Anzac Ted
For the Anzacs — every one a hero.
And for my husband, David — my hero.

Belinda Landsberry
Anzac Ted’s a scary bear
and I can tell you why.
He’s missing bits, his tummy splits,
he only has one eye.
His fur is torn and dirty
and he hasn’t any clothes.
He doesn’t hear with just one ear;
he should have two of those.

His head is kind of wobbly
and his legs are rather slow.
Perhaps it’s due to one or two encounters with a foe!
I put him in the washer
and I try to get him clean,
but Anzac clings to bras and strings
and things I’ve never seen.
He frightens all the children, 
making Show 'n' Tell a mess. 
I don’t know why some start to cry 
but reckon I can guess.
He never wins the Toy Show when we vote our favourite toy.

He doesn’t tote a single vote from any girl or boy.
Instead the class just ridicules,
all twenty-seven kids,
though no one knows my Anzac’s woes
or just how brave he is.
They just can’t see he’s special
or the secret he may hold.
He might look worn and badly torn
but Anzac’s very old.
See, Anzac was my grandpa’s
when my grandpa was a kid.
He made it through a war or two,
just like the Anzacs did.
When Grandpa Jack enlisted,  
he was only twenty-one.  
He kissed his wife, he loved his life,  
and hugged his baby son.

Then Grandma packed a teddy bear,  
the bear he called his own.  
‘For luck,’ she said, ‘take Anzac Ted.  
I know he’ll bring you home.’
So Anzac Ted went off to war,
from Africa to Greece.
And in each tent that Anzac went
he gave our soldiers peace.
He soon became their mascot, and despite the diggers’ dread, they knew that they would make it through alongside Anzac Ted.
So Anzac was a hero
when the war was finally done.
Though battle-sore and scarred by war,
he’d faced his fears — and won.

He never saw a medal,
but some heroes never do.
And we don’t see just how we’d be
without our Anzac crew.
I know he isn’t pretty
and some people roll their eyes,
but if they see, like you and me,
through Anzac’s thin disguise ...
They’d see a hero, plain as day,
who sits upon my bed.
A hero who saved me and you.

His name is ... Anzac Ted.
The first Anzacs (Australian and New Zealand Army Corps) were soldiers from both Australia and New Zealand who fought to help Britain and her allies (friends such as France and Russia) in World War I.

When Britain declared war against Germany on 4 August 1914, Australia and New Zealand sent thousands of soldiers to Britain’s aid. They first sailed to Egypt where they were trained, then to Gallipoli, in Turkey, to fight against the Turks who were allies of the Germans.

The Anzacs arrived at Gallipoli in boats on the morning of 25 April 1915 but they were sent to a beach that was easily seen by the enemy, so many of them were wounded or killed before they even landed. Still, the Anzac spirit prevailed. Courageous, young and strong, the Anzacs refused to give in. Many fine men were wounded or killed at Gallipoli, and afterwards in the Middle East and on the Western Front in Europe — but their spirit lived on.

We commemorate Anzac Day on 25 April every year so we may honour and remember those who fought, those who served, and those who died for us.

While the first Anzacs fought or served in World War I, over the years Anzac Day has come to include Australians and New Zealanders who have fought or served in all wars, conflicts and peace-keeping operations.

The Anzac legend was born from a doomed campaign at Gallipoli, but rather than focus on loss, we focus on the characteristics of the Anzacs that contributed to the Allies' final victory: comradeship, bravery, tenacity, audacity and endurance. These are the same characteristics that make us not only proud to be Aussies or Kiwis today but which also strengthen our ties of mateship that not even the Tasman can divide.