

Mr Colin Barnett; Mr Mark McGowan; Mr Terry Redman; Mr Joe Francis; Mr Peter Watson; Mr Sean L'Estrange; Mr Paul Papalia; Mr Frank Alban; Ms Margaret Quirk; Ms Mia Davies; Mr Peter Tinley; Mr Terry Waldron

ANZAC CENTENARY COMMEMORATIONS

Motion

MR C.J. BARNETT (Cottesloe — Premier) [12.13 pm]: I move —

That as we approach the 100th anniversary of the landing of Australian and New Zealand troops at Gallipoli, this house continues to commemorate the Anzac centenary marking 100 years since our nation's involvement in the First World War. In doing so, we should be mindful that this commemoration is not about the glorification of war, but the recognition of the bravery and sacrifice of our servicemen and women.

The Anzac centenary records the events of the First World War from 1914 to 1918. At the time, the Australian population was fewer than five million people, yet 417 000 Australian men enlisted for service, including 32 000 Western Australians. Of those armed service representatives, 60 000 were killed and 156 000 were wounded, gassed or taken prisoner. It was an incredible sacrifice by individuals and an incredible toll on Australia and Western Australia. Western Australia and Western Australians should feel proud that our state has already played a major role in the commemoration of the Anzac centenary with events commencing last November in Albany. Of course, Albany is the site from which the two Anzac convoys departed and it is also known for holding the first Anzac dawn service in Australia. The events in Albany involved a re-enactment of the departure of the convoy of Australian naval ships and ships from other countries. Forty thousand people attended the events in Albany. I place on the record my appreciation of the dignity displayed by the people of Albany and the City of Albany for the way in which that event was conducted and hosted. The re-enactment was a moving event as were the other events over that weekend. I particularly remember the performance by the naval band from Melbourne. It also marketed the formal commencement of the Anzac centenary for the next four years. As part of that, the National Anzac Centre opened in Albany. It was jointly funded by the commonwealth and Western Australian governments. I was delighted that both the Australian and New Zealand Prime Ministers attended the opening of that centre.

This state went further when in February this year *The Giants* came to Western Australia, marking their first time in the southern hemisphere. As members are aware, 1.4 million Western Australians and visitors from interstate and overseas came into the Perth city during the three-day event. What I think was important is that *The Giants* told the story of Breaksea Island and reflected on the book *The Lighthouse Girl*, which had been written about those events. *The Giants*—the diver and the little girl—effectively told a 100-year-old Anzac story to the children of today. It was an extraordinary achievement by the Perth International Arts Festival with support from the state government, state government agencies and the private sector to bring a 100-year-old story to the children of Perth. The response of the Western Australian public was simply magnificent.

To return to the centenary of the Anzac, as members know 25 April marks the landing of British, Australian and New Zealand troops on the Gallipoli peninsula, particularly Anzac Cove. The toll was immense; 8 709 Australians died in the Gallipoli campaign with casualties of both New Zealand and British troops. Indeed, our warring partners, the Turks, lost 56 000 men during the campaign. Sadly, wars have continued to be fought since Gallipoli and the battles of the First World War on the Western Front. I note that the next great war, the Second World War, was fought from 1939 to 1945. Again, Australians were at war, Australian families were affected and Australian troops died during the conflicts at Tobruk and El Alamein and during the Battle of Britain and D-Day invasion. Closer to home there was the fall of Singapore with the capture of some 16 000 Australian troops. There was the bombing of Darwin and the bombing of Broome in our own state. There was the Battle of the Coral Sea, Kokoda, the Battle of Milne Bay, the Thai–Burma Railway and so on. Sadly, wars continued beyond that. There was the Korean War from 1950–53, the Malayan Emergency from 1950–1960, the Vietnam War from 1962–1975, particularly the Battle of Long Tan in 1966. There has also been the First and Second Gulf Wars in Iraq, East Timor, Afghanistan and various other peacemaking missions.

This Saturday, 25 April, people will think of the Gallipoli landings and the formation of the Anzac tradition that lives on. However, while focusing on Gallipoli, this Anzac Day is about all conflicts and all Australians who have died, been wounded or taken prisoner during battle. Anzac Day is for many Australians the most important day of the year. It is the day on which they remember all wars and the more than 102 000 Australians who have died in conflicts over the past 100 years. It will be a moment for all Australians, including the most recently arrived to this country, to participate and acknowledge our history, tradition and the Anzac legend. I also note that this house is honoured to have members of the Parliament who have served at home and abroad in our armed forces and I particularly pass on our respect for their work.

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No doubt every Australian family in the First World War would have had some direct connection to that war whether it was Gallipoli, the Western Front or whatever. I am sure members in the house have either directly or through their friends and relatives have a connection to one of those conflicts and would have their own stories to pass on.

I will not go into detail, but I would just like to mention that my father was a Rat of Tobruk and he was wounded at El Alamein. There is nothing remarkable in that; thousands of Australians were there as well. My uncle Vic, to whom I was very close, was captured during the fall of Singapore and survived three years as a prisoner of war including the Burma railway. He, rather than my father, talked about the war. If I can tell one little story, when he was finally repatriated to Australia and was admitted to Hollywood hospital, he was very underweight and quite fragile, but he was a character. He climbed out of the window of the hospital to catch up with his fiancée who was in Floreat, a kilometre or so away. When he returned he was docked five shillings by the Australian government for being absent without leave. They were different times.

