The search for Lieutenant Keith Anderson a civilian pilot and his mechanic ‘Bobby’ Hitchcock in April 1929 in the Ryan’s Well - Wave Hill area of the Northern Territory. They were flying in Anderson’s single engine Westland monoplane ‘Kookaburra’ G-AUKA.
RYANS WELL

Eric Douglas photography

(There are two copies of the negative)

WAVE HILL

Eric Douglas photography
HITCHCOCK AND ANDERSON

‘Bobby’ Henry Smith Hitchcock and Lieut Keith Anderson just prior to their departure to search for Squadron Leader Charles Kingsford-Smith, with the “Kookaburra” in Sydney in April 1929. (Photo obtained by Eric Douglas from Milton Kent)

1927 or 1928 BUICK TOURER – THE DESERT TRIP

Eric Douglas photography
KEITH ANDERSON’S DIARY CUT OUT FROM THE RUDDER FABRIC

Eric Douglas photography

THE KOOKABURRA – IN THE TANAMI DESERT

Eric Douglas photography
LIEUTENANT KEITH ANDERSON'S GRAVE IN THE DESERT

MR HITCHCOCK'S GRAVE IN THE TANAMI DESERT

Eric Douglas photography
ERIC DOUGLAS

ERIIC DOUGLAS

ERIC DOUGLAS

Press Reports

Eric Douglas photography
Anderson
In the desert's black solitude lying
Half hid from the pitiless sky
They found him, the martyr, the hero
Who knew for his friends how to die
Greater love is not given to mortals
Than giving up life for a friend
This great soul, as he passed the grim portals
Was loyal and staunch to the end.

We grieve but what matters the grieving?
Man's days are as grass at the best
He commands not his staying or leaving;
He is dust and his dust is at rest
As the flower of the meadow he flourished
As the bloom of the garden he passed,
But the soul which illuminated him and nourished
Has glorified him to the last.

We grieve! But why grieve? Such an ending
comes but to the few and the brave
Fame and honours above him are bending
And dropping their tears in his grave
Life is made up of false men and fair men;
Of dregs and the darling of fame
But the pride of Australian airmen
Will linger on Anderson's name.

Let him be - so embalmed in endeavour!
A flower in the waste let him bloom
A bright speck in the drear Never Never
For ever see Anderson's tomb!
We mourn him! But when we are sleeping
Quite whelmed in oblivion’s tide
Men will pause where the granite is keeping
The story how Anderson died.

By Benjamin Hoare.

Chosen by Eric Douglas to remember Anderson and Hitchcock.
(Their Graves in the Desert were temporary)

Sally E Douglas c
25th September, 2013