



Glenorie Send off March 11th 1916.

Back Row: George Dale, Donald Rae, Harry Walker.
Front Row: Roy Roberts, William Rae, Tom Dale

ANZAC DAY

SERVICE

— Glenorie —

Last Saturday afternoon at Glenorie a basket picnic was held on the Recreation Ground, when Councillor James (President of the Homely War Council) presented a money belt and combination knife to 4 departing soldiers:- Privates Don and William Rae, Thomas and George Dale, St. Walker, Roy Roberts & Clem Smith - Brief address were given by Messrs J. Hunt, A. Weldon, St. Lamond, A. Rae & C. M. Timmon. Afternoon tea was ~~held~~ served in the pavilion, and a most successful concert held at night.

C. M. Timmon
Teacher

Glenorie:-
14. 3. 16

Letter to Sydney Morning Herald accompanying photo on front cover of booklet 'Glenorie Send off'

Photo of recruits enclosed:-
Back:- Privates J. Dale, W. Rae, St. Walker
of front " Roy Roberts, W. Rae, J. Dale - J.
Clem Smith was absent.

ANZAC COMMEMORATION

GLENORIE RSL CLUB MEMORIAL

INTRODUCTION

The memorial before which we stand on this day is to the glorious memory of our gallant dead. Upon it we place the flowers of loving remembrance, while in our hearts there surges a deep and passionate pride for those who died in defence of all that we hold dear.

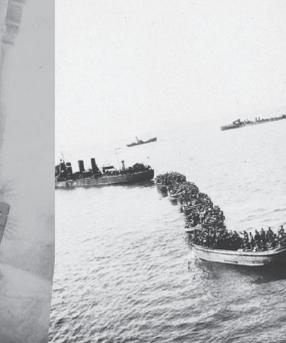
Many a distant battlefield carries a cross with a name we love, and here today we pause in silence to think of those who fell, our hearts brimful with a debt of gratitude, and our lips uttering praise for their deeds and their daring.

May we be inspired to guard and guide the great heritage for which they gave their lives so gladly ... this beloved land of ours; this nation placed within our care.

**“OUT OF THE STRIFE OF DOING,
INTO THE PEACE OF DONE.”**

We keep sacred this day.

“LEST WE FORGET” (REPEAT)



Writing Home - Australian Soldier at the Somme Front 1916



ORDER OF SERVICE

I WAS ONLY NINETEEN - PERFORMED BY ISAAK KOOREY

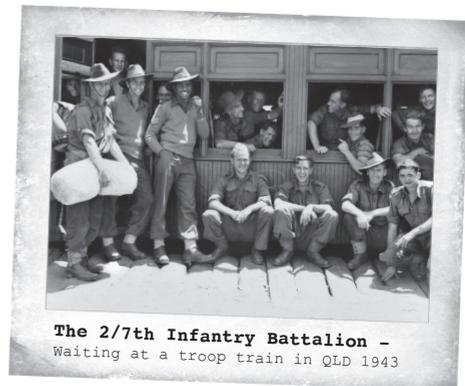
Original song by The Herd

Mum and Dad and Denny saw the passing
out parade at Puckapunyal
It was long march from cadets
The Sixth Battalion was the next to tour
It was me who drew the card
We did Canungra and Shoalwater
before we left

And Townsville lined the footpaths
As we marched down to the quay
This clipping from the paper
Shows us young and strong and clean
And there's me in my slouch hat
With my SLR and greens
God help me
I was only nineteen

From Vung Tau riding Chinooks to the dust at Nui Dat
I'd been in and out of choppers now for months
And we made our tents a home, VB
and pin-ups on the lockers
And an Asian orange sunset
through the scrub

And can you tell me, doctor,
why I still can't get to sleep?
And night time's just a jungle
dark and a barking M16?
What's this rash that comes and goes
Can you tell me what it means?
God help me
I was only nineteen



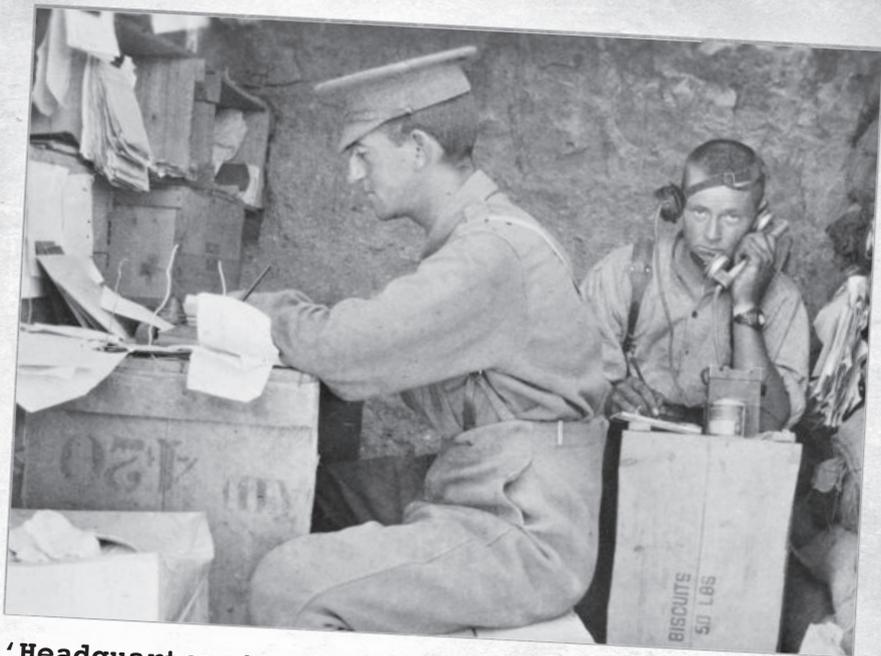
And a four week operation
When each step could mean your last one on two legs
It was a war within yourself
But you wouldn't let your mates down
'Til they had you dusted off
So you closed your eyes and you thought about something else

