

ANZAC DAY

IN THE RIVERINA & CENTRAL WEST



25TH APRIL 2017

Commemorative booklet proudly presented by
Michael McCormack MP
Federal Member for Riverina
Minister for Small Business



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HAPPY AND PROUD: Royal Australian Air Force members march purposefully and resolutely in last year's Wagga Wagga ANZAC Day parade. The only regional inland city to have strategic bases of all three arms of Defence – Air Force, Army and Navy – Wagga Wagga benefits enormously from such military presence with more than \$133.6 million in financial expenditure in the Riverina electorate last financial year.

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WE WILL REMEMBER

WARS have had a profound impact on Australian communities, shaping our society to what it is today.

Enduring as these effects are, they have not blunted our country's sense of duty to do what we must, whenever and wherever, to uphold peace.

World War I is a hundred years past, yet its legacy lasts.

It was supposed to be "The War To End All Wars" but sadly it wasn't.

Little more than two decades after the 1918 Armistice, Europe was at it again – its nations plunged into a conflict in which as many as 85 million lives were lost.

Life must and does go on during and after these deadly ordeals, but the price of peace truly is eternal vigilance.

Riverina and Central West people are fortunate to have such a strategic and visible defence presence by way of Australian Army, Royal Australian Air Force and Royal Australian Navy bases and personnel located in our region.

Every ANZAC Day we stop to reflect about those who sacrificed their today for our tomorrow.

Men and women who have proudly worn an Australian military uniform down through the years, those who don one now and those who will enlist and do their basic training – perhaps at Kapooka near Wagga Wagga – should always be in our thanks and thoughts.

Each day – not just on 25 April or 11 November – we ought to spare a moment of gratitude for the democracy we enjoy.

FINE STYLE: Leading the 2016 Wagga Wagga ANZAC Day march are flag bearer Connor McComas of the 1st/19th Battalion, Royal New South Wales Regiment, with Madeline Oldaker, a former Captain in Army public relations and returned veteran who served in an active area.

May the marches (indeed, the marchers!) and the wreath-laying ceremonies across the local area this ANZAC Day inspire all of us to be our best selves.

Being true to the core values of those who wear the Rising Sun badge – courage, initiative, respect and teamwork – in our daily lives will build a better future.

Enjoy this ANZAC Day for the occasion it is and the importance it represents but we must never, ever lose sight of the awful cost brave Australians have paid for us all to live free.

Remember always the fallen – Lest We Forget.



Michael McCormack

THE HON.
 MICHAEL MCCORMACK MP
 Federal Member for Riverina
 Minister for Small Business



WAGGA MAYOR ANSWERS CALL TO ARMS



CLIPPINGS: Articles from The Daily Advertiser of ANZAC Day 1917 (above) and the Wagga Wagga Express of 27 February 1917.

TWO of Wagga Wagga's prominent men of the early 1900s both signed up for military service but were sent home due to age and health reasons yet continued to recruit enthusiastically for The Great War effort.

Such was their patriotism, both appropriately have city streets named in their honour.

Henry Oliver Heath, born at Lake Albert circa 1864, was a Boer War Veteran who was too old to make the Australian Imperial Force cut in 1916.

Wagga Wagga war-time Mayor Hugh Grant Oates was a driving force in local recruitment and soldier fund-raising efforts.

He often spoke at open-air rallies and in favour of conscription and led the famous Kangaroo March in 1915.

He worked tirelessly for the Soldiers' Comfort Fund, the Patriotic Fund and the Wagga Wagga Red Cross Fund with his wife Hannah. Whilst he was in office the Australia Day Fund realised £5299, Belgium Fund £2235, Patriotic Fund £2203, Allies' Day Fund £2075, War Chest £134, Honour Roll £96; ANZAC Day Fund £126 and a special fund for recruiting £30 ... considerable sums of money in those days.

As many as 1500 recruits from the district joined up whilst he was president of the Wagga Wagga War Service Committee.

Indeed, the Mayor himself enlisted as a "grand example" on 20 February 1917 and a "Mayor's Unit" was formed after a Win the War Recruiting Rally in Fitzmaurice Street four days later.

The Mayor was very direct in his appeal, branding as "cowards" those who would not sign up.

Local boy Private Charlie Redden, whose letter he read to the rally (see the tearsheet on this page), would not survive the war, being killed in action aged 25 at Villers-Bretonneux on 26 April 1918.

Alderman Oates went to Sydney on the mail train for camp with 50 men on the eve of ANZAC Day 1917 after a valedictory at the Masonic Hall and a presentation from council staff.

He continued his recruiting work in Sydney, writing a letter home in which he stated that if the people could see him in his heavy boots and khaki-coloured dungarees they would not take him to be the Mayor of Wagga Wagga!

The Governor-General, Sir Ronald Craufurd Munro Ferguson, visited the camp and the Mayor was introduced to him.

His Excellency congratulated the Mayor on having joined and enquired about the people of Wagga Wagga.

"It caused great interest amongst the men when they saw the Governor-General speaking so cordially to a new recruit," wrote *The Daily Advertiser* of 8 May 1917.

Another prominent call to active service came at the annual Wagga Wagga Show with a number of military men – including Major Heath – taking the stand, as shown below in the magnificent picture, coloured especially for Juan Mahony's superb 2014 book *The Digger's View - WWI In Colour*.



PATRIOTIC MAYOR: Hugh Oates (1869-1950) who enlisted for World War I.



RECRUITMENT STAND: A postcard sent by Corporal Francis Seppings of all the recruiting officers at the 1917 Wagga Wagga Show. Captioned on the back: "Sitting Cpl Seppings, Cpl Hunt, Cpl Smith, Sergeant Watson, Cpl (William) Piddick, Major (Oliver) Heath (suit), Lieutenant Baker, Cpl Clinch, Sgt Finch."

MOONEY FAMILY GAVE MIGHTILY

LITTLE did chaff cutter contractor John Mooney realise when he left Australia and headed to the bloody battlefields of the Western Front that he would never see his homeland or his beloved family again.

The 56th Battalion, 7th Reinforcements with whom Private Mooney, 26, embarked had a distinctly Tumut “feel” about them as they included Milton Allatt, Thomas Cooper, Arthur McDonnell, Edgar McGowan, Harry Wilkinson and brothers William and James McNamara, all from the picturesque town in the foothills of the Snowy Mountains.

Michael Garland from Ganmain was also in the unit which left Sydney aboard HMAT *Ascanius* A11 on 25 October 1916.

All of these locals except Mooney and Wilkinson survived the war.

Mooney, like his younger brother Michael, 21, who went to war 15 months earlier with the 23rd Battalion, both listed their father Thomas as next-of-kin but, sadly, a line was later put through the old man's name on their papers and replaced with their mother Elizabeth of “Elrington”, Urana Road, Wagga Wagga.

As she noted in a 1921 letter seeking John's war medals: “I wish to inform you that I am the nearest blood relation surviving of my son, Private John Mooney, as his father died some eighteen months ago.”

Mrs Mooney was like so many other Great War women – left to pick up the pieces of a family torn apart by death and disaster.

She also had to be there for Michael, invalided back to Australia with shell shock suffered in France in October 1916.

John lost his life on 4 May 1917 – 10 days before Michael arrived home – succumbing at the 6th Australian Field Ambulance to shell wounds to his right arm, left elbow, both legs and side.

A pension of £2 per fortnight was granted to Mrs Mooney from 22 July 1917 but of course nothing could replace her boy.

His devastated mother sent the Officer in Charge postage stamps to the value of sixpence for a copy of *The Graves of the Fallen* in 1922 to get a better understanding of the foreign field – Vaulx Hill Cemetery in France – where John had been laid to rest.

Mrs Mooney lived until 1938 whilst Michael passed away in 1954.



SOLDIER: John Mooney, who died of his battle wounds.

BROTHERS: The Mooney boys' inscriptions on the Memorial Arch which is in the background of the main picture.



BOOKLET: *The Imperial War Graves Commission* publication.

TROOP SHIP: The steam ship HMAT *Ascanius* A11 which was requisitioned in 1914 as troop transport for the Australian Expeditionary Force and returned to the owner in 1920. *Ascanius* was part of the first convoy of ships carrying troops for overseas service to leave Australia in November 1914.

WAGGA WAGGA'S LAST WWI DIGGER

TED Drake, just out of school, was so keen to get to World War I he used a fake name to enlist.

Born on 28 September 1898, the only child of Wagga Wagga newspaperman Edward and his wife Mary, Edward Stanley was Wagga Wagga High School's first captain in 1916 when it was at its original Gurwood Street location.

He answered his country's call and enlisted in Brisbane, aged just 18, leaving Sydney with the 9th Battalion, 25th Reinforcements, on HMAT *Hororata* A20 on 14 June 1917, but not before writing an eloquent, stirring piece, which has been reprinted on Pages 10 and 11.

Ted joined the Australian Imperial Force on 24 January 1917 as Private Edward James Kennedy, soon correcting the official documentation to his real name.

The war was deadly and its harshness and many horrors were confronting for such a young man who, in his twilight years, gave a couple of captivating interviews

about his war-time experiences.

On both occasions he painted a very grim picture of just what the front line was like during World War I.

"... I consider the Australian soldier was always one who could adapt to any condition and any surrounding, very, very rapidly; and after the type of country in which they'd fought in Gallipoli, to be suddenly thrown into a land of flatness, which was always getting rain and which consisted of flat plains with mud and slush all over the place, shell holes full of water, various groups of trees, and forests, chopped to pieces by shell fire into just splinters and small stumps, dead mules lying in the different shell holes, dead horses everywhere, it was a complete scene of desolation, with the narrow trenches through no-man's-land just wriggling their way through on one side, and the Germans on the other side with the what was called no-man's-land between," he told 2AAA FM in 1984, a broadcast which is now part of the Australian War Memorial collection.

"The rumble of the guns is going on all the time, that's why you hardly heard the larks, see, because of the guns. You see, rifle and machine gun fire was static stuff – you know – tap-tap-tap-tap-tap-tap – all the time, the same with rifles – click-click-click. But with the guns it was a case of you'd hear them rummmbbble-rummmbbble – and they are coming over your head; you'd hear them – schzzzzzz – over the top. And that was, of course, a cacophony of sound all the time, they were belting in your ears."

In 1987, Ted told *The Daily Advertiser*: "During 1917 and 1918 in France and Belgium it was dreadful. A lot of us wondered how long it'd be before we got it.

"The shellfire was terrible. You could be blown to pieces, or buried.

"In France and Belgium the land is fairly level. There you can see the reason why casualties were so great – machine gunners could rake a wide area easily.

"At Ypres, on the wall near the Menin Gate there

are names of 55,000 troops whose bodies were never recovered. It's difficult to realise sometimes. On Gallipoli we had 8587 killed in eight months. At Pozières, 23,000 were killed in less than seven weeks."

Ted, a Veteran of the two World Wars, fondly recalled the camaraderie between Diggers.

"There was real mateship in those days," he said.

Ted was one of the lucky ones, returning to Australia on 21 March 1919 and going on to lead a long and happy life, raising a family, doing his bit in World War II, enjoying his tennis and working around the State in the Lands Department before returning to settle in Wagga Wagga.

He was honoured to light the eternal flame in Wagga Wagga's Victory Memorial Gardens in 1990.

When he died, aged 94, on 15 May 1993, a remarkable and long local link to The Great War was forever broken as Ted had been Wagga Wagga RSL Sub-Branch's last surviving member of the AIF.

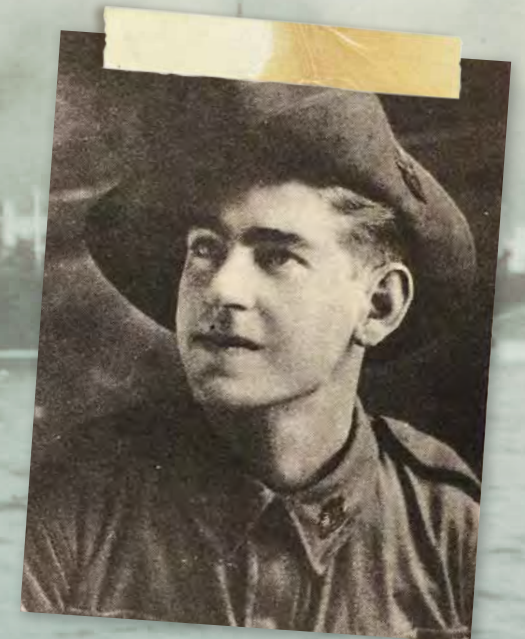


EX-SERVICEMAN: Ted Drake in 1990.



INSCRIPTION:
Ted Drake's name
on the Wagga Wagga
Memorial Arch.

MAIN PICTURE:
HMAT *Hororata* A20
which took Ted Drake
to war in 1917.



FRESH-FACED: Ted Drake on leave in London in 1917.

JOIN THE FLAG, JOIN THE WAR!

A MONTH after he enlisted with the Australian Imperial Force, Edward Stanley Drake's poem *Help them keep their deathless name* was published in the *Wagga Wagga Express* on the very day the "Win the War Day" recruitment drive was held in the town – Saturday 24 February 1917.

HELP THEM KEEP THEIR DEATHLESS NAME

*As o'er the wavelets' sparkling blue they sped,
Nor thought of pains of death, or wounds so sore;
Zamburaks* dew'd the soil with bloody red
As up that steep incline with cheers they tore.
Could one not follow where the others led,
Desiring but to win that foreign shore?
Australians now with pride will own their fame,
Yet will not help them keep their deathless name.*

DEFEND YOUR LAND FROM SHAME

*Are you number'd 'mongst our soldiers brave?
'Neath azure skies and shimmering sun they fought!
Zealous their country's name from shame to save
Are all their sacrifices come to nought?
Defend your land and women folk from shame,
And learn to take the place of him who falls,
Yielding life, perchance, to win bright fame!*

YE MUST! AN' YE BE MEN

*Aloud they cry, in exultation grim,
Nor Turk nor gun shall bar our glorious way,
Zeal urges them to struggle on, and dim
And dark with war cloud grows that immortal day
Can you not follow footprints left by him,
Desiring nought but freedom from the fray;
And help him in that fight for deathless fame;
Ye must! An' ye be men, defend your name.*

DON THE KHAKI

*Australians to posterity have left ...
Not wealth! But glorious deed and honour'd name,
Zealously they fought, of fears bereft
And strove with might and main the Turk to tame;
Can you not help them carry out their task,
Defending home and lov'd ones far away
Along with you, and drop the citizen's mask
Ye sons of Wagga – Don the khaki today!*



JOIN THE FLAG

*Ah! On they fly, those crowded boats
Nor stopping till keels upon the shingle grate
Zig-zag paths, the khaki figures climb like goats,
And rush like heroes on the Turks to meet their fate.
Care they for death not so! Their country's life's at stake;
Dare-devils all, they wait your aid to win the day
And know you'll not refuse that glorious step to take
You'll join the flag! Hurrah! They cry Hurrah!*

CHARGE!

*Charge! The bugles loud their challenge blare
And men rush on to victory or the grave.
The bravest deeds they valiantly will dare
Their country from the enemy to save.
Alas! The Turkish bullets take their toll!
Australians fall! No more their homes they'll see,
And o'er their graves the cannons' echoes roll.
And still their comrades fight for you and me.
At Suvla Bay and Western Front they died
To keep the old flag flying overhead
The Union Jack no nation shall deride
Until the British pride is crushed and dead.*

– E. S. Drake.

*A Zamburak was a specialised type of mobile artillery from the early modern era, consisting of a soldier on a camel with a mounted swivel gun (a small falconet), which was hinged on a metal fork-rest protruding from the saddle of the animal.

BOGAN GATE'S *War-Time Nurse*

IT WAS a cruel irony that dedicated Great War nurse Grace Linda Tomlinson was herself invalided home ill having tended to the needs of so many sick soldiers during her overseas tour of duty.

Born in Shepparton on 22 April 1891, the only child of John and Ellen Tomlinson, Grace enlisted with the Australian Army Nursing Service (AANS) at age 26 on 13 July 1917.

Less than two months later, having listed her mother, of "Braeside", Bogan Gate, as next-of-kin, Grace boarded HMAT *Kyarra A55* and left Melbourne for active service abroad.

She disembarked at Bombay, India, and was posted to Victoria War Hospital for duty.

Some 560 AANS members served in India in 1916-19, representing a fifth of the 2270 or so Australian nurses who served overseas during World War I.

India was not considered a war zone, because the front line for the British campaign to defend it was actually in Mesopotamia (present-day Iraq). Nonetheless it was what Australia had been asked to do and was challenging work with many ailments presented, more patients than the nursing staff should have been expected to treat, a difficult climate and lots of snakes!

