



**PARTICIPANT
SPEECHES**

On April 25th 1915, the Australian New Zealand Army Corps (or Anzacs as we know them today) landed on the shores of Gallipoli and precipitated a horrific scene. Many men never made it off the boat or were killed in the waters. Miraculously most soldiers made it onto the rough pebble beach and stared up at the Turks positioned on a small hill, and there they saw many things. Courage, Determination, Honour and Death. Yet they knew what they were fighting for. For Faith, Peace and their country – Australia.

Anzac Day is not a celebration, nor a festival. It is a memorial, where we remember those who died fighting for what they believed was right. That is the spirit of ANZAC – to stand tall and proud knowing what you were doing was protecting your heritage and your country. It symbolizes: Comradeship, helping out your mates or friends when they are in need; Courage - to run blindly with your only defence being a gun and seeing bodies drop dead beside you, not knowing who they were or asking the question of why they were shot and not you; Fear - to move into the front line knowing that you have little but two minutes to live; Determination - to will yourself to get through one dreaded and deadly day after another; and Pride - fighting for peace and being honoured to serve your country. And THAT is the true meaning of ANZAC.

I have never experienced war and nor do I ever want to. It is a terrible thing. Many lives are lost but for what cause! Why should so many suffer when conflict could be resolved by negotiations and peace-making conferences rather than war and horrific battles? In the end I think it all comes down to power. Which country has it and which country wants it. Australia was neither of those countries. Yet they fought beside those who they thought were on the right side. They had to go to Gallipoli because no other allied force could enter it from the North. So the Australian's did their bit and they did it proudly. The Anzacs have a special meaning to me somehow. It's as though I feel their pain and honour clashing in a tremendous way. Though gone they live in me and they shall always be a part of my being. Even though I wasn't born in their time, it's like they were fighting for me, in a way I cannot express. Words have no meaning to the feelings I possess for the Anzacs. All I can say is that the ANZAC spirit lives within me and with these three words I shall always remember I honour them now with all their courage and faith. Lest we forget.

ANZAC is the name the Generals gave to the soldiers who jumped ashore at a place called Gallipoli very early on the morning of 25th April 1915. Australians willingly joined the army to fight in World War 1.

Western Australians who enlisted formed the 11th battalion. They joined battalions from other States of Australia and New Zealand in an 8 month battle at Gallipoli. It was the first time Australians had fought together as a nation. The ANZAC spirit was born at Gallipoli. The ANZACS did not win the battle at Gallipoli but they became known for their courage, compassion, loyalty, bravery and humour.

ANZAC day is held on the 25th April each year to commemorate all Australians and New Zealanders killed in war and to honour returned service men and women. Services are held at dawn to commemorate the time of the initial landings at Gallipoli. The cold and darkness breaking into sunrise adds to the symbolism of the occasion. ANZAC day services are being attended by increasingly large numbers of young people who have no first hand experience at war. Nowadays dawn services at Kings Park are no longer a glorification of war but a celebration of the Australian identity. Anzac day has come to celebrate all the values that we cherish – values of mateship, unity courage, sacrifice and loyalty.

I have come to realise that the ANZAC spirit is not confined to the battlefield. It can be found in schools and sports fields all over our great country. All Australians have the ANZAC spirit within them. In times of crisis such as terrorism, bushfires and disasters – the spirit shine through. I cherish that spirit.

As we all know we live in very troubled times with constant threat of war and terrorism. We don't need to live in war times to for the ANZAC spirit to shine through. The ANZAC spirit can be found in peaceful times.

The Aussies in Bali has no slouch hats and no uniforms but the spirit could be seen everywhere. From those who ran back into the flames to help strangers to those who arrived at hospitals to help others. They all showed the ANZAC spirit.

I have learnt that war and terrorism only creates suffering for all involved. There are only losers and I am saddened to witness the cruelty that mankind can inflict. I wholeheartedly believe in the pacifist approach to resolving conflict by non violent means such as compromise, diplomacy and open communications as well as faith hope and trust.

If the entire world lived by the ANZAC spirit it would be a much happier and peaceful world.

One minute of silence can be a long time on ANZAC day, this time can lift a twelve year old's thoughts and transport them to many places in sixty seconds.

I find myself asking the question, what makes someone Australian in spirit? In spirit? Do I have the right to claim being Australian just because I have been born on these shores, while, are my parents foreigners simply because they have transplanted their old culture? Is Anzac day solely for the true blue Aussies? Does "true blue" actually mean Anglo-Saxons with a strong affection for the motherland? They tell me they risked their lives to assure our safety and happiness. They tell me they fought for our freedom and paid the ultimate price in doing so. They tell me they captured the true Aussie spirit in their actions and words. They tell me a lot of things, but someone once said that a true education is the thing that you remember what you forget what you were taught. It is these heart-rendering thoughts that had me focused on Gallipoli, on the Anzac idea and why we celebrate this day in my country. April 25, 1915 – the day it all began. The Australian & New Zealand Army Corps landed at the wrong beach in the rugged terrain at Gallipoli. They suffered as much from disease as from battle against the Turkish soldiers.

