



PREMIER OF NEW SOUTH WALES

EULOGY BY PREMIER BOB CARR STATE FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR LIONEL CHARLES MANCE THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 2001

Lionel Mance and members of the Mance family.

Today the flags of this city and our State fly at half-mast.

Not for a sovereign or a politician.

For your father, grandfather, great grandfather, for a soldier, an Anzac, whose mortal remains we with tender reverence now commit to eternity.

In a State Funeral, the Government and people join officially and publicly in the grief and mourning usually private to a family.

It is not an honour we bestow, it is one we receive.

It is our honour to say to Charlie Mance - many thanks, countless thanks, digger for your spirit and your sacrifice and your service.

Thanks for the youthfulness you took to France and Flanders but did not bring home.

Your innocence and youth was left there with your fallen mates, the mates you grieved for a lifetime and now at long last join.

We honour these men of Anzac because they made the name of Australia great.

And the name "Anzac" ever after meant a larrikin, good-humoured bloke of uncertain respect but unquestioned gameness, in mud and horror beyond belief.

Of that horror one of Charlie's comrades wrote:

- "We can't sleep now because six shells are bursting around here every minute and you can't get much sleep between them;
- guns are belching out shells, with a most thunderous clap each time;
- the ground is shaking with each little explosion;
- I am wet, and the ground on which I rest is wet;
- My feet are cold, in fact I'm all cold with my two skimp blankets;
- I am covered with cold, clotted sweat, and sometimes my person is foul;
- I am hungry, I am annoyed because of the absurdity of war;
- I see no chance of anything better for tomorrow, or the day after, or the year after."

Into that nightmare we sent young Charlie Mance.

And he fought and survived and returned.

And that is why we bury Charlie Mance with the honours due a field marshal, for he warrants nothing less.

He was our guest at the Olympic opening ceremony last year.

He had the humility of an Anzac, and the quiet good humour, and that horror of war, but the wariness of a soldier who has been there and seen things men should not see.

Charlie joined me for the dedication of the Anzac Bridge, and later for the unveiling of the bronze sculpture of an Anzac that guards its western approaches.

And it's over that bridge his remains will shortly be borne, in honour and pride on a gun carriage, as befits the soldier and man, the mate, the citizen, the witness he was and in our memories will ever be.

Rest in peace, Charlie Mance.

ENDS