

In Memory.

DORRIGO'S SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL STONE.

UNVEILING BY GENERAL COX. AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY.

"In Honor and Grateful Memory of
the Men who in the Great War, 1914-
1919 Gave their Lives that We Might
Live."

"Lest We Forget."

Erected by the Residents of Dorrigo.
For King and Empire, 1914-1919.
Dorrigo's contribution to the Great
War—469 Men, 1 Nurse.

D. Ross, F. Noble, W. Ryder, W.
Parker, C. F. Sinclair, W. Thomp-
son, J. Jarrett, J. Coyle, A. Rit-
chie, F. Kemp, C. Shephard, C.
McKnight, S. Ramsay, R. C. Ed-
wards, W. A. Woodford, F.
Wright, R. Owen, E. Coyle, W.
White, J. Williamson, W. Sack-
ley, E. Rabbits, H. Robinson, H.
Carr Boyd, S. Johnston, J. C. Ed-
wards, F. Edwards, A. Corpse,
W. Corpse, F. Cotmore, C. Cot-
more, G. Mayers, W. Greenhalgh,
C. Charters, S. Sawtell, J. A.
Buckman, W. Jones, H. Bowen,
S. P. Starr, G. Breakwell, J.
Dowling, J. Kirby, C. Kirby.

Such are the inscriptions that figure
on Dorrigo's Soldiers' Memorial
Stone, which was officially unveiled
on Saturday afternoon last by Gen-
eral Cox. The ceremony was one of
the most impressive and solemn that
Dorrigo has witnessed, and a large
number of residents present was ex-
pressive of the feelings of the local
community, which gathered round to
pay a last tribute to the memory of
the heroes whose names are given
above.

The speeches delivered by the local
Clergy struck a note to which the
noblest impulses of those congregat-
ed at the spot responded. It wasn't
altogether a sad note, rather was it a
note which found expression in grati-

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note which found expression in grati-
tude and appreciation of the services
of those who sacrificed all for a prin-
ciple and an ideal.

The Boy Scouts were present,
under their Master, Mr. H. Kinder.
Ladies of the Red Cross were in
evidence; also a number of returned
soldiers, who were drawn up close to
the Stone.

Mr. J. H. Davis directed the pro-
gramme, and in explaining the ob-
jects, said that the people had been
called together to witness the un-
veiling of a memorial which it was
hoped would perpetuate the memory
of those brave sons of the Dorrigo
District who had laid down their
lives for the Empire. General Cox
had kindly accepted an invitation to
perform the actual unveiling, and the
local Clergy had agreed to deliver
addresses. Mr. Davis said he must
express sorrow at the absence of Mr.
W. Parkin, who had given liberally
of his time and energy in the inter-
ests of the Stone; and he also re-
gretted the absence of Mr. Freder-
icks (the Secretary of the move-
ment) who was in Grafton.

The Rev. W. G. Nisbet, who was
the first speaker called, said they
were reminded that day of the birth
of Australia's soul. But more par-
ticularly they remembered Dorrigo's
magnificent and outstanding re-
sponse to the call to arms,—461 men,
the best that Dorrigo could give, and
among the finest of Australia. In
July, 1914, who would have thought
that a young Commonwealth, with-
out traditions and experience would
have equalled—aye, surpassed—the
very highest and noblest traditions
and the greatest military achieve-
ments the old and war-worn nations
of Europe? Yet such was the stern
yet romantic story of Australia's
great part in the world's greatest
war. And who was it that com-
manded the attention and admir-
ation of the world, and the gratitude
of the whole Allied Forces? Not war-
seasoned and long-disciplined sold-
iers, but just ordinary, every-day
Australians; men who, a short time
before had no thought of warfare,
but followed their peaceful avoca-

before had no thought of... but followed their peaceful avocations on dairy farm and cattle run—in office and store—in workshop and sheep station. But the call for men came, and casting aside their own personal liberty, our men rushed to preserve the liberty of others; sacrificing their own personal freedom they fought to keep intact the freedom of the world,—and especially the freedom of the finest thing in the world, the British Empire. What men were these sons of Australia,—these volunteers of Dorrigo. They had drunk in freedom from their birth; they were the children of the free and would be the fathers of the free. And gladly they offered their lives than allow the Juggernaut car of German Despotism to crush underfoot the freedom which they loved better than life itself.

