

ANZAC DAY

IN THE RIVERINA & CENTRAL WEST



25TH APRIL 2022



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



COVER: A digitally enhanced, colourised picture of Wilfred Knight, using his image as a conductor with New South Wales Tramways in 1912 with a contemporary Australian Imperial Force uniform and equipment.

BACKING UKRAINE: Calling for solidarity with Ukraine, backed by (from left) Wagga Wagga Mayor Cr Dallas Tout, Muslim Association of Riverina Wagga's Dr Ata-ur Rehman, chair of the Multicultural Council board Alison Reid and Initiatives of Change International's Ron Lawler.

UKRAINE INVASION A WORLDWIDE TRAGEDY

THIS publication has always been, as the word suggests on the cover, commemorative. A booklet written to generally mark past service and sacrifice whilst acknowledging that men and women across our country and in missions around the world are presently wearing an Australian Defence Force uniform and doing us all proud. The price of peace is eternal vigilance. It is also, as I acknowledged at the 3 March 2022 Ukraine war Wagga Wagga prayer vigil in the Victory Memorial Gardens, eternal compassion. Australia is not a war-mongering nation. We have played

our part in the past, to protect and save other peace-abiding countries and ourselves. We will always do what is needed ... what is asked ... with our allies, to uphold international law and freedom. Sadly, President Vladimir Putin has directed his Russian Army against Ukraine, his 24 February invasion and what followed leading to many deaths, of soldiers from both sides as well as innocent Ukrainian citizens. Wagga Wagga will play an integral part in any military response taken by our nation, given its unique status as a tri-service training centre.

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This booklet contains names and images of deceased Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander peoples.

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SAD SCENE: A flag-clad body of a deceased Digger is buried at sea.

UNKNOWN SOLDIER GAVE HIS ALL

OF ALL the photographs in all the Riverina ANZAC booklets produced over the past dozen years, the one above is the most confronting and certainly the saddest.

An original, contemporary picture, it shows an unknown Australian soldier being buried at sea. Given this graphic image has several wounded, bandaged soldiers present, it is more than likely the burial is for a member of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps who has died on board a hospital ship after seeing action at Gallipoli.

It is a powerful portrait. A moment in time caught so vividly, yet respectfully, of a poor lad off to his final fate. A rare shot, taken just as proceedings have concluded, the Australian Imperial Force chaplain is reading a final prayer and Diggers are about to commit their comrade's body to the deep.

His mortal remains are draped in a flag. We neither know his identity nor the circumstances of his Dardanelles exploits. What we can be certain about is that he was brave. ANZAC brave.

We also know his death would have caused great heartache back home and his loved ones would have mourned his loss until the day they, too, took their last breath. Such is the enormity of war.

Of the 102,966 hardy souls whose names are etched on the bronze Roll of Honour panels at Canberra's Australian War Memorial, 61,635 fell in The Great War of 1914-18.

The service shown here is for one of those 61,635. Someone's son. Brother. Husband. Uncle. Friend. Possibly all of those descriptions. We will never know.

Our feature story for 2022 is exclusive, remarkable and previously untold in Australia with massive meaning for both sides of the Tasman.

Wilfred Victor Knight, mortally wounded at Gallipoli, was the first New Zealander reported to have died in the Dardanelles campaign. That he enlisted from Junee gives the Riverina railway town a unique and powerful place in ANZAC history.

To underline the significance of Private Knight's links with both countries, Prime Minister The Honourable Scott Morrison MP, and New Zealand High Commissioner to Australia, The Hon. Dame Annette King, have both contributed special messages which are published in this booklet.

And Junee's Mayor, Councillor Neil Smith, who is quite the wordsmith, has composed a poem just for the occasion which is also reprinted in this souvenir edition!

Poor Wilfred was farewelled in a sea burial in 1915 and his compelling, tragic and all too familiar tale for the era makes sombre reading. Perhaps ... just maybe ... the poignant snap above is of Wilfred's send-off. We will never be quite sure.

What we do know is that Wilfred and so many other courageous, youthful Australian and New Zealand soldiers gave their lives, in this and other conflicts, for a cause they knew in their hearts was just and right and we thank them ... not just on 25 April, but every day for helping to forge an unbroken bond between our two nations.

May the spirit of ANZAC always endure ...
Lest We Forget.

Michael McCormack
THE HON.
MICHAEL McCORMACK MP
Federal Member for Riverina





MESSAGE FROM THE PRIME MINISTER

ANZAC DAY 2022 JUNEE

On Anzac Day, Australians mark a precious anniversary that we share with our friends in New Zealand. We gather to light up the dawn, to march, to honour and to remember.

In Junee, the flame of remembrance reflects a special warmth for Australia and New Zealand. It was from here, in August 1914, that 24-year-old Wilfred Victor Knight — a beloved son of New Zealand — enlisted to serve in the Australian Imperial Force.

Eight months later, in April 1915, Private Knight died of wounds received at Anzac Cove and was buried at sea. His name is listed on a memorial at Waipori in Otago, his place of birth; on the Honour Roll at the Australian War Memorial in Canberra; and on the Lone Pine Memorial in Turkey.

Private Knight's name is etched in Junee, too — on the Memorial Clock Tower — where he is honoured among all those who made the ultimate sacrifice.

In Junee, you remember those who fought for a common purpose — not because it was demanded of them, but because they demanded it of themselves. Those who stood as one to protect, defend, and advance the freedom and democracy they cherished in life.

On Anzac Day we recognise a deep truth about who we are — our strength is found in each other. When our peace, safety and way of life are imperilled, it is our common humanity and shared values that draw us together as one.

Today, in honouring Private Knight, the sons and daughters of Junee with whom he served, and the men and women who served after him, we rededicate ourselves to our shared purpose of forging and holding peace, and protecting the spirit and vibrancy of our democracy.

Lest we forget.

THE HON. SCOTT MORRISON MP

Prime Minister of Australia

25 April 2022



MESSAGE FROM THE NEW ZEALAND HIGH COMMISSIONER

ANZAC DAY 2022

ANZAC Day is when we commemorate with our Australian friends and whānau (Family). A time to remember what we have in common and the unique bond between our two countries, forged over generations.

None reflects the relationship more than 24 year old Wilfred Victor Knight, a son of New Zealand who enlisted and served in the Australian Imperial Force from August 1914. Eight months later, along with so many young men, he died of his wounds at ANZAC Cove, Turkey.

His name is now forever engraved on the Memorial Clock Tower in June.

Like so many young ANZACs, Private Knight fought for freedom, peace and democracy. They sacrificed their lives so there was a better life for future generations, for us.

“All the freedom they have willed us, we are thankful to them all.

There were so many Aussies and Kiwi cousins too who left their homes and families to fight for me and you.

They fought with pride and valour never looking back.

And the chevron they wore so proudly was the single word ANZAC”.

Lest we forget.

THE HON. DAME ANNETTE KING

New Zealand High Commissioner – Australia

25 April 2022

YESTERYEAR: (below) The town of Waipori, birthplace of ANZAC Wilfred Knight, in its heyday.



RAIL TOWN: (above) Junee's vibrant railway station not long before Wilfred Knight worked there in 1914. Picture courtesy Yesterday in Junee by David Walster.

JUNEE'S

True-Blue ANZAC

WILFRED Victor Knight, the first New Zealander reported killed in the Gallipoli campaign, was living and working at Junee when he enlisted.

What a remarkable bond he forged between his country of birth and his adopted land ... a tie that truly epitomises the essence of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps (ANZAC).

Here was a New Zealander not only proud to serve in the Australian Imperial Force (AIF), but amongst the first to sign up.

His amazing life and death story gives Junee a unique place in the ANZAC narrative and this local connection is exclusively told here for the first time.

Wilfred was born at Waipori, 40 kilometres west of Dunedin, in the Otago region in the southern half of New Zealand's South Island.

Waipori sprung up after some gold prospectors – heading overland from Dunedin to join Otago's recently announced gold rush at Gabriel's Gully, near Lawrence –

found gold in Lammerlaw Creek on 17 December 1861.

In less than a week 400 goldminers were eagerly working the nearby banks of the creek and its tributaries and within months the population had swelled to 2000.

As Bruce Munro wrote in *The Otago Daily Times* in 2016: "Many moved on, but hardy souls stayed and built a thriving, if sometimes rambunctious, community."

It was hard living due to isolation and the desperate shortage of wood for cooking and heating. Supplies had to be hauled over steep hills from either Outram at one end or from Lawrence on the Tuaepeka side.

Nothing more remains of once bustling Waipori. It is now submerged by the artificial Lake Mahinerangi, built in the 1920s for hydro-electric generation.

There is very little evidence left of the gold and glory of Waipori. However, dead tree tops standing above the water of the lake indicate the position of where homesteads once stood.

Only Waipori's cemetery still exists, high on a hillside overlooking the lake.



YOUNG FAMILY: Fred and Mary Knight and children: (back, from left) Fred Junior, Elfrida; (front) Eric, Doris, Wilfred and Ralph. This photograph was taken in 1898, before Percy and Guy were born.

NZ TO JUNEE TO GALLIPOLI —

EARLY LIFE

Born on 6 April 1890, Wilfred was the second of eight children of English-born Frederick William (1856-1951) and his wife Mary Snell née Lean (1859-1933).

His siblings were Fred Sydney Rocks (1887-1980), Elfrida Mary (1892-1966), Eric Shirley (1894-1977), Doris Edna (1895-1984), Ralph Condie (1897-1980), Percy Alwyn (1899-1943) and Guy Winchester (1902-80).

The Knights were enterprising people, involved in mining as well as owning a store, bakery, hotel and post office.

Wilfred was educated at Waipori School, Lawrence District High and Otago Boys' High.

He was something of a larrikin, which would have no doubt endeared him to Australian Diggers.

In his final year of school, he attended the Waipori Bachelors' Ball on 10 August 1906, a costume dance, and was the star of the show, according to *The Tuapeka Times*.

"The greatest success in the way of disguise was scored by Mr Wilf Knight as 'Miss Smith'," the newspaper reported.

He danced with several other young men before his ruse was up.

"He played his part to perfection, and, as his identity became known, caused no little merriment by his lady-like conduct," *The Tuapeka Times* wrote of this grand social event, which went until 5am!

His family said Wilf had a restless and roving spirit. In his teens, he went to the West Coast where he worked in mining.



RAIL MAN: Wilfred Knight as a conductor with NSW Tramways in 1912.

TIME AT JUNEE

At the age of 21 Wilf moved to New South Wales, his passage paid for by his mother.

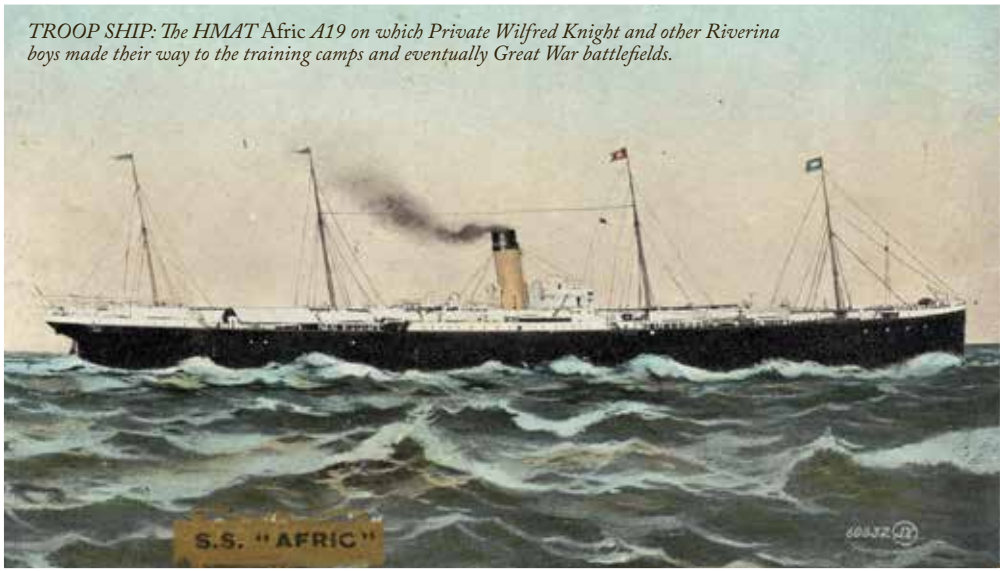
He undertook various jobs including mining, sheep farming and as a conductor on Sydney tramways, passing an examination as a motor driver. His nature, at times somewhat carefree, led to the NSW Tramways issuing him with a warning letter for "reckless driving".



JUNEE PLACES: Wilf Knight lived here, in the Lisgar Street terrace residence built in 1886 by former Mayor George Dobbins (1849-1907) and run by Barbara Haynes who now lies at rest with her husband Robert in Junee Monumental Cemetery.

HERO WILF KNIGHT'S STORY

TROOP SHIP: The HMAT Afric A19 on which Private Wilfred Knight and other Riverina boys made their way to the training camps and eventually Great War battlefields.



He also went to sea for a little while. Eventually, Wilf ended up in the Riverina railway town of Junee as a locomotive fireman, feeding coal into the engines of steam trains.

Whilst there, he lived in Maud Terrace, a boarding house at 43-49 Lisgar Street, run by widow Barbara Helena Haynes (née Barrack) and her teenage daughter Barbara Ellen.

Mrs Haynes's late husband, Robert James, had been a popular man in the district, bandmaster of the Town Band and a member of the fire brigade until ill health prevented him being on the active list. He died from consumption (tuberculosis), aged just 29, in 1909.

The British 4 August 1914 declaration of war against Germany for violating Belgian neutrality had an immediate impact on business and work for Junee engine drivers, firemen and guards dropped off markedly.

"The railway employees locally are feeling the effects of slack trade, owing to the war scare," reported Wagga Wagga's *The Daily Advertiser* Junee correspondent on 7 August. "There has been little doing on the railways for the past few days."

Opposition Leader Andrew Fisher, who within a month would return to the Prime Ministership for a third time, addressed a large gathering, including inaugural Federal Member for Riverina John Moore Chanter, at Junee's Crawley's Hall on 7 August and spoke of the efforts

required from the nation and its people. The Chanters were true patriots.

The second youngest of Mr Chanter's six sons, John Courtenay, had a decorated military career, serving in the Second Boer War and the Gallipoli and Damascus campaigns of World War I. He attained the rank of Major and was awarded the Distinguished Service Order in 1919 with the 4th Australian Light Horse Regiment.

With little work and an adventurous demeanour, there was really only one thing for Wilf to do ... join the cause.

So he enlisted, just 18 days after the start of what would be one of the deadliest conflicts in human history – the so-called "war to end all wars".

Wilf left Junee and signed up for the AIF, Service No. 710, in Sydney on 22 August 1914.

He was described as 24 years of age, five feet seven inches (170 centimetres) tall, weighing 10 stone two pounds (64 kilograms) with a fair complexion, blue eyes and fair hair. Tattooed on his left forearm, Private Knight was vaccinated.

ANZAC CONVOY

Wilf left Sydney on 18 October 1914 with 1 Infantry Battalion F Company, a 121-strong unit, aboard His Majesty's Australian Transport (HMAT) *Afric* A19, arriving at Albany, Western Australia, on 25 October.

Afric weighed 11,948 tons and had been launched in 1898 by the White Star Line for the United Kingdom-Australia passenger route. It had long been customary for many shipping lines to have a common theme for their ship names and White Star (which had amongst its fleet the ill-fated RMS *Titanic*) gave names to its ships ending in ic.

The company's other Great War Australian troopships included HMAT *Ceramic* A40, HMAT *Medic* A7, RMS *Megantic*, HMAT *Persic* A34, HMAT *Runic* A54, HMAT *Suevic* A29 and SS *Zealandic*.

Afric was in a convoy of 38 Australian transports or troopships and 10 New Zealand transports which sailed out of Albany on 1 November 1914. The ships were mostly converted merchant vessels which had started this big odyssey from ports on either side of the Tasman Sea.

On board were 21,500 Australians and 8,500 New Zealanders including artillery, engineers, infantry, lighthorsemen, medical officers and nurses. There were also 12,000 horses from both countries as well as military and medical equipment (field ambulances) and supplies.

ARRIVAL IN EGYPT

The men and women in the first convoy thought they were headed to England and then across the English Channel to France. But the orders came to instead disembark the force in Egypt. Soldiers and horses were transported to British military camps around Cairo.

