

Roll of Honor.

UNVEILED AT ORANGE RAILWAY STATION.

There was a large attendance of the public, rifle men, militia, and senior cadets at the local railway station on Saturday afternoon, when a roll of honor was unveiled by Mr. E. Milne, assistant Commissioner, who was present at the invitation of the Railway Ambulance and Rifle Corps. The chair was occupied by Mr. C. James, Superintendent of Lines, and several aldermen and prominent citizens were among the company, as well as relatives of the man whose names had been inscribed on the board, which occupies a position on the platform.

Mr. James remarked that the occasion for their meeting was in a sense one of sadness, yet their feelings were largely mixed with pride, because from their midst had gone out those who from the bottom of their hearts had been moved to take up the cause of the country and the empire which they all loved so strongly. There was no need for any to explain their presence in that company, for each recognised that they were passing through one of the most critical periods of history, and it was fitting that, in a time of general sacrifices, they should pay all honor to those who had made the greatest of all in their country's interests. (Hear, hear). These boys whose names were inscribed on this roll of honor had gone out, and God only knew whether any of them would ever come back again. Yet all who had parted with loved ones had done so ungrudgingly because it was a duty, and because they were actuated by a spirit of loyalty and jealousy for their country's freedom. (Hear, hear). Their relatives and comrades had not gone out to fight the battle of Britain only, but that of all the countries which were threatened with oppression. They were met to do honor particularly to the railway men who had enlisted from this centre, and might he say here how nobly the service as a whole had responded. (Applause). Six thousand or more had enrolled from it, and not only so, but somewhere about £25,000 had been contributed to patriotic funds from the employees of the department. (Applause). No appeal to them had been made in vain, for their help was forthcoming for all of the Allies, recognising that they were bound by the strongest ties to those who were fighting liberty's cause with their own nation. He was proud of being associated with this ceremony, and they would all be proud in the years to come when they cast their eyes up to this honor roll which was about to be unveiled. It would be a reminder

to this honor roll which was about to be unveiled. It would be a reminder to them of the occasion and all that was associated with it. (Applause).

The Mayor said he was present as a representative of the citizens, and none of his official duties had given him greater pleasure than the one he was now discharging. There were many reasons why he felt he should be proud of attending, but the one uppermost in his mind was that those in whose honor they had met recruited from the working class—the wage earners. There were people who stood in the domain and other places and decried the cause which Australia had espoused. He called them mongrels. (Applause). He had heard them say that the boys who had gone to the front were murderers and blood-stained creatures. Such beings had no appreciation of the fact that their soldiers were fighting for the protection of their mothers and sisters—to save them from what had befallen the inhabitants of Belgium. Things had been done in that country which could not be printed for general publication. Was it any wonder, then, that their own boys went out to fight? What were they fighting for? It was for the protection of one of the finest and freest countries on earth. In this land of ours it was possible for the poorest man's son to become a Premier or a Commissioner for Railways. He could become mayor of a town, too, for if that were not so, a poor and humble fellow like Ted McNelly would not have been present in that capacity. (Laughter and applause). Surely those great privileges were worth fighting for. But there was another point he wished to mention. Soldiers were coming back from the battlefield, and many of them would require assistance for a long time. Let them never be forgotten—let them never want. If the Government would not do their part they must be replaced, but in any case there must be individual acts of kindness and consideration. Personally he was prepared to give threepence out of every shilling he earned to show his gratitude to those who came back. Thousands of them would return, and he hoped none present would ever do as their Lord Mayor did the other day and tell them to stand back. Every railway man ought to be proud of the names on this roll. No one who had not some of his own flesh and blood in the fighting line could estimate what the feelings of their relatives were on an occasion like this. They owed them their gratitude and their sympathy, and to the lads who were fighting for them they owed a debt which could never be adequately discharged. For nearly two years he and his good wife had given up all their time to this cause, and yet they felt they were not doing enough. To all of them he said, 'Be busy. If

To all of them he said, 'Be busy. If you can't go to the front yourselves there is any amount for you to do. But, if you are in a position to go you were never wanted more urgently than now.' (Applause).

