

Evening Star. 3 September 1914 [20/11/2024]

PERSONAL.

Among those who have joined the Expeditionary Force is Mr A. R. M'Lauchlan, who several years ago was a member of the reporting staff of the 'Evening Star.' On his leaving the 'Gisborne Times,' to which he has been attached for two and a-half years, Mr M'Lauchlan was entertained by the staff and presented with tokens of good-fellowship, with best wishes for a successful campaign.

Gisborne Times. 5 July 1915 [20/11/2024]

Writing to a friend on the staff of the "Gisborne Times," Private A. R. McLaughlan, who is a member of the staff of this journal, reports "all well," after a fortnight in the trenches on Gallipoli Peninsula. Private McLaughlan's relatives, who reside in Dunedin, received a cheery cable on June 8 again announcing "All well."

Poverty Bay Herald. 27 August 1915 [02/02/2014]

The sad advice of the death of Private Alexander Robertson McLaughlin, another of the Gisborne first reinforcements, has also been received. He was about 23 years of age, and was a son of Mr McLaughlin, cabinet-maker, of South Dunedin. Private McLaughlin was a Dunedin boy, and took up journalism as a profession. He started newspaper reporting with the Dunedin Star, and afterwards joined the literary staff of the Timaru Post. He was there for 18 months, and then joined the Timarn Herald's staff. About two years ago he came to Gisborne as a reporter for the Gisborne Publishing Company. He was a member of the Gisborne Rowing Club. During the time he was in Gisborne he made many friends. .

Evening Star. 27 August 1915 [17/11/2019]

Cable advice has been received that Private Alexander Robertson M'Lauchlan, the third son of Mr H. M. M'Lauchlan, of Main South road, Dunedin, has been killed in action. Private M'Lauchlan was educated at the Forbury School. He entered the service of the 'Evening Star' Company, and became a member of the reporting staff. He subsequently received an appointment on the Timaru 'Post,' and afterwards accepted an engagement with the Gisborne 'Times.' He was at Gisborne when war broke out, and he immediately enlisted, leaving with the Main Expeditionary Force. He was 23 years of age, and a most capable and promising reporter.

Sun. 28 August 1915 [29/03/2017]

**CASUALTIES.
A HEAVY LIST.
MANY CANTERBURY MEN KILLED.**

Press Association.

WELLINGTON, August 27.

The following casualty list was issued to-night: -

KILLED IN ACTION.

(August 7.)

CANTERBURY BATTALION.

6/1971—Private James Edward Robinson (Joseph Robinson, Claremont, Timaru, father).

6/1984—Private William Spence (Mrs G. Taylor, P. O., Timaru, mother).

6/2093—Private Albert Philip Clarke (P. R. Clarke, Box Line, Willowbridge, South Canterbury, father).

6/1833—Private Victor Duncan (Francis Duncan, Dee Street, Timaru, father).

6/1842—Private Patrick Gregory Fitzgerald (William Fitzgerald, 3 Wellington Street, Timaru).

6/2192—Private Thomas Stanley Logan (John Logan, 6 Wilson Street, Timaru, father).

Private Alexander Robertson McLauchlan.

New Zealand Herald. 28 August 1915 [02/02/2014]

PRIVATE A. R. McLAUGHLIN.

Private Alexander Robertson McLaughlin, killed in action, was a member of Gisborne's first reinforcements. He was about 23 years of age, and was a son of Mr. McLaughlin, cabinetmaker, of South Dunedin. Private McLaughlin was a Dunedin boy, and took up journalism as a profession. He started newspaper reporting with the Dunedin Star, and afterwards joined the literary staff of the Timaru Post. He was there for 18 months, and then joined the Timaru Herald staff. About two years ago he went to Gisborne as a reporter for the Gisborne Publishing Company. He was a member of the Gisborne Rowing Club.

Otago Daily Times. 28 August 1915 [02/02/2014]

PRIVATE M'LAUHLAN.

