

ANZAC DAY

IN THE RIVERINA & CENTRAL WEST



25TH APRIL 2018

Commemorative booklet proudly presented by

Michael McCormack MP

Deputy Prime Minister of Australia
Federal Member for Riverina



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MEMORABLE: Descendants of Maurice Joseph Curran gather at the Australian War Memorial after an emotional Last Post Ceremony on 11 October 2017.

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THE AWFUL COST OF FREEDOM

Mud, blood and sacrifice — that was the awful reality of the four-month Great War campaign later known as the Third Battle of Ypres which stole a generation of Australia’s best and bravest in 1917.

ANZACs fighting on the Western Front and those keeping the home fires burning were shocked at the loss of life in the series of battles from September that year – Menin Road, Polygon Wood, Poelcappelle, Broodseinde and finally, Passchendaele.

Until those horrific Belgian battles, few in Australia would have ever heard of those places.

Regrettably, they came to hear and read about them all too often as our young nation suffered 38,000 casualties in just eight weeks – 6800 dead in October alone.

It was the year – and Passchendaele was the battle – which led to inconsolable grief and mourning.

Certainly Gallipoli was devastating enough and 1916 was also dreadful with the Somme taking its toll on the Australian Imperial Force’s numbers, but not its mettle.

Even Australia’s official war historian Charles Bean was struck by the futility of it all, writing after Pozieres: *“There is only one way out of this war for an infantryman and that is on his back; either sick, wounded or dead. There is no going back to cheering crowds — no marching through the London streets and ovations in Australian ports. They will be put at it to fight and fight and fight again — until, if not in this battle, then in the next each man gets his bullet ... They are looking down the long road straight to the end — they can see it plain enough now, and they know that there is no turning.”*

Country towns across the Riverina and Central West lost many men – far too many men with their whole lives ahead of them – to the cause.

DEVASTATION: Bogged in the mud at Ypres on 4 October 1917 after the Battle of Menin Road.

Under noble epitaphs etched gratefully into main street monuments are listed the names of those valiant heroes who gave their today for our tomorrow.

Reeling from the horrors of 1917 during which nearly 77,000 Australians were killed, wounded or missing on the Western Front, our exhausted yet determined Diggers continued to fight for what was right into 1918 – a year which was to ultimately prove victorious.

Remembrance of their service and for those who laid down their lives for our freedom is the essence of 25 April – ANZAC Day – our most important and significant national day.

Australians will again pause to reflect on what it means to have had such forebears who risked life and limb for God, King and Country ... and indeed, us!

Now more than ever before – as we stand in silent tribute during the Last Post – we should also contemplate how our khaki contemporaries and all those who today proudly don a military uniform are keeping us safe from harm ... truly knowing that the price of peace is eternal vigilance. Lest We Forget.



Michael McCormack

THE HON.
MICHAEL McCORMACK MP
Deputy Prime Minister of Australia
Minister for Infrastructure and Transport
Federal Member for Riverina



RIGHT: Maurice Joseph Curran – brave and true.

BELOW: Maurice Curran's memorial plaque, or "Dead Man's Penny".

FAR RIGHT: Curran family matriarch Jane, nursing grandson John Joseph (born 4 September 1916), with daughter-in-law Delila, known as Lila. Jane's son Jack was temporarily superimposed in this family portrait as he went to war the day his son was born and did not return to Australia from the war until 16 August 1919, being discharged from military service the following month.



MAURICE JOSEPH CURRAN:

A Great Australian Story

ATTEND any ANZAC Day or Remembrance Day service and you can be sure to see an old-timer pointing out to a wide-eyed youngster a name on a cenotaph, telling the child: "That's a relative of yours. He served in the war."

It is a source of pride when you reach that age where you can impart such knowledge to the next generation who will, in turn, pass it on to those who follow.

The ANZAC spirit is not just the long line of khaki stretching from Gallipoli to current deployments here and across the globe. Military heritage is also about sharing stories with descendants to ensure the memories and the legacy last the ages.

Family history is important.

It informs us about from where we have come, who we are and influences where we are going.

For those of us whose forebears have lived in and worked in this great country down through the decades, war service is often interwoven into the fabric of our family tapestry.

My background is no different.

One of the great names of our lineage is Maurice Joseph Curran. Born in the little Riverina village of Marrar on 11 October 1887, he was the 10th of his parents' 15 children.

His is a remarkable story of courage under fire and selfless sacrifice, like so many other Australian soldiers on the bloody and muddy Western Front in World War I – supposedly "The War to end all Wars".

Those Diggers sent to the Belgian and French battlefields were ordinary, everyday men who accomplished extraordinary deeds every day – heroes all!

Maurice Curran's tale is quintessentially Australian – the grandson of a convict who left his farm to go and fight for God, King and Country.

He was the eldest of the three beloved lads Jane Curran would see off to The Great War ... and the one who would not make it home.

The centenary of the First Battle of Passchendaele was commemorated on 12 October 2017 and it also marked a hundred years since Jane's brave son fell on that Belgian field of broken dreams.

Fittingly, Maurice Curran – who died the day after his 30th birthday – was honoured during the Last Post

Ceremony at the Australian War Memorial on the eve of this significant battle milestone (attended by Coolamon Mayor, Councillor John Seymour OAM and other dignitaries) as well as at the Menin Gate on the other side of the world.

Listing his mother as next-of-kin (his father Michael died in 1911), Maurice joined the Australian Imperial Force in his hometown on 27 March 1916, the same day as his younger brother John Joseph, a 24-year-old blacksmith better known as Jack.

Jack crossed his mother's name out on his enlistment papers and instead underlined the word wife and wrote Delila Elizabeth Curran as next-of-kin. He departed Sydney with the 9th Infantry Brigade 36th Battalion 2nd Reinforcements on HMAT *Port Sydney* A15 on 4 September 1916 and his son John Joseph was born that very day at Coolamon, 470 kilometres away.

Square-jawed and stocky, Maurice was 28½ years of age, 5 feet 4 inches (162 centimetres) tall and weighed 146 pounds (66 kilograms).

The youngest sibling, Leslie William, aged 21, a tailor, had been first to enlist – linking with the famous Wagga Wagga Kangaroos at Goulburn en route to Sydney – the longest of the World War I recruiting marches.
continued...



TRIBUTE: Colonel Scott Clingan, Australia's Defence Attaché – Commemorations in France and Belgium, places a poppies tribute beside Maurice Curran's name at the Menin Gate, Ypres.



...continued Maurice left Sydney with the 36th Battalion 3rd Reinforcements aboard the 10,046-ton HMT *Anchises* A68 on 24 August 1916, disembarking at Devonport, England, on 11 October. He was popular and had gained a reputation within the ranks for his prowess at boxing, a pastime enjoyed by soldiers on the sea voyage overseas and in camp.

Once onshore it was straight to Larkhill for Maurice to join the 9th Training Battalion at the Durrington Army Camp before proceeding to France on 11 November – a date which two years later would mark the end to hostilities and thereafter be one of remembrance of the fallen.

But for now a war was being waged and the Currans would be in the thick of it – Maurice and Jack right alongside one another: very much brothers in arms.

Maurice sustained an injury to his right eye on 31 May 1917 and sought treatment at the 9th Australian Field Ambulance, rejoining his unit a fortnight later.

The following month he took part in the Battle of Messines in West Flanders, Belgium, and was later wounded in action, sustaining a gunshot wound to his left arm.

Patched up again and sent back to the fray, Maurice spent a month in the trenches before being hospitalised for four days for diarrhoea, rejoining the front line on 30 August.

The Third Battle of Ypres was on in earnest. The weather was appalling.

As graphically described by Australian War Memorial Director Dr Brendan Nelson AO in his moving “Tragedy and Triumph – 1917” address to the National Press Club on 19 September last year, during which he had to fight back tears:

“On October 9 in conditions of utter misery and driving rain, with two British divisions the 2nd Australian Division attacked the slopes below the Passchendaele village – the battle of Poelcappelle.

“It marked the month of brutal attrition.

“After five days of continuous rain, the battlefield was a morass. Mud crippled everything. Bogged tanks and guns were useless; weapons clogged; high explosive shells buried and guns simply sank when fired.

“The attacking Australian battalions which had held the front lines since Broodseinde were walking dead ...”

The second assault against the Passchendaele Ridge began on 12 October. Rain fell from 1.30am that day and two hours later it was fairly heavy.

War correspondent Charles Bean, in his *Official History of Australia in the War of 1914-18* Volume IV The AIF in France 1917, summed up the situation thus:

“At 4.20 the rain ceased, and at 5.25, when the British barrage descended, a whitish streak on the eastern horizon was lighting the low, dun-coloured, fleeting scud overhead and the dull, green and brown moorland below. continued...



ABOVE: Jack Curran (1891-1963) wounded warrior.
BELOW: Les Curran (1894-1958) gave his all.



MAURICE FELL ON SH



REMEMBERED: Maurice Curran is also honoured at the Coolamon Cemetery on the headstone of his brother James's grave.

...continued Despite its imposing sound, the barrage, as on October 9th, afforded no screen and only light protection; all day it was possible to see clearly through it, and the attacking troops had difficulty in judging whether the scattered shells that burst fitfully around them were their own or the enemy's."

One of those shells would end poor Maurice's life.

It was a shocking day for the AIF; 866 names – bronzed Aussies indeed – including 68 from the 36th Battalion were later recorded on the Australian War Memorial's Roll of Honour panels, testament to the fierceness of fighting as well as the futility and tragedy of it all.

On the eve of ANZAC Day the following year, a good mate of Maurice's, Private Albert Leo Redaelli of Arncliffe, barely 20 at Passchendaele, recalled his sparring partner's demise.

"MJ Curran I knew well," Albert said. "We used to box together."

He told how Maurice was a member of a D Company Lewis gun team "practically wiped out" by a shell burst and that his friend's body fell against or past his own brother.

Sergeant Malcolm Wilson confirmed Maurice's death and that of Pte Joseph Edward Hughes of Newcastle at the same time.

"They belonged to the same Lewis gun team and were in D Coy. A shell fell amongst the team this side of Passchendaele on October 12th, killing four of them. The other two escaped and I brought them back with me. Curran had a brother in the same team and he was one of the two who escaped," Sgt Wilson noted. Jack Curran had the harrowing task of burying Maurice nearby and then the equally awful duty of writing home to his mother to convey the saddest of news.



OCKING DAY FOR AIF

The battlefield was such a quagmire – of mud, blood and shell holes – Maurice’s final resting spot was soon indistinguishable from the rest of that terrible, God-forsaken place.

“One word from 1917 would describe inconsolable grief and mourning for an entire generation of Australians,” Dr Nelson related in his emotional address. “Hell on Earth now had a name – Passchendaele.

“This small Flanders village – lent its name to a series of battles that would epitomise the war of brutal attrition, of suffering inflicted on so many for so little.”

Australian Divisions took part in the 1917 battles of Menin Road (20-25 September), Polygon Wood (26 September-3 October), Broodseinde (4 October), Poelcappelle (9 October) and the First Battle of Passchendaele (12 October).

In just eight weeks of fighting in the continuing Third Battle of Ypres, Australian forces incurred a staggering 38,000 casualties. The combined total of British and Dominion casualties has been put at 310,000 (estimated German losses were slightly fewer) and no breakthrough achieved. The deadly offensives, ending with the capture of Passchendaele village, merely widened the Ypres Salient by a few kilometres.

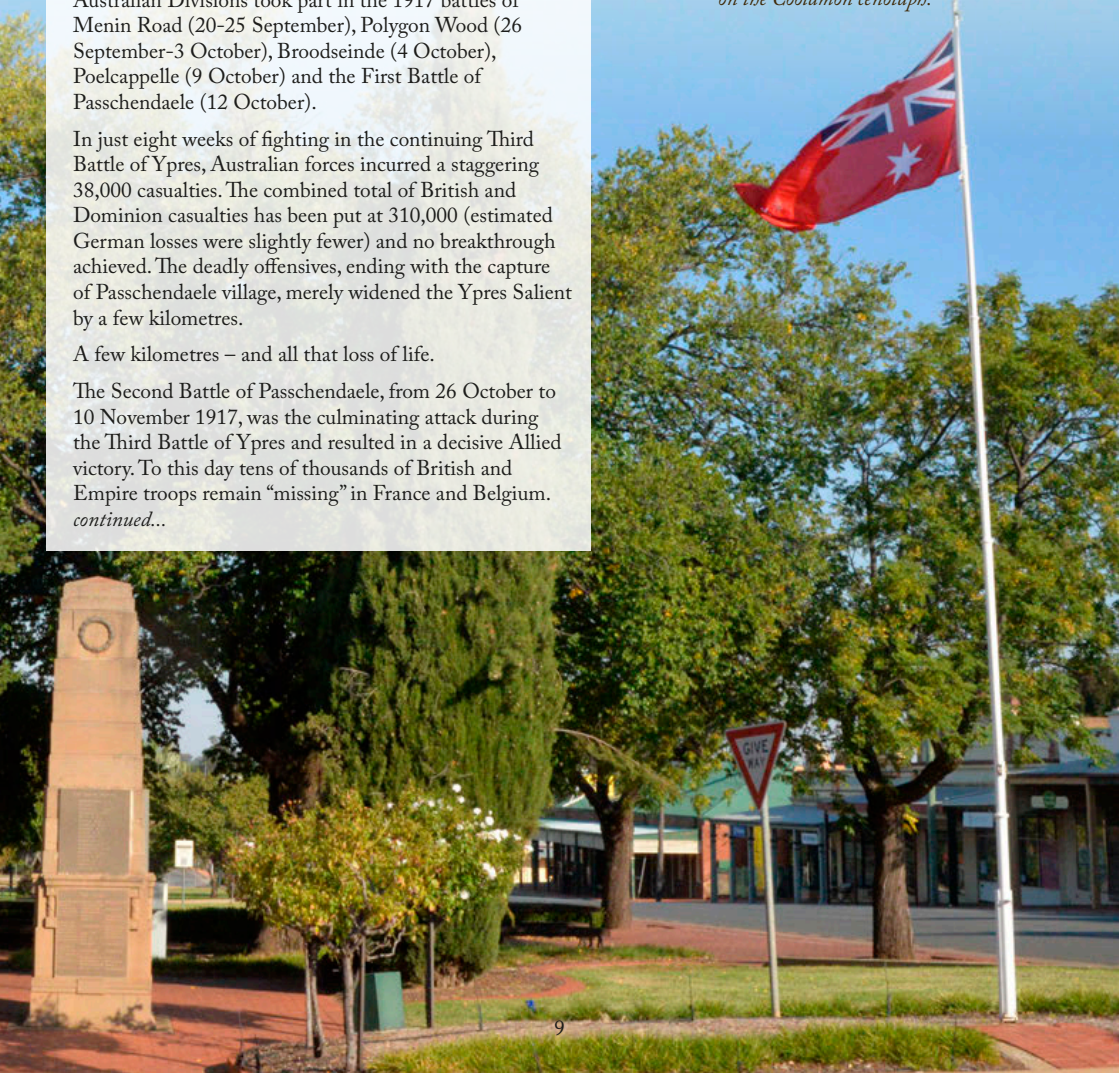
A few kilometres – and all that loss of life.

The Second Battle of Passchendaele, from 26 October to 10 November 1917, was the culminating attack during the Third Battle of Ypres and resulted in a decisive Allied victory. To this day tens of thousands of British and Empire troops remain “missing” in France and Belgium.
continued...