Pte Knight's postcards home were full of the wonders of exotic places, giving insight of his character. He spent Christmas Eve in Cairo, which he described as "a bit lively".

When his company was on fatigue duties, he was given charge of two camels for carrying firewood the half mile (800 metres) from the tram terminus to Mena Camp.

Although he had an Egyptian boy to assist him, he soon

had control of his "ship of the desert" and rather proudly wrote: "I am an expert camel driver now."

On 1 May 1915 *The Tuapeka Times* published a 13 March letter written by Pte Knight to his parents at Waipori.

In his letter, he described his training, the heat, "the swarms of flies which are very tormenting" and camp life. He wrote of the two vaudeville shows in the camp, two picture theatres and dozens of shops (temporary wooden buildings) which were branches of Cairo firms. Newspaper boys came around each morning and evening with the latest papers, he said.

"At night," he wrote, "the camp is a bright scene with the picture shows all illuminated with electric lights, the shops with gas, and the light of the different cook fires."

He told how in Cairo he had met his younger brother Eric and his cousin Sydney Knight, son of William and Ann (née Smith). His relatives were both with the Otago Mounted Rifles. He did not go to Cairo much as the novelty had worn off, he wrote.

He said he was going to see Eric again and, "judging by the way things are going I think it will be the last time we will see one another in Cairo."

Little did Wilf, or anyone back in New Zealand, know how prophetic this statement was. By the time his letter was published he had died of wounds sustained at Gallipoli.

Of the ANZACs who trained in the desert in the shadows of the pyramids, few would have heard of Gallipoli.

But it was about to become a household word – at the war front and all around the globe – for between December 1914 and March 1915, a new situation developed, meaning most of the men and nurses were destined to serve in the Gallipoli campaign, against Mustafa Kemal Atatürk's Ottoman Turkish Army.

The Gallipoli campaign would prove a costly failure for the Allies, with an estimated 27,000 French, and 115,000 British and Dominion troops (from Great Britain and Ireland, Australia, New Zealand, India and Newfoundland) killed or wounded.



Private W. V. Knight,
1st Battalion, N.Z.C.

SOLDIER: Wilf Knight in his AIF slouch hat and khaki.

TENT CITY: Mena camp at Heliopolis, Egypt, where Private Wilfred Knight and the ANZACs lived and trained prior to the Gallipoli campaign.



NO. 20. GENERAL VIEW OF HELIOPOLIS CAMP, CAIRO.

But in terms of what Gallipoli did and what it continues to do for our national psyche cannot be measured.

It galvanised efforts at the front and also at home, with calls for more men answered by vengeful volunteers in their tens of thousands.

It bonded and emboldened our troops and hardened their resolve. It brought Australians together and forged a unifying effect which, so soon after Federation, really led to nationhood.

The Ottoman Empire paid a heavy price for its victory: an estimated a quarter of a million Turkish and Arab troops were killed or wounded defending Gallipoli.

Amongst the first to lose his life in those early deadly exchanges on the ill-fated peninsula was Pte Knight.

The initial mention of Gallipoli in the 1st Battalion *War Diary* is on 13 April 1915. Confidence for success was high, indeed, victory was expected. The men were paid on 22 April with Turkish notes and told there was to be no haggling in the villages they passed through en route to Constantinople (renamed Istanbul in 1930) as all prices would be fixed. Optimism had been bolstered by the relatively easy defeat of the German-led Turkish force which attacked the Suez Canal between 26 January and 4 February 1915.

The ANZAC Battalion left Mudros, on the Greek island of Lemnos in the Aegean Sea, on 24 April.

GALLIPOLI LANDING

Very early on the morning of 25 April 1915 Wilf wrote his will in his Soldier's Pay Book, leaving the whole of his property and effects to his mother.

At 6.45am the 1st Battalion began disembarking at Gaba Tepe. By 7.40am Battalion members were all ashore without loss.

Orders were received at 8.30am to send a Company forward and B Company moved out but was halted.

At 9.30am orders were received to reinforce. The *War Diary* records: "The whole Bn. was thrown into the firing line and worked independently of Bn. HQ."

No more entries were written until 29 April when "The Bn. was withdrawn from the firing line to the beach to rest and reorganize."

It is likely Pte Knight was severely wounded when the whole Battalion was "thrown into the firing line" on 25 April.

His Roll of Honour papers detail a fact which does not match other information regarding Pte Knight's tragic loss.



FATEFUL BEACH: Where the ANZACs – and Private Wilfred Knight – landed at Gallipoli on 25 April 1915.

"First New Zealander reported killrd (sic) in action at Gallipoli. Soldier who knew him writes that he was killed outright," states the document.

However, alongside date of death on the same page is printed: "official rept (sic) 27/29 April 1915."

Pte Knight's Field Service sheet – the report of a soldier to be forwarded to the War Office after receipt of notification of death – confirms the following in relation to his death:

Date: 27/29-4-15.

Place: At Sea H.M.T. *Seang Choon*.

Cause of Death: Died of wounds received in action.

It was signed Major Cyril Griffiths, Alexandria 19/10/15.

Pte Knight was evacuated via the steamship HMAT *Seang Choon* A49 which had been requisitioned in 1915 as a troopship, making one trip with personnel to Egypt before becoming a hospital ship involved with the Dardanelles campaign.

Sadly, Pte Knight died between 27 and 29 April. The actual date of death was not recorded. One can only imagine the priorities on board were triaging the wounded and saving as many lives as possible, not paperwork.

Just 25 years young, he had lingered for at least two days before finally succumbing. That steely, determined gaze was no more. Australia had lost a soldier. New Zealand a son. He was every bit an ANZAC. Tried and true.

His burial at sea would have been particularly heart-rending for those with him at the end, as it would have been one of their first experiences of death in the war.

It would have been a sad and solemn affair, carried out with dignity, respect and reverence. There would be many, many more burials ... on land and at sea. Thousands – tens of thousands – more.

HEROIC CHAPLAIN

Pte Knight's service was conducted by Presbyterian minister and military chaplain Andrew Gillison (1868-1915), whose own life story and Gallipoli heroism and death also makes fascinating reading.

Chaplain to the Forces (CF) Gillison, a Scotsman, was not only a man of the cloth but one of few AIF chaplains with any previous military experience, having served as a private in the Queen's Edinburgh Rifle Volunteer Corps in 1885-87.

Accepting a call in 1903 to St Paul's Presbyterian Church, Brisbane, in 1909 he became minister at St George's Church, East St Kilda in Melbourne.

Appointed a part-time chaplain to the Australian Military Forces on 9 November 1906, he was chaplain to the Victorian Scottish Regiment from 1909. Appointed Chaplain-Captain (4th Class) in the AIF on 23 October 1914, he applied for the 14th Battalion out of respect for its commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Richmond Edmond Courtney.

His parishioners bade him a fond farewell, presenting him with two cameras, field-glasses, an automatic pistol, a wristlet watch, an attaché case and a purse of 20 guineas.

CF Gillison left Melbourne with 14 Infantry Battalion via HMAT *Ulysses* A38 on 22 December 1914.

Arriving in camp at Heliopolis, Egypt, on 3 February 1915, he participated in training exercises and attended lectures.

Sent to Gallipoli at the start of the mission, CF Gillison had a good view of the ANZAC landing from his destroyer and wrote the Australians showed "a dash characteristic of the finest British traditions".

CF Gillison's diary, as with Pte Knight's, initially read as a tourist guide to the pyramids and Cairo markets, yet took on a starkly different tone as sounds of the ANZAC Day battle reached his ship as it entered the Dardanelles.

"The moment they [the ANZACs] had got a footing over the edge a machine gun opened upon them and simply withered them up," he wrote. "Such a storm of lead I had of course never before seen and could not have imagined, tearing up the ground and littering it with fragments of undergrowth and mangled men."

CF Gillison landed on 26 April about 11pm but the message ordering him ashore was an error and he returned to sea where he cared for the wounded and buried eight men, including Pte Knight, who were sent to their final resting place off the side of the ship.

Going ashore at what became known as ANZAC Cove on the third morning, CF Gillison was, he believed, the second chaplain at Gallipoli, after Catholic padre Father John Fahey from Perth, taking up duty at a dressing station.



MAN OF THE CLOTH: Chaplain Andrew Gillison who lost his life at Gallipoli.

Consoling the wounded and burying the dead, CF Gillison prayed over men of all denominations but found the burial of the dead, on the day of the truce arranged for that purpose (24 May), a gruesome task.

"I never beheld such a sickening sight in my life and hope it may not be my lot again," he wrote in his diary.

Tragically, that was his final entry.

He died on 22 August 1915 of wounds sustained whilst retrieving a soldier.

Australia's official war historian, Charles Bean, records that whilst CF Gillison was waiting to read the burial service for the fallen, he heard someone groaning in nearby scrub in No Man's Land between the ANZAC and Turk trenches. He had been warned against moving on to the ridge in daylight but went forward far enough to see the wounded man and called for help to retrieve the injured soldier.

In full view of the enemy, CF Gillison leapt over the top of a trench. "I am being eaten alive by ants," the chaplain had heard.

His commander screamed to take cover but the chaplain ignored him, continuing to the injured man. A nearby soldier said: "It's no use, you can save your breath. He is a man who fears no bullet."

As they dragged him back, a Turkish sniper opened fire.

CF Gillison was shot between the shoulders with the bullet exiting his chest near the heart. "I'm just a servant, going home to my Master," were amongst the popular chaplain's last words at No. 16 (British) Casualty Clearing Station.

He was the only Australian chaplain killed at Gallipoli.

Reverend Ernest Northcroft Merrington, who conducted CF Gillison's burial service by moonlight at No. 2 Post above ANZAC Beach, recorded the moment in his diary: "He was a soldier and a friend to all. Full of high spirit and cheerfulness, knowing no fear, he led the men along the paths of their duty in this great campaign. He

died for an unknown wounded man. What decoration, posthumous or in the time of life, can surpass the glory of his deed in pure, unselfish heroism?"

CF Gillison's wife Isobel, three sons and a daughter survived him. One son, Douglas Napier, wrote the World War II official history of the Royal Australian Air Force in 1939-42.

BROTHERS IN ARMS

Another who watched the Gallipoli landing was Wilf Knight's elder brother Eric, a member of New Zealand's Expeditionary Force.

Trooper Eric saw history being made from the super dreadnought battleship HMS *Queen Elizabeth* and wrote to his father from Gallipoli on 10 July 1915.

"We were all sorry to hear about poor Wilf, I knew he was wounded the day they landed here, but I hadn't heard anything more, and I didn't want to say anything until I was quite sure," he wrote. "Syd went away to the trenches last night so I'll have our burrow all to myself for a day or two. We live pretty well like rabbits here, when the shrapnel comes over we all disappear into our burrows, just like a lot of rabbits when you fire off a gun. I had a letter from Mum and one from Doris (his sister) today. We are getting good tucker here, though we have to cook it ourselves."

From June 1915 to March 1918 for up to five instalments a month *The Tuapeka Times* published the Lawrence District High School Roll of Honour. Wilf Knight was the first of 30 former students killed.

Eric Knight was wounded on 9 August, evacuated to Alexandria, where he recovered, and served in France until the end of the war.

Like Eric, Tpr Sydney William Knight also made it back to New Zealand and lived until he was 75, passing away in 1966.

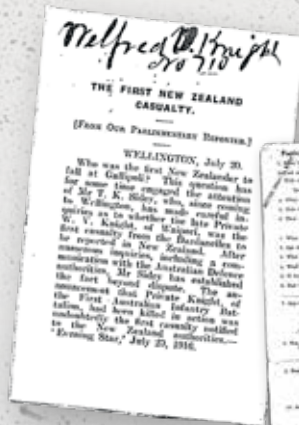


BROTHERS IN ARMS:
(above) Wilf Knight's younger brother Eric, wounded on Bauchop's Hill, Gallipoli, on 9 August 1915. He survived, returned to New Zealand and lived until 1977.

COUSIN: (left) Sydney Knight who fought with the New Zealand regiment, Otago Mounted Rifles, at Gallipoli and the Somme.

CONFIRMATION:
(below) Newspaper report corroborating reports Wilf Knight was New Zealand's first reported Gallipoli casualty with his Roll of Honour circular.

PIONEER:
Wilf Knight's father Frederick William was a Waipori stalwart, having served his community in many and varied roles including postmaster, registrar of births, deaths and marriages, Justice of the Peace, cemetery trustee and Clerk of the Wardens' Court.



KING P.

KIRBY A.H.

KIRBY J.H.

KIRWAN L.M.

KNIGHT P.M.P.

KNIGHT W.V.

KNOTT E.G.

KNOTT S.S.

KNOX J.

KNOX L.U.

KYNEUR A.E.

LAHEY W.G.

LAHZ R.

LAKE G.

LAKE L.C.

*BRONZED AUSSIE: Wilfred Knight's
name immortalised on the Australian War
Memorial Roll of Honour in Canberra.*



SAD NEWS RELAYED

When Mary Knight heard her son Wilf had been killed at Gallipoli, with a stiff upper lip, she responded thus: "Well, I have no regrets, because he died for a just cause, and if I had a dozen sons I would not object to every one of them going to fight for their King and country and the flag of liberty."

Such stoicism in the face of such sorrow came from someone whose son was the first reported New Zealand casualty of the Gallipoli landing, and whose husband was chairman of the Waipori Patriotic Association in both the Boer and Great Wars.

New Zealand Minister of Defence James Allen had received a cablegram from Australian Defence Headquarters in Melbourne telling him Pte Knight had died from wounds between 27-29 April.

Adelaide-born James Allen (later Sir James), who held New Zealand's Defence portfolio from 1912-20, would also suffer enormous personal grief with the loss of his son, John, killed in June 1915 whilst serving with the British forces at Gallipoli.

Mr Knight had received two official messages:

"To F W Knight, Waipori – Minister of Defence of Australia sends the sad news that your son, Private W V Knight, of the 1st Australian Infantry Battalion, died between 27th and 29th of wounds received at Dardanelles. I deeply regret the loss and sympathise with you but feel that grief will be modified by his sacrifice for flag and country – J ALLEN."

"To Fred William Knight, Waipori – Defence Headquarters, Melbourne, advises your son, Private W V Knight, First Australian Infantry Battalion, died 29th ult., of wounds received in action, Dardanelles. Commandant deeply regrets your loss. – Adjutant General."

Fred Knight ran a store at Waipori and was postmaster, registrar of births, deaths and marriages, chairman of the Waipori Miners' Association and a former Tuapeka county councillor. He told *The Otago Daily Times* whilst of course it grieved him to lose his son, but with him the safety of the Empire came first, and it was only to be expected when men were engaged in a fight such as the present there would be many casualties, and it might be the lot of any parent to lose whom they held most dear.

An acknowledgement card the family sent out read:

Waipori, June 1915

We wish to thank you for your kind expression of sympathy in the bereavement we have suffered in the death of our son Wilfred, who fell fighting for his country at the landing of the Australian and New Zealand troops on the Gallipoli Peninsula, at the Dardanelles.

The knowledge of the successful landing, and that our son's life was not given in vain, together with your kind expression of sympathy have helped us to bear our grief – which is not marked by regret, but rather with a feeling of pride that our brave son went to fight for his country and for British Freedom and Justice.

Yours sincerely,

F. W. & M. Knight

BRAVERY IMMORTALISED

On 3 May 1915, details were first published in New Zealand newspapers, including *The Otago Daily Times*, of the landing and the part played by Australians and New Zealanders.

The extensive coverage included the grim headline, THE ROLL OF HONOUR. DEATH OF PRIVATE W. V. KNIGHT.

Thomas Sidney, a New Zealand Parliamentarian from 1901-28 and representing the electorate of Dunedin South through the war, spent a considerable time determining whether Pte Knight was his country's first reported Gallipoli casualty and found it to be so.

Pte Knight's belongings – a brown paper parcel containing two notebooks, cards, a handkerchief and photos – were sent to his parents via *Ulysses* on 3 January 1916.

Pte Knight's British War Medal, Gallipoli Medal (1914-15 Star) and Victory Medal all arrived at his parents' home on 18 February 1921.

Later that year, on 22 October, his father signed for Wilf's Memorial Plaque, or Dead Man's Penny ... the war medal no family wanted to receive, for it meant a loved one had been killed on duty.

The fiercely proud and patriotic Knight family erected a memorial to Wilf and his claim to ANZAC fame.

