## **PERRY, Vernon Michael Stanley**

**Reference: Beecroft Church of England Roll of Honour, Beecroft Roll of Honour, Beecroft Public School, Tony Cunneen book**

**Resident of “Fremblik”, Beecroft-road, Cheltenham, NSW**

[Unable to find birth details]

**AIF Project details:**

Regimental Number: 2692

Enlistment Date: 28 Jul 1915

Place of Birth: Ashfield, Sydney, NSW

Age: 19 years 5 months

Occupation: Electrical engineer

Address: ‘Fremblik’ Beecroft Road, Cheltenham, NSW

Marital Status: Single

Age at embarkation: 19

Height: 5’ 8 ¼”

Weight: 140lbs

Chest Measurement: 33-36”

Complexion: Fair

Eyes: Blue

Hair: Brown

Religious Denomination: Church of England

Next of Kin: Father, Thomas Perry, ‘Fremblik’, Beecroft Road, Cheltenham, NSW

Rank on enlistment: Private

Unit Name: 19th Battalion, 6th Reinforcement

AWM embarkation Roll number: 23/36/2

Embarkation details: Unit embarked from Sydney, NSW, on board HMAT A14 *Euripides* on 2 Nov 1915

Roll title: 19 Infantry Battalion – 1 to 13 Reinforcements (May 1915-Jul 1916)

Rank from Nominal Roll: Private

Unit from Nominal Roll: 4th Battalion

Fate: Returned to Australia 13 Jul 1917

Date of death: 23 Sep 1951

Place of burial: Northern Suburbs Crematorium

**Further references:**

“Beecroft and Cheltenham in WW1” by Tony Cunneen (pages 18, 19, 26, 41, 62, 67, 71)

The Cumberland Argus and Fruitgrowers Advocate, Sat 13 May 1916 (Beecroft Public school ex-student)

The Cumberland Argus and Fruitgrowers Advocate, Sat 26 Aug 1916 (reported wounded)

The Wyalong Advocate and Mining, Agricultural and Pastoral Gazette, Wed 11 Oct 1916 (reported wounded)

The Cumberland Argus and Fruitgrowers Advocate, Sat 23 Mar 1918 (welcome home)

**The Wyalong Advocate and Mining, Agricultural and Pastoral Gazette, Wed 11 Oct 1916**

Personal and Social.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Perry, of Cheltenham, N.S.W., have received word from one of the London Hospitals, stating that their only son, Lance-Corporal Perry, is there badly wounded with a compound fracture of the left leg above the knee, and other shrapnel wounds. He is the grandson of the late Dr. M. Perry, formerly of West Wyalong, and nephew of Mr. Stanley Perry, of this town. He had some exciting experiences before his arrival in France. The transport narrowly escaped being torpedoed; his party in machine gun section were at one time partly buried through the explosion of a shell, and in the trenches the periscope was carried away from his rifle. In a further attack he was wounded, as stated, and has been specially mentioned with others for the gallant work throughout. Before enlisting he had been studying electrical engineering. He is only 21, but a fine specimen of an Australian, being over 6ft. in height and weighing 13st.

**Cumberland Argus and Fruitgrowers Advocate (Parramatta, NSW: 1888 - 1950), Saturday 11 November 1916, page 10**

CORPORAL V. M. S. PERRY.



Amongst those soldiers who are shortly to return to Australia from the battlefields of France is Vernon Perry, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. T. Perry, of “Fremblik,” Cheltenham. He was of typical Australian build and a height of 6ft., which enabled him to become a very promising forward on the football field. He writes to a friend: — “I was standing in a shell hole supervising the digging of a trench when one of our 18 pounders fell short and smashed my rifle to matchwood. I got five shrapnel pellets just above the knee in the lower left thigh, which of course shattered it to pulp. When the doctor saw it, he said straight away that it was impossible to save it, so it was amputated the next day. Would you believe that to start the attack on Pozieres we opened up 1000 guns which were ours, and the Huns had very nearly as many. Amongst theirs they had some 17-inch guns, and when their shell bursts it makes a hole you could put one of those great big furniture vans in with ease. The shell itself is 17 inches in diameter and 6 feet high, and when it is coming through the air one would think it was the Melbourne Express. When we started to charge we could see nothing but a great wall of fire in front of us. My word! The Hun is a cowardly swine. When he sees that you have him he will try to put his arms round your neck and kiss you and say “Mercy, Mercy, Australia, my wife and six children are in England,” but the good old boys from the bush simply say “Woosh you brutes,” and give them a good 9 inches of bayonet. That’s what I like to see done with them; they will get no mercy from our boys after their cruel atrocities. My word! you should have seen the dug-outs they had been living in; they go about 80 feet underground, and there are two and three stories to them. One I went into had three stories — the top, kitchen; the second, dining-room with tables and table-cloths, sideboards and everything complete, especially the bar (the place was alive with bottles); then there was the last room, which was the bedroom. It was wonderful; it was about 20 feet square and had a double bed, small table, and a splendid carpet on the floor, bamboo sort of ceiling and walls, and two large panels of mirror in the wall. You would not believe it unless you saw it with your own eyes.” Arrangements are in hand to accord a public welcome to this gallant soldier on his return to Cheltenham.