

KATOOMBA'S ROLL OF HONOR.

Unveiling Ceremony at the Town Hall.

Speech by Mr. Jas. Dooley, M.L.A.

It was but meet that the executive of the Boys' Association should select Empire Day as a fitting time for the unveiling ceremony of the Roll of Honour, prepared and constructed under the Association's supervision. The function was fixed for the evening, and, despite the fact that both day and dusk had been drear and dismal, the Town Hall was well filled with an audience thoroughly representative of the district, all assembled to see the happy consummation of one of the Association's ideals—the placing on public record of a small tribute to the brave men who have left the Mountain Capital to do their bit in the great struggle for supremacy between right and might.

His Worship the Mayor, Ald. C. L. Dash, assisted by Messrs. P. V. Tabrett and A. Powell, hon. seers of the movement, received the guests, and punctually at 8 o'clock Mr. Reg. Gard, the popular pianist, kindly loaned from the King's Theatre for the evening, opened proceedings by playing the National Anthem, in which the audience joined lustily.

After a musical olio, the Mayor, accompanied by Mr. Jas. Dooley, M.L.A., Cr. J. T. Wall, President of the Shire Council, and the principals of the Boys' Association, took up positions on the stage.

His Worship, in a brief opening speech, explained that the time had arrived for the most interesting part of the ceremony—the unveiling of the Roll of Honour. The work had been carried out, under the auspices of the Katoomba Boys' Association, by Mr. J. Brewer, and, as would be seen, it was a credit to the Association, and reflected the highest credit upon the skilled artisanship of the designer and constructor. About 150 were at present inscribed, but many were missing, and when completed he thought that over another 150 would be attached. Empire Day was a good time to unveil the roll, as it was fitting for those at home to foregather to honour the men who were fighting in the great

the men who were fighting in the great fight. Victory was not yet in sight. The Allied soldiers must fight on to the end, and their friends at home must work on and on, and do their best for the men who are fighting. "To-night," concluded the Mayor, "we have assembled to do honour to the men who have gone. We salute the braves who have fallen in the fight; we salute their comrades who are avenging their death, and also the lion hearts who are en route to the various frontages. All honour to them in their great work." He then called upon Mr. Dooley to perform the opening ceremony, in the absence of Mr. E. S. Carr, M.H.R.

Opening quietly, as suited the occasion, our State representative said that one could not approach the ceremony without a marked degree of solemnity—a solemnity that he felt quite sure must permeate the minds of all present. Katoomba had assembled in all reverence to do honour to its fighters who were actively engaged in the great fight for freedom, liberty and justice, and, at the same time, to pay solemn tribute to the brave heroes whose blood was to-day consecrating the rugged hills of grim Gallipoli. Such a ceremony, he claimed, could only be approached with due reverence and due consideration for the great problems of life as presented by the war. In the dark ages, and in less-enlightened days, men fought and died for freedom, liberty and justice, and, as in the past, so to-day, the Empire's best and Australia's best were sacrificing their lives for those great privileges. Blood-stained Gallipoli had its reminders, for over 2000 years ago the Greeks engaged in bitter warfare only about 200 miles from the spot where the Australians won imperishable glory. Who would have thought that in these enlightened days that man, with his science, his genius, his great inventive power, power that made it possible for ships to sail over the sea, under the sea, and through the air—man with all these modern advantages would resort to the old barbarian

...man with all these modern advantages would resort to the old barbarian method of warfare, intensified one hundredfold in its fendishness. Despotism and Prussian militarism alone had made this possible, and the Allies were fighting, and fighting valiantly, to rid the world of this cruel menace. Some claimed that education should have prevented the war, and he firmly believed that had it held off for another ten years the democratic teachings in Germany would have rendered the war impossible—

A Voice: "Not at all!"

He that as it may, continued Mr Dooley, they were in the war to the bitter end now, and it would never cease until the monster of despotic power had been crushed and humiliated. Cheers. Many brave and manly men had fallen, and he could only hope that every death recorded would be avenged, and serve as a link to bind closer the bonds of brotherhood throughout the Empire. Some of the fallen heroes had been intimate friends of his. Fine, manly fellows, possessing all the attributes of true manhood; men whose memory would never die, who went out, not for gain or glory, but in answer to Belgium's cry for assistance. Cheerfully they went to do their bit, and gave their lives for the honour and glory of the British Empire, making by their deeds imperishable fame and everlasting glory for Australia. One, if he might

be pardoned for mentioning it, was the late Alfred Thayne, an honest friend and loyal comrade. Of him the lines of Henry Kendall to an Australian friend might well be used—

"A fellow man; the faithful friend who judged
The many anxious to be beloved of him,
By what he saw, and not by what he heard,
As lesser spirits do; the brave great soul
That never told a lie, or turned aside
To fly from danger—he, I say, was one
Of the bright company this sin-stained-world
Can ill afford to lose."

