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



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PITCHING IN: When it was war-time a woman's work was never done for if they weren't nursing at the front, local ladies were keeping the home fires burning and busy fund raising to help those fighting the good fight for God, King and Country.

Riverina school children's ANZAC writing awards:

- 26-27. South West Slopes
- 28-29. Irrigation Areas
- 29-30. Wagga Wagga and District
- 30-31. Snowy Mountains
- 32. Fond thoughts of you

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

The Australian War Memorial, Museum of the Riverina curator Michelle Maddison and the Parliamentary Library's Senior Researcher, Politics and Public Administration Section, Dr Damon Muller, for his assistance collating conscription figures.

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WAR-TIME TOTS: A World War I postcard of an Australian patriotic scene showing two young girls dressed as nurses carrying a stretcher.

WAR TOUGH ON CHILDREN

OUR poignant cover of this year's commemorative ANZAC Day Riverina booklet features a caring nurse lovingly tending to a brave little trooper, wounded in battle.

Role-playing the heroic deeds being done by the grown-ups at the front was one way children of The Great War era – indeed, littlies during any time of military conflict – were able to cope with the horrors of what was happening half a world away.

Playing dress-ups with siblings and friends was harmless and popular fun.

However, all too tragically it masked the awful reality of the global fighting waged on an unparalleled scale for four long years from 1914.

Australian infantry were introduced to Western Front combat on 19-20 July 1916 at Fromelles, where they suffered 5533 casualties in just 24 hours and by the end of the year about 40,000 Australians had been killed or wounded on the Western Front.

Never before in human history had so many kids in so many countries been left fatherless by war.

Sadly, little more than two decades later another generation of youngsters would also say tearful farewells to their fathers (and some their mothers too) who were heading off to do their duty ... many never to return home.

Over the years Australian society changed as a result of war and this was especially so in regional areas where the resolve of people to be prepared, to be united and to thwart our enemies intensified.

From the Snowy Mountains in the east to the red soil plains beyond Hillston out west and from Mangoplah in

the south to the Bland and the South West Slopes in the north, the Riverina has always contributed mightily in the nation's darkest days.

War cost the Riverina heavily yet has never dented the resolve of the region's people to serve and to play their part – at home or abroad.

And now – as we mark a century since that terrible year of 1916 in which so many of our volunteer Diggers fell at the killing fields of Bullecourt, Fromelles, Messines, Pozières, the Somme – we humbly acknowledge and give eternal gratitude to those sacrifices ... and also those of their children.

Riverina's souvenir 2016 ANZAC booklet is especially written and produced with today's young generation in mind and features the children war left behind, the nurses who played such an important role medically and in lifting morale as well as covering the divisive conscription debate and its ramifications.

Services of remembrance will be conducted throughout the region, our nation and across the Tasman in New Zealand on 25 April marking the 101st anniversary of ANZAC Day and I respectfully urge locals to show their support for past and present servicemen and women by attending one of the commemorations listed in this publication.

Michael McCormack

THE HON.
 MICHAEL McCORMACK MP
 Federal Member for Riverina
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TRAGEDY OF RIVERINA'S BOY SOLDIER



JUST A BOY: Our youngest casualty, Jim Martin, 14.

BACKGROUND PICTURE: Not much has changed in a hundred years with trenches still overlooking ANZAC Cove at Gallipoli.



WHEN other boys his age, some even older, were sitting in their classroom reading school books, James Charles Martin was fighting for his life and those of his mates at Gallipoli.

Known as Jim, this headstrong lad enlisted on 12 April 1915 aged just 14 years and three months having gained his parents' reluctant consent after he made it clear he would run away, sign on under an assumed name and never write to them if they did not agree.

Not long before he joined the Australian Imperial Force Jim was attending Manningtree Road State School in Hawthorn, Melbourne.

The only son of six children of Amelia and Charles Martin, he was born on 3 January 1901 at the Murray River town of Tocumwal, which was in the Riverina electorate from Federation to 1968.

Jim gave a false date (18) to the recruiting officer and after initial training at Broadmeadows Camp was soon aboard HMAT *Berrima* A35 with the 21st Infantry Battalion 1st Reinforcements being deployed to Egypt.

He was then sent to Gallipoli on the steamer HMT *Southland* to fight the Turks but the ship was torpedoed and sunk by German submarine *UB-14* 30 miles (48 kilometres) off the island of Lemnos in the Aegean Sea.

Jim was rescued after spending four hours in the water

and rejoined his battalion at Mudros Island where they were transferred to the transport ship *Abassieh* on 7 September to resume their voyage to Gallipoli.

Just before 2am the following day Martin's platoon landed at Watson's Pier in ANZAC Cove.

He then served in trenches around Courtney's Post on the ridge overlooking Monash Valley.

He wrote home telling his family "the Turks are still about 70 yards away from us" and urging them not to worry as "I am doing splendid over here."

The campaign dragged on, winter approached and severe weather on the peninsula took its toll on soldiers in the trenches.

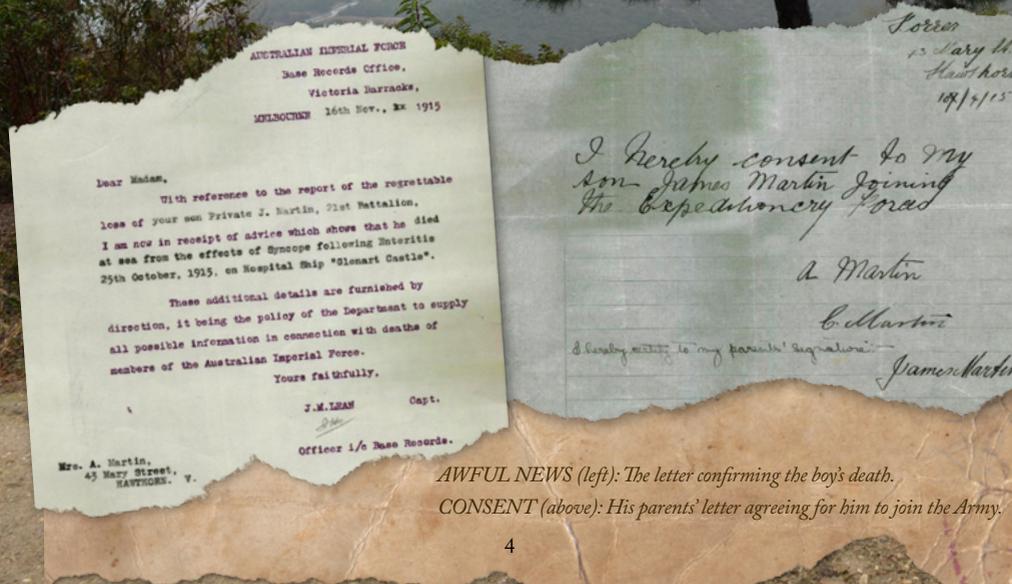
Jim contracted enteric fever (typhoid) in the trenches but, being a brave boy, refused treatment and soldiered on.

His condition worsened and he developed diarrhoea, subsequently being evacuated to the hospital ship *Glenart Castle* on 25 October 1915.

Tragically, Jim died of heart failure that night, at the age of 14 and nine months and was buried at sea the next day.

At the time of his death only his parents and his best mate, Cec Hogan – only 16 himself – knew Jim's real age.

He was the youngest Australian known to have died in World War I – a mere lad whose daring and sense of duty cost him his young life.



AWFUL NEWS (left): The letter confirming the boy's death.

CONSENT (above): His parents' letter agreeing for him to join the Army.

SCHOOL HONOURS FOREST HILL HEROES



YESTERYEAR: Forest Hill Public as it was during the two World Wars. This building was demolished in 1949.

PROUD PUPILS: Happy to stand alongside Forest Hill Public's World War I memorial are (from left) school captains Lily Pettit and Phillip (PJ) Webb, both 12, and vice-captains Zahra Allen and Lachlan McDonald, both 11.



READY FOR ACTION: The 4th Machine Gun Company in Belgium with Harlequin Huxtable 4th from left 3rd row.

PUPILS at historic Forest Hill Public are justifiably proud of their school and district's rich military heritage.

At the entrance gate to this fabulous place of learning, one of the oldest in the region dating back to 1878, is a marble monument etched in gold with the names of the 24 locals who went to fight, as the tablet tells "Pro Dei Et Patria", or "For God and Country" – in The Great War of 1914-18.

Students know all too well how important the armed services are – not just because they file past the honour roll on their way to class every day but also as 40 of those 240 enrolled have parents who serve at the Royal Australian Air Force base just across the Sturt Highway.

Of the two dozen "Forest Hill heroes" as the inscription aptly reads, five made the ultimate sacrifice.

They were Harold Eric Getting Barton – "first to fall at Gallipoli", Burt Bellingier – he was only 19, Harlequin Gladstone Huxtable – a Military Medallist, Howard Maitland Lyons and John Lancaster Norman.

Brave young men. Gone too soon.

Private Barton was certainly not the first ANZAC killed on the famed Dardanelles peninsula but his death was the first reported, leading to the unique notation on his official Australian War Memorial records (see below).

Just 20 and originally from Warrnambool, this grazier had selected land at Arthur River via Wagin in Western Australia and it was from Helena Vale in that State that Pte Barton enlisted on 4 September 1914 – amongst the first Diggers to do so.

Wounded in action, Pte Barton died on board HMT *Osmanieh* on 7 May 1915 and was buried at sea.