I would also like to acknowledge the RSL and the wonderful role it is playing in the various events surrounding not only Anzac Day, but in the lead-up events with Albany and *The Giants*, and no doubt over the next four years. On Saturday millions of Australians will remember the original Anzacs who landed in Gallipoli. They will also remember the other conflicts, the loss of life, the hardship at home and the hardship overseas. One thing they will all observe on Saturday is the tens of thousands of young Australians of today in the towns and cities of this country who will come out to acknowledge and pass on their respect to a similar-aged generation of 100 years ago. Lest we forget.

MR M. MCGOWAN (Rockingham — Leader of the Opposition) [12.22 pm]: I join with all members of the house in supporting this motion to acknowledge a very important event in our nation's history. Saturday will mark 100 years since the Anzacs landed at Gallipoli, which they did in conjunction with many service people from other nations—Britain, France, India and the like—who formed part of that extraordinary set of events.

The Gallipoli landings were amazing; in many ways they were magnificent. It was an amphibious operation conducted 100 years ago with a combination of ships, warships, submarines and the landing of soldiers from a number of different nations in an attempt to end the First World War more quickly than might otherwise had happened. We were fighting the Ottoman Empire, as it then was, and the expectation was that we would be successful and that we would be successful fairly quickly. Prior to the Gallipoli landings, Australians had participated in a number of wars. We had gone to the Boer War in South Africa. We had sent forces as colonies across to the Boxer Rebellion in China. We participated in the so-called Maori wars in New Zealand and in an expeditionary force in Sudan, Africa. Yet it was Gallipoli that captured the public imagination and it is Gallipoli that has endured as a lasting symbol of Australia's military and warlike activities over the course of the last century. In the battles in South Africa, some of which were very bloody, Australians performed with the utmost courage and bravery yet they are largely, almost completely, forgotten by the people of today. I thought to myself, what was the difference? Why was it that Gallipoli captured the public's imagination and that it continues to capture the public's imagination? First of all, it was the scale of what was undertaken. Thousands of service people from across the world undertaking an amphibious attack on the Ottoman Empire was just extraordinary. It was the audacity of it that we attempted this enterprise; and, secondly, it was the fact that it was recorded by a remarkable historian in the case of C.E.W. Bean. Thirdly, Gallipoli promoted many of the names that have permeated movies and books since that period of time. As people have noted, over 8 000 Australians died and the names of The Nek, Lone Pine, the landings, the evacuation and the Battle of Hill 60 still resonate throughout history.

The Battle of the Nek, the futile attack by Australian soldiers which resulted in hundreds of young Australian men dying, is still talked about today even though no-one is present anymore—no-one alive remembers it or was part of it. Earlier today I put forward a proposition that one of the famous Western Australian Light Horsemen, Hugo Throssell, should be appropriately acknowledged for not only his role in the Battle of the Nek, which he survived, but also his receipt of the Victoria Cross at a subsequent assault a few days later at Hill 60 and his amazing Western Australian life, which ultimately ended tragically. We should acknowledge his life by naming the next federal electorate in Western Australia after him and call it Throssell as an acknowledgement of an amazing Western Australian life in this 100th anniversary of Gallipoli.

Those events—the evacuation, Lone Pine, the Nek and the landings—are the things that have captured the imagination. My own great uncle, my grandfather's brother, still lies unfound at Lone Pine. His body was never found; his name is on the wall at Lone Pine, just one of many Australians who were acknowledged in that way. Gallipoli started the national trauma of the First World War, which was one of the top three most traumatic events in the history of our country. It permeated towns, communities, suburbs and streets across this country. It was a trauma that was enormous in its scale. If we were to extrapolate the 61 000 Australians who died in the

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First World War to today's population, it would be the equivalent of the entire population of Canberra dying in the course of the next four years.

The women of Australia suffered even more whilst the men largely endured the pain, the suffering and the wounds and post-traumatic stress disorder. As we now know, it was the women of Australia who lost their sons, husbands and brothers. Many of them were unable to find a husband after the war, and many of them cared for men who were physically and emotionally damaged from the events. The trauma started at Gallipoli continued with the Western Front, in particular. I have been to the Western Front on four separate occasions and had a look at some of the battlefields that Australians served and fought in. It is an amazing place. The scale of the Western Front, frankly, dwarfs Gallipoli. More than 45 000 Australians died there as part of that enormous conflict that took place in the Western Front, yet it has not captured the imagination, I do not think, in the same way that Gallipoli did. The truth behind Gallipoli is that it was heroic. Australians performed outstanding deeds of sacrifice and bravery. Bonds of mateship were formed and it has formed a large part of our national character and our national discussion ever since, but the truth about Gallipoli is that it was a mistake. The idea that defeating Turkey would somehow result in Germany, Austria and Hungary surrendering was so flawed as to be ridiculous. It was a mistake and perhaps our service people would have been better served going to the Western Front and fighting the real enemy who we were trying to defeat at the time, which was the empire of Germany. The young men who died there died in a lost cause, which was the attempt to defeat the Ottoman Empire. Having said that, had they been sent to Germany, or had they been sent to France and Belgium and served there, very many more may have died. Maybe different ones amongst them, but it very well may have been that more may have died than the 8 000 or so who died at Gallipoli.

Of course, once we did go to the Western Front, an enormous number of Australians died in places such as Pozieres, Messines and the other battlefields of France and Belgium. This was enormous numbers. On occasion, in the course of a month, or a few weeks, more Australians died on the Western Front than died during the entire eight months of the Gallipoli campaign. I worked through Australia's role in the First World War in my head, and I think Australia's role on the Western Front was justified. But it was a tough ask. If I were the father of a young man killed in the First World War, would I have thought that that was a worthwhile investment of his life? One has to think that they were not fighting for King and Empire, but for the ideals of freedom, to stop unnecessary expansionism and to support good and firm allies—nations that remain allies today. In hindsight, I think our involvement was justified, but some of the ways that our soldiers were used were unnecessary and wasteful, and history bears that out.

