

Reports of the eight Junior Legatees
who participated in the historic pilgrimage
to Gallipoli for the 75th Anniversary
of the landing at Anzac Cove



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**REPORTS OF THE EIGHT JUNIOR LEGATEES WHO PARTICIPATED
IN THE HISTORIC PILGRIMAGE TO GALLIPOLI FOR THE
75TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE LANDING AT ANZAC COVE**

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FOREWORD

The Minister for Veterans' Affairs asked Legacy to locate and select eight students from Legacy families (Junior Legatees) to accompany the World War I (WWI) veterans and eight war widows who would be flown to Gallipoli for the 75th Anniversary of the Anzac landing. The criteria for selection was students to be in Year 10 or 11 in 1990 and born within the period 1 January 1973 to 31 December 1974.

Legacy requirements were that the Junior Legatees must have demonstrated high performance in community service either through school, Legacy youth activities or generally; to have potential ability to communicate so that they could carry the meaning of ANZAC to future generations; to be well-adjusted of strong character and integrity, and able to cope with the unusual stresses of close association with a large party of veterans and some widows over 90 years of age, some of whom might suffer crises during the Pilgrimage. Ancillary requirements included good physical fitness, a sound academic record and preferably descended from a Gallipoli or WWI veteran. The Pilgrimage Chaplain to act as the Legacy contact for the youngsters.

All Legacy Clubs were able to nominate suitable Junior Legatees, in the first place, to the Representative Member for their State or Territory. The best two nominations from each State and the one best from the ACT and the Northern Territory were then forwarded to Canberra Legacy for the final selection of one successful nomination from each State and Territory. Merit was to prevail over the objective of spreading the choices evenly geographically.

The eight Junior Legatees finally selected were:

Graham and Philip Bradford (twins) age 15, from Darwin, Northern Territory.

Naomi Byles age 15, from Busselton, Western Australia.

Declan Deasey age 16, from Melbourne, Victoria.

Samantha Falconer age 16, from Hobart, Tasmania.

Michelle Hall age 15, from Brisbane, Queensland.

Stephen Haynes age 15, from Canberra, ACT.

David Taylor age 15, from Bathurst, NSW.

The selected Junior Legatees more than met selection criteria, and the twins from Darwin represented both South Australia and the Northern Territory. All had links with WWI as follows:

Bradford twins: great-grandfather (France), great-
great-uncle (Gallipoli) killed in action (KIA) 15
August 1915.

Naomi Byles: grandfather (Gallipoli).

Declan Deasey: maternal great-grandfather, paternal
grandfather (France).

Samantha Falconer: grandfather (France).

Michelle Hall: grandfather (Gallipoli and France).

Stephen Haynes: great-grandfather (France), three
great-uncles (Gallipoli) one KIA.

David Taylor: great-uncle KIA Lone Pine (Gallipoli) 15
August 1915.

After the return of all the WWI veterans, war widows and
Junior Legatees from the highly successful Pilgrimage to
Gallipoli, the Director of the Gallipoli Task Force,
Department of Veterans' Affairs, wrote saying:

'The Junior Legatees distinguished themselves. Their
behaviour, the help they gave the veterans and in
attending to the numerous administrative tasks they
were given was a credit to them, individually and as a
group, to Legacy and to Australia. You must be very
proud of them.'

We had asked each Junior Legatee to provide a report
covering their impressions/experiences before, during and
after the Pilgrimage. These reports are enclosed.

Legatees J.D. Andrew
A.L. Cameron
H.M. Pickering
Co-ordinating Committee
Legacy Youth Contingent (GALLIPOLI)

CANBERRA ACT
August 1990



The World War I veterans, war widows and junior Legatees, who were guests of the Australian Government for the pilgrimage to Gallipoli, pose for a group picture at the Sphinx Memorial near Lady Davidson Hospital, Turramurra, prior to departure.

75 who made historic journey

Fifty-eight World War I veterans, nine war widows and eight junior legatees made the historic journey as guests of the Australian Government. They came from all states and the ACT. They were:

New South Wales

Veterans

George Abraham, DCM, 92, of Cherrybrook (3 Bn)
 Andrew Agnew, 93, of Bateau Bay (17 Bn and AFC)
 Arthur Beezley, 95, of Casino (6LH)
 Leslie Brooks, 89, of Abbotsford (HMAS Parramatta)
 Charles Cambridge, 95, of Long Jetty (1LH)
 Ernest Guest, 94, of Waverton (13 Bn and AFC)
 Leslie Hales, MM, 95, of Tweed Heads (16 Bn)
 Robert Harris, 94, of Normanhurst (2 Bn)
 Jack Hazlitt, 92, of Bellevue Hill (28 Bn)
 Tom Hutchinson, 95, of Croydon (1 CCS)
 Albert Matthews, 93, of Clearwater, Florida USA (1 Bde)
 Syd Morrison, 97, of Tuggerawong (20 Bn)
 Harry Newhouse, 94, of Saratoga (4 Bn)
 Jack Robinson, 88, of Springwood (20 Bn)
 Jack Ryan, 95, of Empire Bay (4 Bn)
 Sam Thompson, MID, 94, of Camden (1 Bn)

War Widows

Lucy Struck, 74, of Oatley West
 Dorothy Bingham, 78, of Leichhardt

Junior Legatee

David Taylor, of Bathurst

Victoria

Veterans

Robert Barclay, 94, of Heidelberg (5 Bn)
 Bill Cooper, 92, of Preston (6 Bn)
 Jim Douglas, 95, of Box Hill (8 Bn)
 Claude Fankhauser, 94, of Blackburn (5 Bn)
 George Fullerton, 96, of Long Gully (10LH)
 Jim Kibble, 96, of Brighton (17 Bn)
 Roy Kyle, 92, of Belmont (21 Bn)
 Jim Lees, 94, of Elwood (24 Bn)
 Roy Longmore, 95, of Mount Waverley (21 Bn)
 Tom Meagher, 94, of Ringwood (6 FA)
 Walter Parker, 95, of North Balwyn (20 Bn)
 Bob Ponsford, 95, of Camberwell (24 Bn)
 Stanley Quinn, 94, of Frankston (1 Div, AC)
 Ted Thompson, MM, 93, of Brighton (6 FAMB)

War Widows

Elizabeth Burchill, 82, of Blackburn
 Doris Odgers, 87, of Glen Iris

Junior Legatee

Declan Deasey, of Northcote

Queensland

Veterans

Mick Blackett, 94, of Mitchell (2LH)
 Harold Edwards, 93, of Victoria Point (AFC 3 Sq)
 Robert Horton, 93, of Hawthorne (9 Bn)
 James Mitchell, 94, of Mackay (12 Bn)

Alan Salvesson, 92, of Torquay (23 Bn)
 Ambrose Sheppard, 92, of Gympie (15 Bn)
 Henry Smith, 95, of Lawnton (5LH)
 George Svenson, 94, of Carina (11LH)

War Widow

Mrs Nan Hamilton, 73, of Lutwyche

Junior Legatee

Michelle Hall, of Camp Hill

South Australia

Veterans

Kathleen Avery, 95, of Glenelg (AANS)
 Edgar Bartlett, 98, of Waikerie (11LH)
 Tom Epps, 92, of Rosslyn Park (27 Bn)
 Walter Hewitt, 91, of Christies Beach (9 LH)
 George Mitchell, 93, of Largs Bay (12 Bn)
 John Ross, 94, of Myrtle Bank (9LH)

War Widow

Audrey Possingham, 84, of Naracoorte

Junior Legatees

Graham Bradford, of Fannie Bay, NT
 Philip Bradford, of Fannie Bay, NT

Western Australia

Veterans

Bill Bevis, 94, of Wembley (11 Bn)
 Alfred Brooks, 94, of Bayswater (28 Bn)
 Len Hall, 92, of Scarborough (10LH)

Wally Fletcher, 89, of Exmouth (HMAS Melbourne)
 John McCleery, DCM, 103, of Floreat Park (11 Bn)
 John Norris, 91, of Floreat Park (16 Bn)

War Widow

Alice Furze, 70, of Doubleview

Junior Legatee

Naomi Byles, of Busselton

Tasmania

Veterans

Alec Campbell, 91, of Newtown (15 Bn)
 Max Drake, 92, of Sandy Bay (7 FA)
 Ralph Dyer, 95, of Hobart (7 Bn)
 George Freeman, 92, of Wynyard (12 Bn)
 Reginald Gardner, 93, of Norwood (3 LH)
 Erle Joseph, 99, of Lindisfarne (12 Bn)
 William Kiel, MM, 95, of Launceston (6 FA)

War Widow

Lola Lawler, 88, of Lindisfarne

Junior Legatee

Samantha Falconer, of Sandy Bay

ACT

Veteran

Arthur Hansen, 92, of Campbell (3 FA)

War Widow

Isabelle Chanter, 89, of Macquarie

Junior Legatee

Stephen Haynes, of Kambah

JUNIOR LEGATEES



**Graham Bradford,
15, Darwin, N.T.**

His father, Ian, was a corporal in the RAAF with service in South Vietnam. His grandfather, Harold, was in the 2nd AIF and his maternal great grandfather, E. Schintler, was in the 34th Battalion, 1st AIF.

Graham was a flag bearer at the Vietnam Veterans' Welcome Home march in Sydney. He is a keen sportsman and champion swimmer.

**Naomi Byles,
16, Busselton, W.A.**

Her father, Henry Byles, served on HMAS Murchison during the Korean war and her grandfather, Harry Byles, served at Gallipoli. Naomi's hobbies include swimming, cycling, gymnastics and reading. She has been awarded a school Young Citizen's Award.



**Philip Bradford,
15, Darwin, N.T.**

His father, Ian, was a corporal in the RAAF with service in South Vietnam. His grandfather, Harold, was in the 2nd AIF and his maternal great grandfather, E. Schintler, was in the 34th Battalion, 1st AIF.

Philip as well as his twin brother Graham, was a flag bearer at the Vietnam Veterans' Welcome Home march in Sydney. He is a keen sportsman and sailor.

**Declan Deasey,
16, Northcote, VIC.**

His father, Desmond Deasey, served in World War II in the Middle East and New Guinea, where he was wounded. Declan is active in organising camping and hiking trips and is a keen cyclist and basketball player. He has participated in a 10-day sail training voyage and has attended a family course at Outward Bound.



**Samantha Falconer,
16, Sandy Bay, TAS.**

Her father, David Falconer, had extensive service in the RAN and was Naval Officer-in-Charge, Tasmania, on his retirement. Her grandfather, Herbert Falconer, served in France with the 1st AIF.

Samantha is a Class Captain at her school and is active in fund raising for Freedom from Hunger and the Red Cross.

**Stephen Haynes,
16, Canberra, ACT.**

His father, Douglas Haynes, was a sergeant with service in South Vietnam. His great-great grandfather, Walter Haynes, served in France during World War II and his great-great-great uncle was killed at Gallipoli. Stephen is a patrol leader in the Boy Scouts and is also active in church affairs.



**Michelle Hall,
15, Brisbane, QLD.**

Her father, James Hall, saw active service in World War II and her maternal grandfather, William Lawson, served on Gallipoli with the Light Horse. Michelle is a keen musician and has participated in many activities with the elderly, performing with the piano, flute or accordian.

**David Taylor,
15, Bathurst, NSW.**

His father, George Taylor, was a Warrant Officer with service in Vietnam, where he was mentioned in despatches. His great uncle, Francis Rooke, was killed in action on Gallipoli and is buried in the Lone Pine Cemetery. David received one of two State of NSW awards in a national essay competition for the bicentennial year.

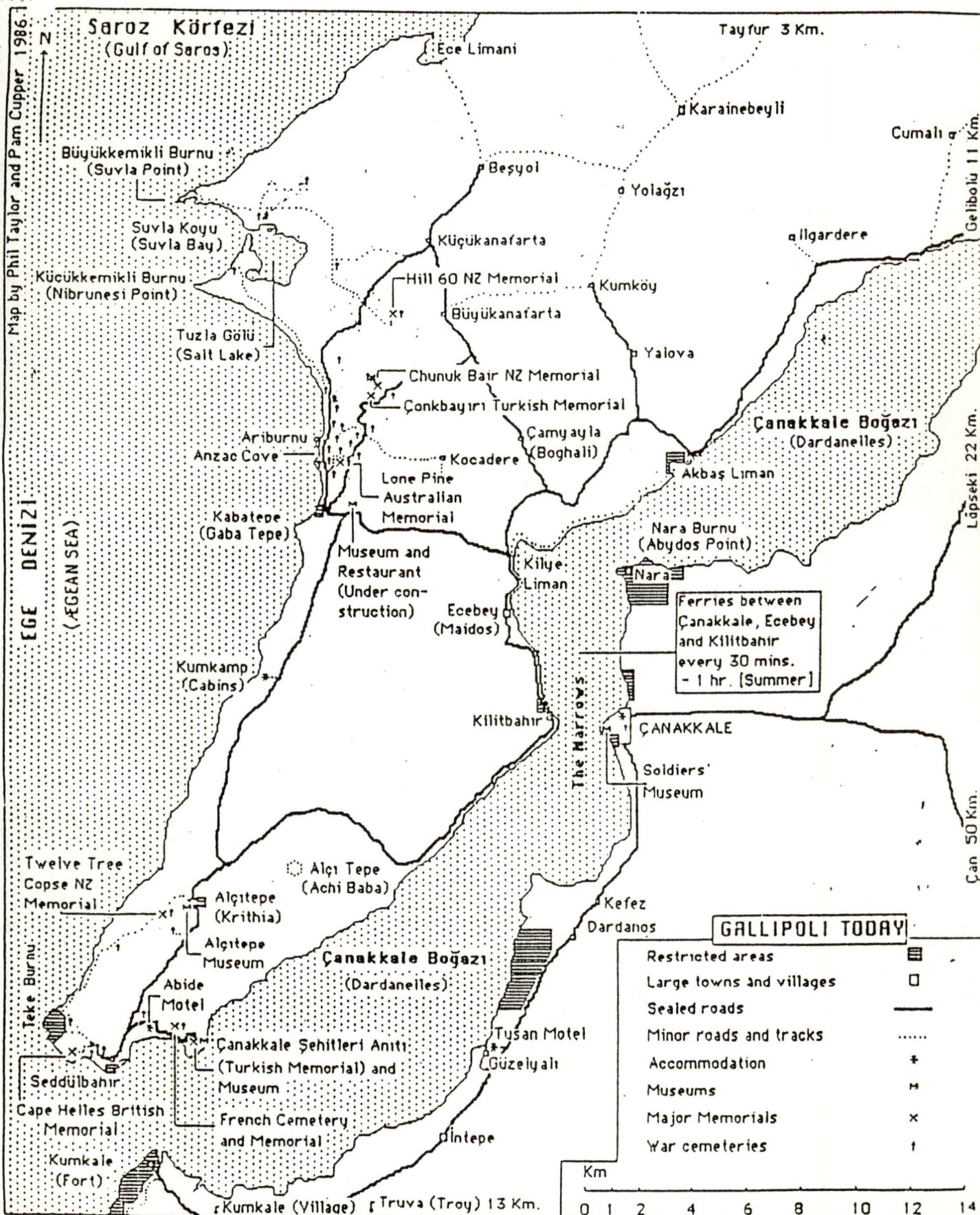


GALLIPOLI TASK FORCE

WHO'S WHO

YVONNE ALLEN Lady Davidson Hospital	Carer
ED ATTRIDGE Department of Veterans Affairs	Director
JESSIE BOURKE RGH, Kenmore	Carer
HELEN BROWN RGH, Greenslopes	Carer
WALTER BRYANT RGH, Heidelberg	Carer
ROGER CAPPS Royal Adelaide Hospital	Aeromedical Consultant
LOIS COOKE RGH, Daw Park	Carer
JOHN CROWTHER Freelance photographer	Official Photographer
MARIANNE CUMMINS RGH, Concord	Carer
MAURICE DAVIES RGH, Greenslopes	Carer
ANNE DONNELLY RGH, Hollywood	Medical Consultant
PETER GRIMSLEY Department of Veterans Affairs	Tour Co-ordinator
BEVERLEY HEAD Department of Veterans Affairs	Administrative Officer
PHILIP HENSCHKE RGH, Daw Park	Senior DVA Medical Consultant
MARGARET HINE, AM Air Headquarters, RAAF	Aeromedical Nursing Specialist
TONY LANG Darling Downs Military Area	Chaplain
LORRAINE MATHEWS-TANNOCK Lady Davidson Hospital	Carer
MICHAEL MCKERNAN Australian War Memorial	Historian
BRIAN MCKIBBIN Canberra	Media Liaison Officer
KENNETH MILLAR RGH, Heidelberg	Medical Consultant
GARRY MUNTING RGH, Hobart	Carer
MARGARET NIETZ RGH, Daw Park	Carer
TERRY NIHILL RAAF	Aeromedical Nursing Specialist
MICHAEL PATERSON RAAF	Aeromedical Nursing Specialist

CLIFTON PUGH	Artist
JOHN QUINN	Director
Department of Veterans Affairs	Assistant Director
LESLEY REID	Carer
Department of Veterans Affairs	Aeromedical Consultant
MERRITA RICHARDSON	Carer
RGH, Concord	Aeromedical Nursing Specialist
MURRAY SELIG	Carer
Consultant to RAAF	Carer
LISA SOUTHWELL	Carer
RGH, Heidelberg	Nurse Co-ordinator
LYDIA STEVENS	Official Artist
RAAF	Carer
MARGARET SULLIVAN	
RGH, Concord	
DAVID TOVEY	
RGH, Hollywood	
FRANCIS TRETHEWIE	
RGH, Heidelberg	
DIANA TRICKETT	
Lady Davidson Hospital	
BRYAN WESTWOOD	
Artist	
LEONIE WILLIAMS	
RGH, Hollywood	



GALLIPOLI 1990 VISIT

ITINERARY

- 17 April Visit Group assembles at Lady Davidson Hospital, Turramurra, Sydney.
- 18-19 April Briefings, pre-trip administration. Official Government farewell.
- 20 April 0730 for 1030 departure from Sydney Airport.
pm Arrival Singapore. Accommodation Omni Marco Polo Hotel.
- 21 April Rest day with tours of Singapore.
pm Hospitality by Australian High Commission staff and others.
- 22 April 0900 for 1030 departure from Singapore Airport.
pm Arrive Istanbul. Accommodation President Hotel.
- 23 April 0900 two hour tour of the Bosphorous with shopping stop.
pm Optional tour of Sultan Ahmet Mosque.
- 24 April 0800 bus trip down Gallipoli peninsula to Eceabat. Accommodation Saros Hotel (Staff and Juniors), Boncuk Hotel (for Veterans, Carers).
1500 brief visit to Anzac Cove.
- 25 April 0400 depart for Ari Burnu Cemetery for 0530 start of Dawn Service.
0700 leave for breakfast at National Park Centre, Eceabat.
0845 depart for 0930 ceremony at Turkish Memorial at Eski Hissarlik.
1130 depart for Lone Pine where ceremonies commence 1230.
pm Lunch and return to hotel mid-afternoon.
- 26 April am Rest period.
1330 Tour of Anzac battlefields.
1700 Return to hotel for evening entertainment.

