



Semaphore & Port Adelaide RSL Sub-Branch Inc.

## **The ANZAC on the Wall**

Written By Jim Brown

I wandered thru a country town 'cos I had time to spare,  
And went into an antique shop to see what was in there.  
Old Bikes and pumps and kero lamps, but hidden by it all,  
A photo of a soldier boy - an ANZAC on the Wall.

"The ANZAC have a name?" I asked. The old man answered "No"  
The ones who could have told me mate, have passed on long ago.  
The old man kept on talking and, according to his tale,  
The photo was unwanted junk bought from a clearance sale.

"I asked around," the old man said, "but no one knows his face,  
He's been on that wall twenty years, deserves a better place.  
For some one must have loved him so, it seems a shame somehow."  
I nodded in agreement and then said, "I'll take him now."

My nameless digger's photo, well it was a sorry sight  
A cracked glass pane and a broken frame - I had to make it right  
To prise the photo from its frame I took care just in case,  
"Cause only sticky paper held the cardboard back in place.

I peeled away the faded screed and much to my surprise,  
Two letters and a telegram appeared before my eyes  
The first reveals my ANZAC's name, and regiment of course  
John Mathew Francis Stuart - of Australia's own Light Horse.

This letter written from the front, my interest now was keen  
This note was dated August seventh 1917  
"Dear Mum, I'm at Khalasa Springs not far from the Red Sea  
They say it's in the Bible - looks like Billabong to me.

"My Kathy wrote I'm in her prayers she's still my bride to be  
I just cant wait to see you both you're all the world to me  
And Mum you'll soon meet Bluey, last month they shipped him out  
I told him to call on you when he's up and about."

"That Bluey is a larrikin, and we all thought it funny  
He lobbed a Turkish hand grenade into the CO's dunny.  
I told you how he dragged me wounded in from no man's land  
He stopped the bleeding closed the wound with only his bare hand."

"Then he copped it at the front from some stray shrapnel blast  
It was my turn to drag him in and I thought he wouldn't last  
He woke up in hospital, and nearly lost his mind  
Cause out there on the battlefield he'd left one leg behind."

"He's been in a bad way mum, he knows he'll ride no more  
Like me he loves a horse's back he was a champ before.  
So Please Mum can you take him in, he's been like my brother  
Raised in a Queensland orphanage he's never known a mother."



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But Struth, I miss Australia mum, and in my mind each day  
I am a mountain cattleman on high plains far away  
I'm mustering white-faced cattle, with no camel's hump in sight  
And I waltz my Matilda by a campfire every night

I wonder who rides Billy, I heard the pub burnt down  
I'll always love you and please say hooroo to all in town".  
The second letter I could see was in a lady's hand  
An answer to her soldier son there in a foreign land

Her copperplate was perfect, the pages neat and clean  
It bore the date November 3rd 1917.  
"T'was hard enough to lose your Dad, without you at the war  
I'd hoped you would be home by now - each day I miss you more"

"Your Kathy calls around a lot since you have been away  
To share with me her hopes and dreams about your wedding day  
And Bluey has arrived - and what a godsend he has been  
We talked and laughed for days about the things you've done and seen"

"He really is a comfort, and works hard around the farm,  
I read the same hope in his eyes that you won't come to harm.  
Mc Connell's kids rode Billy, but suddenly that changed  
We had a violent lightning storm, and it was really strange."

"Last Wednesday just on midnight, not a single cloud in sight  
It raged for several minutes, it gave us all a fright  
It really spooked your Billy - and he screamed and bucked and reared  
And then he rushed the sliprail fence, which by a foot he cleared"  
"They brought him back next afternoon, but something's changed I fear  
It's like the day you brought him home, for no one can get near  
Remember when you caught him with his black and flowing mane?  
Now Horse breakers fear the beast that only you can tame,"  
"That's why we need you home son" - then the flow of ink went dry-  
This letter was unfinished, and I couldn't work out why.  
Until I started reading the letter number three  
A yellow telegram delivered news of tragedy  
Her son killed in action - oh - what pain that must have been  
The Same date as her letter - 3rd November 17  
This letter which was never sent, became then one of three  
She sealed behind the photo's face - the face she longed to see.