I conclude by acknowledging all our service people prior to and since Gallipoli, and those who serve our country today in difficult circumstances overseas and on the high seas.

MR D.T. REDMAN (Warren–Blackwood — Leader of the National Party) [12.32 pm]: It is certainly a great honour to speak to this motion recognising the bravery and sacrifice of the service men and women who served during the First World War. There are many things to reflect upon at a moment like this. I could speak about the sheer wastefulness of countries across the world sending a generation of their best and brightest to be slaughtered in their millions, and how we must never allow such a tragedy to happen again. I also could speak about the appalling treatment of our Aboriginal servicemen who, having struggled and suffered as equals on the battlefield, found themselves cast back into a pit of discrimination and prejudice when they arrived home. However, in the limited time I have available, I would like to reflect on something a little more personal.

My grandad Frank Smith was a boy at the start of the First World War. He recalled as a young kid standing at the back fence of his school in Bakers Hill and seeing trainload after trainload of horses going past. They came from all over Western Australia—all destined for the Middle East. He talked about it many times when he got old, and it would have been significant to him because they relied on horses for transport and to do work on the farms. On 1 November 1914, 36 transport and three escort cruisers left Albany for the Middle East with 7 843 horses on board. The Australian Light Horse mounts were called *Walers*. They were desert horses of hardy nature that remained alert despite up to 72 hours without sustenance. There are many stories of the great triumphs of the Light Horsemen and their great feats of bravery during the Middle East campaign. Many of those stories describe the deep affection between man and horse. For instance, there is the story of the young Light Horseman, shipped out to Palestine at 15 years of age, who was demoted for punching an officer. When he was asked why he had punched the officer, the young trooper replied, "Because he belted my horse, and no-one hits my horse. My horse saved my life and we are mates."

Imagine the Light Horsemen's feelings when, at the end of the war, they learnt that they were unable to take their horses home. My grandad was so moved by the stories of those horses that did not return that he wrote a poem about the horses returning in spirit at least. With the indulgence of the house, Mr Speaker, I would like to read that poem —

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Horses Coming Home

I had a dream the other night
Was as plain as plain could be
I saw a thousand horsemen
Riding home across the sea
Those riders—when the war was won
Shed tears and said goodbye
To leave a faithful horse behind
Made many a strong man cry
But we'll be back to take you home
Though hell should bar the way
And as ghost riders we will live
To ride and fight another day
So never fear four legged friends
When our earthly days are through
A thousand suntanned horsemen
Will be coming back for you
Wave on wave of phantom riders
Coming in across the sea
To meet their cobbers on Mt Clarence
What a marvellous sight to see
And now the last post sounded
Men and horses home to stay
And lots of green, green pastures
For ever and a day
And that's the scene I saw last night
As plain as plain could be
A thousand Tenth Light Horsemen
Bringing horses home across the sea.

MR J.M. FRANCIS (Jandakot — Minister for Veterans) [12.35 pm]: On a personal note, I would like to acknowledge my mother, Robyn Francis, who is in the Speaker's gallery. Her story is typical of many women in this country in that her father, uncle, husband and me, as her son, all served in the Australian Defence Force. Welcome to Western Australia, Mum.

One hundred years ago, the Great War was just over eight months old. In those hectic months, the small pre-war British army had been bled white, the Russians had been defeated at Tannenberg and over half a million French soldiers had been killed, wounded or were missing. Meanwhile, the German army was firmly entrenched on French and Belgian soil, and a maze of trenches stretched from the Swiss Alps to the North Sea. The first Christmas had come and gone, but the war was not over. It was a war like no other. It was progressing not as was hoped, but as was scarcely imagined. Against this backdrop, Australian and New Zealand troops were committed to a daring but flawed attack on Germany's ally, the Ottoman Empire. The first Anzacs went on to fight on the Western Front and in the Middle East; their achievements astonishing and their losses unspeakable. They were there at the end in the vanguard of the final victories.

Rightly or wrongly, no other battle or campaign is as central to the national story as Gallipoli. It is difficult to know why this is the case; it was a defeat or at very best a draw. Australians remember Gallipoli, not Megiddo or Damascus. They remember the Nek, not Mont St Quentin or Amiens. That might be because it was the first time the Australian Imperial Force went into a large-scale fight—or it might be because it was so audacious and so doomed. Perhaps for Australians of the day, fired up by the accounts of Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, it was the notion that Australia could contribute on the world stage. At the time, there was a sense that Australia had passed a great test of character. A nation of workers, farmers and shopkeepers that had peaceably inherited the benefits of common law and parliamentary democracy was also capable of something heroic. For all that, perhaps there is a part of the Australian character that prefers to reflect on a defeat. Whatever the reason, Gallipoli is central to our understanding of what it means to be an Australian. The notion of mateship and a rough sense of irreverent independence were consecrated there.

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Over 1 000 Western Australians died during the Gallipoli campaign and another 6 000 would die before the war's end. Almost one in 25 Western Australian men were killed or died of wounds or disease in the Great War. No family, suburb or school was immune from loss. It was a terrible harvest of the young, the fit, the strong and the public spirited. Gallipoli was the start, and a benchmark was established for the remainder of the war and indeed for the country for the next 100 years. The foundation stones of a national story had been laid, but it was just the beginning. Victory over the Turks and the Germans was years away, and the worst was yet to come for the AIF and tens of thousands of Australian families.