“THE FALLEN”

ARMSTRONG E	HARDING W O	M’ALLISTER D J
ALLEN L	HARRISON T R	
ALLEN G W	HARDY W H	O’BIEN J
ALLEN W O II	HUBBURN R	
AUSTIN C	HICKS G	PEARCE A E
	HUNT J	PEARCE W E
BENDALL M		
BROWN J W	JACKSON W	ROACH A R
BROWN O S		RAIHL J A
BRADLEY J	KELLY W P	ROGERS E
BRADLEY W	RAY J	RENFREW A T
BLOOMFIELD A	RAY T L	
	KILLOH G	STINSON J B
CORNER F		
CURRAN M	LUCAS G M	TOLAND T A
CHILTON T		
CARLY F	MEADOWS I M	VACC L
CHILTON T	MUNDO D T	WATTS H W
	MONAGHAN E M	WARD S
COGOLL J E	MURPHY N A	WILDMAN R R

FALLEN: Maurice Curran’s name on the Coolamon cenotaph.



CURRANS



ABOVE: Maurice Curran on his hometown Marrar honour board.

BELOW: Maurice Curran is remembered at the Australian War Memorial.

BOTTOM: Maurice Curran's name on the Menin Gate.



...continued Many lie in graves "Known unto God", having hurriedly been buried in unmarked plots by their mates whilst bullets whizzed and shells burst all around.

The remains of others were never found, such was the destruction and mayhem.

The Menin Gate at Ypres records the names of 54,896 unaccounted for in Belgium and a similar number are recorded elsewhere; there are 35,000 names on the nearby Tyne Cot memorial.

The names of Australia's 6000 missing in Belgium – including Maurice Curran – are chiselled on the walls of the Menin Gate.

Maurice's two brothers, Jack and Les, returned from the war scarred from the experience.

Both had earned Military Medals.

Brigadier-General Charles Rosenthal, General Officer Commanding 9th Australian Infantry Brigade, recommended Jack for his medal, his citation reading: *"For gallantry and devotion to duty on night of 4-5 March 1918 during raid on enemy's trenches in the vicinity of Warneton. He was in charge of the stretcher bearers and although under heavy machine gun fire gallantly continued the work of evacuation of the wounded during the whole operation. As a result of his courageousness not one wounded man was left behind in the enemy lines."*

Jack was also awarded a French Croix de Guerre for his efforts on 8 August 1918 in the attack on Accroche Wood and afterwards.

"Although wounded on the 'jumping off' line, carried his gun forward, effectively engaged an enemy gun during the advance and silenced it allowing the advance to continue; he got his gun to the final objective where he had to be evacuated. He displayed exceptional grit and determination throughout the advance and was a fine example to his men of devotion to duty," wrote Lieutenant Colonel Harold White, commanding the 35th Battalion.

Les displayed *"conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty during a raid on an enemy strong point (Whiz Farm) east of Wytshaete on the night of 3 March 1918. The enemy garrison, who were determined to resist, fought hard, and in the hand to hand struggle which ensued, this man dealt with three of the enemy, single handed killing all three. His brave action was seen by other members of the raiding party, who were urged on to do similar acts of courage. Private Curran's gallantry was an inspiration to all ranks and is worthy of recognition,"* wrote Major General Joseph Hobbs, commanding the 5th Australian Division.

WERE MADE TOUGH

Jack suffered gunshot wounds to his back (8 June 1917), neck (12 April 1918) and right arm (at Accroche Wood) and Les was invalided home yet both, remarkably, felt the need to again don a khaki uniform and do their duty in World War II.

Those Currans were doers!

Jack's eldest boy, also John Joseph, was also awarded a Military Medal yet, sadly, lies in a Cairo grave having been killed in action in 1943 at El Alamein as one of the famed Rats of Tobruk.

The Currans gave mightily to the nation and to the pursuit of freedom.

Maurice Curran's name is also etched on the Coolamon cenotaph on Cowabbie Street – the same street in which his mother resided – and on the honour board in the Marrar Memorial Hall.

On 14 October 1922, Jane Curran, who would live to the grand old age of 93 and outlive seven of her children, signed for Maurice's memorial plaque – the war medal no-one wanted to receive.

A memorial plaque was issued after the First World War to the next of kin of all British and Empire service personnel killed. The plaques were made of bronze and were often referred to as the "Dead Man's Penny" or "Widow's Penny" because of their resemblance to the significantly smaller penny coin. There were 1,355,000 plaques issued and 450 tonnes of bronze were used in their production.

More than 60,000 such plaques were issued to Australians after The Great War.

Maurice's memorial medal ended up in my possession – as coincidence, fate and luck would have it – after I stumbled upon it being offered in a 2007 online auction.

It was a purchase which led me on a personal crusade to find out all I could about the life and death of Maurice Curran, my great-great-uncle.

This decade-long journey ultimately led me to the Menin Gate and I was privileged to see his name inscribed in stone there ... perhaps the first of his descendants to visit, to pause and reflect whilst saying thank you at the place he is solemnly remembered, nearest where he lies.

I took Maurice's memorial plaque with me to the 31 July Passchendaele-Third Battle of Ypres centenary commemoration service at Tyne Cot, at which the Prime Minister of Great Britain, Theresa May, read a Bible passage from Ecclesiasticus including Chapter 44 Verse 14: "Their bodies are buried in peace, but their names liveth forevermore."

Later, I showed the precious medal to the British leader, who'd not seen one before.

The long list of World War I memorial plaque recipients included many sad yet stoic Australian mothers just like Jane Curran, right across the new nation, whose loved ones in the immortal words of Laurence Binyon:

... went with songs to the battle, they were young,

Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.

They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,

They fell with their faces to the foe.

Lest We Forget.



COMMEMORATIVE SERVICE: Maurice Curran's sacrifice at Passchendaele was marked at the Menin Gate on the eve of the centenary anniversary with Major General Gavan Reynolds, Senior Australian Defence Force Officer in Europe and Australia's Senior Representative to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and the European Union, laying a wreath in his honour.



MEMORIAL PLAQUE: Showing British Prime Minister Theresa May Maurice Curran's memorial plaque.



WYALONG'S ARMY
26 Volunteers

Peerless Studio:
West Wyalong
Off to help the



Well to

26-7-15

e Empire

THE DAY WYALONG'S BRAV

Poignant Picture

IT IS one of the most historic yet also saddest photographs ever taken at Wyalong.

Reproduced in all its remarkable original detail on the preceding pages, this graphic picture was captioned by the local Peerless Studio: "Wyalong's Farewell to 26 Volunteers 26-7-15. Off to help the Empire."

The image shows townsfolk saying goodbye to the brave district men who had chosen to go and join the fight for God, King and Country.

For 10 of the men, this would be the last time they would ever lay eyes on their beloved town and the family and friends they held so near and so dear.

Tragically, those 10 brave recruits never made it home ... nine of them buried in a foreign field.

Many hours of exhaustive and painstaking research have revealed the tales behind Wyalong's hardy heroes – their lives, war-time service and individual fates in what was dubbed "The War to end all Wars".

What mighty men they proved to be!

The street was empty recently at the same spot the 1915 photo was taken. The scene has changed somewhat over the past century and a tree now shades the magnificent building, built in 1902 and now used as a hall, which still stands grandly and proudly – a fine testament to Federation Academic Classical-style architecture.

A huge turn-out descended upon Wyalong's main street on Monday, 26 July 1915, to see off the courageous local



EST MARCHED OFF TO WAR

lads – 29 in total when the three who were on final leave were included.

Amongst those marching out that fateful day were two sets of brothers.

Teenager John Henry Hardie, an 18-year-old barber, and butcher's assistant Robert Charles Hardie, 21, were sons of Charles and his wife Teresa (née Keenan).

Then there were English-born eucalyptus distillers Frederick Charles and Arthur James Vicary, who listed their father Charles as next-of-kin.

They were allocated consecutive regimental numbers: Fred, aged 27, being given 2920 and 28-year-old Arthur 2921.

When the camouflaged 10,392-ton HMAT *Argyllshire* A8 steamed out of Sydney on 30 September 1915 it had the Hardies and Vicarys aboard as well as seven others

who'd been at the Wyalong send-off. All ranked privates, they were Henry Edward Bailey, John "Jack" Stephen Beazley, George Butler, Alfred Clarence Miller, Francis Charles Morris, Joseph Charles Peacock and Lancelot Kenneth Threlkeld.

In addition, Alexander Ignatius O'Connor, a 26-year-old carrier who lived in Currajong Street, West Wyalong, was also on the passenger list.

He had an eventful war. Shot in the face at Rouen, France, on 7 March 1917, Sergeant O'Connor was hospitalised in England only to return to the front a year later and ultimately win a rare battlefield honour awarded by the King of Roumania.

Private Bailey, a shunter, and his bricklayer brother Alfred Sydney both joined in July 1915, sending a photo postcard home from Egypt to their mother Elizabeth.
continued...



WYALONG GAVE MIGHTILY TO

...continued She was happy to eventually get them both back safe if not sound (both having been wounded in action).

The Wyalong Soldiers' Memorial of 1914-19 has two marble tablets – one listing 73 district Diggers who came home. Alongside, etched in stone are the names of 22 fallen – those locals who made the supreme sacrifice. The two lists include just 11 of the 29 farewelled on 26 July 1915.

The database of the AIF Project, assisted by the Australian Army History Unit, records 120 Australian Imperial Force members who gave Wyalong as their address upon enlistment. Of those, 15 were killed in action, four died of wounds and two died of disease.

Those who gave West Wyalong as their address numbered 192 with 31 killed in action, four succumbing to battlefield wounds and two dying of disease. Four men who enlisted gave Ungarie as their address with one killed in action and three returned to Australia. From Barmedman, 66 men enlisted in the AIF: 11 were killed in action and three died of wounds.

These figures reflect those who gave Wyalong, West Wyalong or Barmedman as their address or the address of their next of kin. It does not include those who gave

outlying villages or townships as their place of residence. Subsequently, there is some discrepancy between these figures and the names listed on the Memorial Hall panels.

Even in today's digital age with soldiers' Great War records available online, it is difficult, sometimes nigh impossible, to trace the men who did themselves, their communities and the young nation so proud.

Those organising names for monuments (the foundation stone for Wyalong's memorial was laid by long-serving Mayor Dr Frederick Charles Seymour Shaw on 21 September 1920) often relied on families providing details in a timely fashion ... errors were made and some servicemen and nurses – especially those who may not have lived in an area all that long – were unintentionally overlooked.

Wyalong has preserved its military history as well as any country town, such is the pride residents take in ensuring those who served are remembered.

On the tablet beneath the 22 who lost their lives is inscribed "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori", a line from the Roman lyrical poet Horace's *Odes* (III.2.13) which can be translated as: "It is sweet and proper to die for the fatherland."



WAR EFFORTS ... *Continued*

Of the 22, four – Jack Beazley, Robert Hardie, William Lonergan and Henry Edward Sutcliffe – said their final goodbyes to Wyalong on 26 July 1915.

Tragically, Pte Lonergan did not have a long war. He was the first of three sons of Tipperary-born Irish immigrant James and his wife Elizabeth (née McKenna) to enlist, signing on at Liverpool on 17 June 1915.

Arriving at Gallipoli on 4 November that year via Alexandria, Egypt, aboard HMAT *Borda* A30, Pte Lonergan was admitted to No. 3 Field Ambulance just five days later suffering from mumps.

Contracting pneumonia, he transferred to the hospital ship on 23 November, disembarking at Malta on 29 November and being admitted to the Military Hospital at Cottonera where he was listed as dangerously ill on 11 December.

Four days later Pte Lonergan, just 24, passed away from pneumonia and empyema.

The Lonergans, who lived near Wyalong on Barmedman Road, would also mourn the loss of their 19-year-old son Stephen who had signed up on ANZAC Day 1916.

Stephen, a private in the 3rd Infantry Battalion 20th Reinforcements, was killed in action on the second day of the Second Battle of Bullecourt in France on 4 May 1917. He has no known grave and is remembered on the Villers-Bretonneux Memorial, Villers-Bretonneux, Picardie.

The third Lonergan son to enlist, James Francis, was a farm labourer at Corobimilla between Morundah and Narrandera when he signed at Cootamundra on 22 July 1916 to do his duty.

James saw action on the Western Front but was invalided home in July 1918 with a gunshot wound to his right foot and in a state of exhaustion.

James senior shared first prize in the State Lottery with two other locals in 1932 but nothing could ever erase the sense of loss of his two boys and he grieved for them until the night he died – 11 August 1945 – aged 86, after which *The West Wyalong Advocate* wrote of a man “possessing a kindly and generous disposition” who was survived by his widow, five sons and three daughters.

The rigours of war took a physical and mental toll on our gallant soldiers yet Light Horseman Harold Herbert Dean made it to octogenarian status and Matthew George Hill, born in Belfast, Ireland, on 10 September 1892, was the longest lasting from this epic 1915 photo – living until 27 August 1989.

This publication's special Wyalong honour board makes fascinating reading for it traces what became of each of those gallant souls who trooped off that day before many admiring onlookers.



DIGGERS: (above) Harold Herbert Dean (left) and Alfred Clarence Miller.

TROOP SHIP: (far left) HMAT Argyllshire A8 which took 6786 Australians to The Great War including many from the Riverina and Central West.

BROTHERS IN ARMS: (below from left) Henry Edward Bailey and his brother Alfred Sydney Bailey with an unidentified Digger pose for a photo in Egypt on 3 March 1916 which was sent home to their mother Elizabeth.