Yes, I focus on the devastation to thousands of lives, in fact, 34 thousand, 8 hundred and fort-one to be exact. What moves me the most is that these men kept the Anzac spirit alive even though they knew many of them were marching to their fate? Yes, one minute can be long time to be silent, but nowhere as long as the time these men spent marching to their death. My understanding of why we stand in silence is all the more real now. I like to think as I stand here that those Anzacs lived for each other and so they marched, feet bloodied, body broken, they marched because they could not let their mates down. And they knew that they could not survive long without each other. I like to think that this is what makes the Australian spirit – that we don't let our mates down, even if we must sacrifice ourselves to do so.

I see this Anzac spirit alive and well in my country town, where when someone sees you stumbling, they come and give you a hand. I saw it alive and well in east Timor where we didn't turn the cheek but extended our hand to offer the same type of freedom and peace that we enjoy. In my minute silence, I stand to think of how much love one person must have for another that they would be willing to suffer and die just so the other person is given an extension of freedom and happiness. Quite clearly it is obvious that it doesn't matter where you come from to embrace this type of Australian spirit, it's an attitude not a birthplace. It's what's in your heart, not what's in your passport. No, one minute is not long enough. Not long enough to think of those soldiers who died, not long enough to honour the goodness in the hearts of those who have given freely of themselves to others.

The Spirit of ANZAC was forged in the fires of Gallipoli, and has been a major force in establishing our national identity. The feats of the ANZACS during The First World War were a driving force in developing a sense of unity in Australia. It solidified the Australian traditions of egalitarianism, mateship and perseverance.

The ANZACS earned a well-deserved reputation for fighting bravely and ferociously. They never bowed to authority or military discipline. They bore no malice towards those they fought, only a common plight in being stuck in the middle of the hell of war. The ANZACS were never downtrodden and never gave up; they were fighting in the hope that the conflict they were fighting was the war to end all wars. They joked while they fought and died on distant shores to what must have seemed to them at the time to be the ends of the earth.

We set aside April 25th, the day of the fateful landing at Gallipoli to commemorate their sacrifice. It may seem strange to the uninitiated that we set aside as a national holiday one of our nation's most bloodiest and unsuccessful military operations. What we commemorate on April 25th is not the disaster on the battlefield, but the Australians that fought for their country. What we commemorate on April 25th is not the disaster on the battlefield, but the Australians that fought for their country. It is not so much as what the ANZACS did at Gallipoli that is central to our identity but how they set about them. In displaying those traits of egalitarianism and mateship pivotal to the Australian ideal they became Australian Legends.

The spirit of ANZAC is central to our sense of Patriotism because it embodies all the ideals and admirable characteristics of Australian culture that Australian society wishes to possess. The spirit of ANZAC is the essence of being Australian.

My Name is Aaron Porebski, and I am of Polish decent. My Grandparents suffered the brutal Nazi regime in Poland during World War 2 and after the war were forced to flee Europe to Australia to escape Communism. From my grandparents' mantle piece in their new home hung two flags: A red and white one with a proud eagle emblem; the other a blue one with the Southern Cross and the Union Jack.

One represented their homeland; the other their new country that had so kindly adopted them. I thought everything of the red and white flag; I was and am acutely proud of my Polish heritage. Owing to my cultural background, I rarely noticed the blue flag. When I first thought about it, Australia had only been Australia for 99 years. I did not understand Advance Australia fair and Waltzing Matilda...until at the library one day, I came across *Gallipoli* by Les Carlyon.

Though I was more interested in more decisive battles, I decided to read it. I found the solemn tragedy of Gallipoli absorbing. While the Turks charged at Chunuk Bair and while the Diggers froze in their trenches, Advance Australia Fair took on a whole new meaning for me.

I could understand why Australians wanted to sing Waltzing Matilda at the Rugby World Cup and why hundreds of Australian teenagers trek to Gallipoli in far off Anatolia for the Dawn Service each year. For the first time, I began to appreciate the sunburnt country, the sigh of a gum tree and the Kookaburra's call at dawn. The Spirit of Anzac gave me an idea of what it is to be Australian and instilled in me a sense of Patriotism. I decided to count myself part of that group.

It was the free nature of Australia that had attracted my grandparents here, and the egalitarian spirit of the Anzacs that had welcomed them into Australia. It is ironic that During World War 1 the Anzacs fought to prevent the war, which would then force my grandparents to leave their homeland, only to be brought to Australia by the ANZAC spirit. Now I count myself both Polish and Australian. I cannot be one or the other. This is the essence of Multiculturalism

So I am proudly Australian and Polish. All the more better for understanding the two flags on the mantelpiece.