27 April	0800 depart hotel for Istanbul (President Hotel. 1300 Luncheon and rest period. 1900 Gala Dinner.
28 April	am Rest period. 1400 visit Military Museum and farewell ceremony. 1700 depart Museum for airport and 1900 departure for Singapore.
29 April	1020 Arrive Singapore. Accommodation Omni Marco Polo Hotel. pm Tour of Singapore.
30 April	0820 depart Changi Airport for Sydney arriving at 1800 (local time). Accommodation Lady Davidson Hospital.
1-2 May	At Lady Davidson Hospital for rest, debriefings, medical checks and preparation for return to home States.
3 May	Return to home States.

GRAHAM BRADFORD (DARWIN)

GALLIPOLI PILGRIMAGE - 1990

DAY 1 - 17 APRIL

My brother and I left Darwin at 8.00am Tuesday morning and had a stop at Alice Springs and from there we went straight to Sydney. We arrived about 1.30pm and we were met by two men who took us to a car. A lady drove us to Lady Davidson Hospital and this took about one and a quarter hours. From there the Legacy representative from NSW took us to our room. Our luggage hadn't arrived yet so we couldn't change. We went and played tennis and met the rest of the Junior Legatees. We played tennis for about one hour. When we had finished tennis, Declan who is the Junior Legatee from Victoria and I went and met some of the Veterans. One of the Veterans, Mr Quinn, told me a story about himself and his mate and how they went through the war together. Our luggage arrived about 6.30 that night. At 7.45 we went and had tea (the food was gross). After tea we watched TV.

DAY 2 - 18 APRIL

We got up at about 7.00am. Declan and I went and talked to some more Diggers and then we went to have breakfast. After breakfast we just talked to some of the nurses. From there we went and had a small Turkish lesson (it was boring and I can't remember any words). We had to go to the sphinx and have photos so we had to get dressed into our official uniform. We had got our blazers the afternoon we arrived but mine didn't fit, so this morning I got given one of the old guys' that didn't fit him. At the sphinx we had about 12 photos taken. (This sphinx is a replica of the Sphinx in Egypt.) After that we walked back to the Lady Davidson Hospital to have lunch; when we arrived back there were heaps and heaps of cameras and media. I don't think some of the Veterans liked the media.

After lunch we had a meeting with Trevor who is the man who is meant to be looking after us. He told us that we couldn't go to Darling Harbour but we would go on a boat cruise. When we got to the dock where the boat was, one of the men who worked at the Lady Davidson Hospital went and got the keys to it. When we got out of the moorings all the Junior Legatees had a turn at steering the boat. When we had finished that we went and got our deposit and the bus came to pick us up and we went back and played some pool and then had tea and went to bed.

DAY 3 - 19 APRIL

In the morning we got up at 6.00am because Declan and Philip and I had to wake up the Veterans because this morning we were going to breakfast with Bob Hawke, Dr Hewson and all the important people. When we arrived at the breakfast it was raining. I led Sam Thompson to the breakfast - he is one of two World War I Veterans from the First Platoon still alive. They said that I couldn't sit next to Sam but Sam wanted me to sit beside him so he told the nurse to go away and if I couldn't sit beside him he would pack up and go home; so I sat down beside him. When Bob Hawke arrived Sam wanted to meet him so I went up with Sam and we shook hands with him. At the end of the breakfast Bill Bevers got up and sang a song which he had made up himself. Then we went and talked for about one hour to Legatee Miles Pickering. That afternoon we just got ready to go away; the Veterans had a one hour's door closed so they can get a rest.

DAY 4 - 20 APRIL

We left Lady Davidson Hospital at 8.00am. We got up at 4.00am. We had packed our bags the night before because we were only taking the clothes we needed for Singapore and the rest of our gear was staying on the plane until we arrived in Istanbul. When we left the Hospital we had two police in front of the buses and two behind the coaches.

I was really amazed at the police stopping the traffic to let us go. There were two mini-buses and three coaches. As we were passing the lights, people were waving and getting out of their cars and waving. It was so exciting and it made me feel good. I saw a sign saying 'Look after the nation's treasures'. When we got to the airport hangar we sat in the bus for one hour while the Veterans were unloaded. If the Diggers could walk, they were walking up the stairs, but if they were unable they were going up in a lift. The plane was huge and there were a few stairs on it as well. As soon as everyone was on, we took off straight away at about 10.30. When we took off, everyone cheered - it was an eight hour flight so on the plane we walked around, talking to the Veterans and some of the army. I think it is really good that we have the army because they help us with the Diggers. We watched videos and arrived in Singapore about 4.15. The army helped get the Veterans off first and then we got off. We went straight to the Marco Polo Hotel where we were staying - it was very flash. Everyone shared rooms in twin-bed rooms. After we were allocated our rooms we had some refreshments. We didn't go out of the hotel that day, so all of us Junior Legatees went for a swim - it was really good; the pool had a bar in it. That night we went and had tea and then we went to bed.

DAY 5 - 21 APRIL

In the morning we went to the Zoo with a lady; her name was Ann Shepherd. Her husband was from the Australian High Commission and his name was Jeff Shepherd. We were at the Zoo for about two hours; we had breakfast there and then the Zoo brought out an orang utan and we took pictures with it. After we left the Zoo, we went for a bum-boat ride on a river. When the boat had finished we went shopping at The Peoples' Palace. I have never seen so many shops. We were there for one hour, then we had a couple of kilometres walk to the bus through China Town and then we went back to the hotel. The Junior Legatees were invited to the High Commission for a tea. We met a couple of guys who lived in Singapore; after tea we went back to the hotel and we got the guys' phone numbers so we could ring them when we go back on our way home. When we got back to the hotel, we went straight to bed because we had to get up early in the morning to go to Istanbul.

DAY 6 - 22 APRIL

We got up and ready, we got on buses and then went to the airport. We didn't have to go through the airport terminal - we drove straight on to the tarmac. It would take 11 hours to get to Istanbul on the plane. We watched a movie and then slept the rest of the way. We arrived in Istanbul at 4.00. When we landed everyone was clapping, especially the Veterans. We hopped on to buses and went to the hotel we were staying at (the President Hotel). As we were unloading the Veterans, all of the Turks were crowding around and watching. After we had unloaded the Veterans, we didn't go out; we stayed at the hotel and had tea and then went to bed.

DAY 7 - 23 APRIL

We got up at 7.00 to go and have breakfast. We left the hotel at 9.00am to go on a boat cruise to Asia for a short shopping trip. After the boat cruise we went for a short briefing on what we would be doing tomorrow; after that we went to the bazaar which is a shopping centre with 4000 shops in it - it is so big we got lost. After we had finished shopping we went back to the hotel for tea, after that we went to bed.

DAY 8 - 24 -25 APRIL

We got up at 6.00am to pack our bags. We were leaving at 8.00am. I went down to have breakfast and then I went and helped put the bags in the truck. We got on the buses and set off for the five hour trip to the Gallipoli Peninsula. I think this was the biggest moment for the Veterans. When we arrived we had refreshments at the Boncuk and then we

went to the Saros to unpack our bags. The Saros is in a very small village - it has one pub, one clothes shop etc. The pub is owned by an Australian and it is called the Bob Hawke Pub. After we had finished unpacking we went to the Boncuk for tea. The surroundings of the Peninsula are absolutely beautiful, it is so much different to the city of Istanbul, the beaches are so nice but the people in Turkey haven't been able to swim in the beaches for over 40 years because of the pollution. At the Boncuk we played basketball and then had tea. After tea we went back to the Saros; we didn't stay up very late because we had to get up early to get all dressed up; it was absolutely freezing when we got to the Ari Burnu cemetery where the dawn service was being held at about 3.30am. When the Veterans arrived we gave out glow torches. The dawn service started at 5.30; after it had finished the Veterans loaded on the buses we were all meant to go to the breakfast at the national park centre and then to the Turkish Memorial for the International ceremony but they had started before we got to them; we were delayed because of the traffic - there were hundreds of buses and they caused a traffic jam, so we missed out on breakfast and at the International function we sat out in the buses. So that we didn't miss the Lone Pine service, we left just before the International ceremony had finished. At Lone Pine we had a role to perform. Seven of us Junior Legatees handed wreaths to VIPs. I think that the Lone Pine service was the most important one to the Australian Veterans because at Lone Pine most Australians died; it was the most emotional time for the Veterans as well. After it was over some of the Veterans had a look at Battalion's Plaque and then we went to the luncheon at the Gaba Tepe. After the lunch was over we went back to the Saros and the Veterans went back to the Boncuk to get ready for Mr McCleery's birthday party. He was 103. At the party there was the whole military Band which travelled to Gallipoli on the plane with us. They also played at the services. After we had finished at the Boncuk we went back to the Saros to bed.

DAY 9 - 26 APRIL

In the morning all the Junior Legatees went to have a look at some grave sites and then we went and had a look at a little town about one hour from Gallipoli. Then we went back to the Saros to have lunch. At 1.30 we met up with the Veterans to go and have a look at the main grave sites like the Quinn's Post, Shrapnel Gully and the Beach Cemetery. When we got to the beach cemetery, Mr Quinn wanted to go into the trenches, so one of the army blokes and I took him in; he told us that all he wanted to do was to touch the trench soil again. When we had finished the Veterans went back to the Boncuk to have a rest; that night all the Junior Legatees went out across the sea on a ferry to have tea at a restaurant. We were there until about 11.00pm then

we went back to the Saros - some of us went and had a drink at the Bob Hawke Pub and then went to bed.

DAY 10 - 27 APRIL

We got up at 6.00am for a 8.00 departure after the Dawn Service, Lone Pine etc. I had a talk to a couple of the Veterans. I asked them what they thought of it and how it went; they all said that they are so glad that they came, they couldn't think of anything else that could have happened to make it better. They all said that they couldn't wait to get back to Australia but they would never forget the trip. We arrived at the hotel at 12.00 because our bus didn't stop. When we got back to the President we had our lunch and then the Junior Legatees went to the Blue Mosque which is the biggest mosque in the world. From there we went to the bazaar for a last look around; we went back to the President to get ready to go out and have tea at one of the corner restaurants. After tea we went back to the President to go to bed.

DAY 11 - 28 APRIL

We got up and packed our bags. We were going to the Military Museum at 2.00pm so we hung around the hotel for the morning. At the museum Australia gave them a 303 rifle and a uniform from the 1915 war. It was also a farewell ceremony by the Turkish Band; we left there at 5.00pm and arrived at the airport at 6.00pm. We were all in the plane by 6.30pm but we didn't take off until 7.00pm - it was a ten and a half hour trip to Singapore.

DAY 12 - 29 APRIL

The Spirit of Anzac landed at Changi Airport, Singapore at 10.20am; we arrived at the Marco Polo Hotel at 11.20am. After we had refreshments we rang the boys who we had met at the High Commission and they took us out shopping. We finished shopping at 6.00 and we went back to the hotel to tea and when we were there a few people gave speeches. There was one Veteran who loved talking - his name was Ted Thompson - it was the longest talk of all and if he has any chance of a sing-along, he does so.

DAY 13 - 30 APRIL

We left Changi Airport at 8.30 for our final leg home back to Australia - it was an eight hour trip to Sydney. The plane landed at Sydney airport at 6.00 and we went straight to the Lady Davidson Hospital - we had a police escort again and again people were waving. When we got to the Hospital we went and had tea at the cafeteria and then we went to bed. I think everyone was so tired that they went straight to sleep.

DAY 14 - 1 MAY

We had a sleep-in this morning and then we went to have a look around Darling Harbour, then we went back to the Hospital for dinner then to bed.

DAY 15 - 2 MAY

Today was a rest day and a chance to say goodbye to the Veterans. We packed our bags to go to home that night and then we went and had drinks with the Veterans. I think that this was the hardest part of the trip: to say goodbye because I know that I won't see them ever again. That night we had a dinner. It was a farewell dinner. We got up the next morning at 4.00am and our plane left at 7.15am. We arrived at 12.45pm at the Darwin Airport.

Since we have been back we have done many talks at school, Lodges, Legacy and a Primary School.

This trip has been the most important thing in my life and I will never forget it.

PHILIP BRADFORD (DARWIN)
GALLIPOLI PILGRIMAGE - 1990

17 APRIL

The day had actually arrived. Leaving Darwin at 8.30am we arrived at Sydney Airport at 1.30pm and were driven direct to Lady Davidson Hospital in a Government vehicle.

We were shown our rooms and then went over to meet the rest of the Junior Legatees who were playing tennis. (Not a bad gang of girls and guys, I said to myself!) At about 6.30 I went over to the Lone Pine Wing with Declan the Junior Legatee from Victoria and met some of the Veterans.

I was finding it very different to what I had imagined. It was very easy to talk to all the Veterans; I was also amazed at how fit they all were.

At approximately 8.00pm we all went over for tea at the bistro and met some of the official party who were also having tea. We were then told that we would be watching a video put out by the ABC, and that there would be a medical check tomorrow.

Watching the video, I was just about falling asleep after such a tiring day; all I wanted was a soft bed and I would be gone! After the movie we all went to bed.

18 APRIL

We woke up at 6.30am for breakfast. We then walked over to the Veterans' rooms where they were having their breakfast, and then helped them over to have their medical checks and back to their rooms again.

At 11.15am we all helped the Veterans over to the buses to go to the sphinx memorial for official group photographs.

I got my first taste of the media, pushing and shoving people all over the place. I could see some of the Veterans losing their tempers with people telling them to turn this way, do this, do that. We then loaded the Veterans back onto the buses to go back for lunch.

After lunch we took the rest of the Veterans through their medical checks and then had ours.

At 6.30 we had a happy hour where the Veterans had their daily drinks. After happy hour we all went back to our rooms and got ready for tea.

Following tea we had a briefing on 19 April, watched some more videos and went to bed.

19 APRIL

At 6.00am we were all up and ready for our farewell breakfast where the Prime Minister gave a speech. We all got dressed in our official uniform and headed over to the Veterans' rooms, to help them get ready and lead them to their seats at the breakfast. We all found our seats and waited for the Prime Minister, Mr Hawke and the Opposition Leader, Dr John Hewson and their wives to arrive. When they arrived Mrs Hewson came over to me and asked who I was and I had a talk with her.

After the breakfast we could hear some protesters on the boundary fence; there were then speeches made by the VIPs.

When the VIPs left we led the Veterans back to their rooms and went back to our own rooms for a rest until lunch.

In the afternoon we had our passports signed by Customs and then went for a ride on some of the bikes.

At 2.30pm we were supposed to go to a church service but it was raining so some of us stayed behind with some of the Veterans that didn't want to go.