One of Australia's acting matrons in India, Alma Bennett, recorded that when electricity was finally

connected to her hospital, the nurses were "all delighted but each Sister still kept her hurricane lamp burning beside her bed at night, as snakes were very prevalent, many deadly ones such as Russell's Viper, Krait and Cobra having been killed, some in the Sisters' rooms."

Victoria War Hospital, with 200 beds on each of the first three floors and nurses' quarters on the fourth, handled the most serious cases as it was five minutes from the dock.

Patients were received from Mesopotamia and included British Prisoners of War released by the Turks, Turkish prisoners and British troops. At one stage 1000 British troops suffering from heatstroke were being admitted a week.

After a year there Grace was transferred to Gerard F Thomas Hospital, also in Bombay, and after two months there served 12 months on Hospital Ship *Varsova*.

Falling severely ill, Grace left Calcutta on SS *Janus* on 8 December 1919, arriving in Melbourne just over a month later.

She was discharged from the Australian Imperial Force medically unfit on May 25 1921, having fulfilled her obligations to the Empire and nation's military efforts.

Grace – a resolute woman and a fine Australian – lived a full life, passing away at Bellevue Hill, Sydney, on 12 August 1974 aged 83 and was laid to rest in the Northern Suburbs Memorial Gardens.



A PASSAGE TO INDIA: Grace Tomlinson and many other nursing sisters were taken overseas for active service on HMAT Kyarra A55.

THEY SERVED: Bogan Gate's World War I heroes and heroine – Nurse Grace Tomlinson listed at the foot of a brave list.

MAIN PICTURE: Memorial Park at Bogan Gate with the 1922 clock tower monument pictured at the left of the flag, in the centre of the Hutton and Lachlan Streets' intersection.

BUSY PLACE: Bombay's Victoria War Hospital where Grace Tomlinson nursed for a year until nearly war's end.



COOTAMUNDRA'S MAN OF COURAGE

VETERAN of the two World Wars, Clifford Lister Sturt of Cootamundra twice showed bravado beyond the call of duty to save situations in the heat of battle.

In doing so, this daring farmer earned a Military Cross and the lasting admiration and respect of those he fought alongside.

Born at Bulli on 5 February, 1893, the son of Doctor Clifton Sturt and his wife Elizabeth, Clifford gave his address as "The Oaks", Cootamundra, when he enlisted at Kensington on 29 August 1914 – just 24 days after Australia entered The Great War.

He left Sydney with the 3rd Battalion, G Company, aboard HMAT *Euripides* A14 on 20 October 1914 – part of the first ANZAC convoy out of Albany, Western Australia, to the war.

His was a military career of ups and downs ... when he was not being reprimanded for some discretion or other, or wounded in action, he was gaining promotion and he quickly rose through the ranks from Private to Corporal (on 14 August 1915), Sergeant (17 February 1916), 2nd Lieutenant (5 August 1916) and eventually to Lieutenant (18 December 1916).

The first instance his derring-do was officially acknowledged came in Belgium, with Sturt having already served in Gallipoli and France.

Later Mentioned in Despatches for meritorious service, his recommendation, signed by Brigadier-General Nevill Maskelyne Smyth read:

"At Ypres on night 12/13th October 1916 2/Lieut Sturt was in command of the left party of raiders. His party accounted for four of the enemy, and brought all his men back safely. He showed great coolness and determination throughout the operation, and inspired his men with confidence."

Then, at Chuignes, France, on 23 August 1918, Lt Sturt did something extraordinary.

Lt Colonel Donald Ticehurst Moore, commanding the 3rd Battalion, recommended a Military Cross, writing:

"For conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty. Lieut. Sturt took command of his Company when his Company Commander (Captain Alexander Cormack) was killed and led his men with great skill and determination against a strong and commanding position. His coolness and absolute disregard for personal safety, with heavy machine gun and rifle fire, greatly inspired his men. His bold leadership was undoubtedly a big factor in the success of the operation."

The medal was approved by King George V and duly awarded, listed in the *London Gazette* on 1 February 1919 and the *Commonwealth of Australia Gazette* on 3 June the same year.

Lt Sturt returned to Australia on HMAT *Friedrichsrub* on 12 March 1920, having married 19-year-old Margaret Clara Richards at Saint Michael's Church, Pimlico, in London on 4 November 1919.

He was back in uniform for World War II, serving as a Captain from 3 June 1940 to 17 October 1942.

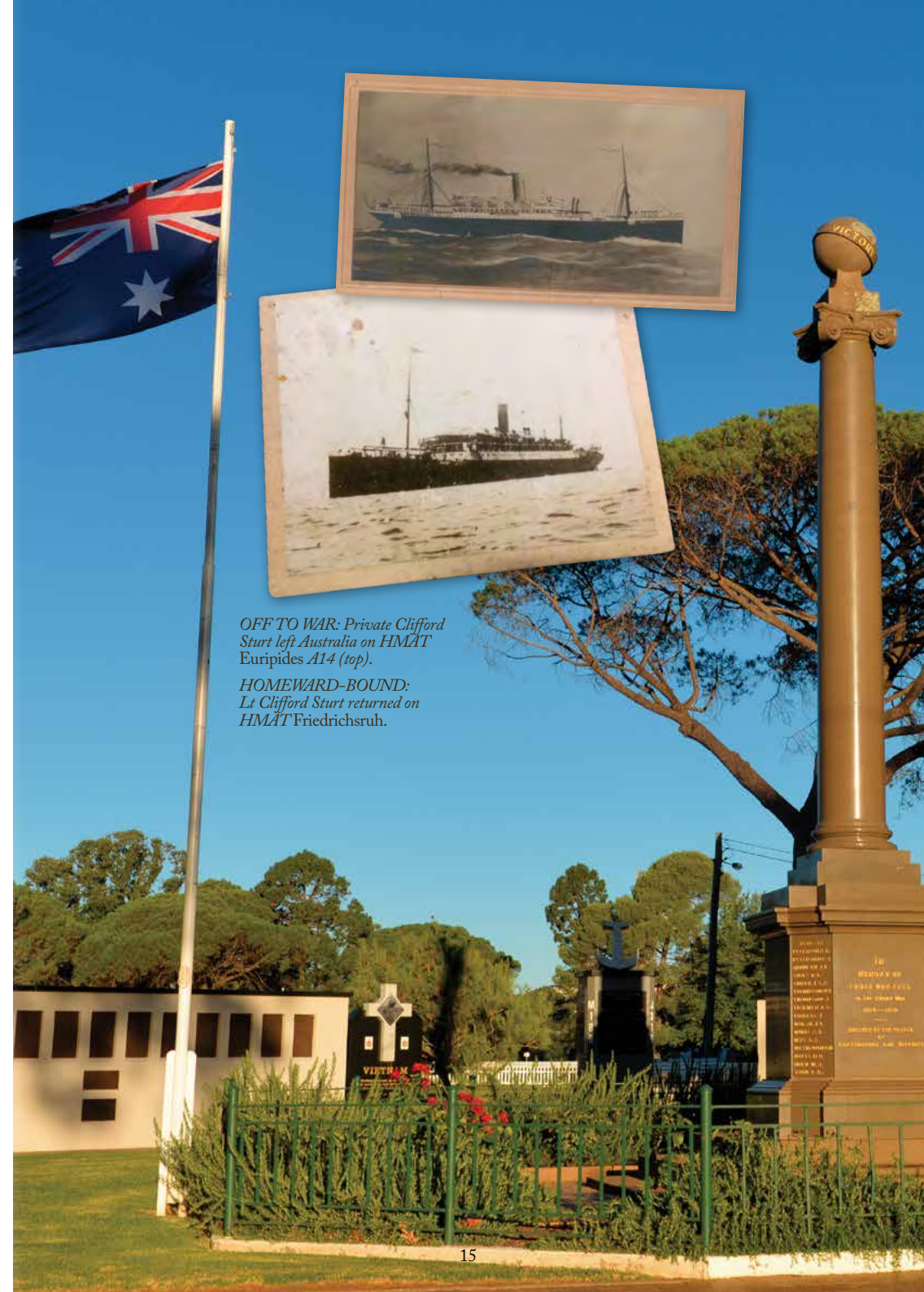
Clifford Sturt lived until 22 July 1947, passing away aged 54 at his Parramatta home, leaving widow Margaret and their three children Margaret, Peter and Sally.

Australia lost a noble warrior that day.



RECIPIENT: Military Cross winner, Lieutenant Clifford Sturt.

MAIN PICTURE (Opposite): The Cootamundra war memorial cenotaph.



*OFF TO WAR: Private Clifford Sturt left Australia on HMAT *Euripides* A14 (top).*

*HOMEWARD-BOUND: Lt Clifford Sturt returned on HMAT *Friedrichsrub*.*

COWRA SON FIRST TO WAR, LAST TO DIE

LIGHTHORSEMAN Henry James (“Harry”) Chivers enlisted the same month World War I was declared – August 1914 – and served stoically until the very day the guns finally fell silent.

On that historic day – 11 November 1918 – fearless Sergeant Chivers was diagnosed with acute endocarditis, an inflammation of the heart’s inner lining, usually caused by bacteria.

It was a condition which claimed his life just one month later.

One of 10 children of Robert Chivers (1864-1925) and his wife Ellen, née Costello, (1866-1948), Harry was born on 24 February 1892 at Cowra and educated at the local Chiverton Public School.

Cowra has a rich military heritage with many historic sites and monuments including River Park (pictured as the backdrop to these pages) where the immortal words Lest We Forget honour Harry and all other locals who fought and died in the service of our nation.

Harry took up farming and had two years of militia service in the 9th Light Horse Regiment (New South Wales Mounted Rifles) when he enlisted at Rosebery Park, aged 22.

Private Chivers was on the 9152-ton HMAT *Star of Victoria* A16 which departed from Sydney on 20 October 1914 and subsequently left Albany, Western Australia, on 1 November with the first contingent headed to war – 36 ships carrying 30,000 soldiers of the Australian Imperial Force and New Zealand Expeditionary Force.

It must have been a magnificent sight! A 7½-mile convoy of ANZAC military might!

Wrote war historian Charles Bean: “So through the Indian Ocean moved this convoy on a voyage such as was never undertaken before or since.”

The first of the Australian ships reached Alexandria, Egypt, on 3 December.

Pte Chivers sustained a gunshot wounded to his face on 17 May 1915 at Gallipoli but bravely remained on the peninsula; being promoted to Lance Corporal shortly before his regiment evacuated and to Corporal on 1 January 1916.

From August 1916 Harry took part in operations in Palestine and at the beginning of 1917, now with the rank of Sergeant, returned to Egypt to undertake training as a Hotchkiss (machine gun) instructor.

The remainder of his service, apart from a brief stint with the 1st Light Horse in Palestine in August-September 1917, was working as an instructor at Zeitoun and Moascar in Egypt and undertaking further training courses himself.

Sadly, having given so much to the cause, Harry never made it home and died in the 14th Australian General Hospital, Port Said, being buried the following day – 12 December 1918 – in the Port Said Military Cemetery; Church of England Chaplain Reverend Hubert Keith Gordon officiating.

His younger brother John Robert (“Jack”), only 18, signed up at Bathurst on 29 March 1916 and left Sydney with 53rd Battalion 4th Reinforcements on HMAT *Vestalia* A44 on 11 July that year.

John served in France and was with the 3rd Machine Gun Battalion when he returned to Australia, his duty done, per HMAT *Borda* A30 on 11 May 1919. He lived until he was 72, passing away on 8 June 1970.



GAVE HIS ALL: Harry Chivers.



MADE IT HOME: Jack Chivers.



RESTING PLACE: Harry Chivers's Egyptian grave.



REMEMBERED: Harry Chivers's name on the Australian War Memorial Roll of Honour.

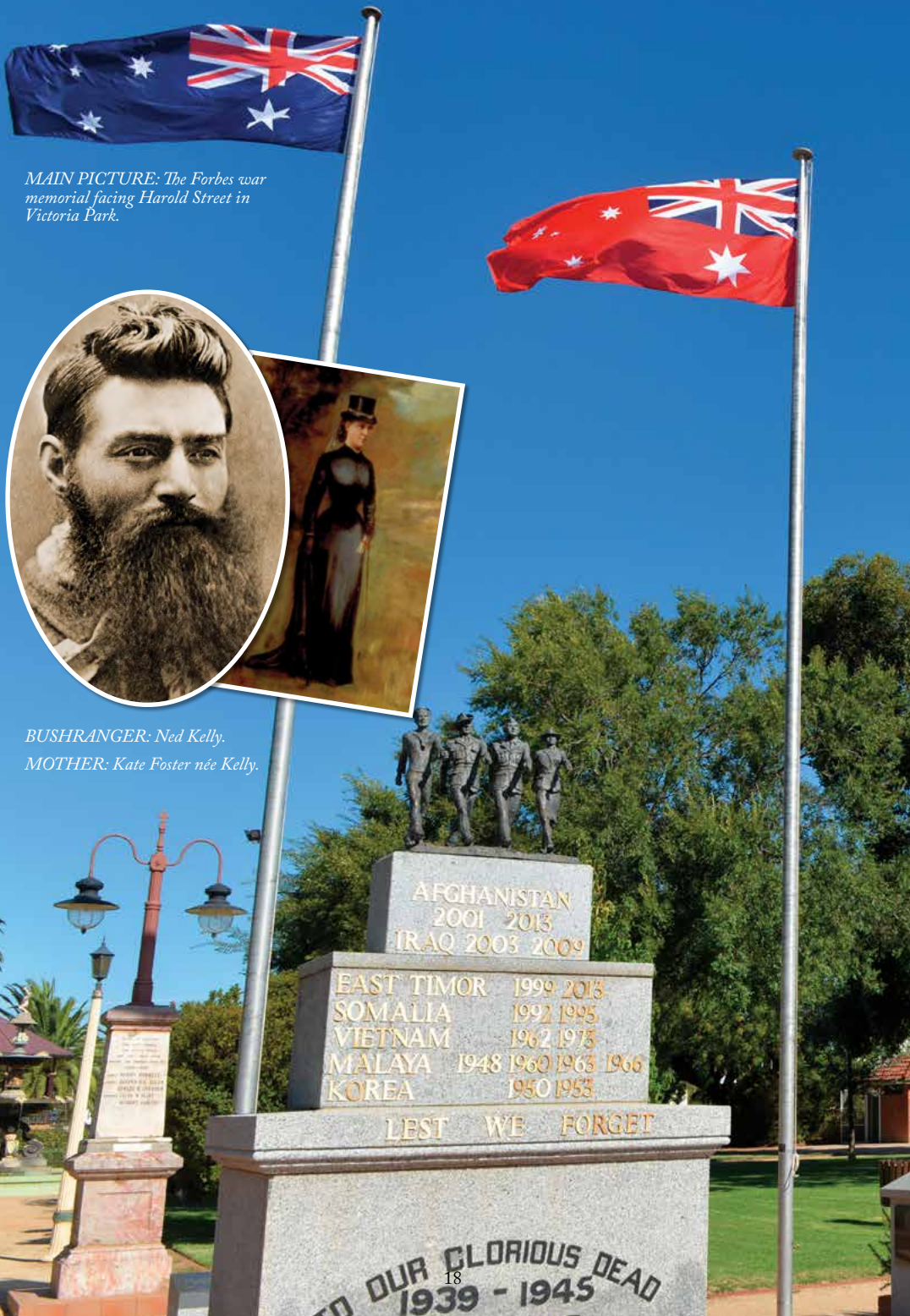


PARENTS: Robert and Ellen Chivers.



KEEPSAKE: A silk chiffon handkerchief sent home by Harry Chivers as a present for his cousin, Vera Irene Chivers.





MAIN PICTURE: The Forbes war memorial facing Harold Street in Victoria Park.



BUSHRANGER: Ned Kelly.
MOTHER: Kate Foster née Kelly.

FRED FOSTER: 'GAME AS NED KELLY'

EVERYONE knows the story of Ned Kelly, the bearded 19th Century bushranger whose face is perhaps the most recognisable in Australian history.

Many feel the infamous outlaw, whose gang murdered three policemen at Stringybark Creek, ended up getting what was coming to him.

Yet just as many sympathisers believe Kelly, captured after the Siege of Glenrowan when he donned a suit of armour and iron mask, was hard done by.

Villain or hero, Kelly remains a towering figure after all these years since his death on the gallows in Melbourne Gaol on 11 November 1880.

What is not well known, however, is the fact Kelly's nephew, Frederick Arthur Foster, was a brave soldier who gave his life in the fight for freedom in the First World War.