WYAL FAREW WWI HE



NAME	ENLIST. AGE	OCCUPATION	BIRTHPLACE	DATE ENLISTED	ROLL TITLE	EMBARKED	FATE
Pte Henry Edward BAILEY	23	Shunter	Sydney (1892)	21-7-15	2nd Inf. Bn 9th Rein.	30-9-15 HMAT <i>Argyllshire A8</i>	RTA 3-1-19 (died 1946, Waverley, NSW)
Pte Francis Henry BEAVER	31	Labourer	Wagga Wagga (c.1883)	24-10-16	3rd Inf. Bn 23 Rein.	9-11-16 HMAT <i>Benalla A24</i>	RTA 12-7-19 (died 1941, Goulburn)
Pte John "Jack" Stephen BEAZLEY †	21	Farmer	Wyalong (1894)	1-8-15	4th Inf. Bn 9th Rein.	30-9-15 HMAT <i>Argyllshire A8</i>	KIA 31-10-17 Beersheba, Ottoman Syria
Gnr John BRANNAN	26	Miner	Carlisle, England (1890)	23-3-16	Med. Trench Mortar Batteries 1st Rein.	14-9-16 HMAT <i>Mashobra A47</i>	RTA 28-8-19 (died 1954, Coledale)
Pte Henry BOSWELL	21	Labourer	Dubbo (1894)	27-7-15	2nd Inf. Bn 11th Rein.	2-11-15 HMAT <i>Euripides A14</i>	RTA 15-5-19 (died 1967, Earlwood)
Sydney Alfred BUDGE †	25	Labourer	West Wyalong (1890)	4-8-15	2nd Inf. Bn 10 Rein.	—	DOD 21-9-15 Liverpool Camp, Australia
Sgt George BUTLER	23	Butcher	Barmedman (1892)	1-8-15	4th Inf. Bn 9th Rein.	30-9-15 HMAT <i>Argyllshire A8</i>	RTA 8-4-19 (died 1948, West Wyalong)
Dvr Alfred DEAKINS	44	Labourer	Hoxton, England (c.1873)	27-7-15	18th Inf. Bn 6th Rein.	2-11-15 HMAT <i>Euripides A14</i>	RTA 9-7-19 (died 1945, Cairns)
Cpl John Henry HARDIE	18	Barber	Wyalong (1898)	28-7-15	4th Inf. Bn 9th Rein.	30-9-15 HMAT <i>Argyllshire A8</i>	RTA 28-3-19 (died 1966, Burwood)
Pte Robert Charles HARDIE †	21	Butcher's Assistant	Wyalong (1894)	29-7-15	4th Inf. Bn 9th Rein.	30-9-15 HMAT <i>Argyllshire A8</i>	KIA 4-12-16 Fiers, Somme, France
Gnr Matthew George HILL	22	Farm Hand	Belfast, Ireland (1892)	27-7-15	5 FAB	18-11-15 HMAT <i>Persic A34</i>	RTA 27-4-19 (died 1989, Picton)
Pte Oswald Allan JAMESON	21	Drover	Grenfell (1896)	28-7-15	3rd Inf. Bn 11th Rein.	2-11-15 HMAT <i>Euripides A14</i>	RTA 5-7-19 (died 1929, Wyalong)
Tpr Michael MARONEY	37	Labourer	Young (1877)	2-8-15	1st ALH 10th Rein.	—	Disch. Medically Unfit (died 1920, Waterfall)
Cpl Eric Ambrose Claude MARSHMAN MIM	23	Farmer	Gippsland, Victoria (1891)	31-7-15	Dermatological Hospital	22-12-15 HMAT <i>Kanowna A61</i>	RTA 25-9-19 (died 1963, Macksville)
Pte Alfred Clarence MILLER	23	Labourer	Nymagee (1892)	30-7-15	4th Inf. Bn 9th Rein.	30-9-15 HMAT <i>Argyllshire A8</i>	RTA 20-6-19 (died 1954, Griffith)
L/Cpl Francis Charles MORRIS †	26	Carter	Moruya (1889)	27-7-15	4th Inf. Bn 9th Rein.	30-9-15 HMAT <i>Argyllshire A8</i>	KIA 15-5-17 Bullecourt, France
Cpl Joseph Charles PEACOCK	23	Farmer	Chiltern, Victoria (c.1892)	29-7-15	4th Inf. Bn 9th Rein.	30-9-15 HMAT <i>Argyllshire A8</i>	RTA 13-4-19 (died 1943, Wyalong)



LONG SELLERS HEROES



NAME	ENLIST. AGE	OCCUPATION	BIRTHPLACE	DATE ENLISTED	ROLL TITLE	EMBARKED	FATE
Pte Arthur POTTER †	28	General Labourer	Ilmington, England (1887)	27-7-15	20th Inf. Bn 6th Rein.	2-11-15 HMAT <i>Euripides A14</i>	KIA 2-4-17 France
Pte William Henry REDGATE †	24	Labourer	Benalla, Victoria (c.1890)	28-7-15	19th Inf. Bn 6th Rein.	2-11-15 HMAT <i>Euripides A14</i>	KIA 16-4-18 Near Strazeele, France
Pte Edward Albert SLATE †	33	Labourer	Shoreditch, England (c.1882)	28-7-15	1st Inf. Bn 15th Rein.	8-3-16 HMAT <i>Star Of England A15</i>	KIA 19-7-16 Somme, France
Pte Henry Edward SUTCLIFFE †	28	Miner	Grenfell (1887)	4-8-15	1st Inf. Bn 11th Rein.	5-10-15 HMAT <i>Themistocles A32</i>	KIA 24-5-18 Near Strazeele, France
Gnr Arthur James VICARY	28	Eucalyptus Distiller	King's Nympton, England (1889)	27-7-15	4th Inf. Bde 13th Inf. Bn 9th Rein.	30-9-15 HMAT <i>Argyllshire A8</i>	RTA 5-11-17 (Queensland)
Dvr Frederick Charles VICARY	27	Eucalyptus Distiller	King's Nympton, England (1888)	27-7-15	4th Inf. Bde 13th Inf. Bn 9th Rein.	30-9-15 HMAT <i>Argyllshire A8</i>	RTA 23-3-19 (died 1972, Gosford)
Lt Lancelot Kenneth THRELKELD	19	School teacher	Temora (1896)	1-8-15	4th Inf. Bn 9th Rein.	30-9-15 HMAT <i>Argyllshire A8</i>	RTA 1-11-19 (died 1953, Sydney)
Pte Michael John WEBB	32	Labourer	Young (1882)	28-7-15	4th ALH 12th ALH Regt 6th Rein.	2-10-15 RMS <i>Moldavia</i>	RTA 10-6-16 (died 1931, Corowa)
Pte Frederick Alfred WEISS †	22	School teacher	Anna Bay, NSW (1893)	27-7-15	4th Inf. Bn 11th Rein.	13-10-15 HMAT <i>Port Lincoln A17</i>	KIA 19-7-16 Fromelles, France

Home on final leave and farewelled on 26-7-15

Lt Harold Herbert DEAN	23	Grazier	Young (1892)	28-6-15	2nd ALH Bde 7th ALH Regt 8th Rein.	28-7-15 HMAT <i>Suffolk A23</i>	RTA 13-12-18 (died 1973, Sydney)
Pte William LOWERGAN †	24	Labourer	Numurkah, Victoria (c.1890)	6-7-15	4th Inf. Bn 8th Rein.	9-8-15 HMAT <i>Runic A54</i>	DOD 15-12-15 Malta
Pte Walter Weise NEELD	22	Engine-driver	Melbourne (1892)	15-6-15	4th Inf. Bn 8th Rein.	9-8-15 HMAT <i>Runic A54</i>	RTA 28-3-19 (died 1954, Wyalong)

Also went on HMAT Argyllshire A8 on 30-9-15

Sgt Alexander Ignatius O'CONNOR DCM	26	Carrier	Deniliquin (1889)	22-7-15	4th Inf. Bn 9th Rein.	30-9-15 HMAT <i>Argyllshire A8</i>	RTA 7-7-19 (died 1929, Enfield South)
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† Denotes died whilst serving. Key: ALH: Australian Light Horse, Bde: Brigade, Bn: Battalion, Cpl: Corporal, C.: circa, DCM: Distinguished Conduct Medal, Disch.: Discharged, DOD: Died Of Disease, Dvr: Driver, FAB: Field Artillery Brigade, Gnr: Gunner, HMAT: His Majesty's Australian Transport, Inf.: Infantry, KIA: Killed In Action, L/Cpl: Lance Corporal, Lt.: Lieutenant, MM: Military Medal, Pte: Private, Regt: Regiment, Rein.: Reinforcements, RMS: Royal Mail Ship, RTA: Returned to Australia, Sgt: Sergeant, Tpr: Trooper.

NB: Ranks listed for each soldier was their final WWI rank. All care and effort have been taken compiling these lists.

DOUBLE BLOW FOR

LEAPING into a Western Front trench in the heat of battle on 23 June 1918, Private James Corbett from Wagga Wagga might have thought he was headed for relative safety.

But instead of finding sanctuary, James – known as Jim – landed on a Mills Bomb, a form of hand grenade, as it exploded.

He was blasted out of the trench by the force of the explosion, his trousers blown off along with his left foot.

Also suffering several shrapnel wounds from the detonated grenade, Jim immediately picked himself up and hopped for his life despite the pain and shock of a missing foot. Luckily, the mud he was attempting to struggle through packed into the stump of his leg and helped stem the bleeding.

After some time, Jim was rescued by a field medical unit and placed on a stretcher to be evacuated to safety.

Fate, however, delivered another cruel twist to Jim on that battlefield at Molancourt in France.

He was shot through the elbow as stretcher bearers attempted to carry him to safety.

Jim was heard to complain later in life: “The buggers got me twice on the same day.”

Jim’s story is one of many held in the archives of Wagga Wagga’s Museum of the Riverina.

Despite the unusual circumstances of his double wounding, Jim’s story is otherwise fairly typical of the Riverina and Central West lads who signed up for World War I duty.

Like so many others he signed up under-age.

Born at Milbrulong on 20 September 1899, Jim was just 17 years and five months old when he enlisted in Wagga Wagga on 21 February 1917.

Still seven months shy of his 18th birthday, Jim was well under the legal age of 19 for enlistment.

Men wanting to sign up at the time needed a parent’s consent if they were aged under 21.

With his father, Patrick, deceased, Jim somehow was able to convince his mother, Julia, to sign his enlistment papers.

He gave his address at the time as care of his brother-in-law Mr WJ (Bill) Conway, “Yathella”, via Wagga Wagga, having left home at Tooyal North where his mother and other members of his family lived.



SURVIVORS: Jim Corbett (left) with another ANZAC and a woman in whose house he was billeted in England.



TOP: Jim’s name on the Wagga Wagga Memorial Arch.

ABOVE: HMAT Marathon A74.

YOUNG JIM CORBETT

Jim presented himself for duty at the Army Camp at the Sydney Showgrounds on 25 April 1917 and embarked from Sydney with the 30th Battalion on 10 May 1917 aboard HMAT *Marathon* A74.

After 10 weeks at sea, Jim disembarked at Devonport in England and marched into the 8th Training Battalion at Hurdcott on 20 July, just a few days before the start of the Third Battle of Ypres on July 31, the major British offensive in Flanders in 1917.

Australia suffered 38,000 casualties in eight weeks of fighting, including the capture of Passchendaele.

Luckily for Jim, he was in training in England at that time.

He spent 15 weeks in training before being taken on strength in the 30th Battalion, 14th Reinforcements, 5th Division.

Over the next 30 weeks, Jim served in north western France around the villages of Albert, Villers-Bretonneux, Cambrai, Bapaume, Peronne and Hamel.

After his fighting war came to its sudden and violent end, Jim was stabilised at the 20th Casualty Clearing Station.

The day after his wounding, Jim was transported by ambulance train to the 1st Australian Stationary Hospital at Abbeville.

From there he was shipped to England where surgeons amputated his lower left leg at the Mile End Hospital in East London on 28 June.

Jim underwent another 11 weeks of treatment in the hospital before being transferred to the 2nd Auxiliary Hospital at Southall in London.

There were complications with Jim's leg healing and he spent the next 16 weeks in and out of hospital and on repatriation leave in England during which time the war ended on 11 November 1918.

Nearly two months after the Armistice Jim was finally discharged from hospital on 5 January 1919 and the next day he was sailing home aboard HMAT *Kanowna* A61.

Jim's days in hospital were not over, however, and after he disembarked in Sydney on 14 March 1919 he spent another eight weeks in and out of hospital where he was fitted with a prosthetic leg.

Jim returned to civilian life on 9 May 1920 after spending three years and 79 days as a soldier, including one year and 309 days on active service abroad.

He was sent on his way with a civilian suit and a cap.

Although he lost his lower left leg, the tender age at which Jim enlisted meant he still grew more than three centimetres while on active service.

Jim married Eileen Scott in Wagga Wagga on 28 August 1928 and they had seven children.

After the war, Jim worked as a car salesman and then a bookmaker.

He died in Wagga Wagga on 31 August 1971 aged 71.



OFF TO WAR: Fresh-faced Jim Corbett in 1917.



LEST WE FORGET: A studio portrait of Private Frederick Gleadhill (left) and Pte Victor Oxley of Woodstock, both of the 45th Battalion. Pte Oxley was killed a week before his mate.

AMAZING STORY: (Right) The framed photos of some of Cowra's World War I heroes with the missing picture obvious in the middle row.

THE COWRA “GHOST”

HE IS romantically referred to as “the ghost” and “the missing soldier”, but little else is known about the mysterious man who snatched his picture from framed photographs of Cowra soldiers who had died in World War I.

Hanging on a wall in the Cowra RSL Sub-Branch are frames containing photos and some details of the town’s heroes who made the supreme sacrifice.

Visitors to the sub-branch can look at the faces of soldiers, such as Private Frederick William Gleadhill who died of wounds in Belgium on 20 October 1917, and say a personal thank you for their service.

But legend has it that one man who gazed at the photos in the 1960s received an almighty shock when he saw his own image.

Cowra sub-branch president Jono Webber says the incident reportedly happened during a reunion of soldiers.

“The story goes it was the first time the unit had had a reunion and this fellow had a look at these photos,” Mr Webber says.

“He pointed to his photo and said: ‘I’m still alive, take it down!’

“So he took out his photo and went home.”

Mr Webber said there was no record of who the mystery soldier was and it has been forgotten over the years.

“All the information about the soldiers is written with the photos and he took it home with him,” Mr Webber says.

More than 50 years after the stunning incident, however, it remains a talking point among visitors to the sub-branch and members alike.



CROWTHER'S TRI

PERHAPS she died of a broken heart.

In the space of five months in 1917, Crowther mother Selina Wildman lost her only son in battle on the Western Front and she was widowed.

Seven years later, Selina died aged 70, taking with her dreams she might have had of having the two men in her life care for her in her old age.

Australia's horrendous losses in the battles of Pozieres and Fromelles were still to come when Selina's son, New-Zealand born Nugent Robert Wildman, enlisted in the Australian Imperial Force at Cootamundra on 14 March 1916.

While 27-year-old Nugent was in training at Liverpool, the ANZACs suffered 5500 casualties in a single day at Fromelles in France on 19 July.

That was followed by 23,000 casualties in less than seven weeks of fighting at Pozieres and Mouquet Farm between 23 July and 26 September.

As word of the slaughter reached Australia, Selina must have dreaded the thought of her beloved son going into such a maelstrom.

A strapping young man standing 5 feet 11 inches (180 centimetres) tall, Nugent appears to have completed his initial training with the 4th Battalion in Australia without incident.

But after Nugent arrived in England as a Private aboard HMAT *Wiltshire* A18 on 25 October he was admitted to hospital suffering from mumps.

By 12 January 1917 Nugent had recovered enough to join the 4th Battalion in France.

Nugent was killed in action on 8 May as he and another soldier were coming back with an empty stretcher from a dressing station near the village of Bullecourt.

Australian Red Cross Society wounded and missing records kept by the Australian War Memorial include accounts of his death by other soldiers.

One account of Nugent's violent end reads:

"Wildman and I were detailed to carry out wounded all S/Bs having been knocked. We had taken out wounded and as a barrage was put up by Fritz we had taken cover near D/S. I think 1st Field – and as a lull came I said 'you go on back with Stretcher whilst I (and the other two) get dressings'. About 2/3000 yards up the sap he was killed – I was buried myself by the shell – I saw him killed. He was probably buried

by the relieving battalion – there is a bit of cemetery there. He was I think in D Coy."

In Crowther, a marble memorial atop a plinth stands as a silent but everlasting tribute to Nugent as the 101st anniversary of his supreme sacrifice approaches.

The memorial is in a public park named Wildman Park.



SONS CARRIED TOM

BEFORE he became the first man from Forbes to sign up for World War I and well after he had done his duty, Thomas Edward Drane's patriotism and his devotion to his military service were imprinted on his character.

So much so that his three sons – George, Albert (Bill) and Thomas (Tom) – were given the middle name Anzac.

Aware of legislation preventing the misuse of the word ANZAC for commercial or other unsuitable purposes, Tom wrote to the Attorney-General of Australia in January 1918 seeking approval to use the word as his first-born son's middle name.

Tom wrote: "I myself left Australia in Oct 1914, and was wounded at Gallipoli which cost me a leg, also I was the first to volunteer from this town, and my child is the first to be born here with an Anzac for his father. My wife's Brother also left with the First Div and he laid down his life at Gallipoli and that is the reason we want to name him so."

Receiving no objection to his request, Tom went ahead with the naming.

Tom Drane's war story has been told through the publication of an extraordinary personal diary, which contains graphic descriptions of fighting at Gallipoli

following the landing on 25 April 1915.