Mr. Milne expressed his pleasure at seeing so many present in uniform, from the Railway Rifle Club, the militia and the cadets. He was glad to be amongst them again, especially as he had been chosen to perform the unveiling ceremony, but his pleasurable feelings were tempered with a sane sense of sorrow. It seemed to him that since this great war had been raging for over two years, with all its attendant misery and bereavement, a ceremony of this kind partook somewhat of the form of a sacrament. They were present to set a seal on their pride in their young heroes, and to assert their determination to do their part to bring victory to the cause of right. In a free Australia they were doing honor to those who were fighting for the honor of empires on a blood-stained battle-field. During the past two years they had pieced and welded together an endless chain of love, in which there was no weak link. That chain engirdled the civilized world—love for empire, love for freedom, and love for our own flesh and blood. (Applause). It was forged in a fire of zeal for the holding together of their grand old mother country, and all their strength must operate to that end. (Applause). Belgium, Servia and Montenegro were looking to them for succour—for men and money to save them nationally and physically. They were looking to Great Britain for military and financial assistance, and were not doing so in vain. Like the rock of Gibraltar the grand old mother country stood; or, to use a more homely simile, she was as firm as their own Gibraltar. (Hear, hear). Those men whose names were on the roll before them had gone to help her, and what had been done in Australia in that respect had been a world surprise.

Previously we were known most widely for our peculiar faunae, our good cricketers, or prominent boxers. But when the lion of England roared in its righteous anger the Australian cubs responded. They went to assist, and would remain at England's side till the glorious end. (Applause). Did not their hearts leap and their nerves tingle with joy to think that their men and their money counted in this great struggle? (Applause). Supposing our great empire were to fall to pieces like a badly-baked plum pudding, then what happened in Belgium would happen here. If in the process

would happen here. If in the process of things the Australian flag had been called down, would not Australia have fought against such a fate? That was what the Belgians did, and it was what might have happened here. They were jealous of the fate of their dear ones, and would do their utmost to stop the dogs of war from rending the innocents. (Hear, hear). On this platform many touching good-byes had been said, 'God be with you,' and 'Rule Britannia,' had been sung, and to-day they grieved over 200 casualties to men who had left their midst. That was their share of the price which had been paid, and there was still more to pay. They had come to him on that station, one after another, telling him that they had determined to go. One young giant of a fellow approached him with the simple words "I must go," and he did so. The other day he met a returned soldier and inquired concerning that man, and was told that he (the returned soldier) had seen him fall. He was struck by portion of a shell. Asking "Am I much hurt?" he requested the presence of Captain Milne (the speaker's son), but before he came the gallant fellow was dead. Incidents such as this stirred them. This man, like many others whom they knew, had cemented with his blood the ties of liberty. Had they died in vain? Away on that blood stained peninsula there were hallowed grounds which would be held sacred in the memories of Australians for all time. To the north of France just now a great, black fog was enveloping hundreds of miles of trenches, where all forms of privations and death were being suffered. Inside that fog things were going on which would make them shudder, yet outside were men marching on into the ever-thickening fog, and they would continue to march until the gloom was dispelled. (Hear, hear). No set of circumstances would break the chain which had been forged, for even new obstacles only tended to the strengthening of it. (Applause). There was an unfortunate section which was sheltering under the flag, but they must be descended from slaves or serfs, who never knew what it was to fight for freedom. The true Australian carried the spirit of the true Briton in its finest sense. Those cold blooded ones who turned a deaf ear or buttoned up their pockets to patriotic appeals must feel how miserably low-down they were in the scale of humanity. They were only fit to be doormats for the respectable part of the community. (Hear, hear).

Mr. Milne then unveiled the roll, which contained the following names:—Captain C. G. Milne, Lieut. Boles, Sergeant J. A. Earls, and Privates C. B. West, J. V. White, H. C. Wilson, H. C. Wailes, H. Cornish, G. H. Bruce, E. Feeney, F. Leonard, A. A. Bull, J. Walker, C. Finch, C. Burton, E. H.

E. Feeney, F. Leonard, A. A. Bull, J. Folster, C. Finch, C. Burton, E. H. Nicholson, R. McLaren, D. Wall, E. G. R. Clarke, E. G. Robins, W. J. Barnett, H. K. Weaver, G. B. James, R. J. Hartigan, B. Argall, W. Davidson Junr., E. A. Grahame. In doing so he paid tributes to the various men and made special reference to the late Pte. Argall's fine character. During the ceremony the National Anthem was sung, and cheers were given for the Allies and the boys at the front.

In acknowledging a vote of thanks for his attendance, Mr. Milne took occasion to remark that he saw in the company before him Mr. Davies, of Cargo Road, who had given three sons to the war, one of whom had paid the great price. He called for three cheers for parents and sons, which were lustily given, and the company dispersed.