Another farmer whose connection to Forest Hill is unknown but who is remembered on the school gate is teenage Trooper Bellingier of the 6th Australian Light Horse Regiment, who suffered a gunshot wound to his chest at Gaba Tepe on 18 June 1915, died and was buried the same day.

Then there's Christchurch-born Lance-Corporal Huxtable, a draper's assistant who wrote Lake Albert Public School as his wife Florence's address upon enlistment at Holsworthy on 24 August 1915.

He was unquestionably one of Wagga Wagga's most daring, having twice been wounded in the field in France before earning a coveted Military Medal "for bravery and leadership" with the 4th Australian Machine Gun Battalion (4th Company) during the 4 July 1918 Battle of Hamel in the Somme – the first time in the war that American troops participated in an offensive action under non-American command.



FALLEN ANZAC: Harold Barton

Sadly, this gallant 28-year-old was shot in his right shoulder on 9 August 1918 and died in hospital the next day.

Second Lieutenant Lyons and Gunner Norman were both killed in action on the Western Front during 1917.

Both had brothers, Ernest and Robert respectively, who thankfully returned home yet their families and the close-knit Forest Hill severely felt the loss of so many brave boys whose sacrifice and service is forever perpetuated, not just on ANZAC Day but every day on the gates of this special school.

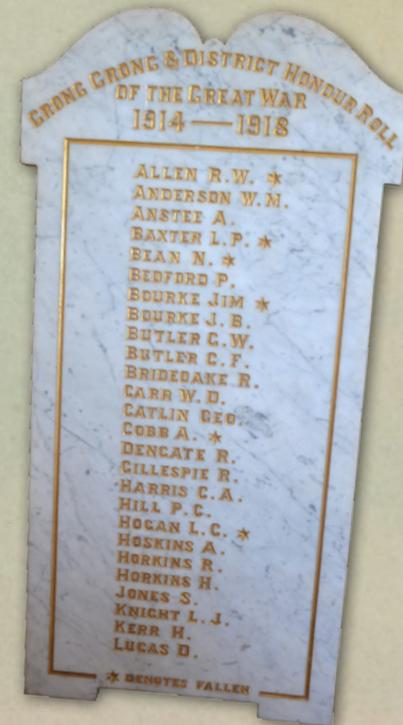
7. Any other biographical details likely to be of interest to the Historian of the A.I.F., or of his Regiment—
was the first District soldier to fall at Gallipoli he and one Watson of Hamilton being the two first deaths reported. (our town is Warrnambool) Hamilton is Dundas S.

GRONG GRONG DAD JOINS SON AT FRONT



FATHER AND SON: Robert (left) and Henry Horkings.

MAIN PICTURE: The 10,049-ton troopship HMAS Aeneas A60 which took Henry Horkings to war.



REMEMBERED: One of Grong Grong's honour rolls. Henry and Robert Horkings are included, although their names are misspelt.

WHEN young Henry Horkings of Grong Grong went off to do his World War I duty he certainly wasn't joining "Dad's Army" ... but in a way it became that less than six months later when his father enlisted too.

There had not been too many times in the history of warfare when fathers and sons had gone off to play their part together – but The Great War was that sort of conflict.

It was a war like none before, with just about every able-bodied man almost feeling compelled in the first couple of years to do what seemed right ... to go and fight.

Henry and Robert were two such men: hard workers off the land, made of stern stuff and fiercely patriotic.

One of four sons of Robert and Harriett (who also had five daughters), 21-year-old farmer Henry joined the Australian Imperial Force in Melbourne on 5 February 1916 and sailed out as a sapper with the 2nd Pioneer Battalion 2nd Reinforcements aboard HMAS *Aeneas* A60.

Robert, a labourer, signed up for service at Cootamundra on 2 August 1916. He was 41. On 9 November the same year he left Sydney with the 39th Infantry Battalion 5th Reinforcements on HMAS *Benalla* A24.

After seeing action in France, on 10 January 1918 Henry was sent to England on Hospital Ship *St David* suffering from a severe bout of trench fever.

He was an adventurous lad with a dash of boldness and a larrikin spirit, judging by the fact he was nabbed twice for overstaying his leave. On the first occasion at Tidworth his punishment was a fortnight's confinement to his barracks and on the second at Sandhill he had to forfeit a day's pay ... certainly nothing serious and not all that uncommon amongst soldiers who took full advantage – and then some – of a furlough away from the horrors of the front.

Henry returned to Australia via HMAS *Mahia* on 4 June 1919.

His father, meantime, had been discharged from the AIF just two days earlier, deemed medically unfit due to

chronic bronchitis. He had disembarked in Melbourne from HMAS *Nevasa* on ANZAC Day 1919.

Robert had two stints in the field, several months each time, at Rouelles in France.

You can imagine the excitement on the evening of 29 August 1919 when the Grong Grong community officially welcomed home its war heroes including Henry and Robert as well as Percy Bedford, Charles Butler, Hugh Kerr, Jack Knight and Ray Longford.

Brave brothers Jack and Tom Wright arrived home soon after.

Local Diggers were presented illuminated addresses in recognition of their service.

Life was good for Henry. He had made it home and the following year married his sweetheart Edith Maud Gladys Cabban in what *The Narrandera Argus* described as "a pretty wedding" at Narrandera's Church of England.

They had three children, Henry, Dorothy and Hazel, and made a home at Sunshine in Victoria where Henry

worked for the famous harvester manufacturer H. V. McKay.

Tragedy struck, however, when Edith, whilst on a visit to her mother Mary in Narrandera, was killed when the bicycle she was riding collided with an ice-laden lorry on the corner of Audley Street and Leeton Road on 28 November 1938. She was just 43.

Henry lived until 1963 and would also mourn the loss of his sister Alice who succumbed to pneumonia aged only 37 in 1949.

Robert Horkings, born in 1876, showed age did not weary him for he again served his country in World War II, spending more than 15 months in uniform after enlisting at Narrandera on 27 January 1942.

This time sons Bill (Leeton) and Roy (Shepparton) also signed up.

Harriett Horkings died in 1961 aged 88 whilst Robert passed away in his 99th year, on 5 October 1974 – a day the nation lost one of its finest.



BON VOYAGE: Wagga Wagga's Sister Ethel Cameron (circled) in a group of 247 Australian Imperial Force members, mostly nurses from New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia, Tasmania and Victoria, bound for Salonika, Greece, on RMS Mooltan.

Nurse Ethel Cameron did her war duty

BORN at Narrandera and raised in Wagga Wagga, Ethel Maud Stewart Cameron was the quintessential country girl who grew into a caring, compassionate young woman and did what she could to safeguard her country and countrymen.

The daughter of Donald (1858-1931) – who ran a Fitzmaurice Street bakery from 1893-1913 and who was a council alderman from 1908-20 – and his wife Elizabeth, Ethel enlisted as a staff nurse on 1 December 1916.

She was a month shy of 26, single and her papers indicated she had fair complexion, blue eyes and light brown hair.

Ethel was trained to make a difference and prepared to do what was required to help the Australian Imperial Force's war efforts.

She left Sydney on 9 June 1917 amongst a group of 132 dedicated nurses.

Before leaving Australia the nurses posed for a group portrait, reproduced above. Each nurse had a stoic look

of determination and duty ... no braver group of women ever left our shores.

They steamed out on the ill-fated RMS *Mooltan*, arriving at Suez, Egypt, on 19 July then embarked six days later for Salonika (now Thessaloniki, the second-largest city in Greece) per the passenger steamer *Chagres* out of Port Said, arriving for duty on 31 July. Five days earlier the 9621-ton *Mooltan* had been sent to the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea, having been torpedoed by the German Imperial Navy's submarine *UC-27* on its return voyage. *Chagres*, too, was destroyed by a German sub, *UC-74*, off Crete on 10 March 1918. It was a dangerous time to be on the water.

Ethel played her part and worked hard but it was not long before she contracted malaria and then suffered recurring severe bouts, forcing her to be invalided out of Army nursing on 13 April 1918 – her records stating her disability was “contracted in the service and under circumstances over which she had no control”.

Sixteen days later she was on her way back home on *Tofua*, arriving in Sydney on Sunday 16 June and Wagga

Wagga by the mail train on the Friday of the same week.

The Daily Advertiser reported her happy homecoming, saying she was “accorded a touching welcome. Numerous friends met her at the railway station, which had been gaily decorated by the members of the Wagga Soldiers' Comforts Fund. Prominent among those who assembled at the station was the Mayoress (Emma Collins), who formally welcomed the popular Sister back to Wagga. The Red Cross League had decorated 'Fassifern', the home of Sister Cameron, in Gurwood Street with a profusion of flags and greenery, an outstanding feature being the sign in large letters, 'Welcome Home' over the entrance. Here also was formed a guard of honour comprised of ladies of the Red Cross dressed in their white aprons with red crosses. As Sister Cameron walked up the path they formed an arch of flags, and so welcomed one of their members back. Sister Cameron feelingly expressed her gratitude at the warmth of her reception and promises at a future date to give an account of her many experiences in the war zone. She was presented with a quaint bouquet of native roses and gum leaves.”

Ethel soon returned to Sydney and spent a month being

treated for malaria in Randwick Hospital and eventually recovered ... marrying World War One Light Horseman Stanley Bindley of Armidale in 1931, a month before her father died.

Stan, whose sister Agnes was also a Great War nurse, died in 1963 and Ethel lived until 1 September 1983, passing away at the Veterans' Hospital, Narrabeen, at age 92 – a grand old lady the Riverina could count as one of its finest.