At 7.00pm we all had our last drink before we left and they popped open a 75 year old bottle of brandy.

We then had tea and went to bed.

20 APRIL

We were all up early for breakfast and dressed to go!

After we were dressed we all went over to carry the Veterans' carry-bags onto the buses.

As we left Lady Davidson Hospital we were given a police escort to the airport; it was a good feeling as we drove through the streets, people waving and clapping as we drove past. At the airport there were hundreds of press waiting for us to arrive.

As we got onto the plane people were clapping as we led the Veterans on board.

We all took our seats - and off we went!

On the plane the first thing the Veterans did was order themselves a beer, and after about two hours into the flight the Veterans' compartment was closed off for the rest of the flight so that they could get some rest.

When we landed in Singapore we all hopped onto a bus and were driven to the Marco Polo Hotel.

We helped the Veterans to their rooms then found our own. They were very nice; we had tea and went to bed.

21 APRIL

Breakfast was at 7.00am and then at 10.00am we went for a tour of the Singapore Zoo.

We watched some shows at the Zoo and went for a ride on a boat down the Singapore River.

After the boat trip we went for lunch in town, then had free time to go shopping. We all split up into separate groups.

Following the shopping trip we went down to China Town and I couldn't believe how dirty it was.

For tea all of the Junior Legatees went to the High Commission for a barbeque and there we met some Australian and American boys who were the same age as us.

After the barbeque we all went back to the Hotel and packed to leave for Istanbul the next day.

Bed!

22 APRIL

We had breakfast at 7.00am and then helped the Veterans with their bags onto the buses.

On board the *Spirit of Australia* - our aircraft - we took our same seats and prepared for the eleven hour flight to Istanbul.

On arrival in Istanbul we were taken by buses to the President Hotel. As I stepped out of the plane it took me a couple of minutes to get my breathing adapted to the smog in the air.

As we arrived at the Hotel there were crowds of locals lining the streets.

Following tea we were briefed on our next day's activities and then went to bed.

23 APRIL

We had a day to ourselves.

We all went for a boat trip on the Bosphorus River and had lunch on the European side. We all went shopping then returned on the boat.

1.30 we had a rest in our rooms ready for the next day (our trip to Gallipoli). At 5.00 we had a quick briefing of our moves on the next day, went shopping again, had tea, and went to bed.

24 APRIL

Breakfast at 7.00am, after which we helped the Veterans to the bus for the trip to Gallipoli.

It was the same as before; people were surrounding the buses.

We departed the President Hotel at 8.00am and drove to our first stop, a Shell service station, and then on to the Boncuk Hotel where we had refreshments and a light lunch.

After lunch we were taken on a tour of Anzac Cove accompanied by the Defence Force escorts. Each escort was assigned a Veteran. After the tour we had tea at the Boncuk Hotel with music by the Defence Force Band.

We were given a thirty minute briefing on the Anzac Day events, then left the Boncuk Hotel and went to our own Hotel for an early night as it was to be an early morning.

25 APRIL

We were up for breakfast at 2.30am and loaded the bus for departure to Ari Burnu where the Defence Force met us at the service. The area was crowded with people who had been camping by the fenced-off area for up to three days.

As we walked in and to our seats we were handed our lights and told to break them and give them to the Veterans.

During the service we sat next to all the Veterans and made sure they were all right. After the service I found a man from Darwin who I had met once before and he took some photos of us.

We then boarded the buses and set out for the international breakfast, but due to traffic we missed it.

After missing the breakfast we set off for the international ceremony, hoping to get there by 9.30am but also due to traffic we were five minutes late and protocol would not allow us to take our seats.

Disappointed, we made our way to the Lone Pine service; many of the Veterans had fought here and many had lost good mates.

As the service started we were all handed a wreath that we would hand to one of the VIPs (I handed mine to Mr Alf Garland).

After the service we helped the Veterans back onto the buses.

Heading to lunch at the Gaba Tepe with the Turkish authorities and Australia's Mr Bob Hawke; Mrs Maggie Thatcher was also there.

During lunch I once again spoke to Dr Hewson's wife and also to Mr Bob Hawke.

Harry Newhouse headed for Mrs Thatcher and took me with him to meet her.

That night there was a party for Mr McCleery who was 103 on Anzac Day.

I was very tired when we caught the early bus home and went to bed.

GOODBYES

On our trip home we followed the same route spending two nights in Istanbul where we shopped and visited the markets and toured the mosques.

In Singapore we only had a night and half a day where we went shopping again, buying presents for people at home.

We flew into Sydney and received the same sort of reception as we had on the way out.

At the Lady Davidson Hospital we unwound and said our goodbyes to everyone. This was the hardest thing to do and felt that we probably would not see any of these great men again.

NAOMI BYLES (BUSSELTON)

GALLIPOLI PILGRIMAGE - 1990

Those heroes that shed their blood and lost their lives
You are now lying in the soil of a friendly country
Therefore rest in peace.

There is no difference between the Johnnies and the
Mehmets to us where they lie side by side in this
country of ours.

You, the mothers, who sent their sons from far away
countries

Wipe away your tears;

Your sons are now lying in our bosom and are at peace.

After having lost their lives on this land

They have become our sons as well.

Kemal Ataturk, 1934

Expectations

Before I began reading up on Gallipoli in preparation for the Pilgrimage, I had only vague ideas about Gallipoli.

I had a hazy image of a barren, rugged terrain, with little vegetation. A haunting quality of emptiness. The clearest thing I could visualise was the stretch of beach next to a clear blue sea.

I did not think a lot about the campaign itself, and when I did it was only thoughts of the mateship and courage that must have been proven there. The Turks were the enemy. Nameless, faceless, no families, friends, feelings or thoughts.

Then I started reading. Gallipoli itself was rarely described, except in relation to the hardships suffered there. But the Turks became real people. I discovered they were just like us, they had names, faces, families, friends, feelings and thoughts, the only difference being race. I began to realise what a wasted war Gallipoli was.

The Anzac Day service I expected to be sober and tearful. An apt way of celebrating Anzac Day and remembering the Anzacs. I expected to feel their young lives amongst us. Remembrance showing on the proud, sad faces of the Veterans. A special day in a special place with a special lot of people. All differences wiped aside as we are all joined with one feeling.

Sydney

On the flight from Perth to Sydney I sat next to Mr Len Hall. I had only met the other Western Australian Veteran once before but the four hour flight gave me a good opportunity to get to know Mr Hall. He seemed to know a little about everything. We'd talk about a subject and no matter what it was he knew an interesting fact or two about it.

We arrived at the Lady Davidson Hospital after every other State's representatives. There were eight Junior Legatees altogether. Graham and Philip Bradford, mirror-image twins from the Northern Territory, Declan Deasey from Victoria, Samantha Falconer from Tasmania, Michelle Hall from Queensland, Stephen Haynes from ACT, David Taylor from New South Wales, and myself, Naomi Byles, from Western Australia.

I had never been to Sydney before and everything I saw in the few days there reinforced my initial impression - big and solid. The natural scenery, the buildings, everything.

The days there were worthwhile. We were all getting along well by the time we left.

Morning tea the first morning was nice. We met a lot of the Veterans. Mr Leslie Brooks, a Veteran, had lived not far from Busselton, where I live, when he was younger. He told me about the settlement and his childhood.

We then went down to the sphinx. This was built by two men who had been sent home from Gallipoli because they had tuberculosis. While they had been recovering at Lady Davidson they had built the sphinx. We were there for a photography session with the press. Some of the media were more interested in getting great photos rather than photographing the Veterans.

The Junior Legatees went on a relaxing boat trip with Trevor Peacock. The rest of the afternoon was spent giving things to the Veterans. These were things such as torches, books, pens etc that had been especially produced for the trip. It was a sad job in a way because so many of the Veterans were so grateful to us for giving them something and stopping for a short chat.

Afterwards I had a talk with Mr John McCleery; it was fascinating to talk to the Veterans as everybody had something different to remember.

The next morning was the farewell breakfast with the 'Today Show'. It rained (something else I discovered about Sydney: it always rained).

The Prime Minister, Mr Hawke, and the Opposition Leader, Dr Hewson, were there. The speeches were good but my favourite part was when, after a loud request from one of the Veterans, Mr Hawke told the media to move from in front of the Veterans so that they could see. All of the Veterans liked Mr Hawke and he shook hands and talked with all of them. He really cared about them.

One of the ladies at my table was a Veteran nurse called Elizabeth Pearce. She wasn't going on the trip but she was going to be on television. One of the cameramen had stopped in front of her. She tapped him on the shoulder, gave him a concise life history, and then insisted on being on television. She sat and posed while he filmed.

Mr Bill Bevis sang the song he had sung at our Gallipoli luncheon in Western Australia. The Daily Telegraph of April 20 reported:

Digger Bill Upstages the PM

It takes a bit to upstage the Prime Minister, as Opposition Leader John Hewson has found out, but Gallipoli Veteran Bill Bevis did it yesterday and even the PM roared his approval.

The Junior Legatees collected autographs afterwards. I had quite a few before I reached a Veteran who couldn't write. I didn't collect autographs any more.

We had a police escort to the airport on the twentieth. The traffic lights were controlled so that we always had green. We left Sydney at around 10.30am.

Singapore

Singapore is very clean and beautiful. It has plants everywhere, even growing around the pedestrian overpasses. There is also a \$500 on-the-spot fine for littering and it is extremely expensive to license a car over ten years old.

We stayed in the Omni Marco Polo Hotel. Five star hotel. It was wonderful.

The next day we went to the Singapore Zoo and had breakfast with the orang-outang. We then went on a bumboat ride on the Singapore River. We saw some of the old buildings of Singapore. They contained their own sort of beauty. The air was humid and the bus we were on was air-conditioned. It was like going from an oven to a fridge and back again.

We went to People's Park in Chinatown to shop. We walked back to the bus through the older part of Singapore, the superstitious part of Chinatown. We passed a brightly coloured funeral director's establishment. It is thought the happier the send-off, the more chance the person has of getting to heaven. They even have professional mourners and wailers for sound.

We looked in a Buddhist temple. It was big and uncluttered. Our guide said that most children between three and six found the temple 'creepy'.

I made it onto the bus and revived after one and a half cups of cold water.

Tea that night was a barbecue at the Australian Consulate. We went with the Chaplain, Tony Lang, whom everyone called Padre. He was really lovely.

We left Singapore around 11.00am, April 22.

Turkey

Istanbul

We went straight to the President Hotel which is spacious and dignified. The air smelt slightly but it wasn't unbearable. The Veterans received a terrific welcome.

Istanbul is old and dingy, but it has its own unique beauty. We were there during Ramadan and often heard the eerie call to Allah.

The traffic is very heavy. As the streets were made for camels and donkeys, not cars, some streets are one way in the morning and the other way in the afternoon. They don't have normal traffic lights as these would cause major traffic jams. There are no pedestrian crosswalks. The traffic, usually, slows down if a person walks out in front of it.

The next morning we had a cruise on the Bosphorus River. This is the river which separates European and Asian Istanbul. The Asian side is more modern. One of the interpreters said she lived on the Asian side and went to university on the European.

In the afternoon we went to the Blue Mosque. It is Islamic and is called the Blue Mosque because of its beautiful blue tiles.

We saw the Hia Sophia. It was built as a Catholic church in the time of the Roman Empire; later it became a mosque and it is now a museum.

We went to a bazaar in the late afternoon. There were 3000 small shops there. When we arrived we were told that the shopkeepers knew a few words in every language. We soon found out this was true. We talked to one man who, upon finding out we were Australian, began saying things such as 'fair dinkum' and 'g'day mate'.

The Junior Legatees went out for a Turkish meal. The restaurants near the hotel were in an area with cobblestone streets.

The next day was the twenty-fourth of April and we left for the Gallipoli Peninsula.

Gallipoli Peninsula

I sat next to Mr Arthur Hansen. He told me all about John Simpson Kirkpatrick whom he was representing.

We arrived late at the Otel (hotel) Boncuk and our lunch was eaten as tea. The Junior Legatees helped some of the Veterans to the room and then went on to the Otel Saros (two star).

We went to sleep about 10pm.

Anzac Day

Woke up at 2am. Dressed in our uniforms we left the hotel at 3.30am.

Anzac Cove was cold and dark. The service was good although a lot of the meaning was missed by us as we watched to see how the Veterans were reacting. The sun rose as the bugle calls rang out and it wasn't hard to picture the men as they ran up the hills into the unknown 75 years ago.

We missed breakfast and the International Service because of the heavy traffic.

We arrived early for the Lone Pine Service. The Junior Legatees were to hand out the wreaths to those laying them. The Prime Minister's speeches both at Lone Pine and Anzac Cove were very moving but I felt the Lone Pine was better. This was the service that most people cried at. It made you think about how futile war was. The Anzacs laid down their lives for us and any Australian who wasn't there could never really understand what they did for us. It was a very humbling experience. (Quite a few tourists at the Dawn

Service had been drunk and it felt like they were making a mockery of what the Anzacs had done.)

We then went onto a luncheon with Mrs Margaret Thatcher, the British Prime Minister, Mr Hawke and quite a few Turkish authorities.

Afterwards we went back to the Otel Saros and did a little shopping in Eceabat (where the Saros is located).

The night was Mr McCleery's 103rd birthday. On the way to the Otel Boncuk we learnt a few words of Turkish. The Army Band played loudly. Mr Hall made a speech in honour of Mr McCleery who then gave a thank you speech.

Feelings

Anzac Day

Without knowledge of its history, the Gallipoli Peninsula appears to be just very green and beautiful. Once the full impact of its story hits you, the courage shown, the mateships forged and the huge amount of blood shed, it ceases to be just beautiful, it become enthralling, it gains a quality of eeriness. It becomes real.

The Anzac Day services are not held in order to honour war. If they were, I am sure very few Veterans would turn up. All of the Veterans I spoke to declared that war is stupid and meaningless. They all warn you against entering into one, keep well away, they say. Anzac Day is so that we never forget this.

A lot of the escorts were in the worst possible positions during the services. The men in the guard and the Band members were unable to cry. The Lone Pine Service affected everyone, the Army, Navy and Air Force being no exceptions. They had to stand there motionless, looking emotionless.

The services were a lot like I imagined, a lot of feeling in both those I attended.

My history teacher said that seeing Gallipoli, and being at the Anzac Day Service, changes people, especially young people. This I found to be true.

Gallipoli Peninsula

The Junior Legatees went on a tour of the battlefields. Reading the headstones was an experience in itself. Most of them were very direct and a lot of them had a Christian basis. My favourite epitaph was:

'Greater love hath no man that he lay down his life for a friend.'

The most depressing gravestones were those who either died during the landing or those whose date of death was unknown.

We climbed through the trenches that the diggers had dug. They are very complex and winding. It would have been hard to dig into the hills and amongst the trees.

You feel ashamed to stand in front of the cemeteries knowing those who are buried there died to give you your freedom.

We went on another tour of the battlefields in the afternoon, this time with the Veterans. I walked around with Mr Bevis. He kept repeating that Gallipoli was 'nothing', a 'waste'. Some of the men from the Army contingent said that seeing the hills at Anzac Cove there's no way they would have climbed them. The whole experience was enjoyable in a sad way. The cemeteries looked different today. Today they looked lonely.

That night we went out to tea in Canakkale. We went to a restaurant where we did a lot of dancing and not a lot of eating. We were charged for the food but not the entertainment.

On the ferry back to Eceabat we sang Australian songs.

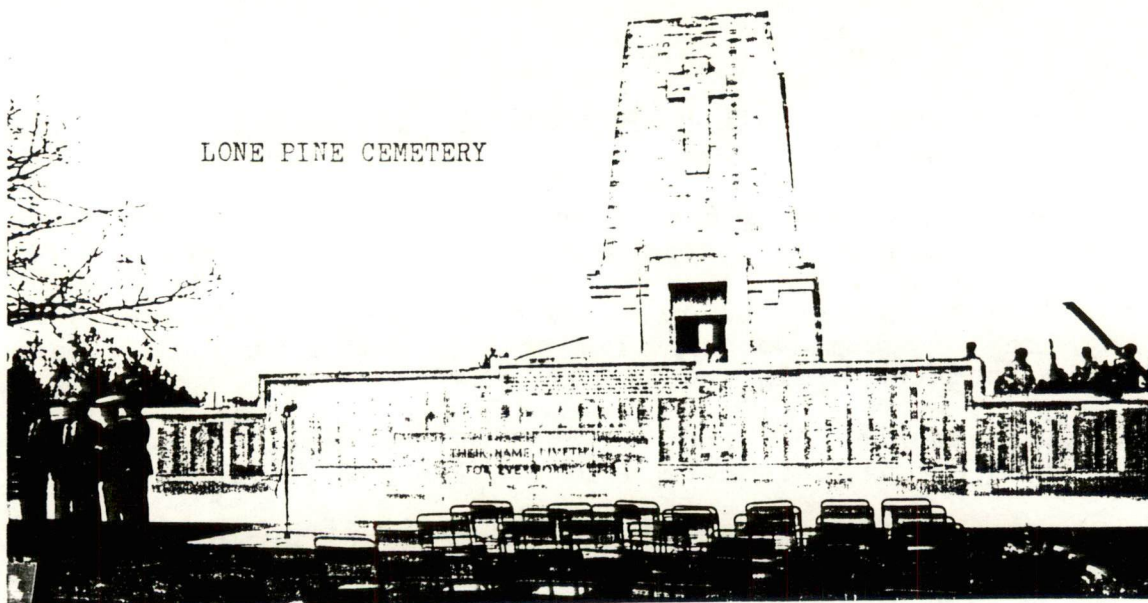
We left for Istanbul at 8am on 27 April.