Advice has been received by cablegram that Private Alexander Robertson M'Lauchlan, the third son of Mr H. M. M'Lauchlan, of Main South road, Dunedin, has been killed in action. Private M'Lauchlan was educated at the Forbury School and afterwards privately. He entered the service of the Evening Star Company, and became a member of the reporting staff. He subsequently received appointments on the Timaru Post and Timaru Herald, where he remained about two years, and afterwards accepted an engagement with the Gisborne Times. He was at Gisborne when war broke out, and he immediately enlisted, leaving with the Main Expeditionary Force. He was 23 years of age, and a most capable and promising reporter.

Gisborne Times. 28 August 1915 [19/11/2024]

GISBORNE'S TOLL.

A HEAVY CASUALTY LIST YESTERDAY.

SIX GISBORNEITES KILLED IN ACTION.

The heavy price that the Empire is paying in the titanic struggle in which she is engaged was brought closely home to Gisborne people yesterday, when the sad intelligence that no less than six of Gisborne's sons had found soldiers' graves on the far off Gallipoli Peninsula. The sadness of the news was relieved by the knowledge that they had met their deaths while fighting for King and country, like valiant men and true. They have gone down covered with imperishable laurels and their memories will be kept green for all time in their home town.

PRIVATE A. R. McLAUHLAN.

Among this morning's list of those killed in action at the Dardanelles appears the name of Private Alexander Robertson McLauchlan, a member of the literary staff of the "Gisborne Times," who proceeded to the front with the main Expeditionary Force. Private McLauchlan, who was 23 years of age, was a son of Mr A. McLauchlan, of Main South Road, Caversham,

Dunedin. Private McLauchlan was educated at Dunedin public schools, and he entered on a journalistic career on the staff of the Dunedin "Star." He next secured a position as reporter on the "Timaru Post," and later went over to the "Timarn Herald." He joined the literary staff of this journal about two and a half years ago, and very shortly after the outbreak of the war offered his services, and put in some months training at Awapuni and Trentham military camps. He was of a particularly bright and happy nature, and made friends wherever he went. The news of his death, came as a sad blow to the members of the staff of the "Times," and to a wide circle of friends, who only a few months ago wished him God speed in his departure for the front. He was an active member of the Gisborne Rowing Club, and took a keen interest in all forms of sport, concerning which he wrote in a bright and racy style.

Gisborne Times. 28 August 1915 [20/11/2024]

KILLED IN ACTION

END OF A PROMISING JOURNALIST.

AN APPRECIATION OF PRIVATE A. R. McLAUHLAN.

The sad news received yesterday that Private A. R. McLauchlan had been killed in action at the Dardanelles came as a great shock to his many friends in Gisborne, but the blow especially hit home to his comrades on the staff of the "Gisborne Times," who had worked side by side with him for over two years, and all of whom had followed his campaigning career with the deepest interest, from the time he laid down his pen in the reporters' room to take up a rifle in defence of the cause of liberty and justice.

On a certain afternoon in September last, the members of the "Times" staff foregathered in the reporters' room to farewell "Little Mac," as he was affectionately termed by the senior members of the staff. The esteem in which Private McLauchlan was held was evident from the sincerity of the tributes which were paid to the able services he had rendered the staff, and the pride which was taken in his patriotic action in responding to the call of his country in her hour of need. The next scene was at the Gisborne wharf, where sincere good-byes were exchanged, and "Kia Ora" was shouted again and again as the journalist in khaki sailed off for Awapuni Camp to fit himself for the serious business of war. That was the last the majority of Gisborne people ever saw of "Little Mac." Unlike subsequent Reinforcements, the members of the Main Expeditionary Force got no chance of final leave to farewell their friends.

