Archibald Reinmuth Nevin, who my family and I refer to as 'Archie' was born on the 19th of August 1892, and served in the First World War in the Australian Imperial Force. Archie was born in Illawarra, Tasmania to Robert Hemphill Nevin, and Ada Maria Reinmuth. He was the second born of six children, and one of only two sons, with him being the eldest son. His father Robert was a farmer from Longford, Tasmania. Robert married Archie's mother, Ada, also from Longford at 28, while she was 23, on the 23rd of October 1889. Together, they moved to Illawarra where they grew their family. Archie attended junior public schooling and received a certificate in arithmetics. The school Archie attended was on the same ground as the Illawarra church, on Illawarra Road in Longford. After schooling, Archie worked as a farmer and a grazier. If the war had not of happened, Archie planned to become a minister in his local church. Prior to enlisting, Archie served with the citizen's military forces and the 26th light horse for 5 and a ½ years.

On the 19th of August 1914, in Pontville Tasmania, 23-year-old Archie enlisted in the first Australian Imperial force. Upon his enlistment, Archie's physical complexion was written as: grey eyes, brown hair and a dark complexion. He was 5 foot 8 ½ inches tall, 9 stones and 11 pounds and had a chest measurement of 34.37 inches. This meant Archie was relatively small for his age. Archie's religion was Anglican. He identified as a British subject and his next of kin on his enlistment forms was his

father, Robert. Archie's service number was only three numbers and was 460. A few months after his enlistment into the Australian Imperial Force, on the 27th of November 1914, he passed an exam for Lieutenant. On the 20th of September 1915, an application was submitted for him to be commissioned. It is most likely he was applying for an officer/rank position however it was never made clear. Once Archie's enlistment was complete, a whole year later on the 27th of October 1915, Archie embarked from Melbourne, Victoria on the HMAT A38 Ulysses with the 15th infantry battalion and 11th reinforcement. The reason for the long wait before his departure, is he most likely was undertaking some sort of military training.

His Majesty's Australian Transport (HMAT) ship A38 Ulysses weighed 14,499 tons with an average cruise speed of 14 knots or 25.92 kilometres per hour. It was owned by the China Mutual SN Co, London and leased by the commonwealth until the 15th of August 1917. Launched in 1913, the Ulysses was the largest ship to serve as a troop carrier and the ship that carried the most passengers.

The 15th Battalion AIF was raised from late September 1914, six weeks after the outbreak of the First World War. Three-quarters of the battalion were recruited as volunteers from Queensland, and the rest from Tasmania.

Archie served in the Middle East and was then moved to the Western Front in Europe where he would tragically lose his life. In his time in the Middle East, Archie was based in Egypt. During his service in Egypt, he suffered with few illnesses. During the end of January 1916, a letter was sent home to Archie's parents. It states, *Regret reported son second lieutenant A.R Nevin admitted second Australian general hospital Ghezireh, 20th January tonsillitis mild will promptly advise if anything further received.* On the 30th of April in 1916, he was admitted to the 44th casualty clearing station, serapeum for diarrhoea. He was then transported to the number one Australian stationary hospital on the 2nd of May and remained there for seven days recovering until the 9th of May 1916, where he was discharged and returned to duty. He then proceeded from Alexandria to join the British expeditionary force on the 1st of June and then disembarked from Marseilles on the 8th of June. Towards the end of the month, he was seconded for duty with the 4th Australian light trench Mortar Battery on the 30th of June. While in Cairo, Egypt, Archie wrote a letter on the 9th of December 1915 from the Soldiers home titled to Marj (Marjorie), his seventeen-year-old sister.

My dear Marj,

I hear that there is likely to be a mail to dear old Australia, this week, as will take this opportunity to let you know I am still alive and kicking. I am doing duty in Cairo for a week, on piquet. It is a great game. I take my piquet out at 3.30pm and am relieved at 8.30pm and have nothing to do until same time next day. Even when on duty, I spend most of my time sitting in the officer's room at the soldier's home, which is very comfy. There are two piquets stationed here, as it is the busiest and rowdiest part, so while me is out the others are resting. It is a good thing for me, because I would never get any letters written at all. When I am not on duty, I am generally sightseeing. And my word there are some sights to see at Cairo and some smells to smell too, by Jove. The natives haven't got any Aunty Mary to visit like we have, so you will have some idea what the smell is like in the back streets. Guess if we had to much piquet work, we would be all dead with fever. Perhaps that is why they make short shifts of it. I generally keep a good cloud of smoke going, which keeps it down a good deal. I would like to see the dear old home now. I fancy I can see it just as I have year after year, at the time. The hay crops just about ready to cut, the fallow paddocks brown and dry, with the sheep running over them, the wheat crops all out in ear and waving in the wind, the paddocks a mass of yellow dandelion. Fruit trees all green, with young fruit hanging in clusters. Cherries just turning rosy, red, and starlings stealing them. How I shall miss those good old fads of cherries. I go up the yard and see dad and Every getting the binder out and fixing her up and I wonder how much they will miss me in the coming harvest. I fancy I hear doll call out for us to dinner, and as per usual I stroll down the yard first. There I see dear old granny and grandad washing up and the Dickie ringing in his cage and I go on a walk into the old kitchen that I love so well and see my dear mummy and sissies dishing up the dinner and have a wash out on the bricks and then go up to the dear little bedroom and brush my

hair. I look around this wall and see all the photos, which I know are not there now. I come out and we sit down to dinner, oh how I could enjoy that dinner. Roast mutton grown and killed at home, new potatoes, green peas and mint sauce. Then green gooseberry pie. Oh! I don't want you to think I'm silly and sentimental, but when one draws a picture like the one, I have attempted to describe I have to a job to keep the tears out of my eyes. Tears are the not the things for soldiers, are they Mary, oh dear? So, I will look forward to the time when I, by gods good grace will see not the picture but the reality.