The obelisk stands near Waipori Cemetery. Built in 1935 by Eric and paid for by his father, it contains a large bronze plaque which reads: "In memory of No. 710 Wilfred Victor Knight, 1st Bn A.I.F. Born Waipori 6/4/1890 First New Zealander reported killed in action on Gallipoli in the Great War 1914-1918."

Indeed he was and no-one can ever take that away from this gallant free spirit who symbolises the ANZAC legend with his close ties on both sides of the Tasman.

The Australian War Memorial honoured Wilfred with a Last Post Ceremony on 23 April 2015 – two days before the ANZAC centenary.

This was timely and appropriate, but perhaps now it is fitting that funds are raised to erect a permanent tribute to this valiant Digger – a life-sized bronze statue of him in Junee's Broadway so everyone, locals and visitors to town, can be reminded of his service, sacrifice and his inimitable link to the ANZAC story.

The culture and values of the modern armies of Australia and New Zealand are similar.

The Australian Army's core values are courage, excellence, integrity, respect and service with New Zealand placing *tū tika* (commitment), *tū tira* (comradeship), *tū kaha* (courage) and *tū maia* (integrity) as its priorities.

Wilfred Knight was an original ANZAC. He had all of these attributes ... a Kiwi, an adopted son of Junee, an Australian Digger who gave his life and, in so doing, earned his place in the pantheon of ANZAC heroes.



INSET: The plaque declaring the significance of the fallen New Zealand hero.

MEMORIAL: The special monument erected by his grieving family in memory of Wilfred Knight near the Waipori Cemetery.



NOW AND THEN: Junee's Memorial Clock Tower on Broadway (main picture) with a New Zealand flag flying overhead in recognition of the ANZAC links through Private Wilfred Knight and (above) as it was not long after its official opening on 21 May 1928 ... Erected by the residents of Junee and district to the honour of the living and the everlasting glory of the dead.

HONOURED: (below) Wilfred Knight's name on the memorial of his adopted community, Junee.



WORDSMITH: Mayor of Junee Shire, Councillor Neil Smith, is something of a poet laureate, and has composed this beautiful and stirring tribute to ANZAC Wilfred Knight.



THE ANZAC SEED

Here's the tale of an ANZAC, a story that needs to be known,
Of a chap named Wilfred Knight, who came to these shores on his own.
He left New Zealand, from the south isle, from his hometown, Waipori,
To Sydney in Australia, then to the railway town of Junee.
He was a railway fireman, a young man of twenty-four,
When the call went out in 1915 and Australia went to war.
Our Wilf was mortally wounded on that first day at Gallipoli,
On the 25th Day of April, shortly after, he was buried at sea.
Now Wilf to me is a symbol, of adventurous youth that's true,
But the important thing, that he represents, is the seed from which the ANZACs grew.
A New Zealander and an Australian, an ANZAC in every sense of the word,
He, like so many others, gave his life to preserve our world.
That seed that's grown so tall and strong, a bond that will not break,
A solid camaraderie that changing times and generations, can't shake.

I see Wilf standing tall in the Tasman, arms outstretched reaching east and west,
Holding our nations together, preserving a link that's the best.
So the message today that beats in our hearts, the message to cry out loud,
Is the value of like-minded neighbours, of a staunch and solid crowd.
A toast my friends gather round, my Aussie and NZ neighbours,
To peace and common understanding, as around us the wider world labours.
To the ANZACs and others before us, keeping us from the world's strife.
To the camaraderie that's still within us, to preserving our way of life.
To helping and giving to others, to love and the brotherhood of man.
Let's listen and tolerate others, we know that it's right, and we can.
To our flags now flying together, in the breeze high, proud and unfurled.
To standing strong now and forever, to showing the way forward to the world.
Finally, now an affirmation, may we always seek peace and goodwill,
May Australians and New Zealanders forever, show solidarity and stand together still.

Neil Smith
09/03/2022





AC/W Rita Edwards



AC/W Gladys Sara Hardey



MOURNED: Members of the Australian War Me

THEY GAVE AS MUCH AS

OF THE 82 graves in the Wagga Wagga War Cemetery, four belong to members of the Women's Auxiliary Australian Air Force (WAAAF).

They gave their all and died serving their country. Each died in sad circumstances and at young ages.

They were mourned in their respective home towns and certainly in the garrison town of Wagga Wagga which bore more than its share of heartache and loss in World War II.

Aircraftwoman 4th Class Gladys Sara Hardey was the youngest and the first of the four women to lose her life. She was only 20 when she succumbed to illness on 20 July 1943. AC/W Hardey was stationed at 5 Aircraft Depot at the time of her death.

Born at Cootamundra on 8 August 1922, AC/W Hardey was the daughter of Albert Joseph and Gladys Sara of Murrumburrah and had three sisters: Rita – who was also in the WAAAF at Forest Hill – as well as Patricia and Una.

AC/W Hardey's uncle, Private Peter Joseph Kelleher, died of illness aged 32 at sea, en route to Port Moresby, whilst serving with 2/22 Australian Infantry Battalion on 19 February 1942.

Corporal Robina Guild Kirk was also a Riverina local and at the time of her 5 March 1942 enlistment was living at Leeton where she had married husband George Alexander Herbert in 1941.

The newlyweds were both Scottish born. George, too, did his duty, having signed with the Australian Army in 1940.

He was a Sergeant at the time of his wife's death, from illness at Wagga Wagga Military Hospital, at the age of 26 at 7am on 1 March 1944.

Cpl Kirk was posted to 5 Service Flying Training School, Uranquinty.

"The late Cpl Kirk," reported *The Murrumbidgee Irrigator* of Leeton, "was a popular young woman in the Murrumbidgee district, and was one who possessed a good knowledge of farming, being quite a capable assistant to her father (Stuart)."

Just 26, she was buried on 3 March 1944 and her heartbroken husband was discharged a week later.

Dorothy Edith Hudson of Belmore in Sydney passed away on 10 December 1944 in what was a tragic week for the WAAAF.

It was a Sunday afternoon, about 3.30, when 21-year-old Cpl Hudson walked into shallow water of the Murrumbidgee River at the Brick Kiln Reserve, opposite the Civil Airport.

She was behind a member of the Royal Australian Air Force, Cpl Eric John Halligan, who stepped into a hole. "On turning to warn the WAAAF to return to the bank," *The Daily Advertiser* reported the next day, "he found that she had disappeared.

"The girl appeared for a second time and then again disappeared, and despite the efforts of those with her, was not seen again."

About 200 square yards of the river was dragged from 4pm to 7.30pm and then divers were used until it was too dark to see.



of the WAAAF immortalised memorial.



Cpl Dorothy Edith Hudson



Cpl Robina Guild Kirk

ANY & MORE THAN MANY

Police and members of the Bridging Wing resumed the search the following morning and two hours later made the grim discovery of Cpl Hudson's body 150 metres from where she disappeared.

Coroner Hugh Oates, Wagga Wagga's Mayor during much of World War I and who actually enlisted for service two months shy of his 45th birthday, presided at the coronial inquest into Cpl Hudson's death.

In finding death by drowning, Coroner Oates remarked: "The only safe spot to swim in the river, and it is not always safe, is at the bathing beach."

The Hudsons were patriotic people and, sadly, had already endured much in the service of our nation.

Dorothy's father Harold Henry was invalided home from Gallipoli, aged 22, after being shot in the neck and throat which required a tracheotomy. He suffered as a result for the rest of his life.

Harold's brother Herbert Thomas was killed in action, aged 21, at Lone Pine on 7-8 August 1915.

Harold married Dorothy Minnie Price in Ashfield on 13 November 1916 and Dorothy was born on 21 November 1923, following the births of Arthur (who served as a RAAF Flying Officer in WWII) in 1917 and Robert in 1921.

Cpl Hudson's bereaved parents attended her funeral and burial, held on 12 December 1944.

The pall of gloom caused by Cpl Hudson's death continued to hang over the community.

Just two days after Cpl Hudson's interment, AC/W 4th Class Rita Edwards, struck by a passing car on the Tarcutta Road between Alfredtown and Forest Hill

about 8pm on 30 October, succumbed to her severe internal injuries.

Aged 28, AC/W Edwards and a colleague were about to enter a stationary car when both were hit by the other vehicle.

She survived her parents Joseph and Ivy May Player of Hamilton who attended her sad farewell.

AC/W Edwards was a widow, having lost her husband of eight years, English-born Charles, when he died as a Prisoner of War aged 29 in Thailand on the Burma Railway on 28 May 1943.

Rita enlisted in Sydney on 15 July 1943.

As with Cpl Hudson, Rita's family knew all too well the tragic consequences of war.

Her late husband's father Albert died at the age of 39 on the Western Front on 3 May 1917 serving with the British military and was buried in Arras, Pas-de-Calais, France.

The Wagga Wagga War Cemetery is a peaceful place, surrounded by tall gums and with shrubs and colourful flowers growing around the marble headstones.

Cpls Hudson and Kirk and AC/Ws Edwards and Hardey are buried alongside 78 other Australians who came to Wagga Wagga's military bases to serve and train, not knowing the town would be their final resting place.

These WAAAF heroines might not necessarily have had any medals and ribbons pinned to their uniforms but their sacrifice is every bit as exceptional as any who served or serves our country and we owe them an everlasting debt of gratitude for it.

NORMAN'S NEW UNIFORM BOUGHT A

A NEW uniform brought Bimbi soldier Norman Carr a few days of decent treatment as a Prisoner of War, but after an English-speaking Turkish interpreter discovered Norman was a mere Trooper his conditions went downhill fast.

Norman, a member of 1 Light Horse Regiment 12th Reinforcements, was on outpost duty watching a flank in the Jordan Valley on 1 May 1918, when unbeknownst to him the Australians withdrew from their position.

What happened next to Norman is recorded in Margaret Nowlan-Jones's and Bruce Robinson's book *Bimbi And District ANZACs*, which includes a statement he later provided to Army authorities.

"... I went back to report to my post my troop occupied and was surprised to find it was occupied by Turks," Norman said.

"I was fired on at point blank range but missed. I was then taken prisoner and sent back to Turkish headquarters.

"I was treated well for the first few days as I was taken for an officer being in a new uniform and there being no one in that camp that could speak English.

"The first HQ I was taken to that had an interpreter finished my good treatment. As soon as they found out that I was a Trooper I was stripped of all my clothes and given Turkish rags. I was made to walk from the River Jordan to Nablus, about 18 miles over stony hills bare footed."

Luckily, Norman's incarceration lasted just a few months because conditions were so poor.

"While being conveyed from Nablus to Damascus we got very little food, one loaf of bread and a few olives. This would not amount to a quarter ration, bread alone in our own army," Norman wrote in his statement.

He also wrote: "My first internment camp was at Damascus. I was there about five days, was on starvation ration and in a military prison."

Later, Norman worked on a railway line at Kelebek, but could only work for five days in six weeks as he could not stand the conditions.

"We had to work ten and a half hours per day and had to do the first six hours without anything to eat," he wrote.

Although he was allowed to write a letter home once a week, Trooper Carr said he never received a letter or a parcel in return and was never treated by enemy doctors.

Norman survived the war and sailed to Australia on



MEMORIAL: The refurbished Bimbi Soldiers' Memorial.

28 November 1918. He married Bessie Hill a year later.

His name is inscribed on the Bimbi Soldiers' Memorial which was officially opened on 27 August 1922.

Bimbi will celebrate the 100th anniversary of the memorial on 27 August 2022, commemorating the sacrifice of a small community which gave much more than it could recover from to a war which was supposed to end all wars.

The memorial includes the names of 68 district men who served in World War I, including 18 who died in the service of their country.

It was refurbished in 2018 thanks to the generosity of Trooper Carr's youngest daughter Robyn Mara and her husband, Max. Michael and Lucy Nowlan provided white pebbles that decorate the ground around the memorial.

On 25 July 1922, *The Sydney Morning Herald* wrote about the memorial, saying the people of Bimbi displayed their loyalty by raising £250 for a soldiers' memorial.

FEW DAYS OF DECENT TREATMENT

The community brought the memorial stone from Sydney and had the soldiers' names cut into the stone.

The Grenfell Record published a report of the official opening.

“The Monument presents a very fine appearance and the Bimbi people may be justly proud of it, containing as it does the names of sixty-eight Australians who answered the call to duty. Many of those names on the stone belong to the oldest families to come to the district, the people who blazed the trail,” the report said.

According to that paper, £246 was actually raised for the monument, of which £205 10s was spent and the balance would go to a suitable fence.

Norman and Bessie (née Hill) raised four children – George, Norma, Donald and Allan – all of whom served in World War II.

Bessie's brothers, George (nicknamed “Podge”) and Townshend (“Townie”), were amongst the 18 sons of Bimbi who died in WWI.

Bessie died in 1934 and Norman remarried in 1939 to Thelma (née Bailey). They had four children – Margaret (1941), Judith (1943), Peter (1945) and Robyn (1946).

Norman died on Australia Day in 1952, aged 69, and is buried in the Bimbi Cemetery.

SOLDIER MATES: Norman Carr (centre) with two unidentified mates.



DESERT WAR: A photograph taken by Norman Carr of soldiers in the Middle East digging in.

FORBES HEROES FOUGHT AND FELL TOGETHER



FORBES HERO: James Mountain ("Mount") Simmonds



FORBES HERO: Edley ("Boy") Simmonds

THEY were literally brothers in arms – Edley (“Boy”) and James Mountain (“Mount”) Simmonds – who grew up together on their family farm at Warroo, 33 kilometres west of Forbes, and died together on the Kokoda Trail.

In life and in death they were inseparable, playing cricket and tennis alongside each other as kids and working side by side on the farm as young men.

And in the heat of battle on November 10 1942, “Boy” took up the Bren gun “Mount” had been carrying when killed by a Japanese sniper, charged towards the shooter and was also shot dead almost immediately by the same marksman.

Taking the oath of enlistment together at Forbes more than two years earlier on 7 May 1940, “Boy”, then aged 27 and three months, was given the enlistment number NX14282 and “Mount”, aged 25 and seven months, was given NX14281.

The fourth and fifth sons of Thomas and Katherine (née

Pasley), “Boy” and “Mount” first saw action in World War II as members of the 7th Division’s 25th Brigade, 2/31 Battalion D Company against Vichy French forces (Nazi Germany collaborators) at Jezzine in Lebanon in June 1941.

They had a hot time of it during the battle for the Middle East town and, it could be said, let their country guts and grit ride over their military training when a grenade was lobbed in their direction during an Australian advance on 9-10 July.

Instead of falling flat to the ground when the grenade landed, the pair stood their ground, waiting for an opportunity to take a shot at the grenade thrower. “Boy” suffered a shrapnel wound to his arm when the bomb exploded.

“Mount” described the excitement in a letter to their younger sister Gladys: “He (‘Boy’) would have been quite safe then if he had lay flat on the ground as our training had taught us. I think he was just as anxious to get a go

at the Froggie that threw the bomb at us. We both stood still, we were about 20 yards apart at the time the bomb hit the ground between us and roared (sic) past us a few yards. We both knew the danger of it, but for the time being we forgot about it, all we wanted was a chance to hit back when he came up to throw the next one & sure enough that chance came soon after the first one exploded behind us, but he never had a chance to throw the next one, at the time I was in charge of a gun that spits five or six hundred rounds a minute. I don't know what damage I did, but 'Boy' had a look and said things were as we meant it."

The 7th Division was called home in early 1942 as fear of a Japanese invasion gripped the nation and after training in Queensland, the 2/31st disembarked at Port Moresby on 9 September with the mission of halting the enemy's advance.

The Kokoda Trail (July-November 1942) is etched into Australia's military history as one of our greatest victories, but, according to the Australian War Memorial, it came at a cost of some 625 Diggers killed, 1,600 wounded and more than 4,000 afflicted with disease. The Battle of Oivi-Gorari (5-11 November) in which "Boy" and "Mount" were killed was the last major engagement on the Kokoda Trail, after which the Japanese retreated.