Ethel's brother Ewen (1894-1978), who attended Wagga Wagga High School, enlisted on 15 February 1915, embarked on 10 April 1915 as a Gunner with the 1st Field Artillery Brigade 5th Reinforcements; went through the greater part of the Gallipoli campaign and spent 13 months in France as a Quarter-Master Sergeant with the 3rd Battery 1FAB; receiving a commission in the last month of the war and returning to Australia on 12 April 1919.

He also served in World War II, being a Major with the 21 Australian Division Cavalry Regiment on discharge in 1943 at age 49.



THE FINEST: A group of Australian war nurses.

WORTH SEEING: Be sure not to miss the Museum of the Riverina's women in war exhibition.



GOOD CARE: A nurse tends to a wounded soldier.

RECUPERATING: Diggers and nurses at Australia's WWI Harefield Hospital in London.



Angels of Mercy

AN EXHIBITION paying tribute to the wonderful local women who did so much to help the cause during The Great War of 1914-18 still has another year to run.

Titled "Worth their weight in gold: Wagga women in World War I", the must-see display has been collated by Museum of the Riverina curator Michelle Maddison at the Botanic Gardens site on Willans Hill.

It costs nothing to visit the museum.

As many as 18 women with Wagga Wagga links served as nurses during WWI, including Lily Nugent, head nurse of the Wagga Wagga Hospital in 1908 who was the first female in New South Wales to be accorded a military funeral after she died of tuberculosis in Sydney on 21 February 1918.

During WWI, 2139 nurses served overseas, 423 served in Australia, 25 died and 388 received honours including seven who earned Military Medals for acts of courage.

War nursing was exhausting and often dangerous, and these women experienced the horrors of the battlefields first-hand.

Private John Rignold of the 13th Battalion splendidly summed up the mighty contribution made by nurses in *ANZAC Memorial*, published for the benefit of the Returned Soldiers Association of NSW, on 25 April 1916.

Under the heading "Tribute to noble womanhood" he wrote: "The 'kindest things' I saw at war were the Sisters and Nurses of Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand – all of whom I have come in contact with.

"Their whole-hearted devotion to their honourable profession, no doubt intensified by their appreciation of our good cause, seemed to give them extra strength and will unceasingly to attend the wounded and sick.

"I have seen them going the whole of the day and practically through the night without pause or rest – always with a sweet smile and gentle and comforting words to the sufferers – always by your cot at the slightest movement of the patient or sufferer – talking, whenever occasion arose, to take our thoughts away from the horrors that one sees all around – offering to write our letters and making a hundred other offers of assistance.

"Nothing that I have seen in all this dreadful war has filled me with so much gratitude and admiration as the services rendered so willingly, so gently, by the Nurses and Sisters of the Expeditionary Forces."

SISTERS DID THEIR FAMILY PROUD

SISTERS Evangeline and Florence Holloway were born to serve their country.

Doing good – particularly mending broken and injured bodies – was in their blood.

Their mother, Eliza Susannah (1841-1925), was a member of perhaps Ganmain's most famous pioneering family, the Devlins.

Eva and Florence's father, John (1840-1916), was one of the original nine aldermen when Wagga Wagga was incorporated as a municipality on 15 March 1870.

Eliza and John, who wed in 1867, had six daughters and three sons with five of the girls taking up nursing (two going to war) and one son becoming a doctor.

Florence Elizabeth, known as Bessie, was born on 21 August 1874 and Eva four years later, their birthplace being Wagga Wagga.

Their father was a leading pastoralist, at one time owning Bygoo, Estella and Moombooldool Stations.

Drawn to nursing as a profession, Bessie completed four years of training at Sydney's Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney, with a further six-month maternity practice at the Royal Hospital for Women in Paddington.

In 1901 she was employed as a typhoid nurse at the Coast Hospital, Little Bay.

Prior to enlisting with the Army Medical Corps, Bessie held the position of matron at Wilga Private Hospital.

Eva Astelle served with 2 Australian General Hospital from the first month of the war – 3 September 1914 – and spent time patching up troops in Egypt and France as well as on board the ships *HMAT Runic A54* and *HMAT Kyarra A55* until resigning her appointment on 20 November 1916 to marry Robert Davidson in Fulham, England.

Bessie signed up on 27 August 1917 and left Sydney aboard *HMAT Ayrshire A33* less than three weeks later.



CARING
(above): Florence Holloway

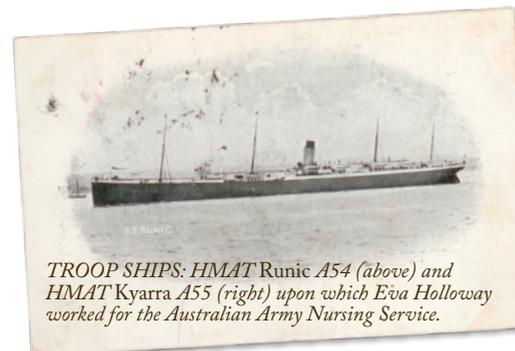


DEDICATED
(right): Eva Holloway

She nursed at Abbassia, Egypt, during the war and afterwards was posted to England from May-August 1919 where she undertook a horticultural course in Kent, organised by the Australian Imperial Force Department of Repatriation and Demobilisation.

She was engaged in the rearing of poultry, gardening and beekeeping and her scrapbook, now held in the State Library of New South Wales, suggests she also travelled around Europe before returning to Australia per *HT Konigin Luise* in December 1919.

Eva died at Royal Newcastle Hospital on 21 March 1957 and on 20 September that year Bessie, who never married, passed away in Chatswood.



TROOP SHIPS: *HMAT Runic A54* (above) and *HMAT Kyarra A55* (right) upon which Eva Holloway worked for the Australian Army Nursing Service.





WAGGA DEFIES WAR CONSCRIPTION VOTE

A CENTURY ago this year Riverina voters went to the polls with the rest of the nation to determine whether or not conscription would be legislated as the war dragged on and death and disablement continued to thin the ranks of our men at the front.

It was a controversial ballot and, when unsuccessful, was repeated the following year ... with the same "no" result.

The first plebiscite was held on 28 October 1916 and narrowly rejected conscription with a margin of 49 per cent in favour and 51% opposed.

The 1916 plebiscite asked Australians:

"Are you in favour of the Government having, in this grave emergency, the same compulsory powers over citizens in regard to requiring their military service, for the term of this War, outside the Commonwealth, as it now has in regard to military service within the Commonwealth?"

A second plebiscite was taken on 20 December 1917 and defeated by a greater margin. The question put was:

"Are you in favour of the proposal of the Commonwealth Government for reinforcing the Australian Imperial Force overseas?"

It was a bitter time and the issue divided the nation and the region. Amongst the paraphernalia produced to sway opinion were coat badges (shown at left) worn with feeling and pride.

Many people thought positively of conscription as a sign of loyalty to Great Britain and felt it would also support those men already fighting. Others felt the cost in lives had already been too high and that military service should not be compulsory.

Large meetings were held both pro- and anti-conscription and the women's vote was seen as important with large women's meetings and campaign information from both sides aimed at women voters.

The national vote in 1916 was 1,160,033 no to 1,087,557 yes and in 1917 1,181,747 no to 1,015,159 yes.

The Riverina electorate, which included North Wagga but not Wagga Wagga (which was then in the seat of Hume), voted 13,104-12,534 against conscription in 1916.

The 1917 Riverina "no" majority was more clear-cut: 13,361 to 9169.

Member for Riverina during this period was John Chanter whose son John Courtenay Chanter fought in the Second Boer War as well as the First World War with the Australian Light Horse during the Gallipoli and Damascus campaigns.

Wagga Wagga, however, went against the Riverina and Federal trend in 1916, voting 1894 to 1641 in favour of conscription, prompting the editors of its then two daily newspapers to applaud the local spirit whilst condemning the "no" majority.

Editor of *The Daily Advertiser*, William Manfred Sherrie, did not hold back in



SIGN UP!
Australian cigarette cards, popular in the early 1900s, extolling the virtues of enlisting ... qualifications: age 18-45 years, minimum height 5-ft 2-ins, chest measurement 33-ins.

his 30 October 1916 editorial, arguing "... there is every prospect of Australia being brought to lasting disgrace and dishonour by the deliberate vote of her citizens".

"In a purely local sense patriotic men and women have no reason to be dissatisfied with the results of the vote. Indeed they may look around upon their neighbours and feel that Wagga at least has remained loyal to the Empire and her Allies, true to the Commonwealth and the future destiny of the country, and above all resolutely opposed to the dastardly idea of abandoning the gallant men who have voluntarily gone to fight and suffer and die for the flag and freedom - all unconscious of the odious and, at first, incredible, fact that tens of thousands of the abject citizens for whom they were making the sacrifice were prepared to betray them and allow them to perish in the battle line for want of adequate reinforcements," Sherrie railed.

"If the whole of the country had voted as did the people of Wagga, the exultation and the rejoicing which will

today probably be taking place in Germany would have been confined to Allied nations - nations which will be filled with amazement and contempt unspeakable for a people so destitute of manhood as to desire to desert their own valiant troops and at the same time cringe at home under all manner of hypocritical pretenses in the hope that other countries will do all the fighting for them and give them the protection they are too feeble and spiritless and unpatriotic to fight for themselves."

Charles Wilmot Dunstan of the *Wagga Wagga Express* said the national result in 1916 was "a vote of weakness", adding: "We can be justly proud of the voice of Wagga on the question, the result stands as a monument to the self-sacrificing efforts of the people ..."

