

George William Mallard

Sergeant, Royal Army Service Corps. Enlisted at Bath, November, 1915. Sent to Egypt in December, 1915, with R.A.S.C. Field Bakery Company. Died in hospital on active service, March 30th, 1916. Buried at Ismailia Military Cemetery. General Service and Victory Medals.



GEORGE MALLARD was born in Corsham in 1881 to parents George and Mary Ann (née Paginton). His father was an agricultural labourer, originally from Hullavington, and the family lived in Station Road in Corsham. George was part of a large family, with brothers Gad, Frederick, Robert and Stephen and sisters Phoebe and Ellen. They all grew up in Corsham, but by 1901 George had moved away and was living and working in Kingswood in Bristol as a journeyman baker – he lived with the owner of a local bakery and confectionery shop. In 1908 George's father died and by 1911 he had moved back to Corsham and was living with his mother in 2 Ashford Cottages on Priory Street – he was now a baker in his own right.

Clearly his trade was important, and in November 1915 when he enlisted for the Army he was assigned to the Army Service Corps. He joined the 7th Field Bakery Unit and was posted to Egypt. He was soon advanced to the rank of Sergeant but unfortunately died in hospital in Egypt while on active service, only four months after being posted. He died on 30th March 1916 and is buried in Ismailia War Memorial Cemetery in Egypt.

The following obituary was published in the local paper in the week following his death.

The Death of Sergeant G. Mallard

In our last paper we recorded the death in Egypt from a seizure, which the doctors recorded as epilepsy, of Sergeant George Mallard of this town. His illness was sudden and he died in a few hours. In a letter to his mother, the chaplain, the Rev. F. R. Barry, wrote: "I knew your boy very well; I came out with his unit on the Corsican, and had seen a good deal of him. It makes one very thankful to know how prepared he was to meet his God. We all had the greatest affection and respect for him. His Officer said to me today, 'He was a really good man,' and all the men under him will say the same. He was a father to the younger lads, and helped them in every way to keep straight, and they looked up to him and loved him. So we feel that for him all is well; God had for him a higher service still. Of course, the funeral, which I took myself, was with full military honours. He died for his country just as much as if he had been on the battlefield. (It was probably the strain of baking in this very great heat which affected him.) His body is buried in the cemetery at Ismailia under cypress trees, and I will try and procure a photograph for you later. I know that all can in no way lessen your grief, nor is it right that it should. I cannot fully share what a mother feels, one can only watch respectfully from afar. But may I offer you my most sincere and real sympathy. May God make up to you for what he has taken away. P.S. The men of his bakery ask me to convey to you their deepest sympathy. They feel they have lost a real friend."