Born at Forbes on 15 March 1889, Foster was the eldest of six children of William Henry "Bricky" Foster and his wife Catherine Ada, or "Kate" as she was called – Ned Kelly's younger sister.

Kate arrived in the Forbes district in 1885 keen to start a new life away from the notoriety of being a Kelly.

Hugh McDougall, Warroo Station overseer, brought Kate to Forbes to do domestic duties for the Jones family at Cadow Station on the South Condobolin Road, some 40 kilometres from town.

Kate had married William Foster in Saint John's Anglican Rectory in Forbes in 1888. She tragically drowned in October 1898 and was buried in Forbes Cemetery. Her brother Jim travelled from Greta in Victoria to collect the three surviving children: Frederick, Gertrude and Ethel. Newborn baby Catherine died before Jim arrived to take the youngsters into care so their grandmother Ellen Kelly could raise them.

Author Ian Jones, in his 1995 book *Ned Kelly: A Short Life*, writes of young Fred as "the most handsome boy you could look at".

Fred became a beekeeper at Myrrhee in north east Victoria and enlisted, aged 26, in Melbourne on 29 June 1915, leaving for the front from Sydney on HMAT *Barambah* A37 on 23 June 1916.

Before he went to war, he had a conversation with his uncle Jim, recounted in Joseph Ashmead's 1922 work *The Thorns and the Briars – The True Story of the Kelly Gang*.

"Uncle Jim has been telling them some facts about the unhappy past. Fred's face is set and resolute, and he has promised: 'Uncle, I am going to win back a good name. I will dare death. I will fight for my country and the

honour of the family.' The old man said: 'Well spoken, lad! You show a true spirit of a Kelly.'"

Private Foster was "taken on strength", as it was termed, from the 55th Battalion to the 17th Battalion in March 1917 yet his service in the field in France was shortlived.

"Foster was in my platoon," wrote Sergeant Henry Smith, "and was killed outright by machine gun or rifle bullet in Lagnicourt Stunt in front of Noreuil and is buried near the trenches in No Man's Land."

Confirming the 15 April 1917 death of Pte Foster to authorities, Sgt Edgar Dillon, simply said he helped to put a cross on the grave.

Joseph Ashmead was more descriptive:

"A fine looking young man is lying with his head on a stone. His life's blood is fast ebbing away from a dreadful wound in the chest. His eyes are closed. The pallor of death is in his face. Seeing that he was breathing, the Chaplain knelt beside him and took his hand. The man's eyes opened and he whispered: 'The pillow is hard, Granny. Put your hand under my head.' Tenderly the good man complied with his request. 'That is better now. I think I will go to sleep. How dark it is, and it is so cold. Kiss me, Granny, before I go.'"

Ellen Kelly, mother of Ned and grandmother of Fred, was an indomitable woman who endured more heartache than a mother and grandmother should have to bear. She slipped quietly into the next world at 2am on 27 March 1923 and a chapter in Australian folklore closed.

The Forbes and District Historical Society and Museum at 11 Cross Street, Forbes, has some wonderful war-time memorabilia including Fred Foster's memorial plaque and is well worth a visit.



KILLED IN ACTION: Fred Foster.

TO OUR GLORIOUS DEAD
18
1939 - 1945

Grenfell gave one of its finest

A SMALL cross temporarily marked the grave of a Grenfell farmer who died when struck by a German shell near a World War I battlefield where the Allies achieved an important victory but at the awful cost of 5770 Australian casualties.

Michael Patrick O'Loughlin was 23 when he signed up at the Sydney Showground Military Camp and two months later was heading out, with a number of other Riverina volunteers, on HMAS *Beltana* A72 to 12th Training Battalion Codford, England, before arriving in France on 29 March 1917.

Six months later Private O'Loughlin was dead, deeply saddening his parents Michael and Catherine and his siblings Martin, Phillip, Thomas, Leo, Clarence, Septimus, Elizabeth, Alice and Kathleen.

Binalong farmer George Sargent told officials in April 1918: "O'Loughlin was killed outright about 27th Sept 1917 in supports at Ypres in front of Polygon Wood when only 3 or 4 yards away from me. The trench was partitioned so that I did not actually see the occurrence but I know that his grave in the trench is marked with a small cross."

Unfortunately with the ravages of war and the obliteration of the landscape, the marker over Pte O'Loughlin's final resting place went missing and so his remains were never recovered.

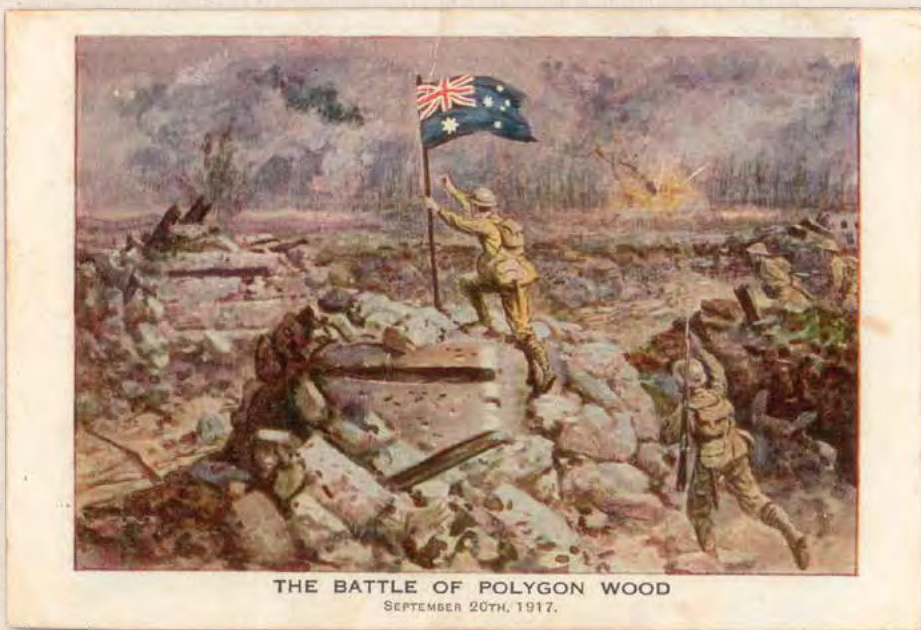
He is remembered on the Menin Gate Memorial as one of the 6178 Australians who served in the Ypres campaign and who have no known grave as well as at the Australian War Memorial and on his hometown monument.

Grenfell and district's contribution to The Great War was enormous. Pte O'Loughlin was one of 95 local men who, as etched in gold letters on the memorial on the corner of Burrangong Street and the Mid Western Highway, "made the supreme sacrifice for God, King and Country".

Another 360 from Grenfell, including Nurses Amy Bembrick and Annie MacKenzie, "answered the call" in The Great War.

The Battle of Polygon Wood took place during the second phase of the Third Battle of Ypres in Belgium from 26 September-3 October 1917.

Pte O'Loughlin's 45th Battalion, 8th Reinforcements' comrades Frederick Haynes, a Coolac farmer, and Wagga Wagga labourer Norman Murphy, are also memorialised on the Menin Gate.



FLAG UNFURLED: A Great War-era postcard depicting the Battle of Polygon Wood.



FARMING FIGHTER:
Michael O'Loughlin.

MAIN PICTURE:
The Grenfell war memorial.

NICHOLSON J. M.
NIGHTINGALE R. A.
NOBLE J. J.
O'LOUGHLIN M. P.
PAVER H.
PEARSON L.

O'CONNOR G. W.
O'CONNOR T.
O'LOUGHLIN M. P.
O'MARA O. C.
OSBORNE T. E.
OWEN J.

OLDS J. C.
O'CONNOR D. E.
O'CONNOR B. L.
O'LOUGHLIN M.
O'RIELLY T. J.
PALMER W.
PARKER J. H.

MOURNED: Michael O'Loughlin's name on the (top to bottom) Menin Gate, Australian War Memorial and Grenfell cenotaph.

SCOTS OF THE RIVERINA

HENRY Lawson's *Scots of the Riverina* was written in 1917, the year of the third and bloodiest battle of Ypres in Flanders, Belgium.

It is distinctly Riverina ... penned by the celebrated Grenfell-born writer and centred on a Gundagai farmer who disowns his son after the boy left home at harvest.

Eventually the lad enlists and is killed in action at Flanders, where so many locals laid down their lives.

The father finally finds forgiveness as his own life ebbs away.

Australian country singer Lee Kernaghan interpreted this poignant poem musically on his album *The Outback Club* in 1992.

Lawson kept close ties with the Riverina and Central West all of his life.

In 1890 he began a relationship with the renowned poet Mary Gilmore, who had been educated and later taught at several schools in and around the Wagga Wagga area.

Lawson spent 20 months at Leeton from January 1916 to August 1917, in a position created especially for him by the New South Wales Government to write about the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area to attract settlers to the new district.

Whilst there he produced around 30 poems and 10 prose sketches.

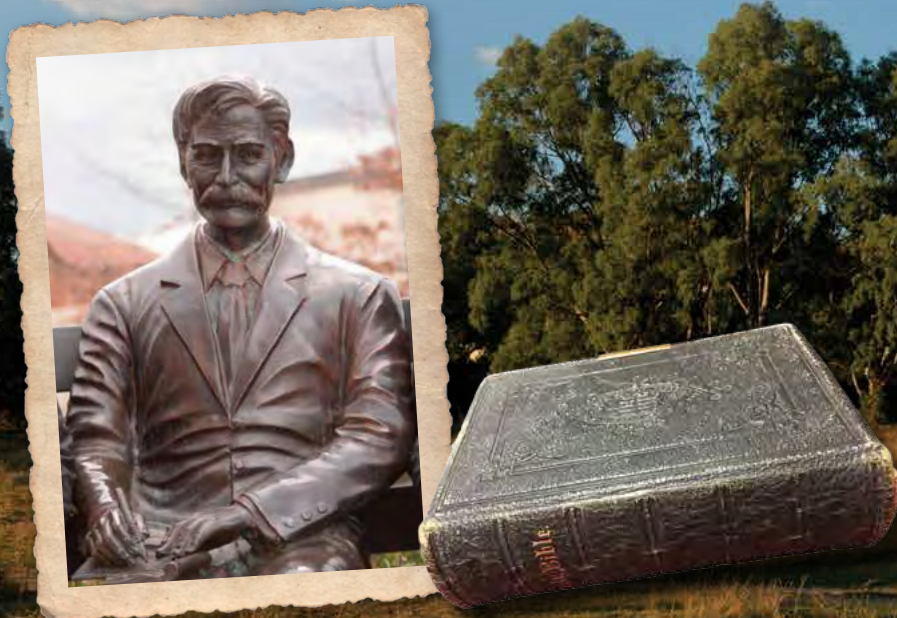
He enjoyed life in Leeton and made many friends amongst the locals and reacquainted himself with Jim Grahame, who he knew from his time at Bourke in the 1890s.

Interestingly, Grahame is the surname used in his marvellous work *Scots of the Riverina*. Here it is ...

AUTHOR: The bronze Henry Lawson statue on the corner of Main and Forbes Streets in Grenfell.

FINAL BLESSING: The Grahame family patriarch crossed out then rewrote his son's name in his Bible.

MAIN PICTURE: Gundagai's Prince Alfred Bridge, built in 1866.



*The boy cleared out to the city from his home at harvest time ...
They were Scots of the Riverina, and to run from home was a crime.
The old man burned his letters, the first and last he burned,
And he scratched his name from the Bible when the old wife's
back was turned.*

*A year went past and another. There were calls from the firing-line;
They heard the boy had enlisted, but the old man made no sign.
His name must never be mentioned on the farm by Gundagai ...
They were Scots of the Riverina with ever the kirk hard by.*

*The boy came home on his "final", and the township's bonfire burned.
His mother's arms were about him; but the old man's back was turned.
The daughters begged for pardon till the old man raised his hand ...
A Scot of the Riverina who was hard to understand.*

*The boy was killed in Flanders, where the best and bravest die.
There were tears at the Grahame homestead and grief in Gundagai;
But the old man ploughed at daybreak and the old man ploughed till
the mirk ...*

*There were furrows of pain in the orchard while his housefolk
went to the kirk.*

*The hurricane lamp in the rafters dimly and dimly burned;
And the old man died at the table when the old wife's back
was turned.*

*Face down on his bare arms folded he sank with his wild grey hair
Outspread o'er the open Bible and a name re-written there.*

— Henry Lawson (1867–1922)



*ON GUARD:
The dutiful sentry
watching over the
Harden war memorial.*



HARDEN HEROES FOUGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

THE soldier stands as a silent sentinel atop the grey granite monument adorned with the names of 74 brave Harden souls who did not make it back from World War I.

He has been faithfully guarding this special shrine of remembrance since the cenotaph was unveiled by Major General Sir Charles Rosenthal on 2 August 1922.

In the all too long lists of locals killed or who died of wounds are two Light Horsemen who were amongst the very first to put ink to paper and sign on for military service.

Clerk Russell William Gibson, 20, and telegraphist John Gladstone Pope, 27, enlisted on 22 August 1914 when Australia's involvement in what would become known as The Great War spanned just 17 days.

By the time the war was over, the lives of 61,531 Australians would be taken and regional communities such as Harden, Murrumburrah and the then Demondrille Shire were hardest hit with a great swathe of their able-bodied men buried in a foreign field or home from the front but mere shadows of their former selves.

Private Pope, son of John and Catherine, was killed in action at Gallipoli on 26 May 1915 and buried in Shrapnel Valley Cemetery.

Sergeant Gibson – born at Hay in 1894 to Robert and Isabella – was also a member of the famed 1st Light Horse Regiment, B Squadron.

He was joined on the Dardanelles Peninsula by others from Harden who bravely took on the Turks in a long, bloody and ultimately unsuccessful campaign.



TOUGH TROOP: Assembling at Harden prior to leaving for Sydney to enlist in August 1914 are men from the Harden-Murrumburrah 1st Light Horse (from left) Harold Grieg, Clifford Newton, John Pope, Earnest Lucas, Stanley Gregory, 2nd Lieutenant Albert Reid, Dugald McLean, Russell Gibson and Oswald Allsopp. Photograph courtesy Harden-Murrumburrah Historical Society Inc.



*FRESH-FACED:
Russell Gibson,
killed at
Gallipoli aged
just 21.*

Oswald Allsopp, Stanley Edmund Gregory, Ernest Minnett Lucas, Dugald Ingles McLean, Clifford John Newton (still a teenager when he headed overseas) and Albert David Reid were all there but they, unlike Sgt Gibson, survived the ordeal and eventually made it back to Australia.

Sgt Gibson fell at Lone Pine, on 7 August and has no known grave. His sister Jessie May later married Albert Reid who would cover himself in glory during the war.

Wounded at Gallipoli, 2nd Lieutenant Reid was admitted to the military hospital in Alexandria, Egypt, and consequently returned to Australia, "unfit for general service". Undaunted, in January 1917 he rejoined his unit but was transferred to the 4th Light Horse Regiment on active service in the Palestine campaign and promoted to the rank of Captain.

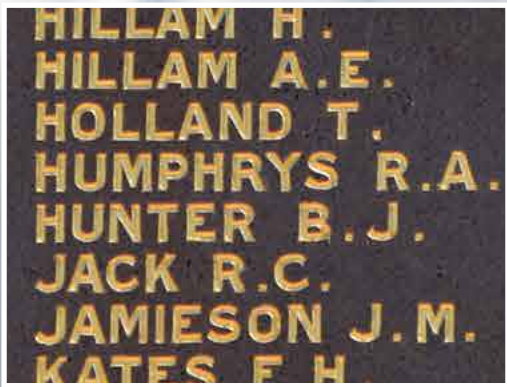
On 31 October 1917 Reid wrote himself into Australian and military history, leading the second squadron of the 4th Light Horse in the dramatic and fabled cavalry charge at the Battle of Beersheba, south of Damascus. Under heavy rifle and machine gun fire from Turkish defences, the squadron breached the first and second line of trenches. The charge enabled the 12th and 14th regiments to capture all enemy entrenchments.

For his gallantry and devotion to duty in the field, Reid was awarded a Military Cross and promoted to Major later that year.

Later in the Palestine campaign Reid led his Light Horse squadron in a charge against a German-held position. The Germans fled before the horsemen, ending the final enemy stand in the drive to Damascus and Reid was Mentioned in Despatches.

Reid gave so much to the service of his country, later being a member of both the New South Wales and Commonwealth Parliaments, having been a councillor at Murrumburrah in 1908 at age 21.

They truly were a special generation of Australians.



DEPARTED: Bertie Hunter's name among the 77 on Junee's clock tower war memorial ... "These died the noblest death a man may die fighting for God and right and liberty and such a death is immortality."