Despite these stirring words, Wagga Wagga went the other way in 1917, voting down conscription 1914-1401.

By the end of the war in November 1918, a total of 416,809 men had voluntarily enlisted in the Army.



THE ANZAC SPIRIT

COMMANDANT of Army Recruit Training Centre, Blamey Barracks, Kapooka, Colonel Steve Jobson CSC, gave the following rousing speech as the keynote address at the 25 April 2015 ANZAC Centenary commemoration and wreath-laying service in the Victory Memorial Gardens, Wagga Wagga. It was tabled in the Federal Parliament on 13 August last year and is reprinted on these and subsequent pages, in full, as words this poignant and powerful must be published for posterity.

AT 4.30AM on this day 100 years ago, the first Australian and New Zealand Army Corps soldiers landed on the beach on Turkish soil at a place we now know as ANZAC Cove. On the way to the beach, in the dark, the landing boats became mixed up and troops were disorientated as they disembarked in waist deep water 30 feet from shore.

Desperately men charged forward under the weight of their 40-kilogram packs and were suddenly faced by complex and steep terrain.

Then the fighting started, as pockets of Turkish soldiers quickly started firing everything they had back down at the attackers.

Casualties and confusion started to mount. A few miles away, Turkish reserve troops were ordered to quickly advance toward the Australian and New Zealanders. On arrival they were thrust into a violent exchange of fire, shooting all their ammunition and then frantically charging the ANZACs with bayonets.

Throughout the day more ANZACs poured across the beach and up the escarpments. More Turkish infantry threw themselves forward to increasingly violent engagements in the protection of their homeland. Royal naval ships started shelling the Turks and Turkish machine guns started racking the soldiers climbing up the steep, open ground from the beach.

By the end of the day the ANZACs were precariously established in a tight beachhead, faced by thousands of recently arrived Turkish infantry reinforcements, perched on the side of near cliff-like ravines, digging in for what would be an epic – and disastrous – eight-month campaign.

As the Sun set on day one, 750 ANZACs lay dead and 2000 wounded. The Turkish suffered similar casualties.

But the fight was only just beginning. Each day and night they fought on, struggling to win the initiative in this almighty clash of civilisations.

On 19 May, the Turkish sought to end the campaign by mounting a massive counter offensive, aimed at driving into the ANZACs' perimeter, destroying them and pushing them back into the sea, whence they came. Forty two thousand Turkish soldiers were assembled against just 12,500 ANZACs available for frontline fighting; outnumbering the ANZACs three to one. The Turkish assaulted in vast human waves, charging forward only to be gunned down by the hundreds in withering ANZAC fire. By the time their commander called off the assault after eight hours, 10,000 Turkish had fallen, 3000 of whom were killed. The ANZACs lost 630 killed and wounded.



After, the campaign raged on, but further realities of war started to play out. Sickness – dysentery, enteric fever and diarrhoea ravaged soldiers of both sides. Constant shelling caused shrapnel and bullet wounds – bringing gangrene and amputations. Snipers toiled their trade – ruthlessly moving forward to kill as many as possible before they too were killed. Grenades were tossed in duels, one, two, a dozen, 50 grenades crossing by day, night. Whenever. Soldiers couldn't rest, sleep, eat or recover under this endless, all-pervasive brutality. By the end of July, of the 25,000 ANZACs on the peninsula, 200 were being evacuated every day as a result of wounds or illness. Hospital ships filled up, and whilst our committed doctors and nurses gave their all, hundreds of men died on those ships and were buried at sea.

To break the deadlock, the British high command decided for themselves to launch a colossal offensive. British reinforcements waded ashore at Suvla Bay and supporting attacks along the Gallipoli peninsula were to be made by the Allied forces to divert Turkish defences away. For the ANZACs, two of these diversionary attacks included Lone Pine and The Nek.

At Lone Pine hundreds of ANZACs surged forward in waves towards the Turkish trenches, just two cricket pitches away, their sheer inertia carrying them through the initial volley of machine gun and rifle, over fallen comrades, desperately breaking into reinforced covers over the top of the Turkish trenches, spilling in amongst the Turkish soldiers to engage in brutal, close quarters, hand-to-hand combat. With the butts of their rifles, bayonets, shovels, fists, boots and teeth – they desperately shot, stabbed, ripped, bit, punched and wrestled to the death – a cauldron of violence, brutality, fear, misery, pain and suffering. For those moments men lived out the worst nightmare imaginable – many in the closing stages of their young lives.

Then death came.

In fact, at Lone Pine death came to over 6000 ANZACs and Turks in those desperate moments, all for a few metres gained, and nothing more. They died for the sake of two tennis courts worth of terrain.

The Nek was an equally appalling chapter in the history books of Gallipoli. In that battle 600 Light Horsemen lined up in four waves of 150 to assault the nearby Turkish defences – defences that consisted of eight rows of fortified trenches, and five machine guns nests to which the Australians would have to charge uphill and in the open. The Light Horsemen were on foot as this was no place for horses. The plan was to assault immediately after a pre-dawn artillery bombardment at 4.30am. For some reason the guns cut out at 4.23am, leaving the Turks seven precious minutes to reset their defence.

As the minutes ticked down, the Turks fed bullets into machine guns, loaded rifles and steeled themselves for the onslaught.

And then the Australian Commander Lieutenant Colonel A. H. White of the 8th Light Horse said: "Go."

What happened next is best captured by the historian Charles Bean, who said: "... 150 men of the first line, scrambled from the deep trenches ... there burst out from the Turkish trenches, packed with men, such a torrent of rifle fire, growing quickly to a continuous roar, as soldiers have seldom faced ... the Australian line, now charging, was seen suddenly to go limp, and then sink to the earth, as though the men's limbs had become string. Except those wounded whom bullets had knocked back into the trench, or who managed to crawl a few yards and drop into it. Almost the whole line fell dead or dying within the first 10 yards. White and every other officer was killed ..."

Three more waves waited and on the whistle, one by one, each wave of 150 rose from the trenches and surged forward to their horrific fate. As they waited their turn, mates sought each other out so they could be next to each other as they went over, so they could be together in the final moments of their life, so they could die together, as mates.

Continued ...

SPIRIT OF ANZAC STILL BURNS BRIGHTLY

... Continued

But the suffering didn't end here. Back home the horror was only beginning to become apparent. Mothers', fathers', daughters', sons', brothers' and sisters' lives were being torn apart, shattered and broken as news came back – en masse – of their loved one's death in action at Gallipoli. In Wagga Wagga, the Riverina and right across Australia and New Zealand, communities were in shock, and disbelief.

It was truly horrific.

By the time the campaign ended with the Allied withdrawal, eight months after it had begun, more than 130,000 men had died: at least 87,000 Turkish soldiers and 44,000 Allied soldiers, including more than 8700 Australians killed and 19,000 wounded and 2779 New Zealanders killed and 5000 wounded. In fact, for our New Zealand brothers, one in five of all those who had landed on the peninsula were killed or died of wounds. In contrast to various counter narratives, all soldiers – Australians, New Zealanders, British, Indian, Newfoundlanders, French – and let it be said – Turkish, fought bravely and with distinction. The British casualties were by far the highest.

Yet from this cauldron of fire, broken limbs, suffering, terror and death, came an awakening – a national awakening. This, without doubt, was the greatest tragedy to unfold in the short history of the young nation of Australia. Yet it was also proving to be our greatest ever

victory of Australian spirit over adversity – a spirit that became known as the ANZAC spirit. A spirit of courage, resilience, mateship, initiative, determination and respect. Suddenly, as a nation, we realised our enormous capacity for selflessness, sacrifice and service.

Today we know these values of the ANZAC spirit to be ours as we have consistently demonstrated them in our Navy, Army and Air Force, in all our wars, in peacekeeping and disaster relief, and in our communities in times of flood, fire and other disasters.

This is no better exemplified some 27 years after Gallipoli in another war – World War II.

On 12 February 1942 the Royal yacht *Vyner Brooke* left Singapore just before the city fell to the Imperial Japanese Army. The ship carried many injured service personnel and 64 Australian Army nurses. The ship was bombed by Japanese aircraft and sank. Two nurses were killed in the bombing; nine were last seen drifting away from the ship on a raft and never heard from again; and the rest reached shore at Bangka Island, in the Dutch East Indies.

These nurses joined a group of men and injured personnel from the ship. Once it was discovered that the island was held by the Japanese, an officer of the *Vyner Brooke* went to surrender the group to the authorities. A small group of women and children followed him. The nurses stayed to care for the wounded. They set up

a shelter with a large Red Cross sign on it.

At mid-morning about 20 Japanese soldiers arrived at the beach. A machine gun was set up and then a Japanese officer ordered the 22 nurses and one civilian woman to walk into the surf.

A couple of soldiers shoved those who were slow to respond. Fully aware of their imminent fate, the nurses put on a brave face. Their matron, Irene Drummond, called out: "Chin up, girls. I'm proud of you and I love you all."

At that point the Japanese fired, killing all except one.

Another war, another beach, more Australians dead. But Irene Drummond and her stoic nurses showed the same values of courage and resilience, mateship and determination as the original ANZACs. They showed the same ANZAC spirit.