Ladies and Gentlemen, the ANZAC spirit lives on! Or does it?...When the ANZACS departed from Albany in 1915, they were exited and adventurous larrikin boys with courage and pride for their country. Many of those boys died on April 25th or in the months that followed at the place known as Anzac Cove, but it is clear that the spirit they carried with them lives on today, having been passed down through the generations.

But there's one problem. The ANZACS fought for a country who would use that spirit to fulfil the Anzac dream for a world of peace and unity, and I don't think we are doing that. Just think how disappointed they'd be to see that all we do in their honour is stand in silence for 60 seconds a year. Even though the annual ANZAC Day services are becoming increasingly popular with people of all ages, they are simply not enough. We should definitely still attend these touching and respectful tributes, but we should also be demonstrating the ANZAC spirit for the other 364 days of the year, by tackling issues like poverty, discrimination, and conflict in our local communities – if we don't, we are letting the ANZACS down.

Just last year, Australia displayed the sort of strength, support, mateship, self-sacrifice, and immense courage that the ANZACS would be so proud of, as we were rocked by the Bali bombings of October 12th. But why should it take a war, terrorist attack or another horrible tragedy to bring out the best in us? Showing the ANZAC spirit can be as easy as valuing friendships, supporting your footy team, or summoning enough courage to stand up to the school bully. You see it as the Bali survivors tell their stories to the nation. You see it in the faces of old veterans, as they play a game of two-up with their mates on ANZAC day afternoons. Every little act of kindness and courage can make a difference in the community, in our homes, and in our lives.

During the recent war in Iraq, many of us – particularly young Australians – protested and rallied for a peaceful outcome, which just goes to show how passionate and spirited the new generation can be. So why are we less actively involved in community events and ANZAC Day services? Modern society sets so many boundaries, and seems to consider youths as incapable of understanding the big issues. Did the young ANZACS understand them? Did it even matter in the end? We may not really care about the cost of oil or the economy, but we do care about what really matters – the basic difference between right and wrong. We want to grow up in a peaceful world. We want the freedom to say what we think and not be shunned or ignored. We want what the ANZACS wanted, but we also know that war is not the answer. It's time to stop thinking of the ANZACS as weary old men, and start realising that they too were just kids, and that age doesn't really matter – if you have the ANZAC spirit, and you use it to the best of your ability, you can, and will, do great things, and the ANZAC spirit will live on!

I have no idea what it is that makes people wake up at dawn to stop and pay tribute to one of the greatest Australian military disasters, why people, who have not known a single ANZAC soldier, stand and weep at their passing as though they were closest of kin on the 25th of April. One of the most remembered events in Australian history, ANZAC day is dedicated to the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps (the Anzacs) who fought and dies for us, for Australia. Not only significant as being the first time that Australia fought as Australia, not Britain, the war also recognised Australia as a nation. Even though it was a national disaster due to the loss of human life, it proved to be the birth of Australian identity of courage, mateship and compassion.

Courage was abundant in the Australians as they banded together as soldiers to go fight for Australia. Even as they landed they realised there had been a terrible geographical faux pas and they were sent down too far north and were trapped in a cove for which they were not prepared. Regardless of all that happened at Gallipoli the Anzacs did not give in. As the Anzacs dug trenches in what is known as the 'Baptism Of Fire' they were not only fighting for their country, they were also desperately fighting for their lives. Disease swept through the trenches lowering morale to critical levels but the Anzacs held on proving their resourcefulness and inner strength. The Anzacs proved this ability to use anything on hand making grenades out of jam tins and shrapnel. Their courage came from each other; they drew on their mates for support and looked out for each other. As the historian Charles Bean, who helped to forge the ANZAC legend, said, "the strongest bond in the Australian Imperial Force (AIF) was between a man and his mate".

The bond of mateship among the Anzacs was legendary and was one of the major components of survival among them. The men looked after each other and watched each other's back. I quote from 'Gallipoli' by John Laffin:

"A soldier with rifle in hand. Bayonet fixed, picked his way along a parapet as he peered into the gloom of the trenches below 'Jim here?' he asked. From the fire-step a voice answered 'Right here Bill' then Jim said 'Do you chaps mind shiftin' up a piece? Him and me are mates and we're going over together"

The moral of that being that although their mission seemed fatal, it all seemed okay if they were with their mates. Charles Bean also commented on this saying that this incredible show of compassion and mateship must have occurred thousands of times in the Australian divisions. This proved that the men would rather perish together, with mates, rather than

remain alive, alone. Not only was this a display of courage and friendship, it was also a show of deep compassion.