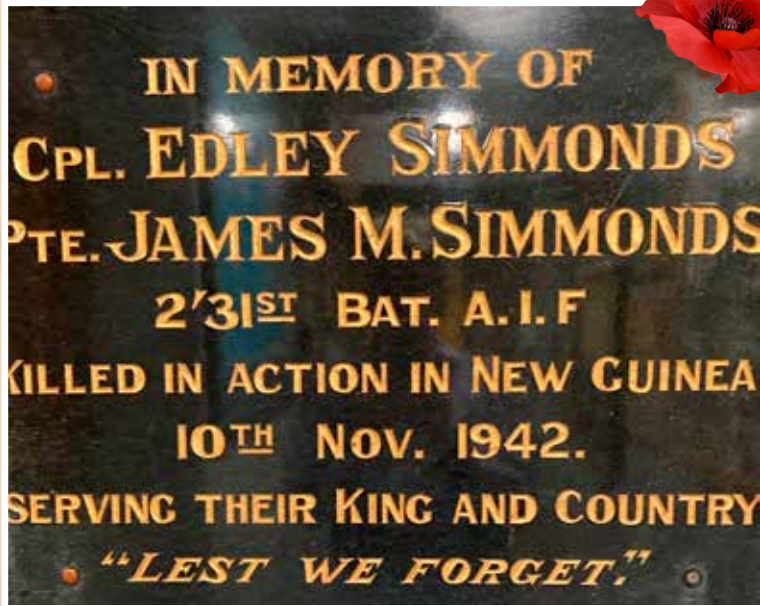
A description of the final moments of these two Forbes

heroes is contained in an album compiled by their niece, Susanne Clarkson, Gladys's second daughter. The album uses their service records, their letters written home and, after their deaths, letters received by the family to chronicle their lives:

"The soldiers knew the enemy trenches were about 50 yards from their position. The command was given, and D Company (2/31st) charged. They raced over the rough terrain toward the enemy. About five yards from the enemy line, 'Mount' was hit in the chest by an enemy sniper, falling to his knees. His mate, Frank Bassett, pushed him to the ground, yelling at him to 'get down!'. Frank did not get a response. 'Boy' then lunged for the Bren gun that 'Mount' had been using intending to turn it on the enemy, only to be instantaneously shot in the head by the same sniper. The battle lasted a mere 10 minutes, and at its conclusion, the brothers lay silently side by side."

"Boy" and "Mount" are buried in the Bomana War Cemetery in New Guinea.

A tribute to the Simmonds brothers, including a memorial tablet placed in the Warroo Church in June 1943, is maintained in the Forbes Services Memorial Club. A copy of the album *In Their Own Words* is held by the Forbes Family History Group.



MEMORIAL: The memorial plaque to Boy and Mount Simmonds which was laid in the Warroo Church in 1943 and is now in the Forbes Services Memorial Club.

MURDERED NURSE LE

IMAGINE the heartache of not knowing the whereabouts of your beloved daughter, sister and friend for nearly 2½ years as war was waged all around.

That was the anguished Ida Kerr and her son Ken, daughter Vera and the close-knit Central West community of Woodstock near Cowra endured after losing contact with much-loved Janet (Jenny) in 1942.

It is 80 years this year since Jenny Kerr and 21 other Australian Army Nursing Service (AANS) sisters were ordered by Japanese soldiers to wade into the surf at Radji Beach on Bangka Island and machine gunned in the back. It was one of the most despicable war crimes in history.

Nursing was in Jenny's pedigree.

She was born at Monteagle near Young on 8 August 1910, the daughter of John James Kerr and his wife Ida Maud (née Ellwood).

Following her mother's footsteps into the nursing profession, Jenny graduated as a nurse from St George's Hospital, Kogarah, where for many years she was a theatre sister.

Jenny had enlisted at Kogarah to serve as an Army nurse on 19 August 1941 and left Australia that month, sailing for Malaya and Singapore on the Hospital Ship *Wanganella*, arriving on 15 September 1941.

Her paybook photo indicates she had brown hair and brown eyes, Service No. NX76279. She was part of the 2/13th Australian General Hospital initially located at St Patrick's School on Singapore Island. Between 21 and 23 November 1941 the entire hospital was moved across the Straits to Tampoi Hill on the southern tip of the Malay Peninsula.

The swiftness of the invading Japanese force caused most of the hospital staff to be evacuated back to Singapore in late January 1942.

On the evening of 12 February 1942, SS *Vyner Brooke* was one the last ships carrying evacuees to leave Singapore. Although usually carrying only 12 passengers, in addition to 47 crew, *Vyner Brooke* sailed south with 181 passengers on board, most of them women and children. Amongst the passengers were the last 65 Australian nurses in Singapore, including Jenny Kerr.

Throughout the daylight hours of 13 February *Vyner Brooke* laid up in the lee of a small jungle-covered island, but was attacked late in the afternoon by a Japanese aircraft, fortunately with no serious casualties. At sunset a run was made for the Bangka Strait, heading for Palembang in Sumatra. Prowling Japanese warships, however, impeded progress. Daylight on 14 February found her dangerously exposed on a flat sea just inside the strait.

Shortly after 2pm *Vyner Brooke* was attacked by several Japanese aircraft. Despite evasive action, she was crippled by several bombs and within 30 minutes rolled and sunk bow first. About 150 survivors made it ashore at Bangka Island,



HONOURED: Jenny Kerr's name amongst the fallen at the Australian War Memorial.



AT WOODSTOCK: Jenny Kerr is rightly revered in her home town.

BACKGROUND PICTURE: Murdered nurse floral tribute to her memory at Radji Beach in 20

FT LASTING LEGACY



ANGEL OF MERCY: Sister Jenny Kerr

after periods of between eight and 65 hours in the water. The island had already been occupied by the Japanese.

Jenny made it to Radji Beach, presumably on one of the two lifeboats which arrived there and further along the coast.

The survivors huddled on the sand around a fire, discussing their plight. Eventually, a group of able-bodied people walked to nearby Muntok town to surrender, figuring that was their best chance of survival. How wrong they were.

They soon returned, accompanied by a group of a dozen Japanese soldiers who gestured to half of the shipwrecked men to move around a cove. After a while, the Japanese returned, wiping their bloodied bayonets and demanding the remaining men follow the first group.

By mid-morning on 16 February, the Japanese soldiers returned from killing the male survivors behind the headland and the nurses must have realised with dread the awful fate awaiting them.

“Bully, they have murdered them all,” Jenny said to Vivian Bullwinkel, who would be the only survivor, feigning death after being struck by a bullet which passed completely through her body, missing her internal organs.

Shortly after, the nurses, many of whom were violated first, as well as one civilian, Carrie Betteridge, were walked into the sea and callously shot.

Five lines in *The Sydney Morning Herald’s* Roll of Honour notices of 15 July 1944 confirmed what many had feared for so long ... that Sister Kerr was “now believed killed”.

The Cootamundra Herald’s Stockinbingal correspondent eulogised about Sister Jenny on 5 October 1945, stating that she was “well known and highly esteemed by everyone here”.

Jenny, the report stated, had spent many holidays staying at the local hotel with her brother.

“The sympathy of the whole community goes out to the relatives in their sad loss under such tragic circumstances,” the newspaper article concluded.

Sister Bullwinkel wrote to Mrs Kerr in 1945 and her letter read in part: “Jenny’s bravery in her hour of crisis lends lustre to her profession she was carrying out so nobly.”

AANS Matron Alice Marion Prichard described Jenny as “a delightful person and loved by all the staff because of her never-ending acts of kindness”.

Jenny is commemorated in a number of places, but particularly and appropriately on the Roll of Honour at Woodstock where there is a beautiful main street memorial park, officially opened by New South Wales Governor Sir John Northcote on 19 November 1954.

An interpretive sign unveiled on ANZAC Day 2015 details accounts of the Bangka Island massacre and Jenny’s war service.



SAD NOTICE: Jenny Kerr’s grim fate announced in *The Sydney Morning Herald* of 15 July 1944.

MOTHER'S SENSE OF DREAD FORETOLD SON'S DEATH ON THE BATTLEFIELD

IT WAS a scene as haunting as it was tragic.

Mrs Concordia (Cordi) Appelt was in her Trungley Hall home when she suddenly felt a sense of dread that drove her to run outside screaming and exclaim to others: "I am expecting bad news about dear Norman."

On a calendar, a shaken Mrs Appelt drew a circle around the date – 26 October 1942.

Three days later, Mrs Appelt's second son, 23-year-old Norman, was killed in action at the Battle of El-Alamein in Egypt and her premonition was fulfilled.

Corporal Appelt was one of two men from Trungley Hall, about 18 kilometres from Temora, who died in World War II.

The other was his good mate, Walter Forck, who also became Norman's brother-in-law when he married Norman's younger sister, Heather, on 26 December 1940.

Tragically, Walter witnessed Norman's death and then lost his own life on 22 September 1943 in action at Scarlett Beach, near Finschhafen in New Guinea.

So poor Heather lost both her husband and her brother in the space of 11 months.

The gloom that fell on Trungley Hall over that time was a far cry from the excitement of the large throng that gathered at the home of Norman's parents, Reverend Wilhelm Ernst Johannes (Ernst) Appelt and Cordi, on 18 March 1941 to farewell Norman and Walter.

Norman was a labourer, aged 21 years and four months, when he officially signed up in Wagga Wagga on 27 August 1940. Walter, aged 28 years and three months,

signed up the same day; the two men probably sitting next to each other at a table as they signed their attestation form.

Norman had been working as a farm labourer at Henty when he signed up and looked forward to buying his own property at war's end. Walter had been working as a farm hand around the Trungley Hall district.

The function to farewell Norman and Walter before they embarked overseas was described in *The Temora Independent* at the time as one of the largest and most enthusiastic audiences ever assembled in Trungley Hall.

According to the *Independent*, the school hall was "quite inadequate to house the crowd" so an open air concert was arranged in the grounds of Rev. and Mrs Appelt's home.

The affair was organised and chaired by Alf Briese as local committeeman of the Reefton-Trungley Hall Patriotic and War Fund Committee.

Norman and Walter, both holding the rank of Corporal at that time, were well and truly feted at the party and were described as gallant young soldiers.

Tracey Robinson's book *From Duck Creek to Trungley Hall* includes a newspaper report on the farewell and records Councillor William Leaf Donaldson of Narraburra Shire Council saying it was both a happy and sad occasion.

"He was happy to see that these young men were willing to go and fight for their country, but sorry that the necessity to do so had arisen. He told what the Shire Council was doing to provide comforts for the soldiers. He expressed his appreciation for the action of Corporals Appelt and Forck, and in wishing them farewell he hoped that before they arrived overseas an armistice would be declared, and they could return home," the report said.

The president of the Reefton-Trungley Hall Patriotic and War Fund Committee, Eric Schlunke, presented Norman and Walter each with a writing wallet, saying the gift was "a small thing compared with the great compliment that was paid to the boys by the huge crowd, which had gathered to wish them farewell. He knew that the boys would remember how much their people thought of them, when their job was difficult and unpleasant, and it would keep them in good spirits."

On 9 April 1941, Norman and Walter sailed from Sydney on Convoy US.10 headed for the Middle East and arrived in Egypt on 3 May 1941, joining the 2/13th Australian Infantry Battalion in the Australian 9th Division, led by Lieutenant General Leslie Morshead.

For a reason not disclosed in his military papers, Norman's rank reverted to Private on 7 June 1941.



KILLED IN ACTION: Walter Forck in uniform. He fought in two of Australia's vital World War II campaigns.



RAT OF TOBRUK: Norman Appelt's headstone at the El-Alamein War Cemetery.

Norman and Walter became Rats of Tobruk, famously named by Nazi propagandist Lord Haw-Haw (William Joyce) as an insult but taken on as a badge of honour by the Allied troops who held out in the Panzerarmee Afrika, led by Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, for eight months during the siege of Tobruk, a strategically vital city.

The majority of the 9th Division was withdrawn from Tobruk between September and October 1941, but Norman and Walter's 2/13th Battalion stayed at the garrison until it was relieved in December.

Tracey Robinson's book records Norman was slightly wounded at Tobruk.

Between July and November 1942, the 9th Division, with Norman and Walter still in its ranks, played a key role in two of three major battles around El-Alamein, wresting back control of the region after German and Italian troops, led by Rommel, gained the ascendancy from January.

On the night of 23 October 1942, the Allies launched an offensive which began with a massive artillery barrage and involved extremely fierce fighting by the 9th Division as the Aussies took on Rommel's best soldiers and bettered them. The Australian War Memorial's account of the battle says places such as Thompson's Post, the Fig Orchard, the Blockhouse and the Saucer "became an inferno of fire and steel as the Australians weathered the storm of bombs, shells and bullets".

The victory came at a high price for the 9th Division, which suffered almost 6,000 casualties – amongst them was Norman Martin Theodore Appelt, who made the supreme sacrifice on 29 October 1942, aged 23.

Tracey Robinson's book records that Walter witnessed the death of his mate and brother-in-law.

There can be no telling of Walter's grief at losing Norman after having known each other for so long, joining up together, becoming family and fighting shoulder to shoulder at Tobruk and El-Alamein.

With the threat of Japanese invasion of Australia looming, Prime Minister John Curtin stared down opposition from British Prime Minister Winston Churchill and US President Franklin D Roosevelt to bring the 9th Division back to Australia.

Walter left the Middle East on 26 January 1943 and arrived in Sydney on 27 February 1943.

He enjoyed leave and perhaps the welcome home parade for the soldiers in Sydney before he left for Cairns and the nearby Atherton Tablelands where the 9th Division began training for jungle warfare against the Japanese who were entrenched in Papua New Guinea and on Australia's doorstep.

Having completed his training, Walter disembarked at Milne Bay in Papua New Guinea on 30 July 1943 and was soon in action.

Walter had been a part of two of the most famous battles involving Australians in WWII – the Siege of Tobruk and the Battle of El-Alamein – and was about to be involved in another ... the Huon Peninsula campaign, which began with the landing of Australian and United States troops at Scarlet Beach (Operation Diminish) on 22 September 1943.

The capture of the village of Finschhafen, about nine kilometres from Scarlet Beach, was considered vital as an air base could be built there.

Aged 31, Walter laid down his life for his country the day of the Scarlet Beach landing, one of 94 Australians killed or wounded in the attack against the Japanese.

He is buried in the Lae War Cemetery in Papua New Guinea.

The grief-stricken Trungley Hall community, many of them of the Lutheran faith like Norman and Walter, erected gates outside the village's Zion Lutheran Church in 1948 to commemorate the sacrifices of the two fallen soldiers.

The gates incorporated memorial plaques for the pair, reflecting the community's enduring love and respect for these two Diggers.

That affection continues to the day, with the gates being repaired recently and an event to mark the repairs to be held later this year.

Norman's name is located at panel 36 in the Commemorative Area at the Australian War Memorial, while Walter's name is located at panel 37 – so just in life they were close so they are also close they are also close on the Roll of Honour.

HISTORIC: The then Mayor of Narraburra Shire Council, Peter Meagher, at the opening of the Trungley Hall Lutheran Church's memorial gates in 1948.



‘DICK EVANS GAVE HIS LIFE TO HIS COUNTRY, HE DIED A MAN’S DEATH’

“MEN like Dick Evans knew that they may never return when they voluntarily enlisted with the fighting forces, but this did not prevent them from going abroad in the cause of freedom and justice.

“They fought that others may live; that those near and dear to them may never know the heel of a tyrant. Your boy, with thousands of others, retained freedom for the people of Australia. This debt can never be repaid.

“Dick Evans gave his life to his country. He died a man’s death.”

So wrote LJ (Len) McCann, Secretary of the West Wyalong Branch of The Returned Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen’s Imperial of Australia, to Driver Evans’s bereaved mother, Nellie, on 26 March 1946.

Almost six months earlier – on 12 August 1945 – Mrs Evans’s beloved third of four sons died in the Borneo jungle, one of nearly 2,000 Australians who

perished in the Sandakan or Ranau Prisoner of War camps in the final months of World War II.

Adding to the tragedy was the fact Dick Evans’s reported death was a mere three days before Japan capitulated after atomic bombs destroyed the cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Dick Evans had survived more than three years as a Prisoner of War of the Japanese after the Fall of Singapore on 15 February 1942 only to perish in the last days of the war.

Owen Richard Evans (Dick) was born at West Wyalong on 11 July 1921. His mother was Nellie Gertrude (née Wootten) and his father was Griffith Parry Evans.

Born on 2 April 1885, Nellie was a sister of George Wootten, who had an illustrious military career which culminated in him rising to the rank of Major General in February 1943 and leading the 9th Division as it beat back the Japanese in the Pacific Theatre.

S.C.E.G.S. 4th XV., 1937.