Then some 51 years after ANZAC Cove Australian soldiers once again found themselves in action, overwhelmed by an onslaught of far superior numbers. This time it was in a rubber plantation in the heart of South Vietnam. The battle I speak of is Long Tan. On the afternoon of 18 August 1966, after days of bombardment from Viet Cong forces, D Company, 6RAR left base to patrol what was known as the Long Tan rubber plantation. It was during this patrol they were engaged by a Viet Cong force of unknown size, using mortar, machine guns and small arms. Cut off from being able to safely disengage from the fighting, D Company were in significant danger of being overrun. Yet, in scenes which echo the support provided on the beaches of ANZAC Cove, artillery support from New Zealand forces quickly engaged the enemy, saving many Australian lives.

As the battle continued in the unrelenting heat and teeming rain, Australian ammunition ran short and the company urgently requested a resupply. Two Royal Australian Air Force helicopters flew at tree top height, taking effective ground fire from the enemy, in near zero visibility and torrential rain, dropping sorely needed ammunition, and blankets for the wounded – the air crews placing their own lives in peril to support their mates on the ground.

After just under four hours the engagement was over and the full extent of what had occurred unfolded. The initial company-sized force of 108 men from D Company had managed to hold off approximately 2500 Viet Cong soldiers. But 18 courageous Australians lay dead holding the ground on which they stoically fought off the enemy.

The selflessness, teamwork, sacrifice and mateship demonstrated by all forces involved harks back to those same values and ideals – the spirit shown on the shores of Gallipoli so many years before.

Continued ...



HISTORIC (far left): The landing at ANZAC Cove, or Gaba Tepe, in 1915 began a military tradition which endures to this day.

BRAVE (above): Nurse Irene Drummond

LONG TAN (below): Tired yet resolute and watchful, members of the 6th Battalion, The Royal Australian Regiment, push through dense scrub country in search of retreating Viet Cong. The Diggers were amongst the Australians who routed a large enemy force in the Battle of Long Tan in Phuoc Tuy Province during Operation Smithfield on 18 August 1966.



THE ANZAC SPIRIT

... Continued

Today this is none more so evident than on the modern day battlefield of Afghanistan, exemplified by a young Army Corporal.

On 22 June 2013, a combined Australian Commando Platoon and Afghan soldiers were inserted into enemy territory. Not long after the insertion, they were engaged by enemy fire from multiple prepared positions. Cpl Cameron Baird seized the initiative, killing six enemy, thus allowing the assault to continue. Cpl Baird's actions lend weight to his courage and initiative, yet these actions were not in isolation on that day.

During the course of the fight another team were attacked with heavy enemy fire, and this resulted in their commander being seriously wounded. Without hesitation Cpl Baird led his team to provide support, in the process coming under fire from enemy rifle and machine gun positions. In complete disregard for his own safety, Cpl Baird charged these positions, supported by his team. In doing so they were concurrently fired upon by enemy on their flank. Cpl Baird countered this threat using grenades and rifle fire, thus freeing up his team to fight the position they had been heading for.

On three separate occasions Cpl Baird charged an enemy-held building within the compound they were fighting in. Despite being repeatedly exposed and drawing enemy fire, he continued on, re-engaging the enemy again. It was this final time, while selflessly drawing enemy fire away from his team, he succeeded in neutralising the enemy. However, in doing so he made the ultimate sacrifice.

Once again, selflessness, sacrifice, initiative, courage, teamwork, mateship and honour are obvious through Cpl Baird's actions. They are the same Gallipoli values of 100 years ago which continue to be replicated on today's battlefields in the Middle East and wherever Australian men and women continue to serve. They are the values of the ANZAC spirit.

For 100 years our fellow Australians have selflessly sacrificed themselves for us, so that we can live and prosper. They have held up a mirror to us and shown us what it is that we are capable of as Australian citizens.

Let us live those values in our lives. Let us make the legacy of those men and women in uniform who gave their all in the service of our nation mean something as Australians. Let's be courageous, help others to be resilient, value and be there for our mates, take initiative for those in need, be determined as communities in hard times to overcome adversity, and respect all those around us – regardless of their differences or abilities.

We should realise our enormous capacity for selflessness and service through our actions and by doing so, together as a nation we will pay the ultimate respect for those who have made the ultimate sacrifice on this day 100 years ago at Gallipoli and in the service of our nation ever since that day.

But above all, let us today remember those original ANZACs and all the 102,000 Australians who have selflessly given their lives for us in all our conflicts. Their actions have consistently demonstrated the values of the ANZAC spirit. We honour all of them today.

Their liability to our nation was unlimited, and our respect and gratitude for them likewise should have no limits. We have remembered them for 100 years, and we should be determined to remember them for the next 100 years too.

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls – Lest We Forget.

Thank you.



FITTING TRIBUTE:
The memorial (below) at the Australian Defence Force domestic compound at Al Minbad Air Base in the United Arab Emirates, now officially known as Camp Baird, in memory of the gallant Corporal Cameron Stewart Baird VC MG (pictured above).



Col. Jobson sourced material from the following for his speech:

Diggers: The Australian Army, Navy and Air Force in eleven wars by George Odgers, Lansdowne Publishing, 1994;
The Spirit of the Digger: Then & Now by Patrick Lindsay, Pan Macmillan Australia, 2003; Colonel Helen Macpherson's ANZAC Day speech 2014.

2016 ANZAC DAY RIVERINA SERVICE TIMES AND VENUES

ADELONG

- 9.15am Short service at Grahamstown-Shepardstown monument, Tumut Street. Followed by pilgrimage to Adelong Cemetery.
- 10am Contingent including school children, ex-servicemen and women and serving personnel assemble at Adelong Services and Citizens' Club.
- 10.45am March to Memorial Park.
- 11am Wreath-laying by officials and residents.
- 11.45am Return to S&C Club.
- 12.30pm Luncheon including an address by Cr James Hayes OAM.

ARDLETHAN (includes Beckom)

- 10.30am Assemble and march from Ardlethan Post Office, Yithan Street, to cenotaph, Memorial Hall, Ariah Street.
- 10.55am Fly-over by Temora Aviation Museum.
- 11am Service begins at cenotaph.

ARIAH PARK (includes Quandary)

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

BARELLAN (includes Binya, Moombooldool)

- 2.30pm March from Barellan Community Hall, Bendee Street, to the cenotaph.
- 3pm Service at cenotaph on the corner of Boree and Mulga Streets outside the pool. Afternoon tea served at the Barellan and District War Memorial Club afterwards with two-up to follow later in the evening.

BARMEDMAN

- 10.45am Assemble and march along Queen Street to Memorial Park.
- 11am Service at Memorial Park followed by lunch at the Bowling Club.

BATLOW

- 6am Dawn service at cenotaph, Memorial Park, Park Avenue.
- 3pm March leaves from RSL Club car park, proceeds to cenotaph. Followed by main service.

BETHUNGRA (includes Frampton, Illabo)

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

CARRATHOOL

- 6am Dawn service at cenotaph, Memorial Hall grounds, Wade Street.

COLEAMBALLY (includes Darlington Point)

- 5.45am Dawn service at John McInnes Square, Brolga Place.
- 10.45am March from Community Hall, Coleambally. Followed by service at John McInnes Square.

COLLINGULLIE

- 8am Service at Memorial Hall, Sturt Highway.

COOLAMON (includes Marrar)

- 6am Dawn service at cenotaph, Cowabbie Street.
- 10.45am Assemble outside RSL Memorial Museum, Loughnan Street and march to cenotaph.
- 11am Main service.

2016 ANZAC DAY RIVERINA SERVICE TIMES AND VENUES

COOTAMUNDRA

- 6am Dawn service at cenotaph in Albert Park.
- 10.30am Ceremonial march beginning at the front of the Ex-Servicemen's & Citizens' Memorial Club.
- 10.45am Commemoration service at Albert Park. Followed by the unveiling of the refurbished Lone Pine Dear Family Memorial.

FOREST HILL

- 5.45am Ceremony begins at front gate Royal Australian Air Force Wagga Wagga, Sturt Highway. Catafalque party mounts followed by service. On completion, members and guests invited to gunfire breakfast in Airmen's Mess.

GANMAIN (includes Matong)

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

GOOLGOWI

- 2.45pm March from Goolgowi Hall to cenotaph outside Ex-Servicemen's Club, corner Combo and Napier Streets.
- 3pm Service at cenotaph.

GRIFFITH

- 5.45am Dawn service, Memorial Park, Banna Avenue.
- 10.30am March from War Memorial Museum (RSL Sub-Branch Hall), Banna Avenue.
- 11am Main service, Memorial Park. Address by Colonel Glenn David Stockton (Retired) AM.

GUNDAGAI (includes Coolac, Mount Horeb)

- 6am Dawn service at ANZAC Grove.
- 10.15am Assemble outside Lott's Family Hotel, Sheridan Street.
- 10.30am March will be led by the Gundagai Town Band followed by the Vintage Car Club vehicles carrying RSL members.
- 11am Main service. 7th Light Horse Gundagai Troop in attendance. On completion, the parade will return west along Sheridan Street, dismissing adjacent to the Visitor Information Centre.

HARDEN-MURRUMBURRAH

- 6am Dawn service at cenotaph, Newson Park, corner Albury and Station Streets, Harden.
- 10.30am Assemble in front of Mechanics Institute, Neill Street, Harden. March to cenotaph.
- 11am Main service. Murrumburrah Light Horse Troop in attendance.
- 12 noon Unveiling of 6th Division and 7th Division plaques at The 1st Australian Light Horse & Australian Light Horse Memorial, Corner Albury and Bathurst Streets, Murrumburrah. Murrumburrah Light Horse Troop in attendance.

