

# LEGACY CLUB OF ADELAIDE

INCORPORATED

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LEGACY HOUSE  
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ADELAIDE

## "TOAST TO LEGACY"

Delivered by L/Wm. C. Radford, Chairman of Co-ordinating Council, at the 39th Annual Conference Dinner, held in Adelaide on 14th October 1967.

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Legatee Chairman, Ladies and Legatees. This is the Toast of Legacy, and, in this magnificent setting, and before this magnificent company, it is truly a Toast of Honour.

It is a Toast to something that is as real, and as tangible, as the men from whom we received the Legacy itself; as real, and as tangible, as the men and women who are now responding to its challenge. And yet, it is as difficult to grasp and as intangible as those haunting vanished notes of the Last Post, and the early morning peal of the Reveille, that are part of its essential background.

It is a Toast not to men, though we do well, on an occasion such as this, to remind ourselves, that because men died, we have the opportunity to meet here; to remind ourselves that women and children suffer, and will suffer the pangs of bereavement, as part of the price we pay for the privilege of proposing this Toast, and of drinking to it.

It is a Toast to something not transient, or trivial, or shallow, not to a mantle to be put on, a badge to be worn for some particular occasion, to be taken off when that occasion is ended, but to a point of view, to an idea, to a way of life, that if we care to look for it, and care to live to it, will run through the pattern of our own lives like golden threads. We drink not to something transient, but to something durable, something the essence of which is unchanging, though in its expression it does take very different forms, and though the light that it shines on the lives of men and women and children may be either bright or dim.

It is a Toast to service and to sacrifice, the service and the sacrifice of men, and of women, to whom those words were not only mostly unthought, but even more rarely spoken, and whose lives, and in all too many cases, whose deaths, were their true embodiment.

We will be drinking this Toast, tonight, at least in the symbolic light of the Torch whose flame they lit, and that flame, fellow Legatees, will remain undying only if we are prepared, by our service, to provide fuel of the same purity, and to keep it constantly replenished.

We do well to remind ourselves too, I think, that around that Torch we place a Laurel Wreath. But unless the Laurel Wreath is permanently renewed, it is quickly going to smell of dust, and of ashes. With its constant renewal by our service, we are, in fact, recognizing in those of our comrades, who have passed on, their victory, and their achievement. We are reminding ourselves of the service of men whose minds and ~~whis~~ hands are no longer available to help us.

While we drink it, let us recall that, like them, we have to be prepared to give up our comfort, and our convenience; that as they pitted their strength, and their courage against perhaps more visible enemies, we are required also, to pit such ability, such strength and even courage sometimes, against the adversities that others less fortunate than ourselves are still meeting.

We will drink this toast shortly, in public acknowledgement to the gift made by men whom we knew, and honoured, and, in our own ways, loved. We will walk with them while we drink it, for a time, in the corridors of our own private memories, and while we drink it, I think we will recall that they left us with



something far bigger and far better than any of us can realise, that they left us with an ideal of service that none of us can ever fully appreciate, but an ideal towards which we move hopefully - sustained not only by the worth we see in the idea, but the fellowship it has ensured. It is an ideal of service to others, service that they can demand of us, because we have freely and willingly given them the right to demand it. This is a legacy that all could have. It is, with the ex-servicemen's children and with their widows, a Legacy peculiar to us.

Ladies and Legatees, with pride in the idea and with humility in the way in which we are able to realise it, would you drink with me the Toast of Legacy?

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