Then someone yelled out "Contact, front"
And the bloke behind me swore
We hooked in there for hours, then a God-almighty roar
Frankie kicked a mine the day that mankind kicked the moon
God help me, he was going home in June

I can still see Frankie drinking tinnies in the Grand Hotel
On a thirty-six hour rec leave in Vung Tau
And I can still hear Frankie lying screaming in the jungle
'Til the morphine came and killed the bloody row

And the Anzac legends didn't mention mud and blood and tears
And the stories that my father told me never seemed quite real
I caught some pieces in my back that I didn't even feel
God help me
I was only nineteen

And can you tell me, doctor, why I still can't get to sleep?
And why the Channel Seven chopper chills me to my feet?
And what's this rash that comes and goes
Can you tell me what it means?
God help me
I was only nineteen



'Headquarters' - Officer works on documents, sitting on upturned packing case in a Battalion Headquarters Dugout. Gallipoli Turkey 1915



SCRIPTURE READING

Ecclesiasticus (Sirach) 44: 1-15

Read by School Children from Glenorie, Middle Dural and Hillside Primary Schools

THE GLORY OF GOD IN HISTORY

So let us now give praise to godly men,
our ancestors of generations past,
men whom the Lord honoured with great glory,
in whom his greatness has been seen
from the beginning of time.

There were some who ruled kingdoms,
and some who were known for their strength,
some were wise advisers,
and some spoke prophecies.

There were statesmen whose policies governed the people,
rulers who issued decrees,
scholars who spoke wise words,
and those who used pointed proverbs,
poets, and composers of music,
rich and powerful men living peacefully at home.

All of these were famous in their own times,
honoured by the people of the day.

Some men left a reputation,
and people still praise them today.

There are others who are not remembered
as if they had never lived,
who died and were forgotten,
they, and their children after them.

But we will praise these godly men,
whose righteous deeds have never been forgotten.

Their reputations will be passed on to their descendants,
and this will be their inheritance!

Their descendants continue to keep the covenant
and always will, because of what their ancestors did.

Their family line will go on forever,
and their fame will never fade.

Their bodies will be laid to rest,
but their reputations will live forever.

Nations will tell about the wisdom of these men.
and God's people will praise them.



'Shake' - An Australian Soldier with a Kangaroo Mascot smuggled into Egypt



MINISTER GEOFF SMITH

THE LORD'S PRAYER

ADDRESS

GUEST SPEAKER -

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER (NAVY) STEVEN PRINGLE

HYMN

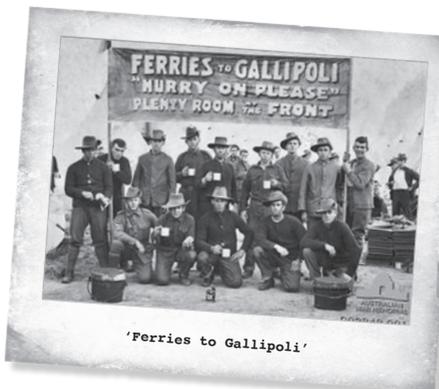
(during which collection will be taken)

ABIDE WITH ME

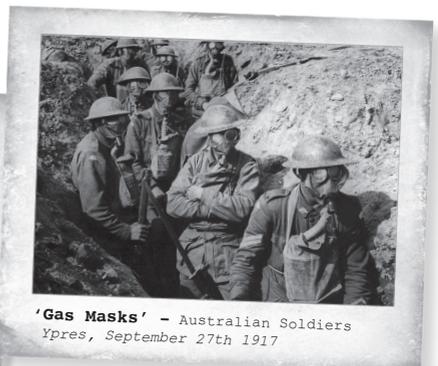
Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.