Istanbul

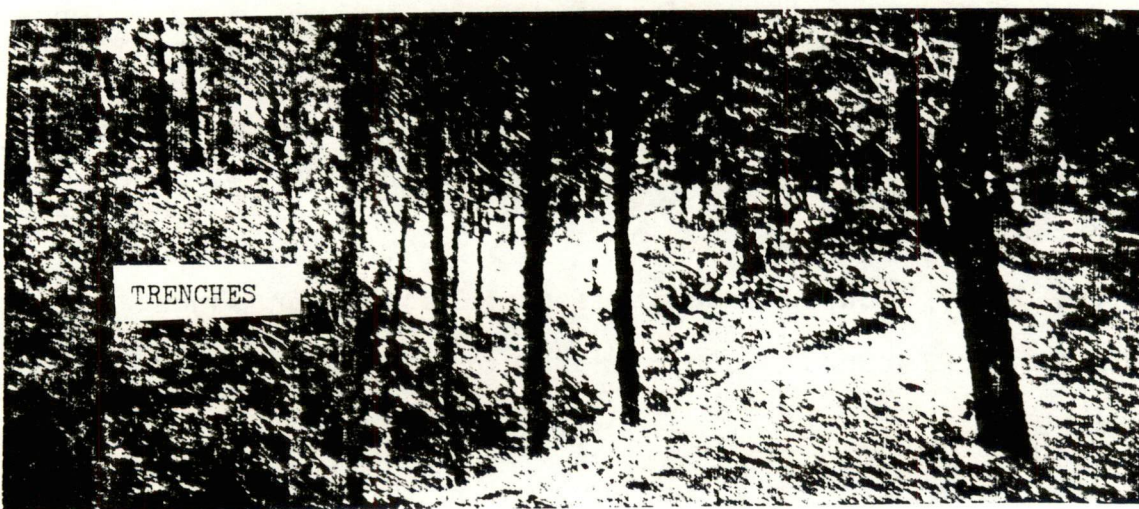
On the afternoon that we arrived back we went down the street, passed the people selling their goods on the pavement, to a Pizza Hut. One of the employees was going to come to Australia for three years as an exchange student.

The next afternoon we went to the military museum. Australia and Turkey exchanged military uniforms. A General received them very graciously. He didn't speak English so he had an interpreter. We looked around the museum after hearing some war songs by the traditional thirteenth century Turkish Army. The songs were loud and happy in order to frighten the other armies away. The songs were asking Allah for help. The only sad song was about Gallipoli and its bloodshed. The General and his interpreter were very helpful. They came and answered all of Mr Bevis' questions. There were sixty-six members of the army, all brightly dressed with moustaches, and all except a few of those played the original type of instrument.

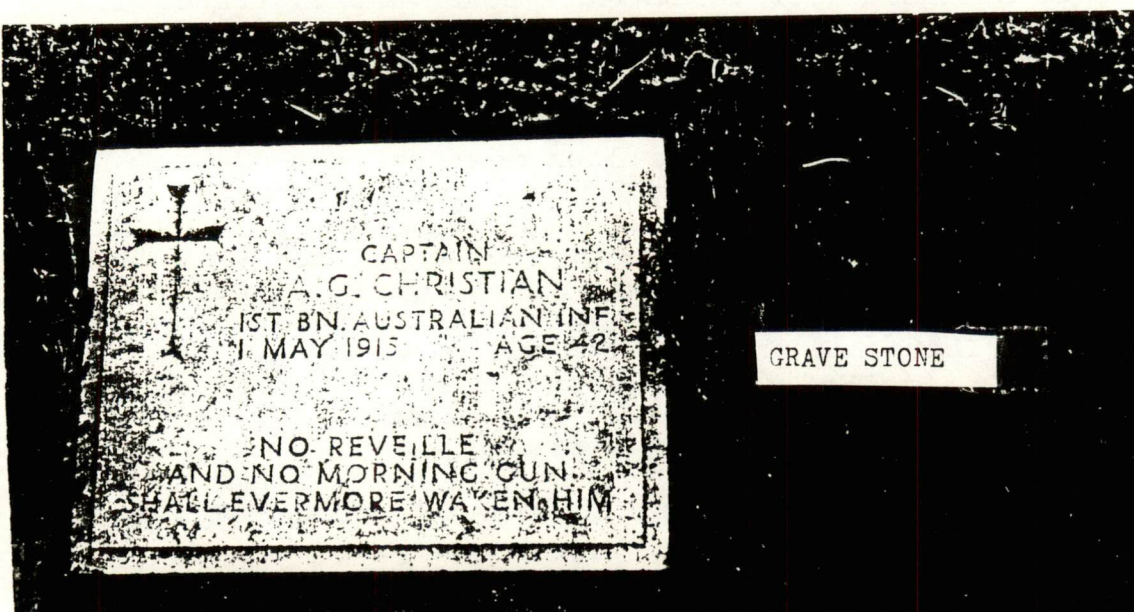
We left Istanbul on the *Spirit of Anzac* around 7pm on the 28th of April.



LONE PINE CEMETERY



TRENCHES



GRAVE STONE

ANZAC DAY BREAKFAST INVITATION



Çanakkale Savaşlarının 75. Yıldönümü münasebetiyle

Çanakkale Valisi

Muzaffer Ecemiş

25 Nisan 1990 Çarşamba günü saat 07.00'de Eceabat Milli Park
Merkezi'nde vereceği Sabah Kahvaltısını teşrifinizi rica eder.

Bu davetiyei beraberinizde
getirmeniz rica olunur.

On the occasion of the 75th Anniversary
of the Gallipoli Campaign

The Governor of Çanakkale

Muzaffer Ecemiş

request the honour of your company at a breakfast
on Wednesday, 25 April 1990 at 07.00 hours at Eceabat
National Park Center.

Please present this card
at entrance.

Singapore

We arrived in Singapore in the morning and after lunch the Junior Legatees went shopping with two of the guys we had met at the barbeque at the Australian Consulate. Those who hadn't eaten had lunch at McDonalds.

We shopped again mostly at People's Park.

We left Singapore around 10.30am on 30 April.

Sydney

We spent the next few days at the Lady Davidson Hospital after a big media welcome at the airport. Some of the Veterans' families were there.

We spent as much time together with the Veterans as possible.

It was sad to say goodbye on the third but we had all enjoyed the trip.

Before we left Mr Brooks showed me a picture of his wife and himself on their fiftieth wedding anniversary, just before she died. He said he hoped I was as happy and had as long a marriage as his. I thought that was very sweet of him.

Lasting Impressions

This trip has made the meaning of Anzac Day and being an Australian Citizen deepen. It gave me many good things, especially memories and friends. The Veterans are a special bunch of people. We all got along and arrived home safely.

It is hard to sum up what the trip meant to me; it meant so many things. It was the best trip with the best people. I'm glad I was given the opportunity to go.

The only way I can really describe the trip aptly is in the words of a friend who said:

'If you didn't enjoy the trip then you would be very hard to please.'

**A RECORD OF
A CALL TO THE DARDANELLES:
THE GALLIPOLI PILGRIMAGE**

DECLAN DEASEY (MELBOURNE)

When I received the letter from Canberra Legacy telling me that I had been successful in my application to accompany Gallipoli Veterans from around Australia in a return trip to the shores of the Gallipoli Peninsula, I was naturally ecstatic.

In my opinion those brave men who fought for our freedom from those distant shores of Anzac Cove to the heights of Lone Pine were the forefathers of the Australian tradition: a tradition of bravery and mateship. One which has held us in good stead for seventy-five years and proved to the world that Australia was a country to be reckoned with.

Seventy-five years later they were about to answer the call to the Dardanelles once more. This time, however, they would be returning with the recognition that they deserved.

For the Gallipoli Pilgrimage, I have chosen to record my experiences in diary form because I believe that this will portray the clearest possible picture of the trip.

Diary: Tuesday, 17 April 1990

Today, after huge media coverage of our trip at Melbourne Airport, we finally got away on our flight to Sydney. In Sydney we were taken to the Lady Davidson Hospital where yet another set of news reporters were waiting for us. So far we have been treated extremely well.

After we finally got settled in our lodgings I went down to talk to some of the Veterans. I found it amazing the way that they all opened up to me. They told me everything, and as clearly as if it had only happened yesterday. All of the Veterans that I spoke to said that what went on there at Gallipoli was so vivid in their imagination that it was just like a roll of film playing in their head whenever they wished to recall an incident.

I have grown especially fond of one Veteran Digger called Bill Cooper. His demand for independence, his graceful

stride and outspoken character place him in a class of his own.

On the plane trip to Sydney he began to tell me a story of the first time he had seen somebody die. Apparently his section had been called upon to take part in what Bill called 'another useless bloody raid'. The Section Commander decided that they would all crawl through the grass and outflank a machine gun nest which had been harassing them for quite a few days and was also harbouring an extremely accurate sniper. Anyway, the Section proceeded to crawl through the tall grass into their positions when the machine gun nest spotted them and began to rattle into action, spraying his colleagues with a fusillade of lead. The Section Commander gave the command to attack the emplacement and seize the gun, which it could easily have done since there were about sixteen men in Bill's section. Except that all of the Section, with the exception of Bill and his mate turned tail and hotfooted it back to their positions. Well, Bill's mate was hit straight in the head with some German lead which killed him instantly. Bill was momentarily stunned, but when he woke up to the situation at hand he began trying to pull his Digger mate back to safety. This would have all been good and done with a man of Bill's size except this chap was about six foot three and was as heavy as an ox. So after pulling the chap half the distance Bill was jiggered. He then ran straight to their position and upon arriving, was asked very abruptly 'Where's your mate?' Bill told them that he'd been hit and instead of any concerned greeting he received a browbeating by the CO about not bringing the chap back into their own lines.

'It was then that I found out what the army was bloody like!' said Bill.

Diary: Friday, 20 April 1990

This morning was officially the beginning of our pilgrimage to the shores of the Gallipoli Peninsula. We were woken at 4.45am and had to get dressed in our official uniforms for the plane trip. As usual it was raining but I am pleased to say that here in Singapore the temperature outside is 27°C and we haven't had a drop of rain. Anyway, we all got up and myself, Sam and the two Bradfords got a lift in Diana Trickett's car to the Veterans' quarters. The Army guys were all loading the trucks early while we were getting the Anzacs ready for our departure. I was surprised at how different the Diggers were in some aspects, for instance Bill Cooper is so alert and is aware of everything that is going on around him, almost as if he was only my age. On the other hand there's Mr Barclay, he is very nice but a bit eccentric and deaf too.

Poor Tom Neil had a heart attack during the night but the Carers managed to resuscitate him and he was then taken to the Concord Repatriation Hospital where he and his family decided that it would be best if he pulled out of the trip. Francis, his Carer, was pretty upset, I think.

Oh well! Anyway, we had to wait a while before we boarded the buses. There were three full-sized coaches and two mini-buses. Next, to our amazement, we were given a police escort all the way to the airport. It was fantastic. I hate to admit that I got a real thrill out of it but I sure did. It made us all feel so official and important. As we went past, everyone would wave at us. When we arrived at the airport we went through the rear entrance and straight for our special hangar where the enormous *Spirit of Anzac* was. From the bus I could see the huge crowd of people and there was even a Navy band playing. The Army personnel had to board the plane from the rear staircase. I escorted my friend Bill Cooper up the stairs and the media were sticking to him like flies. The Junior Legatees were all taken away from the Veterans and told to remain in our seats. I could not help but think that the plane was like a flying hotel. It was really nice.

Oh, I forgot, this is what Bill Cooper told me this morning. Apparently in World War I, lots of the Anzacs went AWOL for short periods of time, which were spent getting drunk. These AWOLs frequently visited prisons at Swan Island and other defence areas. And if one bloke went AWOL for more than 48 hours he was to be shot, which some poor chaps were.

There were so many people on the plane. All of we Junior Legatees were seated together. We were alongside the Carers and right behind the Veterans.

On the plane I met the Padre who we were told would be looking after us. I introduced myself and began to have a really nice talk with him: apparently he served up at ASASR and told me that their selection course is run over the Stirling Ranges.

The plane which we were in was being flown by an elite Qantas aircrew. There were huge computer picture screens up in front of us that continually gave us details of the time, how high we were and how long we had to go. It even displayed details about how fast we were travelling, and our location.

For most of the trip we were steady on about 1,000 km/h at 31,000 feet.

We were given so much neat stuff, I must remember to souvenir some of it on the return flight.

When we were about half of the way through our flight, everyone began to mingle, and there were ADF personnel everywhere.

I was talking to a really nice guy called Steve from the Army Chopper Wing who said that at Gallipoli he would like to take us up in a bird.

It was great meeting all of these people from such diverse backgrounds.

Anyway, next up we arrived at Singapore airfield where there was so much security and other media, I was astonished. Diana Trickett gave myself and Sam a job to do. We had to tick off whether or not each Veteran had hand luggage. We did this by standing in the plane doorway and ticking off this information as the Veterans passed out.

It is so humid in Singapore!

We all hopped into buses, 'air conditioned' thank God, and we were off to the Marco Polo Hotel. Singapore consists of masses of housing commission flats and lots of freeways.

The harbour was packed with ships and there was even a United States aircraft carrier. Looking at Singapore I feel so grateful to live in Australia.

We arrived at the Marco Polo Hotel and we were taken inside. It is so beautiful and very posh. There is a pool, gym, everything. We all helped the Veterans upstairs with their luggage. Once we were upstairs we received our keys. We are in room 331 on the third floor. I'm sharing the room with David and Stephen. The room is fantastic, we have everything: a bubble bath, perfumes, a bar, TV, video, radio, chests of drawers and air-conditioning. And great room service. The TV programmes here are pathetic. Anyway at 7.30 we had dinner which consisted of hors d'oeuvres (I was nearly sick) and then rare beef with vegetables and potatoes with fish sauce (nearly sick again!) The beef virtually walked around the plate it was so rare. I decided I would rather go hungry which I sure am! I sat with the rest of the Junior Legatees and the Padre. It was pretty nice. At night we went for a swim in the pool, which was really nice and great fun.

Stephen and I are writing our diaries at the moment. There is so much to do. I have got to go to bed in order to get up early tomorrow. We are having breakfast at the Zoo, would you believe?

Diary: Saturday, 21 April 1990

Today we did not have to wake up until 6.30. At 8.00 we (the Junior Legatees and the Padre) all met in the foyer. There we changed all of our Aussie notes into Singapore dollars and then stepped outside into the humid weather. It was good to get a break from our jobs and looking after the Veterans really wears you down. I can really appreciate the job that the Carers are doing. Outside the hotel we met a man from the Australian High Commission who also had his wife with him. We were taken onto a mini-bus and the gentleman from the High Commission arranged for the driver to take us wherever we wanted. Ann, the wife of the man from the High Commission, was incredibly helpful and she even cooked up a batch of Anzac biscuits and a fruit loaf for us. Then we headed off to the Zoo which was about an hour's ride away from the hotel. There were Army convoys everywhere. Apparently all commercial company cars here have to travel no more than 50 km/h, while normal vehicles can travel at 60 km/h. If a vehicle speeds its built-in siren and flashing light on the roof alert local police. We arrived at the Zoo and as soon as we stepped out of the mini-bus the heat pounced on us.

We paid \$2.50 (Singapore) and entered the Zoo. The \$2.50 included animal shows, a scenic train ride and whatever else you wanted to see. We all got on the trailer train and went around the Zoo. The Zoo here is enormous and it has a much wider range of animals than Australia does. They have rhinos, pythons, boas, anacondas (the lot). After the train ride we went and had a great buffet meal. Here I am always so hungry because at home I am continually snacking in the fridge but here I have to hold out until set mealtimes. After a huge breakfast we all got our photo taken with an orang-utan. After the photo session we went down to see the 10.30 polar bear show.

The polar bears were dynamic; it was almost as if they were floating balls of fur. They had such great white fur. I wished that the Veterans could have come and seen the show. When we were seated the trainers were feeding the bears with dead fish. Next they threw in live fish. It was amazing to see the enormous polar bear first catch the fish and then not swallow it but eat it like a biscuit.