OLD JUNEE'S BRAVE BOY BERTIE

PATRIOTIC James Hunter consented to let his teenage son Bertie sign on with the Australian Imperial Force ... yet sadly neither would live to see the end of the war.

The father's letter, reprinted at right, ends "it is only our duty."

Such was the devotion to Mother Country England, men ... and mere boys too ... willingly volunteered for service even though the news from the front was usually punctuated with long casualty lists.

Nineteen-year-old labourer Bertie enlisted at Cootamundra on 3 August 1915 and left Sydney with the 17th Infantry Battalion, 5th Reinforcements aboard HMAT *Themistocles* A32 on 5 October that year.

He was described as being of dark complexion with brown eyes and dark hair. Bertie was 5 foot 8¾ inches (174 centimetres) tall 9 stone 5 pounds (59 kilograms). According to his papers, he had "perfect" teeth.

Bertie was twice sent from the battlefield in France to England to recover from conditions listed as severe; the first time in July 1916 from a gunshot wound and then in January 1917 with trench foot – an ailment which beset many World War I soldiers which was caused by prolonged exposure of the feet to cold, damp and unsanitary conditions.

Telegrams were sent home to advise Bertie's family each time.

In September 1917 Bertie was again wounded but bravely remained on duty.

On 20 October he was listed as missing in action and word was sent to his father on 13 February 1918 to indicate no further official news had been received about Bertie's fate.

Sadly, however, the Officer in Charge of Base Records received this response, dated 18 February:

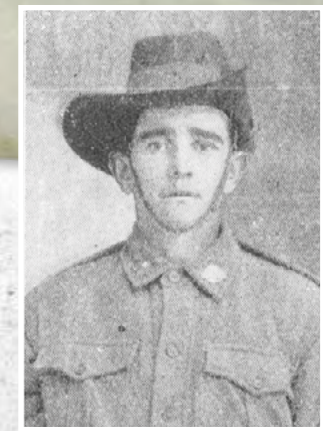
"I am very sorry that I have not heard anything concerning my son ... Owing to my husband's death last week (the soldier's father) I am his mother and if you hear anything at all of him I shall be pleased at any time to hear from you."

A Court of Enquiry on 27 April 1918 determined Bertie was killed in action in Belgium on 9 October.

Eventually Bertie's final belongings arrived back home. They included cards, two photographs, a religious book, brush, handkerchief and a string of beads.

His mother Mary was granted a pension of £2 from 10 January 1918.

Private Hunter is remembered on Junee's memorial clock tower, on the Australian War Memorial's Roll of Honour in Canberra and as one of 6178 Australians who have no known graves whose names are inscribed on the Ypres (Menin Gate) Memorial in Belgium.



DUTY-BOUND (Top): James Hunter's letter of consent for his son Bertie to go to war.

YOUNG: Bertie Hunter of Old Junee ... KIA aged 21.

LOCKHART LABOURER LAID DOWN LIFE FOR LIBERTY

THE inscription on Lockhart's war memorial has a solemn message for all to remember.

"For God, King and Country. Erected by the residents of Lockhart and district in grateful memory of the men who gave their lives in the cause of liberty, during The Great Wars 1914 ~ 1919 1939 ~ 1945. Greater love hath no man than this. Lest We Forget."

Local labourer David Oxford Jones was one who paid the supreme sacrifice and is recognised amongst Lockhart's bravest, killed in action at Bullecourt where so many Australians fell.

The Second Battle of Bullecourt was in some ways, according to notable war historian Charles Bean, "the stoutest achievement of the Australian soldier in France".

High praise indeed, considering all the heroics of our brave Diggers across the many theatres of World War I.

Four experienced Australian divisions of I ANZAC Corps were part of the British 5th Army under Sir Hubert Gough – a General who wanted to attack at Bullecourt to support an important offensive by the adjoining British 3rd Army to the north and the French Army further to the south.

A favourite of the British Commander-in-Chief, Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, Gen. Gough rose through the ranks during the war to a command position yet his aggressive spirit coupled with poor planning resulted in heavy losses.

His 11 April 1917 Bullecourt assault was a disaster. As well as 3300 casualties, 1170 Australians were taken prisoner – the largest number captured in a single engagement during the war.

In spite of this, a further attack across the same ground was ordered for 3 May. After more than a week, the Germans finally gave up these blood-soaked fields. Then the depleted Australian battalions, which had broken into and taken part of the Hindenburg Line, were withdrawn to recover.

The Battles of Bullecourt advanced the line a kilometre or so yet cost the Australian Imperial Force 10,000 men.

It is almost incomprehensible.

Contrast this with the Australian Army's campaign in Afghanistan (2001-14) in which 26,000 soldiers were deployed and 41 lives lost.

Mathoura-born David Jones had "marched in from England", as the AIF termed it, on 5 April 1917 and a month to the day later was dead.

Private Jones, son of John and Ellen, could not read or write but had a deep love for his country. He was 25 years young when he died.

His records stated he was killed in action between 5 and 8 May, yet Australian Red Cross Society Wounded and Missing Enquiry Bureau files include nine eyewitness accounts of his demise, with five others who were also killed instantly, in a shell hole which formed part of a trench.

"Jones was killed by a shell just after he had brought up rations to the front line trench in daytime," reported Private Matthew Crowe, a farmer from Bendick Murrell. "I knew him well. He came over on the same boat to England as I did, the *Port Nicholson* in Nov. 1916."

The 1st Infantry Battalion, 22nd Reinforcements were bolstered with the finest from the Riverina.

Good men such as Ganmain farmer George Cox, Marrar railway porter Alfred Fayle, stock and station agent Frederick Jenkins of Gundagai and Aria Park labourer Frederick Payne.

And then there was poor Richard Lee, the 25-year-old Coolamon farmer wounded in action in Belgium on that infamous day – 4 October 1917 – when the Battle of Broodseinde Ridge took place, the third operation as part of the Ypres offensive.

The casualty list from both sides numbered a staggering 55,000.

Private Lee died of his wounds 11 days later and was laid to rest in the Mont Huon Military Cemetery, Le Treport, Haute-Normandie, France.

As for Pte Jones, he was buried near where he fell – another outstanding local lad gone too soon whose name liveth forevermore on the Australian War Memorial's Roll of Honour and etched in gold on the granite cenotaph in the peaceful park on the corner of Day and Hebden Streets, Lockhart, which is the background to these pages.



HANDSOME: The chiselled good looks of Private David Jones from Lockhart.



*LISTED (Top): David Jones's sacrifice is memorialised at Lockhart.
HONOURED: David Jones's name at the Australian War Memorial.*

MURRUMBURRAH MINER A BIT OF A LARRIKIN

COUNTRY boy Duncan Gray McDougal did not always conform to military discipline ... but when it mattered most he gave his all to the war effort.

Life was tough at the front ... life was short too.

So it proved for this Murrumburrah miner who survived being wounded in action in Étapes in northern France but was the unlucky victim of a tragic mishap during one of the most crucial points of the entire Great War.

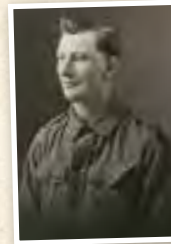
Private McDougal was accidentally killed while handling a box of grenades on 27 February 1917 during the Australian advance to the Hindenburg Line. He was just 23.

Disembarking from HMAT *Ballarat* A70 in the Suez on 23 March 1916, Pte McDougal was in trouble the very next day, being absent without leave (AWOL) from parade at Zeitoun.

He had already fallen foul of his superiors before he even left Australia, trying to sneak a bottle of liquor into camp at Holsworthy and then giving the guard a false name.

Later, he was punished for "hesitating to obey an order" from a Non-Commissioned Officer and was AWOL another time at Perham Downs, Salisbury, England, not long after he was discharged from Graylingwell War Hospital where he had been sent for treatment after taking a gunshot wound in his right thigh.

Not every member of the Australian Imperial Force was an exemplary soldier but with bullets spraying everywhere, illness common and the shadow of death always hovering, it was hardly surprising some pushed the boundaries.



Duncan McDougal left his worldly belongings to his widowed mother Sarah who was granted a pension of £2 per fortnight from 16 May 1917.

On 28 August that year she signed for a package containing the few simple things her son had with him: two identity discs, a wallet, photo and badges.

UNLUCKY: Duncan McDougal.

MEMORIALISED: Duncan McDougal's name on the Harden cenotaph (top) and at the Australian War Memorial (bottom) in Canberra.

Originally buried close to Lesbœufs–Gueudecourt Road, Pte McDougal was exhumed and reburied in the AIF Burial Ground, Grass Lane, Flers, France in 1920.

His sorrowful mother requested some powerful lines as his epitaph but they exceeded the 66-word limit.

Still, they expressed her feelings then and carry the same resonance today:

*"He helped to bring Australia into fame
To build for her a never dying name
For King and country laid he down his life."*



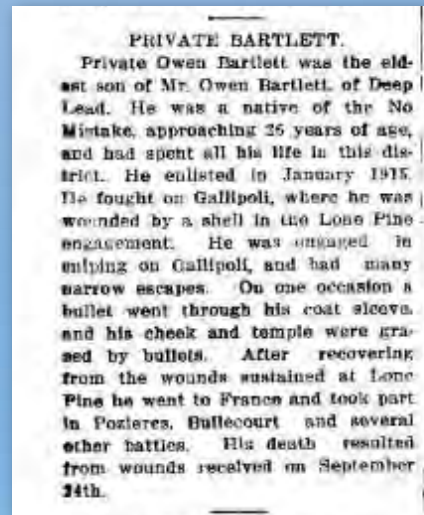
STANDING FIRM: Local sculptor Carl Valerius's bronze Anticipating the Future featuring Trooper William Bradford of the 1st Australian Horse, 1897, at Murrumburrah.

CLOSE-UP: Tpr Bradford in all his glory.

PARKES BROTHERS TOGETHER, ALWAYS



TOGETHER: The Bartlett brothers are remembered at the Australian War Memorial and honoured each ANZAC Day at their hometown Parkes, the magnificent 33-metre high reinforced concrete tower tribute "To our glorious dead" overlooks the town and forms the backdrop to these pages.



ARTICLE: A 1 November 1917 clipping from The Western Champion recording Owen Bartlett's loss.

WITHOUT doubt, one of the saddest panels of the hundreds which comprise the Roll of Honour at the Australian War Memorial in Canberra is No. 82, which includes the fallen from the gallant 17th Infantry Battalion in the First World War.

Amongst those brave dead are the Bartlett brothers Bertie Clarence and Owen John Thomas, sons of Owen and Annie of Deep Lead, Parkes.

Two young men so much alike yet so different. Both single, both ginger headed, each with a zest for country life and a spirit of adventure ... which probably – as well as the sense to do their duty ... led them to enlisting with the Australian Imperial Force.

Bertie was a labourer whilst Owen put down his occupation as agricultural machine expert.

The boys are separated on the AWM's honour roll, by virtue of alphabetical order, with the name of James Stevens Bartlett of Sydney, also of the 17th Battalion, in between. No relation, he was killed in action at Bullecourt on 3 May 1917.

Tragically, coincidentally, unbelievably – call it what you like – the Bartlett brothers met their fates on the very same day – 9 October 1917.

Bertie, 24, died that day and eldest brother Owen – in the same Company and same Platoon – sustained gunshot wounds in the right buttock and thigh and lingered for another six days before he, too, passed away.

Australian Red Cross Society Wounded and Missing Enquiry Bureau files compiled in March, May and June 1918 contain reports from other 17th Battalion members who write of seeing Bertie, nicknamed "Bluey" on account of his light red hair, being amongst the first to fall.

Private Tom Power, from Redfern, writing on 1 June 1918 – two months before he himself was

killed in action – had this to say about Bertie: "I knew him well. On the 9th Oct we were at Passchendaele. We attacked about 9am and had obtained our objective when Bartlett was hit by a bullet and died at once. The advance was going on so we had no time to bury him. We had to retire afterwards so we had no chance of recovering the body."

Owen's death at age 26 was reported in *The Western Champion* and *Parkes and District Representative* newspaper, where his Gallipoli and Western Front service was heralded.

Annie Bartlett clung, as any distraught mother would, to the faint hope Bertie had somehow miraculously survived and returned to Sydney.

"Sorry to trouble you," she began her 5 March 1919 letter to the Officer in Charge, Base Records, Melbourne, "but could you tell me if there is any soldiers in the Randwick Hospital suffering from Shell Shock very bad, and is there a place where they put all the poor soldiers that don't know anything, and are out of their mind. I would like to know as my poor boy was supposed to be killed in action on the 9th October 1917 yet we have not even received one thing belonging to him, not even received his disc."

Sadly, Mrs Bartlett's hopes were in vain.

None of Bertie's personal effects ever came to hand and his death was eventually confirmed in a brief cable message to his parents. On 14 September 1921 Annie received a photograph of Bertie's grave – in Tyne Cot Cemetery, Passchendaele, Belgium.

She had been sent a picture of Owen's final resting place – at Longuenesse (Saint Omer) Souvenir Cemetery, Longuenesse, Nord Pas de Calais, France – on 22 June 1920.

The Bartletts belong to the pantheon of heroes who gave their lives so others, including family and their wide circle of friends in Parkes and the Central West of New South Wales, could live free.



*"BLUEY": Bertie Bartlett (above).
DIED OF WOUNDS: Owen Bartlett.*



PEAK HILL'S REBEL WITH A CAUSE



ANZAC: John Slattery, wounded at Lone Pine.

MAIN PICTURE: The British Hospital Ship HMAT Dunluce Castle.



OF ALL the roles in soldiering, that of a sapper is one of the most dangerous and difficult.

A sapper is a combatant or soldier who performs a variety of military engineering duties such as breaching, bridge-building, demolitions, laying or clearing minefields, field defences as well as building, airfield and road construction and repairs.

They're often first in the field and therefore first in harm's way.

Being brave, bold, innovative and alert at all times are necessities of a sapper and John Ernest Slattery of Peak Hill had all of these attributes ... and some besides.

Sadly, Spr Slattery was dead within a year of enlisting in the Australian Imperial Force – one of the many who made the ultimate sacrifice during those bloody and tumultuous days of early August 1915 at Gallipoli.

Born at Wellington in 1887, the son of Cornelius James Slattery and his wife Emily Bridget (née Gilbert), John moved with his family to the Peak Hill district where he was educated at the Convent School and later at Bodangora.

John was working as a mine carpenter and was one of the first to rush to enlist after the invasion of France and Belgium and Britain's subsequent declaration of war against the aggressor, Germany.

He was allocated Regimental No. 107 and left with 1 Field Company Engineers on HMAT *Afric* A19.

A true patriot, Spr Slattery was enthusiastic to the cause but also a bit of a larrikin. He was nabbed three times for challenging authority in January and March 1915, incurring a loss of pay and a total of 35 days of confinement to barracks as punishment.

Resisting authority of a Non Commissioned Officer, absent without leave for 9½ hours and conduct to prejudice of good order and discipline were his charges – nothing serious, nothing too out of the ordinary ... just a young man who was a bit of a rebel. It was that wild streak in so many of our Aussie Diggers which made them such tough and never-give-in soldiers.

Spr Slattery sustained a shrapnel head wound for which he was hospitalised at Lemnos even before he made it to Gallipoli on 2 June.

Seriously wounded by a gunshot in the abdomen on 7 August (the second day of the Battle of Lone Pine), Spr Slattery was evacuated to British Hospital Ship *Dunluce Castle* but died on board the next day.

His Army papers state he was buried at sea but official correspondence to his father from the Officer in Charge of Base Records in 1921 indicate he was laid to rest in Shrapnel Valley Cemetery at Gallipoli, plot 1, row C, grave 40.

Regardless, Spr Slattery had done his duty and done it well, giving up his life fighting for his country and for a set of ideals he held dearly.



MEMORIAL (Far left): The Peak Hill War Memorial in the town's cemetery which includes (left) a plaque commemorating the district's 20 "fallen comrades" from World War I.

LOYAL AND ROYAL TO THE END



THE loyalty to and love of England, the “Mother Country”, was never better exemplified than the boy soldier from Temora who twice went to war to fight for the Empire.

His name said it all ... John Record Reign Ashton ... especially when you consider he was born on 15 April 1897 – not long after Queen Victoria had surpassed her grandfather, King George III, as the longest-reigning British monarch.

Queen Victoria took the title (since claimed by Queen Elizabeth II) of longevity on the throne on 23 September 1896. Her Diamond Jubilee celebrations were held throughout the Commonwealth in 1897.

Temora had its own special acknowledgment of Her Majesty with the naming of Victoria Street in 1880 by the town surveyor Vivienne Tozer, according to Temora Rural Museum manager Bill Speirs.