Gratefully and reverently the people remembered them that day—the fallen and the returned—and their noble and gallant deeds, which made Australia illustrious. And if we would be true to these great good men, and worthy of the country for which they fought and died, then our plain and outstanding duty was to strive with all our might and main, with our brain and heart and will, and to strive persistently and continuously to make Australia the most God-fearing, the soberest, the purest, the happiest country in the world—the country with the strongest people, the healthiest homes, the best laws, the fairest conditions, the highest ideals, the leading country in good and generous virtue. That was our duty; that was the task lying at our feet; that the work committed to our care.

It was with a justifiable pride that they gathered there that day around the monument, which would ever represent to the community the grave of each man whose name was inscribed thereon. And as a community our hearts went out in tender sympathy to those who were reminded of their loss.

We know, oh, we know!

The ceaseless ache, the emptiness,
the woe;

The pang of loss;

The woe;
The pang of loss;
The strength that sinks beneath so
sore a cross.
But think of this,—
Yea, rather think on this,—
They died as few men get the
chance to die
Fighting to save a world's moral-
ity;
They died the noblest death a man
may die.
Fighting for God, and Right, and
Liberty.
And such a death is immorality.
Oh, I know a careless man in his
speech was the Digger,
And an awkward man in a row;
But he never funk'd, and he never
lied,—
I reckon he never knew how.

He weren't no saint, but at Judgment
I'd run my chance with him.
'Longside many a pious gentleman
That wouldn't have shook hands
with him.
He saw his duty—a dead sure
thing—
And went for it there and then
And Christ ain't going to be too
hard
On a man what's died for men.
Oh, blow out you bugles, o'er the rich
dead,
For there's none of them so poor
and lonely if old,
But dying has made us rarer gifts
of gold.

In conclusion the rev. gentleman
said,—

Be true to those great good men,
And rear 'neath this Southern Sun
A race that will hold its own
And last till the world is done.

The Rev. Father McDonnell said
he appreciated the invitation extend-
ed to him by the committee to speak
on behalf of his co-religionists. They
were asked to pay a tribute of gra-
titude to those who had laid down
their lives for their sakes; they were
about to unveil a monument to the
valour, the patriotism, and the spirit
of self-sacrifice of those who had lost

of self-sacrifice of those who had lost their lives during the Great War. This monument was a small thing when we compared it with that which the men themselves had raised,—a monument that he hoped would endure for thousands of years. It was a monument of self-sacrifice, of patriotism, of all that was noble and good. What was this nation before the war? It was a place unknown. Those men whose names were inscribed on the stone had raised a nation which we call Australia; and we would be recreants if we did not do something for them; if we did not make a sacrifice for them. We had to look around to find what kind of monument it was that they had raised for us. We found it in our liberty, in our freedom, and in the growth of our nation. What was the monument we had raised to them compared with that which they had raised for us?

To-day we were a free people, a people who were valued and recognised by the world at large. Before the war we were not known. Our stalwart heroes had made us known, and therefore, we owed much to them. The people were there to show they possessed gratitude. The members of the community were grateful. They knew that they could thank those patriots who died for their country that they were not serfs. Those who had laid down their lives were patriots in the strictest sense of the term,—they gave their lives for God, country and fellow-man. "Blessed are those who die in the Lord."

The Rev. Thomas said he was a stranger in this district; but he appreciated the invitation extended to him to say a few words. He thought that he had a special claim to speak, because he was the father of one who had died serving his country.—Lieutenant Thomas who was killed at Villiers-Bretteux. It was a credit to our men that they had gone forth; the community were deeply grateful to those who had sacrificed their lives in the service of their country. He felt surprised that a small district such as this had sent over 400 men to the war.

had sent over 400 men to the war. It was a splendid record. There could not have been any eligible men who did not go. He pitied the men who could have gone but did not go. He often felt that those men must pity themselves. He thanked God that the true manhood had rallied to the call and gone forth; he thanked God that he had allowed this fair Empire to be retained for ever.