'Ferries to Gallipoli'



'Gas Masks' - Australian Soldiers
Ypres, September 27th 1917

AND THE BAND PLAYED WALTZING MATILDA - PERFORMED

BY DOUG AND MURRAY *Original song by Eric Bogle*

Now when I was a young man, I carried me pack
And I lived the free life of the rover
From the Murray's green basin to the dusty outback
Well, I waltzed my Matilda all over
Then in 1915, my country said "son
It's time you stopped rambling, there's work to be done"
So they gave me a tin hat, and they gave me a gun
And they marched me away to the war

And the band played Waltzing Matilda
As the ship pulled away from the quay
And amidst all the cheers, the flag-waving and tears
We sailed off for Gallipoli

And how well I remember that terrible day
How our blood stained the sand and the water
And of how in that hell that they called Suvla Bay
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter
Johnny Turk, he was waiting, he'd primed himself well
He showered us with bullets and he rained us with shell
And in five minutes flat, he'd blown us all to hell
Nearly blew us right back to Australia

But the band played Waltzing Matilda
When we stopped to bury our slain
We buried ours, and the Turks buried theirs
Then we started all over again

And those that were left, well we tried to survive
In that mad world of blood, death and fire
And for ten weary weeks, I kept myself alive
Though around me the corpses piled higher
Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over head
And when I woke up in me hospital bed
And saw what it had done, well I wished I was dead

Never knew there was worse things than dyin'

For I'll go no more waltzing Matilda
All around the green bush far and free
To hump tent and pegs, a man needs both legs
No more waltzing Matilda for me

So they gathered the crippled, the wounded, the maimed
And they shipped us back home to Australia
The legless, the armless, the blind, the insane
Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla
And as our ship pulled into Circular Quay
I looked at the place where me legs used to be
And thanked Christ there was nobody waiting for me
To grieve, to mourn, and to pity

But the band played Waltzing Matilda
As they carried us down the gangway
But nobody cheered, they just stood and stared
Then they turned all their faces away

And so now every April, I sit on me porch
And I watch the parades pass before me
And I see my old comrades, how proudly they march
Reviving old dreams of past glories
And the old men march slowly, old bones stiff and sore
They're tired old heroes from a forgotten war
And the young people ask, "what are they marching for?"
And I ask myself the same question

But the band plays Waltzing Matilda
And the old men still answer the call
But as year follows year, more old men disappear

Someday no one will march there at all
Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?
And their ghosts may be heard
As they march by that billabong
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?

PLACING OF WREATH

SOLEMN ACT OF COMMEMORATION

Hallowed in Christ be the memory of the brave men and women who died in these past wars for the freedom of the world. They shall yet stand before the throne, an exceeding great army. In that last muster there shall be found those, our own beloved.

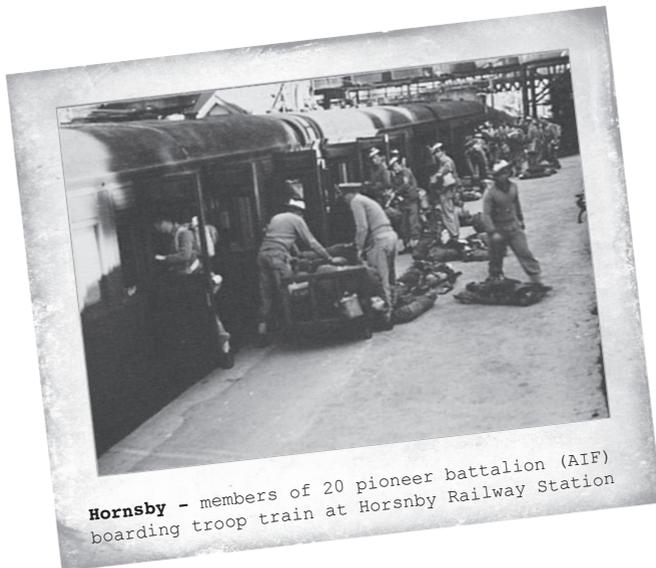
They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted;
they fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old.
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning,

'We Will Remember Them'

(repeat together)

AMEN



Hornsby - members of 20 pioneer battalion (AIF)
boarding troop train at Hornsby Railway Station

THE LAST POST

REVEILLE

BENEDICTION

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

ADVANCE AUSTRALIA FAIR

PERFORMED BY DOUG AND MURRAY

Australians all let us rejoice,
For we are young and free;
We've golden soil and wealth for toil;
Our home is girt by sea;
Our land abounds in nature's gifts
Of beauty rich and rare;
In history's page, let every stage
Advance Australia Fair.
In joyful strains then let us sing,
Advance Australia Fair.

GOD DEFEND NEW ZEALAND

PERFORMED BY REWI

God of nations at thy feet;
In the bonds of love we meet;
Hear our voices, we entreat;
God defend our free land;
Guard Pacific's triple star;
From the shafts of strife and war;
Make her praises heard afar;
God defend New Zealand;



THE SLOUCH HAT

I am an Aussie Slouch Hat,
of felt and hide I'm made;
with chin strap, brim and badges;
look best when on parade.

I am worn by Aussie soldiers'
in peace time and at war;
seen action in the deserts,
and stormed those sandy shores.

I've felt those steamy jungles,
I've been to hell and back;
crossed the Owen Stanley ranges,
when I walked the Kokoda Track

To those men in Changi Prison,
and on the Burma Railway Line;
I was always there to comfort,
and be a symbol of their pride.

I did several tours of Vietnam,
of Iraq, then Afghanistan;
I've helped keep peace in Timor,
and other troubled lands.

I am worn by Aussie soldiers,
and stand out in a crowd;
I will always hold a special place,
for those who wear me proud.

GLENORIE
RSL CLUB