HILLSTON (includes Merriwagga and surrounding districts)

- 5.45am Dawn service, cenotaph, High Street.
- 10.30am March from Ex-Servicemen's Club, High Street, to cenotaph. Lunch afterwards at Ex-Servicemen's Club.

HUMULA

- 10.15am Assemble for march at Humula Citizens Sports Club, Mate Street.
- 10.30am March to Humula Community Hall, School Street. ANZAC Day service to follow outside the hall. Catafalque party from Kapooka to be in attendance. Father Paddy Sykes to be one of the speakers.
- 12.30pm Lunch at the club to be provided by P&C. \$15 per head.

JUGIONG

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

JUNEE (includes Illabo, Wantabadgery)

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

JUNEE REEFS

- 3pm Service and wreath-laying at Junee Reefs-Ivor Hall, Junee

2016 ANZAC DAY RIVERINA SERVICE TIMES AND VENUES

Reefs Road, conducted by Junee RSL Sub-Branch. Afternoon tea afterwards.

KAPOOKA

- 5.30am Dawn service at the picnic grounds at the front gate of Blamey Barracks, Army Recruit Training Centre.

LEETON (includes Gogeldrie, Murrumbidgee, Stanbridge, Wamoon)

- 6am Dawn service, short march from Church Street corner to cenotaph.
- 10am Main march from Leeton Courthouse to cenotaph, Pine Avenue.
- 11.15am Small service and wreath-laying at the RSL Shrine, Leeton Soldiers' Club, corner Acacia and Yanco Avenues.

LOCKHART

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

MIRROOL

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

MORUNDAH

- 9.45am Assemble at front of Paradise Palladium.
- 10am March to Memorial Wall where the service will follow. Morning tea afterwards.

NANGUS

To be commemorated on

Tuesday, 3 May 2016.

- 10.30am Service at Public School, Hulong Street. Includes speeches by Gundagai RSL Sub-Branch and Kapooka Army base representatives.

NARRANDERA (includes Grong Grong)

- 6am Dawn service, Memorial Gardens, corner East Street and Victoria Avenue.
- 9am Service at war graves at Narrandera Cemetery, Douglas Street.
- 10.15am Assemble march at front of Ex-Servicemen's Club, Bolton Street.
- 11am Main service, Memorial Gardens.

PLEASANT HILLS

- 9am Service, Memorial Hall.

RANKINS SPRINGS

- 7.45am Assemble for march at Allan James Park and march to cenotaph.
- 8am Service at cenotaph. Morning tea to follow.

SPRINGDALE

- 9am Prayer and laying of wreaths at cenotaph on Burley Griffin Way. Opening address by Colonel Pat Thorne (Retired).
- 9.15am Fly-over by Warbirds.
- 9.20am Lance Corporal Peter Kahlefeldt Scholarship Speech: Tribute to Springdale local Private Neil Penfold killed in action in the Battle of Fromelles on 20 July 1916. Presented by Temora High School Year 11 student Laura Shuttleworth. Springdale ANZAC Memorial Scholarship Speech: Tribute to Springdale local Private Bertie Cecil Harvey who died of wounds on

the Western Front on 7 May 1917. Presented by Temora High Year 12 student Samantha Reid. Address by a Stockinbingal Public School student on a Stockinbingal soldier killed in action. Musical interlude by the Springdale singers. Concluding poem written by local farmer Earl Kotzur. Service to follow. Refreshments in the Springdale Hall afterwards.

TALBINGO

- 6.30am Dawn service at Miles Franklin Park. Breakfast at the Country Club afterwards.

TALLIMBA

- 3pm ANZAC Day march followed by commemorative service in the Tallimba Hall. Following the service afternoon tea will be available for \$5 per person.

TARCUTTA

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

TEMORA (includes Reefton)

- 6am Dawn service at cenotaph, Callaghan Park, Loftus Street.
- 10.50am March from opposite Courthouse, De Boos Street.
- 11am Service at cenotaph, Callaghan Park.

THE ROCK

- 6am Dawn service at soldier memorial, Urana Street. Followed by gunfire breakfast at The Rock Memorial Bowling Club.
- 10.15am Congregate for march in front of The Rock Memorial Bowling Club

2016 ANZAC DAY RIVERINA SERVICE TIMES AND VENUES

and march to soldier memorial.

- 10.30am Main service. Catafalque party from Kapooka in attendance. At conclusion, return to The Rock Memorial Bowling Club for refreshments.
- 12.30pm Lunch for veterans and visitors at The Rock Memorial Bowling Club.

TUMBARUMBA (includes Khancoban, Rosewood, Tooma)

- 6am Dawn service at District War Memorial, corner of Bridge and Winton Streets.
- 6.30am Tea and coffee and family reunion breakfast.
- 7.30am Pilgrimage to cemetery to lay wreaths.
- 10.30am March starts at Memorial Hall.
- 11am Main service at cenotaph.
- Noon Lunch at the Bowling Club, Winton Street.

TUMBLONG

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

TUMUT (includes Brungle, Lacmalac)

- 6am Dawn service at cenotaph in Richmond Park, corner of Russell, Capper and Robertson Streets.
- 10.15am Assemble for march in front of Fire Station.
- 10.30am March to Richmond Park followed by main service. March to RSL Club and lunch will follow.

UNGARIE

- 6am Dawn service, RSL Park, Ungarie Street.
- 9am Service at cemetery at graves of ex-servicemen and women.

- 9.30am Breakfast at Central Hotel, Wollongough Street.
- 10.40am Assemble "Pink Shop" Wollongough Street, walk to RSL Park.
- 11am Service at cenotaph.
- 12.30pm Lunch at Memorial Hall.

URANQUINTY

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

WAGGA WAGGA

- 5.30am Dawn service at the cenotaph in the Victory Memorial Gardens (conducted by Legacy).
- 6.45am Service at the War Cemetery, to be held outside the gate of the cemetery, to respect the graves, on Koorngal Road. ANZAC Day speeches by Wagga Wagga Christian College vice-captains Hayleigh Rankin and Viliame Lili.
- 10am Assemble for march at the corner of Baylis and Morgan Streets.
- 10.30am March along Baylis Street to the cenotaph followed by a wreath-laying service.
- 11.15am Commemorative service in the Victory Memorial Gardens. Keynote address by Commandant, RAAF College, Group Captain Ross Jones CSM.
- 5.30pm Sunset service at the Wagga RSL Club Memorial at the entrance of the club, Dobbs Street.

WALWA, VICTORIA (includes Jingellic)

- 10am Service at cenotaph in Main Street (Murray River Road), followed by free lunch provided by Walwa-Jingellic Lions Club then two-up with proceeds to Legacy.

WEST WYALONG (includes North Yalgogrin, Wamboyno, Weethalle, Wyalong)

- 6am Dawn service at Services and Citizens' Club cenotaph.
- 8.45am Wreath-laying ceremony at cenotaph at Soldiers' Memorial Hall, Neeld Street, Wyalong.
- 10.15am Assemble for march in Main Street, West Wyalong.
- 10.30am March to cenotaph at Services and Citizens' Club.
- 11am Main Service.

WHITTON

- 3pm March from Rice Bowl Hotel, Benerembah Street, to Memorial Gates.

YANCO

- 12 noon Service, Yanco Hall, Trunk Road 80.

YENDA

- 6am Dawn service, Yenda Diggers' Club, East Street.
- 11am. Main service at cenotaph, Yenda Memorial Park.

YERONG CREEK

- 10.30am Assemble for march in Main Street.
- 10.45am March to cenotaph in Stanley Galvin Memorial Park.
- 11am Main service.

YOUNG

- 5.45am Form up at Town Hall, Boorowa Street.
- 6am Dawn service.
- 10.30am March departs from Town Hall.
- 11am Main service at Anderson Park, Lovell Street.

CAPITAL CITY SERVICES: CANBERRA

- 5.30am Dawn service at the Australian War Memorial.
- 6.30am Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander ceremony, Aboriginal Memorial Plaque, Mount Ainslie.
- 10.15am National ceremony at the Australian War Memorial and Veterans' march.

MELBOURNE

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

SYDNEY

- 4.15am Dawn service at the cenotaph in Martin Place.
- 8.30am Wreath-laying ceremony at the cenotaph in Martin Place.
- 9am ANZAC Day March starting at Martin Place/George Street/Bathurst Street/Hyde Park.
- 12.30pm Commemorative service at the ANZAC Memorial in Hyde Park South.
- 1pm Indigenous ANZAC Day March in Redfern.
- 5pm Sunset service at the cenotaph in Martin Place.

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



TRADITIONAL ANZAC DAY RIVERINA FOOTBALL

(Robertson Oval, Wagga Wagga)

FRIDAY 22 APRIL

Farrer Football League

Marrar v The Rock-Yerong Creek.

5pm Reserves

6.30pm Under 17s Marrar v Coleambally

7.45pm ANZAC service

8pm First grade

MONDAY 25 APRIL

1pm Gates open (gold coin donation, all proceeds going to RSL Sub-Branch Welfare).

1.30pm Group Nine Rugby League: Wagga Kangaroos v Wagga Brothers.

3.45pm ANZAC Day formalities

4.15pm Riverina Football League: Wagga Tigers v Collingullie-Glenfield Park.

(Ex-Servicemen's Oval, Griffith)

SATURDAY 23 APRIL

Riverina Football League

Griffith v Turvey Park.

2pm Under 17s

4pm Reserves

6pm First Grade



WAR'S DEADLY TOLL

AS GREAT War centenary commemorations continue during 2016 it is worthwhile reflecting just what effect the conflict had on families.