Later we went and saw the animal show, which consisted mainly of monkeys. They were great and really smart. I was amazed that a bottle of normal water costs \$1.50 here. I noticed how much the Padre loved the show and he laughed so much his teeth nearly fell out.

Next we did some shopping and went to the High Commission for a barbecue where we met some of the High Commission children who were really nice. Off to bed for me now!

Diary: Sunday, 22 April 1990

Today was the first step towards Anzac Cove. We all had to get up really early in order to make it to the plane on time. By now we were all used to the press coverage. We were on the plane and heading for Istanbul. The plane trip was really hard to take. All of the Defence Force personnel were seated up the back and each guy had a slab of beer under his seat. I was pretty glad to get out of Singapore.

When we arrived at Istanbul airport there was a Turkish armoured personnel carrier roaming around the plane. The guards were all carrying MP5s which were in pretty bad shape. Anyway we got on our bus and when we got off to take photos the press people leapt on board and grabbed our seats. I was starving!

We went to the hotel and had dinner. Afterwards I was exhausted and so I crashed. Istanbul is full of Australian tourists. Our hotel is really great.

Diary: Monday 23 April 1990 (two days to go)

Today I was still tired, even after having a nine-hour sleep (the most which I have had so far). The buffet breakfast which we had was fantastic; I had about fifty miniature sausages until someone told me they were made of goat's tongue. Bill Hall came up to me and asked me if I would like to have a radio interview live with him to Sydney. I accepted, but unfortunately the interviewers could not get through, so we decided to abort.

Next we met our Turkish interpreter's niece, she seems pretty nice.

Then we hopped on the bus with the Veterans and headed down to the Bosphorus. As soon as we got out of the bus the street sellers leapt upon us. They were selling Lacoste T-shirts for around \$2.50. I was told that they were made from damaged fibres and fell apart after their second wash. I did not buy one.

We boarded the ferry and cruised from Europe to Asia in about five minutes. The weather was superb. I sunbaked in a deck chair on the top of the ferry. Over in Asia I bought Ayala a fez and attempted to haggle but the shops were apparently fixed prices. Then we went back to Europe and to the hotel. Next we went out with Trevor shopping and sightseeing. This city is fantastic! There are even Roman irrigation systems all around the city. We saw the Blue Mosque and the San Sofia.

That night we went out to dinner with Trevor to sample some Turkish food. We went upstairs in one of the many restaurants that downtown Istanbul abounds with. A man took us upstairs and seated us at a table where they proceeded to overturn the upside-down plates in front of us. The plates looked as if they had never been washed. They were filthy. No way was this healthy Junior Legatee going to poison himself. They call meat 'flesh' here. The food which they served us was terrible so I gave them fifty cents and walked. I went back to the hotel and got myself together (at the time I was pretty tired and when I'm tired I'm pretty bad-tempered). I got some money together and headed down the main street looking for a pizza shop. After walking five kilometres I found one and ordered three large pizzas and eight cans of coke. I bought so much because I knew that the other Junior Legatees would still be hungry. Anyway, I got talking with the shop's owner. The Turkish people love Australians. It's great. Anyway, this guy's grandfather served in WWI down at Gallipoli against our Diggers. All of the time this guy would keep telling me how much he liked Australians. All of the Turkish people think that myself and the Bradfords are soldiers because we are pretty big.

Anyway, I got my pizza, walked the five kilometres back to the hotel and in my room all shared the pizza and drinks. They were apparently charged forty Aussie dollars each for the flimsy meal and were starving. Afterwards I packed my bag and went to bed.

The Veterans are utterly fascinated by Istanbul and all of the Turkish people have so much respect for them.

Diary: Tuesday, 24 April 1990

Today we got up at about 5.30 and Stephen and myself had about one minute to get dressed and finish packing. It was a buffet breakfast again today. I think that breakfast is my favourite meal of the day. At 8.00am we had the last of the Veterans on board the buses and were ready to roll. The Defence Force personnel were in their BDUs (Battle Dress Utilities). All of the Junior Legatees were with their State groups. Our little street was packed and there were thousands of people everywhere. It took us ages to get out from the small labyrinth of streets and onto the main highway. We had an army escort of two Land Rovers. Along the way the tail end escort's communications antenna was touching the power lines so we had to slow down while they pulled it in. Next, the same Rover got bogged where it had stopped and we had to wait a while at a gas station for it to catch up. Once it caught up we were off. These Turkish drivers are bloody mad! They don't decide which side of the road to travel on so they ride down the centre. At 200 km/h I might add. It doesn't make you feel all too good

especially when you pass a smashed bus every kilometre or so. The trip was supposed to take five hours but it ended up taking about seven. We had a rest stop and all of the Diggers had a cup of tea or a beer. Next we reboarded and were on the road again! Out in the countryside there are Turkish observation posts on every commanding knoll.

Finally we reached the Boncuk Hotel. It didn't look too healthy from the bus, but inside it was pretty nice.

After getting the Diggers off the buses everyone went upstairs to have some much-needed lunch. After we got all of the Veterans seated, we also sat down. First we were given these buns which had followed us since we had left Australia, then we were given something that was supposed to be tomato soup. No-one touched it, especially the Veterans. The Boncuk Hotel was approximately 45 minutes drive from the Peninsula. After lunch we got in the bus which was taking the sailors down to the Tobruk. It was a moving spaghetti can. In the back of the bus I was sitting with a few sailors. They said that they hated the Navy. All they did was paint and repair the ship. We arrived at the infamous Saros. In our room the back door did not close, the front door did not lock, the toilet worked like a fountain and the shower was like a mad snake. For dinner we went around the corner to the 'Bob Hawke Bistro Diner' and got some hamburgers with chips.

I'm sharing a room with David, Stephen, Graham and Philip. Graham and I had a pillow fight at about midnight. I also pinned all of Grandad's medals alongside Dad's on my blazer and went over to the girls' room to iron everything ready for the morning, D-Day.

I wish that we were staying with the Veterans so that we could find out how they are feeling. It is 12.30pm and we have to get up at 1.00am to get ready. Lots of sleep, eh?

Diary: Wednesday, 25 April 1990

This morning our wake-up call came at 1.00am but we all slept in until 2.00am. Then we went down for breakfast which consisted of stale bread, cucumber and a cup of tea. At about 4.00am we boarded our bus along with Leslie, Peter Grimsley and the rest of the Junior Legatees. It was pitch black outside and we were travelling at the usual speed of 200 km/h. We were due to arrive at 4.45am. Along the way we had to pass through dozens of road blocks and when we were down at Anzac Cove I could not believe how many Turkish troops were combing the surrounding hills and guarding the cemeteries.

When we had come out onto the section of road which overlooked the sea we could see the convoy of battleships

and submarines which had been decorated with lights to show their profiles in the dark. It looked spectacular and at that moment driving along the coast I could not help but think that we were creating history. We arrived at Ari Burnu Cemetery and there were thousands of people everywhere. We all got out of the bus and went down to the official entrance. Once inside the area where the actual ceremony was being held we were told that throughout the ceremony we would have to stand at the back. The seating area was fenced off from the crowd. Michelle was feeling sick and so she and Sam went to get some aspirins. Leslie opened up a box of safety light sticks which we were told to give to the Veterans. We had to wait a while for the Veterans and after a while heard their bus arrive. They were apparently waiting for their Army escorts because it was about 45 minutes until the first Veteran, a New Zealander, was brought into the ceremonial area. He seemed pretty upset which is fair enough too. We gave him a light stick. Some Army guy gave me his mate's camera to take some photos for him but I didn't see how I could as I had both hands and both pockets full.

Then there was a sudden roar of clapping and cheering as the first of the Australian Veterans came up the rough walkway and was seated by his escort. It took about 15 minutes for all the Veterans to get seated and we wanted to sit with them so much. Then the ceremony was underway. I cannot remember the exact order of events but I remember that the RSL spokesperson gave the most moving speech. When the Last Post was played I saw a tear in George Fullerton's eye so I sat next to him and gave him a hug. Throughout the service it was mainly Ted Thompson and Elisabeth Burchill who sang. Then the sun had risen and the service was complete. It was really strange as I was sitting in between George Fullerton and Ernest Guest because I felt as if I was in Australia. It brought a tear to my eye to think of how many Australians died here on Anzac Cove. Now I realise why all of these Diggers came back here. Not because they wanted to particularly see the place again. But because they wanted to pay one last tribute to all of the mates which they lost here. After all of the Veterans were on their buses they left for our next appointment. Unfortunately our bus was caught in the traffic jam and we missed the breakfast function so we headed for Cape Helles. Helles was the site of the British landings 75 years ago. They suffered very heavy casualties and that's why the largest monument on the Peninsula is located there. Anyway we arrived only to be told that we were too late to join the ceremony and would have to remain in our buses. When the ceremony was over we set off to Lone Pine Cemetery. Driving through the Turkish countryside gave me plenty of time to think. It is so beautiful here. And the bond between Turkey and Australia is phenomenal; they are so impressed that so many of Australia's youth come here to understand about our country

and pay their respects to the brave men who forged our country into the tight-knit nation we are today.

When we arrived at Lone Pine it was great to see that there was a crowd there too. We all walked through the chicken wire walkway out into the seating area which faced the Memorial. There we were met by Bev Head and the Army Officer who had asked us to write out seating signs for him last night. The officer just walked up and said, 'You the Prime Minister, you the Leader of the Opposition' and so on. That was how they decided who would present wreaths to whom.

There were eight seats in front of the Memorial behind two large wreaths which we assumed were for us. The seats that is. By the way, at the International Ceremony we picked up Michelle who was the Junior Legatee travelling with the RSL group. She seemed quite nice.

Once again we heard a roar of clapping and approval as the first of the Diggers came into the ceremonial area. The Lone Pine ceremony was really well organised right from the beginning and it was a beautiful day too. Pine trees lined the side of the cemetery. The crowds were spilling in and so the Army had to move them behind the perimeter areas. Sam was really nervous and Stephen was having a nervous breakdown worrying about how he should present the wreath to Mr Hawke. I was to present my wreath to the Leader of the Opposition, after Stephen. Sam did not know what the Chief of the Defence Forces looked like and we had to call an Army officer over so that he could point him out. Apparently he was the only person in the ADF who wore crossed gold rifles on his shoulder tabs. When we met him I realised that he was the guy who introduced himself at the dawn service. He was really nice to talk to. I was shocked when I found out who he was.

Anyway the service got underway with a few hymns and speeches, then the Guard of Honour came in with their steys and performed their drill superbly. First the Prime Minister made a speech and then Dr Hewson. After that we presented our wreaths and in turn the VIPs laid them. Then the Last Post was played and everyone was pretty moved. Then once again it was all over. We began to escort the Veterans out. It was great! Everyone was waving, shouting and clapping and shaking hands with us and telling us that we were doing our country proud. It really lifted my spirits a lot. Then we got back on board the buses and headed for the Boncuk. Everyone was exhausted and the Veterans were a little edgy. It was Mr McCleery's 103rd birthday and there was a huge Army band playing. I went and said 'Happy Birthday'. We had just played a great game of basketball and I had to go for a shower. The others soon followed suit.

Later we went back to the Saros and got something to eat before crashing.

It had been an extraordinary day even with the mishaps. I had come to the place where the Australian Spirit was born and I had come with men who had given birth to it through comradeship, bravery and love for their country. Never in my life had I felt as proud to be an Australian. I think that this trip has changed all of us.

Diary: Thursday, 26 April 1990.

Today we got up at 7.30am presuming that we would just be hanging around the Saros Hotel until 1.30pm when we would go on the tour of the battlefields. Instead we were told to be out the front of the Saros by 8.30am. Upon meeting Ed out the front we found that we were going on our own reconnaissance of the battlefield before accompanying the Veterans on the tour at 1.30pm.

We set off in the bus with the Minister and his wife and friends following in the Mercedes. The first place which we visited was Shrapnel Gully and it was a place which I shall never forget. The cemetery at Shrapnel Gully is only small but it is lined with row upon row of graves. There was such an eerie feeling about the place and even now I get a chill up my spine when I remember it. It was still early in the morning and there was a heavy dew about.

Shrapnel Gully is just in front of the Anzac Cove Memorial and meanders its way in between the hills facing Anzac Cove and the next parallel line of hills which encompass Lone Pine and Quinn's Post. I looked at every grave in the cemetery and took a photo of Quinn of Quinn's Post's grave. I was quite upset by now as this was the first time I had really seen firsthand the graves of just a small proportion of the many Australian and New Zealand Diggers that died on the Gallipoli Peninsula. I certainly shed a few tears then, I must admit. After seeing all of the graves, I noticed a sort of depression that ran just in front of the cemetery. I saw that it curved on into the bush just beyond the righthand corner of the cemetery. I decided to go for a look around and followed the trench into the bush. Its walls began to grow higher around me the further I walked, and walking along, I noticed a great deal of trenches that branched off this main one. After walking about 600 metres down this seemingly endless trench, I noticed a very worn-down trench just over the side of the one which I was in. After winding and weaving my way through the scrub which had overgrown (it plastered my face with plenty of spiders' webs) I noticed that the trench got deeper. It was full of leaves and I began to excavate beneath them. After scraping around in it, I pulled out what must have been an arm or leg bone, as it was fairly large. I also pulled out some parts

of the vertebra. I quickly put them all back again and piled the leaves back in. It felt like I had done something really bad. I scrambled out of the ditch and made my way back to the main trench. I ran back to the bus so fast that I must have broken a Commonwealth record. So many kids of just my age must still be lying here.

However, the Turks have done a tremendous job in looking after the cemeteries and memorials and there is one memorial located at Ari Burnu that I believe is just exemplary. This is what it says:

Those heroes that shed their blood
and lost their lives ...
You are now lying in the soil of a friendly country.
Therefore rest in peace.
There is no difference between the Johnnies
and the Mehments to us where they lie side by side,
here in this country of ours ...
You the mothers
Who sent their sons from far away countries
Wipe away your tears:
Your sons are now lying in our bosom
and are at peace.
After having lost their lives on this land they have
become our sons as well ...
ATATURK MEMORIAL

Next we went to a small cemetery near Lone Pine. It was down the bottom of a rough, steep dirt track and along the way we saw the many tunnel systems that had been dug into the hillsides.

After seeing the small cemetery I went to explore the surrounding hills. It was really strange, as if all of the dug-outs had only been done yesterday. There was plenty of shrapnel lying around but I decided to leave it because those places were what Australians had died for and regarding things like that as a good souvenir was not being very respectful to the many Australians still lying there.

Next up we made our way to Lone Pine to have a look at the trenches there. It was amazing. There was an entire network of trenches, dug-outs and tunnel systems running just alongside the road.

The land around the Gallipoli Peninsula had been scarred forever as a result of the bloody campaign which had forged our country into a dignified and well-respected nation. The only good thing to come out of the conflict was the strong bond between Turkey and Australia; a bond which I cannot explain. You have to experience it to believe it.

After clambering around in the trenches and giant tunnel systems that looked as if they belonged to the Vietnamese, we headed off back to the Boncuk Hotel to have some lunch and to accompany the Veterans on their tour of the battlefields. I was really looking forward to it. As usual we ended up going hungry as a result of the revolting food. We all boarded the buses and once again set out to tour the battlefields. It was 1.30pm. After about an hour's drive we reached Lone Pine and everyone began to disembark. The Diggers were feeling very emotional and you could just tell by looking at their faces that all of the memories which they had bottled up and tried to forget, were coming flooding back. I was given the task of handing out the wreaths to those Veterans who wished to lay one. This proved to be more difficult than I first anticipated because by now the Veterans were used to fending off the street sellers which litter all Turkish streets. So whenever I asked a Veteran if they wanted a wreath, they told me that they did not have any money and so they could not afford one. It ended up taking about ten minutes just to convince a Veteran that, no, I wasn't a salesperson and that the wreaths were for free! I helped numerous Veterans to find their mates' graves and could not help but shed a tear alongside them.

Afterwards I carried Walter Parker into a trench near Lone Pine and we even found him a few .303 cartridges.

Next we visited Quinn's Post which is only a small cemetery but has a commanding view over sand cliffs which fall up to 500 feet. Looking down from the cemetery I was dumbfounded. I could not see any way which anyone could have fought an uphill battle over such inhospitable terrain. These are sheer-faced sandstone cliffs that I'm talking about.

I will never forget standing there on the edge of the cemetery next to George Abraham looking over the Gallipoli Peninsula and out to sea.

After visiting Quinn's, we went on to the New Zealand Memorial. It began to rain. I went down a bush track with one of the Army blokes and we decided to scrounge around in the bush. Within a short time I had found some rib bones and he had found a hip joint. All through that scrub we found foxholes and .303 cartridges.

Next we journeyed down to Anzac Cove where the Veterans were supposed to lay wreaths at the cemetery. However, there was a slight mix up and the Veterans were taken down to Ari Burnu Cemetery. It was there that our 103 year old Mr McCleery was carried up to his old post atop a very steep knoll on the backs of six sailors.