There are 102 804 names etched into the Roll of Honour at the Australian War Memorial. In the life of our commonwealth, successive generations of Australian service personnel have fought not for territorial gain or conquest, but for the better values of our society. Australian service personnel will commemorate this Anzac Day on active service in the former provinces of the Ottoman Empire. There is a crimson thread that runs from those first Anzacs through to each following generation of returned service men and women; it binds them together across a century of service and sacrifice. This Saturday we shall honour them all.

Although it is not a state government department, I acknowledge the Office of Australian War Graves. I have been to a lot of war graves, including Hellfire Pass, Kanchanaburi, Borneo and Singapore. Last week, I was at Karrakatta when my father's war grave plaque was placed on the war grave in Perth. War graves staff across the planet do a wonderful, wonderful job in honouring our dead and we should acknowledge them.

MR P.B. WATSON (Albany) [12.39 pm]: It gives me great pleasure to talk about the 100th anniversary of Gallipoli on behalf of my Albany electorate. Albany has great historical significance because it is from where the Anzacs left for Gallipoli.

I would like to congratulate the state and federal governments for all the work that they have done in Albany to help us with not only the 100th anniversary of when the soldiers left, but also the National Anzac Centre. I was walking along Middleton Beach the other day looking out and thinking of all the ships, all those young people, young boys and men getting so excited. If members go to the Anzac centre, they can see the photos of them walking around town, marching up and down for their big adventure, "We're off to fight the Germans." They left from Albany and the last thing that they would have thought looking back over Albany from the back of the ship is that it would be the last place that they would see ever again of Australia. A lot of them would not be coming home and Albany was the last thing they saw. That is not a great thing to have, but our City of Albany reveres that thought because we want to make sure that the young people who came to Albany from New Zealand and from all the country towns are remembered. Looking at the country towns, all the young people—young doctors, horsemen, people who were part of the community—just went, just like that. These communities then had to survive. The women had to survive. My mother was a Wren during the war. She used to make uniforms for the soldiers.

There is a great photo of all the soldiers on the sphinx. I have the photo at the back of my desk in my office. Looking at the ages of some of the people, I am sure that some of the boys on the right-hand side would not be more than 15 or 16 years of age, but they were going to this great adventure. They were going on this great adventure, and the next thing they knew, they were in the trenches in Gallipoli. I have had the opportunity to go to Gallipoli on Anzac Day. Sitting at the service there in the morning, there was not anyone who was not crying. The Turkish man next to me said we could feel their ghosts. Looking back, we could see that the cliffs that they were climbing up were just insurmountable. The Australians, New Zealanders, French and British just kept going and going and going. All these people were heroes just for taking off from that beach.

We cannot forget the Turks. We were invading their land, but they lost 55 000 people. Atatürk had that great saying, "Your sons are our sons." We have a sculpture of Atatürk on the boardwalk in Albany and we have renamed it Atatürk Passage. A lot of Turkish people come down there just to see it. If Australians go to Turkey and meet a Turkish person in Istanbul, they will come up and hug and kiss them—these are the guys too, not just the women. There is a respect that we have got to have for the people we fought against. When they were leaving, the Australian boys thought they were going to fight the Germans. They did not really want to fight the Turks but they were put in a position in which they had to.

The Premier has talked about personal experiences and other members about family. When I was younger, I used to like to read war comics. I asked my dad to tell me about the war, and he would not say. He said, "No, I am not going to tell you." One day he said, "Okay, I will tell you. It's when your best mate takes off in the plane. At the end of the runway a Stuka comes in and blows him out of the sky. You've got to go out there and pick up his pieces and send them back to his wife. That is what war is about." We must never forget these people. It is not only the ones who lost their lives, but the ones who came home with those memories that would be there forever. We did not recognise post-traumatic stress disorder so these people had it for the rest of their lives. We must never forget them.

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Lest we forget.

MR S.K. L'ESTRANGE (Churchlands) [12.44 pm]: Mr Speaker, 416 809 enlisted, 60 284 died, 155 133 woundings, 4 044 prisoners of war, and there are 431 448 recorded sicknesses or non-battle injuries that affected one or more men multiple times. That is a heavy toll.

We often reflect and ask ourselves what this sacrifice was for. Dudley McCarthy wrote a book titled *Gallipoli to the Somme: the story of C.E.W. Bean*, that great war correspondent. In this book, McCarthy refers to a small book written by Charles Bean, which was published before the end of 1918 under the title *In Your Hands, Australians*. McCarthy reflects on Bean's book —

There is no particular literary quality in this book—nor would its author have claimed any. In its structure it is reminiscent of *The Dreadnought of the Darling*. Just as the latter was simply a series of newspaper articles loosely strung together on the thread represented by that river, so *In Your Hands, Australians* might have been a similar series inspired by battlefield memories. Against the background of those he tries to fashion a sort of blueprint for effort through which Australia might become a great country and an ideal place for Australians to live in. He sees it as a legacy left in the hands of the people remaining by those who have died.

Bean wrote —

They gave it into your hands, Australians, when the bullet took them....They stood where others crouched; they were up and over the top when others hesitated; they went straight for the machine-gun when others planned or thought or questioned....And why did they do it? Why did they enter that service? And what were they aiming to obtain? What were they fighting for? Not themselves, certainly....They entered [the war] and they fought to keep the world (and Australia above all the world) a free place, where men have the right to live according to their lights, provided those lights involve no harm to others, without being dictated to by others who happen to be stronger than they....It is the loss of those men, beyond all question, that is Australia's loss in this war. The money—the material—is nothing, simply nothing. With a trifling effort we can replace all that—if we did not we should scarcely miss it. But we can never bring back those 60,000 men....They have handed into your keeping a wonderful, precious possession—Australia. Is she not worth living and dying for? Is she not worth a life's work to make her more beautiful, better, greater, happier; even if we can only do something for one little corner of her, in one little way—is it not worth doing?