The highlight of Archie's service was his official promotion from second Lieutenant to first Lieutenant, on the 9th of July 1916. When this happened, he was still remaining with the Australian light trench mortar battery for another two months until the 9th of September when he rejoined his original battalion. From there, he moved from the Middle East to the horrific Western Front.

Archie was transported to Belgium with his battalion, where they were located in the Ypres area. It is unknown which battle Archie was fighting in, but he was near the front line of St Eloi. On the 23rd of September 1916 Archie was announced as missing in action and further, killed in action.

Assistant Adjutant of the 15th battalion, stated "Lieutenant A.R Nevin was killed whilst patrolling 'No man's land' and his body was not recovered during this unit's tour of duty in the front line near St. Eloi Belgium, September 1918."

Another soldier named Lydford stated on November 28th, 1916 "Lt Nevin led a patrol of two men to the German trench at Ypres on the 23rd of September 1916 and was killed by a bomb, on the parapet of the German trench. Lydford was told this by one of the two patrol soldiers, who both returned safely.

Soldier 3713 Pte R.T Coffey stated 'I on the night of 22nd September 1916 at St Eloi Lt Nevin and two Ncos Cpls smith and hocker of A coy went out as patrol. Next morning on roll call the Ncos told us Nevin got right through the German barbed wire and was on edge of that part of the trench, referred to as the crater, where he was bombed by a German soldier. He fell back with a groan. The Ncos were bombed as well and had to retire. The next morning, we looked through periscopes and glasses but could not see Lt Nevin. They predicted he most likely had fallen in the crater". Archie was officially declared dead on the 23rd of September 1916 and his body was never found. Archie has no known grave in Belgium, but is remembered at graves such as, Carrick memorial wall honour roll, Longford war memorial, menin gate memorial, Westbury war memorial and Australia war memorial roll of honour. Archie received the 1914-15 Star, British War Medal and Victory Medal for his service.

After Archie's death, there were many letters exchanged from Archie's mother, trying to grasp an understanding of what happened to her son. The family received the remainder of Archie's money, and a trunk was shipped to the next of kin, (Archie's father) on the 27th of August 1917 via the Ulysses A.38 from Marseilles. Inside Archie's trunk included personal items including, 1 V.P, Camera, Negatives, curios, letters, 2 pipes, 1 helmet, 2 combs, 1 printing frame (damaged), 1 shaving mug, 1 watch, 1 walking stick, 1 pair black shoes, 1 brush, books, 4 shirts, 1 pr underpants, 1 pair leggings, 1 pair Puttees, 1 white hat, 1 cap comforter, 1 mufti vest, 1 pair braces, 1 scarf, 7 pairs socks, 1 cap cover, 1 singlet, 1 linen bag, 1 pair gloves, 2 handkerchiefs, bathing trunks, 4 collars, 2 ties, 1 drill tunio, 1 pr drill shirts, 1.s.d tunic and slacks. I'm not sure what happened in the end containing Archie's belongings, but they most likely did make it back to his family. Learning about Archie's life has taught me the vital importance of being brave and being selfless. All though Archie was never spoken about much in his home, he will forever be bought up in mine, along with his mates, who died for Australia.

Being able to visit the Western Front and see where Archie and many other soldiers fought was incredibly special and a feeling I will never forget.



AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL

DA11735



Soldier's Home
back
Wed. Dec. 9th

My Dear Mary:

I hear that there is likely to be a mail to dear old Australia this week as will take this opportunity to let you know I am still alive & kicking & am due to get home for a week or so next week. It is a great game. I left my pig out at 3.30 a.m. & am relieved at 8.30 a.m. & have nothing to do until same time next day. Even when on duty, I spend most of my time sitting in the Officers Room at the Soldier's Home, which is very comfy. There are two piglets stationed here, as it is the busiest & roundest party, as while one is out the others are resting. It is a good thing for me, because I would never get any letters written at all when I am not on duty. I am generally right sunny. And my own there is some rights to say, at least some snells to snells too by you. The natives haven't got any about Mary to visit like we have, so you will have some idea what the snell is like in the back street. Guess if we had too much paper work, we would be all dead with fever. Perhaps that is why they make short shifts of it. I generally keep a good cloud of smoke going, which keeps it down a good deal. I would like to see the dear old Home now. I can see it just as I have year after year, at the same time. The boys are about ready to cut, the fellow fields

brown & dry with the chick running over them, the wheat crops all out in ear & waving in the wind, the leaf paddocks a mass of yellow dandelion. Fruit trees all green, with young fruit hanging in clusters. Apples just turning rosy red & starlings eating them. How shall miss those good old feeds of cherries as up the garden as Dad & I are getting the fender out & fixing her up, & wonder how much they will miss me in the coming harvest. I fancy I hear. Don't call out for so to dinner & as per usual, I stroll down the yard first. There's dear dear old Granma & Grandpa & washing up & the dishes ringing in his cage. I go on & walk into the old kitchen that I love as well as all my dear mummy & aunts

dishing up the dinner & have a wash out on the bricks & then go up to the dear little bedroom & brush my hair. I look round the walls & see all the photos, which I know are not there now. I dream out & we sit down to dinner. Oh! how I could enjoy that dinner. Roast mutton, green & killed at home. Some potatoes, green peas & cranberry sauce. Then you & George & I. Oh! I don't want you to think I'm silly & sentimental, but when they fancy draws a picture like this one I have attempted to describe. I have a job to keep the tears out of my eyes. Tears are not the things for soldiers, are they? May old dear, as I will look forward to the time when I, by God's good grace, will see you in the future, but the