Mr. Bradley spoke on behalf of the Presbyterian section of the community, and during the course of a brief but eloquent address, paid a fitting tribute to the self-sacrifice of the men who had laid down their lives for their country. He hoped that the stone would perpetuate their memory, and stand as an everlasting testimony to their wonderful deeds.

Captain Inglis, on behalf of the Salvation Army, said they were proud of the Empire, and those who had fought for it. There was nothing nobler than to lay down one's life for one's fellowmen; and the men whose names were inscribed on the stone would live in the memory of the people of the Dorrigo for generation to generation.

General Cox, who at this stage was asked to unveil the stone, said that he took it as a great honor to be invited to Dorrigo to unveil a memorial to the men who had laid down their lives for their country. No community could do enough for the men who went forth to fight; no community knew what suffering those men endured. And for those men who had been spared to return,—the community should not forget them. Four hundred and sixty men! It was a record of which any district might well be proud. There were the names of those who had fallen inscribed on the Stone; but what of those who had returned? What did the people propose to do to perpetuate the memory of their deeds? He could say to those gathered round, that if they did not decide to engrave the names of all men on something that would endure, it would not be very long before the names of such men would fade away.

names of such men would fade away. Look at the South African War. Where were the names of the men who had fought in that campaign?—Forgotten! Lost, because no record was kept.

The General said it had been suggested that the Great War was the first time that the Australian had proved himself. What about Egypt in 1882 and the thousands who went to the Boer War. It was at these two places as well as in France, Palestine and Gallipoli, that Australia's sons had made Australia's name. Was it not the Australian of whom the Boers were afraid? Everything the Australians were put up against in South Africa they carried out successfully. The Australians, it is true, had a bigger proposition to face in the late War; and if they hadn't faced it as they did, the people would not be gathered there that day. Anyone who said otherwise did not know what he was talking about. Our fellows stopped the Germans and they stopped the Turks. They were thrown into the breach at Amiens, and they arrested the advance of the Germans. They were the storm troops of the Allies, and the men who were always thrown in to stop an advance. The Australians stood like a stone wall. When they were put into a position they stopped there. If they were told to take a position they took it. We should remember every Australian that fought in the war. He was worthy of such remembrance. Dorrigo had its record of the men who fell; but what of those who were back with

us? In twenty years' time they would be forgotten about if steps were not taken to record their names. He thought their names should be inscribed on a tablet and put in a place where they could be seen. He would make a strong appeal to the citizens of Dorrigo to do something for the men who had not fallen, who had returned.

General Cox, speaking of the

General Cox, speaking of the wonderful Empire to which we belong, said unfortunately there was a small disloyal section in our midst. He wished to say to those gathered round that they could thank the disloyalists for nothing. It was the men who fought they owed everything to. It was the men who fought who had preserved the Empire,—the greatest, the grandest, and the freest Empire that the world had ever seen. Let us all unite to keep the Empire intact. It was the hope of civilisation, the land of the free. Disloyalty to such a country should not be tolerated. The disloyalists would have them believe that Australia would be quite safe without the Empire. They said that if there was any fighting to be done, let it be done here. Just fancy inviting a man to your house to fight him! For his part he did not wish to see war in this country; if it became involved in war, he was out to fight the enemy on his own soil, to do the dirty work in his parlor. War was no picnic, and no respecter of persons. No town was safe in war time, no man, no woman, no child. We did not want our fair landscape soiled by the blot of war. Let us keep it out, and let us be prepared to resist an attack on Australia outside the shores of Australia.

In conclusion, General Cox said he deeply sympathised with the mothers who had lost their boys. However, those boys were a credit to their mothers, a credit to Australia. They had done their duty—by God, King, and Country. They preferred the bitter cup, and even death itself, to a dishonorable life at home.

The speaker congratulated Dorrigo on the part taken by it in the Great War; and he then unveiled the Monument, saying he hoped it would endure for ever.