Lest we forget.

MR P. PAPALIA (Warnbro) [12.47 pm]: The presence earlier of the Royal Navy Cadets—I think they were Royal Marines Cadets as well, by the look of them—in the Speaker's gallery reminded me of this day, three days before Anzac Day, in 2003. At that time, I was with a clearance diving team at a place called Khawr az-Zubayr, a stone's throw from the Al Faw peninsula. As executive officer, it fell to me to prepare for the coming Anzac Day. We were embedded with the Royal Marines 3 Commando Brigade—thousands of Royal Marines—and my commanding officer suggested that we invite some of the Royal Marines along, if they would be interested, to attend an Anzac Day service. We passed on the word and received notification that they had had to restrict attendees to people with direct descendants who had died at Gallipoli because there were so many British military people serving in the 3 Brigade at that time who had an interest or a desire to attend; they had to restrict it to those people with that direct link. On the morning of Anzac Day when the sun rose across what used to be marshlands, there were hundreds of them. They did not want to overwhelm us with the presence of all the people who would have liked to have attended, and all the British would have liked to have attended. That was a stark reminder to us. It was not lost on any of us that we were standing in what had previously been the Ottoman Empire, and that so many British troops and so many other troops of the British Empire died at Gallipoli, as well as Australians. The numbers that have been reflected upon are extraordinary and they are worthy of commemoration. They are worthy of acknowledgement: 60 000 dead from a nation of fewer than 5 million people is an extraordinary number, and 156 000 wounded, and who knows how many incapacitated in a way that was not acknowledged at the time.

Those numbers are enormous and it was an absolute tragedy. However, I am inclined to share some of the weariness articulated by a number of observers, particularly younger veterans in recent times, with respect to the manner in which we allow the Gallipoli legend in particular and the Anzac tradition to be almost overwhelmingly representative of what we think about when we commemorate military service. We are spending an awful lot of money, and I think that is a good thing. The contribution of governments around the country and the federal government to the commemoration is appropriate because the impact on the nation was extraordinary, but I guess I share some of the reticence of people such as James Brown, an academic and the author of the book entitled “Anzac's Long Shadow: The Cost of our National Obsession” in which he makes

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observations that are not entirely critical but suggest that maybe we spend more time caring for and thinking about dead people and the people who have gone than our current warriors—our current soldiers, sailors, airmen and women—who are confronting the same type of physical and mental challenges and injuries as that of their ancestors, and that perhaps we should be caring more for them and focussing a lot more on them. I cannot avoid making the observation that only this week the Australian Federation of Totally and Permanently Incapacitated Ex Servicemen and Women called for their pensions to be indexed better. It is interesting that those people who are alive right now, who were injured through their service, appear not to be treated with as much respect as we could be treating them and perhaps with not as much respect as we treat the memories of people who are long gone.

I share the view of people such as John Bale from Soldier On and a lot of other ex-service organisations that have sprung up in recent times that we need to do more, and we need to focus on people. Only this morning I and some of my colleagues, whom I thank for being there, attended the Naval Clearance Diver Trust breakfast, which is a fundraiser to support current and former personnel who have suffered in the line of duty. There are now a lot of trusts similar to that trust, such as the Australian Defence Force Assistance Trust, the Commando Welfare Trust and the first Special Air Service Resources Trust formed after the Blackhawk crash in Queensland. All of those trusts have sprung up because there is a need.

The Returned and Services League of Australia does a great job, and I commend Graham Edwards for reinvigorating the Western Australian branch of the RSL and for making it relevant to current generations of veterans. However, if there is this much need, there is a problem, and I think we should take the opportunity here to use the commemoration and the memory of the wonderful Anzacs—what they did, their courage and sacrifice—to reinvigorate ourselves and encourage all of us to focus on supporting the people who are here now and their families, to assist them in the challenges that they confront now.

MR F.A. ALBAN (Swan Hills) [12.54 pm]: Today this Parliament recognises 100 years of the Anzac legend. It has been 100 years since our country showed its bravery and tenacity for the whole world to see and since that fateful landing in Gallipoli. The story is familiar to us all—the landing, the strategic battles, the evacuation and the cost in young lives. The scale of that sacrifice and loss was beyond anything imaginable at the time. Among the troops were the 11th Infantry Battalion and the 10th Australian Light Horse Regiment, both from Western Australia. We are familiar with locations such as the Nek, Lone Pine, Battleship Hill, Baby 700, Chunuk Bair and Quinn's Post and traits such as mateship, determination and bravery. We have heard many tales of bravery, including that of Private Simpson and his donkey or the nurses who worked to save and heal our troops in circumstances that can be only described as difficult and dangerous. We have seen photos and heard the details of the ingenuity of arranging rifles to fire, as drips from a canteen fell into a pan to cause the trigger to squeeze to keep up the pretence of an occupied trench during the final evacuation. We all relate to the history of Anzac differently.

Last year on an Anzac study tour I visited Greece, which is located less than 100 kilometres from the fateful peninsula of Gallipoli, Turkey. Many of the sites I visited in Greece were the host of significant events during the campaign in 1915. I also visited sites of the 1941 Greek campaign, which hold many similarities to Gallipoli and one which often remains unrecognised in our nation's consciousness. Next year we will recognise the seventy-fifth anniversary of that battle.