Tom, a sapper with No. 2 Section 1st Field Company Engineers, was on the peninsula just six days and had already had a close shave with a spent bullet when his foreboding that "something was going to happen" came true in the most violent of ways.

Tom wrote in his diary of that day:

"The first of May, fancy Mayday with such a fine firework display as we witnessed this morning. By the look of things they are getting hotter. There goes old Simpi with his donkey up to the front trench for wounded. If anyone deserves a VC it is him, for time after time he goes up the gullies for men, and he always comes down with his one on the donkey and the other walking with the aid of Simpson.

We are just formed up again to go up the noted Shrapnel Gully to look after some water springs or something of the like. I never liked the Gully for there are always plenty of snipers in about the bushes. We proceeded on our way quite unconcerned and all the time you could hear the ping, ping of bullets. They must have been very close to me at times for they sang me a song more than once on my way. We halted after a while in a place I for one did not care for. I told Cookie that someone would be hit here, he only laughed, but I seemed to feel that something was going to happen, and it did too.



PATRIOT: Tom Drane.

DRANE'S ANZAC PRIDE

When we halted Cecil Howlett, Cookie and myself lay down to rest. I had just lit up a cigarette when bang came a shell, it burst right close in on to us. The cap, or fuse, hit me fair in the knee, I let out an oath, for it carried the kneecap away. I then look around to see who else was hit, and here is poor Cecil Howlett with his head blown off, what a shock I received, it was worse than my own wound to me, and here is Cookie not touched. They carried me to some kind of cover, and the Red Cross fellows fixed us up as best they could. All I wanted was a smoke, and a drink. No sooner was I moved away then another shell burst in the same place, but hit no one because they had moved away. It was just then that Cookie came to say goodbye to me, how he felt leaving me like I was, and I felt the parting too, for we had been the very best of chums ever since we enlisted in Sydney.

He asked me for my rifle which I gave him, and wished him the very best of luck, and then he was gone. I was only laid there a short time when I was carried down on a stretcher to the beach. I was placed with the other boys who I had only been looking at a few short hours ago full of life. I was then, but now, not caring what happens only with this consolation, that I had done my duty. By this time I was feeling a little sick because my wound was paining me. I tried to sleep but it was no good, for fellows were moaning all around me, some were dying and singing out for their mothers, others for

sweethearts. I tell you it makes you think of your dear ones when you are lying helpless like we were, for we are only like babies when we are wounded, helpless and do not care how things go with you."

Tom Drane's leg was amputated above the knee on the hospital ship *Letitia* at Alexandria, Egypt, 11 agonising days after he was wounded.

He was given an artificial limb in an English hospital in October 1915 and arrived back in Australia on 29 April 1916.

Tom returned to Forbes and married Leila Combe on 14 June 1917.

As well as having three sons the couple had two daughters – Leila and Eurenna (Rene).

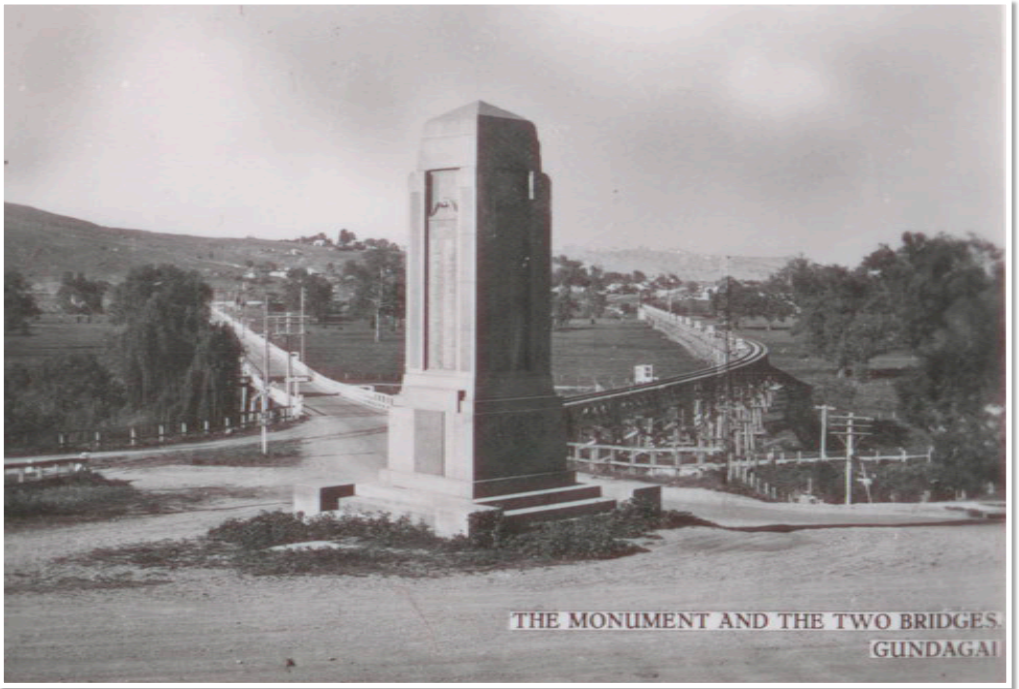
Tom lived the rest of his life in Forbes where he was an active member of the community, including being a founding member of the Forbes RSL Club.

He died on 25 June 1942 aged 55 and took to his resting place great pride in having signed up just 12 days after Australia had declared war on Germany on 4 August 1914.

His service number was 53.



*WELCOME HOME: (left) Tom Drane's Forbes Gallipoli Medal.
MEDALS: (above) Tom Drane's service medals.*



THEN AND NOW: A monument for the ages ... the impressive Gundagai war memorial as it was in yesteryear (above) and still standing as a reminder to the district's enormous service and sacrifice to the cause of freedom and peace in the world.



LITTLE JIMMY A GUNDAGAI HERO

IN THEIR well-researched 2006 book *The Kangaroo March*, authors Sherry Morris and the late Harold Fife wrote how a decorated Gundagai Digger, whose nickname at school had been “Kitten”, never spoke about his military days upon his return to Australia.

“Little Jimmy Marshall DCM MM died in the early 1920s and obviously had never been able to talk to his mother about his war experiences,” according to the chapter *The Aftermath*.

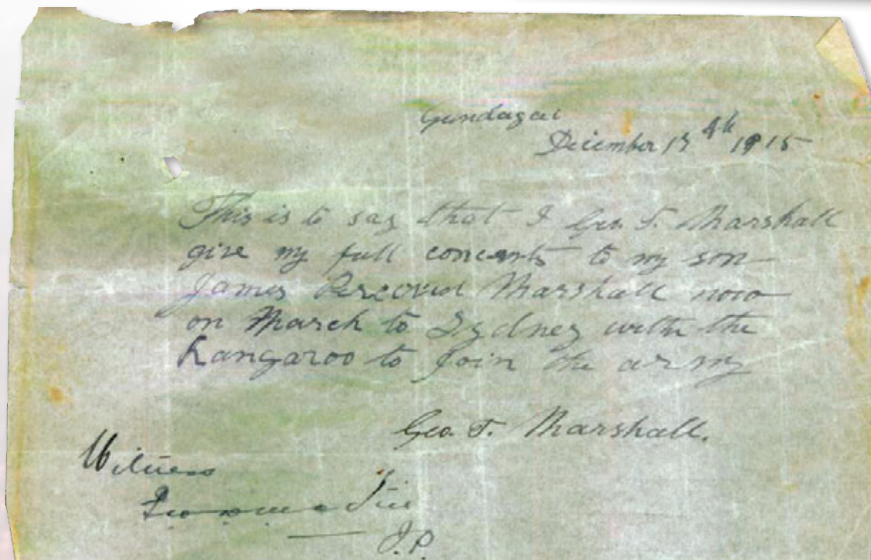
“After his death she asked for details of his service as she had been unable to ascertain from him why he had been awarded his two decorations.”

James Percival Marshall was indeed a hero as his mourning Mum would have learned.

His funeral notice appeared in *The Sydney Morning Herald* on 17 October 1924, the day after his death at the age of just 27.

Another boy from Gundagai had been taken too soon.

They wept for him across the district. The fifth son of George and Eliza, who had 10 children, was one of 486 Great War volunteers – a remarkable contribution – whose name is etched in gold on Gundagai’s impressive grey and red concrete obelisk on the corner of Sheridan and Virgil Streets and Railway Parade. *continued...*



MATES:
Jimmy Marshall (seated) with Wagga Wagga Kangaroo and 55th Infantry Battalion pal Lawrence John “Jack” Gaffney, a carpenter from Wagga Wagga.

LEFT:
The letter of consent by Jimmy Marshall’s father George for his teenage son to join the Australian Imperial Force.

JIMMY MARSHALL

GUNDAGAI SOLDIER DECORATED.

Private "Jim" Marshall Awarded Military Medal.



PTE. "JIM" MARSHALL, N.M.

On Tuesday last Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Marshall, of Otway-street, received the following letter from Platoon Commander Pyc, dated France, 21/10/18, concerning their son, Pte. "Jim" Marshall:—

"It is a great pleasure to me to be able to write you that your son, Pte. Jas. Marshall, has been awarded the Military Medal. He has been in my platoon for a long time and I have got to know what a jolly fine little soldier he is. He is always cheery no matter how trying the conditions, and in action, his coolness and courage is an example to all, and I am very proud to think he is one of my men. He got his M.M. for good work at Peronne; he also did particularly well in a stunt we did a few weeks later for the Hindenburg line. Hoping that it will not be long before the war is over and that you will have your son safely home."

Pte. "Jim" Marshall is the youngest of four brothers who volunteered their services for their country. "Kitten," as he was familiarly called by his school fellows, enlisted at 18 years and was the "Baby of the Kangaroos" in the march from Wagga to Sydney, and thence to France. He was low-set and "blocky" in build and his prowess on the battlefield is a verification of the saying—"choice goods are contained in small parcels."

"Jim" was renowned for his "jaw"—a keen debater full of originality and to those who know him best it is not surprising that he has gained distinction on the battlefield, for it was never "mere wind" with him, action invariably following words. We congratulate the parents of this brave young soldier, who is the first Gundagai boy to be decorated.

...continued He had passed away before Major General "Fighting Charlie" Cox, then a Senator, laid the foundation stone on 24 May 1928.

Marshall's brother Harrie Francis, an ironworker's assistant before the war, was also named on the Gundagai memorial, having died of wounds on 9 October 1917 in France after sustaining a gunshot wound to his right thigh five days earlier.

Harrie, of the 7th Australian Infantry Battalion, aged just 25, was buried in plot 30 row A grave 11a in the Étaples Military Cemetery, Étaples, Nord Pas-de-Calais in northern France.

The Gundagai monument has 79 "Killed in action"—but excludes Jimmy Marshall and those who returned home but who were mere shadows of their former selves—the fit, lively and vibrant men who had marched off to do their duty not that long before.

Jimmy had been determined to serve.

He was, according to Morris and Fife, one of eight (although one was rejected) of a Tumut-Adelong-Gundagai group which joined the famed Wagga Wagga Kangaroos at Cootamundra on 7-8 December 1915.

Of those seven from the group who signed up, one earned a bravery award and another never made it home.

Henry Charles Klein from Gilmore, Tumut, received a Military Medal for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty during an attack on the Hindenburg Line north of Bellicourt, France, on 30 September 1918.

Edward Henry West was shot in the stomach in an advance across a flat towards a sunken road on the Somme at Doignes, telling stretcher bearers to leave him and care for somebody else. When they came back to pick him up they found he was dead.

Private West hailed from Tubbul, a little place west of Young which in 1919 claimed the longest main street in Australia—4½ miles (7 kilometres) from the village to the Stockinbingal-Forbes railway line!

He, like Pte Klein, Jimmy Marshall and so many other Riverina lads, were Kangaroos who served with distinction in the 55th Infantry Battalion.

Jimmy, a painter, took advantage of the Australian Imperial Force's relaxation of physical characteristics limitations to enlist at the age of 18 years 8 months.

The minimum height for recruits was lowered from 5 feet 6 inches to 5'4" in February 1915 and further reduced to 5'2" (Jimmy was 5'3") in June 1915.

The required chest size was reduced by an inch to 33" (Jimmy's measurement), dental health was no longer a restriction and age limits were changed from 19 to 38 to 18-45.

WRITE-UP: Excerpt from The Gundagai Times of 31 December 1918.

ALL ONE OF GUNDAGAI'S FINEST

Jimmy had initially been rejected because, as Morris and Fife related, "his height had barred him".

He claimed, the authors recounted, "he had grown bunions on his heels, and hoped to get through but the (*Gundagai Independent*) newspaper reporter noted that he looked 'quite a pony' alongside the Tumut lads."

So Jimmy was accepted into the ranks as a bugler and returned to Gundagai to say farewell to family and friends, rejoining the Kangaroos at Murrumburrah on 11 December.

His father had written a letter giving his "full consent" and Jimmy was off to war.

He recorded his mother as next-of-kin and took his place in what was the longest recruiting march in World War I (334 miles or 537½ km) from the Wagga Wagga Town Hall on 1 December 1915 arriving at The Domain in Sydney on 7 January 1916.

On 14 April 1916 Jimmy sailed out of Sydney with the rest of the 55th's 2nd Reinforcements on HMAT *Ceramic* A40.

Jimmy – one of four brothers to enlist; the others being Edward Roy (known as Roy), the ill-fated Harrie and Herbert "Herb" Abraham – was twice recognised for bravery.

Within the month of September 1918 Jimmy was awarded both a Military Medal and a Distinguished Conduct Medal – the first Gundagai soldier to be decorated.

The citation for Jimmy's Military Medal indicated his bravado: "*For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty during operations at Peronne on 1st and 2nd September 1918. This man, a stretcher-bearer, worked unceasingly, tending the*

wounded and carrying them in under exceptionally heavy artillery and machine gun fire. His utter disregard of danger, his coolness under fire, and the zealous way in which he carried out his duties, undoubtedly saved many lives. Nothing was too much trouble to him when the comfort of the wounded was concerned. His courage and coolness were most marked throughout the operations and served as a splendid example to others."

Then Jimmy earned a DCM for his efforts on the Hindenburg Line north of Bullecourt on 30 September 1918 – the same day Tumut's Private Jack Ryan won a Victoria Cross.

According to Jimmy's citation: "*When the attacking troops reached the captured trench, he and another man found themselves alone, through casualties, in 250 yards of the trench. He and his comrade immediately started to successfully mop up the enemy in spite of superior numbers, killing and wounding a number and driving the remainder out of the trench... Throughout the operation and subsequent enemy counter attack, this gallant soldier showed great dash and initiative, acting with a total disregard of danger to himself all the time.*"

None of the Marshall brothers escaped unscathed from the war.

Edward, a car cleaner, and Herbert, a farrier, both sustained gunshot wounds to their legs, the latter also being gassed fighting in France.

Returning home, Jimmy developed phthisis (tuberculosis) and it gradually overcame him and he passed away in a Randwick sanatorium.



FOUR OF THE BEST: *The Marshall brothers (from left) Jimmy, Harrie, Roy and Bert as pictured in The Daily Telegraph and The Gundagai Independent in November 1917. Cousins, Arthur and Berne Marshall also served.*

EDGAR'S ANZAC DAY

IT WAS on the first ANZAC Day anniversary, 25 April 1916, that 20-year-old Lockhart native Edgar David Congreve Webb stepped into an enlistment office to answer his country's desperate plea for young men to fight in World War I.

The landing at Gallipoli exactly 12 months before and in the eight months of fighting which followed had cost Australia 26,111 casualties, including 8141 deaths, and the cry had gone out for replacements to support the Diggers bound for the Western Front.