BACK ROW—D. A. WILLIAMS, K. A. Cameron, D. Irvine, P. E. Hsley, F. J. Ludowici, F. Hesham, C. K. Yuill, R. W. Kerr.
SECOND ROW—D. E. Linton, L. A. Brown, J. N. Pascoe, Esq., B. R. Barton (Captain), W. M. MacGregor, Esq., O. R. Evans, R. Taylor, I. H. Hume.
SITTING—J. Banyard, H. Moore.

RUGBY TALENT: Dick Evans (second row, sixth from left) pictured in one of Shore’s Rugby teams. Picture: Shore School Archives.

Griffith Parry Evans was born in Wagga Wagga on 22 March 1869 and so was 16 years older than Nellie when they married on 24 September 1908.

The couple had six children – the eldest was named Griffith Parry after his father, followed by Myril Louise, Lloyd George, Nellie Wootten (having her mother's maiden name as her second name), Owen Richard and William Geoffrey (Bill).

The son of a Wagga Wagga builder, William Griffith Evans, and Sarah (née Drennan), Griffith Parry Evans (senior) was educated at Sydney High School and the University of Sydney, where he studied law. In 1888, he was articled to Henry Berkley Fitzhardinge, a solicitor who had served as Wagga Wagga's Mayor between 1879-1881. Fitzhardinge died aged 49 on 8 April 1893 when struck by a train as he crossed the tracks while walking home.

Griffith was admitted as a solicitor on 25 November that year and in March 1894 set out for West Wyalong, where gold had been discovered. He set up an office in the vicinity of Grenfell Street before building a timber office in Main Street and later erecting the street's first brick building for his legal practice, specialising in mining law. In 1927, Griffith commissioned the building of an office at 101 Main Street, which today is occupied by the law firm GP Evans and Englert (Harcourt "Sarky" Justin Englert joined Griffith as a partner in 1929).

Around the time Nellie and Griffith married, they bought and moved into the wheat and sheep property "Carnarvon". Griffith's community interests expanded into the Farmers and Settlers Association and the Graziers Association and he was president of the Wyalong District Hospital for many years. He also helped found the West Wyalong Progress Association and West Wyalong Picnic Race Club. Griffith was also a good sportsman and an amateur cycling champion.

Griffith's public life inevitably led him to political office and on 26 March 1938 he stood for the Country Party and was elected the Member for Lachlan in the New South Wales Legislative Assembly. He was re-elected on 18 April 1941 and died in office on 16 August 1943, aged 74.

Dick spent his early years on "Carnarvon" and at West Wyalong before attending the Sydney Church of England Grammar School, known today as Shore, where he was a member of the Cadet Corps for 12 months.

Australia had been at war again for just six months when Dick enlisted in the Australian Military Forces at West Wyalong on 11 June 1940. At that time, the Australian Army had not seen action, but things were looking pretty grim for the British in Europe at that time with the evacuation of some 338,000 British and Allied soldiers from Dunkirk on the French coast between 27 May and 4 June 1940.

The Battle of Britain was just about to start and invasion of England by Germany threatened when Dick swore his oath of enlistment in Wagga Wagga on 28 June 1940.



SERVED HIS COUNTRY: Dick Evans in his Australian Army uniform.

KEEN TO ENLIST

Dick, working as a jackaroo when he signed up, was so keen to join the fight he altered his age and date of birth on his attestation form to meet the minimum enlistment age requirement.

The minimum age for enlisting in the Second Australian Imperial Force (AIF) at the time was 20 years.

The brown hair and blue-eyed Dick Evans gave his age as 20 years and 11 months, with a birth date of 11 July 1919, but, in fact, he was 18 years and 11 months, having been born on 11 July 1921.

You can clearly see on Dick's attestation form how his age and date of birth were altered. Possibly, it struck Dick at the time of completing the form he was too young to enlist and so he wrote over his age and birth details on the spot and did not have to produce a birth certificate to prove his age while the Attesting Officer turned a blind eye to the obvious alteration.

Whatever transpired, Dick Evans had committed himself to the military. Who knows if the tragic end to his life five years later could have been averted had he been rejected by the Army more than a year before he reached enlistment age?

Dick joined the 8th Division, was appointed Acting Lance Corporal within two months and underwent training as a driver while a member of 2/19th Battalion. Health wise, Dick had some minor ups and downs, but the biggest blow came when he suffered a broken right leg and ankle damage while playing in a Rugby Union match at Bathurst, where he was training, on 26 April 1941.



AT SCHOOL: Owen Richard Evans at Shore in 1936. He is standing directly behind the bespectacled headmaster Leonard Charles Robson (who is seated centre, second front row). Picture: Shore School Archives.

He wrote about the incident in a letter to his mother.

After stating he had been made captain of the 8th Division Supply Company team to play the Ammunition Company because he was the only Rugby player in the team, Dick reported his team was down four tries to nil in the first 20 minutes.

“Then I am just making a nice run when I am tackled & hear a nice crack. It was a bone in my ankle so I was brought up to hospital, given an anaesthetic & my leg set in plaster,” Dick wrote.

A military court of inquiry cleared Dick of any wrongdoing in the incident!

The injury plagued Dick for at least seven months, according to the updates given by Dick in letters home to his parents, with the ankle in particular causing him a lot of pain and affecting his mobility, which he mentioned during a public send-off at the Mallee Plains Hall on 21 July 1941.

In a report on the farewell published in *The West Wyalong Advocate* on 28 July 1941, Dick told the crowd that owing to his recent accident he could not dance as much as he would have liked to, but he had enjoyed himself immensely and appreciated the large attendance in such bad weather.

Stan Smith presented Dick with an inscribed wallet, the same type of gift Mr Smith had been presented with by Dick's father 25 years previously on the eve of Mr Smith's departure overseas with the 1st AIF. He also received an inscribed fountain pen from the Mallee Plains Comfort Fund. The evening ended with

the signing of *Auld Lang Syne* and the National Anthem.

Dick travelled to Sydney with his mother on 23 July 1941 (they were farewelled by a number of friends as well as Lloyd, Bill and Nell) and spent the next morning shopping, (including buying a sleeping bag which would improve the comfort of his jungle bedding in months to come) before the pair spent a couple of hours with family in Sydney as Dick's time to catch the train to Bathurst at 9.30pm approached.

FINAL FAREWELL

It was the last time Nellie was to see Dick alive, for a few days later the 8th Division was transported by train to Perth and sailed from Fremantle to Malaya on 7 August 1941, disembarking at Singapore on 15 August 1941.

Dick was with the 8th Division's 27 Brigade Company Australian Army Service Corps with the rank of Driver as he settled into Malaya.

He wrote to his parents on 18 August 1941: “At the present time I am enjoying the siesta period which is very welcome as it is very clammy where we are. We are under canvas amongst rubber trees on a new camp site on which the washing conveniences etc are not yet fully completed, but it is not such a bad spot.”

For almost the next four months, the war seems a distant event for Dick as he writes home about the tropical hot and rainy weather while sympathising about what appears to be a drought back in West Wyalong. He asks for talcum powder to prevent tinea, sees a fair bit of the countryside in his job as a truck driver, continues to suffer from a sore and stiff right ankle and bumps into the occasional mate from West Wyalong.

On 3 October 1941 Dick was being driven in an ambulance as a patient when the vehicle overturned.

“Apart from a few bruises and slight shock I was not hurt much & was quite okay an hour or two later. There were about eight of us in the back and fortunately no-one was seriously hurt,” he wrote in a letter home three days after the crash.

Dick mentioned little about the war in his letters home until 2 December 1941, when he speaks of rising tensions between Japan and the United States of America, just five days before the Japanese bombed the US naval base at Pearl Harbor.

“At present, we are all waiting to see what America & Japan are going to do and won't be slow off the mark if anything starts, but even so you wouldn't think anything was in the air by the manner of the boys,” Dick wrote.

A week after the Japanese raid on Pearl Harbor, after

which the United States declared war on Japan, Dick made an oblique reference to the conflict and Australia's involvement in the Pacific War.

"Owing to various moves etc last week I did not write to you, but if possible will cable to fill in the gap," Dick wrote.

"Don't worry, as I am quite safe & well and a fair way from any action and things seem to be proceeding along prescribed lines in the correct manner."

About this time, Dick was promoted and made a driver-mechanic, with most of his responsibilities revolving around servicing vehicles.

On 7 January 1942, Dick wrote: "There is very little to write about & you probably know more from the wireless & papers of the situation here than most of us do. The Japs have bombed and machine gunned objectives not far from us and have done very little damage."

Dick recounted seeing a Japanese air raid on Singapore a few nights before.

The action became hotter a few days later, with Dick writing on 17 January 1942: "Well, our boys are in action a bit further up and are putting up a wonderful fight, apparently much better than the Pommies. Jack North and Mick Galvern are in the unit which seems so far to have been in the thick of it. As we are in contact with the units every day we get most of the news and the AIF up

front are very confident and would soon clean the Japs up with some decent aerial support."

DICK'S LAST LETTER

Dick Evans's last letter home before he was captured was dated 28 January 1942, according to the diary his mother kept: "Just before the evacuation. Posted Johore," Mrs Evans wrote of the final letter before adding: "No letters from Singapore."

Mrs Evans wrote in her diary after the Fall of Singapore on 15 February 1942: "Dear old Dick reported "Missing" from 13th Feb. 1942.

Family records of Dick's fate from that time on are limited. Dick's service and casualty form record is stamped "Prisoner of War 15.2.42" and also "Maintained at Changai camp, Singapore, after capitulation ..."

One of the few hints about Dick's situation came in the form of a letter sent to Griff Evans by the Australian Military Force's Records Office in Sydney about 17 months later.

"Dear Sir," the letter read. "I have to inform you that in a message broadcast by Japanese Radio from Singapore on 5/9/43 a member of the Australian Imperial Forces is alleged to have stated that 'In excellent health, also Evans'. It would appear that Evans refers to your son NX.35953 Evans, OR."

Sadly, Griff Evans had died about two weeks before the radio broadcast.

A soldier who knew Dick in captivity wrote to Mrs Evans in October 1945 and said he last saw Dick in the infamous Sandakan PoW camp in October 1942 before he was transferred to another PoW camp at Kuching.

"About that time he was in good health," the soldier wrote.

He added the reports of the tragic happenings at Sandakan near war's end had come as a great shock to him.

"Now I mourn the loss of many boys who were not only soldier colleagues but my personal friends. I can only express the hope that time will serve to ease your suffering; you may be justly proud of a lad like Dick, whose spirit even the Japs failed to break."

For decades the Evans family were never sure of the details of Dick's death. In 1998 historian Lynnette Ramsay Silver published *Sandakan: A Conspiracy of Silence*. Silver's research uncovered details of Dick's demise, including the location of his death at the hands of his captors.

Dick Evans was killed five miles south of Ranau on 1 August 1945 after completing the second Sandakan death march. On 22 July, Dick had been severely beaten and was suffering internal injuries. On 1 August, 17 seriously ill POWs, including Dick, were killed by the Japanese, who later confessed to the crime.



SHOPPING TRIP: Dick Evans and his mother Nellie on their last shopping expedition together. Dick is carrying the sleeping bag bought on the excursion.

The bodies of all those who perished along the death march were recovered post war and interred at the Labuan War Cemetery. The graves of Dick and his mates are marked "Known unto God", while their names are inscribed on memorial plaques at the entrance to the cemetery.

Maj-Gen. Wootten, now based in North Borneo, tried valiantly to learn about what had happened to his nephew.

He wrote to his sister, Nellie, on 6 September 1945: "I have been able to talk with the Senior Aust. Officer Prisoner-of-War from Kuching today; he has no news of Dick. He thinks Dick must have gone to Sandakan in 1943, after he (Lt-Col. Walsh) left Sandakan to go to Kuching.

"I will do everything possible to get all possible news; but it is dreadful jungle and mountainous country, without roads, the chief communications being by canoe up & down the streams, and by walking up & over the divides between the streams. It will take time to get any information from inland, even after we get the Japs disposed of.

"Must end off now Nell. Don't be sad. Please God everything will come right. It is a hellish business. All good hope and love. Your loving brother, George."

Dick's younger brother, Bill, also served in the 2nd AIF and was with the 9th Division headquarters in September 1945 when he wrote to older brother Lloyd.

"Yesterday afternoon Uncle George sent for me as he had some sad news of poor old Dick," Bill wrote.

Bill asked Lloyd to deliver the bad news to their mother, rather than she read it in a letter.

"This is the latest news Uncle George could find out from four chaps who escaped from Ranau, that is the place where the Japs marched the P.O.W. from Sandakan in June this year, hundreds died on the way," Bill wrote.

"Well, poor old Dick got from Ranau on the 26th June but had Malaria, he had to work in a Jap kitchen as an assistant cook early in July, although ill.

"On the 24th of July an Australian P.O.W. Doctor diagnosed Dick's illness as liver and kidney disease, and the latest was that on the 28th July Dick was very ill."

Bill in the letter does not confirm Keith Botterill's report that Dick died after being bashed, but does tell Lloyd he was going down to a hospital that day to see four men who had escaped from Ranau, including Botterill.

"Poor Dick, to think that he went right through it all until three weeks before the war ended," Bill wrote.

After seeing "two of the chaps who escaped from Ranau", Bill wrote that one had been Dick's mate and had told him everything up till the time they last saw Dick at the end of July.

AA Form A 200
SYDNEY

ATTESTATION FORM
FOR SPECIAL FORCES RAISED FOR SERVICE IN AUSTRALIA OR ABROAD.

Arms No. NX 35953
Surname EVANS Other Names Evans, Richard
Unit Army Service Corps
Enlisted for service at New South Wales (State) 1st June 1940 (Date)

Questions to be put to persons called out or presenting themselves for voluntary enlistment.

1. What is your name? F. VANG (BLOCK LETTERS)
Other names Evans, Richard
2. In or near the town of Wyalong
in the State or Territory of N. S. Wales
3. Are you a natural born or a naturalized British subject?
(If the latter, papers are to be produced)
4. What is your age and date of birth? 20 years 11 months
Date of Birth 11th July 1919
5. What is your trade or occupation? Labourer
6. Are you married, single or widowed? Single
7. A.S.F.
Ss. Rank Private
Other military service Sept 40 to June 41
Ss. Rank Corpl Unit Canberra
8. Date 11/7/40
Ss. Rank Private
Name Evans, Griffith May
Address Canberra, Australia
Relationship brother
Residence Wyalong N.S.W.
9. What is your actual next of kin? (Name of wife, wife -deceased, eldest son, eldest daughter, father, mother, eldest brother, eldest sister, eldest half-brother, eldest half-sister)
10. What is your permanent address? Wyalong N.S.W.
11. What is your religious denomination? (This question need not be answered if the man has a conscientious objection to doing so) Church of England

I, Evans, Richard do hereby certify that the above answers are true to the best of my knowledge and belief and that I am willing to serve in the Australian Military Forces within or beyond the limits of the Commonwealth.

Witnessed by C. A. Evans
Signature

(Signature of Attesting or Witnessing Officer)

"The person will be naturalized should he give this statement to any of His Majesty's ships or will be liable to have provision made for the same."

NAA: B883, NX35953

ENLISTMENT: Dick Evans's attestation form with his age and date of birth changed.

“Dick drove a truck for about two years at Sandakan P.O.W. Camp. His mate said Dick was lucky, he always had a good job and that in July 1944 Dick received eight letters from home and also that Dick had told him Dad had died. Thank God Dick received some mail at last. Dick was one of the last thirty alive when these chaps escaped.”

Bill told Lloyd he could tell him a lot more, but he wanted to catch the mail.

“To tell you the truth it is too hard to write any more, I will tell you the rest when I get home,” he wrote.

In a hand-written note on the side of Bill’s letter, Nell wrote: “Since receiving this letter from Bill, I have received word that the Jap Commander from Ranau has admitted – under pressure – that none of our boys are alive at Ranau Camp – all were killed trying to escape.”

The official cause of death for Driver Owen Richard Evans in the Australian War Memorial records is illness.

His name is on the Labuan Memorial in Labuan, Malaysia, and is also located at panel 81 in the Commemorative Area at the Australian War Memorial.

For his service, Dick was awarded the 1939-45 Star, the Pacific Star, War Medal and Australia Service Medal.

George Wootten served with distinction in WWI, landing at Gallipoli on 25 April 1915 and being awarded the Distinguished Service Order in 1917.

Between WWI and WWII, George Wootten worked for a while as a third partner with his brother-in-law Griff at GP Evans & Englert at West Wyalong.