The island of Lemnos is home to much Anzac history. The tiny island's port was used before and after the Gallipoli campaign, and apparently the shelling at that conflict was audible on the island. A third Australian general hospital was based there, as was the Sarpi rest camp. Portianos Military Cemetery, the final resting place of some 300 casualties of Gallipoli, is located on the island also. Those men did not die on the beach at Gallipoli, but like those poor souls, they would never make it home. There is also a street named Anzac on Lemnos. Lemnos would again play host to many of the Australian and New Zealand army corps in 1941 during the Second World War, and our Greek allies would again risk their lives to assist our troops.

There has been much discussion about the Anzac spirit—what it means and how it is represented. The Anzac spirit was born in tragedy, in the face of extreme opposition, and with a display of incredible bravery. Its ideals have been carried by our committed service men and women to this day and will continue to be carried on into the future. If Gallipoli is considered to be the coming of age of our young country, then the Anzac spirit will remain evident throughout Australia's history.

Last year I saw firsthand how the Anzac spirit has left an indelible mark on the tiny island of Lemnos, which is a world away from Blackboy Hill and training camps around our great country. That is evidence enough that the spirit of Anzac is everlasting, and a true tribute to those young Australians who never made it back to our shores. In a century of service by our armed forces, we say, today we remember the many empty places at the family

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table and the emptiness in hearts that nothing can fill. We offer up a silent prayer for those who have lost a loved one in recent conflicts, that they may have the strength to endure their loss. Lest we forget.

MS M.M. QUIRK (Girrawheen) [12.59 pm]: Today's visitors to Anzac Cove can read the inscribed words of Kemal Atatürk, who defended Gallipoli and subsequently became President of Turkey, which state —

“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 in peace.
After having lost their lives on this land they have
Become our sons as well.”

On the other side of the world, in Albany, from where those young men set out on their voyage to Gallipoli, there stands a statue of Atatürk. It is a paradox that our two nations have bonded in war, not as allies but as enemies. We learned something from one another: we learned to admire the courage and ingenuity of others; we learned to see ourselves in them, as they saw ourselves in us. Atatürk's speech makes no distinction between Johnnies and Mehmetts or between Anzacs and Turks—they were all young men who died in the same place for the same reason, just on different sides.

We never think of war as bringing people together, yet it does. Just as it brought us together with our foes, it also brought us together with our friends. There is no “ANZAC” without New Zealand, and we sometimes forget, as Australia forges its way in the world, that our oldest and closest friends are just across the Tasman. We do not merely share geography with New Zealand; we share history, and we share values. These are the things that we must turn to and commemorate in this centenary year—the camaraderie engendered by shared experience, and especially by shared suffering.

We remember the wives, children and mothers waiting at home. We remember the thousands of Red Cross volunteers, who supported soldiers by producing knitted and sewn goods as “comforts” for the troops, caring for the wounded, helping their families, and assisting to locate soldiers reported missing in action. As soldiers returned, the work of the Red Cross turned to their care and rehabilitation.

Because for some people, their war never ended. Returned service personnel brought with them the scars on their bodies and the wounds to their souls. For such people, the burden of war, and its cruel legacy, persisted long after the treaties were signed. Many of the returned suffered recurrent respiratory conditions from gassing, or had lost limbs or carried a range of other debilitating physical injuries, limiting their movements and constraining their still young lives. And then there were those whose psyches were devastated by the condition that was then called “shell shock”. Many witnessed their mates with whom they had grown up cut to pieces by flying steel, and apprehended daily that the same fate awaited them. It is not surprising that many men sustained psychological collapse. What is more horrifying is that they were accused of malingering, and some were even shot for cowardice. Imagine how hard and perplexing it must have been for the veterans' loved ones, especially at a time when these symptoms were not readily understood or associated with exposure to the trauma of war.

Generals and politicians have biographies and memorials of their own. Anzac commemorations are not about them. They are about the soldiers, the aviators, the sailors and the nurses. It is about those who taught us to endure hardship, to show courage, to be bold as well as resilient, to believe in ourselves, and to stick together. It is a legend not so much of sweeping military victories but of triumphs against the odds, of courage, and of ingenuity in adversity. Our duty at this commemoration of the centenary of Anzac is clear—to honour those who served, and to remember those who died, and to ensure that the lessons learnt live with us forever.

And that is exactly what we will do. We shall not forget them. We shall honour their memory, not merely in the words spoken on 25 April each year but in the everyday re-enactment of the values that they have bequeathed to us.

Their legacy is a free and fair democracy; an open and just community; shared values; and the simple camaraderie of being Aussies together.

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Lest we forget.

MS M.J. DAVIES (Central Wheatbelt — Minister for Water) [1.04 pm]: On the eve of the 100th anniversary of Anzac Day, our nation will stop to reflect on the courage of people and the value of friendship, to honour the dead and to acknowledge those who suffer from the effects of war. We will gather, not to glorify war, but to celebrate the spirit of the Anzac.

The Anzac legend, which has been reflected in the comments of many of the speakers today, has grown to personify those characteristics that we as a nation hold in the highest esteem—courage, mateship, determination and sacrifice. We honour and pay tribute to the Anzac spirit, and those who carried it into the theatre of war, by pausing to reflect each year.

During a speech that was made during a service in one of the Anzac ceremonies that I have attended since I have been a member of Parliament, the speaker said something that caused me to pause and reflect. He said, “How little is asked of us that we only have to remember the sacrifice of others.” For some, that sacrifice was a life cut short—a journey that was never completed. For others, it was a life changed, their path altered forever and overshadowed by an experience that can be understood only by those who have experienced or served in conflict.

I have no knowledge of what war is like. I have no real notion of the pain, the suffering, the fatigue or the sorrow that this experience creates. For that privilege, I thank every man and woman who has served on our behalf and who carries that burden for me. For that privilege, I pledge never, ever to be complacent about our history and the people who have helped to shape it.

