



**ANZAC  
DAY**



**PROJECT PIRIPI**  
Module 5

Piripi came home one Friday in April, with a small flower made from red fabric green plastic and a black button sort of thing in the centre. He pulled it out of his pocket and put it on the table.

“Where did you get that?” enquired Koro.

“They were selling them at school today. Well swapping them for a coin really. It didn’t matter how much you gave. My mates bought one and I had fifty cents left over from my lunch money. Can’t even buy a drink for that so I swapped it for this flower. It’s for ANZAC day next week. We don’t have to go to school that day. I’m looking forward to a sleep in.” Piripi explained. “You have an old faded one on that ancient brown photo of a soldier on the wall, so I thought I would get you a new one.”



“Thanks. Very thoughtful of you. Do you know why they have poppies on ANZAC day?” Koro asked.

“Yeah, well sort of. Something to do with Australian and New Zealand soldiers getting beaten by some turkeys in the war and they got buried with poppies on their grave.”

“Turks, not turkeys.” corrected Koro.

“Well I reckon they were turkeys if they killed our guys.” Piripi responded.

“Your story is not quite right.” Koro continued. “Do you know which war?”

“I don’t know. Iraq or is that meant to be Iran, Afghanistan, Israel, Gaza, Turkey, Vietnam, they are all in the same area aren’t they? We did some research about wars at school.”



“Well, Vietnam is in Asia, but the others are in the Middle East. And it is true, there has certainly been fighting there, on and off for ages.”

“And they grow heaps of poppies there?”

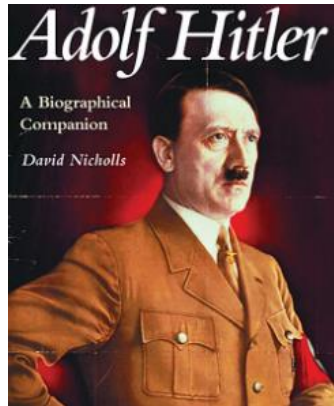


Ukraine,  
Libya,  
Gaza,  
Israel,  
Iraq,  
Afghanistan,  
Vietnam,  
North Korea,  
Somalia  
South Sudan  
Congo

“Well that is true. Afghanistan grows heaps on poppies, and they use them for making illegal drugs which they sell to buy guns. Not a good story!”

“So why do we have these poppies, if poppies are for drugs?” Piripi enquired curiously.

“Well, the poppies for ANZAC have nothing to do with drugs.” Koro explained. “They were growing in France in, World War One.”



“Oh yeah! Adolph Hitler and those bad guys.” Piripi chimed it show off his history knowledge.

“No Piripi, it was before Hitler. He came to power about twenty years after Germany lost the World War One. But it was a fight against the German Empire. It was when they invaded France over 100 years ago.

My grandfather’s brother was killed over there in a battle called Passion Dale. That is him in the photograph. Do you want to put your new poppy on it?”



OK,” replied Piripi, reaching up, removing the old poppy and fastening the new one with a bit of blue tack.

“So passion dale is a strange name for a battle. Our principal keeps on telling us to do things with passion at assembly. Play sport, do maths, write stories, all sorts of stuff. We have to do them with passion. And dale. Well that is the bottom of a hill. Again our principal at assembly said that during our cross country we had to run with passion up hill and down dale. What has that got to do with a battle in France?”

“I’m not sure how to spell the Passiondale where Great Uncle Tai died.”

Piripi sniggered.

“What are you laughing about boy. My spelling? Well, you find out how to spell Passiondale!”

“I wasn’t laughing about that Koro, I was laughing about tie dyed. Some of the kids at school made tie dyed tee shirts using blue and green to symbolise the sea and the islands around here.”

“Well I was talking about Great Uncle Tai, who was killed in October 1917. Heaps of other kiwi soldiers either died or were wounded that day.”

“Sorry for laughing Koro, it wasn’t appropriate.” Piripi offered while going for a closer look at the photograph. “He didn’t look very old Koro.”



“No. I believe Tai was a teenager when he died.” There were about half a million soldiers died in that battle, not just Kiwis and Aussies, but English, Canadians and the Germans as well. Absolutely senseless loss of life! “Koro added passionately.” They were buried on the battlefield, and before long red poppies were growing over them.”

“So is that why we have poppies at ANZAC. What about the Turks. Were they in France? And you said October, but ANZAC day is April. Why is that?” It happened a couple of years earlier. The Australian and New Zealand forces were sent to Turkey, because the Turks had joined up with the German Empire.



The ANZAC soldiers ended landing on the wrong place because on April the twenty fifth they should have been landing at a beach, where they would run up a small slope to a paddock where they could attack the Turks. Unfortunately, some navigator made a mistake, and they landed on a cove where there were steep cliffs, so they couldn't easily get up and fight the enemy. The Turks could see the ANZACs and fire down on them whenever they wanted.” That was the disaster of Gallipoli.



“So why didn’t they get out?”

“Well they did, eventually, but the soldiers dug trenches to give themselves some cover, and kept on fighting bravely. In the end the Turks won the battle, though thousands of soldiers on both sides died.”

“So did they get buried and have poppies growing their graves?”

No! The poppy tradition started later after the war was over. Some soldier wrote a poem about the poppies in Flanders fields where a friend of his had fallen. As a result of that the poppy became a symbol to remember those who have served their country in war. We have poppies on Anzac day, 25th of April. Many other countries have their poppies on Remembrance day which I think is about November.”