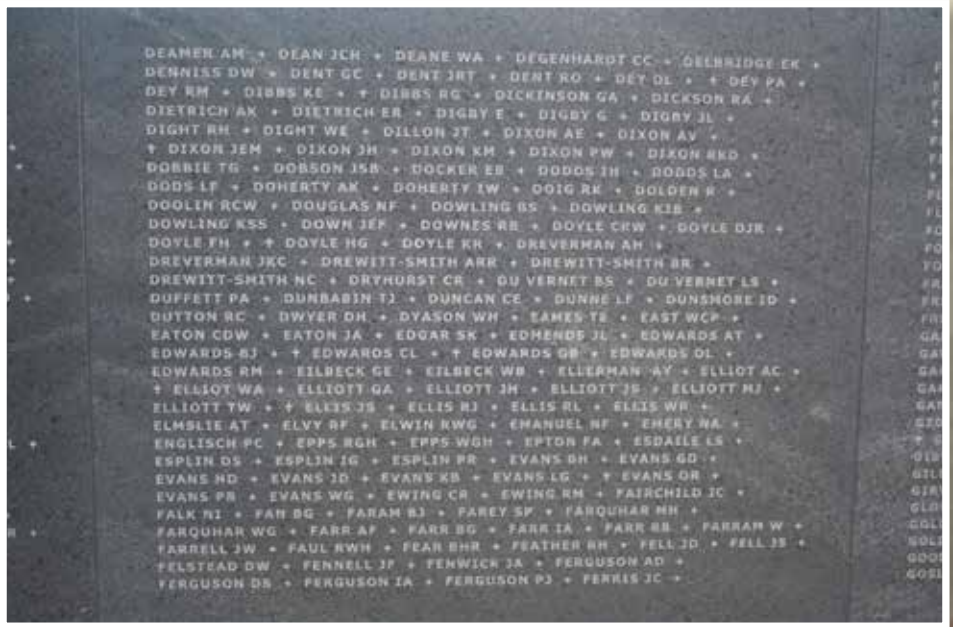
When war broke out in 1939, he was seconded to the 2nd AIF and rose to become one of Australia’s most senior generals of the war.

On 15 March 1943 he was promoted to temporary Major General and appointed General Officer Commanding the 9th Australian Division.

He was reportedly described by General Douglas MacArthur, who commanded the Southwest Pacific Theatre, as “the best soldier in the Australian Army who had it in him to reach the highest position.”

Tragically, Maj-Gen. Wootten’s son and Dick’s cousin, Pilot Officer George Wootten, was killed in action in North Africa in 1943.

Maj-Gen. Wootten died on 31 March 1970, aged 76.



MEMORIAL: A Shore memorial plaque to alumni who enlisted. Picture: Shore School Archives.

PARKES TRIO KOREAN HEROES



GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN: (from left) Keith Matthews, Sinclair Squiers and Thomas Howarth.

TWO of the bravest to ever call Parkes home were lost in a blinding snow storm over enemy territory in the Korean War of 1950-53, leaving loved ones and a community in an awful state of never quite knowing what happened.

Flight Lieutenant Keith Clarence Matthews and Warrant Officer Sinclair Sutherland Squiers failed to return from a mission in a Mustang on 14 February 1951.

“Flying battle” is listed as their cause of death in the Australian War Memorial Roll of Honour documents.

If indeed he was shot down, it was not the first time Flt Lt Matthews had suffered such a fate.

Posted to the United Kingdom in World II and attached to 183 (Typhoon) Squadron, he was brought down over Normandy in northern France on 24 June 1944 whilst strafing a level crossing.

Taken by the Germans as a Prisoner of War, he spent 11 months in Stalag Luft III, perhaps best known as the camp from which the book and later epic 1963 movie *The Great Escape* starring Steve McQueen, James Garner, Richard Attenborough and Charles Bronson, was based.

Flt Lt Matthews, born at Pennant Hills on 3 May 1923, returned home on 9 September 1945, electing to remain in the Royal Australian Air Force.

Posted to 77 (Fighter) Squadron in Korea on 26 January 1951, Flt Lt Matthews’s time in the conflict was sadly all too short ... just 20 days, five fewer than WO Squiers.

Born at York, Western Australia, on 5 January 1924, WO Squiers also served in WWII and was a Flight Sergeant with 85 Squadron at war’s end.

Both men are remembered locally, being listed on the Parkes High School honour roll as well as in Cooke Park

on one of five black granite stelae which were dedicated on 23 April 2004.

The other Korean War casualty immortalised at Parkes is Private Thomas George “Buddy” Howarth, born at Forbes, who was 22 years young when killed in action on 20 July 1953, serving the 2nd Battalion, The Royal Australian Regiment.

Pte Howarth, whose next-of-kin was his mother Edith, of Lachlan Street, Bogan Gate, also served in Korea just 25 days and is buried alongside 2,288 other servicemen and 11 civilians of the United Nations in the war cemetery at Tanggok in the Nam District, City of Busan, Republic of Korea.

More than 17,000 Australians served in the Korean War of whom 28 were born at Parkes, according to the nominal rolls of the Department of Veterans’ Affairs.

All 28 returned, however, the three remembered in Cooke Park who called the district home were born elsewhere yet are fondly remembered as sons of the Parkes district who gave their all and died for freedom’s cause.



*TRIBUTE:
The Korean
War monument
in Cooke Park,
Parkes.*

‘HAPPY JACK’ COOMBS A BRAVE BATTLE

WAR’S terrible tentacles clearly reached across human borders and cultures — no-one was spared from its grasp, directly or indirectly. Aunt Cheryl Penrith, a Wiradjuri elder in the Wagga Wagga region, has shared her family’s story.

Private Alfred Jackson Coombs, a Wotjabuluk man from the Mallee region in Victoria who moved to the Balranald area around 1901, is Aunt Cheryl’s great grandfather.

They say there were those who enlisted before Gallipoli and those who enlisted after, knowing full well the atrocities for which they were signing up.

Pte Coombs, also known as “Happy Jack”, still answered the call, showing an innate courage and patriotism — despite the Defence Act of 1903 exempting Aboriginal Australians from military service.

Alongside his brother, Willie Coombs, they served in the 60th Battalion and embarked together from Melbourne on board HMAT *Orsova* A67 on 1 August 1916. The embarkation rolls lists “Happy Jack” as 29 years old and Willie just 18.

The soldiers received a cold shock on arrival as they joined the war on the Western Front in December 1916 — at the start of what was reported to be one of the coldest European winters in a century.

Willie (Service No. 2288) fought bravely on the battle front until he suffered gunshot wounds to the face and hands on 11 March 1917 near Bapaume which ended his campaign,



PROUD ELDER: (above) Aunt Cheryl Penrith

‘HAPPY JACK’: (right) Private Alfred Jackson Coombs (back row, second from left) in a group portrait with members of the 66th Battalion. Picture: Australian War Memorial



receiving treatment in England before being sent home on 10 September 1917 on board HMAT *Ulysses* A38.

“Happy Jack” (Service No. 2141) continued without his brother until he came down with the mumps in late 1917, which kept him out of action for several months.

He returned with the 59th Battalion, helping to capture the town of Bapaume as well as being involved in the famous Bullecourt battle victory. He saw action in the Passchendaele Campaign, including one of the few successful battles of the campaign — Polygon Wood from 26 September to 3 October 1917.

The brave battler also played a part in the legendary push to re-take Villers-Bretonneux as well as the successful Battle of Le Hamel.

During the Battle of Amiens, Pte Coombs was gassed on 2 September 1918, which marked the end of his field duty. He embarked for Australia on 24 July 1919 on board HMAT *Bokara* A41 — less than a month after the Treaty of Versailles was signed.

Upon returning to Australia, “Happy Jack” worked on a station near Balranald. He married the love of his life, Mary Kirby, on Valentine’s Day 1920 and had four children: Archie, Cecil, Alice and Cornelius.

Jack died at 61 years old on 27 December 1948 in Drouin, Victoria.

NEW GENERAL PRAISES

THIS is a moment that, quite honestly, I never saw coming. It's a tremendous for me, an almost overwhelming day of honour.

And I'm enormously grateful for what this represents. The first thing I would like to do is to thank my family for this journey that we've been on for so many years, all of the sacrifices that you have made for me in support of me.

But I certainly hope you know, and you do know, that through the support that you have given me you have been able to support many hundreds if not thousands of soldiers and families from across our Army, so thank you, thank you.

To my parents (John and Bronwyn), who can't be with us today, they're in Sydney, who stood by me right from the day in school – I came home one day and said I would like to be an Army pilot. They put me on the bus, supported me through the highs and the lows of my career. Thanks guys. I love you.

To everybody that's here today, this is a very special group of people. And I'm so proud today to be among you to receive this promotion.

For a start, there are Veterans in this room, and ex-serving men and women in this room, who have served our nation with honour and who continue to serve in varying capacities, all the way back to World War II. Where are you Norm Jeffs? Starting with Norm, who set the standard for us all.

We have, we have some really special people in. And during the course of this morning and in the morning tea I really encourage you to reach out to some of these really fine people amongst you who are wearing the medals here and have a chat.

They're truly inspirational people, they've been inspirational for me. They've been people who have set benchmarks for me in character and service and it's wonderful to have you here today. In fact, I often say to Alan Evans, here in the front, that there was a period of

THERE have been promotions and sadness with past and present Kapooka Commandants in months past. Stephen Jobson AM CSC, who led Kapooka from January 2014 to October 2016, returned to the Home of the Soldier on 12 July 2021 for his promotion to Major General by Chief of Army Lieutenant Rick Burr AO DSC MVO. Sadly, Vietnam Veteran David Kibbey AM (whose funeral booklet is pictured), in charge of 1st Recruit Training Battalion from January 1993 to December 1994, lost his battle against cancer on Christmas Eve. Kapooka now has its youngest ever leader, with Andrew Deacon, 38, recently succeeding Colonel Jim Hammett. Maj-Gen. Jobson's speech highlighted the importance of the Wagga Wagga military base and his love of Army. Read it in full here:

time there that if Australia had a war, they broke glass and called up Alan. He has served in the Korean War, the Malaysian-Borneo campaign, in the Vietnam War. They just about ran out of wars for him. But Alan it is wonderful to have you here today, thank you.

We have members of the Regular Army. We have members of the National Service, we have members of the Army Reserve, my wife included.

We've got Veterans here, modern day Veterans of Iraq and Afghanistan, and including some who served with me for my year in Afghanistan.

We have mentors of mine, people that have given service, as leaders, for very long periods of my life.

And I in particular refer to Tony Fraser, who has been an incredible leader and mentor and coach for me and for many in the Army aviation community over decades; so thank you for being here today, Tony.

We have the newest generation ahead of us here today. We have young people serving in cadets in the

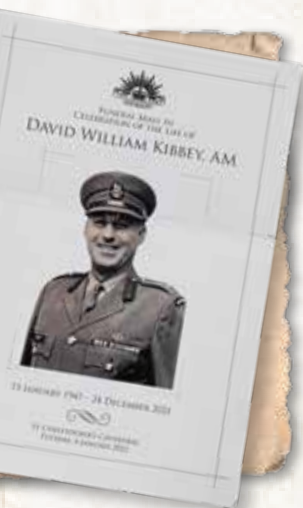


PROUD MOMENT: Steve Jobson's wife Tania, a former Army Reserve Medic in the 1990s who finished her service in 1998, attaches his epaulettes and gorget patches during the ceremony, with Chief of Army Lt-Gen. Rick Burr close at hand.



PRESENTATION: Steve Jobson is handed a General's Mameluke Sword by Lt-Gen. Rick Burr, watched by daughter Holly.

HOME OF THE SOLDIER



community that aspire to a career in the Australian Defence Force. And I hope today gives you a little bit of an insight into what may lay ahead. Kapooka for me kind of spells out something about my career. I joined the Australian Army for adventure, for overseas travel, for service, to join something that was bigger than me; but above all else, I joined the Australian Army to fly helicopters.

But I love to love serving soldiers and their families. And that's

what Kapooka is about. It's about soldiers. It's about families.

Since 1951, soldiers – young men and women – have been coming here to this institution to become soldiers and serve their nation. They've come here out of families, from communities all over our great nation.

And I often say to people they don't just come here to learn marksmanship and navigation and first aid and go out in the bush.

They come here to learn values. They come here to be soldiers. They leave here as Australian citizens. It's an incredible place.

But there is one aspect about Kapooka for me, the Army Recruit Training Centre for me, that is extraordinary. And that is the absolute faith and trust and confidence that those young men and women place in the leadership of the Army.

They come here having made an unlimited liability to our

nation. And they come here relying on the leadership, the competence, the ability of those who will lead them in those circumstances.

And that is not lost on me because that is not just their expectation, that is not just their family's expectation – that is the Australian community's expectation that their young men and women that are serving their interests in the Australian Army will be well led, will be well led by the leaders at all levels and in particular well led by their generals.

And as I look at the Army Aviation capability, that expectation has been there now for over 60 years, going all the way back to, predating the Corps in 1960.

Men and women serving in the Army Aviation capability, their aircraft whether they be in flight operations, in hangars, being in headquarters, in Q-stores have had an expectation that their leaders will lead them well, that their commanders provide them the direction, the support, resources to enable them to do their work.

That expectation, now, needs to be met by me.

So, here in this great national institution, Kapooka, part of a greater national institution, the Australian Army, I wish to honour that commitment.

I wish for our soldiers and their families to know that I will lead for them, I will support them, I will encourage them, I will do my utmost, so they can be at their very best to achieve to their potential, that their families can be with them on this journey, that they can serve our nation with pride.

So, Sir, once again, thank you for this great honour. Thank you for this great privilege and opportunity to serve our soldiers and their families.

To my wonderful guests and friends here today, friends, all friends here today, thank you for being here. Thank you for all of your support over these many years, and support that I know you will continue to give. And for you I will serve at my utmost, I will serve honourably, I will serve with pride and, above all else, I will serve for the soldier.



TOP BRASS: (from left) Maj-Gen. (Retd) Tony Fraser AO CSC, Steve Jobson and Lt-Gen. Rick Burr AO DSC MVO.



FAMILY: Steve and Tania Jobson with their children (from left) Christopher, Alexander, Holly and Amy.

BRAVERY AT BEERSHEBA

I was asked to give the keynote address at the Riverina and South West Slopes Light Horse Memorial Committee's Battle of Beersheba commemoration at Wagga Wagga's Victory Memorial Gardens on 31 October 2021. Here is my speech, overlaid on an original photograph of a World War I Light Horse assembly in the desert.

Bayonets in hand

Eyes true

Emu plumes atop

Ready to charge

Sweat beading

Horses fractious

Eagerness rising

Battle hardened

Anticipation high

That was the scene just before one of the last great cavalry charges in military history.

The dashing Great War mounted attack is one of the great moments in Australian history.

Yet it took place so far away.

And in the glint of the setting sun off the spurs of those gallant troops and the whirl of dust, it was over seemingly not long after it began ... and the victory was secured. 104 years ago at dusk on this very day.

Generations ago but something which will live with us and our nation's soul forevermore.

It inspired a movie. It inspired books. And it should inspire us ... to always dig deep to do the very best we can even when the odds seem insurmountable.

To be daring. To be desperate. And to never ... ever give in.

When Tel el Saba was captured at 15:00, the ANZAC Mounted Division ordered an attack on the final objective: the Ottoman stronghold of Beersheba.

British General Edmund Allenby sent a telegram to the famed Harry Chauvel, ordering the capture of Beersheba "before nightfall".

However, before the telegram reached the Lieutenant General the 4th Light Horse Brigade was preparing for their mounted attack.

Aerial reconnaissance had established the feasibility of such an attack because the trenches stretching across the direction of the charge were not reinforced by barbed wire or horse pits.

The Brigade assembled behind rising ground six kilometres south-east of Beersheba, Palestine, with the 4th Light Horse Regiment on the right, the 12th Light Horse Regiment on the left and the 11th Light Horse Regiment in reserve.

Just think about that ... 6km. That's nearly the distance of two Melbourne Cups. At full pelt. Across open desert. Being shot at the whole time. It would take pluck and luck just to survive ... let alone win the day.

The 12th Light Horse Regiment commander Donald Cameron said:

"It was clear to me that the job had to be done before dark, so I advised galloping the place as our only chance. I had some experience of successful mounted surprise attacks on the Boer camps in the South African War.