PATRIOTIC: Edgar Webb signed up on ANZAC Day.

Born in a Hillston fruit shop on 29 July 1895, Edgar was to spend his 21st birthday in basic training before embarking on the HMAT *Aeneas* A60 on 30 September 1916.

At the time of Edgar's birth, his family operated a sheep grazing property in the Hillston district, but they left the property in 1904 due to poor seasons, rabbit plagues and lessening returns.

Edgar attended the Lockhart Public School with other family members until 1909 before taking his first job with JJ Hodgson's General Store in Lockhart on a weekly wage of seven shillings and six pence, or 75 cents.

He was working with the NSW Railways when he joined up with the Australian Imperial Force.

Bearing the service number 27200, Edgar disembarked at the English port of Plymouth on 30 September 1917 and undertook further training with thousands of other young Australians on Salisbury Plain.

He joined the 112 Howitzer Battery (Mobile) 12th Australian Field Artillery Brigade 3rd Division and over the next 18 months fought in some of the bloodiest and most crucial battles involving Australians on the Western Front, including Passchendaele and Amiens.

His unit advanced seven kilometres through the German lines on the first day of the Battle of Amiens, according to the diary Edgar kept throughout his military service.

Fortunately, Edgar escaped the war relatively unscathed, although he was exposed to gas which affected his health later in life.

His service was recognised by the awarding of the British War Medal and the Victory Medal.

Returning to Australia aboard HMAT *SS Port Napier* on 2 July 1919, Edgar began civilian life with £20 – the equal of \$240 – from deferred pay.

Edgar was to carve out a successful life after the war, but no stranger to tragedy in battle he was to suffer a cruel personal blow just a few short years after returning home.

He resumed work with the NSW Railways at Lockhart before joining George Cornell's stock and station agency as chief clerk.

In August, 1924, Edgar married Coolamon girl Annie Dunn, but their marriage was cut tragically short in June 1926 when Annie died from tuberculosis.

Just before Annie's death Edgar opened his own stock and station agency in partnership with Messrs. Harry McFarlane and Harry Francis.

Fortune favoured Edgar in the following years – his

PLEDGE

business prospered and he married Olive Marie George at “Holyrood”, her uncle’s property on 31 May 1933.

Their son, Geoffrey, was born on 8 August 1936.

With the dark clouds of World War II swirling around Australia, Edgar again answered his country’s cry for help and served part time in the Volunteer Defence Corps with the rank of Sergeant.

As well as running the successful stock and station agency partnership, Edgar took over the management of “Quarmby”, a farming property owned by his brother-in-law, Mr HV Day.

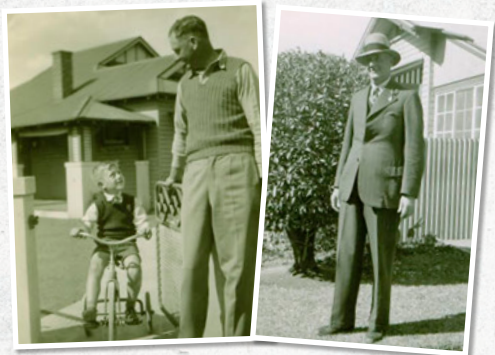
Edgar sold his business to the Australian Estates Wool Company in 1948 and bought the farming and grazing property “Homewood” near Lockhart.

In September 1953, Edgar and Olive bought “Bunyarra”, a property near Urana. Two years later they sold “Homewood” and purchased another farm on the Lockhart-Urana Road. They took up residence at “Bunyarra” in 1958.

When son Geoff married in 1962, Edgar and Olive built a house in Urana Street, Lockhart, where Edgar lived until his death on 20 July 1980.

Edgar had a variety of community involvements during his life, including long-time member and office bearer of the Lockhart Memorial Hall Committee, office bearer at the inception of the Lockhart RSL Sub-Branch, Secretary of District Repatriation Committee, 40 years with the Lockhart Show Committee, member of the Lockhart and District Racing Club, a lengthy term on the Urana Pastures Protection Board, Presbyterian Church Committee of Management and Freemasons Lodge.

His name is on the Lockhart Honour Roll.



FAMILY: (Top left) Edgar Webb with son Geoffrey.

RESPECTED: Edgar Webb was a respected and accomplished Lockhart district resident after the war.



FAMILY TIME: (Above) Edgar Webb with his son Geoffrey and grandson David, now an engineer with Lockhart Shire Council.

REFURBISHED: (Below) The refurbished Lockhart Honour Roll.



A GRAVE FOR ONE BROTHER BUT NOT FOR ANOTHER

IN THE midst of some of the cruellest and harshest fighting between the Allies and the Central Powers in 1918 came perhaps a small show of mercy for Sergeant Halbert Leslie Lake, of Old Junee.

Born on 18 January 1898, Halbert was about a week short of being 17 years and six months old when he enlisted for World War I on 12 July 1915 and assigned to the 13th Battalion.

At enlistment, Halbert's occupation was listed as a clerk. He was just 5 feet 5 inches (168.9 centimetres) tall and weighed 140 pounds (63.5 kilograms).

His unit embarked from Sydney aboard HMAT *Argyllshire* A8 on 30 September 1915 but due to bouts of illness Halbert did not see active service on the Western Front until June 1916.

On 26 August 1916 Halbert was promoted to Lance-Corporal and over the next eight months received further promotions to Acting Corporal and then Acting Sergeant.

Halbert was shot in the stomach and captured by the Germans during the Battle of Bullecourt in northern France on 11 April 1917 and might have expected to have died as a Prisoner of War without his captors caring.

He was hospitalised and interned at Verdun in Germany.

About a month later, Halbert was well enough to write that he had been taken prisoner "and wounded in the stomach with a bullet".

Then came other postcards with promising news.

"I am getting along very well and can now get about pretty good," Halbert wrote in a postcard recorded by the Australian Red Cross Society on 16 June 1917, an extract of which is in the archives of the Australian War Memorial.

In September 1917, Halbert sent home a card indicating he was getting along well, but his condition deteriorated and for some reason – perhaps out of pity or perhaps for more practical reasons – he was repatriated to England via Holland and admitted to King George Military Hospital on 14 April 1918.

The Red Cross reported soon after that the stomach wound had healed "but it is not yet known whether there are any complications. Quite cheerful and interested, eating and sleeping well," the Red Cross records say.

Tragically, Halbert's condition became "very much worse" in late April and two days later, on 1 May 1918, he died suddenly, aged 20. "The Sister did not think he knew he was dying," the Red Cross wrote.

Halbert was buried with military honours at Brookwood Military Cemetery in Surrey.

A photograph of the grave was taken and is part of the Australian War Memorial collection.

For Halbert's widowed mother, living at "Thorney" at Old Junee, it might have been some comfort one of her two sons who died in the Great War had a resting place.

Sarah Lake did not have that same consolation with another son, Private Thomas James Lake.

Thomas, a 21-year-old clerk, enlisted shortly after his younger brother. He sailed off to war on HMAT *Port Lincoln* A17 on 13 October 1915 and was also with the 13th Battalion by the time he set foot on the Western Front in June 1916.

Thomas was to last only about two months. He was killed in the Battle of Pozières on 14 August 1916, aged 22.

Thomas was one of 6800 Australians killed in action or died of wounds at Pozières, one of the most costly battles in Australia's military history. His body was never recovered.

Thomas is remembered on the Australian National Memorial at Villers-Bretonneux in France, on panel 69 in the Commemorative Area at the Australian War Memorial and on the Old Junee Roll of Honour.



MILITARY HONOURS: Sergeant Lake's grave in Surrey.

ONE MAN'S FAITH, ANOTHER MAN'S COURAGE

DISPLAYED in a war memorabilia cabinet in the Parkes RSL Sub-Branch is a symbol of one man's religious faith and another man's courage.

A small prayer book on display belonged to Private William Robert Dixon.

William was born in Parkes in November 1893 and was 21 years old when he enlisted in the Australian Imperial Force at Liverpool on 22 January 1915.

He was not a big lad – 5 feet 5 inches tall (170 centimetres) and weighing just 128 pounds (58 kilograms).

On 15 April 1915, just 10 days before the first ANZACs were to land at Gallipoli and after less than three months' training, William left Sydney on HMAT *Kyarra* A55 and arrived at Cairo in Egypt on 29 May.

He further trained in the Egyptian desert for less than three weeks before he landed at Gallipoli on 17 June 1915 and was taken on strength with A Company 4th Battalion.

William, a Roman Catholic, carried with him throughout his training and fighting a small prayer book.

On the book's inside fly leaf William had written in pencil in copper plate script:

Mrs MJ Dixon, Bushmans Hill, Parkes NSW

My mother

The Battle of Lone Pine between 6 August and 9 August was four days of the worst fighting during the Gallipoli campaign and cost more than 2000 Australian casualties.

William was among the fallen.

He was initially reported as missing in action, but this was later changed to killed in action on 6 August.

Risking his own life, an unknown padre bravely retrieved a wallet, a letter and the prayer book from William's body, which was never recovered from the battlefield.

These items were returned to William's parents in Australia, who were also later presented with a 1914-15 Star, the British War Medal and the Victory Medal for his service.

The prayer book was passed down through William's family and then donated to the sub-branch by Mr Athol Jenner.

Although he has no known grave, William's name is recorded on panel 22 of the Lone Pine Memorial at Gallipoli, on panel 40 in the Commemorative Area at the Australian War Memorial, the Parkes cenotaph and on an honour roll held in the crypt of the Parkes War Memorial.



*ON DISPLAY:
William Dixon's
prayer book.*



Henry Starr's Big Heart



BIG HEART: Henry Starr's uniform swam on him.

THERE was not much of Henry Starr when he enlisted in the Australian Imperial Force.

This diminutive Hay-born Gooloogong farmer joined at Bathurst on 31 July 1916.

He was 31 years of age, of fair complexion, with brown hair and blue eyes, weighed 140 pounds (63½ kilograms) and stood 5 feet 3 inches (160 centimetres) tall. His chest measured between 35 and 37 inches.

Had he attempted to sign up when the war began in August 1914, Henry's height – or lack thereof – would have led to his rejection.

As the demand for Australian soldiers increased throughout the bloody conflict, authorities were forced to repeatedly drop the minimum physical standards in order to increase the pool of eligible fighters.

At the start of the war in August 1914, volunteers for the AIF had to be aged between 19 and 38, be at least 5 feet 6 inches tall and have a chest measurement of 34 inches.

About a third – 33 per cent – of all volunteers were rejected in the first year of the war.

The standard was altered in June 1915 to 18-45 years and 5 feet 2 inches.

With tens of thousands of Diggers dead or incapacitated by the end of 1916, the height requirement was reduced again to 5 feet in April 1917.

However, with relaxation of physical standards of age and height, as well as dental and ophthalmic fitness, previously ineligible men were now eligible for enlistment.

The certificate of medical examination on Henry's enlistment papers declared:

"He can see the required distance with either eye; his heart and lungs are healthy; he has the free use of his joints and limbs; and he declares he is not subject to fits of any description."

So Henry, son of Thomas of "Glen Park", Gooloogong, was not to be denied his enlistment and was placed in the 58th Infantry Battalion and sailed with the 7th Reinforcements out of Sydney on HMAT *Afric* A19 on 3 November 1916.

The HMAT *Afric* A19 weighed 11,999 tons with an average cruise speed of 13 knots or 24.07 km/h. It was owned by the Federal SN Co Ltd, London.

Henry was one of the last to be transported on the *Afric* for it was torpedoed and sunk in the English Channel on 12 February 1917 just over a month after it safely landed Henry and his mates at Plymouth on 9 January.

After some training in England, the 7th Reinforcements arrived in France on 24 March and were taken on strength with the 58th Battalion on 30 March.

Henry, a Private, was thrown into one of the worst battles involving the ANZACs in 1917 – the Battle of Bullecourt.

There were actually two Battles of Bullecourt – launched on 11 April 1917 and on 3 May. Both were failures and led to the loss of 10,000 Australians.

One of those to fall was Henry Starr, who had only just turned 32.

He suffered wounds to his face and knee caused either by gunshots or a shell on 11 May and died the next day at the 3rd Casualty Clearing Station.

He was buried at the Grevillers British Cemetery near Bapaume.

Henry's grief-stricken family back in Gooloogong generously thought of his mates back in France after hearing news of his death.

His mother wrote to the Base Records Office at Victoria Barracks in Melbourne on 24 June:

"I sent a parcel through the Red Cross to my son No 2964 Pte H Starr who is now deceased. I would be pleased if the Authorities would distribute it to his Battalion the 58 and I would be very thankful if I could get his wristlet watch and any little belongings of his."

Mercifully, his family later received Henry's identity disc, his damaged wrist watch, a key, a coin and testament.

SPIVEY A.
 STAINROSE A.
 STANLEY F. A.
 STARR H.
 STAVELEY W. G.
 STEERS W. R.
 STEIN W. D.

NEVER FORGOTTEN:
 Henry Starr's name on panel
 166 in the Commemorative Area
 at the Australian War Memorial
 (above) and on the Gooloogong
 District Roll of Honour (right).



LAI'D TO REST: Grevillers British
 War Cemetery.

*Offs J. R. Starr
 Glen Park
 Gooloogong
 24. 2. 17*

Dear Record Office
 Victoria Barracks
 Melbourne

I sent a parcel
 through the red cross to my son
 it's 24/24 lbs of stars etc so now
 because I would not follow up if
 the authorities would detain it
 in his detention to 50 and I
 would be very thankful if I could
 get his parcel watch and
 any little belongings of his

Yours faithfully
 Offs J. R. Starr

AM 58

LETTER: The letter from Henry
 Starr's mother.

1st WORLD WAR 1914 - 1918			2nd WORLD WAR 1939 - 1945			2nd WORLD WAR 1939 - 1945		
ADAMS	K.		ADAMS	K.		MALONEY	E.	
ANDERSON	J.B.		ADAMS	G.		MALONEY	H.	
ANDERSON	S.		ADAMS	J.		MCGRATH	W.	
BEST	H.		BEST	T.		MCINNES	L.	
BLEWETT	T.H.		BOARDMAN	W.		MCKENZIE	J.	
BUSH	R.		BOLAND	D.		MCKEON	J.	
BUTT	H.		BOLAND	G.		MCKEON	L.	
CORNWELL	A.E.		BOLAND	M.		NELLIGAN	R.	
CRAMPION	A.		BRYANT	L.		NICHOLLS	S.	
CROWTHER	E.		CHAPMAN	J.		NICHOLLS	J.	
CROWTHER	G.		CHAPMAN	R.		O'REILLY	E.	
CULGAN	D.E.		COOLEY	A.		OVENS	A.	
CUMMINS	W.		CORBETT	E.		PATERSON	W.	
DICKENSON	W.		CORKERY	A.		PEPPER	N.	
DWYER	A.R.		CRISP	G.		PICKER	L.	
DWYER	J.J.		CROWTHER	G.		ODIRK	W.B.	
EDMONDS	J.		DALEY	S.		RILEY	B.	
EDMONDS	B.		DOWD	A.		RILEY	E.	
GOVETTE	L.		DOWD	F.		ROVERE	A.	
HORE	R.M.		DOWD	F.H.		RYAN	J.	
HOWELLS	F.		DOWD	J.		RYAN	L.	
HUGHES	Z.		DOWD	M.		SHIMPSON	M.	
HUGHES	V.		DOWD	T.		SHIMPSON	J.	
KENT	L.		FITZGERALD	N.		SLATER	J.	
MILL	H.E.		FOY	W.		SLATER	J.	
MILES	W.J.		HALLS	D.		SLATER	N.	
MERLAINE	H.		HALLS	E.		SLAYEN	A.	
MCWILLIAM	J.P.		HAYDON	P.		SLAYEN	B.	
MITCHELL	J.		HERBERT	M.		SLYSSON	R.	
O'REILLY	B.		HOLLAND	C.		SQUIRE	D.	
REILLY	P.K.		HOLLAND	S.		SQUIRE	J.	
SHANMAN	J.		HOSE	R.H.		SQUIRE	N.	
SLATER	T.		HUCKEL	A.		THOMPSON	W.J.	
STARR	H.		HUCKEL	E.		WALSH	J.	
TAYLOR	J.		HUCKEL	S.		WALSH	N.	
THOMPSON	W.J.		IDENS	J.		WALTERS	T.	
WALSH	D.		KELLY	N.		WATSON	L.M.	
WATERS	R.A.		KELLY	J.		WYATT	J.	
WATSON	H.W.C.		LENDEY	A.				
KOREAN 1950 - 1953			MALAYAN 1948 - 1960			VIETNAM WAR 1962 - 1972		
			WALSH	B.		PICKER	B.	
						BEATH	P.	
						WOMENS LAND		
						ARMY		
						MALONEY MRS. J.		
						WATSON MRS. G.		

