

LALOR, Joseph Peter, -, Baby 700
Source 144, page 32, notes 3

Another man who went ashore further along the beach that morning with the 12th Battalion was the Victorian **Captain, Joseph Peter Lalor**, grandson of the Eureka Stockade leader, who had experienced a lot in his 30 years. A veteran of wars and skirmishes on various continents, for causes big and small, he was said to have joined the Royal Navy as a boy but jumped ship, fought for French Foreign Legion in Algeria and played a hand in a South American revolution before finally settling down as a soldier in the permanent military forces back in Australia. When the AIF was raised he was one of the first and, on the morning of the Landing, legend has it that he waded ashore with the family's heirloom sword, aiming to add further lustre to its military pedigree. It was not to be his sort of campaign or his sort of war, however. Within hours **Captain Lalor** died leading an advance of his men. He had not proceeded very far at all and the family sword was lost. **Joseph Lalor's** brother officers chose Horace's patriotic epitaph for his grave: *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori* (It is sweet and proper to die for one's country). In the years to follow many would come to question that and one of the war's best and most enduring poets, Wilfred Owen, would bitterly damn that sentiment as 'the old lie'. In England **Lalor's** widow Hester mourned him and tended to his infant son Peter, just two years old and suddenly left fatherless.