Mr. Dooley then officially unveiled the Roll of Honour, revealing a beautiful tablet, 10ft by 8ft, built of selected golden maple from Queensland, with eight dark cedar panels, finished on the face with British plate glass. Between the panels are four Ionic pilasters carrying heavily-carved caps and bases. The complete structure is surmounted by a massive

heavily-carved caps and bases. The complete structure is surmounted by a massive pediment, enriched with a heavily-carved laurel wreath swag. Inscribed on the upper panel, in letters of solid gold, is the title,

"FOR KING AND COUNTRY."

KATOOMBA'S ROLL OF HONOR

while the four central panels are also emblazoned with gold, bearing the names of the following men who enlisted from Katoomba:—

| | | |
|---------------|----------------|-----------------|
| R. W. Bell | J. Fitzgerald | A. Thayne |
| A. Robertson | L. A. Best | H. V. Towne |
| J. C. Morris | R. H. Cole | E. Harridine |
| J. Blacklock | R. A. Campbell | E. D. Holgate |
| F. Oliver | J. Watson | J. S. Berry |
| R. Annesley | L. R. Duff | C. L. Duff |
| G. Lay | J. Williams | E. R. Adams |
| G. Davies | T. Macnamara | E. Powell |
| W. T. Davies | R. J. Evans | H. Jockell |
| E. S. Craig | W. Campbell | H. Whaites |
| G. Fawcett | W. P. Campbell | J. C. Gilmore |
| J. Webb | F. Clarke | W. Voysey |
| E. Davies | J. West | J. Mallin |
| P. Thompson | C. Campbell | F. W. Stewart |
| R. Church | G. Smith | G. R. Irwin |
| P. Tuck | T. Wallace | R. A. K. Hudson |
| D. Goble | W. Hamilton | A. J. Craig |
| M. Stackpool | W. Spain | S. C. Timbrell |
| S. C. Parry | J. H. Barker | D. R. Brown |
| L. L. Clarke | H. Craig | C. Notting |
| G. Piggott | G. Wallace | L. Bogus |
| G. Barnley | J. Fitzgerald | H. D. Knight |
| W. L. Geddes | R. R. Penman | H. C. Phillips |
| W. Brennan | H. Boots | W. Scope |
| V. N. Derrit | J. Kesley | C. S. Berry |
| R. W. Duff | R. Kay | E. G. Morris |
| P. Kay | D. Karlisle | C. H. Steed |
| T. A. Henson | A. P. Newman | J. C. Piggott |
| J. W. Henson | A. Barnes | G. P. Watkins |
| G. F. Henson | L. B. Penman | A. D. Kemp |
| H. A. Henson | W. Scope | J. H. Kemp |
| W. H. Griffin | F. C. Trick | A. S. Barker |
| W. A. Miller | L. James | A. G. Duncan |
| R. Pettigrew | J. Simpson | R. Glover |
| C. Houston | P. Howarth | P. W. Mitchell |
| H. Davies | G. Hades | B. H. Stephens |
| W. G. Mason | J. Peckman | J. R. Gibson |
| G. Coleman | H. Vanderburg | J. R. Bravey |
| C. G. Hayes | L. Oakes | G. W. Potter |
| R. H. Perkins | R. M. McAdam | R. W. Gibson |

Centrally situated in the base is a solid silver plate, bearing the inscription—

ERECTED UNDER THE AUSPICES
—of the—

KATOOMBA BOYS' ASSOCIATION.

His Worship the Mayor P. V. TABRETT
ALD. CHAS. L. DASH A. POWELL
PRESIDENT. JOINT HON. SECS.

The whole is a magnificent piece of work that, apart from its patriotic and historical worth, will long live as a memento to Mr J. Brewer, the skilled artificer who designed and constructed it.

Mr. J. T. Wall, Shire President, said he was proud to be present on such an occasion, and after introducing the

he was proud to be present on such an occasion, and, after apologising for the unavoidable absence of Cr. W. G. Staples, thanked the Boys' Association for the invitation extended to the Shire Council. After dealing briefly with the aspect of the war, Cr. Wall hoped that every eligible would answer the call, as every extra man meant a shortening of the war. The Mountains had done well, but more were wanted, and more would have to go. He had two brothers and one son at the Front, and another waiting to go. One brother had paid the penalty with his life, and he himself would be there to avenge his death if a few years younger. Applause. The President concluded by voicing the hope that the star of peace would soon be in the ascendant, and that, as of old, British blood and British Justice would reign supreme and un-sullied.