THE QUEEN'S MAN: An official portrait of Queen Victoria (top), aged 78, on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee in 1897 and her Right Royal subject, John Record Reign Ashton.

The boy given the royal epithet was one of 15 children – 11 boys and four girls – of signwriter Charles and Martha Ashton who married at Barnsley, Yorkshire, in 1877.

Given his rather regal title and the fact he was an apprentice coach painter, it perhaps was not unusual that this young man preferred to be called either Jack or Rex!

Ashton enlisted at Liverpool, New South Wales, on 13 May 1915 and left Melbourne with 5th Infantry Brigade, 19th Infantry Battalion, B Company on HMAT *Ceramic* A40 on 25 June that year.

Just 18, he gave his father as next-of-kin with the address Post Office, Barellan.

Private Ashton joined the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, landing at Gallipoli on 16 August 1915 but contracted paratyphoid fever and was transferred to Lemnos Hospital.

His condition did not improve and on 9 February 1916 Pte Ashton was on HMAT *Nestor* A71 heading home.

But you cannot keep good Temora lads down for too long and young Ashton, determined to do his duty and see some action just like his big brother Lionel, re-enlisted. Recovered, he weighed in at 11 stone 5 pounds (72 kilograms) – 15lb (6.8kg) heavier than when he initially signed up.

Pte Ashton returned to the front with 19th Infantry Battalion, 14th Reinforcements on HMAT *Wiltshire* A18 out of Sydney on 22 August 1916.

Many Riverina men were in the contingent including Thomas Bowker and Ivor Cook, both from Temora.

Bowker survived the war but Cook was discharged medically unfit and offloaded at Fremantle after contracting mumps.

John Record Reign Ashton arrived at Étapes in northern France on 20 November 1916 but on 3 May 1917 was reported missing.

Sadly, on 20 October that year the ANZAC Section 3rd Echelon of General Headquarters determined, based on reports of those near him at the time, Pte Ashton had been killed in action on the day he went missing.

“He was killed by a shell,” wrote Pte Edward Fennelly, who also served with Pte Ashton at Gallipoli. “He was alongside me when he was killed at Bullecourt.”

A good and loyal subject was gone ... losing his life for God, King and Country.

Lionel Ashton, who listed his special qualifications on his Application for Enrolment for Active Service as: “A good bushman, good horseman, a good shot” served with the 1st Light Horse Regiment in Tell El Kebir, Alexandria and France, returning home on 5 April 1919 – his duty done.



SURVIVED: Lighthorseman Lionel Ashton who made it home.

MAIN PICTURE: Temora's war memorial in Callaghan Park, Loftus Street.

THE ROCK FARMER GAVE HIS ALL

THERE is a sketch of a soldier's grave — a simple wooden cross on which a wreath "From Mother" is draped — near the front of a booklet *Where the Australians Rest*.

The 72-page publication, edited by Charles Bean, was produced in 1920 by the Department of Defence and presented to the next-of-kin of Australian servicemen who died on active service during World War I.

Esther Daniel signed to say she received her copy on 26 May 1921.

George Henry Daniel, beloved 25-year-old son of Esther and her husband Edward, died on 5 October 1917 from gunshot wounds to his chest and left hand sustained on the battlefield the previous day.

He passed away at the 37th Casualty Clearing Station in Belgium.

Esther was one of many tens of thousands of heartbroken Australian mums who would never be the same after The Great War.

Born at Tabilk near Nagambie in Victoria, George was a farm labourer at The Rock when he enlisted, for the second time, at Cootamundra on 31 March 1916.

He was determined to do his duty.

Initially rejected on medical grounds, an operation to fix a hernia at St Vincent's Hospital, Melbourne, had George ready for service. He left Sydney with a number

of other brave Riverina men as part of 8 Infantry Battalion, 22nd Reinforcements aboard SS *Port Napier* on 17 November 1916.

Other locals included Oliver Armstrong (Coolamon), Lockhart mail contractor David Davies, William Dodemaide (Bullenbong), Edward Hussey (The Rock) and William Kennedy (Yerong Creek), all of whom made it back home.

Tragically, George Daniel would forever remain in France ... interred in Plot 1, Row N, Grave No. 18 of the British War Cemetery, a little east of Godewaersvelde — a village near the Belgian border, about 16 kilometres south-west of Ypres (in Belgium) and halfway between Poperinghe (Belgium) and Hazebrouck (France).

The cemetery contains 972 Commonwealth burials of the First World War and 19 German war graves; 969 of the soldiers being identified.

George's sorrowful parents ordered three copies of a photograph of their son's grave, at threepenny each, and then a dozen more.

Esther missed her boy until her own death, aged 78, on 13 August 1942. Edward outlived her by three years.

George is one of 22 from The Rock who paid the supreme sacrifice for their country and their mates in World War I. Another 13 who fell in World War II are also remembered on the impressive white granite pedestal memorial with soldier atop in Urana Street which features as the background photo on these pages.



MOURNED:
George Daniel.
POIGNANT:
This sketch would
have meant a
great deal to
Esther Daniel.

TRUNDLE'S BROTHERS IN ARMS

HAROLD Stewart Ryrie's name is amongst the tens of thousands of our nation's war dead immortalised in bronze on the Australian War Memorial's Roll of Honour.

This brave Trundle grazier appears there even though he made it home from World War I in August 1918.

Sadly, however, Harold suffered greatly from the effects of his war wounds, finally succumbing to his injuries on 10 December 1919 at No. 4 Australian General Hospital, Randwick.

He was buried in Waverley Cemetery with full military honours the next morning after a short service at Saint Jude's Church, Randwick. The gun carriage was drawn by four horses and the firing party composed 50 men.

War Memorial Director Dr Brendan Nelson said those who died of a direct consequence of their war service within two years of returning to Australia were eligible for inclusion on the Roll of Honour.

Tragically, up to 2000 Great War Diggers were in this category and their names are included, appropriately, alongside those who are buried in a foreign field, many who had no known grave.

"Within a decade of returning to Australia, another 60,000 would die," Dr Nelson said. "In fact by 1928,

130,000 were on disability pensions."

At age 24 and overseer at his family station "Coolringdon" at Cooma, Harold joined the 5th Battalion, Australian Commonwealth Horse (New South Wales) in the Second Boer War in South Africa.

He joined on 18 April 1902 at Bungendore and left Sydney on the transport ship *Columbian* on 22 May; the 5088-ton vessel arriving at Durban on 22 May – just as the war ended – with 22 officers, 465 other ranks and 490 horses.

Back home, Harold and his brothers Edwin and Oswald bought and then sold the now-Heritage listed "Coolringdon" – one of the pioneering landholdings in the Monaro. Afterwards, Harold went on a 12-month trip to the United Kingdom, visiting Berlin, Budapest, Rome and Naples on the return voyage.

The three brothers then bought "Yarrabundie" in the Trundle district, which they sold just before World War I broke out.

Amongst the first to enlist – on 14 September 1914 – Harold embarked as a 2nd Lieutenant with the 2nd Light Horse Brigade's 6th Regiment, B Squadron, from Sydney aboard HMAT *Suevic* A29 on 21 December 1914.

Single and 36½ years old, Harold had a florid complexion, blue eyes and yellow hair.

Oswald joined the same day as Harold and served with

the 1st Light Horse Regiment, A Squadron, attaining the rank of Major and returning to Australia on 22 August 1919 whilst Edwin served in France with the Royal Field Artillery.

Harold saw action at Gallipoli, Sinai and Palestine, also reaching the rank of Major.

On 28 March 1918 Harold sustained a gunshot wound to the head during an attack on Amman, Jordan; his actions that day earning a Distinguished Service Order.

His citation read: "For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty while commanding his squadron during an attack. Although the enemy was in a strong position, with a great number of well-concealed machine guns, and were threatening to envelop his flank, he led his men forward with the utmost courage. Under a terrific machine gun fire he handled his squadron to the best advantage, and set his men a splendid example of coolness, until he was himself severely wounded."

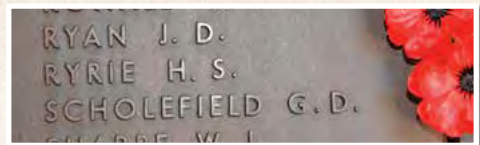
His family, wide circle of friends in the city and the country, the Army and the nation lost one of its finest when Harold slipped away. It was a year and a month after the war had ended and was far from the battlefield but his ordeal had been hard and his suffering great.

A good and true soldier was gone and Australia was poorer for it.

Oswald settled in Kenya after the war where he endeavoured to raise sheep. He died in Nairobi on 16 January 1934, a year before Edwin who passed away in London at the age of 64.



MAJORS: Harold Ryrie (above) and his brother Oswald who were Australian Light Horsemen renowned for their leadership in The Great War.



BOER-WAR BOUND (Top): The SS Columbian leaving Sydney with Harold Ryrie aboard headed for South Africa in 1902.

REMEMBERED (Above): Harold Ryrie's name on the Australian War Memorial's Roll of Honour.

CONTRIBUTION: For a small country community, Trundle gave mightily to the cause of Empire, King and Country in World War I. The district's honour board is housed in the town's War Memorial and School of Arts hall opened in 1926.



TULLAMORE'S TEEN SOLDIER



DIGGERS: Private Henry Savage (seated at far left) with some of the 8th Reinforcements to the 35th Battalion, at Number 13 Training Camp on the Salisbury Plains. Henry sent this photograph home as a postcard to one of his sisters on 26 November 1917.

THE sombre note in Tullamore teenager Henry George Patrick Savage's official Roll of Honour records says it all: "Was only in the firing line 5 days."

The other telling line in the same document was Henry's age at the time of death: 18 years, 1 day.

A farmhand, Mooroopna-born Henry enlisted at Trundle on 4 June 1917, citing his age as 18 years, 2 months ... with the signed consent of his father George.

He made out his last Will and Testament with his sisters Fanny, Jessie, Flora and Grace as benefactors.

Leaving Sydney on HMAT *Miltiades* A28 on 2 August with 35th Infantry Battalion, 8th Reinforcements, Henry had four months at No. 13 Training Camp on the Salisbury Plains in England before proceeding to Rouelles, France, via Southampton.

On 3 April 1918, according to Charles Bean's *Official History of Australia in the War of 1914-18*: "German aeroplanes flew low over the front line, and, judging by their behaviour, Major (Henry) Carr, commanding the front line of the 35th, assured (Brigadier-General Henry) Goddard's 'staff officer' (Captain [Hugh] Connell), who came round the battalion's line after dark, that the enemy would attack the next morning."

A heavy bombardment began at 5.30am.

The subsequent Battle of the Avre over the next two days was part of the First Battle of Villers-Bretonneux – the

final German thrust towards Amiens. It was the closest the Germans came to Amiens, the capital of the Somme in northern France.

Australian Imperial Force Lieutenant Colin Thomson "had gone round his posts and reminded them that the order for the defence of Villers-Bretonneux was 'to hold on at all costs'".

Despite an ultimate British-Australian Avre victory, there was a heavy price to pay too, for of the 110 Diggers to die that fateful day, 38 came from the 35th, including young Private Savage.

He was so young to die – but not the youngest to fall for Pte Samuel Bennett of Lithgow, who had sailed out of Sydney with Pte Savage, was just 17.

Their mates in the 35th mourned their losses and family and friends wept for poor Henry at Trundle and Tullamore.

Henry's father learned by letter – dated 6 May 1925 – that "the Imperial War Graves Commission has been successful in recovering the remains of the late soldier which have since been interred with every measure of care and reverence in the Crucifix Corner Cemetery plot 5 row B grave 12 situated 1 mile south of Villers-Bretonneux, France, where a permanent headstone of uniform design will be erected and engraved with his full regimental particulars and date of death, together with any verse or epitaph previously submitted in the form of a personal inscription."



TEENAGER: Henry Savage was not old enough to vote (the limit then being 21) but volunteered to fight for his country.

MAIN PICTURE: Tullamore's Memorial Park.

World War 1 1914-1918

Burke	T	†	MacKenzie	A	
Cameron	A	†	Miller	WA	†
Dunn	T	J	Nesic	AG	
Edgeley	AB	†	Osley	RE	
Ewis	H		Peace	AT	
Ewis	N		Phelps	K	
Eyles	AE		Phelps	RT	
Ferguson	P		Rathbone	AR	
Fitch	TO		Rathbone	HH	†
Gray	CA	†	Robbins	AE	
Hibbard	DG		Robinson	J	
Kennedy	M	J	Savage	HOP	†
Kilner	CD		Tanwell	WH	
Lloyd	NA		Worthington	LB	
MacCulloch	AB		Worthington	TB	

Killed in Action
POW

PLAQUE: Of the 30 from Tullamore who went to World War I, seven never came home, including Private Henry Savage.



FOREVER YOUNG ... IN A CORNER OF A FOREIGN FIELD

THIS is truly one of the saddest images of The Great War.

An Australian Digger ... head bowed, shoulders slumped ... quietly reflecting about lost mates at a lonely graveyard in a foreign field.

The burial site is the Jerusalem War Cemetery, a mile from the banks of the Jordan River, where Corporal Arnold Selwyn Metcalfe, aged 23, was laid to rest on 20 April 1918, the day after being killed in action serving with the 1st Light Horse Brigade east of Jericho.

Cpl Metcalfe's grave is on the far right of the photograph, beneath the inset of a studio portrait of

this fine soldier who was greatly mourned by his peers.

The son of Charles and Laura, Arnold was born at Young and attended the district school before joining the Bank of New South Wales, Young branch, in 1910; later working with the bank in Cowra, Eugowra, Narrandera and Stockinbingal.

Arnold enlisted at Liverpool on 23 February 1915, embarking on HMAT *Clan McEwen* A65 out of Sydney on 28 June and landing on Gallipoli on October 25.

He later served in Egypt and Palestine and was only 23 when he died, killed instantly with his horse after being hit in the head with a shell in a wheat field.

Cpl Thomas William Hagley fell alongside him. Prior to enlisting, English-born Cpl Hagley had been working at Iandra Station, Greenethorpe – famous for its magnificent castle. Severely wounded in the abdomen, Cpl Hagley died the next day.

"I saw the catastrophe ..." wrote Trooper William Slater, adding about the fallen: "They were both great favourites."

On Cpl Metcalfe's papers it was noted: "Was fond of sport. A good footballer. Had a good voice. His mates say he led all musical entertainments. ... Once when the 1st Light Horse rode through Jerusalem drenched to the skin and all the men were very depressed Cpl Metcalfe broke into a song which spread through the whole column ..."



MUCH-LOVED: Arnold Selwyn Metcalfe.



FAMOUS WORDS FIRST SPOKEN AT COOLAMON

COOLAMON boasts a nationally significant part in First World War folklore, with a famous patriotic quote by the soon-to-be Prime Minister being made in the town.

IT WAS a Wednesday afternoon, 5 August 1914, and the Opposition Leader Andrew Fisher was addressing a public meeting in support of the candidate for the Federal electorate of Riverina, John Chanter.

The Oddfellows' Hall was packed for the occasion.

Just before Mr Chanter, who was endeavouring to win the seat back for a third tilt (having already lost the elections of 1903 and 1913) finished speaking, a telegraph messenger, Harry Jeffries, burst into the hall and handed Mr Fisher an urgent telegram.

The telegram, according to the *Back to Coolamon Souvenir - 1956* was from the then Prime Minister Joseph Cook.

Mr Fisher showed it to the *Coolamon Farmers' Review* reporter who read: "England declared war on Germany midnight last night."

The 1956 publication recounts what happened next: "When Mr Fisher was introduced to the meeting, after a few introductory remarks, he said he had just received a telegram conveying the intelligence that at last England had formally declared war.

"The remark was greeted with slight applause, the late Captain McGovern shouting: 'Hear, hear!'

"Mr Fisher replied: 'I am not one to say 'hear, hear', to war, but what I do say is, now that we know that the war is really on, and that we are responsible for our share in the protection of the Empire, it is the duty of Australia to stand by the Mother Country to the last man and the last shilling.' (Loud applause).

"Mr Fisher's utterance was telegraphed to Sydney by the *Review* and from there was cabled throughout the British Empire.

"The subsequent elections resulted in Mr Fisher becoming Prime Minister (again). He made his 'Last man, last shilling' utterance many times, but it was first made in Coolamon."

Coolamon contributed enormously to The Great War and the 47 names under the words "The Fallen" on the town's Cowabbie Street cenotaph (which features on this page) are testament to that.



CANDIDATES:
John Chanter (left)
and Andrew Fisher.

2017 ANZAC DAY RIVERINA AND CENTRAL WEST

Service Times and Venues

ALECTOWN

6am Dawn service at Memorial Hall.