No Australian family was left untouched by the dreadful events happening on the other side of the world.

When the guns finally fell silent across Europe on 11 November 1918 families on both sides were left to pick up the pieces.

Life would never be the same, especially for the thousands of wives who were now widows and children left fatherless (as depicted in the contemporary postcard below).

The War Widows' Pension was introduced in 1914 and in 1916 there were 1400 recipients – a number which climbed to 45,300 by 1919.

The 1921 Census (the first since 1911) revealed there were 164,480 women who were widowed in Australia.



RIVERINA ANZAC WRITING AWARDS

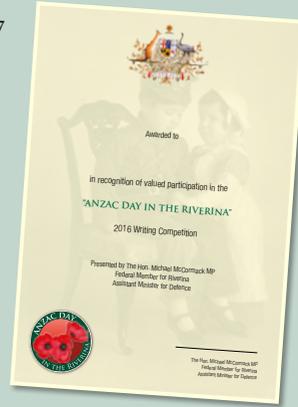
ONCE again students across the region responded superbly to the challenge of writing an ANZAC-inspired piece for the Riverina electorate's annual competition.

This was the sixth year schools have been invited to submit students' entries and 790 entries from 47 schools were received.

This year's theme, in conjunction with the focus of this publication, was "Riverina children in the war" and the standard of entries was excellent.

As in previous years, entries were judged in primary and secondary categories in the Riverina's four regions: Irrigation Areas, Snowy Mountains, South West Slopes and Wagga Wagga and District.

Winners and those adjudicated Highly Commended will be presented with Australian War Memorial book prizes (above) at a school assembly and each student who entered will receive a signed commemorative certificate.



SOUTH WEST SLOPES

DON'T CRY

IN 1914, 28th of July, in a little house near Naradhan, there was a family called the Haddrills. The father Robert was fighting in the war and his wife Penny was working as a nurse. They had three daughters. The eldest was called Adelaide. She was 11 at the time. She had long, brown, straight hair with green eyes. I was the middle child Lily. I was quite odd, but nice. I was 9 and I had long, curly, brown hair and blue eyes. Then there is the youngest Zara. She was 5 and had blonde, brownish-coloured hair with blue eyes. We were a lovely family but we all missed each other. Luckily our Gran and Pa were there to look after us and Mum and Dad sent us letters all the time.

A couple of weeks ago we got a letter that said: Mum and Dad were coming home early. I sent a letter back asking why. I got another letter after a while

Highly Commended: Lily Haddrill, 10, Year 4, Naradhan Public School



and it said that Dad got hurt and Mum got sick. I was so sad but I didn't cry because I kept saying to myself that everything will be ok.

Soon they were home and Mum was laid down. Dad was in hospital, we all helped them to get better. Two months later Mum and Dad were healed. But Dad and Mum didn't go back to war instead they stayed home to spend more time with us. So from that day on we cheered for the brave soldiers and nurses and we lived happily ever after.

THE HOLE THAT YOU LEFT

WORRY and excitement on his face
My father left West Wyalong in the morning
Winking and grinning as he walked out the gate
"Don't worry Jim, it'll be an adventure mate."

A hole at the dinner table
Large and gaping
I am so happy I get to leave school and work on the farm
I'm finally escaping.

I thought I had it covered but I need Dad's help
Mum doesn't know about the land I try to contribute, like the posters demand.

Everything is hot, the kelpies start to pant
Their spit running through Riverina dirt
I really miss my Dad.
My back begins to hurt.
It's getting pretty bad.

There is a crater at the dinner table
Big, black and menacing
Mum tries to fill it up with ANZAC

biscuits and cooking.
My little sister fills it in with socks she knits for the dead.
Ever menacing it grows bigger the more it is fed.

My hands are old and weathered
The memories I keep from when my father left for war are carved into my soul.
They begin to surface on my face the older I become.
Sun spots and scars from working too hard, too young.
My children work the farm, innocently for fun.

That great canyon at the dinner table swallowing us whole
Was filled with time, time being alone
When all I wanted was you.

Lest we forget
... Dad.

Winner: Emily Seaman, 16, Year 11, West Wyalong High School



Winner: Jessica Glasgow, 11, Year 6, West Wyalong Public School

A LETTER TO MY FATHER WHO IS AT THE WAR

Dear Daddy,

I HAD my 6th birthday party today. I missed you. I wish you could have been there. We had your favourite dinner tonight, I ate it all.

It's been two months since you left to go to work, you said that you would be home for lunch but you haven't come back yet. But Mummy keeps saying that you will be home soon.

I heard Mummy crying in the bathroom last night. I don't know what happened though. I check the mailbox every day to see if you have replied to my letters but you never have. I know that you are reading them. Mummy tells me that you don't have enough time to reply.

I can't wait for you to come home and eat lunch with us and play with me. Mummy said you are working to protect me from the bad people, thank you for protecting me and Mummy.

I'm starting big school this year maybe you could come and meet my teacher or come to Daddy Daughter dance. Liam went to University last week, I miss him too.

BECAUSE OF WAR

MY NAME is Charlie Dolen. I live in a small town in NSW called Temora. I live with my father Mark, my mother Ruben, and my little brother Billy, who is one. I am 13 and work on the farm with my father. Each day I ride my horse Opal out through the paddocks as the Sun comes up, while the mist is still lifting. It is beautiful here and I love where I live and everyone was happy until 28 July 1914.

When I came back in from my morning ride I found my parents sitting at the table, tears rolling down their cheeks. I ran over to them and asked them what was wrong. My mother replied: "Your father is going to war." I sat down and whispered "Why?" and buried my face into my hands.

The day he left felt like an organ was ripped from my body. As he climbed onto the truck he looked back and blew us a kiss. That was the last time I ever saw him.

Life was much harder without my Dad. I had to work really hard and didn't have time for morning rides. Mum had to find work, washing clothes. Each night we would pray for him.

Eventually Mother sold the farm and we gave Opal to Uncle Bruce, who was too old to go to war. We moved into a little cottage in town and I found a job as a paper boy.

It was December 30th when Father John knocked on the door. I tried to listen to the conversation but all I could hear was Mother sobbing; I knew what had happened.

Because of war Billy will never remember his father.
Because of war Mother will be buried alone.
Because of war my father remains where he fell.
Because of war my Dad is dead.



Highly Commended: Lachlan Dunstan, 12, Year 7, Saint Anne's Central School, Temora



GONE

WE waved him off as he rode through the gate, and all of a sudden, I figured out his fate

In the trenches, all dark and damp, their only light, a dimly lit lamp.

We sent him biscuits to dip in his tea, just so he could be reminded of me.

The postman rode up, to our front door, We knew at once, he needn't say no more. My father was gone for good this time, His life clock had made its final chime.



Winner: Ruby Jones, 10, Year 5, Griffith East Public School

IRRIGATION AREAS

OF FAITH AND HOPE

A LETTER at the door
Mother's prayer "God, no more"
Hope lost in the sound of eerie silence,
Broken by cries of what was an alliance
Love of most growing cold,
Of what can't be fixed with silver or gold.

The siren plays
The end of days
From a Riverina town we were called
Without a choice, we were told
To hide the hurt, we'd wear a mask
Longing questions, we wish to ask
The future a young boy can only see so far
Although what he did not know, would leave a scar.

Inside a big, broken world, this little place lies
"A chance to explore" was then only a disguise
Some went in vain, some went in grace
Others ready, some out of place
Flowers put down
Roses turn brown
A quest with a prize
You get out alive.

The embers go out
A fire with doubt
How we wish we knew how this story will go
Whether we see them again, we do not know
A treasure it would be to see a soldier's thoughts
Of what the days were like for him, for him who fought.

A father to see peace in the eyes of his newborn son
Hoping by the time he's older, the fight has been won
With faith to take his child's place
To strive without fear, death he'll embrace
Some will forget, before their names are engraved
But he who stands firm 'til the end will be saved.



Winner: Isabella Carturan, 14, Year 9, Wade High School

DEAR DIARY

I AM a 14-year-old girl living on a Riverina farm and this is my first diary entry. Mother says I should write down my thoughts and feelings. I do not wish to do this but I listen to her because she is my mother and I love her.

One ordinary day, the Sun rising so warmly over the silent hill, I hear the birds whistling happily and feel the sweet touch of the soft breeze. The Sun has woken me with its light kiss but I have a feeling that something is terribly wrong.

I rise for breakfast and look around the kitchen, but nothing stirs. Perhaps Mother and Father are getting the tractor ready for ploughing. I head towards the shed but to my astonishment, there is again no movement. The cattle have not yet been let out, nor the sheep. Maybe Father has taken the horse into town to buy feed for the animals. My hopes fall, however, as I check the supplies and see that there is enough for several weeks.

Looking to the furthest part of the vegetable patch, I see them. Mother is shedding the most soul shattering tears as Father wraps her in his arms. I can hardly speak but I must know the worst. Through her sobs Mother finally has enough courage to speak the news that breaks my heart into tiny shards of glass. "Your father must go to the city. He has been conscripted to fight in New Guinea. We must all be brave."

Daddy. Please come home.

Love, Arabella.



Highly Commended: Arabella Bardney, 13, Year 8, Griffith High School

RIVERINA CHILDREN IN THE WAR

Dear Father,

WHAT is life like at the war? We have been learning to knit gloves, socks, scarves and lots more. Have you been getting all the letters and biscuits? Today we started learning how to chop fire wood for the fire place. After school Mum wants me to go to the shop and get some meat and then do my homework and look after the children while she goes to work. On Monday the teachers told us we had to leave school and go and find work. When I found out I was very upset but then I thought about all the skills I will learn. Today we started learning how to drive the farm machinery. It was great fun.