Private McLauchlan took up the work of soldiering with the same enthusiasm and thoroughness which he had thrown into his profession, and photographs he forwarded from time to time proved conclusively that the strenuous training had changed the boy into a man. Brightly written accounts of life in camp came to this journal from time to time from Private McLauchlan's pen, and these showed that he had the true journalistic gift of conveying to his readers the life and color of the stirring scenes of which he wrote. Graphic accounts of the departure of the Main Expeditionary Force from Wellington, their arrival at and memorable march through Hobart, the visit to Albany, and the arrival at Cairo were all faithfully related to the readers of the "Times" by Private McLauchlan, and then came splendid pen pictures of military life in the Land of the Pharaohs, the brush with the Turks at the Suez Canal, and finally a more sober account of the trip across to the Dardanelles, and an account of the historic landing.

It seems hard to believe that the young friend and comrade who left us less than a year ago full of lusty life has been cut off in his prime. A promising young journalist has been lost to New Zealand; a true friend has gone to that bourne from which no traveller returns, but his memory, and that of those who died with him, will live for ever, and cause the name of New

Zealand to shine; illustriously on the pages of history for all time. In Tennyson's words, these New Zealand heroes of the Dardanelles can say: -

"I have fought for King and Country

Like a valiant man and true.

I have only done my duty

As a man is bound to do."

Peace to your ashes, "Little Mac". May you rest peacefully, lulled by the lapping of the sparkling waters of the Aegean Sea. It does not fall to every man born of woman to die as noble a death.

Gisborne Times. 2 September 1915 [20/11/2024]

AT THE DARDANELLES.

A LULL IN THE BATTLE.

GISBORNE BOYS AT THE FRONT,

LETTER FROM LATE PRIVATE A. R. McLAUHLAN.

Writing under date June 24 to a friend on the staff of the "Gisborne Times," Private A. R. McLauchlan, who was reported killed in action on Friday last said: —

Dear —, — Two months now all but two days since we arrived at — and so many and varied have been our experiences that it seems more like three months since we came ashore. I see that the Press Association has supplied a lurid sort of story for the newspapers of all our doings so far so that I suppose you are all more in knowledge of all that has happened in the big crusade than we are ourselves. Gisborneites predominate in our company now that our reinforcements are here. The same little town has given some of her best and has been worthily represented from the jump.

At the moment of writing our Regiment is in a rest camp in a pleasant and verdant little valley, behind high hills which form the firing line. All day, and more especially at night, there is an almost incessant sound of rifle fire, and the sharp crack of bullets and the whistle of machine-gun fire sound incessantly over our valley home.

Where we are, why we are here, and what we are doing, you doubtless have learned from the cable man, so that I will try and tell you the story of all that has happened from our point of view. You know of course that we set out from Egypt the second week in April and embarked at Alexandria en route for the fixed rendezvous for many troops who were to gather in readiness for an onslaught on hostile shores. It was our experience to travel on a transport which had been a German ship and had been taken as a prize since the commencement of the war. There was nothing particularly distinctive about the ship. — She was just a solidly built tramp designed for "Suez Canal" trade and she bore many directions and instructions in the language of "kultur" in the vicinity of the "mashine" room, etc. The feature of the ship indeed was her skipper, who "spoke braw Scotch" as one of the mates told me. He was a typical Scotsman and had lost his previous ship at the bidding of the piratical Emden, since gone under. There were two English mates aboard and chief engineer and stoker of like nationality, while the electrician was an Italian, and the rest of the crew were Greeks. "And if I never go to sea again, I won't sail with such a company," said one of the mates to me. The bo'sun alone could make known to them what was wanted, or model their thoughts in the King's English. Like those of some of the soldiers aboard, their thoughts were often far astray and the modelling process was often a tedious one. That they showed some loyalty in making the perhaps risky trip was the only compensation thought that the dour Scotch skipper might indulge in.

In our somewhat strange surroundings in interesting waters our voyage passed pleasantly and we had an average good weather passage. We did not have exactly upholstered couches to lie

on or attractive menus each day, but the jollity of the boys aboard and an occasional concert at which good talent was exhibited kept all of us in the best of spirits.