When buried in trenches, fearing for ones life, comfort and compassion were some of the most valued virtues. Whilst thousands of Australian lives were lost and there were undoubtedly hundreds of injured at Gallipoli. It was not only the Aussie soldiers that showed compassion, Australian Nurses and Doctors cared for the severely injured, nursing them through their incredible physical and emotional pain so that they might survive and return home to the land and people they loved. One of the most enduring ANZAC legends would have to be Simpson and his Donkey. Private John Simpson Kirkpatrick was a field ambulance serviceman of the AIF. For 15 hours a day 'Simpson' would carry the wounded down from the hills on his patient and loyal donkey 'Duffy'. He was an obvious target however he believed what would be, would be, this fatalistic point of view giving him the courage to face death. Through showing great courage in the face of danger he was able to show the ultimate compassion to his fellow man.

Evan as the Anzacs retreated the ANZAC resolve did not waver proving that their spirit was not based on their victories but rather the fraternal bonds between a man and his mate. The ANZAC spirit embodies the values that all Australians hold dear, courage, compassion and mateship. These laudable values are what pioneered this unforgiving land and established the Australians as tough and resilient people, the celebration of ANZAC does not glorify war but rather, the distinct Australian virtues it inspires.

I have no idea what it means to contemplate the sacrifice of my life for an ideal that is Australian. Yet this is what thousands of men and women do each day around the world. The loyalty and courage that embodies the ANZAC legend, born of Gallipoli, is an ideal the Australian troops still try to live up to today, from Timor to the Middle East the Anzacs of today look for inspiration in the heroes of the past. To me the observance of ANZAC day and the education of young Australians about the quintessential ANZAC spirit is an integral part of what being Australian means to me.

Albert John Bern, aged 24

George Leonard Purchus Brookfield, aged 22

Major General Sir William Throsby Bridges, aged 55

Harold Gordon Allen, aged 21

These are just some of the men that were willing to give their lives for our freedom.

In the early hours of April 25 1915, 1500 young inexperienced men left the safety of their boats and headed to Gallipoli. They remain silent as they approached the beach. The only sound each Anzac could hear was the pounding of his heart as he anticipated the predicted onslaught of the Turks.

Although close to shore when the Turks attacked, there were many casualties. Once the Anzac boats reached the shore, the counter attack by the Australians was unrelenting. The Turks fled pursued by the Australians.

The youngest Anzac on record was Jim Martin only 14 years of age. I'm 14 years old and the biggest decision I have to make in the morning is what to wear. I can't imagine sitting in that boat awaiting death. I couldn't do it, I don't know how he did it but I'm so glad that he did.

The Anzacs are renowned world wide for their bravery, courage, determination and mateship - never would an Anzac leave a wounded mate behind

At the lack of media in those days meant that few of our men knew what they were signing up for, all they knew is that they were going to fight for our country. But it didn't matter what laid ahead for them. They were young eager men ready to fight. They stood by each other in crucial times, laughed with each other, cried with each other and died with each other.

On 25 April our men joined together to represent this country, to represent the people. The courage, pride and determination that those men showed that day are unforgettable. They left their wives, their children and many gave their lives for us.

Can you imagine sitting in trench water up to your ankles, you're cold, hungry, tired and waiting death at any moment. The love that our men had for this country is not only to be applauded but also honourable in that they gave up everything for future generations.

The Anzac spirit wasn't left on the battlefield. It's everywhere, it's in our community in our schools but most importantly it's in here (pointing to heart). And it's in here to stay!

Through all the pain and trauma that the Anzacs went through they still came home laughing and smiling and no matter what happens in this world nobody will ever be able to wipe that smile away because it's Australian, it's the Anzac spirit.

So next time you stand for the one minute silence just remember what the Anzacs went through, what they did for us. I do!

Dawn washes over the Australian coast on the 25th of April. People stand, heads bowed in silent contemplation. It is 4:30 in the morning, a chilling time to be awake even for the most ardent early risers. Yet on this day in April hundreds of thousands of Australians faithfully rise before the breaking of dawn to make the pilgrimage to war memorials all over this country, to stand in complete silence as the sun rises. What is it that draws ever-increasing crowds of people to rise at this ungodly hour of the morning, to simply stand silent and still? To me, what unifies these people is the common bond that we all share deep down in our hearts – the bond of the ANZAC spirit. It is a testament to the human character that Australian people are so selfless in today's modern world, and to me indicates the ever-present ascent of the spirit of the ANZAC in our society. It is a cornerstone, which underpins the Australian image, and encompasses the laughter and larrikinism, the pride and the love of life that is in every Australian.

The ANZAC, the end product from convict and pioneer forebears, is tough, resilient, persistent and good-humoured in the face of difficulty and adversity. It was this exact spirit that was personified by our diggers at Gallipoli, and it was this incredible show of courage and character that earned them a place in the history books, and more importantly, in the hearts of all Australians, both young and old.