'REDBANK' FARM GREENETHORPE'



SOLDIER: Billy Millikin.



RESTING PLACE: Billy Millikin's military headstone at the Warlencourt British cemetery.



HONOUR ROLL: The Greenethorpe World War I Honour Roll with Billy Millikin's name fourth from the top.

ON THE Greenethorpe property "Redbank" there is a perpetual tribute to one soldier's love for his horse and his supreme sacrifice for his country.

Born in 1887, William (Billy) Millikin grew up in the Sydney suburb of Hurstville where his father, Robert, drove hansom cabs.

Billy would have formed a connection with horses in that time, but as a young man his life went in different directions, including a stint on the railways where he was a station master at Orange before settling down in 1912 as a farmer on the property "Redbank", owned by the Hodges family.

Billy enlisted in the Australian Imperial Force in Sydney on 24 March 1916, declaring on his papers he was a farmer from Greenethorpe.

He left behind at "Redbank" a horse named Maori for whom he was to pine while trudging through France on the Western Front.

Billy spent his first few months as a soldier training with reinforcements for the 20th Battalion at Cootamundra before being transferred to Liverpool for further training.

On 9 September 1916 the man who loved the bush headed out to sea aboard HMAV *Euripides* A14 bound for France.

The sight of distraught women on the wharf sending their men off to war upset Billy.

He wrote to Will Hodges at "Redbank" the following day: *"It was a memorable sight – I am fairly hard-hearted but women's tears moved me somewhat. I was glad when we were out of sight."*

The *Euripides* docked at Plymouth on 26 October 1916 and Billy spent nearly three weeks in training in England before being shipped over the English Channel to France on 13 November.

From Somewhere in France...



William Harvey

MONUMENT: *The Springdale War Memorial.*

HEARTBREAK: *(top right) Ray Harvey's letter to home about Neil Penfold.*



23 Jan 1917

Dear Mother

Just a few lines in answer to your last letter I received a few days ago I was very pleased to hear from you and know you were all well. Well you asked me to write a few lines to Mrs Penfold but to tell you the truth I cannot bring myself to the task. We being such great mates. Well about poor Neil I know nothing definite about him getting killed only what my mates told me. It was a dreadful night why one had own part to play we were a cheerie lot. I was with him a little while before we went on. But of course being in different Coys had to go our own separate way many have been like all others quite pleased to and went to it in great style. But poor chap he did not last long he being amongst the first to go over had a rough time of it and across fell killed outright. Any how mother it will afford his parents a little satisfaction to know that Neil did his duty and did it well and no fear of consequence and that is more than a lot can say. I am enclosing a photograph of Neil's section given to me by his mates who thought a good deal of him.

They have all written their names on it and asked me to forward it with their deepest sympathy to his mother. They are all here now but one who has been taken prisoner that is C Leane that is the big chap sitting in the front.

Well dear mother I will draw this to a close.

With best wishes from your affectionate son Ray Harvey."

THE letter came “from somewhere in France” and while the location of its author was secret there was no hiding the heartache he felt.

Emotion drips from the one-page letter Private William Raymond (Ray) Harvey wrote to his mother near Springdale about the death of his best mate Private Neil Penfold on 20 July 1916 during the Battle of Fromelles.

Ray and Neil were members of the 55th Infantry Battalion in France.

Both came from the land near Temora and Neil was just 18 years and 11 months old when he died. He had enlisted on 14 June 1915 so was not even 18 when he signed up.

Ray wrote to his mother on 22 January 1917:

“Dear Mother,

Just a few lines in answer to your last letter I received a few days ago. I was very pleased to hear from you and to know you are all well.

Well you asked me to write a few lines to Mrs Penfold but to tell you the truth I cannot bring myself to the task, we being such great mates.

Well about poor Neil I knew nothing definite about him getting killed only what my mates told me.

It was a dreadful night everyone had own part to play and yet we were a cheerie lot.

I was with him a little while before we went in but of course being in different companies had to go our own separate ways.

Anyhow he was like the others quite pleased to think we were having some big game and went to it in great style.

But poor chap he did not last long he being amongst the first to go over had a rough time of it and his mates say when no more than half way across fell killed outright.

Anyhow mother it will afford his parents a little satisfaction to know that Neil did his duty and did it well and no fear of consequence and that is more than a lot can say.

I am enclosing a photograph of Neil's section given to me by his mates who thought a good deal of him.

They have all written their names on it and asked me to forward it with their deepest sympathy to his mother. They are all here now but one who has been taken prisoner that is C Leane that is the big chap sitting in the front.

Well dear mother I will draw this to a close.

With best wishes from your affectionate son Ray Harvey.”

Sadly, Ray was to join his best mate on the list of dead barely two years later.

He was killed in action in the Battle of Hamel on 4 July 1918, aged 22.

His brothers Bertie Cecil Harvey, 27, and Reuben Edward Harvey, 20, also died in the war while a fourth brother, 22-year-old Robert George Harvey, was shot in the thigh and was invalided home on 4 January 1918.



MUM CHERIS OF UNGARIE

THE First World War Mothers' and Widows' Badge was a symbol of loss and sorrow.

It was issued to the mum or wife of all members of the Australian Imperial Force or the Australian Naval and Military Expeditionary Force who had been killed in action, died of wounds or other causes whilst on active service, or who, after discharge, had died of wounds or sickness directly attributable to that service.

It comprised a black ribbon, machine-embroidered in gold, with wattle sprigs, a Rising Sun badge and the words "For Australia".

The badges were suspended from a white metal bar bearing laurel leaves. Stars were added to the bottom bar, each indicating the death of one man. The badge was promulgated under Military Order 64 of 1919.

When Marion Beatrice Flack saw her teenage sons off to war, she lived with an ache in her heart about their prospects of ever coming home.

Too many, way too many mothers were receiving awful news from abroad via telegram that their boys had died on active service.

Marion was listed as the next-of-kin of both George John Zuriel Flack (born at Numurkah, Victoria, on 17 December 1897) and Edwin Gilbert Baden Flack (Katunga, Victoria, 25 April 1900) who were both 17 years young when they joined in 1915 and 1918 respectively.

George, a clerk, and boundary rider Edwin are remembered at Ungarie – two of 41 the village sent to The Great War. Tragically, 11 never made it home.

The eldest of John and Marion's four sons, George – like many Riverina and Central West soldiers – left Sydney on 30 September 1915 aboard HMAT *Argyllshire* A8.

As well as all the Wyalong and West Wyalong lads listed in the previous pages, George's shipmates included Hugh Joseph Maguire of Cootamundra, James Lyon of Ganmain, George Wilde Evans of Humula, Albert James Sharman of Jugiong, Halbert Leslie Lake and Thomas John O'Donnell of Old Junee, Roy Harold Boyton of North Wagga, Stirling David Corby of Parkes, Garrard Vincent Byrne, James Waddell Elliott, Harry Lindsay Shannon of Wagga Wagga and Leslie Charles Halden Spring, Thomas Camden McDonnell and Ted Piddington of Young.

Sadly, of those, Corporal Maguire, Private Sharman, Sergeant Lake and Cpl Boyton lost their lives during 1917-18.

BROTHERS: Ungarie boys George John Flack (above) and Edwin Gilbert Baden Flack (below).



HES RETURN BROTHERS

George was out of sight but never out of his mother's thoughts and fears.

When she did not hear from her beloved George for five months at the height of the horrors of the Western Front, Marion wrote to the officer in charge of AIF Base Records on 29 May 1917, admitting she was "very worried as to his safety".

Her "dear son", Marion wrote, "has been through all the recent battlelines" and she asked that authorities "kindly make enquiries at your earliest convenience as the strain of my mind is so great".

She gave her son's particulars: Machine Gun Section, B Company, 56th Battalion, 14th Brigade, France, signing the letter "from his anxious mother".

A mother's instinct is generally correct and George had, in fact, been wounded in action in France – just a fortnight before she put pen to paper.

This was confirmed via correspondence sent to Marion on 4 June and another four days later in which Major James Malcolm Lean confirmed George had been wounded but that no particulars were at hand.

George had, in fact, suffered from shell shock but recovered, took leave to the United Kingdom then went to the Lewis Gun School, received promotions to Corporal then Sergeant and rejoined his battalion on Christmas Eve 1917.

Much to his mother's relief, George returned to Australia aboard HT *Main* on 23 July 1919.

Edwin's war was less dramatic. Also assigned to the 56th Battalion, Edwin enlisted at East Sydney Recruiting Depot, Darlinghurst, on 3 January 1918 – the final year of the conflict.

He sailed out of Sydney with the 15th Reinforcements (New South Wales) on SS *Gaika* on 30 July 1918 but the war was almost done and he headed home via the steamer *Raranga*, arriving back on 8 September 1919.

Marion, who lost her husband John many years earlier, died aged 58 at Marrickville District Hospital on 2 August 1930. They had two other sons: Norman Myles (born 1901) and Donald Lanceford (1905).

Showing his patriotism, George lined up again in World War II, signing up at Ungarie on 31 March 1942 and serving as a Captain with the 18th Battalion Volunteer Defence Corps until 26 September 1945.

His duty over, he handed back his uniform and returned quietly to civilian life, living until 13 June 1967.



WAR LETTERS: A mother pours out her heart to authorities and receives word about her son.

ALDRED'S LETTERS AND *love from home*

LANGUISHING in a wet and cold trench on the front line in Belgium, Aldred Baldry's spirits are lifted when he opens a letter from his wife and finds enclosed a photograph of their son, Kenneth, born after Aldred had left his Wallendbeen property "Wallendoon" for the Western Front in November, 1916.

Lieutenant Baldry wrote back to his wife, Annie, after receiving the letter around the end of September, 1917.

His letter, dated 3 October 1917, says:

"You can guess what great joy it gave me to see the picture of my own wee boy in such an awful place. It was awfully ... there Darling until your letters came and the snaps. Reading them and looking at my own little son in wet and cold trenches made it almost heaven and you don't know how much it cheered me."

Letters between Aldred and Annie are part of the National Library of Australia's collection and paint a word picture of a loving couple whose devotion to each other steered them against the horrors of war and more than two years of separation.

It was by letter that Annie told her husband of her confirmed pregnancy and then the birth of their son.

Letters from home were vital in keeping up the spirits of soldiers thousands of kilometres from home and for whom any notion of a grand overseas adventure evaporated quickly amid the machine gun fire, incessant shelling, freezing winters and thigh-deep mud, which was described by Aldred in one letter as "our own worst enemy".

For her part, Annie not only sent photographs of herself and baby Kenneth to cheer up her husband, but also care packages.

One letter sent by Annie in September 1917 contained wattle leaves and flowers, with Annie writing she hopes they do not fade away by the time they reach Aldred.

Wanting to spare his wife any fears she might have for his safety, Aldred often cabled her after there was an action involving Australians.

He tells her in the same 3 October letter:

"I have been sending you cables every fortnight and always

after I have been in the line so that you will always know that I am safe. Sent a cable to you yesterday saying safe and well ... because I know you will hear all about the Australians in battle and you will be anxious to know that I am OK."

Aldred's thoughtfulness delighted Annie, who wrote after receiving a cable:

"It was sweet of you to send it. I feel so happy Darling you are very good to me."

Aldred had a sense he was going to make it home and told Annie so, writing:

"... do not worry about me because I am going to come back to you safe and sound. I feel that this is so."

Aldred was reunited with Annie and met his then 22-month-old son in April 1919.

Their love story, sadly, did not have a fairytale ending.

Kenneth, who was one of the first in the Riverina to enlist in World War II, died in early 1940 while serving as a pilot instructor for the Royal Air Force in Wales.

Kenneth was named after his grandfather, Major General Kenneth Mackay, founder of the 1st Australian Light Horse.



LOVING WIFE: A photograph of Annie and baby Kenneth Baldry sent to Aldred at the front.

CRUEL NEWS FOR WORRIED TEMORA MOTHER

FOR about a year, Temora mother Martha McNair clung to the hope her son Samuel might miraculously still be alive after being listed as wounded and missing at Gallipoli.

But, cruelly, she learnt of her 22-year-old son's demise in the newspaper in May 1916 after a Court of Inquiry found he had been killed in action on 3 May 1915.

Even more tragic, another of Mrs McNair's sons, Henry, was also listed as wounded and missing during the Battle of Polygon Wood in Belgium for more than six months before his death was confirmed in September 1918.

Neither body was recovered.

Samuel and Henry were two of three McNair brothers who enlisted in the Australian Imperial Force for World War I.

Baby brother Francis also signed up when he was three days short of his 16th birthday in January 1915 using the birthdate of a brother who died in infancy to enlist.

Francis, who served with the 7th Light Horse in the Middle East and the 53rd Battalion on the Western Front, suffered badly from enteric fever and the effects of being gassed but survived the war.

Mrs McNair wrote to authorities about Samuel in 1916:

"In yesterday's paper I see where S McNair Springdale was amongst the killed in action. Is it my son? He was reported wounded and missing on the same date (3rd May 1915). If so will you let me know why I was not advised of it before I seen it in print."

Mrs McNair told the authorities it would have been better for her if there had been any doubt about Samuel's fate to be told in 1915 he had been killed in action instead of having to wait "twelve long months in the hope of him being alive".

Samuel, a member of the 13th Battalion, was last seen alive taking part in a charge at Quinn's Post on 27 April 1915.

Henry, serving with the 56th Battalion, suffered a severe leg wound and was stretchered to the Clapham Junction dressing station where all traces of what happened to him after that were not recorded.



IMMORTALISED: The Temora war memorial with the McNair boys as an inset.

2018 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, Aria Street. Fly pass 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 unveiling of interpretative panel to Reg Rattey VC by family members. Lunch to follow at the Bowling Club.

BENDICK MURRELL

9am Wreath-laying ceremony 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.

7am Community breakfast at Bethungra Teahouse. Charges will apply.

BIMBI

2pm Wreath-laying at cenotaph.

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 Memorial service at cenotaph.

CANOWINDRA

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

11am Main service at cenotaph in 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...



2018 ANZAC DAY RIVERINA AND CENTRAL WEST SERVICE TIMES AND VENUES

- 10.15am Assemble for march in front of Ex-Servicemens Club.
- 10.30am Ceremonial march beginning at the front of the Ex-Servicemens Club.
- 10.45am Commemoration service at Albert Park.