"When the possibility of a charge by mounted infantry riding home, was raised in the Australian Mounted Division's Preliminary Instruction No. 1 (dated 26 October 1917); it suggested the bayonet was equal to the sword as a weapon for mounted attack 'if used as a sword for pointing only'. The Preliminary Instruction advised that the bayonet be hand-held, since controlling a horse during a charge would be difficult if the bayonet was fixed to the rifle. Divisional armourers were ordered to sharpen all bayonets 'at once'."



In these Turk trenches (primarily facing south, with a few shallow trenches facing east), the defenders saw the Light Horsemen charge and "opened fire with shrapnel on the 4th and 12th Regiments immediately they deployed".

You could imagine their surprise. What were these foolhardy Australians thinking? What are they doing? As the advance became a gallop, the 12th Light Horse Regiment was fired upon continuously.

Bullets were ripping everywhere ... from all directions. Lt Colonel Murray Bourchier, who grew up on farms at Finlay and Tocumwal, said this:

"I consider that the success was due to the rapidity with which the movement was carried out. Owing to the volume of fire brought to bear from the enemy's position

by machine-guns and rifles, a dismantled attack would have resulted in a much greater number of casualties.

“It was noticed also that the morale of the enemy was greatly shaken through our troops galloping over his positions thereby causing his riflemen and machine gunners to lose all control of fire discipline.

“When the troops came within short range of the trenches the enemy seemed to direct almost all his fire at the horses.”

Bourchier received the Distinguished Service Order five days later “for the gallant and capable manner in which as Commanding Officer of the 4th Light Horse Regiment he personally directed his Regiment into action on the attack on Beersheba on October 31, 1917. This officer displayed skilful handling and magnificent example of courage and determination and personally accompanied the charge of the reserve squadron. He shot six Turks with his revolver and assisted in fighting whilst still directing his Regiment.”

New Zealand Mounted Rifles Brigade member James McCarroll described the engagement thus:

“A great sight suddenly sprung up on our left, lines and lines of horsemen moving. The Turks were on the run and the Australian Division was after them. We could see the horses jumping the trenches, dust everywhere.”

Onwards the Light Horseman pressed. Surging forward. Hacking as they galloped. Doing whatever they could to suppress the Turks and capture Beersheba.

As the 4th Light Horse Regiment approached the fortifications directly in front of them, their leading squadron jumped the advance trenches at the gallop and the main 10-foot-deep (3-metre), 4-foot-wide (1.2m) trenches, defended by Turk soldiers. The leading

squadron then dismounted near some tents and dugouts in the rear, where they were joined by a troop of the 12th Light Horse Regiment.

While the lead horses were galloped to cover, the troopers launched a dismounted attack on the trenches and dugouts, killing between 30 and 40, before the remainder sensibly surrendered.

The defenders “fought grimly, and a considerable number were killed”, while four Gallipoli veterans were shot dead as they dismounted a few feet from the Ottoman trenches.

Eventually it was all over. The town was captured. A decisive victory was accomplished.

Believed to be amongst those on that famous day was

*LOCAL
LIGHTHORSEMAN:
Henry Victor “Harry
Leonard” Sheldrick*

Henry Victor “Harry Leonard” Sheldrick also known as Shelrige, Service No. 377.

Born in Albury in 1887, the eldest of seven children to Henry and Elizabeth, he gave his address as care of his next-of-kin, his grandmother, Mrs Annie Curran of Best Street, Wagga Wagga – not very far from here – when he enlisted on 14 January 1915.

He left our shores aboard HMAT *Suevic* A29 with the 12 Light Horse Regiment B Squadron on 13 June 1915. By the time he returned to Australia, on 20 July 1919, he had earned a Military Medal and the respect of a grateful nation.

He married, had a son William and was employed as a steelworker and shunter at Waratah near Newcastle when he died, aged just 46, on the job on 8 April 1933.

Poor Harry collapsed whilst pulling a load of 12 ingot wagons.

His bereaved widow Amelia said her husband had not been well since the war and felt his death had been caused from the effects of the war.

Amelia would live another 44 years, also sadly outliving



their son William who served in the Royal Australian Navy in World War II.

We remember Harry today just as we honour all those locals, indeed all those men who slung their rifles over their backs, adjusted their slouch hats, fixed their steely gaze and steered their trusty steeds into danger and deadly fire on that historic day.

We give thanks to the 31 of 800 involved in the charge who made the ultimate sacrifice and the 171 who fell on the day.

We also pay tribute to their mighty horses. What determined animals with such stout hearts!

Brave heroes all.

Lest We Forget.

2022 ANZAC DAY RIVERINA AND CENTRAL WEST

Service Times and Venues

ARDLETHAN (includes Beckom)

- 6am Dawn Service at the RSL Club Rooms, Deakin Street, Beckom.
- 10.45am Assemble and march from Ardlethan Post Office, Yithan Street, to cenotaph, Memorial Hall, Ariaiah Street.
- 11am Service begins at cenotaph.
- 11.45am Bobby Chard Memorial Service at Ardlethan Cemetery, followed by a community lunch.

ARIAH PARK (includes Quandary)

- 10.45am Assemble for march at Bowling Club, Coolamon Street. March to cenotaph.
- 11am Service at cenotaph. Afterwards lunch will be served at the Bowling Club.

BARMEDMAN

- 10.30am Assemble and march along Queen Street to Soldiers' Memorial Park.
- 11am Service at Soldiers' Memorial Park.

BENDICK MURRELL

- 9am Wreath-laying ceremony at Bendick Murrell Memorial Hall.

BETHUNGRA

- 6.15am Dawn Service at Bethungra Memorial Park, Olympic Highway. Catafalque party may be in attendance. Wreath-laying ceremony.

BIMBI

- 2pm Wreath-laying at cenotaph.

BOGAN GATE

- 5.30am Dawn Service at the Monument, Hutton Street.

BRIBBAREE

- 3.45pm Assemble at Bowling Club and march to cenotaph (next to Bribbaree Fire Shed).
- 4pm Memorial service at Bribbaree Hall.

CANOWINDRA

- 6am Dawn Service at cenotaph, Memorial Park, Gaskill Street.
- 10.45am Assemble at corner of Ryall and Gaskill Streets and march to Memorial Park.
- 11am Service at the cenotaph, Memorial Park.

CARAGABAL

- 4pm Service at the cenotaph, Mid Western Highway, conducted by students from Caragabal Public School. Afterwards refreshments will be available at the Caragabal Golf Club.

COLLINGULLIE

- 8am Service at Memorial Hall, Sturt Highway. Breakfast afterwards.

COOLAMON (includes Marrar)

- 6am Dawn Service at cenotaph, Cowabbie Street.
- 7am Diggers free community breakfast, hosted by the RSL, at the Coolamon Sport and Recreation Club.
- 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.
- 10.15am Assemble for march in front of Cootamundra Ex-Servicemen's & Citizens Memorial Club.

- 10.30am Ceremonial march beginning at the front of the Cootamundra Ex-Services & Citizens Memorial Club.

- 10.45am Commemoration service at the cenotaph, 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 in Brisbane Street.
- 11am Community service at River Park.
- 12noon Service at the Cowra Locomotive Depot.

CROWTHER

- 10.15am Wreath-laying ceremony at Crowther Memorial, Olympic Highway.

DARBYS FALLS

- 9.45am Assemble at Memorial, Rural Fire Service Shed.
- 10am Memorial service.

EUGOWRA

- 10.45am March from the corner of North and Broad Streets to the cenotaph, Memorial Park at 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 in Cross Street and march to cenotaph, Harold Street.
- 10.30am Main service.

2022 ANZAC DAY RIVERINA AND CENTRAL WEST SERVICE TIMES AND VENUES

FOREST HILL

5.45am Ceremony begins at front gate RAAF Base Wagga, Sturt Highway. Please be in position by 5.45am.

GALONG

5.30am Dawn Service, Galong Memorial Hall, McMahon Street. Breakfast to follow.

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 the flag pole inside the Memorial Gate.

GOOLOONG

6am Dawn Service at the Memorial Clubrooms. Gunfire breakfast to follow.

9.45am Assemble for march at Memorial Club Rooms.

10am Commence march, followed by ANZAC service at cenotaph in Recreation 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.

8am Pilgrimage to cemetery, depart from the Railway Hotel.

10.30am Assemble for march, western end of George Street.

10.45am March commences and proceeds to cenotaph, Memorial Park.

11am Main service at cenotaph, Memorial Park, corner of Burrangong Street and Mid Western Highway.

2 May Dining in night at the Grenfell Country Club, Gooloogong Road.

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 7th Light Horse Troop followed by the Vintage Car Club vehicles carrying RSL members. Proceed East along Sheridan Street to cenotaph.

11am Wreath-laying ceremony. On completion, the parade will return west along Sheridan Street, dismissing adjacent to Lott's Family Hotel.

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, followed by morning tea.

JUGIONG

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

JUNEE (includes Illabo, Wantabadgery)

5.45am Dawn Service on Broadway.

10.35am March from Memorial Park, Peel Street, to Railway Square for two-minute ceremony. March finishes at cenotaph in Broadway and will be followed by the memorial service. Major John Gordon will represent the New Zealand Armed Forces at Junee's ANZAC Day events.

JUNEE REEFS

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

KAPOOKA

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

KOORAWATHA

5.30am Form up for Dawn Service at War Memorial Park Memorial Gates.

10.45am Assemble in Boorowa Street adjacent to Koorawatha Regional Rooms. March to Memorial Gates for memorial service.

continued ...

2022 ANZAC DAY RIVERINA AND CENTRAL WEST SERVICE TIMES AND VENUES

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 Mathews and Green Streets.

MANDURAMA

- 10am March from Memorial Hall, Gold Street, to World War II gates where service will be held.

MIRROOL

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

MONTEAGLE

- 2pm Wreath-laying ceremony at Mont eagle 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

- 3 May 10.30am - Community service at Public School, Tenandra Street. Included speeches by Gundagai RSL Sub-Branch and Kapooka Army Base representatives.

PARKES

- 5.30am Dawn Service at Memorial Hill followed by breakfast at Parkes Services & Citizens Club, Short Street.
- 8.15am Assemble for march in front of Parkes Services Club.
- 8.35am March commences led by Major General Paul Stevens AO (Retd).
- 9am ANZAC civic service at cenotaph, Cooke Park.
- 10.45am Pilgrimage and wreath-laying ceremony at war graves at Parkes Cemetery.

- 12noon Luncheon at Parkes Services & Citizens Club.
- 5pm Retreat at cenotaph, Cooke Park.

PLEASANT HILLS

- 9am Service at Memorial Hall, Ryan Street, followed by morning tea.

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 Springdale Memorial cenotaph on Burley Griffin Way. Introduction by Colonel Pat Thorne AM (Retd), Michael Sinclair and Tom Shuttleworth.
- 9.15am Fly-over by Warbirds.
- 9.20am Lance Corporal Peter Kahlefeldt Scholarship Oration: Tribute to a Springdale local - Private William Pilon. Presented by Liam Hillary. 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.

STOCKINGINAL

- 3pm Commemoration service at Memorial Site.

TALLIMBA

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

TARCUTTA

- 10.30am Assemble for 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.
- 11am Service at cenotaph, Callaghan Park.

THE ROCK

- 6am Dawn Service at Soldier Memorial, Urana Street.
- 10.30am Service at cenotaph, Urana Street.

TRUNDLE

- 10.30am Commemorative march, Forbes Street.
- 11am Commemorative service at Trundle Memorial Hall.

TULLAMORE

- 10.45am Commemorative service at Tullamore 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.
- 11am ANZAC Day march and service at Memorial Park. If inclement weather march to Memorial Hall. Light lunch to follow.
- 6pm Retreat at cenotaph.

URANQUINTY

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

WAGGA WAGGA

- 5.30am Dawn Service at the cenotaph, Victory Gardens, Corner Baylis and Morrow Streets (conducted by Legacy).
- 6.30am War Cemetery Service, Koorling Road.
- 9am ANZAC Day Mass at Saint Michael's Cathedral, corner Church and Johnston Streets.

2022 ANZAC DAY RIVERINA AND CENTRAL WEST SERVICE TIMES AND VENUES

- 10am Participants assemble for ANZAC Day Parade. Corner Baylis and Morgan Streets.
- 10.30am March commences.
- 11.15am Commemorative service in the Victory Memorial Gardens.
- 12.30pm ANZAC Day lunch at the RSL Club. Tickets available at Sub-Branch until Tuesday 19 April.
- 5.30pm Sunset service at the Wagga RSL Club Memorial at the entrance of the club, Dobbs Street.

WALLENDREEN

- 8.30am Assemble at Wallendbeen Public School and walk to cenotaph.
- 9am Main service followed by morning tea at Wallendbeen Memorial Hall.

WEST WYALONG (includes North Yalgogrin, Wamboyne, Weethalle)

- 6am Dawn Service at Services and Citizens' Club cenotaph.
- 10.15am Assemble for march on corner of Church Street and Main Street.
- 10.30am March to cenotaph at Services and Citizens' Club.
- 11am Main service with a wreath-laying ceremony.

WIRIMAH

- 8.15am Memorial service at Wirimah Memorial Park, Smiths Road.

WOMBAT

- 6am Dawn Service followed by breakfast at the Wombat Hotel. Harden-Murrumburrah Light Horse in attendance, as well as the Young Cadet Unit.

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 H 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.

WYANGALA DAM

- 5.45am Dawn Service at Memorial outside of the Wyangala Country Club.

YERONG CREEK

- 11am Service at cenotaph in Stanley Galvin Memorial Park.

YOUNG

- 5.45am Dawn Service at Memorial Town Hall.
- 10.45am Assemble and march from Town Hall.
- 11am Main service at Anderson Park.

CAPITAL CITY SERVICES: CANBERRA

- 4.30am Armed forces representatives to read excerpts from letter and diaries of Australians who have experienced war firsthand.
- 5.30am Dawn Service in the Captain Reg Saunders Courtyard and Sculpture Garden.
- 7.30am Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander ceremony, For Our Country Memorial, Sculpture Gardens, Australian War Memorial Grounds.
- 9.30am Veterans' March through the western grounds of the Australian War Memorial.
- 10.30am National ceremony at the Australian War Memorial commences.
- 4.45pm ANZAC Day Last Post Ceremony, Commemorative Area.

MELBOURNE

- 6am Dawn Service at the Shrine of Remembrance Forecourt.
- 8am 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 on Martin Place.
- 9am ANZAC Day march starting at intersection of Elizabeth Street and Martin Place, walking past the ANZAC Memorial at Hyde Park.
- 12.30pm ANZAC Day Commemoration Service at the ANZAC Memorial, Hyde Park, adjacent to the Pool of Remembrance.
- 5pm ANZAC Day Sunset Service at the cenotaph in Martin Place.

PLEASE NOTE:

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

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

Australian War Memorial, Simon Blechmore, Susanne Clarkson, Nathan Davies (cover photo digitalisation), Griff Evans, Joe Farrell, Ross Harmer, Margaret and Ron Hartwig, Robyn Mara, Margaret Nowlan-Jones, Lieutenant General Gerard Pratt RAN, Cheryl Penrith, Kate Riseley (Shore School Archives), June historian David Walster and Waipori – Past and Present Facebook Group.



THE SOLDIER'S LITTLE DAUGHTER

DAD went away last night and wouldn't tell me why. So now it's just Mum, my older sister, little brother and I for a while. Mum is really worried about Dad and my older sister cries almost every night and my brother knows nothing about it, but I've finally figured it out. I've been talking to my older sister about it and now I worry even more. Mum said we should write Dad a letter. Mum has started locking the doors because another part of the war is getting close. I think we're in a lot more danger. I think my brother has finally figured out where Dad is. We got a letter from Dad today and he told us he loved us and that he'll still be away for a while. Every ANZAC Day I remember the letter Dad sent us and how he fought for us and our country. I do this to keep the ANZAC spirit alive in the Riverina and Central West.



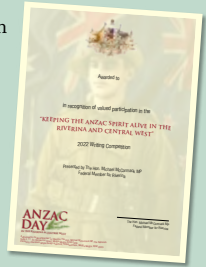
HIGHLY COMMENDED:
Kasey Morgan, 12, Year 6,
Parkes East Public School

RIVERINA & CENTRAL WEST WRITING AWARDS

STUDENTS have brilliantly captured the 12th annual writing competition's theme – Keeping the ANZAC Spirit Alive in the Riverina and Central West. From the emotion of a soldier landing at Gallipoli to recalling how they commemorate ANZAC Day each year in their local community – the winning and highly commended prize-winning students are deserving of the fantastic book prizes, pictured above, from the Australian War Memorial. It has been a difficult two years for our students, with COVID-19 presenting many challenges but, if the more than 700 entries are any indication, they have come through more resilient than at the start of the pandemic.