ARDLETHAN (includes Beckom)

10.45am Assemble and march from Ardlethan Post Office, Yithan Street, to cenotaph, Memorial Hall, Ariaah Street. Fly-over by Temora Aviation Museum.

11am Service begins at cenotaph.

11.45am Bobby Chard Memorial Service at Ardlethan Cemetery.

ARIAH PARK (includes Quandary)

10.45am Assemble for march at Bowling Club, Coolamon Street and march to cenotaph.

11am Service at cenotaph. Afterwards lunch will be served at the Bowling Club.

BARMEDMAN

10.45am Assemble and march along Queen Street to Memorial Park.

11am Service at Memorial Park followed by lunch at the Bowling Club.

BENDICK MURRELL

9am Memorial service at Bendick Murrell Memorial Hall.

BETHUNGRA (includes Frampton, Illabo)

6.15am Dawn service at Bethungra Memorial Park, Olympic Highway. Catafalque party will be in attendance. In the event of inclement weather the service will move to Saint Augustine's Church.

BIMBI

2pm Wreath-laying at cenotaph.

2.30pm Launch, by The Hon. Michael McCormack MP, of *Bimbi and District ANZACS* book, followed by afternoon tea.

BOGAN GATE

6am Dawn service at the monument, Hefton Street, followed by breakfast at Memorial Hall.

BRIBBAREE

3.45pm Assemble at Bowling Club and march to cenotaph (next to Briggaree Fire Shed).

4pm Wreath-laying at cenotaph followed by service at Memorial Hall, Weedallion Street.

CANOWINDRA

10.30am Assemble at the Junction Hotel and march to Memorial Park.

11am Main service at Memorial Park.

CARAGABAL

4pm Service at the park in front of the hall.

COLLINGULLIE

8am Service at Memorial Hall, Sturt Highway.

COOLAMON (includes Marrar)

6am Dawn service at cenotaph, Cowabbie Street.

10.45am Assemble outside RSL Memorial Museum, Loughnan Street and march to cenotaph.

11am Main service.

COOTAMUNDRA

6am Dawn service at cenotaph in Albert Park.

continued...

2017 ANZAC DAY RIVERINA AND CENTRAL WEST SERVICE TIMES AND VENUES

- 10.15am Assemble for march in front of Ex-Servicemen's and Citizens' Memorial Club.
- 10.30am Ceremonial march beginning at the front of the Ex-Servicemen's Club.
- 10.45am Commemoration service at Albert Park.

COWRA

- 5.50am Dawn service at the cenotaph, Brisbane Street.
- 9.30am Ceremony at the Cowra War Cemetery.
- 10.20am Community wreath-laying service at cenotaph.
- 10.30am March form-up prior to community wreath-laying service in Brisbane Street.
- 11am Community service at River Park.
- Noon Service at the Cowra Locomotive Depot.

CROWTHER

- 10am Memorial service at Crowther Memorial Park.

DARBYS FALLS

- 9.45am Assemble at telephone box and march to memorial.
- 10am Memorial service.

EUGOWRA

- 10.30am March from the corner of North and Broad Streets to the cenotaph, Memorial Park.
- 11am Main service at cenotaph, Memorial Park.

FORBES (includes Bedgeabong, Corinella)

- 5.15am Assemble at Forbes Services Memorial Club, Templar Street and march to cenotaph, Harold Street, followed by dawn service.
- 10.15am Assemble in Cross Street and march to cenotaph, Harold Street.

- 10.30am Main service.

FOREST HILL

- 5.55am Ceremony begins at front gate Royal Australian Air Force Wagga Wagga, Sturt Highway. Catafalque party mounts followed by service.

GALONG

- 5.30am Dawn service, Galong Memorial Hall, McMahon Street.

GANMAIN (includes Matong)

- 6am Dawn service, Memorial Gate in front of Bowling Club, Waterview Street.
- 9.30am Assemble for march on corner of Ford and Waterview Streets.
- 10am March proceeds to Memorial Gate.
- 10.30am Main service. Catafalque party will be in attendance along with a guest speaker. Fly-over by Temora Aviation Museum.
- 5.30pm Retreat service at the flagpole inside the Memorial Gate.

GOOLOOGONG

- 6am Dawn service at Gooloogong Memorial Hall followed by gunfire breakfast.
- 10am ANZAC service in Maisie Thompson Memorial Park.

GREENETHORPE

- 7.30am Main service at Soldiers' Memorial Hall including dedication of local serviceman to Wall of Honour.

GRENFELL

- 6am Dawn service at cenotaph, corner of Burrangong Street and Mid Western

Highway followed by breakfast at The Railway Hotel, Main Street.

- 8am Pilgrimage to cemetery, Cunich Street.
- 11am Main service at cenotaph.
- 12.30pm Luncheon at the Bowling Club, Cross Street.

GUNDAGAI (includes Coolac, Mount Horeb)

- 6am Dawn service at ANZAC Grove.
- 10.15am Assemble outside Lott's Family Hotel, Sheridan Street.
- 10.30am March will be led by a World War I artillery piece and carriage, then the Gundagai Town Band followed by the Vintage Car Club vehicles carrying RSL members. Proceed east along Sheridan Street to cenotaph.
- 11am Main service. On completion, the parade will return west along Sheridan Street, dismissing adjacent to the Visitor Information Centre.

HARDEN-MURRUMBURRAH

- 6am Dawn service at cenotaph, Newson Park, corner Albury and Station Streets, Harden.
- 10.30am Assemble in front of Mechanics Institute, Neill Street, Harden. March to cenotaph.
- 11am Main service.

HUMULA

- 10.15am Assemble for march at Humula Citizens' Sports Club.
- 10.30am March to Humula Community Hall. Service to follow outside hall.
- 12.30pm Lunch at the Club to be provided by Humula

Public School Parents' and Citizens' Association. \$15 per head.

JUGIONG

- 3pm Assemble for march adjacent to Police Station and march to Memorial Gates, Riverside Drive, where the memorial service will be conducted. 7th Light Horse Gundagai Troop in attendance.

JUNEE (includes Illabo, Old Junee, Wantabadgery)

- 5.45am Dawn service in Broadway.
- 10.30am March from Memorial Park, Peel Street, to Railway Square for two-minute ceremony. March finishes at cenotaph in Broadway.
- 11am Service at cenotaph, Broadway.

JUNEE REEFS

- 3pm Service and wreath-laying at Junee Reefs-Ivor Hall, Junee Reefs Road, conducted by Junee RSL Sub-Branch. Afternoon tea afterwards.

KAPOOKA

- 5.20am Dawn service at the picnic grounds at the front gate of Blamey Barracks, Army Recruit Training Centre.

KOORAWATHA

- 5.45am Assemble Boorowa Street adjacent to War Memorial Park Memorial Gates.
- 6am Dawn service.
- 10.45am Assemble in Boorowa Street adjacent to Koorawatha Regional Rooms. March to Memorial Gates for memorial service.

LOCKHART

- 9am Morning service at cemetery.
- 10.20am Form up at Commercial Hotel, Green Street.
- 10.30am March to cenotaph in Hebden Street. Main service to follow. At the end of formalities proceed to the Ex-Servicemen's Club for two-up and Chinese buffet.

MANDURAMA

- 10am Service at Memorial Hall then march to World War II gates.

MIRROOL

- 9am Service at cenotaph in Aria Street, followed by morning tea.

MONTEAGLE

- 2pm Memorial service at Monteagle Memorial Hall.

MURRINGO

- 8.30am Assemble on Murringo Gap Road adjacent to Murringo Public School. March to Murringo Memorial Hall for service in hall grounds.

NANGUS

- To be commemorated on Monday, 1 May.
- 10.30am Community service at Public School, Hulong Street. Includes speeches by Gundagai RSL Sub-Branch and Kapooka Army Base representatives.

PARKES

- 5.30am Dawn service, Memorial Hill followed by breakfast at Parkes Services Club, Short Street.
- 8.20am Assemble for march in front of Parkes Services Club.

- 8.35am March off.
- 9am ANZAC civic service at cenotaph, Cooke Park.
- 10.45am Pilgrimage to war graves at Parkes Cemetery.
- 12.30pm Luncheon at Parkes Services Club.
- 5pm Retreat at cenotaph, Cooke Park.

PEAK HILL

- 6am Dawn service at AIF Memorial Hall.
- 10.30am March.
- 11am Commemorative service at AIF Hall.

PLEASANT HILLS

- 9am Service at Memorial Hall, Ryan Street.

QUANDIALLA

- 10.45am School assembly at Blamey Park, Second Street, then march to Memorial Hall.
- 11am Service at Memorial Hall, Second Street.

SPRINGDALE

- 9am Prayer and laying of wreaths at cenotaph on Burley Griffin Way. Introduction by Colonel Pat Thorne AM (Retired). Opening address by Colonel Gavin Keating CSC.
- 9.15am Fly-over by Warbirds.
- 9.20am Lance Corporal Peter Kahlefeldt Scholarship Speech: Tribute to a Springdale local who died in battle - Private Bertie Cecil Harvey killed in action at Bullecourt on 7 May 1917. Presented by Temora High School Year 10 student Josh Reid with friends. Springdale ANZAC Memorial Scholarship Speech: Tribute to a Springdale local who died
- continued...*

2017 ANZAC DAY RIVERINA AND CENTRAL WEST SERVICE TIMES AND VENUES

2017 ANZAC DAY RIVERINA AND CENTRAL WEST SERVICE TIMES AND VENUES

in battle – Private Henry Willis McNair killed in action at Ypres on 26 September, 1917. Presented by Lauren Macauley, Temora High Year 10. Address by Stockinbingal Public School captains Hayley Bowditch and Adam Mayor about a Stockinbingal soldier killed in action. *The Marseillaise* sung by Jenny Kotzur. Musical interlude by the Springdale singers. Concluding poem written by local farmer Earl Kotzur. Service to follow. Refreshments in the Springdale Hall afterwards.



GUEST SPEAKER: Colonel Gavin Keating CSC.

STOCKINBINGAL

3.30am Memorial opening and dedication service.

TALLIMBA

3pm March followed by commemorative service in the Tallimba Hall. Following the service afternoon tea will be available.

TAR CUTTA

10.45am March from Sydney Street to Memorial Hall.
11am Service at Memorial Hall, Sydney Street.

TEMORA (includes Reefton)

6am Dawn service at cenotaph, Callaghan Park, Loftus Street.
10.45am March from opposite Courthouse, De Boos Street.
11am Service at cenotaph, Callaghan Park.

THE ROCK

6am Dawn service at Soldier Memorial, Urana Street. Followed by gunfire breakfast at The Rock Memorial Bowling Club.
10.15am Congregate for march in front of The Rock Memorial Bowling Club.
10.30am March to cenotaph, Urana Street.
10.50am (approx.) Anticipated fly-over by Temora Aviation Museum (weather permitting).
12.30pm Luncheon at The Rock Memorial Bowling Club followed by drawing of ANZAC Day raffle.

TRUNDLE

10.30am Commemorative march.
11am Commemorative service at Memorial Hall.

TULLAMORE

6am Dawn service at Memorial Park.
9.30am Roll call and wreath-laying for Diggers at Tullamore Cemetery.
10.45am March across the street at Memorial Park.
11am Commemorative service at Memorial Park.

TUMBLONG

9am Service at memorial, St James's Anglican Church, Adelong Road. 7th Light Horse Gundagai Troop in attendance.

UNGARIE

6am Dawn service, RSL Park, Ungarie Street.
9am Service at cemetery at graves of ex-servicemen and women.
9.30am Breakfast at Central Hotel, Wollongough Street.
10.45am Assemble at "Pink Shop", Wollongough Street, march to RSL Park.
11am Service at cenotaph.
12.30pm Luncheon.
6pm Retreat at cenotaph.

URANQUINTY

9am Service at Wirraway Park rest area, Morgan Street.

WAGGA WAGGA

5.30am Dawn service at the cenotaph (conducted by Legacy).
6.45am Service at the war cemetery, to be held outside the gate of the cemetery, to respect the graves, on Kooringal Road. ANZAC Day speeches by Kildare Catholic College captains Sam Heffernan and Chelsea Tout.
9am ANZAC Day Mass at Saint Michael's Cathedral, corner Church and Johnston Streets.
10am Assemble for march at the corner of Baylis and Morgan Streets.
10.30am March along Baylis Street to the cenotaph followed by a wreath-laying service.
11.15am Commemorative service in the Victory Memorial Gardens. Occasional address by Officer Commanding 1st/19th Battalion Royal New South Wales Regiment, Major Jaime Fox.
5.30pm Sunset service at the

2017 ANZAC DAY RIVERINA AND CENTRAL WEST SERVICE TIMES AND VENUES

Wagga RSL Club Memorial at the entrance of the club, Dobbs Street.

WALLEND BEEN

8.45am Assemble at Wallendbeen Public School and walk to cenotaph.
9am Main service followed by morning tea in the Wallendbeen Memorial Hall.

WEST WYALONG (includes North Yalgogrin, Wamboyne, Weethalle)

6am Dawn service at Services and Citizens' Club cenotaph.
10.15am Assemble for march in Main Street.
10.30am March to cenotaph at Services and Citizens' Club.
11am Main service.

WIRRIMAH

8.15am Memorial service at Wirrimah Memorial Park, Smiths Road.

WOMBAT

6am Dawn service followed by breakfast at the Wombat Hotel.

WOODSTOCK

2.15pm Assemble for march across from Woodstock Public School, corner of Parkes and Carrington Streets.
2.30pm March to Sister Jenny Kerr's Park to lay wreath and then to Arnold H Bennett's Gates to lay wreath, then into hall for ANZAC service.

WYALONG

8.45am March and wreath-laying ceremony at cenotaph at Soldiers' Memorial Hall, Neeld Street.

YERONG CREEK

10.45am Form up at Delta Agribusiness, Plunkett Street.
11am March to cenotaph in Stanley Galvin Memorial Park followed by service.
Noon Lunch at Yerong Creek Bowling Club.

YOUNG

5.45am Assemble in Boorowa Street adjacent to Young Town Hall Memorial Tower.
6am Dawn service.
10.30am Assemble in Boorowa Street adjacent to Young Town Hall Memorial Tower.
10.45am March to Anderson Park Memorial.
11am Main service at Anderson Park.

CAPITAL CITY SERVICES: CANBERRA

5.30am Dawn service at the Australian War Memorial with readings from 4.30am.
6.30am Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander ceremony, Aboriginal Memorial Plaque, Mount Ainslie.
10.30am National ceremony at the Australian War Memorial and RSL Veterans' march.

MELBOURNE

6am Dawn service. Assemble at the Shrine of Remembrance Forecourt by 4.30am.
8.15am Official wreath-laying service at the Shrine of Remembrance. Assemble at 7.45am.
9am ANZAC Day march starting at intersection of Flinders and Swanston Streets and concluding at the Shrine of Remembrance.

SYDNEY

4.15am Dawn service at the cenotaph in Martin Place.
8.30am Wreath-laying ceremony at the cenotaph in Martin Place.
9am ANZAC Day march starting at corner of Pitt Street and Martin Place, marching through George and Bathurst Streets and ending at Elizabeth Street, Hyde Park.
12.30pm Commemorative service next to The Pool of Remembrance at the ANZAC War Memorial in Hyde Park South.
2pm Indigenous ANZAC Day march in Redfern.
5pm Sunset service at the cenotaph in Martin Place.

PLEASE NOTE:

All times and venues have been supplied in good faith by various RSL Sub-Branch officials and were correct at the time of publication. Every care has been taken to ensure as many services as possible have been included. For verification of other services please contact your local RSL Sub-Branch.

TRADITIONAL ANZAC DAY RIVERINA FOOTBALL

(Robertson Oval, Wagga Wagga)
FRIDAY 21 APRIL
Farrer Football League
Marrar v The Rock-Yerong Creek.
5.30pm Reserves
7.30pm ANZAC service
7.45pm First grade



Let us stay young and free

ONE OF the driving forces behind the Kangaroo March Centenary Re-Enactment, the event's Education and Music Director Olita Joy Rushton, who prefers to be referred to simply as "OJ", gave an inspiring occasional address at Wagga Wagga's Remembrance Day Service on 11 November 2016. She spoke of the indelible links between soldiers and singing, which is why this transcript has been illustrated with some wonderful Great War-era images of Australian defence bands.

I STAND before you humbled by the opportunity to speak on this important day in our calendar.

One hundred years ago, Australia was known as a nation of singers. It was a time when music and poetry formed a vital part of Australian family and community life. Even through the dark days of The Great War, our soldiers were known for their music and singing and it became an important part of the recruitment process to keep morale high.