There is no greater gift or legacy than freedom for future generations. In my life this gift has a very personal face. It has a human face. It is my grandfather, it is my great uncles and it is my neighbour. It was my grandfather Donald South, who enlisted a matter of days after his eighteenth birthday. He trained in Northam and served in New Guinea. He returned to Australia, and he never really spoke of his experiences in war again. It is almost as though he served two lives in his 91 years on Sunday—one life that we have shared and one he would rather we never know. It is my great uncle, who was one of over 2 000 allied prisoners of war held in the Sandakan prisoner of war camp in north Borneo, having been transferred there from Singapore. They were transported from Changi to Sandakan in July 1942, and he died as a prisoner on 4 January 1945, aged 37 years. It was my great, great uncle, who served as a private in the 50th battalion and was killed in action in France and now lies with his mates in the cemetery in Harbonnieres. It is my neighbour from Wyalkatchem, Paul dePierres, who was conscripted to fight in Vietnam, the only son of a family. Our family had six boys, and not one of them was called up to serve.

Our tribute to these men and their mates, their families and their friends must be to honour the freedoms that they fought for. Our role is to live the best life that we can, and to give 100 per cent each and every day to make our family, our community, our state and our nation the best version of itself. Only then are we honouring the sacrifice of those who paid the ultimate price.

Throughout the electorate of Central Wheatbelt, communities have chosen to celebrate and reflect on Anzac Day in many different ways. Wongan Hills has had an entire week of events. The Shires of Mt Marshall and Beverley have utilised funding provided by the state and commonwealth governments under the Remembering Them program to commemorate families who were impacted by the war and what life was like in World War I during those times. The Shire of Merredin has planted at the entrance to the town hundreds and hundreds of poppies that have been made by people within the community. In my home town of Wyalkatchem, my neighbour Paul dePierres, who was conscripted and served in Vietnam, scripted and pulled together a community show that was played in the Dowerin and Wyalkatchem town halls over the weekend, to pause and reflect, through a play and music, on the impact of war on a generation of people and families.

In Northam this weekend, we will honour Hugo Throssell, who was the recipient of a Victoria Cross, having served with the 10th Light Horse Regiment in Gallipoli. He was born in Northam, and it is fitting that we acknowledge him 100 years on. I am sure everyone in this chamber is aware that he had a troubled history when he returned from the war, and it took some time for the community to acknowledge him appropriately. I think it is very fitting that in this 100th year, we as a community in Northam unveil a statue of Hugo Throssell and reflect on that family and the people who came after him, and on his sacrifice during that war.

I will be joining communities right across the central wheatbelt, as I am sure every member will be doing in their electorates, to pause and reflect on all those characteristics that we associate with the Anzacs.

MR P.C. TINLEY (Willagee) [1.09 pm]: On this day 25 years ago, I had the very great privilege of standing on the deck of HMAS *Tobruk* as a member of the Royal Military College Duntroon as a cadet as part of the

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Australian Defence Force contingent to escort every living and able-bodied veteran of the Gallipoli campaign back to Gallipoli for the seventy-fifth anniversary of that landing and that horrible and atrocious campaign. On that ship's deck with me was the veteran that I and my mate were assigned to look after. As dawn arrived, HMAS *Tobruk* rounded Lemnos and headed to the bay now known as Anzac Cove. Of nearly all those veterans, none had clapped eyes on that beach for 75 years. As members can imagine, the emotion was palpable; not a word was spoken, just a quiet tear here and there from them and us as we honoured them in the best way we could by trying to give them in the final days of their lives—many of them 90-plus—closure on something that had stained their memory and their psyche for all their adult lives.

Later that day we took them ashore and escorted them around the various places that they wanted to go to. My mate and I stood at the cove and our veteran, Pat Johnson, asked, "Where are we?" It was a bit hard to see. He asked where the sphinx was and we orientated his position to the sphinx, the Nek and all the other things that could be seen only from the shoreline. Pat paused and looked back at the beach and said, "Yes; we came ashore there." We said, "Pat, it's been 75 years; the beach has changed; are you sure?" He said, "Yes; I know it's changed, but we came ashore there. We ran up there. I lost five mates there. We got that far and we all ran straight back to the beach to survive. That's what we did for eight months—was simply survive."

I am also reminded on this day of the last line of the fourth stanza of English poet Laurence Binyon's 1914 poem *For the Fallen* that we now know every 25 April as the RSL ode. That last line reads —

At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them

It is how we choose to remember them that is absolutely essential as the living embodiment of Anzac values.

In 1980, when I marched as an Army reservist down St Georges Terrace on Anzac Day, someone could have let off a cannon on the footpath and it would not have hit anyone. Now the crowds are 10 deep and that is a good thing. However, it is important that it is not a dead memory but a living memory. It is important we embody the characteristics of what it is to be Anzac and never allow it to degenerate into a static civic religion, if you like. We have to keep it alive and well. How many of our schools have we gone to where we have talked about Anzac characteristics and been asked what is the Anzac spirit or we have asked the kids what they think it is? A nuanced and more sophisticated understanding evolves beyond Simpson and his donkey to understanding that this is a lived value, reflecting values that we hold ourselves and bring into this chamber every single day of our conscious life. As we have heard from the various speeches, our speeches have come from a personal perspective. Our personal interpretation is probably more important than the collective one. What Anzac means to us is an essential component. We have heard people talk about their families, their relatives and, indeed, even their personal experiences. As I say, Anzac commemoration is a living, breathing thing. One of the most laudable characteristics I know about the Australian soldier, airman and sailor is a laconic irreverence. Their sense of humour, be it black or white, pervades all parts of what they do and the way they conduct themselves and their laconic irreverence of authority in particular. The Anzac spirit of challenging authority and sometimes dissenting from authority is a key, living value for me that this very chamber should embody and pursue in everything it does.