And John's home town's old timers -children when he went to war  
Would say no greater cattleman had left the town before.  
They knew his widowed mother well - and with respect did tell  
How when she lost her only boy she lost her mind as well.  
She could not face the awful truth, to strangers she would speak  
"My Johnny's at the war you know , he's coming home next week."  
They all remembered Bluey he stayed on to the end  
A younger man with wooden leg became her closest friend



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### **The ANZAC on the Wall**

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And he would go and find her when she wandered old and weak  
And always softly say "yes dear - John will be home next week."  
Then when she died Bluey moved on, to Queensland some did say  
I tried to find out where he went, but don't know to this day  
And Kathy never wed - a lonely spinster some found odd  
She wouldn't set foot in a church - she'd turned her back on God  
John's mother left no will I learned on my detective trail  
This explains my photo's journey, that clearance sale  
So I continued digging cause I wanted to know more  
I found John's name with thousands in the records of the war  
His last ride proved his courage - a ride you will acclaim  
The Light Horse Charge at Beersheba of everlasting fame

That last day in October back in 1917  
At 4pm our brave boys fell - that sad fact I did glean  
That's when John's life was sacrificed, the record's crystal clear  
But 4pm in Beersheba is midnight over here.....  
So as John's gallant spirit rose to cross the great divide  
Were lightning bolts back home a signal from the other side?  
Is that why Billy bolted and went racing as in pain?  
Because he'd never feel his master on his back again?  
Was it coincidental? same time - same day - same date?

Some proof of numerology, or just a quirk of fate?  
I think it's more than that, you know, as I've heard wiser men,  
Acknowledge there are many things that go beyond our ken

Where craggy peaks guard secrets neath dark skies torn asunder  
Where hoof beats are companions to the rolling waves of thunder  
Where lightning cracks like 303's and ricochets again  
Where howling moaning gusts of wind sound just like dying men  
Some Mountain cattlemen have sworn on lonely alpine track  
They've glimpsed a huge black stallion - Light Horseman on his back.

Yes Sceptics say, it's swirling clouds just forming apparitions  
Oh no, my friend you can't dismiss all this as superstition  
The desert of Beersheba - or windswept Aussie range  
John Stuart rides forever there - Now I don't find that strange.  
Now some gaze at this photo, and they often question me  
And I tell them a small white lie, and say he's family.  
"You must be proud of him." they say - I tell them, one and all,  
That's why he takes the pride of place - my ANZAC on the Wall.



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## **Amazing Grace**

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.  
When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we'd first begun.

### ***The Entire Audience***

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.

## **Australian National Anthem**

### **Advance Australia Fair**

#### ***Choir Only***

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.

Beneath our radiant Southern Cross  
We'll toil with hearts and hands;  
To make this Commonwealth of ours  
Renowned of all the lands;  
For those who've come across the seas  
We've boundless plains to share;  
With courage let us all combine  
To Advance Australia Fair.  
In joyful strains then let us sing,  
Advance Australia Fair.

### ***The Entire Audience***

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;  
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## **New Zealand National Anthem God Defend New Zealand**

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.

Men of ev'ry creed and race  
Gather here before Thy face,  
Asking Thee to bless this place,  
God defend our Free Land.  
From dissension, envy, hate,  
And corruption guard our State,  
Make our country good and great,  
God defend New Zealand.

Peace, not war, shall be our boast,  
But, should foes assail our coast,  
Make us then a mighty host,  
God defend our Free Land.  
Lord of battles in thy might,  
Put our enemies to flight,  
Let our cause be just and right,  
God defend New Zealand.

Let our love for Thee increase,  
May Thy blessings never cease,  
Give us plenty, give us peace,  
God defend our Free Land.  
From dishonour and from shame  
Guard our country's spotless name  
Crown her with immortal fame,  
God defend New Zealand.

May our mountains ever be  
Freedom's ramparts on the sea,  
Make us faithful unto Thee,  
God defend our Free Land.  
Guide her in the nations' van,  
Preaching love and truth to man,  
Working out Thy Glorious plan,  
God defend New Zealand.