On the morning of April 25th 1915, a new side of man's character was revealed, and the spirit of the ANZAC was kindled. There was a determination, a zest, a drive that swept up from the beaches on the Gallipoli peninsula as the Anzacs thrust forward relentlessly with their torch of freedom. Young men from all over this great land of ours charged the hills on that fateful morning with devotion, courage beyond that which we have ever known, and unflinching pride. This has become their ANZAC spirit; bold and ferocious, but unwilling to bow to discipline. To be an ANZAC is to hold steadfast in battle, to die for your mates and yet never to succumb to authority. There is one man that I would like to use to illustrate to you what I believe epitomises the ANZAC spirit.

His name was Lance Corporal William Hampshire, a batman to a Lieutenant Leslie Craig. He was a member of the 10th Light horse Regiment and was present at the infamous battle of 'The Nek'. He was one of only a few survivors of the 4th suicidal charge towards the Turkish gun posts. On returning to the trench after managing a frantic scramble back under heavy enemy fire, he discovered that Craig lay wounded on the left flank of the battlefield. On discovering that his officer was still alive, he again, jumped over the parapet, returning to the side of his officer and eventually managing to return him to the safety of the trench. It is this kind of selfless courage, the kind of mentality that inspires people to put the safety of others

before themselves, the “others before self” way of thinking that is to me an integral part of what the ANZAC spirit is about.

However, the ANZAC spirit is not confined to WW1. WE have seen gallant Australian men and women serve in WW2, Korea, Malaya, Borneo, and of course Vietnam. It was here again that we saw the true ANZAC spirit displayed, as men of the Australian Imperial Forces were sent to South East Asia to fight a war that many believed was not theirs to fight. To me this is the true meaning of courage and strength, as it is very easy to be a hero when everyone supports you and you receive the support of your nation, but it is much tougher to be a hero when you feel that no-one supports you or believes in you, and that your efforts are in vain. This is what our men who fought Vietnam found. However, they found strength in each other and were sustained by mateship and the legacy of their Anzacs before them, are true bearers of the Anzac spirit.

Today, as a 16yr old teenager, I have never experienced the full extent of the ANZAC spirit. To me, it is something that I do not and perhaps never will fully understand. The spirit of the ANZAC is elusive; it means many different things to many different people. It shines across such a broad spectrum, and each individual brings to it a new and personal meaning. A person who lost a grandfather in the war will have a different interpretation to someone whose grandfather was a hero who returned adorned with medals. I do not claim to understand all these points of views, and can simply speak to you in terms of what the ANZAC spirit means to me.

In a historical context, the spirit of the ANZAC represents to me the courageous nature of the young men who were prepared to lay down their lives for their country. It represents the special bond of mateship that was formed between these young diggers and it symbolises the never say die attitude of the Australian people that keeps them going when times get tough. It is the love of laughter of and the ‘larrikin’ image of the young Aussie digger. However, in today’s context, the ANZAC spirit to me is much broader. It can be seen all around us. The way Australians treat each other with fairness and humility, and are always quick with a smile and a simple ‘g’day’, the way we are always there to offer each other a hand, no matter what it involves.

To me, it can be seen in the way we take joy in the simple pleasures of life. A day at the beach with your mates, and afternoon backyard barbeque with your friends and family, a picnic on a sunny day. It is simply a bloody great place to live. It reflects, to me, what the modern ANZAC spirit is about. It epitomises mateship, humility, an ability to live and enjoy life to the full, and a simple carefree attitude that has its heart definitely in the right spot.

So as you can see, the ANZAC spirit is not about war, and much less about glorifying it. It is not a case of my country right or wrong, or better than yours, or any abstract political idea. I cannot offer any definite understanding to the ANZAC spirit, nor will I probably ever be able to, but to me that isn't what the spirit of ANZAC is about. It is about thinking and feeling for yourself, not being streamlined into conformity. To be able to decide for yourself what the ANZAC spirit means to you is something I believe exemplifies the spirit and is a cornerstone on which modern Australian society is built. Without our diggers, past and present, Australia would simply not be the land it is today. The spirit of the ANZAC allows us to contemplate the nature of sacrifice, courage above the call of duty, and mateship in its deepest sense.

To me, the spirit of the ANZAC is invincible, it will never die. It is the flame that burns forever more in the heart of every true Australian. Today we stand independent; safe and free. We are clothed with all the privileges and rights of citizens in this great free land. And all of this – the liberties, security, opportunities, the privileges of citizenship in this great country – we owe to the men who fought, endured, suffered and died for us and their country. Their deeds and their sacrifice gave us the invincible, the intangible, the spirit of the ANZAC. A young digger on his return to Australia in 1918, paid tribute to his fallen comrades in these words,

“I died for cause I held in the service of my land...
That you and yours may say in freedom...
I am proud to be Australian.
The mighty ANZAC spirit.
Good mates standing side by side...
They battle, unrelenting,
With unfailing Aussie pride.”