Every student who submitted an entry will receive a personally signed commemorative certificate featuring a watermark image of the front page of this year's booklet. Entries were categorised into primary and secondary schools with the Riverina electorate divided into North, South, East and West divisions.

Thank you to the region's wonderful teachers who, without their support, this competition could not take place.



NORTH

WAR MEMORIALS REMIND US OF THE SERVICE AND SACRIFICE

BEING able to visit the Forbes Cenotaph makes me think of all the fallen soldiers in the war. The four-soldier statue makes me think of my Great-Grandfather, who fought for our country, and the friends he would have lost. He was involved in the Battle of El-Alamein in 1942. The first battle took place near the El-Alamein train station almost by the sea. We emerged victorious in the battle and it was a massive turning point in the war for that region. The 8th Army had sustained over 13,000 casualties in the fighting.



WINNER: Hunter Maxwell, 8,
Year 3, Begerabong Public School

My Great-Grandfather was the first Australian soldier to arrive to the battle as he was the driver of the first vehicle. He was a driver all throughout the Middle East during World War II. We were lucky that he got to come home to his family. Through the telling of his stories to my Grandmother, I am able to keep the ANZAC spirit alive by the stories being passed on to me. It is important to have places like war memorials to remind us of our brave relatives who fought for us.

THE LITTLE ANZAC BOY

A LITTLE boy walked tall, badges on his chest,
Little did he know, he was marching with the best,
Striding up the main street, he was finally allowed,
Hand-in-hand with his Dad, getting lost amongst the crowd.
He'd watched from the sideline many times before,
But here he was, as proud as punch, acknowledging the war.
Grand-Dad's slouch hat on his head and a smile so big and wide,
His father looked down and wiped a tear, his heart was full of pride.
His Dad had told him many stories, that Grandpa once told him,
Some were happy, some were sad, and some were pretty grim.
You see, Great Grandpa was an ANZAC, and for his country, fought,
With all the other Diggers, our rights and freedom, they bought.

We will remember what they did,
and we will remember them,
We will pass on their legacies, the years will not condemn.
What they did for you and me, we can never repay,
We will always be thankful for their fight for our Aussie life today.
That little boy is small no more, he's taller than my father,
That little boy named Lachlan, is actually my brother.
Another year, another generation, appreciation we revive,
Another march along that street, to keep our ANZAC spirit alive.



WINNER: Ava Curr, 15, Year 10, Red Bend Catholic College, Forbes

WHAT ANZAC DAY MEANS

WHEN the youth of today refer to ANZAC Day, do we think of it as just an acronym or the many sacrifices Australia has made to have the fortunate country we live in today?

Australian and New Zealand Army Corps (ANZAC) signifies the most important piece of Australian history where military forces initially fought in the First World War.

Often we forget to be thankful for those sacrifices or can never imagine the experience of the troops of similar ages leaving their families to fight for their country.

Keeping the ANZAC spirit alive in our community to honour our Diggers is more than once a year by commemorating their sacrifices each day.

The ANZAC spirit is a group of qualities that display characteristics of the soldiers which we often see in our community; endurance, ingenuity, courage, of good humour and mateship. When the youth of today often display these characteristics, we have our soldiers to be thankful for.

At the time of leaving for war, did they know the impact they would have in our community today? Did our soldiers know what would lie ahead?



HIGHLY COMMENDED: Alana Folau, 15, Year 10, Red Bend Catholic College, Forbes

ANZAC SPIRIT ALIVE AND WELL

WAR is not an easy subject to talk or to write about.

It can be confronting. It can be heart-wrenching.

But it is important to continue to tell these stories so newer generations have an appreciation of the sacrifices our forebears made so that we can live in relative freedom.

The theme for this year's writing competition – Keeping the ANZAC Spirit Alive in the Riverina and Central West – is not about glorifying war or condoning conflicts past but to pay tribute to the men and women who answered the call that no-one should have to face.

Red Bend Catholic College student Alana Folau, 15, who won a highly commended book prize, pondered about the ANZAC spirit being the endurance, ingenuity, courage, good humour and mateship we see in today's youth.

Alana is correct; we should see the ANZAC spirit in ourselves every day – from that extra effort at training when you think you've got nothing left, to offering support to someone struggling, or having the courage to call out someone for doing the wrong thing.

By being the best we can be we can keep the ANZAC spirit alive for generations to come.

HOW I COMMEMORATE

MY GREAT Pop was in World War II and was a messenger. Luckily, he survived the war and didn't get shot. After the war he made it to 101 years old but, sadly, last year he passed. But my Pop did love cricket so every year we would play cricket in the back yard. It was so fun and that is how I remember my Great Pop. Every year at school we have a march down at the memorial downtown and some other places in Junee. Last year we had COVID so we had a minute of silence in our class. I love commemorating ANZAC Day because we all get together with school friends and families. My Nan also makes the best ANZAC biscuits every year. This year during the march I have to be at the front holding a wreath. I always try to wonder what it would feel like in that war. I don't know if I would be brave enough to even do the training! I always feel so grateful for what they did and I will never forget it.



*HIGHLY COMMENDED:
Sam Chisholm, 11, Year 6,
St. Joseph's Primary School, Junee*

SOUTH

OUR RIVERINA MAN

JAMES was his name,
His friends called him Jim.
Soon he would be off to war,
to help his friends win.
He was born during Federation,
the start of nation
to do what was right,
become a soldier and fight.
At the age of 14
Jim would need to break the law
to follow his heart and head off
to war.
No-one knew why Jim wanted
to fight,
All they knew was, he was doing
his town of Tocumwal right.
He was born on 3rd of Jan 1901,
little did he know
his time would soon be done.
A soldier of Gallipoli,

loyal and brave,
fighting alongside
grown men,
his life he gave.
On 25th October
1915,
Young James
Charles Martin,
his heart gave in.
We will always
remember
this brave young
Riverina man,
who fought for our
country,
our souls and our land.



*WINNER: James
Callander, 12, Year 6,
Sturt Public School*



*ANZAC: James Charles Martin,
the youngest Australian known
to have died in World War I.*

WE WILL REMEMBER

BUZZ! Buzz! Buzz! I woke to the sound of my alarm buzzing loudly on my bedside table. I pressed the snooze button and slowly climbed out of bed, tiptoeing quietly over to the window. It was dark and still outside. Today was a day for remembering the sadness of the war. It was a perfect morning to remind us of what they fought for. Thanks to them, we now have peace, I thought.
It was now 5am and the service started at 5.30am. I hastily grabbed my clothes and went to wake the rest of my family. My Mum was up silently sipping her tea. Dad was getting dressed. I dragged my sister out of bed, ignoring her protesting groans. We all walked out to the car. We arrived at the Dawn Service and I climbed quietly out of the car and walked over to the gathering crowd. The speeches started and we listened to the letters of the soldiers. Thinking of the past, our local men gave up



*WINNER: Holly Bennett, 14,
Year 9, The Riverina Anglican
College, Wagga Wagga*

their lives so we could be here today. We watched the wreath laying. Then came the traditional ode and the defining sound of the Last Post, followed by the thoughtful minute silence. My mind drifts down in the trenches. The men who sat waiting for the next shell, the next bomb or the next gun shot. I felt moved by the sombre tone of the Reveille and the freedom that these men's bravery has brought us.
"We will remember them."

FACING EACH OTHER IN BATTLE

THE young men lined up to face each other in battle. Fresh faced, strong and full of adrenaline. All that stood between the enemies was 10 metres of grass. Their eyes locked, and all was silent as they waited for the whistle.

This isn't a battlefield in Gallipoli or the Western Front. This is a modern-day battlefield. ANZAC Park. At the heart of Gundagai. And the weapons aren't bullets, but instead a ball. As the whistle blows the crowd erupts with the deafening call, "ANZAC PARK! ANZAC PARK!". It's at that moment my mind is no longer fixed on the game, but instead wanders to memories of great sacrifice. Out of the corner of my eye, standing tall and proud is a towering pine tree. Our own connection to the Battle of Lone Pine. The beautiful tree forms part of ANZAC Grove, the place we gather each year on the 25th of April

and November 11th to remember our fallen Diggers. From a single seed a monument that is so special has grown.

I stand staring at that pine, when it hits me that because of the sacrifices made by those brave young soldiers, I get to stand on this turf and play alongside my brothers. We get to play a game that at least has rules. It will be all over in 80 minutes, and we will proudly shake the hands of our opponents. We will retreat to the safety of home and be able to do it all again next week.

The roar of the crowd brings me back to reality. I take a deep breath and throw myself into the game. I am alive. And as long as I am alive I will honour the ANZAC spirit, ANZAC Grove and ANZAC Park.



*HIGHLY COMMENDED:
Archie Wheaton, 13, Year 8,
Gundagai High School*

EAST

BACK HOME

DEAR love,
I write to you from my muddied trench,
Nothing here but a horrible stench,
Every day you are my only dream,
The noise of the guns is so extreme.
Memories are the only thing that keep me going,
The sunset in Gundagai always glowing,
A mouth-watering Sunday roast,
Now all I get is a sliver of toast.
Bombs explode all day and night,
Making me hold your photo tight,
That beautiful moment on our wedding day,
To hold you again, is all I pray.
The weather here is never kind,
Comfort is always impossible to find,
I hate what I'm forced to do,
To say war is great, is so untrue.

We're only young men forced to hate,
When we only want to see our mates,
All I want is a moment of silence,
To end this pointless violence.
My head is full of regret,
I will never forget,
But I'm here alive,
Making sure the ANZAC spirit will survive.



*WINNER: Grace Wheaton, 10,
Year 5, Gundagai Public School*

ANZAC SPIRIT/ RED POPPIES

ON THE inside, my heart is breaking as I hold on to my son's uniform. As I receive a knock on the door. As I learn to cope with the loss of my only son who showed me what love really was. As I fall on to my knees I begin to cry as my heart shatters into a million pieces, never to be whole again.

I remember the moments of his life that I've lost. A tear falls down my face as I realise that he would never finish school. He will never fall in love or have children of his own. There are no winners in war, everyone loses in the end. Some come home but they are still lost in the memories that haunt them while others were lost in the earth of the battle fields where they breathe their last breath.

Let's We Forget.



*HIGHLY COMMENDED:
Sieanna Slater, 12, Year 6,
EA Southree Public School*

JUST A FLOWER

POPPIES to the eye are just a flower
 But to many poppies are more
 They hold the stories of the fallen and the survivors
 They hold the memories of the fighting
 They hold the blood and tears of war
 Poppies are the legacy of the ANZACs
 They are the stories the soldiers told
 They are the shouts, the screams, the cries
 They are the veterans who march every year
 Poppies are a symbol of what they went through
 People wear them in remembrance
 Poppies grow in the blood of the soldiers
 They rise from the fallen
 They grow for the distraught mothers
 They grow for the children waiting for their Dad
 They grow for the widowed wives
 Poppies bloom on the fields of Gallipoli
 They stand where the soldiers once stood
 Each poppy holds the soul of a soldier
 Each poppy holds a memory
 Each poppy holds a victim to the war
 Poppies are just a flower
 But if you stop and look a bit closer, they are so much more.



WINNER: Caelee Anderson, 14, Year 9, Cowra High School

EAST

THEIR SACRIFICE

FOUR walls; four more than they had.
 Clean clothes; cleaner than they had.
 Warm food; warmer than they had.
 Safe borders; safer than they had.
 Peace; because of their sacrifice.
 Education; because of their sacrifice.
 Stability, security, shelter; because of their sacrifice.
 Our country; because of their sacrifice.
 One day, one hour ...
 For the years they spent in the trenches,
 For all the men that did not make it,
 Just one day; surely you can do that?
 There was a flame within –
 A flame that sparked a journey,
 A journey of their being – soul and heart,
 A journey that has allowed us never to have to cross such a bridge.
 We must remember their hearts,
 their souls, their spirits,

We must remember their mothers,
 their fathers, their fallen brothers,
 We must remember the soil and country in which they still lay,
 We must remember their spirits.
 They were *our* soldiers – they were *our* ANZACs.
 They sacrificed their dreams, their lives,
 They sacrificed for their family, their mates, their country,
 A sacrifice for peace.
 So, when you hear the silence,
 When you experience the peace,
 When you laugh or spend time with loved ones,
 Remember their sacrifice – remember them.



HIGHLY COMMENDED: Cybele Herwitt, 15, Year 10, Hennessy Catholic College, Young

WEST

NOTHING CAN SILENCE THE GUNSHOTS

SPENDING every dollar on a therapist, desperately asking for sanity.
 God saved me. I was only 16. My medals mean nothing to what I lost.
 Friends, family and dreams every night I close my eyes but all I see is blood and ash.
 I hear the shrieks of wounded soldiers as they cry out in agony.
 Still it can't silence the gunshots.
 Each 25 April is nothing but recurring flashbacks of hell. The echoing gunshots don't stop.
 The trumpets singing Reveille can't stop them.
 Nothing can silence the gunshots.
 Each photo of a trench brings me to tears. Each spitting image of a soldier, every moment from Gallipoli. All comes flooding back. As the memories fill my brain. But echoing in my ear is the firing of bullets like rain. Because they can't stop the gunshots.
 "Lest We Forget."



WINNER: Finn Brown, 11, Year 6, St Mary's War Memorial School, West Wyalong

GALLIPOLI

I WAS cutting through the grass trying to get to the next trench.
All the gunshots were all around me.
With the gunshots beside me I was thinking of my parents,
and how much I missed them.
I thought I was going to die but thinking of my parents,
I felt stronger.
So I tried to stay alive.
While my friends were dying.
I only had a few friends left fighting with me.
As everyone was dying I was still trying to survive.
I wanted to see my family.



*HIGHLY COMMENDED:
Michael Martin-Henry, 11,
Year 6, Matong Public School*

A MONTH, NOT A DAY

INSTEAD of having just a day for our brave soldiers we should have a month with appreciation and respect for those who fought for mine, yours and our country's freedom. I think this will keep the ANZAC spirit alive.

ANZAC Day is important because those people who helped save our country, and all the people helping now, left their families and loved ones for us to have a safe and happy future. If I'm being honest, I'd never have the courage and bravery to go to war, not saying I don't love Australia because I do, it's just I'd be way too scared. I have the most respect and empathy for the soldier's family, losing a loved one at a young age or even just raising a child that would do that much for their country. I also have respect for the soldiers, the courage and bravery that it must take to go to war is astonishing. I respect anyone helping this country not only to be safe but to be successful and healthy.

The younger generation don't know or even understand the real struggle

and pain these soldiers went through – just thinking about it is scary. I just think that the kids these days need to know and appreciate that they have so much freedom. What better way to do that by having a month to learn and pay respects to those who lost their lives fighting for our happiness, safety, freedom and health.



*WINNER: Charlie Schneeberger, 15,
Year 10, West Wyalong High School*

ANZAC POEM

THE water moved across the sand,
as the boats and men would come to land.
The day was April twenty-fifth and there was no doubt this was no myth.
Sixteen thousand men in gear showed no tiny bit of fear.
Many more were sure to come, hoping to get this job well done.
Lots of men aiming down, ready to fire down at them.
Landing in Turkey, the air felt murky.
Young and old, it was all the same, man by man they would go down in flames.
Bullet and bullet would come down like rain, piercing through the skin with a very sharp pain.
Looking left and right, man by man they go down with a fight.
Early in the morning, landing at dawn, families at home were sure to mourn.
They were strong and they were brave, they weren't going down scared today.
By evening that day, the battle didn't go their way.
At the end of the campaign, it was an unsuccessful attempt.
But people all over, are sure to remember their names.
They were filled with courage, bravery, determination, and were fearless.
This great battle will never, surely, be missed.



*HIGHLY COMMENDED:
Jett Nguyen, 13, Year 8, St Anne's Central School, Temora*



In Memoriam.

No. 710.

Private Wilfred Victor Knight

*D Company, 1st Battalion, 1st Infantry Brigade,
1st Australian Imperial Expeditionary Force.*

First New Zealander reported as having fallen
in action at the Dardanelles.

April, 1915.

Born at Waipori, New Zealand, 6th April, 1890.

*"I know we're in for a hard time, but I will
do my duty."*