From your son,
Jamie Favaro.



Highly Commended: Jamie Favaro, 10, Year 5, Hanwood Public School



Winner: Gabby Lander, 11, Year 6, Henschke Primary School

WAGGA WAGGA AND DISTRICT

REMEMBER THAT DAY...

THEY sat in the kitchen ... Scrummaging through an old biscuit tin finding crumbs and photos of the day he left. Pop went off to war and now Ned's father's time had come ... They went to the bench, and were going to bake some delicious muffins for Father ... They laughed and the flour was scattered across the cobblestone bench - *As Father walked through snow and grit while he prayed of not losing his life and not coming back to warm fires and homemade muffins.*

There was a silence after the flour spilt - a shiver went through Mother's mind ... The silence seemed so loud she could not hear herself think.

They rolled out small balls of muffin mix - *As Father was fighting and crawling through small holes and dodging bullets, standing shoulder to shoulder in trenches cut like wounds and having the fear of not coming home to his little boy and loved wife ...* They placed the muffins in the oven and waited - *As Father was waiting to hear the next gunshot or the next death or scream as his thoughts were tumbling through his mind like the waves in the deep empty ocean ...*

Ting - they were done. Ned neatly placed the muffins into the antique box and walked down to the postal shop and posted them away. Watching them slowly slide down the red postbox and never being able to see that generational antique box again ... Ned and his mother went back home and

got a telegraph ... They waited and sat on the settee as Mother tore open the orange envelope while taking a sip of her tea out of her fine-bone china cup - her lips twitched which had never happened before. She looked down her eyes widened ... The message wrote ... *To Mrs Connelly, K.I.A. - killed in action* *I am sad to say that your husband has passed away. God has sent him to a better place. He was shot in the back and was unable to survive this fatal wound.* *Sincerely yours: Sir Markess Finn.* They both wept with sorrow and Ned prayed for his father to be sent to overlook the rest of his life journey.

- sometimes the world is cruel for no reason
- sometimes home is right there but is nowhere to be seen
- sometimes we get punished for no reason
- sometimes life ends with a bang ...
- sometimes silence is so loud.

We can't all live forever, but in our hearts our fire never burns out ...
Lest We Forget



Highly Commended: Ava Shaw, 11, Year 6, Mater Dei Primary School

MY SISTER EDITH

TODAY was the day we brought Edith to the station. I was crying hysterically begging Edith not to go. Sadly we stopped outside the station. A hot Riverina wind was howling and my petticoats danced in time with it. It was time to say our farewells. I was so upset I couldn't talk. I just gave her the biggest hug I could ever give, then stepped back into my mother's arms. "I guess I should be off," she said between soft sobs, then walked towards the station, her long brown hair entwining with the persistent breeze.

That night I could not sleep as my mind was filled with thoughts of Edith on the busy public train asleep, dreaming about working in hospital tents nursing the wounded.

Two years later ... We cleaned out the attic today and found Edith's old doll, Matilda. She now sits on my bed. Edith still has not returned home. My mother received a telegram from the war office, telling us that she went missing after heavy artillery bombardment. Near to where she was nursing soldiers, close to the frontline. I used to think that she would come back one day, but now I'm not so sure. Even though she's gone her memories still live inside this home.



WAGGA WAGGA AND DISTRICT

THE PICKET FENCE

THE picket fence was painted white
Dried by the hot Summer Sun
As it beat down on the soldiers marching
To the echoing boom of the drum

The picket fence was caked with mud
That flicked off of my father's boots
As he strode towards the canvas tents
Admitting new recruits

The picket fence held up the mailbox
That I opened every day
In search of smudged ink on dirty paper
Sent from far away

The picket fence ran with the roses
That bloomed a snowy white
As Mother watered more often
When the tears wouldn't dry

The picket fence fell over
When the storm engulfed Junece
And the havoc wrecked came from letters
Reporting Father lost at sea

The picket fence was walked over
By people who only meant well
But couldn't see that what needed fixing
Was already shot to hell

The picket fence is rotting
As the now weeds take its place
And my mother waters the roses
That grow at my father's grave



Highly Commended: Minnie-Lee Lewis, 15, Year 10, Coolamon Central School



Winner: Elise Drum, 16, Year 11, Kildare Catholic College

CHANGE OF HEART

AFTER Dad came back, Mum said his heart had changed, That his heart didn't beat for her anymore. She explained that the war had stolen him from us, Even though he was eating supper with us every night, Which I wondered how he could do without a heart.

Dad goes to the pub most nights, I heard them arguing About him not being around enough For us now that he was back.

He stayed home tonight He let me sit on his lap, Even though he said I was getting too big. I put my ear to his chest, And he hugged me close.

It was like he and Mum had never argued, Like he had never left. Maybe his heart didn't beat for Mum, But, sitting there with him I heard his heart beat for me And I knew somewhere inside he was still the same Dad.

SNOWY MOUNTAINS

FATHER, PLEASE COME BACK!

FATHER has disappeared. When we ask Mother about Father she bursts out crying. We are worried and scared.

"Children, do you know why your father has gone?" she enquires quietly. We both shake our heads. She lets out a wail.

"He has gone to war," she sobs. We are devastated. Our father, our only hope. Gone and never coming back. We cry, cry for all our sorrows and worries.

Then the sounds of trumpets are heard. We all race outside. We see men. They are dressed like soldiers. They march. Then I see someone. It is Father! I shout out to him. He turns and smiles. But it is not a happy smile. It is sad and empty. I start to cry; tears rolling down my cheeks. Ladies are putting down flowers for the men to walk on. We lay down ours. I see Father. I wave, he stares straight through me. How can this happen? Once a happy family, and now a war zone. The men march past. I can't see Father anymore. I run. I am

pushing past people as I go. But they are all walking the other way. I push and shove my way past them. I get a final glimpse of my father; I might never see him again.

It has been a few years now. I cry myself to sleep every night just thinking of Father. Mother will not stop crying. Then I hear a knock on the door. It's Father!



Highly Commended: Lillia De Camps, 11, Year 6, Nangus Public School

STAY WITH ME, PLEASE DADDY

AS TEARS ran down my cheeks I remember saying "Please Daddy, don't go."

My name is Annika and I was five when my Daddy had to go to war to serve our country. A huge bus pulled up to collect all the soldiers. I had one last chance to give Daddy the biggest cuddle, asking him when will you be home, Will you be home for my first day at school and for my birthday? "Always remember I love you," was Daddy's only reply. Mummy was sad but she was holding in her tears for me and my brother.

Mummy gave me a pretty white frame with a picture of Daddy in it. At night I would grab Daddy's photo and tell him about my day (I miss his cuddles). His letters to me would always end in - I love you my angel.

My first day of school was here but my Daddy wasn't. The 6th of March was the saddest day for me yet, it was my birthday. I didn't want any presents I just wanted my Daddy. I stopped playing hopscotch in case I hurt myself because Daddy wasn't here to fix the pain.

The end of year was here I was up on stage collecting an award, when I saw my Daddy walk in, tears ran down my cheeks as I yelled: "MY DADDY'S HOME!" I was so happy but yet sad because I knew some we not be as lucky as me. Some of my friends' daddies would never come home.



Winner: Annika Smith, 12, Year 6, Gundagai Public School

LONGING TO HAVE YOU HOME

AGE SHALL not weary them, nor the years condemn, At the going down of the Sun in the morning, We will remember them.

Daddy can you hear me, calling for you? Can you hear me, screaming for you? It's like I'm naked out in the rain, Alone and dealing with the pain.

How strange it feels, moving in slow motion, I guess I must be dreaming. There's emptiness inside, One that's too severe to hide.

When will you come back? When will you be home? It's like a never-ending syndrome. Waking up to silence can be louder than you think, My daily routine of missing you is always in sync.

Are you in with the sharks or out with the wolves? Please Daddy, I want to know. I love you but it's like you just left Drowning in sorrows and tears, Without you I've forgotten my fears.

The letters I wrote seem lost, You said you were fighting for your country but at what cost? I remember the last words between us, So heartfelt and meaningful, You made me a promise as you walked down the lane, The love I deserve is less than I obtain.

I'm sorry for the fights, the laziness and the names, Not holding me in your arms just isn't the same. My boots feel heavy and my chores even more, Come back Father for it's you I adore.

You are never forgotten and always in my heart, If you're out there, don't let this be our last depart.



Highly Commended: Ryan Glynn, 15, Year 10, Batlow Technology School

CHILDREN OF THE RIVERINA

MY DAD left and then so did my Mum, Now I have to look after the farm, Mum is a nurse and Dad is a soldier, I hope they will come to no harm.

My little brother, forced to stay home Has to work on the farm all alone, My little sister, taught to mend Repairing things to send;

To the troops who seem so far away, But all we can do is hope and pray, That the war will be over soon, And everyone will come home safe.

I wish that my brother and sister, Never have to experience the terror of war, The less they know the safer they are.

They have lost their innocence For children so young They are no longer frivolous. Their childhood has been taken away.

Unfortunately they are not alone, There are many more Who have been through the same, They will forever be known as children of the Riverina.



Winner: Emma Kynaston, 15, Year 10, Batlow Technology School

FOND THOUGHTS of You



While you're fighting
Australia's battle-
Far away across
the foam,
Remember there
are loving hearts
Who think of you
at home.