May we remember them, and may the ANZAC spirit live forever in our hearts.

The light breeze was bringing the ocean mist just as it had done on another fateful day long ago. Those standing on the cliff top turned to face the rising sun as the sound of the bugle call rang out. The waves were breaking gently on the shore and stirred memories in the waiting assembly, for they had come to remember, brave, remarkable men who had fought and died here, many never to return home, even in death.

The old man sitting in a place of honour surrounded by so many people had never felt more alone. This scene was much different than he remembered. He remembered the unusual silence that fell among the boys as they were climbing into the boats. He remembered those boats hitting the shore disturbing the swish of breakers. He heard the birds screeching their protest at the intrusion and warning the Turks of their approach. He heard gunfire and cries for help ending in the screams of his mates as they died were they fell. He wondered, as he did every ANZAC day why his bones were not lying with his mates on this foreign shore, and then- he remembered them. He remembered the last days at home when the sergeant called them larrikins and how they had scoffed believing themselves invincible. He remembered climbing the pyramids and the trust and the mate ship, -and, - as he looked down at the red poppy in his buttonhole he remembered how much he missed them. He didn't hear the word of thanks or the sentiments of Lawrence Binyon's moving tribute 'Lest We Forget'. He was far away with his mates, landing on a beach at Gallipoli on a dark April morning in 1915. Then - as he looked around, he was moved to see so many, so far from home, heads bowed remembering those who had fallen - and for a split second he was that proud young soldier once again.

On the 25th of April 1915 the ANZAC spirit was born. Our southern sons fought bravely on the shores of Gallipoli. This single great act of courage and bravery, when faced with seemingly in-surmountable odds was responsible for the shaping of a national identity and pride among Australians.

When Australia's young men went to war there was rejoicing and a surge of national pride such as Australians had never felt. They had no idea the horrors that they would encounter or the mates that they would loose. The nation turned out as a proud mother.

When the young men went to war, posters appeared in shop windows, proclaiming proudly each town's sons who would fight. Tragically, after the Gallipoli campaign those same shop windows had lists of the dead and the missing. The rejoicing turned to despair as our nation tried to gather her fallen sons and heal. The drawings and sketches of artists such as Will Dyson sent a real message to the people back home. It was the publishing of drawings and sketches like this that began to change the view of Australians. The war was no longer far

way and the horrors were real. The nation awoke as one to a harsh and bitter lesson. No matter how bad the defeat or how spectacular the victory underlying the feelings of pride and patriotism are those of great sorrow and despair.

Australians have never forgotten those lessons and while, in more recent times there has been a reluctance to send Australian service men and women into conflicts the Anzac Spirit lives on and is visible, tangible and unique.

I believe that the ANZAC spirit has a presence in every Australian and that it takes times of great adversity for it to show. In 1999 when Australian forces embarked on a peace-keeping mission to East Timor, they were accompanied by doctors, nurses and entertainers. More recently, Australian defence force personnel and police men and women have engaged in peacekeeping and humanitarian missions in the Solomon Islands in an attempt to restore order and bring peace to the region. These challenges are not without risk and yet Australians willingly offer their expertise and assistance. There have been, and will continue to be many events, disasters and tragedies where that great ANZAC spirit will be revived. When Cyclone Tracy devastated Darwin, - when the Granville train disaster shattered the lives of many Australians, when the Thredbo landslides swept all before them - and when the 2002 bushfires threatened to destroy our national capital it was that great Anzac spirit of fighting against all the odds, no matter how overwhelming, that saved the lives of many Australians. Strangers becoming mates and working together towards a common goal.

By remembering the Anzac's we revive the spirit. Each year many thousands turnout, no matter what the weather, to pay tribute in many different ways. ANZAC day holds special meaning for me. We all relate to heroes and I consider I am the descendant of heroes. I thank my great grandfathers and their mates, for my nations fighting spirit, our sense of fair play and the fierce protection of our freedom. Each year I remember them proudly and treasure the legacy they left. All over Australia, each ANZAC Day as the tarnished medals tied with striped and faded ribbons are proudly worn by the decedents of those brave men and women, people feel a little bit of the ANZAC Spirit.

And finally, I hope to pass on the same ANZAC Spirit that has been passed to me. The spirit that teaches you to be good-humoured, and to be brave and courageous even in the face of overwhelming odds. The spirit that encourages mate-ship, tolerance and determination, and most of all that gives us the will to fiercely protect our freedoms.

It was on the bloodied shores of the Aegean Sea that the Anzacs, faced with the unassailable precipitous cliffs of the Gallipoli shore, under devastating Turkish shells, showed the spirit that was ultimately created out of a baptism of fire. As a consequence, today we stand safe and free, clothed with all the privileges and rights of citizens in a free country. All these things: liberty, security, opportunity, mateship, courage and bravery, we owe to those men who fought, endured, suffered and died for us.