In fact, CJ Dennis in his poem *Singin' Soldiers* reckons you could tell an Aussie soldier cause he was singing in the trenches.

On this day, 98 years ago, after more than four years of bloody conflict and countless casualties the guns of World War I finally fell silent and the war ended.

It should be no surprise to us that Australians embraced their tradition of singing to celebrate the end of the war as only Aussies can! According to Sir Evelyn Wrench's account even in London, Aussies made their mark with dancing and song.

But for many Australians, the celebration of peace in 1918 was short-lived. With the loss of over 60,000 Australians and the fate of 23,000 missing soldiers still unknown, it was a dark time for our nation, with loss and grief touching the lives of every family and community.

Memorials such as this one here in Wagga were erected in nearly every city to give families and communities, unable to visit the actual graves of their fallen, a place to visit and honour their dead. Honour Rolls listing those who served and died were also erected in schools and halls with memorial drives and avenues of honour also built across the country.

Official attempts to address collective mourning on a national scale took the form of public commemoration. The first Armistice Day ceremony held in 1919 was not one of celebration, but rather a solemn commemoration as the nation started coming to terms with its grief and loss.

In 1921, the Flanders poppy became the accepted flower of remembrance to be worn on Armistice Day as "soldiers' folklore" believed poppies were vivid red from having been nurtured in ground drenched with the blood of their comrades.

Year after year on the anniversary of Armistice Day, Australia along with many other World War I Allies gathered to remember their fallen. At the end of the Second World War the name was changed to Remembrance Day as Armistice Day was no longer an appropriate title for a day which would now commemorate all war dead.

As the years passed, and memories faded, so did the significance of Remembrance Day and the tradition was in danger of being lost. That was until its 75th anniversary when the remains of an unknown Australian soldier were entombed in the Australian War Memorial's Hall of Memory. It was on this day in 1993, Australia's Remembrance Day gained new significance as local ceremonies and a two-minute silence were conducted simultaneously all over the country at the moment of burial at 11am.

This ceremony touched a chord across Australia, re-establishing Remembrance Day as a significant day of commemoration and starting the Australian tradition of placing a red poppy on a Roll of Honour for a loved one.

This was followed by a declaration in 1997 by Governor-General Sir William Deane that the 11th of November was to be officially known as Remembrance Day, urging all Australians to observe one minute's silence at 11am on 11 November each year to remember those who died or suffered for Australia's cause in all wars and armed conflicts.

In the words of Former Prime Minister, The Honourable John Howard: "These were Australians whose lives were lived in deeds, not years, in sacrifice, not heartbeats, in service, not the turned pages of a calendar. These men and women have given us a legacy from the past on which to build our future."

Continued...



COMMAND PERFORMANCE: OJ Rushton conducts the RSL Youth Commemorative Choir before delivering an uplifting speech at last year's Remembrance Day Service in Wagga Wagga's Victory Memorial Gardens listened to by dignitaries including new Mayor Councillor Greg Conkey, new Kapooka Commandant, Colonel Mick Garraway and State Member Daryl Maguire MP.

Music Marches On

...Continued

However, as The Great War sinks further and further into history and all the WWI Diggers gone, it is a constant challenge to find ways to keep this generation, heirs of our ANZAC legacy, engaged so they embrace it with respect and dignity.



GALLIPOLI TRIBUTE: *The Lone Pine Memorial Band. BRASSY:* HMAS Melbourne musicians in 1916.



ALL AS ONE: *Overseas Training Brigade mass bands, taken on 2 January 1918.*

In 2013, I was appointed Education and Music Director of the Kangaroo March. I was tasked with engaging school-aged young people in the Kangaroo March project and Centenary of ANZAC. This proved to be quite a challenge!

I knew as an educator that just bringing kids out on one day to wave people through their town or simply watch a commemorative ceremony without a deeper understanding of why was not going to engage them at a deep enough level to make a difference to their lives or pass it on to their children.

On ANZAC Day 2013 Dr Brendan Nelson, Director of the Australian War Memorial gave the official ANZAC Day address in Canberra. He started with the words:

“Australians all let us rejoice – for we are young and free ...”

As I listened to Dr Nelson’s powerful words, a new sense of pride and understanding came over me. The deep wound of sacrifice that has been made for our freedom hit me at a new level and emotion welled inside till I couldn’t hold back the tears. These were words for the next generation. They had to be passed on.

Drawing from the singing tradition of our soldiers of 100 years ago and from the “Songline” tradition of Indigenous Australians, I set out to embody Dr Nelson’s message in song with the hope that it would become a kind of GPS for our young people during the Centenary of ANZAC and beyond and so the song *Young and Free* was born.

The RSL Rural Commemorative Youth Choir is an extension of that vision giving a growing number of young people across New South Wales an opportunity to engage with this important legacy.

I should at this point take a moment to acknowledge the tremendous support of the Wagga RSL Sub-Branch who are helping make this possible.

Once again Dr Nelson says it so eloquently: “This is not just about our past, it is about our future. As Australians whether by birth or by choice, this has everything to do with who we are and who we want to become ... We owe it to those brave men and women, to their descendants, and ourselves to not ever allow the past to become a distant stranger and to never forget that those sacrifices for peace and freedom were made in our name.”

Without understanding the values for which they fought, I believe our young people are in danger of embracing other values. The Centenary of ANZAC is an unprecedented opportunity to teach our children the ideals enshrined in these men and women more than a century ago.



GRAND BAND: *Brass band of HMAS Sydney early in 1918 whilst in the 2nd Light Cruiser Squadron of the Grand Fleet on the North Sea station.*



PLAYTIME: *Instruments at the ready on HMAS Encounter in 1917.*

It is the sum total of our story and theirs that make us uniquely Australian – it is a common language that creates shared meaning even today.

I am finding with my ongoing work in rural and regional communities, our almost forgotten Aussie traditions of poetry, storytelling and song are proving a powerful way to engage our young people with those stories.

Both silence and singing are powerful ways a nation can collectively remember. A day such as this is a drawing together, of many faiths, and of none, unifying us in remembrance by the actions of extraordinary strangers who fought for their country; their mates; and their lives.

According to memory researcher, Siobhan Kattago, the activity of remembrance through silence is a pilgrimage to the past and according to music and memory studies conducted at the John Hopkins University of Education, singing is an even more powerful way of deepening that remembrance.

We stand here today in reverent silence to remember the past, without apology or regret, recognising both what has been lost to us and what has been gained, and by renewing the promise to remember, not only our dead, but also our veterans with us today and those of you who are still serving, having made a pledge to serve and protect us.

I believe today is also a time to rethink remembrance and dedicate ourselves as Australians to finding more effective ways of serving our defence force who continue to risk it all to serve us.

*We’re gathered together with ordinary strangers,
Lest we forget those who died and have served
But what about those extraordinary strangers
Still living and giving so our freedom’s preserved*

*Though I won’t find your name in the Hall of Remembrance
Your sacrifice and service mean everything to me
Right here and right now I honour your presence
And the price that you’ve paid so that I can be free
After a time of silent remembering, we will be unified
Together in song, our National Anthem compelling us to
learn from the past as we Advance Australia Fair.*



MUSICAL MARCH: *Troops returning on 3 January 1917 after having leave in Melbourne.*

Let us sing the words today with a renewed thankfulness for the sacrifices that have been made to keep us “young and free”.

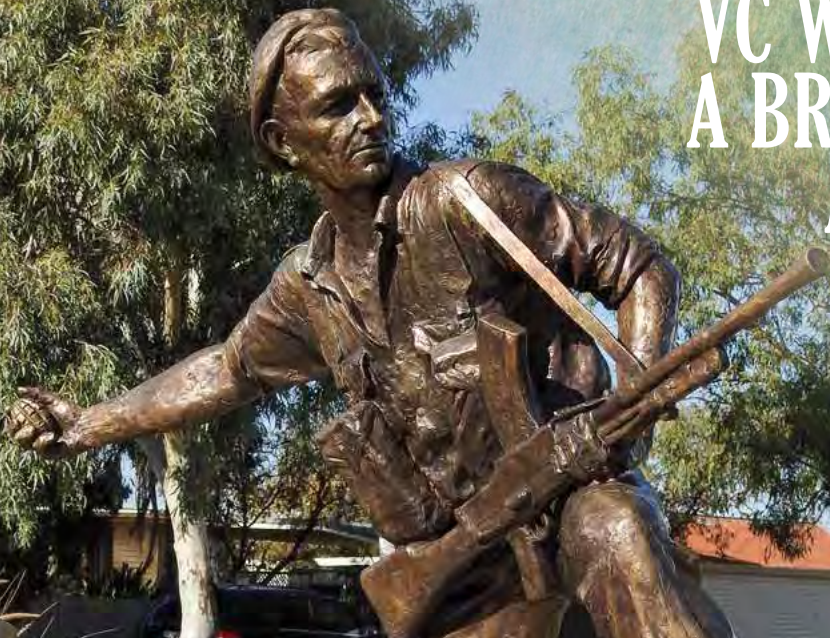
So, to the fallen we say:
“We will remember you.”

To those who are with us today who have served and to those who are still serving, it is with a grateful heart, we say: “Thank you.”

Lest We Forget.



VC WINNER A BRONZED AUSSIE



This commemorative booklet is mostly and appropriately about World War I, given that Australia as a country and Riverina as a region is presently commemorating a century since those years of 1914-18 which cost so many young men their lives and more or less forged our nationhood. However, these facing pages are devoted, in fact, to a speech given about a World War II campaign and delivered at the dedication of a statue of the late Reg Rattley VC by Mat McLachlan. They are powerful words, eloquently spoken on 9 April 2016 by a former local who is now a respected Australian author, battlefield tour guide, historian and television presenter whose first book, Walking with the ANZACs: A Guide to Australian Battlefields on the Western Front, was published in February 2007.

CAN I begin by saying that, as a boy from West Wyalong who grew up in a house just around the corner, it's a real honour to be speaking here today.

The island of Bougainville had never been famous for much, and it never would have been if the Second World War hadn't swept through New Guinea and the Solomon Islands.

In 1942, as the Japanese cast their territorial net across the Pacific, Bougainville was a key part of their plans. They seized the island and within a year had built several airfields and naval bases there.

Planes and ships from Bougainville were a constant menace to the Allied war effort. During the Guadalcanal and New Guinea campaigns in 1942,

Japanese infantry was well-supported by bombers and fighters sweeping in from Bougainville, and warships of the Japanese Imperial Navy swarmed around the islands of the Solomons.

By 1943, as the Allies began to advance through the Solomons, Bougainville was a fire that needed to be stamped out. While Bougainville was in Japanese hands, their huge military base at nearby Rabaul was safe. And while the Japanese controlled Rabaul, they controlled the Solomons.

In November 1943, the US Marine Corps landed on Bougainville. One Marine described the approach:

'Empress Augusta Bay presented a magnificent but somewhat terrifying spectacle. Behind the curved sweep of the shore line, a heavy, dark green jungle swept up over foothills and crumpled ridges to the crown of a smoking volcano, Mount Baranga, 8000 feet above sea level ... it was wilder and more majestic scenery than anyone had yet witnessed in the South Pacific.'

Under extremely heavy fire the Marines hit the beaches at Torokina on the island's west coast, and quickly pushed inland against fierce Japanese resistance. Within days they had secured a beachhead, and within a week had turned this into a defensive perimeter and began constructing a base and an airfield. Within months Allied bombers from Bougainville were striking Rabaul, and the advance through the Solomons continued.

In 1944 a strange malaise descended on Bougainville – the Americans only occupied a tiny corner of the island, but that was enough for them. Their perimeter and airfield were secure and they were content to let the Japanese waste men and materiel in futile banzai charges against the entrenched Marines. Before long, the Japanese gave up even on this, realising that the Allied advance through the Pacific had cut them off, and there was now no hope of them being reinforced or resupplied.

At Torokina, this was a surreal time – it was war without the fighting. Both sides settled in and tried to make the best of their inhospitable island home. Engineers no longer needed to make Bougainville secure – now they needed to make it comfortable. Instead of trenches and machine gun bunkers, they built barracks and mess halls. They even carved a rough baseball field out of the jungle – a Marine noted that a bedraggled Japanese soldier used to regularly appear out of the trees and sit watching the games from left field.

To the outside world, the war had moved on from Bougainville ... and then the Australians arrived. As the Americans continued to advance towards Japan, they decided their precious soldiers were more useful fighting than playing baseball in some Pacific backwater. The Yanks were pulled out of Bougainville, replaced by the ragged Australian Second Corps, a group of hard-worn veterans who had earned their stripes in the jungles and swamps of New Guinea. They were astounded by the cushy surroundings they found at the US base on Bougainville. Comforts extended beyond dry barracks and a baseball field – the Americans had even installed an ice-cream machine!

But while all this was fine for the Yanks, the Aussies saw their role on Bougainville very differently. While there were Japanese on the island, they were going to fight them. Within days of their arrival they had begun aggressively patrolling the perimeter, and were pushing their line further into the jungle. By the start of 1945 the Australians had determined they were going to crush the remaining Japanese garrison on Bougainville, and launched a series of offensives to gain possession of the whole island.

Their advance took them through some of the harshest country faced by Australian troops during the entire war. They hacked through dense jungle, forded swollen rivers, scaled scrub-choked ridges, and fought a constant battle against stifling heat, mosquitoes as big as birds, and tropical diseases which constantly thinned their ranks. And all the while they continued to push the Japanese back. They smashed them at Pearl Ridge. They ripped into them at the Hongarai River. And in one of their greatest victories, they cleared them out at Slater's Knoll. And it was here that a larrikin farmer from the West Wyalong district did great things, and earned a VC.

When it was all over, Australians asked lots of questions about the Bougainville campaign. It's true the Japanese had been defeated, but we had lost more than 500 good blokes, to capture an island that many people reckoned

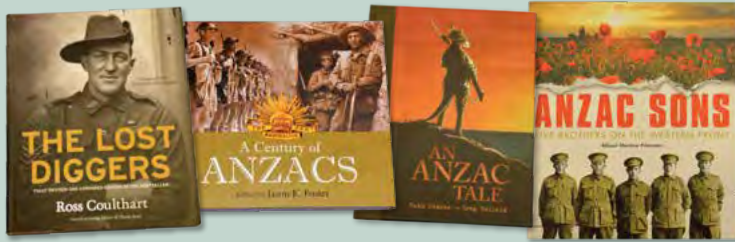


OFFICIAL GUESTS: Vietnam War Victoria Cross recipient Keith Payne with Mat McLachlan, who delivered the keynote address at the unveiling of the Reg Rattley VC statue.

BOMB'S AWAY: Reg Rattley, who earned a Victoria Cross for his bravery at Buin Road in South Bougainville on 22 March 1945, captured in the moment by Dubbo artist Brett "Mon" Garling and immortalised in a peaceful park at West Wyalong. Pictures courtesy of Jeff Sien, Bland Shire Council.

didn't need capturing. Even today we can't make up our minds about the campaign. But the one thing that is certain, the one thing that stands the test of time and rises above all else, is the achievement of the Aussie Diggers. At Bougainville, as they had done at Tobruk, at Milne Bay, at El Alamein and at Kokoda, they demonstrated the qualities that set the Australian soldier apart – supreme courage, great skill and, above all, loyalty to their mates. And that is what we stand here and commemorate today.

Mere words cannot do justice to their legacy. No speeches or platitudes can adequately convey the debt that we owe them. But in memorials such as this one, their memory is enshrined, as important today as it was in 1945. In our time, and for all time, we will remember them.



RIVERINA ANZAC WRITING AWARDS

FOUR fabulous book prizes from the Australian War Memorial will be presented to those who have won their sections or been judged highly commended in the seventh annual Riverina ANZAC Day writing competition.

Every participant across the region will receive a signed certificate which features a watermark image of this year's commemorative cover, taken from a Great War-era postcard.

This year's theme, in keeping with the focus of this keepsake publication, was "ANZAC Day in the Riverina and Central West".

As in past years, entries were judged in primary and secondary categories with the Riverina electorate divided into North, South, East and West divisions.

The best entries are published on the following pages and the talented young writers will be presented with their special AWM literary prizes at a future school assembly.



FLANDERS FIELDS

BY the trenches
I hold my breath,
Waiting, waiting
For my death

The poppies blow,
To and fro
In Flanders Fields

Hear the gunshots
And the bombs
Is this where soldiers
do belong?

The poppies blow,
To and fro,
In Flanders Fields

Now I lie
In the grass
Waiting for
the war to pass

The poppies blow
To and fro,
In Flanders Fields.



Winner: Brienna Brown, 10, Year 5, Parkes East Public School.