COWRA

- 5.50am Dawn service at cenotaph, Brisbane Street.
- 9.30am Ceremony at Cowra War Cemetery.
- 10.20am March form up prior to community wreath-laying service on Brisbane Street.
- 11am Community service at River Park.
- 12noon Service at the Cowra Locomotive Depot.

CROWTHER

- 10am Wreath-laying ceremony at Crowther Memorial, Olympic Way.

DARBYS FALLS

- 9.45am Assemble at phone 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 Bedgerabong, Corinella)

- 5.15am Assemble at Forbes Services Memorial Club, Templar Street, and march to cenotaph, Harold Street, followed by dawn service.
- 10.15am Assemble on Cross Street and march to cenotaph, Harold Street.
- 10.30am Main service.

FOREST HILL

- 5.55am Ceremony begins at front gate RAAF Base Wagga, Sturt Highway. Please be in position by 5.50am.

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.
- 5.30pm Retreat service at flag pole inside the Memorial Gate.

GOOLOOGONG

- 6.10am 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

- 5.45am 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.

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 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 Station and Albury Streets, Harden.
- 10.30am Assemble in front of Mechanics Institute, Neill Street, Harden.
- 10.45am March to cenotaph.
- 11am Main service. If inclement weather, service to be held in Mechanics Institute.

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 P&C. \$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.

2018 ANZAC DAY RIVERINA AND CENTRAL WEST SERVICE TIMES AND VENUES

JUNEE (includes Illabo, Old Junee, Wantabadgery)

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

JUNEE REEFS

- 3.30pm Service and wreath-laying at Junee Reefs-Ivor Hall, Junee Reefs Road, conducted by Junee RSL Sub-Branch. Afternoon tea afterwards.

KAPOOKA

- 5.45am Dawn service at the picnic grounds at the front gate of Blamey Barracks, Army Recruit Training Centre.

KOORAWATHA

- 5.30am Dawn service at War Memorial Park Memorial Gates.
- 10.45am Assemble on Boorowa Street adjacent to Koorawatha Regional Rooms. March to Memorial Gates for memorial service.

LOCKHART

- 9am Commemoration service at Lockhart Lawn Cemetery.
- 10.15am Form up at Commercial Hotel, Green Street.
- 10.30am March to cenotaph on Hebden Street.
- 10.45am Wreath-laying ceremony.
- 11am Re-assemble and march to cnr Matthews and Green Streets.
- 11.30am Lunch at Lockhart Ex-Servicemen's Club.

MANDURAMA

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

MIRROOL

- 9am Service at cenotaph on Ariah Street, followed by morning tea.

MONTEAGLE

- 2pm Wreath-laying ceremony 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 Thursday, 3 May.
- 10.30am Community Service at Public School, Tenandra 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 & Citizens Club, Short Street.
- 7.30am Church service at St Georges Anglican Church.
- 8.30am Assemble for march in front of Parkes Services Club.
- 8.35am March commences.
- 9am ANZAC civic service at cenotaph, Cooke Park.
- 10.45am Pilgrimage and wreath-laying ceremony at war graves at Parkes Cemetery.
- 11.30am AVM Osborne to unveil the refurbished Memorial honouring Flt Sgt Rawdon Hume Middleton VC

and a new Memorial honouring Flt Lt Colin Francis Hendry DFC in the downstairs area of the Parkes Services & Citizens Club.

- 12.30pm Luncheon at Parkes Services & Citizens Club.
- 5pm Retreat at cenotaph, Cooke Park.

PEAK HILL

- 6am Dawn service at AIF 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, 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 Col. Gavin Keating DSC CSC.
- 9.15am Fly-over by Warbirds.
- 9.20am Lance Corporal Peter Kahlefeldt Scholarship Speech: Tribute to two Springdale locals who died in battle – Lance Corporal Peter Gustav Kahlefeldt, killed in action on 14 April 1918 and Private Horace John Towers, died of illness on 11 November 1918. Presented by Harry Lloyd, Year 8 student at Temora High School. *continued...*

2018 ANZAC DAY RIVERINA AND CENTRAL WEST SERVICE TIMES AND VENUES

Springdale ANZAC Memorial Scholarship Speech: Tribute to three Springdale locals who lost their lives in 1918: Corporal George Henry Hankins, killed in action on 15 April and the Harvey brothers, both Privates, William Raymond (4 July) and Reuben Edward (1 September). Presented by Sam Reid, Year 8 student at Temora High School.

The Marseillaise sung by Madame Jenny Kotzur. Musical interlude by the Springdale singers. Temora Band plays the Recessional including the Last Post.

Concluding poem written by Earl Kotzur, a local farmer. Service to follow. Refreshments in the Springdale Hall afterwards.

STOCKINBINGAL

3.30pm Commemoration service.

TALLIMBA

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

TARCUTTA

10.30am March from Tarcutta Rural Supplies to Memorial Hall.

11am Service at Memorial Hall, Sydney Street.

TEMORA (includes Reefton)

6am Dawn service at cenotaph, Callaghan Park, Loftus Street.

10.50am March from opposite Courthouse, De Boos Street to Callaghan Park.

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 flyover by Temora Aviation Museum (weather permitting).

12.30pm Luncheon at The Rock Memorial Bowling Club.

TRUNDLE

10.30am Commemorative march.

11am Commemorative service at Memorial Hall.

TULLAMORE

6am Dawn service at Memorial Park.

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).

6.30am Service at the war cemetery, to be held outside the gate of the cemetery, to respect the graves, on Koorringal Road. ANZAC Day speeches by Saint Mary MacKillop Colleges captains Emily Drum and Bede Funnell.

9am ANZAC Day Mass, St Michael's Cathedral, Church Street.

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 Air Vice Marshall Warren McDonald AM CSC.

5.30pm Sunset service at the Wagga RSL Club Memorial at the entrance of the club, Dobbs Street. Keynote Address by Captain Ainslie Morthorpe.

WALLENBEEEN

8.45am Assemble at Wallendbeen Public School and walk to cenotaph.

9am Main service followed by morning tea in the Wallendbeen Memorial Hall.

2018 ANZAC DAY RIVERINA AND CENTRAL WEST SERVICE TIMES AND VENUES

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

- 8.30am 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 Sr Jenny Kerr's Park to lay wreath and then to Arnold Bennett's Gates to lay wreath, then into Hall for ANZAC service. Refreshments after 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.
- 12 noon Lunch at Yerong Creek Bowling Club.

YOUNG

- 6am Dawn service.
- 10.45am Assemble at Young Town

Hall, Boorowa Street and 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.
- 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.
- 9am ANZAC Day march starting at intersection of Elizabeth Street and Martin Place, marching south on Elizabeth Street to Liverpool Street, where Marchers will turn left for dispersal – unless directed to turn right or proceed straight ahead.
- 12.30pm Commemorative service adjacent to The Pool of Remembrance at the ANZAC War Memorial in Hyde Park South.
- 10am Indigenous ANZAC Day march in Redfern.
- 5pm Sunset service at the cenotaph in Martin Place.



REMEMBRANCE: President of the Wagga Wagga Sub-Branch of the Vietnam Veterans' Peacekeepers and Peacemakers Association of Australia, John Ploenges, lays a wreath.

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 27 APRIL

Farrer Football League

Marrar v The Rock-Yerong Creek.

- 4.45pm Under 17s (Geoff Lawson Oval, Bolton Park)
- 5.00pm Reserves
- 7.15pm ANZAC service
- 7.45pm First grade

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

Jill Allen, Australian War Memorial, Maureen Bellairs, Bob and Elaine Costello, Fran and Max Day, Discovering Our Anzacs, Andrew Drane, Graham Elphick, Lena Elphick, Kristie Hodges, Annie Jacobs, Michelle Maddison, National Library of Australia, Dr Brendan Nelson, Andrew Rawsthorne, Paul Thomas, Colonel Pat Thorne (Retired) and Jono Webber.

RAAF Wagga's New Banner

IN KEEPING with recent tradition of this publication, now in its eighth year, this year's transcript of a memorable speech given during the previous 12 months is the one delivered on 16 March 2018 by His Excellency General the Honourable Sir Peter Cosgrove AK MC (Retd), the Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia.

He gave a stirring address at the Replacement of the Governor-General's Banner to Number 1 Recruitment Training Unit at RAAF Wagga, Forest Hill. Chief of Air Force, Air Marshal Leo Davies AO CSC, and Commanding Officer 1RTU, Wing Commander Daniel Drinan, were present.

As Commander-in-Chief it gives me great pleasure to stand before you today to present Number 1 Recruitment Training Unit with a replacement Governor-General's Banner.

The honour of these banners is reserved for Australian Defence Force units who have provided long and dedicated service to the nation.

For nearly 64 years 1RTU has been such a unit.

In that time every Airman and Airwoman in the Royal Australian Air Force – some 46,000 personnel – have graduated from the unit.

It was former Governor-General the Honourable Bill Hayden who presented the original banner to you in 1989.

Then, as it continues to be now, that banner was hard and well earned.

Our Air Force, our entire defence force, relies upon one thing above all to succeed and serve our nation.

That thing is its servicemen and women, and the skills, expertise and resourcefulness they bring to their duties.

It is here that 1RTU sits at the very heart of all the Air Force is capable of.

The training that happens at this place is the foundation of the competence, know-how and knowledge of today's Air Force.

The field training recruits receive here ...

- to make the transition from civilian to service life;
- to acquire the military skills, knowledge and fitness to serve;

- to develop the values, attitudes and personal qualities demanded of those who wear the blue uniform;

... this training is essential for the Air Force – and for our nation – to be its best.

Every year some 600 recruits leave this unit to take their place in what is one of the world's finest air forces.

Each will contribute in their own way.

Today, graduates from this unit are contributing to the generation of Air Power and representing the Australian Defence Force at home and around the world.

And so we replace 1 RTU's proud banner after 28 years of service.

We do it not because it is old.

Not because it is tattered and faded.

Or because its usefulness or significance has passed.

The opposite is the case.

We replace it because we value what it stands for and what it represents as highly as ever.

We replace it to reaffirm its significance to those who have come before, those serving today and those to follow.

We replace it out of respect for the permanent staff and course instructors who are the heart and soul of 1RTU, course after course.

Finally, I would like to commend you on your parade.

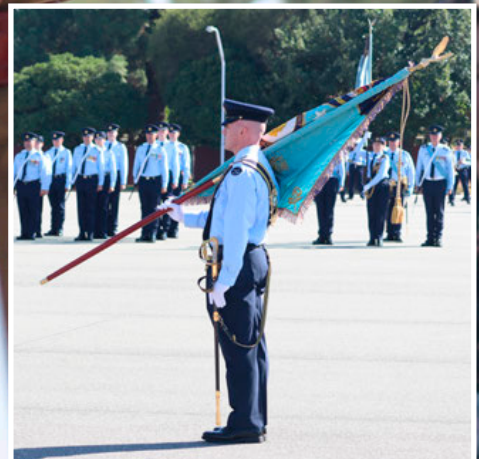
Your standard of dress, bearing, and the manner in which you have executed your drill were all first class.

This should be a source of great pride to you, your staff and your Commanding Officer – well done.

I also acknowledge the Air force Band under the direction of Flight Lieutenant Daniel Phillips, your performance contributes immeasurably to the ceremony and atmosphere of this day.

It is my great honour, in the steps of my predecessor, to present this replacement Governor-General's banner.

Let it be paraded throughout the year on your graduation parades and be on display in the headquarters of Number 1 Recruit Training Unit as a symbol of the training, guidance and mentoring you provide to all those who serve as Airmen and Airwomen in the Air Force.



GRAND DAY: Governor-General Sir Peter Cosgrove addresses the new banner consecration ceremony (above); is escorted by Squadron Leader Melita Beachley (Officer with sword) as he reviews the parade (top right); acknowledges Flight Lieutenant Sean Gordon (flag bearer) as Wing Commander Daniel Drinan looks on (above right) whilst FLTLT Gordon stands to attention on the parade ground (right).



RIVERINA AND CENTRAL WEST WRITING AWARDS

THE students who have won their sections or have been judged highly commended in the eighth annual Riverina and Central West ANZAC Day writing competition will receive one of four book prizes from the Australian War Memorial.

Everyone who participated in the competition will receive a signed certificate which features a watermark image of this year's commemorative cover, Maurice Curran, who is the subject of the booklet's feature story.

Entries were put into the primary and secondary categories with the Riverina electorate divided into North, South, East and West divisions.

I would like to thank every student and teacher who worked so hard to produce the 675 entries. Well done!



THE WOMEN OF THE WEST

AS THE men packed up and went to war, The women of the west had to start their chores.

Biscuits, clothing and life's essentials, They wrote letters to their friends with pencils.

They wrote the letters to boost morale, Some of them losing a lifelong pal.

As nurses they helped to heal the men, Some of them, they never saw again.

To battle wounds they would apply, While courage and love they did supply.

At home the women had to grow the food, That helped boost the men's strength and mood.

Behind the scenes they made munitions, They had to adapt to their new found positions.

The women of the west helped to win the war, Every day they missed the men more.



Highly Commended: Maggie Anderson, 11, Year 6, St Patrick's Parish School, Trundle.

NORTH

THE BRAVE ANZAC

THE Sun is barely up. Mercifully, the rain is quiet outside the almost bare room. At night, sleep was chased away by nightmares, and never came back.

Everybody is thankful to be alive. But how can you celebrate a new day of living if every day is death?

Cold. Raining. Miserable.

The walk to the hospital seems dull and difficult. Now, I can't remember a time without bombs and blood and death and tears and guns and goodbyes.

The hospital is full of patients. Bedridden volunteers crying, tears streaming down faces like rivers, clearing dirt from mud-stained cheeks. Whether they are crying from sorrow or pain, no one knows.

Others who aren't hurt physically are ill in a different way. Headaches, coughing, moaning, dying. Silent and weak. Just as many people die both ways.

Another soldier is brought in. His eyes

are closed. Legs, ripped and torn, shirt dyed red and wet from the deep wounds, hidden underneath. Arms covered in mud. But breathing.

I almost cry. But nobody here cries every time someone dies. If we did, we would have cried all our tears and blood away long ago.

He stops breathing. He won't survive.

Quickly, his wounds are cleaned and bandaged. He is put in new clothes, given medicine.

Many seconds pass. Nothing. The doctor examines him. Reluctantly, the final word is given.

Another soldier dead.

He is lifted up to be buried. Suddenly ... a soft noise. Breathing. Quietly. Everyone smiles as his eyes open. Another soldier lives.



Winner: Yetu Akhivou, 11, Year 6, St Joseph's Grenfell.

I MISS YOU DADDY

I RUSH home from school, with the wind blowing against my face,
Leaving the fun and laughter of school, for the hard tuckering
work of the house.

I think about my father, feeling his warm embrace,
I miss you Daddy.

I go inside with my brother and start the chores of the house,
I have to do Mummy's jobs as she no longer is around but
instead working on the farm from dusk till dawn.

I clean the dishes, sweep the floors, care for my brother,
prepare dinner and feed the barn animals.

I sit with them for a while and talk about my father as if he were here,
I miss you Daddy.

It's turning late and Mummy's not home; I finish dinner and put my brother to bed,
I stay up and wait until her arrival, hour after hour I wait, until at last she arrives.
I talk to her about Daddy and how I hope he has received all my letters,
I miss you Daddy.

I rush home from school like any other ordinary day, except this is no ordinary day,
I take my brother inside and start my chores but I feel funny inside,
I begin to sweep the verandah and the postman turns up and gives me a letter.