C.E.W. Bean, Australia's official war historian said after documenting total losses at Gallipoli, "ANZAC stood and still stands, for reckless valor in a good cause, for enterprise, resourcefulness, fidelity, comradeship and endurance that will never own defeat."

The Gallipoli campaign was the first great national test for Australians and it has become the focal point of remembrance and gratitude to those who lost their lives for us. But it was their spirit, the ANZAC spirit, which has carried on through the years, and is kept in all Australian hearts.

It makes me feel humbled yet proud that I have the privilege to celebrate the Anzac's memory, in what was otherwise an event that had little or no influence on the course of World War One. These volunteer troops embraced the idea of war and were eager to prove that they could be a valuable partner in the British Empire, and that Australia was worth defending. This was seen as Australia's earliest act of nationhood in our short military history. From Korea, Vietnam, Kuwait and our role as a United Nations peace keeping force in East Timor and the Solomon Islands, Australian forces have displayed the same ANZAC qualities that were noticed on the Gallipoli shores, eighty-eight years ago.

I believe the ANZAC spirit is a part of our national identity, where we can emerge from tragic events to become a stronger and more learned country. Even now, the ANZAC spirit has transcended the years through matters not pertaining to war. In these events, Australians have demonstrated the mateship and loyalty synonymous with the ANZAC spirit. In 2000, for the Sydney Olympic Games, volunteers from all over the country converged in New South Wales' capital to help in all sorts of roles. It showed our national pride and willingness to help others. Even more recently, in the Canberra bushfires, volunteer firefighters stood as one to battle the blazes. And of course, who could forget or indispensable WA State Emergency Service, the epitome of courage and loyalty, rushing to aid others in times of need.

As a year 11 student studying TEE History. I find I no longer have that childish naivety, and what it can do to you and your kin. The ANZAC spirit is not palpable, but I believe it exists in the psyche of every Australian man, woman and child. From the playground to the world

stage, I believe that we all live out our daily lives subconsciously remembering that spirit. Our society has benefited so much from the sacrifices made by the ANZACS that it has permeated our everyday life, especially in times of happiness, loneliness and tragedy. Whenever Australians travel overseas, and we hear that familiar accent, we turn to our fellow Aussies and say "G'day!" – what's that? Comradeship. When we attend a footy match and roar lustily for our favorite team - what's that? Loyalty. But it's when really serious events like the Bali bombings happen, and it happens to us, Australians through some invisible force, pull together and tough it out. Australians were not just going to give up and let our mates burn in the carnage. We were going in to do the best we could. The Kingsley football team, who wouldn't leave until every one of their mates were accounted for, considered others before self, just as the Anzacs wouldn't desert their comrades in times of great need.

The veterans of World War One may now no longer be alive, but the ANZAC spirit and tradition has not died with them. Remembrance ceremonies, competitions, books and movies aid the continuation of the ANZAC spirit. Personal risk, persistence, courage and determination in the interest of other are the qualities that have been embraced Australian generations, creating heroes out of all of us, just as every ANZAC digger was.

A cry from the Dardanelles, "COOEE! WONT YOU COME TOO?" Thousands of young men read this recruitment poster, and signed on for the adventure of a lifetime. It was on the sandy beaches of another nation, on the other side of the world, where Australia's true identity was formed. With the Western front bogged down in a deadly stalemate of trench warfare, a campaign was devised in order to knock Turkey out of the war, outflank the Germans and thus deliver a decisive blow. At 4:29 on the morning of the 25th of April 1915, the soldiers of the Australian New Zealand Army Corps landed at under fire Gallipoli. It was here that the ANZAC spirit was forged, under withering rifle and machine gun fire, a murderous artillery barrage and a .303 with a fixed bayonet. I believe the ANZAC spirit is comprised of endurance, resourcefulness, mateship, bravery and humour.

Humour was rife throughout the Australian lines, and was used to counter the hardship and seriousness of the situation. A perfect example of this sense of humour occurred during the Anglo-Turkish truce negotiations, when a digger entered the room and enquired of the top brass present, "Have any of you bastards seen my kettle?" This lack of respect for authority and larrikin type behaviour became a trademark of the Australians. The most well known component of the ANZAC spirit is mateship. The ideal of looking out for your mate took precedence above all. Friendships and unbreakable bonds were formed in these impossible conditions, and for the lucky ones, lasted long after the war.

I have personally experienced this mateship and humour, and although it was not enduring the horrors of war, it was certainly scary none the less. Myself, and two good mates of mine, Kieran and Brett attended the cadet parachute training squadron. The course required us to pass 6 solo jumps in order to earn our wings. I for one know the reason I passed this course, was because they were both there, in the plane sitting next to me waiting to jump out. None of us would back down due to typical male bravado of not wanting to appear to be a chicken in front of your mates. The course was full of very black humour indeed, as just before we went on this jaunt, they presented me with a miniature coffin.