One Veteran whose name was Arthur Hansen had served in the 3rd Field Ambulance, the same unit in which Private John Simpson Kirkpatrick served. Arthur's one hope for his trip to Gallipoli was that he would be able to lay a wreath on Simpson's grave. So Stephen Haynes and myself left with the Minister and brought him back down to the Anzac Cove Cemetery where Simpson's grave was situated.

This was another one of those extraordinarily emotional times for everyone involved. We and the Minister helped Arthur to lay his wreath. After that we went back to the buses and then headed back to the Boncuk. We Junior Legatees, Ed Attridge and Aysun Adams went straight back to the Saros Hotel instead. There we agreed to meet out the front of the hotel at 8.00pm. It was still raining at 8.00 that night and we all met up to catch the ferry over to Canakkale and to have a night out on the town. After going over on the ferry we walked the streets for a while searching for the restaurant. We found it and had a great night. We all danced. Philip Bradford was nearly sick after accidentally eating lambs' brains. Then, on the ferry trip back to the Saros, we all sang Australian songs and the Turkish gentlemen at the bar gave us free drinks.

Diary: Friday, 27 April 1990

Today we departed for Istanbul and the President Hotel. We were unfortunate enough to have the press on our bus. We made it to the President Hotel in no time. We were so, so, so grateful to be in the luxury of the President a la Superb Hotel.

I met one of the Veterans, Albert Matthews, walking around in the lobby at about 10.00pm and asked him whether he wanted to come and let me buy him a drink at the bar downstairs. He accepted and we made our way into the noisy, smoky pub. It only cost me \$1.50 to buy Albert a two-gallon mug of beer. He said that he hadn't seen anything that size since he was here seventy-five years ago. He had so many tales to tell that I was finding it hard to keep up with him. Soon after we had arrived and sat down, a friend of mine, Tubby, came over and joined in our conversation. Within an hour, half of the pub had gathered around us and it was not until 1.00am that we could get to bed.

Diary: Saturday, 28 April 1990

Today was the day on which we were beginning our journey back home. I slept until lunch time and after getting into my formal gear (with shorts and a T-shirt underneath for the long plane trip) we left for the Military Museum and then the Airport.

Once again I met up with the RSL group. It was so good to see people that I knew. At the museum we were all guests to a display of traditional Turkish music and dancing. The Veterans had varied opinions about the music and Tom Meagher who was sitting next to me said that the Turks used to play it in their trenches to 'psych out' the Diggers. 'I didn't like it then and I don't like it now!' said Tom. I laughed.

I took Jack through the Museum's special Gallipoli exhibition. He said that he really liked it.

After a bit of a photo session outside, we were on our way to the *Spirit of Anzac*. Once again the armoured personnel carrier was roaming the airfield and Turkish security was everywhere. We swapped Gallipoli jumpers with our Turkish guides and said farewell.

All through the trip, whenever we arrived and departed places, I would feel a great sense of accomplishment. As if we were creating history. Everyone was glad to be heading home and a lot of the Veterans were homesick.

The plane trip was great. I have become an experienced traveller and slept right through the flight.

Diary: Sunday, 29 April 1990

We arrived at Changi Airport at about 10.00 and by half past all of the Veterans were on the bus and so were we. We headed off to the Marco Polo Hotel. Luxury after Turkey!

Singapore is all freeways.

That day I was so hot. We all went shopping and I just bought presents. After lunch we all went for a great swim in the pool which had the bar in it. Now it is an early night for me; 10.00pm - signing off.

Diary: Monday, 30 April 1990

An early morning. I had to pack my bags and have a shower in five minutes because we forgot to make a wake-up call.

After breakfast we set off for the airport and all of the Veterans were very tired. We arrived at Sydney Airport at six o'clock that night and when we were going to the Lady Davidson we had a great police escort again. Back at the Hospital we ate out the canteen. I had four plates of food myself.

The Veterans said that they were so glad to get back to some food which they could eat!

I washed my clothes that night and went to bed, while the task force celebrated Peter Grimsley's engagement.

Diary: Tuesday, 1 May 1990

Today we went into Sydney with our Turkish interpreter and did some shopping and sightseeing around Darling Harbour. Then we had a hell of a time searching all over Sydney for our bus. Once we met up with our elusive bus, we headed for home.

We played the new tape which I bought and I was thinking as we were driving through the streets of Sydney that over the last couple of weeks that everyone else that I knew was just carrying on with their lives, I was with a group who were making history.

That night all of we Junior Legatees had a party in our little TV room. There was an abundance of fish and chips, lollies, soft drinks and jokes. Everyone was in high spirits even though we knew that tonight was our last night all together. We were up till 2.00am and we had a great time.

Diary: Wednesday, 2 May 1990

Today was the end of the trip. Early in the morning we all said our goodbyes. I was trying to hard to hold back my tears. We had all become such good friends and had been living in each other's pockets for the last two weeks only to be torn apart. It was emotional to say the least, to say goodbye to the Veterans who had become such great friends with me. Then when all of my Victorian group were on the bus, Bill Hall came and said goodbye. He was crying and told all of the Veterans that they were 'cheeky buggers' and had to take care of themselves. I was really crying now.

On the plane trip back home I slept. I remember Ted Thompson coming on the plane just before we departed. He had lipstick all over his face and when we asked him where he'd been he replied that some of his girlfriends had kidnapped him!

My friend Bill Cooper's granddaughter and her family came to see him off and they were really nice.

It was great to get back to Melbourne and see all of my family but I was not looking forward to saying goodbye to all of my Veteran friends.

The trip was over but the friendship which I had made with the Anzac Veterans had only just begun. We exchanged phone numbers and addresses and promised to all stay in contact.

The past few weeks had been the most fantastic weeks of my life. I had accompanied the founders of the Anzac tradition to where that tradition began, and had even become great friends with them.

The trip had changed us all, and I think that no-one will ever forget the friendships that were made on the historical return to the Dardanelles.

The legend of Anzac will live on forever.

GALLIPOLI PILGRIMAGE 1990

Impressions of the historic Gallipoli Pilgrimage of the Australian World War I Veterans to the 75th Anniversary of the landing at Anzac Cove

SAMANTHA FALCONER (HOBART)

It was the night of the 25th, Anzac Day. The band played, the Veterans laughed as the strains and tensions of the early morning services were broken. It was a day which had seen many varied emotions and it felt appropriate to end it with the commemoration of Mr John McCleery's 103rd birthday.

Although the key issue of the Gallipoli pilgrimage was to return to the battlefields of Gallipoli, many other important factors arose before the trip was even able to take place, much preparation was needed. Gary Munting, who is in charge of the Intensive Care unit at the Repatriation Hospital in Hobart, was selected as the Carer for the Tasmanian contingent. It was his job to interview and ascertain the capabilities of the Veterans. This involved visiting the seven Veterans and one war widow, assessing their needs such as, Did they have suitable cases? How were their pets cared for? Did their razors have the correct electrical attachment to suit overseas units? In fact, at one stage, Gary had to take one of the Veterans to the supermarket to see if he could walk a reasonable distance. Medical examinations were essential and blood was taken in case of accident and it became necessary for a transfusion. Photos of each Veteran's families were collected as an aid to establish the extent of the patient's memory if illness occurred.

The pilgrimage group consisted of 59 Veterans, eight war widows, eight Junior Legatees and 37 members of the Gallipoli Task Force which included doctors, nurses, organisers, artists and an historian.

We travelled from Hobart to Sydney where the Veterans were meant to relax, even though the media were overwhelming. Then to Singapore and on to Istanbul and Gallipoli.

For me, the dawn service holds my deepest memories. The early morning atmosphere was dark and still with a murmur of anticipation, the same as it had been 75 years ago: eerie, cold and bitter. There was a slight mist. The people were pensive and thoughtful. The sun started to creep from the horizon. As it rose, so too did the emotions of the people. The hymns of remembrance affected all of us in our own ways.

At the moment of the anthem I felt a particular closeness to the Veterans. To be able to stand, hold them and share such an important part of their pasts is something I will never forget. I felt a pride for these men and a respect for the service they had given to their country. I'm not sure that I will ever understand the fear they must have experienced as they crossed that lonely stretch of beach and clambered up the rugged cliffs. It is said that they made jokes about the insects flying by. This valiant sense of humour was and still is a characteristic of the men known as the Anzacs.

Another distinguishing aspect to their character was their mateship. This was evident in this new pilgrimage. Throughout this time the Veterans supported each other and the more able assisted their mates.

In many ways the return to Gallipoli on Anzac Day was a release. A time for the Veterans to let go of their long-held feelings about war. It was also a time for the public to appreciate the Veterans and what they had accomplished for their country.

The comradeship that developed was not only felt by the participants but also their families. A unity and bond grew between us all. To be able to experience, to share thoughts, feelings and memories with these men was very special. Their youthful natures were amazing - at Mr McCleery's 103rd birthday party, Mr Bevis entertained us with his songs. Mr Ryan lead the band and it was a time when age held no barriers.

Early in the trip the Tasmanian Veterans held a meeting and made a pact that they would treat their Carer with the same consideration that he had shown them. After a slight misunderstanding, one of the Veterans, remembering the pact, waited while the buses were unloaded and apologised to the Carer - with a kind word and a pat on the shoulder.

On 26 April we returned to the memorials. I felt very pensive and sad as I read the epitaphs of men my own age and even younger. I tried to place myself in their position and wondered how I would have coped. Each grave had its own message. One which I thought captured the importance of the roles and theme of Gallipoli was 'Greater love hath no man than he lay down his life for his friends'.

This seemed to epitomise the spirit of the Veterans and their great love and pride for their comrades.

Not only was there admiration for their comrades but also a respect for the enemy. Newfound friendships were formed.

Some of the Veterans had special objectives to find particular graves - brothers, friends. They had mixed

reactions and expectations but felt at peace when their mission was accomplished.

Geographically, the Veterans had no difficulty in recognising the particular land formations. Changes had occurred to the vegetation. There are more shrubs now and undergrowth is thicker. During the 1915 campaign the land had been cleared by the Turkish army. I stood on the beach and thought to myself that I would not be able to climb those cliffs, let alone with a pack and gun, avoiding the bullets which streamed around me.

The trenches have eroded slightly with time but on venturing into the bush one may find the remnants of the past.

Time was not always spent with the Veterans. We were given opportunities to form friendships among our own group - the Junior Legatees. There were five boys and three girls - the girls coming from Queensland, Western Australia and Tasmania, the boys from New South Wales, the Australian Capital Territory and Victoria, and the twins from the Northern Territory. Although we were all very different we had a common goal and consequently were able to communicate freely. We saw our role as a support for the Veterans, as listeners and companions, and as heralders of their message to future generations.

It was often mentioned that the reason for joining the army was a combination of patriotism and a sense of adventure. The reality was stated to me by one of the Veterans when he said, 'At night it was too dark to see your surroundings and by daylight you couldn't look around above the trenches or you would get your head blown off'. Those that were lucky enough to survive the living hell of Gallipoli went on to buy land, raise families and cope with their memories.

The key message expressed to me by the Veterans during the Gallipoli Pilgrimage 1990 was, 'We have to find a different way to overcome the futility of what war brings. We can't fight, we must talk.'

GALLIPOLI 1990

MICHELLE HALL (BRISBANE)

As everyone has said, time and time again, it certainly was a 'once in a lifetime trip'. Being the youngest on the Pilgrimage at fifteen years and four months, it was a terrific experience to be part of a group with such an extensive range of ages.

So, where did all the excitement start? My experience begins in October last year when I was informed by my Legacy Adviser, Mr Vic Fisher, that I had been chosen by the Brisbane Legacy Club to represent them in the running for a position on the official Gallipoli trip. Soon after, I was informed that it was narrowed down to four, then two and finally on 17 December, I was told that I was going to represent Queensland Legacy Club as our State's Junior Legatee.

During the three months of decision, I submitted school reports, information on church activities, music background information, involvement with elderly and references. I was given an interview and wrote a letter on my expectations on the Gallipoli Pilgrimage 90.

How am I associated with Legacy? My grandfather, William Lawson, served in the First World War in Gallipoli and France in the Second Light Horse, while my father, James Hall, served in Papua New Guinea during World War II. He passed away when I was three.

So, from 17 December until 17 April, the excitement in my household and I'm sure, the rest of Australia, rose immensely. I was fortunate to be able to spend time with some of the Queensland Veterans before the trip and get to know these men. They were extremely alert, interesting and very, very likeable - not your average bunch of people. Mr Harold Edwards, aged 93, had one wish: to discover the grave of his brother who was killed on the Gallipoli battlefield. Other Veterans I became acquainted with before I left were: Robert Horton, Henry Smith, James Mitchell, Sterling Blackett, Arthur Beezley, Ambrose Sheppard, George Svenson, Alan Salvesson and war widow, Nan Hamilton. It was an honour to be part of such a group.

The 17 April approached briskly and so the day finally arrived after radio, television and newspaper interviews. On Tuesday 17th, we arrived at the Brisbane Domestic Terminal at 9 o'clock with the excitement already growing at a quickening pace. Yes, the media were once again amongst

all the action though we couldn't complain about the Queensland media.

At the airport I was surrounded with one of my support groups for the trip. My mother, Hazel Hall, Mr Vic Fisher and his wife, Mr Smith (one of the men of the Queensland Selection Committee) and his wife Joyce. It was both a joyful and slightly upsetting experience as I saw some Veterans say their last goodbyes to family and friends just in case something happened. Realistically, at their age, it was a miracle that all were brought home safe and quite well.

Yes, I had high expectations of this trip I was about to experience but the entire Pilgrimage was better than I originally had dreamt it would be. The emotions that were experienced during this 'one in a lifetime trip' - joy, pleasure, sorrow, remembrance and all in all, a sense of belonging. There was a feeling of closeness and togetherness during the journey.

First stop - Lady Davidson Hospital, Sydney. This was where we all became closer acquainted. The Juniors learnt more about each other - likes, dislikes, who could play tennis, billiards, ride bikes, sing and who couldn't. It was all in fun. It was at Lady Davidson that we became more involved with everyone on the trip: the Carers, leaders and especially the war widows and Veterans.

We did not need to wait until Singapore before the excitement would start. There were numerous occasions and activities in which we participated in Sydney. So many things to do and only three days to prepare but this didn't stand in the way of enjoyment. We never forgot why we were there and at all times the Veterans were considered No. 1.

Official photographs were taken on 18 April at Australia's answer to the Sphinx. Apparently, a couple of men came back from the First World War with tuberculosis. They were staying at the Lady Davidson Hospital and decided to go and carve out what they remembered the Sphinx to be like. The Farewell Breakfast was next on the agenda on 19th. It was attended by Mr Bob Hawke and his wife, Dr Hewson and other dignitaries. We were all surprised to get a look at what was to come in Turkey as we were entertained by Turkish dancers accompanied by a traditional band.

Mr Ted Thomspson (a Veteran from Victoria) shared a poem with us that afternoon. He really enjoyed spending time with the Juniors and we enjoyed listening to what he had to tell us. This was the poem:

AS WE BECOME OLD

Just a line to say that I'm living, that I'm not alone
or dead
Though I'm getting more forgetful and more mixed up in
the head
For sometimes I don't remember when I stand at the foot
of the stair
If I must go up for something, or have I just come down
from there?
I stand before the fridge so often, my mind is filled
with doubt,
Have I just put the food away, or have I come to take
it out
And there are times when it is so dark, with my
nightcap on my head,
I don't know if I'm retiring, or just getting out of
bed
So if it is my turn to write to you, there is no need
to get sore,
I may think that I have written, so I don't want to be
a bore.
So remember that I do love you, and wish that you were
here,
But now it's nearly mail time, so I must say 'goodnight
dear'.
There I stood before the mailbox with my face so very
red
Instead of posting you the letter, I have opened it
instead
My bifocals I can manage, my dentures fit just fine,
I can turn up my hearing, but God ... I do miss my
mind!

Mr Bill Bevis had something to share with everyone that day. He created a smile on everyone's face with his song 'They tried to tell us we're too old'. Even one of the war widows, Mrs Kathleen Avery, had something to say, I'm sure on behalf of everyone. 'It's wonderful to be with the boys again. They were wonderfully brave, so young, and so frightened.'

The Carers were absolutely amazing, considerate, friendly ... and the list goes on. I'm especially thankful to the four Queensland Carers: Jessie Bourke, Helen Brown, Maurice Davies and Michael Paterson.

My first time overseas and what a place to start - Singapore. Well, no-one could complain about the Omni Marco Polo Hotel. An absolutely terrific city and still the Veterans were doing very well. We had the pleasure of experiencing Singapore foods, visiting interesting places and being well cared for.

The 25 April was now coming closer and closer and as we arrived in Istanbul on 22 April, the excitement rose. The time we spent with the Veterans was both educational and enjoyable. We learnt a lot from them and they learnt more about us. The Veterans were very appreciative of everything but some were a bit apprehensive about what they would see in the days to come. The majority of them hadn't been there since the evacuation from the Gallipoli Battlegrounds in WWI.