We passed several islands, large and small, on our way over the sea, and finally we came to our rendezvous on a picturesque and cultivated little island, off which there lay scores of transports from many ports, and great grey fighting ships, monitors guarding those who had come to fight, with destroyers and mine draggers running to and fro like many-pointed combs clearing the sea of what might be lurking there. There were avenues of some of Britain's best fighting ships, and one particularly big one, mounted with the new 15-inch guns. More of this place I am not permitted to say, except that we got ashore on the island on occasions and had pleasant times there. The people were simple island folk, living a contented life amid happy surroundings, poor in that their possessions are few but rich in other things that count. Quite a romantic little spot this island, but it became a place nearer reality when it was, for military reasons, thrown into a centre of bustle and preparation.

At any rate after a stay of some ten days we took leave of this island, in company with other transports at 5.30 a.m. on a certain Sunday morning. It was not very long until we could hear the full rumble of big guns firing and the sound became more distinct as we proceeded. There was unfolded to our view as we steamed along a sight which I don't suppose it will be our lot to see the like of again. We passed what seemed to be an unending line of varied warcraft and every ship was busily employed at a game which we enjoyed watching. In a little time we dropped anchor and we were treated to more thrills, of which one must not write. In a diary which I kept, there occurs the following paragraph: "The whole day has been a remarkable one, among the most sensational in this arena so far and the strangest fact is that everybody seems to be treating it as commonplace and ordinary. We have seen the biggest existing guns firing and have seen observation balloons ascending and aeroplanes on reconnaissance with shrapnel shells chasing them and firing ridiculously wide. Submarines and destroyers are flitting about and troops are being landed as the big guns boom and . . . In the evening there was one grand bombardment. The shooting was simply great . . ."

Since then we, too, have gone ashore "somewhere," and as you know by this time, have tasted of war. The bullets were singing as we came ashore, but all of us save two — that is of our company — got safely to terra firma. One night in one other nulla much like our present one and a morning's march along a stony beach and we were launched into our first attack. We were in reserve, just in reserve for what we did not exactly know. We were babies at war, but it was not long before we were as matured men at the game. With our regiment we went up a certain ridge, suddenly there came an order to take off packs, and then there was a "double" up-hill and a quickly ordered "fix bayonets." It was a rough run until we made the uppermost ridge, and then there was a slight rest for absolutely breathless men. Ammunition was given to us in addition to our 200 rounds and afterwards the word was given to "advance," with the cheerful intimation, "come on, lads, they're on the run!" And so with a swoop did all the boys "come on" in the fullest sense of the term and succeeded in keeping the enemy away. There was soon a mixture of soldiers from different units and all moved on from cover to cover until all in front had been routed. It was not, however, without cost that we had advanced for some of our boys went down. "All the day," I have noted down, "we were under heavy fire from both machine guns and snipers, and during the advance we got somewhat separated, although everybody found himself at some point or other in the newly-established line and we were entrenched before very long. After this time we were in a good line of trenches, which we gradually improved, and we were made as safe as could be under the circumstances. For next mail I will write you some more about our experiences.

Otago Witness. 8 September 1915 [29/03/2017]

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

Advice has been received by cablegram that Private Alexander Robertson M'Lauchlan, the third son of Mr H. M. M'Lauchlan, of Main South road, Dunedin, has been killed in action. Private M'Lauchlan was educated at the Forbury School and afterwards privately. He entered the service of the Evening Star Company, and became a member of the reporting staff. He subsequently received appointments on the Timaru Post and Timaru Herald, where he remained about two years, and afterwards accepted an engagement with the Gisborne Times. He was at Gisborne when war broke out, and he immediately enlisted, leaving with the Main Expeditionary Force. He was 23 years of age, and a most capable and promising reporter.