

Honor Roll at Codrington.

UNVEILING CEREMONY.

The ceremony of unveiling the Honor Roll at Codrington Public School took place on Wednesday in the presence of a very large gathering, including many from Coraki and surrounding centres. The function took the shape of a picnic in the school grounds in the morning, while the formal part of the ceremony filled in the greater part of the afternoon. Returned soldiers had been invited to be present, and amongst those who put in an appearance were: Serjts. Sam Dickson and S. A. Clark, Gunner J. Tinkler, Corporal Brooks (a visitor), and Ptes Ken Leslie, Henry Cameron, George Barton, Dave Ellis, and Neal. The Honor Roll itself was temporarily erected on the school verandah for the occasion, but later on will be permanently housed in the school. Above it on Wednesday was the legend "For God, King and Country" artistically worked in letters composed of cut flowers. The Roll itself is a substantial and magnificent piece of furniture, made of polished red bean, with a protecting glass front. It came from Brown and Jolly's factory in Lismore, and on the top is inscribed "Codrington P.S. and District Roll of Honor. Then follow the names of the following ex-pupils—Gavin R. Baillie, Jas. P. Baillie (prisoner of war), Thos. C. Baker, Alf. E. Bugden (killed in action), George Barton (returned wounded), William H. Barton, Chas. E. Campbell, Henry L. Cameron, Duncan J. Cameron, Allan Cameron, Donald Cameron, Jas. L. King, Ronald R. King, Kenneth L. Kohn (returned wounded), Alfred R. Kohn, Archie Livingstone (killed in action), Donald Livingstone (returned ill), Angus Livingstone, Stanley Livingstone, Lauchlan McKinnon, Roy Patch, Emmanuel Roderick, Walter Rogers (returned wounded), Robert Somers, James Stewart (died in hospital), George O. Wegner, Richard Wharton (returned wounded), Albert E. Yates (died at sea). Residents who enlisted:—Bruce Alexander, George E. Auckram, John M. Cameron, James Cooper, Thos. H. Frame, Frank J. Flaherty, Jas. H. Goswell (died at sea), John Keynes, Angus Munro, Edgar C. Munro, William Shirley. At the base of the Roll, in letters of gold, is inscribed "For God and Empire."

Proceedings in the afternoon began by the pupils, under the direction of the teacher, Mr. O'Keeffe, singing the National Anthem, followed by "Advance Australia Fair." Fred Campbell recited "Bravo," an item with a strong patriotic note, and Muriel Jones and Ingeborg Mikkelsen sang a tuneful duet entitled "Gay Little Japanese."

Mr. J. P. Steven (who officiated as Chairman) said it gave him great pleasure to see such a large gathering, especially on such a worthy occasion. Codrington had decided to honor the

pecuniary on such a worthy occasion. Codrington had decided to honor the boys at the front, by erecting an honor roll for ex-pupils and residents who had enlisted, and this was the result. There were, he said, a number of speakers, but the principal speech would be that of Capt. C. J. M'Rae, who had been closely associated with many of those who had gone from this district to take part in the battle for our freedom.