Istanbul was an adventure. Never before had I experienced such a different culture. We took in the sights and were helped by interpreters from both Australia and Turkey.

On 24 April, we arrived in the Gallipoli area, staying in a town close to Anzac Cove named Eceabat. The view from Anzac Cove was incredible. As I stood on the beach I thought 'It's so weird to think that 75 years ago men arrived on this shore. It now seems so peaceful yet less than a century ago, thousands of lives were lost here.'

Yes, Anzac Day had arrived at last. The day started with the Dawn Service at the Cove. It was extremely emotional. Some of the Veterans were really cut up, but who could blame them. There was a sense of union as we all stood there as the Last Post was played and as everyone joined in with the national anthems.

It's so hard to put into words how I felt, standing there as the sun rose on this day, 75 years after some of these men had arrived on these beaches. A plaque at Anzac Cove expresses the Turkish feelings:

THOSE HEROES THAT SHED THEIR BLOOD AND LOST THEIR LIVES
... YOU ARE NOW LYING IN THE SOIL OF A FRIENDLY
COUNTRY. THEREFORE REST IN PEACE. THERE IS NO
DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE JOHNNIES AND THE MEHMETTS TO US
WHERE THEY LIE SIDE BY SIDE HERE IN THIS COUNTRY OF
OURS... YOU, THE MOTHERS, WHO SENT THEIR SONS FROM FAR
AWAY COUNTRIES, WIPE AWAY YOUR TEARS; YOUR SONS ARE
NOW LYING IN OUR BOSOM AND ARE AT PEACE. AFTER HAVING
LOST THEIR LIVES ON THIS LAND THEY HAVE BECOME OUR SONS
AS WELL

ATATURK 1934

The day continued and the next ceremony to attend was the International one at the Canakkale Memorial. Unfortunately, we arrived a bit late and were unable to enter even though there was a seating area ready for us.

Lone Pine was the next stop where the Australian ceremony and the wreath laying would take place. It was again a very emotional service. I'm sure everyone was touched. All of

this, and yet our Veterans kept going. We enjoyed a delicious lunch, which Margaret Thatcher and Bob Hawke attended, but the day's activities were not over yet. It was terrific to see the joy in Mr McCleery's face as we all celebrated his 103rd birthday.

The following day, 26 April, was a time of reminiscence. We visited many cemeteries, saw Simpson's grave and I laid a wreath on behalf of the Coorparoo RSL and Coorparoo High School (the school I attend). Some of the Veterans were quite cut up. It was only natural as they viewed graves of friends, companions and relatives.

Yes, by now,. we were over halfway on this fabulous, marvellous, absolutely brilliant trip. We arrived back in Istanbul on 27 April but the atmosphere was not fading yet. The Carers, who only had two to three hours sleep some nights, were still going strong: caring for Veterans, war widows and us. We (the Junior Legatees) tried to help them as much as we could but there were jobs that we weren't capable of handling.

The 28 April was the day to leave Turkey but before our plane departed, we visited the Istanbul Military Museum. I was honoured to be able to present an Australian soldier's uniform to the General of the Museum. Mr Horton (Veteran from Queensland) handed over a Turkish diary from WWI that was found by an Australian soldier and Mr Smith (also a Veteran from Queensland) found it difficult to hold back the tears as he presented a couple of framed pictures. As the official functions in Turkey came to an end we all were sad to be leaving the interpreters with whom we'd made friends and to be leaving the country itself.

Two days before, we had been standing in trenches, looking out over the Dardanelles in beautiful surroundings. It really did (to me) seem like a dream. This occasion (75th anniversary) was so special. People at home were sitting around television sets, interested in the happenings and I was experiencing every small detail on this historical return.

Arriving at the Sydney Airport was a time of happiness as well as a feeling of missing something - possibly Turkey, Singapore and the people we had met. Once again, we were greeted warmly and went back to the Lady Davidson Hospital to wind down, say our goodbyes and prepare to return home. What can be said! I had never experienced anything to such a great extent as the Gallipoli Pilgrimage 90 and I'm sure I'll never again experience anything of its size or meaning in times to come.

A trip of great meaning, union, togetherness. Everyone got along fabulously; there were no major hiccups and I would

like to congratulate everyone involved, especially Bill Hall (whose idea it was to go originally). I thank the Carers, Junior Legatees, war widows but especially the Veterans. This group of men have done our country proud - twice now. I will keep in touch with my State's Veterans and I'm sure the other Junior Legatees will be doing the same thing. We'll never forget them.

I'm happy to say that there still are occasions in which I can share my experiences with others and I'm sure this will continue for the rest of my life. Once again,

THANK YOU EVERYONE

GALLIPOLI PILGRIMAGE 1990

STEPHEN HAYNES (CANBERRA)

In early November 1989 we were told by our Legacy Dad Mike Wright that the Australian Government was taking a group of World War I Veterans, war widows and eight Junior Legatees to Gallipoli to celebrate the 75th Anniversary. As I was in the right age group I decided to apply. After collecting references from school, scouts and our parish priest we waited to hear who the Selection Committee chose.

On 22 December, Mum received a phone call to say I had been chosen to represent the ACT Junior Legatees. We were all very excited. We were not allowed to tell anyone about it until it was announced by the Minister for Veterans Affairs the next day.

Next day we were driven to Parliament House to a Special Press Conference with Ben Humphreys, the Minister for Veterans Affairs. We were taken to the Minister's offices where we met Arthur Hansen and Isobel Chanter who had also been selected to represent the ACT. After morning tea there was a press conference and I was interviewed by our local TV stations. I was really nervous. We watched every channel that night to see ourselves on TV.

During the next months we met Lydia Stevens and Yvonne Allen who were to be my Carers. There were passport photos and some new clothes to get and measurements taken for my Gallipoli blazer. I started to read books about Gallipoli because I didn't know much about it. I found it hard to visualise and it wasn't until I was actually at Anzac Cove that any of it made sense.

Finally, 17 April arrived and we left Canberra for Sydney. Only Isobel, Lydia and I flew up as Arthur was driven up by his daughter. We arrived in Sydney at 10.30am and were taken to the bus where we met the Victorians who had just arrived. I met Declan Deasey, the Junior Legatee from Melbourne. We were driven to the Lady Davidson Hospital in Turrumurra and were entertained by the Diggers on the way. They have lots of stories to tell. The rest of the day was spent settling in and going around meeting the Veterans. People were still arriving at 9.00pm.

The 18th was spent sorting out passports, meeting and helping the Veterans and being briefed. Legatee Miles Pickering, the Coordinator for Junior Legatees, came to Sydney from Canberra to brief us and tell us what was expected of us as Junior Legatees. Official photos of the

group were taken at the Sphinx. The Sphinx is a rock statue carved by a WWI Veteran whilst at the hospital suffering with TB. It is about 500m from the Hospital.

There was great excitement next morning. A large marquee was erected in the grounds of the Hospital and we were having breakfast with the Prime Minister and Mrs Hawke. The 'Today Show' TV crew were also there and Declan and Samantha Falconer were to be interviewed. The breakfast went on for hours and was really great. We all went around collecting everyone's autographs. There was some Turkish dancing. We received some souvenirs, a set of Anzac stamps from Australia Post and a \$5 Memorial Coin set. Later in the day we had a church service where we prayed for a safe journey. Following dinner we were given a Bronze Medallion to commemorate the trip.

On Friday 20th we were woken at 4.45am, dressed, had breakfast and set off on the bus for Mascot. What a trip! We had a police escort all the way. We had our own lane to travel in and all the traffic was blocked so that we could pass. Everyone was waving; it was fantastic,. When we arrived at the Airport the plane was in a hangar with people all around. There was a band playing as the Veterans and the war widows were lifted up into the plane on a special lift. The Air Force, Army and we kids went up the steps. The flight was named QF 1915 after the first year of the war.

The plane trip was long and boring, but we had a chance to go and talk to the Veterans. We arrived in Singapore at 4.30pm and were driven to our hotel. Singapore is a beautiful place and there is no litter anywhere. It was really hot, about 40°C and we felt it in our blazers. The hotel was spectacular, almost like the entrance foyer in Parliament House. After tea we had a swim in the hotel's huge pool and then went off to bed.

Next morning we were up bright and early to go on a tour of Singapore. One of the High Commission wives named Ann was taking us. We had breakfast at the Zoo. It is really nice because the animals are not in cages, but roam in paddocks. While we were eating the keepers brought in an orang-outang which sat at a table and ate fruit. We all had our photo taken with him.

We then went on some little boats which have faces on them to scare away the evil spirits. We saw the Merlion which guards the entrance to Singapore Bay. We saw Raffles' statue and Raffles Hotel plus other points of interest. We lunched in the Peoples' Park, then looked around China Town. In China Town there is an interesting temple. It originally had a red roof which is now pitch black because so much incense has been burnt there. That night we had a barbeque

with the children at the High Commission. One of them, called James, used to live in Canberra.

Next day we boarded the plane and took off for Istanbul - 11 hours later we finally arrived. When we arrived at the hotel there were lots of people cheering as we walked in. It was really nice and made us feel welcome. It was wonderful to finally get to bed that night.

This morning we were allowed to sleep in for the first time, which was lovely. Istanbul is very drab: all grey with no vegetation in the city unlike Singapore which is very green with lots of bright colours. When we left the hotel at 10.00am we headed for the Bosphorus. The cruise on the Bosphorus was fantastic and we met Sachin who was going to help us barter in the shops. His aunt Aysun was our guide.

We had a stop in Asia on the other side of the river where it is more modern and very organised.

During the boat trip one of the Veterans, Albert Matthews, was presented with a new set of medals. He had lost his medals years ago. During the trip I took some photos for Isobel with her camera. She couldn't see well enough to line up the shots.

After lunch Commander Brooks took we kids to see the famous Blue Mosque. It is one big room with hundreds of rugs of all colours scattered across the floor. The main feature is the ceiling which is covered with millions of little blue tiles. It is spectacular and is the biggest Mosque in Istanbul. Across the road is the San Sofia which is the biggest Roman Catholic church in the world. However, it was closed because of a religious holiday. We walked up the road to the Topkapi Palace where there were some emeralds the size of tennis balls. The Palace was guarded by people with machine guns. It was rather scary.

We met one of the Veterans there. He had walked there with his guide. We were surprised when he just came up to us because we didn't think he could still walk that far. We then all went to the bazaar which was across the road from the hotel. The guides stood in the middle of the road and stopped the traffic until all the Veterans were across the road. The bazaar had 3000 shops and I bought a denim jacket. It is really hard bartering. For tea that night we went to a Turkish restaurant and had lamb kebabs.

The next morning was a bit rushed as Michelle Hall and I had to leave an hour before the others. We were going to be on the 'Couchman Show'. It was taped at Anzac Cove and went on for about 45 minutes. I said my little bit, but Michelle missed out, but it was fun. We then went back to Eceabat where the rest of the kids and the Carers were staying. We

had lunch at the 'Bob Hawke Burger Bistro' which was owned by an Australian lady who had married a Turkish man that morning. The place had posters from all over Australia. We all had an early night as we had to get up at 2.00am.

ANZAC DAY - the long awaited day had finally arrived. We woke at 2.00am, dressed and had breakfast and boarded the bus for Anzac Cove. The place was packed with cars and coaches. There were special luminous lights for the Veterans and we had to peel these for them so that they could read the programme. The Veterans came in and everyone cheered and clapped as they were seated.

It was very dark and eerie and the crowd was hushed. As the ceremony commenced the sun slowly peeped over the horizon. When the time came to sing there was a bit of a hitch because the band was up one end and the Veterans were down at the other. Ted Thompson, one of the Veterans, decided he would lead the singing, so he sang very loudly. The band played slowly - the Veterans sang at normal pace - a bit of a mess, but the Veterans really sang with feeling. The Service didn't last very long but was very moving. The Veterans were really overcome as they remembered their 'Mates'.

We boarded the bus to go to an Official Breakfast at 7.15am. There was such a traffic jam, we didn't get there until 9.00am and breakfast had already ended. We drove straight on to the International Ceremony but it had started early. The Veterans were supposed to be seated at the front but there was no way that they could get to their places, so they couldn't participate. We picked some poppies, reboarded the bus and left for Lone Pine. We were 40 minutes early so we seated the Veterans and were briefed. Junior Legatees were selected to hand the wreaths to the VIPs. I was chosen to hand the wreath to Bob Hawke. The ceremony was moving ... the speeches, hymns and wreath laying.

After it was over I took a picture of Mrs Avery wearing a slouch hat. She looked cute. I helped Donna (one of the Army people) help Ted Thompson up to the Memorial where he laid a small bunch of flowers for all his mates who had died. He made a little speech and ended up in tears. All of us with him cried as well. After all the wreaths were laid we boarded the bus and headed for lunch which was in a huge red and white marquee.

It was really hot and as there were not enough seats we kids took our meal outside and sat on the grass. When we went inside we saw Bob Hawke with Mrs Thatcher. Michelle and I went up and got their autographs but when the rest of the kids came up the security people pushed them away so they missed out. After lunch we went back to the Boncuk Hotel

for Mr McCleery's 103rd birthday party. He had a lovely big cake which he cut with a sword.

On the 26th we did a tour of the cemeteries. I found my great-great-uncle's grave. I really felt weird as he was only a few years older than me when he went there and was killed. Later in the day we went to our private wreath laying where the Veterans could lay wreaths at Lone Pine, The Nek and Anzac Cove. Michelle and I walked around handing out and writing on the wreaths for them. I helped Arthur lay one on Simpson's grave which had many flowers on it. Arthur was in the same Unit as Simpson. That night Aysun took us across the river to Canakkale where we ate and danced for hours. Then we returned to our hotel. It was a really old place. Some rooms had windows but there was no glass in them. Geoff Pryor, an artist travelling with us, had a room which didn't have a window. He got out a marking pen and drew in a window and curtains on the blank wall.

On the 27th we headed back to Istanbul. Michelle, Aysun, Ed Attridge and I were driven back in a limousine. We arrived earlier than the others so we went shopping. We went to bed early that night.

Next afternoon we went to the War Museum. There was a band and it played some songs for us. We presented the Museum with a rifle and an army uniform. They gave us one of their uniforms to bring home. We then left for the airport where we said goodbye to our guides and then boarded the plane.

We arrived back in Singapore at about midday and went straight to the hotel. We were met by Ralph and James (the High Commission kids) who took us shopping.

Next day we boarded the plane bound for Australia. I was in the cockpit for the takeoff and it was great. It was wonderful to be back in Australia and we were met at the Airport by the press.

The next two days were spent winding down and enjoying our remaining time together. Thursday came and it was sad saying goodbye to everyone. I wonder if I will ever see any of them again. We Legacy kids decided that we would write to each other. I arrived back in Canberra about 5.00pm to be met by Mum, Karen and Andrew as well as more press. They interviewed Arthur, Isobel and me and the Canberra Times took our photos. Then it was off home.

What a wonderful trip, something I will always remember. I feel privileged to have spent some time with the Veterans. What marvellous old men: I'm glad they had such a good time. We Legacy kids have decided that on the 100th anniversary we are going to make a pilgrimage to Gallipoli. We can go in remembrance of the Veterans we now know.

GALLIPOLI 1990

DAVID TAYLOR (BATHURST)

The Beginning

As the car drew nearer to Lady Davidson Hospital, I began hoping it wouldn't arrive. Suddenly it all hit me that I was going on a trip of a lifetime with Australia's proudest and most memorable legends - the Anzacs. Only now did I begin to realise the importance of the interviews I attended and the work which was being put into the trip. Only now did I realise the significant role I would be playing in an event which was sure to be a well recorded piece of Australian history.

The car did arrive, and all my nervousness bubbled over into a feeling of excitement and anticipation, just like that of a young child just starting school. Only now did I really begin to consider and evaluate all that was before me.

The few days we spent at Lady Davidson Hospital were ideal for getting to know everyone. The peaceful, country-like atmosphere of Lady Davidson Hospital made everyone feel as comfortable as could be, considering the magnitude of the trip. Any uneasiness amongst the newly acquainted Junior Legatees was soon lost, as a very entertaining and sociable game of tennis saw each and everyone of us telling all about their backgrounds and how we became involved with Legacy and the trip.

When I just learned of the ages of the Veterans, I naturally assumed it would be a 'wheelchair and stretcher' affair. Anyone associated with the Veterans would no doubt be amused by the shock I got with my first encounter with them.

I walked into the Quinn's Post Wing to be confronted with the sight of about three Veterans in bed having a sleep. The rest were off trooping over the vast grounds of the hospital, or over spending time talking to their mates. It was with some trepidation that I confronted the Veterans at first; after all they are legends. I soon learned though that they were just normal men - men who conquered an abnormal experience.