NORTH

WITHOUT MUM

TODAY Mum got a letter delivered by the postman. It said she was going to help the injured soldiers in Germany. My brother and I started to cry when she broke the news to us. We asked Mum when she was leaving and how long she would be gone. She said she was leaving in two weeks and she would have to stay there for as long as the war went on, but she promised she would send letters to us while she was away.

When it was time to say goodbye to Mum my brother and I couldn't say anything through our tears. We all said goodbye and love you and had a big family hug. We were all crying, even Mum and Dad. Mum hopped on the train with her suitcase and then the train started to move. We waved goodbye then the train was gone, out of sight.

With Mum gone, Dad struggled with all the farm work, house chores and looking after my brother and I, but we managed. Sometimes I would hear Dad sobbing late at night, I knew he missed Mum too. The letters that we got from Mum helped, but sometimes they made us sad and we would all cry because we missed Mum so much.

We received heaps of letters from Mum, but the latest one was the best out of them all. Mum had been gone for such a long time, and in this letter Mum said that the war was over and she was coming home. We were all very excited and couldn't wait for the train to deliver her back home safely.

Lest We Forget.



Highly Commended: Madeline Blackstock, 11, Year 6, Parkes East Public School.

DIARY TO DESPAIR

24th of April 1915 6.29am

My Dad Joe Martin, aged 29 has just been told that he will be serving in WWI. My name is Will. I'm apparently still lying in bed asleep while Mum and Dad found out the news. It's now 8:34AM and I am ready for school, I'm pacing back and forth accidentally annoying my mother.

25th of April 1915 7.30am

I wake to the sound of my mother crying. It worries me. I quickly run out to see why she is upset, only to see my Dad dressed in a green camouflage suit.

25th of April 1915 7.31am

"Dad what are you doing?" I say. Dad says: "That doesn't matter Will. What matters is you take good care of your mother for me, can you do that? For me?" I sniffle and say: "I'll try Dad." I hug my Dad, then he straightens up and salutes to my mother and walks out the door.

25th of April 1915 4.19pm

That day at school was terrible for me. The thought of my Dad being at war and possibly dying was haunting my thoughts.

17th of July 1915 1.30pm

A few months later I had turned 10 and the day after my birthday we received a letter that said: "We have successfully landed in our desired destination. We will be attacking on the 18th of July."

The next day they got a letter, it said: "Joe Martin is MIA. He is expected to be another one of the casualties in this terrible war."

Highly Commended: Tyler Nicholson, 13, Year 7, Red Bend Catholic College, Forbes.



THE DARK DAYS OF WORLD WAR I

IT WAS a cold, frosty and wet Tuesday morning, when Dad went off to war. Mum broke down at the doorstep and wouldn't stop crying. My little brother Kai and I were scared. How would we survive without Dad? Who would earn the money to buy us food, clothes and keep us warm? I would also miss my Dad because I used to help him collect firewood and water. He would call me his big boy helper.

Before Dad left, he said that I needed to step up, because as the oldest, I am now the man of the house.

The first month of Dad being at war was hell. We had very little food and the weather turned colder than ever. Kai and I struggled to carry the big logs, so we used mostly small logs, but they burn too quickly to make much heat.

We would watch for the postman every day. Sometimes letters would come from Dad, describing the terrors of war, but at least we still knew he was alive. He would write about the rats in the trenches and how they would eat the soldiers' food and sometimes the soldiers themselves.

After a month or so Mum got a job in a munitions factory. The work was hard for Mum, with long hours away from us kids, but at least we could buy bread, cheese, milk, butter, and meat again. Kai and I got stronger and better at our jobs and helped Mum around the house.

All the wives dreaded seeing the death letters arrive.

We were lucky. Dad came home to us in January 1919. He was physically OK but he was never the loving father he once was. The war had changed him.



Winner: Sam Airey, 12, Year 7, Red Bend Catholic College, Forbes.

BEST IN THE WEST

TWO West Wyalong students have created their own little bit of history by winning book prizes in the Riverina ANZAC Day writing competition for the second time.

Before this year no student, despite many trying, had repeated their previous success.

The fact two from not only the same town but the same school have accomplished the feat is a credit to them and their English and History course teachers.

The competition has now been running for seven years and thousands of school children across the Riverina and Central West have enthusiastically participated.

This year 740 students submitted entries which was encouraging, given that the Federal electorate boundaries have changed significantly in the past year and the competition, always popular in the former parts of the electorate, is a new concept for schools in towns new to the seat of Riverina.

Jack De Britt of West Wyalong was 12 and in Year 6 at Wyalong Public when he first won the South West Slopes primary section in 2013.

Now aged 16 and in Year 10 at West Wyalong High, Jack has won again, this time what is now called the Western section.

School-mate Oscar Mason won the 2012 South West Slopes primary section in a joint effort with his sister Isabella when they were at Saint Mary's War Memorial School.

Now 14 and in Year 9, Oscar earns a highly commended in the Western secondary section this year.

SOUTH

MISSING MY DAD

AS DAD went away from home, there were tears running down my cheek.
I remember saying: "Please Daddy, stay with us."

My name is Chelsea and I was six years old when my Daddy had to go to war to serve our country. A big bus came and picked up my Dad and all the other soldiers. I had one last chance to give Dad a big cuddle before he went to war. I kept asking him: "When will you be home?" Dad's only reply was: "Remember I love you and I always will love you." Mummy, my brother and I were all crying so much.

I sent Daddy lots of letters and he sent lots of letters to me. His letter would always end in: "I love you." The first day of school, I was just sad and down the whole day thinking about Dad. With a hot Riverina wind howling it made things worse.

That night I couldn't sleep. I just kept thinking about Dad. I didn't sleep all night.

The end of the year was up. I was up on stage doing Riverina dancing. As I was dancing on stage, I saw my Daddy and I was so happy a tear ran down my cheek I yelled out "MY DADDY'S HOME." I was so excited I just wanted to run off the stage and go and give my Dad a big hug. But I was still sad for my friends because some of their dads didn't return home.



Winner: Chelsea Hosie, 11, Year 6, Saint Joseph's Primary, Lockhart.

ANZAC DAY

ON ANZAC Day we lay a wreath,
For all of those who came to grief.

Each year on the 25th of April,
Although they didn't die very graceful.

We still honour those who fought and fell,
And those who came back very well.

Those of you, who did not die a very good death,
Be buried at peace now in the depth.

In the ground they now lay,
And we come before you on this day.

I'm sure that it wasn't very much fun,
But because of you, we are now number one.

We are grateful,
That you made this land peaceful.

Never forget the people you met,
Lest We Forget.



Highly Commended: Tegan Hatty, 10, Year 5, Matong Public School.

SO FAR AWAY

"I LOVE a sunburnt country"
Or so that poem says,
I wonder what the Diggers thought
On the bleak, grey Western Front.

And now all these years on,
We stand here in sombre silence.
Far from where our brothers fought,
Far from where they died.

Out of reach of loving arms
Our fathers fell for freedom.
So now we surround our sacred day
With the comfort we could not give them.

I wonder what they would think now.
As we rise before the dawn,
Year after year to pay our respects
For the fallen of so long ago.

I wonder what they know,
That we no longer know.
Slouch hats and khakis,
Marching straight to gentle death's arms.



Winner: Jobanna Evans, 15, Year 10, The Riverina Anglican College.

From Wagga to West Wyalong
I can't help but wonder.
If they knew what they would mean,
For our region, for their sun-kissed land.

THE WAY IT GOES

PICTURES were folded in rusty lockets,
Embedded in the depth of soldiers' pockets.
Yet onwards they marched with hearts set on home,
Not knowing where the lost soldiers' souls now roam.

In flooded memories from their past,
Times watching great men breathe their last.
Tears often bled from their sorrowful eyes,
As the pink of dusk consumed the skies.

So many Diggers they tried to save,
On that bloody battle that dragged men to their grave.
Though what seemed to haunt them more and more,
Was how to live normally with the scars of war.

Plans for the future were no longer required,
When injured men had no choice but be retired.
The hell they lived through could not be forgotten,
Pain and torment left them miserable and rotten.

The life they knew to once be a blessing,
Was stolen by the enemy and made depressing.
How many apologies could make up for this misery,
When the man could no longer grasp true liberty.

Home helped them remember the feeling of content,
With the unique household goods and familiar scent.
It wasn't the house that made them feel alarmed,
But the thought of the opposition that they'd harmed.

So was this mighty war all for nought?
Or was this a lifelong lesson taught.
All we know is no matter how far or near
We will remember them year after year.



Highly Commended: Emily Drum, 16, Year 10, Saint Mary MacKillop College, Wagga Wagga.



EAST

WE WON'T FORGET

TO celebrate each ANZAC Day
We wear poppies to show pride
We'll never forget who went to war
We'll never forget who died

On April 25th
Every town has a parade
Each soldier wears their medals
Very proudly displayed

A tasty treat for ANZAC Day
Are the biscuits that we make
Full of golden syrup and crunchy oats
Share them with a mate

I dedicate this poem
To those whose terrible fate they met
To all the soldiers who fought and died
Lest We Forget.



Winner: Camden Cummins, 10, Year 5, Young Public School.

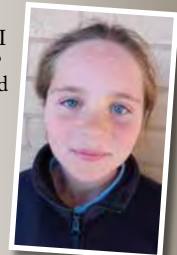
HOW COULD THIS BE?

I SAW everyone kissing their loved ones goodbye.
The sky was grey and the air was gloomy. Then, everyone heard the Captain say: "OK boys five minutes!" Everyone started to hug their loved ones a little tighter. I had no-one. To love. To hold. To kiss. They told us to get on the ship. Their wives crying. Their mothers sobbing. Their siblings waving. Their fathers pretending to be brave. We started to leave and got counted on one by one.

"All the young fellas are terrified aye mate?" the man next to me said. "This your first time mate? This is my fourth, you don't need to worry about anything mate it's all fine." "This is my first time," I said, glad to have someone to talk to. "The name's Ernie," he replied.

Five months and 24 days passed and we finally made it. Everyone got off the boats and there was silence for a while. BANG BANG! They had the first hit, soldiers were getting shot and dropping fast. We were firing our guns! BANG! The Captain had thrown the grenade killing about 30 soldiers. We needed to get to the tower but we needed to shoot and fight harder. I went to help Ernie because I could see he had tumbled over. Before I knew it I fell to the ground, blood rushing out. I had been shot in the chest.

Was this real? Was I dreaming?
How could this be?
My life flashed before my eyes.
I couldn't believe it.



Highly Commended: Laci Bower, 12, Year 6, Gundagai Public School.



Highly Commended: Angus Murphy, 15, Year 10, Saint Anne's Central School, Temora.

A MEDIC'S ACCOUNT

THERE'S blood on my uniform
I can't rid myself of the dirt and sand
My body is getting unbearably heavy
We are running out of beds
This tent is my home
I've seen limbs torn from bodies
The blood and sweat seeps through my clothes
It feels like I've been in here for years
My hands shake
The stretcher trembles
The wounded soldier seizes
Disease and mud occupy the battlefield
Our flag is miserable
Fleas and flies fill the air
The buzzing rings in my head
The dysentery and pneumonia
Another soldier dies
Another soldier dies
I think of their family waiting at home
I think of my family nervously waiting at home
Death has become routine
A soldier's death means a bed for a soldier
I can no longer differentiate between a gunshot and a cry for help
I cry for help
My grandfather fought in the war
My grandfather was a medic
Like I, he was from Temora
We congregate at Callaghan Park every April 25th
I wear his badges
I march for him.

EAST

THE PRICE OF FREEDOM

THE brave ANZAC soldier marched upon the beach, head held high.
Hoping he will be able to come home as he prayed to the blazing sky.
Being asked to kill and fight other men like him
Always somehow managed to bring a tear to his eye.

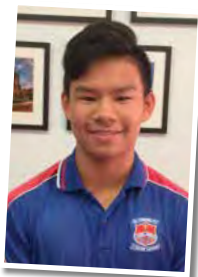
But to protect his country he knows he must stay and stand tall.
To fight and respond to his country's desperate call.
Fighting side by side with his lifelong mates.
Whom he knows some of them will most certainly fall.

Days, months and years pass and more are left for dead and alone.
But they used their whole bodies down to the very last bone.
His Army stands strong and will not give up.
And the ones who fight the hardest still have a chance to go home.

His determination to win is what will get him what he desires.
After all the blood is shed and he has escaped the wildfires.
Many of his friends fought courageously and died.
Which was something that he could truly admire.

Back to the Riverina area is where he returns.
Where he suffers many scars and severe mental burns.
The way that a soldier should protect his home.
Was something that he was finally able to learn.

He comes home to his children and the arms of his loving wife.
Who are and will always be the most prized possessions of his life.
These are the people he fought for with all of his might.
And never ever again will he wield another knife.



Winner: Jasper Nguyen, 14, Year 9, Saint Anne's Central School, Temora.

WEST

ANZAC COVE

DEAR Jenny,

It was absolute hell when we landed.
We got off the ships, Turks were machine gunning us. I was running up the hill with the 303 and I shot five Turks on the way up. Bullets were whizzing past my face. My best friend Joseph was running beside me. He fell down in pain. He had been shot in the stomach by a Turk, so I took my revenge. Looking down the barrel, the pain ran through my fingers as I pulled the trigger. I knew I had to do it.

I ran back and picked up my best friend and threw him over my shoulder. We raced down the hill. I felt a bullet go straight through the bottom of my left leg. I limped down the hill with Joseph on my shoulder and suddenly collapsed

with pain running through my leg. I couldn't do it, the pain was too much, but I knew I had to save my friend he would've done the same for me. I picked him back up and limped to the set-up hospital. I told the doctors that Joseph was shot in the stomach and that I got shot in the leg. They said to fix me up first because Joseph was nearly gone. I told the doctors to help Joseph first as I got a drink of water. The doctors told me Joseph wasn't going to live. The pain of that news felt like getting a bullet shot through my heart. I wish I was home in your arms.

Love you, Alan.



Highly Commended: Josh Cameron, 11, Year 6, Saint Mary's War Memorial, West Wyalong.

A SAD DAY

ANZAC Day: 25 April 1915.

Probably the saddest day of my life. My parents are off at war and now I am living with a foster family in the Riverina.

My foster family is a really nice family but I just wish I had my Mum and Dad with me. Dad is off fighting for our nation. Mum is in Sydney caring for the soldiers who have returned from war.

Every day I go to school stressed that there will be a letter saying that my Dad has been injured or killed. My foster family are understanding, they understand what I'm going through.

Everyday I rush home to see if there is news of my father and that he is safe and coming home and that this horrible war is over.



Winner: Barnaby Worland, 11, Year 6, West Wyalong Public School.

A VETERAN REMEMBERS



Highly Commended: Oscar Mason, 14, Year 9, West Wyalong High School.

The soldier lay in his foxhole, trembling and wishing he was back at home.

The Veteran marched strongly. Years ago, they marched as a company, but time takes its toll on old men.

The 39th Battalion came under heavy attack that night. A strangled scream echoed through the night, another life claimed by the Kokoda Trail. The soldier looked around. Death was everywhere, men were dying all around him.

As the only Veteran left from the Kokoda Trail, he stood at attention. He remembered when people had to fight through the crowds to get a seat at the ANZAC service, now seats struggle to get filled.

Fewer turn out every year. We don't march, we lead with a dawdling pace. As we march to the cenotaph, I feel so proud. I could have easily slept in today, not woken up to go to the dawn service, could have skipped the march and went to the skate park with my mates instead. But that's not what ANZAC Day in the Riverina is about. At the going down of the Sun, and in the morning, we will remember them.

ANZAC DAY

IN THE RIVERINA & CENTRAL WEST

A WORLD OF WARS

THE ONCE emotional, communal day has turned into a commotional funeral, For the least remembered and the most forgotten.

Is it the history that's forgotten?
or the pawns that play, in history's most dangerous game,
From the foulest of the plays to the rows and rows and rows of graves,
to be mourned until the Sun has dawned.

The men of straight living in debate on the fate of their fallen mates,
irate is the way the memories are reminisced only to be dismissed on the day to be remembered,
in the dawn many a man is torn to think of the possibility of a peaceful resolve.

What if, is not what is. From the start to the finish their memories have been diminished,
the tears of weary eyes are clouded by lies,
while the world spins by and by ignoring a world of wars, why?



Winner: Jack De Brit, 16, Year 10, West Wyalong High School.



Sweetheart, where you fight
Our battles
'Gainst the stubborn foe,
A true and loving wish I send
you,
May everything that's good
befriend you,
Everywhere you go.
In my dreams I still am with
you,
Though you are far away;
Still within my thoughts you're
nearest,
In my heart I'll hold you
dearest,
Through all the years for aye."