

Timaru Herald. 4 February 1916 (Papers Past)

GRAVE AT GABA TEPE.

WAIMATE BOYS' DEATH.

LETTER FROM HIS MATE.

Mrs A. Miller, of High Street, Waimate, has received, from H. N. Maher, of Greenfell, N.S.W., a letter informing her of the death of her son, Len Miller, at Gaba Tepe, on May 6th.

It appears from the letter of Private Maher that he and Miller were friends in Australia before the war broke out, and when the call came for men, they enlisted together. "We made a vow to one another before we left home, that no matter what may happen, we two would stick together. God only knows how we kept that promise. Len was as true a comrade as ever lived. I can see him now, the very type of Australia's manhood. There were many fine young men left Australia, but none better than poor old Len. I loved Len, Mrs Miller, just as I would a brother, and I honour him now he has gone. He was the bravest of the brave, and if any man deserved a V.C., Len did. They have parted us by death. But I shall always remember him, through this life. You, his mother, have something to be proud of in the memory that your son gave his life for his country. It is the end he wished for most, to die serving his country. And if I could die as bravely as poor old Len, I would be satisfied to go back again, and die for my country. We often talked about the time we would have if ever we were spared to get back home, but alas, I am the only returned soldier out of eight who left this little town together. . . . I was very severely wounded myself, I was six months in bed, and since I landed home, I have undergone an operation for the removal of my right kidney. The bullet hit me on the left side and passed right across into the right kidney. Poor old Len was killed on 26th May. He died without any pain, and the boys that were left of his company buried him at Gaba Tepe. He has a lovely grave with a little cross erected over it with his name and number. Every day my brother goes and sees his grave. Don't worry, Mrs Miller, I know it is hard, but remember your son died a noble death. . . . It is very hard for me to write to you about Len, but if I could meet you I could tell you everything. I am sending you Len's little Bible, it is the only thing I have of his, so I am sending it to you."

The writer says he has relatives in Auckland, and may come over, and if so he would like to meet Mrs Miller. He had been trying to find where she lives ever since his return to Australia, but he had lost everything, including her address.