“OK Koro. So what are you going do on Anzac day?”

“At 10 o’clock in the morning there is a service at Memorial Park, then morning tea at the citizens hall. I will go there as I do most years. What about you?”

“10 o’clock? OK I can have a small sleep in and come with you.”

“Not just for the morning tea?”

“No to honour my great great uncle Tai. Or should that be three greats?”

“And my father who died after serving in the second world war. I am going to wear one of his medals. Do you want to wear one that Tai got posthumously? OK, but it doesn't sound too humorous to me.” Piripi concluded, scratching his head.

From Northland and Auckland,  
Waikato and three bays  
From the mountains and the forests,  
City streets and country ways.  
From the sounds in sun drenched Marlborough,  
The plains, the alps the coast.  
The young men of our country,  
Volunteered- when needed most  
Young men of our country, so many lives to lose  
Remembering those lives gives me the ANZAC blues .

Called up in nineteen fourteen,  
To a fight that wasn't yours,  
To the muddy blood-filled trenches,  
Poisonous gas and canon roar.  
Midst the bayonets and bullets  
And bodies on the ground,  
Empire versus empire,  
Obey - the bugle sound.  
Empire versus empire, so many lives to lose  
Remembering those lives gives me the ANZAC blues .





Anzacs fought the Ottoman,  
When Britain rang their bell,  
To spend nine months in battle,  
In the Turkish Dardanelles.  
Three thousand kiwis died there,  
Fighting at Gallipoli,  
Five thousand more were wounded,  
And some were lost at sea  
Eight thousand Aussie soldiers too, so many lives to lose  
Remembering those lives gives me the ANZAC blues .

The first world War was over,  
Four years of tear-filled days.  
A bloody war to end all wars,  
The politicians say.  
But when the babies born in peace  
Toasted twenty-one,  
The gift they got from government;  
A helmet - and a gun.  
Fighting for our freedom, so many lives to lose  
Remembering those lives gives me the ANZAC blues .

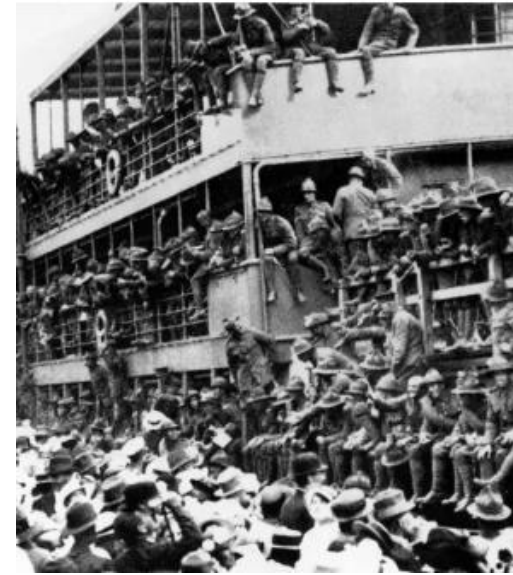


*The last sultan, Mehmed VI, departed the Ottoman capital, Constantinople (now Istanbul), on 17 November 1922.*



Again young kiwi men were called,  
And many women too,  
Troubled times in Europe,  
Join in with world war two.  
So, side by side and stride for stride  
Marching back to war,  
Leave your waka and sailing boat.  
A troop ship.- Come on board.  
Service to our countries, more lives that we may lose  
Remembering those lives gives me the ANZAC blues .

Adolf was determined  
To win the world by force.  
He thought they were a better race,  
Though he was wrong of course.  
There's good and bad in every land  
And many good ones died.  
Fighting for their countries  
Soldiers- on both sides.  
Fighting for their countries so many lives to lose  
Remembering those lives gives me the ANZAC blues .



Not just on the blood-stained fields,  
But now death from sky.  
Fighters, bombers, rockets too  
As every nation tried  
To win the battles in the air,  
Kill and count the score.  
Eighty million lives were lost  
In six years of that war  
Eighty million deaths, so many lives to loose  
Remembering those lives gives me the ANZAC blues .



August nineteen forty-five  
Atomic bombs were dropped  
Before the month was over  
The war had all but stopped  
But did we learn a lesson  
From all those tragic times?  
Did we learn a thing or two  
We, - and all mankind?  
Bombs on Hiroshima, so many lives to lose  
Remembering those lives gives me the ANZAC blues .



I am right, and you are wrong.  
We don't see eye to eye.  
I'll beat just to prove I'm right!  
Now I'll tell you why.  
I fight for to prove that I am strong  
Superior to you.  
You're different so you must be wrong.  
To think the way you do.

We've fought in the Pacific  
Asia and Afghanistan,  
We've been there in the Middle East,  
And battled man to man.  
We've fought along side heroes,  
Our soldiers who have died.  
Our families wear our battle wounds,  
Our wives - and children cry  
Fighting for our politics, more lives we're sure to lose  
Thinking of those lives gives me the ANZAC blues .

(11)From North and South,  
From East and West,  
From farms and factories  
From forests, fields and fisheries,  
Gravel tracks and city streets.  
From the islands of our waters  
The mountains, plains and coast,  
Defenders of our nation  
Are there - when needed most  
Defenders of our nation, perhaps more lives to loose  
Thinking of those lives gives me the ANZAC blues  
Yes! Thinking of those lives gives me the ANZAC blues