It's a yellow letter, I look at the postman in a puzzled manner, and I open it and read,
I fall to my knees, my eyes start gushing and my heart sinks, I miss you Daddy,
I will always miss you Daddy.



*Highly Commended:
James Finn, 15, Year
9, Red Bend Catholic
College, Forbes.*

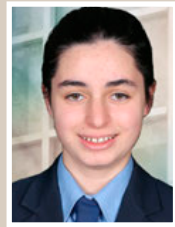
A UNIQUE WAY TO STAND OUT

THE students and teachers at Mater Dei Primary School took this year's competition to a new creative level with the bulk of entries from the school coming to the Wagga Wagga Electorate Office in an old leather Ford Sherrington Regal suitcase, complete with tartan lining!

Some of the students really got into the spirit of the competition by adding their own unique flair to stand out from the entries written on plain white paper.

Writing pieces were produced on burnt-edge paper or crinkled to look like they were 100 years old, while others were presented in tea-stained envelopes or in a "Chatterbox" format.

Each and every student from Mater Dei Primary School and every other school which participated in this year's competition should be proud of their efforts.



*Winner: Sienna
Emseis, 14, Year 9,
Red Bend Catholic
College, Forbes.*

AFTER THE WAR

HE WAS there again. He could hear the bang of a million guns firing at once.

He could see the people around him falling to the ground. He watched them as their bodies grew limp.

Suddenly he felt the ground shake beneath his feet, he was shaking too. His legs grew weak, he struggled to stand before falling to his knees.

Suddenly he couldn't breathe. It was as if someone was holding a pillow over his mouth. He sucked at the air trying to force it into his lungs, but they still felt empty. He was sweating uncontrollably by now. Suddenly the gripping fear that he was going to die took hold of him.

He kept trying to force air into his lungs, he wasn't ready to die. He felt a pounding in his head and it felt as though his mind were swimming, round and round it swam until it formed a whirlpool in his head.

Then the air came back, flooding his lungs, he gasped and panted, trying hard to regain a steady breathing pattern. He could feel his loud heartbeat slowing.

Clancy continued to stay hands and knees on the floor until he felt strong enough to stand. He took slow, shaky steps over to the bench where he had left his whisky flask.

His shaking hands made it hard to unscrew the lid, he fumbled with it a bit before pulling it off and taking a long drink. He kept drinking until he felt his heart rate slow and his hands stop shaking.

Clancy had been experiencing these short moments of panic for a while now. They'd started about 2 or 3 months after he had returned from the war.

The war had by far been the most horrifying experience of his life. He signed up at the age of 22 not knowing what to expect. Back then a small feeling in his gut told him it was a bad idea, but he ignored it for reasons he cannot explain.

Maybe he was after adventure ...

THE BOY WHO FOLLOWS ME

I WAKE up screaming almost paralysed in fear.

I wish I could take it all back, every shot, every stab, every "YES SIR!" when I think of the lives I've ruined, it makes me feel like part of the problem, of the violence going on but I'm also trying to stop it.

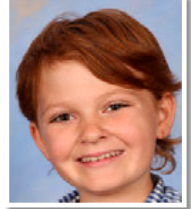
I feel like a snake endlessly trying to devour its own tail just to satisfy its hunger.

Everywhere I look I see his face, the face of the boy.

He haunts me when I'm sleeping and terrifies me during waking hours.

His screams echo in my mind unendingly. I see his pained expression whenever I close my eyes. I don't sleep, I barely eat and I struggle to get out of bed in the morning. This pain no one should every have to endure.

When I look in the mirror I don't see myself – I see the boy.



Winner: Jaidyn Waugh-Smith, 11, Year 6, Lake Albert Public School.

POPPIES STAINED RED

AS THE rain falls like tears from above,
Those who cry over loved ones lost.

The poppies stained red from the blood of the war.
It's this day we remember them more.

Once every year we all gather together,
To honour those who are in our hearts forever.

Medals we wear proudly are theirs, now and forever.

May we never forget those who paid the greatest of costs,
To defend their country, no matter what.

Lest We Forget.



Highly Commended: Isabel Owen, 11, Year 6, Henschke Primary School, Wagga Wagga.

DAD LEFT EARLY

DAD left early,
before the Sun had rose,
he set off down the lonely streets
of Wagga to where a
truck awaited him.

He turned to look back
at our little house,
I saw him as I pressed my face
up against the cold glass.

He let out a big sigh
and blew a kiss to our little house,
not knowing that I was there.

That was the last I ever
saw of my father,
in his nice uniform and hat,
he never came back.

The loud military truck
took him off to a train,
then a ship,
then the final place
he would be alive.

They arrived at what
was going to be known
as ANZAC Cove.

They said he fought gallantly
but he wasn't good enough
to come home to us alive.

They fought day and night for week,
but he wasn't good enough.



Highly Commended: Edmund Wright, 16, Year 10, The Riverina Anglican College, Wagga Wagga.

DEATH'S SYMPHONY

ME, A brave, kind, soul, exactly what a man should be,
The epitome of stupid if you ask me.

"You will do this country proud," they said,
But honestly, I don't think they cared whether we wound
up alive or dead.

We marched down to the trenches, our new home for
who knew how long,
The sounds of bombs, gunfire and screams, a beautiful
instrumental for death's maniac song.

Us strong men file into rows, about to approach death's door,
Most of which end up as nothing but bodies on the floor.

Amongst the calamity, a young man comes,
Clearly scared by the product of his lungs.

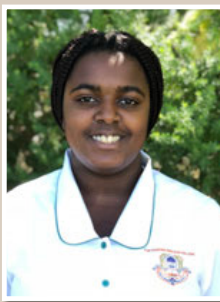
His breath produces a loud drum to keep his time,
Finally, a person whose mind thinks like mine Percy Rake and Eric Harding,
soon to be partners in crime.

Lines grew shorter 'till Eric and I stood in the front row,
Death's iron gates are excited like children who are about to watch their favourite show.

The colonel blew his whistle, I looked at Eric and we began to climb,
We all ran, gunshots ringing and men go down with it, in perfect time.

The enemy trench is there, ready to take,
But a scratchy cry makes my heart break.

Eric lies, with tears welling in his eyes as the blood spreads across his shirt,
The bullet pierces my brain,
Allowing Death's song to relieve all of our pain.



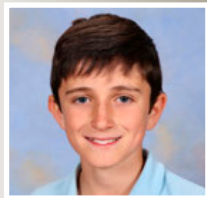
*Winner: Queeneth Inyang,
16, Year 10, The Riverina
Anglican College, Wagga
Wagga.*

CHARGE!

DEATH and destruction surrounded him as he crouched in the trench. He closed his eyes and all he could hear were gunshots and machine guns from the German trenches. Then it was time to send in their artillery, exploding into the German trenches to soften up their defences. As the bombardment stopped he could hear the moans of pain from wounded soldiers. Vomit came up to his throat from the butterflies in his stomach. He tried as hard as he could to swallow, then his stomach started to cramp up. He leant his head against the trench and fought the urge to cry.

As the officer walked past, the tension and fear hung in the air. No-one looked at the officer. They waited to hear the whistle blow. The men gripped their guns. The squeal of the whistle cut through the air. The Australian soldiers yelled as they struggled to get over the trench, covered in mud. A bullet whistled past his head and another bullet tore into the ground at his feet. The soldiers all around him dropped to the ground.

He felt a thud to his thigh, like someone had hit him with a steel post. He collapsed face first in the dirt. He tried to stand up, but the pain was too much, he has been shot. As he wiped the dirt out of his eyes, he saw other soldiers around him. Some crawled, some laid still, never to move again.



*Winner: William Murphy,
11, Year 6, Gundagai Public
School.*

EAST

ONE EYE OPEN

BILL slept with one eye open dreaming of his hometown as he couldn't stop thinking about his family. Especially his two little girls, all he could think about day and night is their beautiful singing voices. He wished he heard that instead of gunshots.

Just a couple of months to go and I will be with them. I mean if I make it. But I am going to make it. Make it home to be loved and cared for. No one knows what it's like. The smell of soldiers that haven't showered for months. The terrible taste of food that we have to eat. How we have to try and keep ourselves warm because it's freezing. I can't stop thinking about my home. My farm with the cows grazing in the paddocks.

*Highly Commended:
Jayelle Britt, 11, Year
6, Gundagai Public
School.*

The fresh green grass of a morning with the sun shining over the house.

I would do anything to be there right now.

I miss having my comfortable bed to sleep on. I just wish I didn't have to sleep like this every day and wake up in the morning without my bacon and eggs. Suddenly everyone prepares their guns and starts the war. CHARGE!! Someone screams. All you can hear is gunshots. A couple of people are down but we don't stop. I've just been shot in the chest. My mate comes and tries to help me but then he goes too and we will never see our families again.



THE FOUND LETTER

PLANTING Flanders poppy seeds to celebrate the upcoming centenary of the ending of WWI, I was thinking how could I complain about this heat?

The men and women who served in the war would have been absolutely scorching in their thick woollen uniforms.

As I was digging, my shovel hit something with a clang I picked it up and blew the little dirt flakes off what seemed to be an old Anzac biscuit tin. "What could be inside?" I mumbled to myself. I couldn't wait any longer as sweat droplets rolled past my face I lifted the rusty lid off with a struggle.

Inside was a fragile letter that read:

My sweet Edith,

Kissing your tender forehead whilst wiping away the tears from your soft, flushed cheeks when the trains whistle blew. I walked over with my head drooping just seeing your beautiful face slip away from my sight was unbearable, but I know I will always have you in my heart. What I thought was going to be an adventure was turning into a nightmare. The days are long and the nights are frightening there is a deathly silence. My eye lids are becoming heavier I just want to close them for a second but I'm on watch. Your love makes me melt and convinces me to keep on going. Please keep me in your prayers, I can't wait to

see you soon and always remember I love you my dear.

Your loving
Cecil.



Winner: *Annika Smith, 13, Year 8, Gundagai High School.*

EAST

A DIFFICULT REALITY

"MUMMY! Wake up!"

I opened my eyes to see my son, Lucas, at my side, beaming with delight. "Daddy's making pancakes!" I sat up, smiling. "Then I'd better make sure he hasn't started a fire!"

I raced after Lucas down the hallway, laughing. In the kitchen, Landon was at the stove, flipping pancakes. He looked up and smiled. "Good morning, darling." I put my hand on his shoulder and planted a kiss on his cheek. "Good morning, chef."

As we were whispering, we received a raised eyebrow from our daughter, Cara, who was sat at the table, reading. "I'll freshen up, and then we can leave. I want everyone to be ready when I am." Landon grinned and saluted. "Yes, Sergeant."

I suddenly had a strange feeling at his remark. We stood in front of the camera, smiling. Landon's arm around my waist, my hand on Cara's shoulder and Lucas standing in front with a large smile spread across his face.

After our photos were taken, we went home. I was waiting anxiously for the photo to be mailed in. When it finally came, I opened the envelope and revealed the photo. It was beautiful, but where



Highly Commended: Amelia Murphy, 13, Year 8, St Anne's Central School, Temora.

Landon had been standing was an empty space. The photographer had messed it up, right?

I called the photographer. "Hello, it seems that an error has been made." "An error, Miss Bourke?" Miss Bourke?

The conversation went on for an hour, both of us insisting the other was wrong. "Miss Bourke, your husband is not in the photo because he died in Gallipoli."

Gallipoli. I bolted upright, sweating profusely. "Landon?"

I tried to touch him, but all I felt were cold, empty sheets.

WEST

GRATEFUL

YOU feel mud being oozed all over you as your camouflage,
You see things you never want to remember,
You taste mustard gas and gun powder as it floats through the air,
You hear people yelling, rushing through the trenches, screaming in horror,
You smell gunpowder as you fire your rifle ...

... And I'm miserable.

I feel tears running down my face, hoping you will come home, frightened that you won't,
I smell dinner being cooked by mama,
I see big flashes in my nightmares of bombs going off deafeningly, destroying all in their path,
I hear news reports about death and destruction haunting me,
I taste the fresh country air as I inhale ...

... And I am grateful.



Highly Commended: Noah Bryant, 11, Year 6, Ungarie Central School.

FAITH'S JOURNEY OF WAR

DEAR Diary,

The war is still going strong we haven't heard from Daddy or Pop in months. I'm really worried. Mum said to stay strong and have hope, but I can see the frightened look in her eyes. Oh and did I mention Nan died last week. Her last words to me were. "They will come home." I wish I could believe her.

Dear Diary,

Today Mum made me go to school for the first time since Nan died, it was strange walking to school by myself it felt alone but not just alone it was like I was lost in the dark, when I got to school I felt a bit better. We got to write a letter to the people in our family who have gone to fight in the war; I can't wait to send it!

Dear Diary,

It's Christmas time now I have made a gift for Daddy and Pop, but I'll never have a chance to give it to Daddy; we just got a letter yesterday saying he was killed in action. Mummy said that we can mail the gift I made for Pop to him, we know he's still out there somewhere fighting for our freedom because with the letter about Dad there was a letter from Pop. It reads:

My Dearest Family,

I know you must be worried about me and your dad/husband, but don't I'm okay. I'm so sorry I can't say the same about my son. I miss you so much!
Pop xx



Winner: Katie McCullough, 11, Year 6, West Wyalong Public School.

**ANZAC
DAY**
IN THE RIVERINA & CENTRAL WEST

LIFE IN THE TRENCHES

I SIT there in the trenches. The thought of getting shot fears me. I think of my family certain they have fear of me dying, my mum stressed and my father disappointed of me joining.

It's my turn to keep watch over the trenches as the others rest. I look over into no man's land there was no one in sight. Life in the trenches was horrible. The rats, body lice and harsh conditions made it a horrible for us to live. Some people praying and scared of going out of the trenches. Thoughts come to my mind as the sight of my friends I went to school with are dead. The only reason I signed up is because my friends did and I didn't want to look like a coward. It is night time now, it is time to cross no man's land to clear out enemy trenches.

We all get down into the trenches and start clearing them out. I couldn't find any more of the enemy so I start to walk back to meet back up with the others. We are half way back to the trenches when we hear shots. I start to run faster as the adrenaline in my body starts to rise. We hear more shots I can hear bullets zoom past me, I got shot in the back and fall hard on the ground. They all keep running fear rattled through my body as I'm left to die.

*Highly Commended:
Jack Johnson,
14, Year
8, West
Wyalong
High School.*



BORN IN WYALONG

HE WAS born in Wyalong, and enlisted at Cootamundra, NSW, on October 18th 1915 with West Wyalong listed as his home town. He was only 18. On February 3rd he embarked on HMAT *Wandilla* from Sydney. He was a private in the 4th Battalion of the Australian Army.

He was just an ordinary shop assistant before he went away to war.

He had previously served in the 44th Militia Battalion.

He was killed in action on September 11th, 1916 in Ypres, Belgium just over 7 months after he left his family, not even a year after he enlisted.

He was laid to rest at the Railway Dugouts Burial Ground and is on the Roll of Honour at the Australian War Memorial. His service number was 4480. He was Harold Henry Clift.

When you were 18 did you want to go away to war, and risk your life for your country? Just to "do your bit"!

It was portrayed as a "free trip to Europe" or that "Australia is going to become the new Germany if you don't join".

They were told the only way to protect the women and children of Australia was to enlist and to "get a move on".

All this propaganda only stopped once the war stopped, at the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month, 100 years ago, when Germany officially surrendered.

We Will Remember Them.
Lest We Forget.



Winner: Jorja Hill, 14, Year 9, West Wyalong High School.



AUSTRALIA
FOR EVER!