Mr. C. J. M'Rae said he felt it a distinct honor to take part in this notable function, and more particularly as many of the names inscribed on this roll of fame had been comrades of his in the days gone by when they used to only "play" at being soldiers. In recent years many similar functions to this had been celebrated. In public halls and schools all over the place these rolls of honor stood out prominently. This singleness of purpose to honor the illustrious men who had gone forth to war was a creditable feature of Australia's regard for the men who had gone out to do or die. He was glad to see so many children present. They might not understand the full significance of this ceremony, nor what the war really meant to them, but in years to come they would learn, and then honor and respect the names of those on the honor roll, as the names of men who went to fight in a just cause; went out of a deep sense of duty to their country and their fellow men; and went to play a man's part in the greatest of all wars. He took it that the parents had put the honor roll here for the benefit of the scholars of to-day and of the future. It was something that would always be in front of them to remind them that one of their greatest obligations was duty to their country. As their teacher had doubtless often told them, their duty was to play the game, never to hit below the belt, and to act square. To-day our boys were fighting an enemy who did not play the game. Neither did they fight fair. The Britisher never flinched from a just fight, but it always must be a fair one. And it was because the German did not fight fair that he was so much detested to-day. His advice to the younger ones was "Whatever you do and whatever you are, always play the game." As to the older people present, he knew they were as well seized with the facts as he was himself. In Codrington they lived in a centre that commanded the respect of the whole community, for as a God-fearing, self-respecting and loyal community it stood alone. To be a resident of Codrington was a passport anywhere. The adults here were playing their part nobly, and would do so to the end, and right on through the severe aftermath of the war. The world to-day was in the melting pot, and a new world would arise, a world perhaps full of economic troubles and stress, but nevertheless they hoped it would be a better world. It would be for the rising generation to help make it such. He congratulated the residents of the district on provid-

the residents of the district on providing such a magnificent honor roll as the one before him, and on being able to place so many names upon it.

Recitation, "The Royal Navy," by James Campbell.

Song, "The Three Sons of England," by Gladys Livingstone.

Mr. Donald Cameron said he stood there as a proud father who had two sons at the front. He had spent a great part and the happiest part of his life at Codrington, and it was a matter of deep pride to him to see his sons' names on the roll. He would have blushed with shame had their names not been there. Personally he thought that there should be another roll beside this one, a roll of dishonor for those who could go but did not. No wonder people were ashamed of the eligibles who had never enlisted. Here they were enjoying to the full the fruits of the Allies' successes, entering into all the frivolities, and behaving generally as if no war was on. Their presence in Australia was as much as saying that the country, and its women and children, were not worth fighting for. He noticed that at one town the other day eligibles were barred from participating in a dance. He applauded that step. If they were not men enough to go forth and fight for their country

they might at least have the decency to go and hide themselves somewhere. While this was no time for frivolity, yet he and others with boys at the front had no right to carry their sorrows on their faces. They had to play the game and their part here at home. He was exceedingly glad to see Codrington people honoring the boys who went. They were really the people who deserved to be honored. He was proud to know that out of his family of nine all but one had gone to this school.

Song, "The Song that Reached My Heart," by Miss Bean.

Recitation, "How Miss Edith Helped Things Along," by Ingeborg Mikkelsen.

Rev. J. Landie, M.A., said it was with feelings of pride, pleasure and gratification that he came forward on this occasion—pride at the number of names on the roll, and pleasure and gratification that a small centre such as Codrington should have provided so many to do their duty. Whenever he thought of Codrington he always felt inclined to say "I'm proud of it," for there was hardly a house in the place which had not provided one or two or more recruits. Such a fact spoke well for the little centre, but what speaks even better for it is that all those brave fellows went of their own free will. They had not to be conscripted, though if Codrington had had its way conscription would have

conscripted, though if Codrington had had its way conscription would have been the rule long ago. Codrington was famed for two other things—it knew a good beast (as their herds attested) and it knew a rotten politician when it saw him. They way they dealt at the ballot box with politicians of a certain type was proof of that much. Codrington, moreover, had no time for disloyalists, or for the cut-the-painter crew, or for the people who would proclaim an Australian republic. Here, if a fire broke out on a farm, all the neighbors would run to extinguish it. Already they had sent all their available fire fighters and extinguishers to put out the blaze started by the Kaiser. Many of those lads had paid a big price for their patriotism. Only two had been killed in action, two died at sea, and there were other casualties. But all had suffered more or less, and one well-known and highly respected member of the gallant band was a prisoner of war. The sacrifices these lads had made would, however, be a better memorial to them than even this magnificent roll of honor, for as the poet said, "Lives of great men oft remind us, we can make our lives sublime, and departing leave behind us, footprints in the sands of time."