In 1915, the Australian government realised just how much the sense of mateship was instilled in the men. They released posters stating, "Join together, train together, embark together, and fight together." This however frequently led to all the men from a suburb enlisting at the same time, in the same unit. Often they would all die together in the same assault, leaving that community totally wiped out of any young men.

Western Australia has many connections with the Dardanelles campaign; out of all the states WA had the highest enlistment rate. Every ANZAC day a dawn service is held at this spot where many young WA soldiers trained including Private John Simpson. For the last two

services, I have raised the flag over Blackboy hill, whilst they're with my cadet unit. After the service many of the veterans told us of their experiences, of their good times and their bad. They told me of how proud they were to see "us young blokes" continuing on the ANZAC tradition. A feeling of concern for them is that in generations to come we will forget to uphold the ANZAC ideals. With the last Gallipoli survivor in the world, Alec Campbell passing away, there is no longer any living link with this part of our history. To ensure that it will remain remembered, my generation must be educated about it in schools, and it is opportunities such as the Gallipoli student tour that kindle an interest in young people to research our past.

The bravery and vigour which the first ANZACS demonstrated carried on throughout other Australian campaigns. As a testimony to their courage, Australians have won 96 Victoria crosses. Australian Flight Sergeant Rawdon Middleton was a recipient in WW2. Flying his over Germany, a shell exploded in the cockpit, destroying Middleton's eye and ripping away part of his face. Middleton continued to fly the plane in agony for another eight hours. He refused first aid, and when they reached the coast of England, he ordered the crew to bale out. Not wanting to crash the plane into a town, Middleton turned out to sea and crashed the aircraft. A few days later his body was found washed up on shore. Last holidays, I competed in the cadet National Flying exercise, where I had the honour of receiving the Rawdon Middleton VC trophy, donated by his family for the best overall participant.

The ANZAC spirit has been shown in every campaign, from WW1 to Vietnam. It today is still being emulated in the peacekeeping roles Australia is playing in Timor, Afghanistan and Iraq. In future years I aspire to earn the right to wear the famed slouch hat, just as my father before me has. To me this represents a way I could commemorate the ANZAC ideals. I for one believe that what the ANZACS have done for us will never be forgotten, and as the poignant words to the Ode of Remembrance say,

They shall not grow 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.

Whenever I think of the Anzac spirit and what it means to me, I envisage youthful, exuberant boys of my age, full of the joys of life. Young, high spirited, carefree boys looking for fun and adventure in war to prove their manhood. When war broke out in 1914, they were keen to join the fight and serve their country. These young boys came from all walks of life and had no idea what war meant. They were being sent to places ten thousand miles away to fight in treacherous terrain and to die.

As CEW Bean wrote in Anzac to Amiens, "Anzac stood, and still stands, for reckless valour in a good cause, for enterprise, resourcefulness, fidelity, comradeship and endurance that will never own defeat".

These young men reflected the Anzac spirit that was born at Gallipoli and still lives in the hearts of many Australians today. Their "baptism of fire" came at Gallipoli. The spirit of Anzac is an integral part of the "diggers", the tall bronzed Australians who have served in every major conflict from World War One to the present day.

As I sit and reflect upon my life I think about what happened at Gallipoli on that fateful day on the 25th of April 1915, I think about the young men who left behind family, friends and loved ones to face an unknown future.

I wonder if I would have volunteered to go to war. I think about the grief and worry felt by many families that lost sons at Gallipoli. The pain and anguish felt by mothers as they said goodbye to their sons.

I feel for those who were lucky enough to return home from the beaches lined with barbed wire and dead bodies of their friends. I know it would have been difficult to forget the horrors and stench of war.

As I lay on my warm comfortable bed, I try to picture the horrors of the cold, wet trenches. I shudder at the thoughts of rats the size of my cat Monty. The dreadful vermin, ugly and fat, fill me with disgust and I try not to think of what they may have eaten. I shudder, as I think of hot unbearable summers in the blood-filled trenches with corpses as companions. How would I cope with no showers, no change of clothes, no sleep and millions of flies? *Where would my spirit be?*

The Anzac spirit represents courage, bravery and strength. To me it means a special mateship that calls upon people to give up their lives for others, This mateship is now so much of our Australian way of life.

I have freedom, friendship, family and the opportunity to be who I want to be. My freedom is important and I believe that every person has the right to the same freedom.

When I look at the conflicts around the world today, I know that an international peace keeping force is essential to maintaining peace. Nations need to work together to maintain peace around the world so that those who fought for peace will know that giving up their lives was to build a safer future.

I believe that we must keep the Anzac spirit alive to maintain our security and freedom. Anzac day has a very special meaning for me as it represents some of the most positive values exhibited by young people in times of war. For myself and my future children I feel a very special pride in my heritage and thank the young men that gave us this freedom.