In neat and appropriate speeches Rev. J. B. Penman and Mr. Geo. H. Irwin voiced Katoomba's thanks, the former to Mr. Dealey for his presence and his helpful remarks, to the Boys' Association, and to all who had assisted in making the unveiling ceremony such a success, and Mr. Irwin to the artists who had provided such a pleasing programme, and to the public who braved the elements, and aided by their presence in making the ceremony such a great success.

It must not be imagined that the evening was devoted to "solid spouting." Interesting as were the speeches, they were rendered doubly acceptable by a concert programme—a well-selected menu which reflected credit on the organisers and delighted the audience.

Marsh Little, he of the pleasing personality, was the star, and the popular baritone was never heard to better advantage. He fairly revelled in his work, and the audience liked him better with every appearance. In his opening number, "I Hear You Calling Me," the Town Hall echo, so disconcerting to singers, rather puzzled him, but he soon solved the secret, and his list included, "My Pals are Calling," "Boys of the Dardanelles," "We'll Get Right There By-and-bye," "Coming Home," and "On the Aegean Sea." In the last pathetic number many an eye bedimmed with tears, and more than one strong man fought

back his feelings as his fancy followed the singer to the Austral field of glory in far Gallipoli, where a brave boy or a staunch pal was resting with the good and the true. The Conservatorium provided two stars—Miss Dulcie Huxtable and Miss Kathleen Byrne. The former has a well-trained soprano voice—almost a lyric. Her middle register needs development, but her top notes were good and the delivery charming. She opened with Alfred Hill's Maori song, "Waltai Poi," and also gave "The Sunshine of Your Smile," "A Birthday Song," and another. Miss Byrne's numbers including Behm's "Still is the Night," Brahms's "Guitar," and two of Illingworth's compositions. She has a mellow contralto free and well rounded. Her songs were well selected and sympathetically rendered. Both young ladies are pupils of Nelson Illingworth.

Mr. Herbert Spratt, of Sydney, made his debut to a Mountain audience, and went "big." A pleasing feature of his work was its originality. Mr. Spratt is no stereotyped student of the great masters. He makes his own readings, and his interpretations are peculiarly his own, and, judging by the roars of laughter that greeted his many jests, he is on the right track. He gave the sketch, "Rescue in Real Life, in a Penny Novelle and in Grand Opera," "The Murderer," "Impressions of a Knut, a Girl, a Play and the Audience," and "Spotty," a tale of the war. Every item was well received, the audience clamouring for more.

Of the localites, Miss B. Webb's pure soprano scored further successes in "A Heart that is Free," "The Rose will Blow," and "Here's to Love." Mr. Chas. Wright's hearty bass was at home in "King's Own," "Go to Sea," and "For God and St. George," and Messrs. Gard, Wright, Pottier and Tabrett joined in the unaccompanied quartette "A Soldier's Farewell," pathetic enough to move the heart of any "beloved maid." Mr. Goldie Holmes' cornet solo was a musical treat, the tenor soloist being in fine form, his triple tonguing being immense.

Mr. and Mrs. Rowe, from Medlow's musical world, were welcome additions to the programme. The former gave a fine

to the programme. The former gave a finished rendition of Raff's "Cavatina," Mrs. Rowe playing a sympathetic accompaniment.

Mr. Reg. Gard officiated at the piano. His overture was a gem, and his various accompaniments the work of a finished artist.

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Among the apologies voiced by the Mayor for non-attendance were Cr. W. G. Staples, Ald. J. F. Tabrett, both indisposed, and the following eloquent telegram from Mr. H. A. Weatherall, late Postmaster in Katoomba, and, whilst here, one of the best workers in all patriotic movements:—"Hearty congratulations upon the consummation of Honour Roll towards our brave Katoomba boys. May the names inscribed thereon remain imperishable until Time shall be no more."

Among the young ladies who materially assisted in swelling the funds were the Misses Redgate (3), the Misses Harrington, and Miss Muriel Watt, who made home-made sweets and retailed them among the audience in dainty baskets at 1s a dip; Mesdames Messiter and Bell, Misses E. Messiter and E. Smith, who sold postcards, and others who retailed snapshots of the Honour Roll and Souvenir Programmes.

The Association desires "Echo" to accord its best thanks to all who assisted in the slightest degree in making the consummation of its ideal so complete.