Recitation, "The bravest Thing God ever Made," by James Felsch.

Chorus, "The Marseillaise," by the pupils.

Recitation, "Papa's Letter," by Muriel Jones.

Rev. C. A. White said, as a visitor, he was glad to have heard the good things said of this locality by the previous speakers, but he thought the testimony was in a sense unnecessary, because wherever he moved he had heard tribute paid to the Richmond River, both for its practical patriotism—in the shape of men and money—and its attitude towards the war and all matters pertaining thereto. The war, bad as it was, had done one good thing—it had sifted out matters, and enabled us on the one hand to realise those who were worthy of honor, and, on the other hand, those worthy of our utter contempt. For this process of judgment and sifting-out, a price had to be paid, a big price, but after all it was only by sacrifice that individuals as well as communities were able to achieve distinction. One time he liked to see in his churches pews full of young men. To-day it was different. He saw church after church with only a few eligibles in the congregation, but honor rolls were in evidence everywhere. That was what he wanted to see in war time. The stadiums, the racecourses, the public house bars, and other like haunts of the eligibles, these were the places where he would like to have conscription applied, for there it was most wanted.

Recitation, "The Toast is Anzac, Gentlemen," by Katie Baker.

Mr. H. N. Campbell, an ex-pupil of the school, said he remembered the first "army" that marched from Casino to

the school, said he remembered the first "army" that marched from Casino to Coraki. He was but 16 years of age at the time, and remembered that most magnificent body of Lancers as clearly to-day as he said it then. On that occasion the Coraki "army" gave them battle, but was soon scattered in all directions, all except one man—a Codringtonian, who, with his horse, was at last sent sprawling into the gutter. Just after that it was decided to establish a half-squadron at Codrington, and one of the first to join was Harry Robson, who lost his life at Gallipoli. He was exceedingly proud, as an ex-pupil of this school, to know that to-day Codrington was as free of eligibles as a frog was of feathers. What was more, the men who had gone had proved worthy sons of worthy sires.

Mr. O'Keeffe thanked the visitors for their attendance, and for the reception accorded to the speakers and the various items. The noble sons of this district, he said, had responded magnificently to the call of humanity. Some had paid the great sacrifice, but they had won undying fame, and for many years to come this beautiful and eloquent honor roll would remain as evidence of the warmth of the regard they had for these heroic sons who, when John Bull blew the trumpet to war in answer to the challenge of the Hun, unhesitatingly flocked to the Empire's colors. The honor roll was not merely an artistic piece of work, but a sacred memorial erected by the people of the district to show their love and appreciation of these heroes. It was something for the school children of the future to honor, and would serve to inculcate in them a love of their country and a desire to become worthy citizens of the great British Empire.

Miss Chrissie Baillie at this stage unveiled the memorial, at the base of which two little girls (Mary Bugden and Rita Dickson) reverently placed floral tributes in honor of Pte. Bugden.

Handsome gold medals were then presented to Ptes. Geo. Barton, Henry L. Cameron and Donald Livingstone by Mr. C. J. M'Rae, on behalf of the Codrington residents. Miss N. Baillie pinned the medals on the tunic of the first named two, while Miss F. Livingstone accepted the medal for her brother, who was unavoidably absent.

Mr. C. J. M'Rae said that Codrington was also honoring two other men about to go into camp—Messrs. W. Goswell and Baden Livingstone. After Mr. M'Rae had eulogised the spirit of the volunteers, Miss Nellie Baillie presented money belts to Mr. Goswell, and to Miss Irene Livingstone for her brother.

Mr. D. Cameron (for Pte. Donald Livingstone, Pte. H. Cameron, and Mr. W. Goswell) acknowledged the presentations, after which "God Save Our Splendid Men" was sung, cheers given for the boys at the front, the boys who are back, and the boys who are going.