Challenging authority is a great Anzac tradition no less exemplified by a German Jew civil engineer and Melbourne Army reservist, General Sir John Monash, perhaps our most famous general, who, himself, was opposed by this very establishment for his command of the 4th Brigade at Gallipoli. He challenged the tactics of the day of sending one man after another into the mouth of a machine gun in the expectation of a successful result. He challenged that status quo. Being the engineer he was he realised that coordination was the most important component of tactics. He invented what we now know as the combined arms assault whereby he would finish the artillery at the second-perfect time of when the men arrived at the trenches. On 8 August 1918 at the battle of Amiens he won the day with that tactic. As a result, he is widely credited with shortening the First World War with those very tactics. It is the Anzac characteristic of dissent, of challenging and of questioning that is very important to the vibrant democracy we enjoy today. That for me is what the soldiers fought for, not geography or material gain of any kind, but for the privilege to have and be part of the democracy that we enjoy now.

A grand legacy was presented to us after that whereby challenging the status quo lives on right through to today in the modern Australian Defence Force where, regardless of our gender or sexual orientation, there is a place for us in the Australian Defence Force. That anomaly was challenged and defeated many years ago. It is also the status quo that acknowledged every first Australian—Aboriginal people of Australia—who fought in every war for 87 years before they got the vote in this country, and that delivered that sort of inclusion. These are the sorts

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of things that I live and work for and that I like to think every thinking, conscious Western Australian will embody as they contemplate the Anzac tradition in their own personal journey.

But more directly and individually, when the bugle falls silent on Saturday and we are all asked to contemplate for a minute in silence at dawn, I myself will bow my head and thank David Nary, my very good mate, who I lost in Iraq; Sergeant Andy Russell in Afghanistan; and my 15 mates whom I lost on the high-range training area in Townsville in the Black Hawk helicopter accident. I also extend a thought to the living, those veterans who arrive in my office looking for help and, more importantly, their wives, families and parents who come to my office looking for help for them. They signify the importance of how mental health is delivered to them and how it is extremely important that we challenge that delivery. More personally, I also share a thought for my son Oliver Tinley, who now serves in the 3rd Battalion, and thank him.

MR T.K. WALDRON (Wagin) [1.17 pm]: It is a privilege to follow the member for Willagee and other members of this chamber who have served our country so well and I am sure everyone shares that view.

I would like to be brief and say that Anzac Day is one of Australia's most important days, especially this year being the 100th anniversary. It has been an important day since our troops landed at Gallipoli on 25 April 1915. I feel that over the past decade or so, this day has become more important to Australians, particularly our young Australians. There is no doubt that our troops at Gallipoli all those years ago started a great and proud tradition. That real Australian spirit has endured and, I think, is as strong as ever today. Anzac Day is a special day on which we remember and honour those brave Australians who served us then and all the brave men and women who have served us since the war in Gallipoli. I think we should also give special thoughts to our service personnel who are currently serving overseas, and their families. There is no doubt that these brave Australians have carried that fine Anzac spirit with them, which has once again served us so well. I want to make it clear that we should never glorify war. I have been extremely lucky not to experience war, but I remember talking over the years to my late father and to others who experienced war. They emphasised to me that war is a terrible and shocking thing.

I want to share a story with members. In 2000 I travelled to Germany to visit my uncle's grave. Uncle Terry was a tail gunner in a Wellington bomber, and at just 20 years of age he was shot down and killed over Germany in 1942. I am very proud and privileged to be named after him. His grave is in the Rheinberg War Cemetery in Germany and no member of his family had ever been there since he was shot down. I went with my wife and two youngest daughters. I got the maps of the cemetery from the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, and what a fantastic job it does. After a \$100 taxi fare from the railway station at Oberhausen to get out there, I was able to walk directly to my uncle's grave. I have copies of Terry's letters from those days when he was flying out of England in which he talks about longing for the sands of Mosman Bay and the gum leaves of WA. We took some sand from Mosman Bay and some gum leaves and we put them in his grave, which was a very emotional moment. At this cemetery in Rheinberg there are also the graves of lots of other Allies, but also German war graves. It was quite an irony because the taxidriver was an old German fellow who told us how he had lost his mum and his sister to the Allied bombing over Dusseldorf. We shook hands at that cemetery and talked about the irony that he and I were there together, and who knows, my uncle could have been dropping bombs that killed his mum and sister. It was indeed a really poignant moment. When I left my uncle Terry's grave I got very emotional. I just wanted to reach down and grab him and bring him home to those Mosman Bay sands and the gum leaves, but of course I could not do that. It was a really sobering but moving experience, because it made me realise how I felt that day and the numbers, as we have heard today, of people who were killed and the people who were affected. It just brought home to my wife, my daughters and I the immense tragedy of war.

I think it is good that today there is a really strong trend we have seen of the past years of young people in Australia embracing Anzac Day, which I am sure would make all our past and present service men and women feel extremely proud. They embrace the Anzac tradition and the Anzac spirit and each year we now see thousands of young Australians making pilgrimage to Anzac Cove or attending services right across Australia. I am also proud that around Western Australia and Australia every city, every town and even the smallest communities have their war memorials and their Anzac services. In closing, I encourage everyone to celebrate and enjoy Anzac Day as I am sure that is what our service men and women of the past and the present would want.

The SPEAKER: I request members to pass the motion by observing a minute's silence.

Question passed; members standing.