No sooner had we arrived and began familiarising ourselves, we were off to Sydney airport, police escort and all. I've never looked on Sydney so fondly as the buses drove over the Harbour Bridge, with all of us singing merrily.

We were eventually loaded onto Qantas Flight 1915, the *Spirit of Anzac*, and the sheer size of the plane had left me gaping. Never had I flown in such comfort, as the Qantas crew pampered us to our hearts' content.

The seven hour flight to Singapore gave me the opportunity to talk to some of the men and women in the Armed Forces, none of whom left us more excited than an Air Force chopper pilot, nicknamed Budgie, who was trying to organise chopper rides for us up and down the Gallipoli Peninsula, something, unfortunately, which we just didn't have time for.

The plane landed at Changi Airport and after an hour or so wait, we boarded the buses bound for the Omni Marco Polo Hotel. The hot, humid Singapore weather was a pleasant change from the pouring rain we had received in Sydney, which saw the ducks swimming happily on the bowling green. As we drove through the Singapore streets, I became amazed at the cleanliness and beauty of the country. Each and every detail of the country seemed to be intricately carved into the landscape, with picturesque gardens lining the smoothest of streets. Needless to say there was no rubbish lying anywhere.

The Omni Marco Polo Hotel was more like a palace than a tourist haven, and the room I was in was like a small 'condo' with all the comforts of home, plus a little more.

One thing I was particularly looking forward to was learning a little bit about Singapore's culture and where better to do that than in a shopping centre - the hardest decision being which one. Shopping in Singapore is fun, needless to say colourful and creative, as bartering skills come to the fore.

Our stopover in Singapore was brief, and we had no sooner arrived before once again jetting off this time for our central destination, Turkey.

With all the character and uniqueness on the flight, the ten hours to Turkey literally flew by, and the only thing uncertain in my mind was where in the hell are we landing - the pollution in the sky left me all but unable to see the ground until we landed on it.

The sight of Istanbul from the street is a whole new world to that of Singapore, and for the first time you really knew you were away from home - far away from home. The tiny one lane streets, the dirty, monotonous back streets, were all a far cry from the perfect city of Singapore. The extremely lavish President Hotel seemed lost with its poor surrounding backdrop.

It was our first night here that I first (and lastly) felt uncomfortable and out of place, as a despondent waiter stared me down for not touching my soup. From then on I sampled everything, no matter what it looked like, thinking it in some cases safer not to ask.

That night too I had a rude awakening to Turkish culture, as a very loud 'Ramadan' call echoed throughout the city, at 3.00am calling the people to prayer.

Before leaving for the Peninsula, we took a relaxing cruise along the Bosphorus River. Sitting with Veteran Jack Ryan while touring a foreign country is a memorable experience, and one which breeds a whole new dimension to the saying 'I'm proud to be an Australian'. Tears of patriotic joy would no sooner be rolling down his cheeks than on your own.

A little sightseeing, a little culture, a lack of sleep and a lot of work were the principal sentiments I first left Istanbul with, as we parted for the Gallipoli Peninsula and our reunification with history and, for the Veterans, destiny.

The five hour trip was one of merry, if at times stop-start, singing, and periods of gazing into the lush, isolated and almost untouched countryside.

A rude awakening awaited us as we arrived at the Boncuk Hotel and then again at the Saros Hotel. Luxury and comfort was unheard of, and to be blunt, we were roughing it. Cold showers and walking continuously four flights of stairs only rubbed it in. No one really dwelled on the state of the hotels however. Everyone was more concerned with the following day, as that was what we had travelled half the world to be here for.

This is where the tourism, the culture and the holiday stopped - for a few days at least. Everyone began thinking, dwelling on the emotion and importance the next few days would bring, and the vivid memories our Veterans would confront. It was at this time a new complexion dawned over the Pilgrimage.

Anzac Day

The Dawn Service

In the darkness of the new day, seventy-five years ago, gallant young Australian warriors advanced courageously onto the distant shore, only to be mowed down in a blaze of gunfire.

Then, on 25 April 1990, those same men again advanced gallantly onto the beach, this time not to be met with

bullets but with rousing cheers of praise, and the sight of thousands of people lining the shore, both to remember the fallen and honour the living.

As the ceremony began, it was evident that the Veterans had begun recollecting on their vivid memories from the past, some of which may have been hidden in the back of their minds since the end of the war. Many arrived with mixed emotions, and as the singing began I can clearly remember most of the Junior Legatees having to squat down next to some of the Veterans and widows to comfort them at a time when their emotions began to flow to the surface.

Emotion was the key aspect of the ceremony, and indeed the day. Nothing warmed my heart so much as seeing the Veterans break into tears at the thought of their fallen comrades and past horrors. Only now could I ever really be a living ambassador of the Anzac Spirit and its legend, as I shared in the emotion of the true Anzacs on the beach of Anzac Cove.

As the dawn broke, and thousands stood in silence, the bugler sounded the Last Post, and the whole congregation, both young and old, became engulfed in the emotion of the day. There was not a dry eye or an untouched heart in the entire gathering, and as I so clearly told myself, I have never seen so many fully grown men overcome with emotion and break down and cry. As the Last Post ended and the people reflected, I learned the most deafening noise to be heard is silence, and nothing can set the scene as much as it does. Silence, emotion and sentiment - memories of the most touching and passionate Anzac Day I have, or hope to, attend.

Being able to experience Anzac Day on the actual site where the legend was started has, for me, added a whole new dimension to Anzac Day and all its ramifications. To me, now, it is an integral part of my life, and this memory will be treasured by me until the day I too die.

Anzac Day was by far the highlight of the trip and nothing could mean more to me than to celebrate a Dawn Service on the beach, especially in the presence of so many Veterans.

Although by far the most touching of the services, the ceremony at Lone Pine also warmed many hearts and returned many memories.

Lone Pine Ceremony

It was around midday, and in the blistering heat of the day, we led the Veterans and widows into the Lone Pine Cemetery and over to their seats.

We listened to the speeches and the bands' music reigned supreme. Lines of Australian troops marched in, moving in absolute precision across the monument area.

The purpose of this ceremony was to remember the battle which saw our greatest loss of life in the Gallipoli campaign, and to lay wreaths in honour of the fallen. But the official line of wreathlayers was interrupted as a lone Veteran battled up the aisle to lay a wreath of his own. Henry Smith had to be assisted along the pathway by his army escort, his pause to remember had seen his strength drained through grief.

I can remember going out to present a wreath to the Parliamentary Delegation, and the first thing I saw was the sight of Bill Hall in tears, and next to him an army Lieutenant Colonel, attempting in vain to hide his emotion. I could hardly gather the energy to walk back to my seat. In addition, the ceremony was to be of even more importance for me and my family.

As I made my way over to the seats, I was not amazed but rather absorbed by the vast lists of Australian troops who had no known graves. I began reading through the thousands of names which appeared on the memorial, and one name which I read was that of my great-uncle Francis Pyburn Rooke. He had only survived ten days at Gallipoli and now, through the Pilgrimage, I knew a little bit more about why he went, what he fought for and what sacrifice he made in giving his life. It was his name I had submitted in applying for the trip, and I felt a sense of satisfaction in being able to do justice to him by recognising his place in history and allowing that page of history to be witnessed by the family through the aid of a photo.

With all the ceremonies over, there was only one thing which needed to be remembered - Mr McCleery's 103rd birthday party. Everyone celebrated heartily at his party, as Jack Ryan led the band for the birthday tune.

Anzac Day 1990 - Lest I forget!

The War Cemeteries

As I recall there were about twenty-two war cemeteries in all, some in open country, others in vast, secluded terrain, hidden in rigorous countryside.

It was while on the tour of the war cemeteries that I got a first hand look at some of the remnants of World War One.

To say I was surprised at what I saw, what I touched, would be one of the understatements of the year. I saw trenches, trenches used in the fighting in the Great War. Not only

did I see them, but I walked along the floor of them, some still up to two or three feet deep. They were not the straight lines of trenches as I had imagined, rather complex systems with twists and deviations all along them.

Not only did I see trenches, but tunnels as well, which had been burrowed deep into the ground and used during the war when the fighting went underground. It was an amazing sight.

The first observation I made concerning the cemeteries was how wonderfully maintained they were. All of the graves were amidst beautiful gardens and mown lawns. Even the rather remote cemeteries had been well looked after.

Each of the cemeteries had its unique characteristics and its different stories to tell. The most vivid memory I have of the war cemeteries though was the sheer numbers of those buried in each cemetery. Thousands of graves, and probably even more unknown graves.

The Beach Cemetery at Anzac Cove contained the name and grave of a most famous Anzac, John Simpson Kirkpatrick, the man and his donkey, a man synonymous with the Anzac legend and its ensuing spirit.

The cemetery at Shrapnel Gully also held special meaning for me, as I saw the grave of a boy only sixteen years of age; only five months older than me. It really made me think about the sacrifice they made, and it had me asking myself whether or not I could have done the same thing - I don't think I could.

Another cemetery we toured was the one at the Nek, the battle of which is depicted in the movie *Gallipoli*.

The view from the cliff overlooking the coast was awe-inspiring, and it really did drill into my senses the impossible terrain, conditions and odds faced by our troops.

It was also an emotional return for New South Wales Veteran, Ernest Guest, who spent four months here in a trench only eight yards away from the Turkish trenches, where every noise or movement you made was also heard or seen by the enemy.

I have described my own personal encounter at Lone Pine, but I was not the only one finding family in the burial ground. One of our touring Veterans visited the grave of his brother, and many of course visited the graves of their mates.

In seeing the multitudes of fallen Australian troops you can begin to fully appreciate why the Veterans have so many

memories and so much respect for their fallen friends, and it has been said that your mate's life meant more to you than your own. Perhaps that helps to explain why Anzac Day is a day of remembrance.

Farewell All

Everyone was totally exhausted after the demands of the last few days, and everyone was greatly relieved that formalities had finally concluded, and we could now resume a holiday atmosphere over the trip.

What the Junior Legatees needed was a fun evening and we had one in Canakkale. In fact we provided so much entertainment for the local people that the restaurateur granted us a discount for helping the people to enjoy the end of their religious season.

No sooner had we left the fatal shore of Gallipoli to return to Istanbul, we were setting off to the airport bound for Singapore.

Our last few hours in Istanbul were spent viewing the Turkish War Memorial; surprisingly poor considering the many battles Turks have fought.

Our farewell from Turkey was, like most farewells, a little sad and as the plane took off we left many new friends behind. I had an unforgettable time in Turkey, and I took part in many occasions which will affect me for the rest of my life. However I, and everyone else, was finally glad to be heading home. Farewell Istanbul, merhaba (hello) Singapore.

We arrived in Singapore around 11.00am and a refreshing sleep on the plane saw we kids hand out those sacred orders - let's shop!

Taxis ferried us all over the city, and everyone really did shop nonstop and until we dropped. We arrived back at the hotel very satisfied with our afternoon's work.

That night after dinner, many people said a final few words, and we all began to realise that the trip was finally coming to an end.

That next morning we were off again, bound, finally, for Australia and home, and as we farewelled Singapore, I welcomed the thought of going home to tell all about my trip.

After a somewhat subdued, but warm welcome on arrival at Sydney airport, we loaded the buses and after several interviews and one accepted marriage proposal, we made our

way back to Lady Davidson Hospital for anything but a subdued welcome home.

Our last days at Lady Davidson Hospital were days of mixed emotions, highlighted by the sadness of our final farewell.

Our last days saw us visit Darling Harbour, talk and learn from the Veterans, and our final night together saw us have a good feast in one of the playrooms in our dormitory.

We were up to all hours, and one by one, we all started to leave, with me being the second last to leave the most publicised pilgrimage in our country's history.

Lest I forget, the trip of my life.

In an address to Charles Sturt University, this is how I described the trip.

The Final Summary

The Pilgrimage back to Gallipoli earlier this year was primarily to commemorate the 75th anniversary of the landing at Anzac Cove and its ensuing battles, as well as giving those surviving World War I Veterans one last opportunity to put old ghosts to rest on the ground where their friends' and relatives' lives were lost.

My official capacity on the trip was that of Junior Legatee, and it was my job if you like to help care for the Veterans and keep them company over our time away. During our time with the Veterans, all of us Juniors formed many close friendships with the Diggers, and in the process learnt a lot from them, especially about their thoughts and beliefs about Anzac Day, about the spirit of Anzac, and about war in general, and it was hoped that we could help pass on these thoughts and beliefs to future generations so as they too would have knowledge about the real Anzacs, and that's what I hope to do this morning.

It was important to have an element of youth on the trip because in about 10-15 years time we aren't going to have any remaining World War I Veterans at all - the youngest Veteran on the trip was a modest 88 years, so you can see that they haven't got that many years left. Therefore it was a once in a lifetime chance for me to gain first hand evidence from the Veterans.

I suppose you could say that there is a genuine fear existing that when the last World War I Veteran dies, the significance of Anzac will die with him. I don't believe, though, that the significance of Anzac and indeed Anzac Day will fall with the last Veteran, because the day is all about remembrance, remembering the fallen and those who gave

their lives for their country, so if anything Anzac Day should become more significant and more memorable because then all the Veterans will be being remembered - and the spirit of Anzac will indeed be in spirit.

Many of our nation's ideals have been bred from the Anzac spirit, and its aspects, I felt, were still very evident among all the Veterans, and it was something quite warming to be in contact with.

Of course there was the aspect of mateship - frequently you would see fitter Veterans rushing to the aid of their less mobile counterparts, and you could see the joy they welcomed each other with. Mateship has become the corner stone of the Australian character, and it will be remembered long after the last Veteran dies, just as Anzac Day should, and just as the Anzac spirit will.

Another aspect was the determination showed by the Veterans. All would amble on as far as they could without assistance. None of them liked to be waited on. Although this determination is a far cry from that shown 75 years ago, weathered by old age, it was still evident and very much alive.

Another aspect was that of the proudness amongst the Veterans. We had one Veteran proclaiming the glories of Australia in the streets of Turkey. All of them were proud to acknowledge what they had done - all of them would add their Battalion name and number after their own name. It was as if they had adopted this as a second family name.

This again was only something small, but it was like the icing on a cake of an already proud tradition.

While we were away, one thing which was brought to our attention was that some people back in Australia were questioning why Anzac Day was held so highly above other Australian war efforts, and also the point that Anzac Day glorifies war.

Well firstly, why hold Gallipoli in such high esteem over other war efforts? Of course there was the display of reckless bravery by our troops, but that wasn't just reserved for Gallipoli. As well as this, many of the Veterans served through France as well, and most, if not all, confessed to France being far worse than the months at Gallipoli ever were: even the Turks themselves just saw it as another battle, and half the Turkish people we encountered in the streets weren't even aware of the battle 75 years ago. So why Gallipoli?

Well, the common opinion among the Diggers and one which I too supported, was that Gallipoli is so important because

that's where it all began - that was the beginning of the Anzac spirit, of our character, of our world status and to some it was the start of nationhood. We hold Australia Day so highly because it was the beginning, the start of our country, just as Anzac Day was the start of so much of our history and of our ideals.

Then there is the question of Anzac Day perhaps glorifying war. If you ask any of the Veterans what they think of war, more of them will hesitate to answer you. They are as serious as can be when they say war is not, and never will be glorifying, and when talking to us about it many of them pleaded 'Don't go to war at any time because it's like a living hell on earth'. They all dread the thought of war again, and none of them said 'I'd go through it all again' because they wouldn't.

It all came back to remembrance - remembering the dead, the horror and the mistake of war.

Just from my point of view as a school student, I couldn't ever see Anzac Day and the sacrifices made by the Anzacs ever being forgotten. They've become just as an important part of our education as Maths and English. Everyone's heard of the Anzacs, and I don't think what they did and went through could ever be forgotten. Lest we forget.

Finally I'd just like to say that the atmosphere on Anzac Day at Anzac Cove is something quite unimaginable. To be actually there on the beach adds a whole new perspective to the event. I suppose you could compare it to celebrating Christmas at Bethlehem or something like that. I myself had never felt so emotional at an Anzac Day ceremony, and I'd never seen so many people fighting back tears at the playing of the Last Post. When you see the graves of kids, some of whom were only five months older than yourself, you tend to have a more personal view about the whole thing, and you feel more proud that you are able to live in a time free of war so that you won't have to make the sacrifices these men made in making our nation what it is today.

In ending my report about the Pilgrimage back to Gallipoli, I would especially like to pay tribute to all the Veterans and widows, Junior Legatees, Carers and administrators who made the trip the success it was.

In particular I'd like to congratulate Mr Bill Hall, whose dream he made a reality, as well as Mr Ed Attridge for his organisation of every detail.

Thanks to Merrita Richardson, the New South Wales family group and all the Carers for taking great care of us.

And a special thank you to Bathurst Legacy, particularly Legatee Ian Brewer, and also Legatee Miles Pickering, who had the final say in determining the Junior Legatees who attended.

A special thank you to all.