

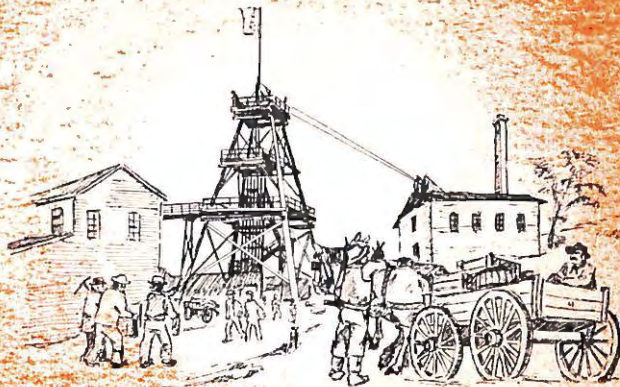


HERITAGE

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT— FOR THE FUTURE

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

No. 8. MARCH—MAY 1978



LIVING HISTORY

SOVEREIGN HILL - BALLARAT - VICTORIA

THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF THE AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE SOCIETY

THE AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE SOCIETY

The Society was formally launched at a National League of Rights Seminar in Melbourne on Saturday, September 18, 1971, by the Hon. Sir Reginald Sholl, former Justice of the Victorian Supreme Court and former Australian Consul-General in New York. Sir Reginald said that "One of the least understood of our inherited blessings is the standard of personal freedom under the Common Law."

Seminar papers were presented by the Victorian Attorney-General, the Hon. (now Sir) George Reid, Q.C., Sir Raphael Cilento, Sir Stanton Hicks and Mr. Eric D. Butler. Sir Raphael Cilento is the first Patron of the Heritage Society.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP

\$10 per year entitles associate members to the "Heritage" journal as well as any other literature issued by The Society.

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"Heritage" will be posted quarterly for \$6 per year. A special offer of one normal subscription plus a gift subscription is available for \$10. Simply send us your name and address and that of the gift subscriber and we will post "Heritage" quarterly. With the first gift edition notice of the sender's name will be enclosed.

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HERITAGE

No. 8

MARCH - MAY 1978

GOOD START TO '78

Unlike many voluntary organisations the Australian Heritage Society is not concerned with building up vast numbers of individuals into some type of pressure group. We are concerned with alerting Australians to the insidious erosion of almost every tried-and-tested value which innumerable hardworking Australians have tried to uphold, many with their lives. We don't ask our members and supporters to "sell" the Heritage Society; rather we ask them to make use of our organisational structure to introduce relatives and friends to a programme of regenerating the great Australian spirit in the hope that our children will not be faced with a sick and insipid society in which to grow and mature.

INTEREST IN "HERITAGE"

Many correspondents have congratulated the Heritage Society for publishing such interesting and informative views on a variety of topics. We are fortunate in this issue to have a hard-hitting article on the moral aspects of our defence. A young Australian from Victoria has joined "Heritage" as a regular contributor and readers will agree that Jeanette Wallis and her writings will become a feature to look forward to.

Enclosed with this issue is a new brochure introducing The Australian Heritage Society. A special tear-off section is provided for "Heritage" subscriptions. We ask that you obtain a supply of these brochures and distribute them as widely as possible. A small donation to at least cover the postage would be appreciated.

SUBSCRIPTION OFFERS

In a drive to boost "Heritage" subscriptions we announce elsewhere on this page a year's free subscription for every 3 new subscriptions collected. We also offer a saving for those wishing to subscribe up to 3 years in advance. In this case the following rates will apply.

1 year \$6.00
2 years \$10.00
3 years \$13.50

A special form is enclosed to assist with the collection of names and addresses.

FREE SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

Members and supporters are urged to take advantage of this special offer designed to attract more subscribers to "Heritage".

In this issue we have enclosed a form which simply requires an individual to collect THREE new subscriptions and thus earn a free year's subscription.

PLEASE NOTE that payment must accompany each form. Additional forms are available on request. This is a unique opportunity for members to help expand the activities of the Heritage Society. Your assistance will be an investment in the future of Australia.

Discount for Students

The growing demand for "Heritage" from schools and individual students is such that we are now offering a yearly subscription at a special reduced rate of \$4.50 per year (a saving of \$1.50).

BULK PRICES

This edition of "Heritage" is available at the following bulk prices:

10 copies \$10.00 (posted)
20 copies \$15.00 (posted)
50 copies \$25.00 (posted)

Groups and organisations may care to take advantage of these reduced rates.

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ELIZABETH II

Loyalty Pledge Report

TRIUMPHANT END

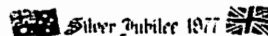
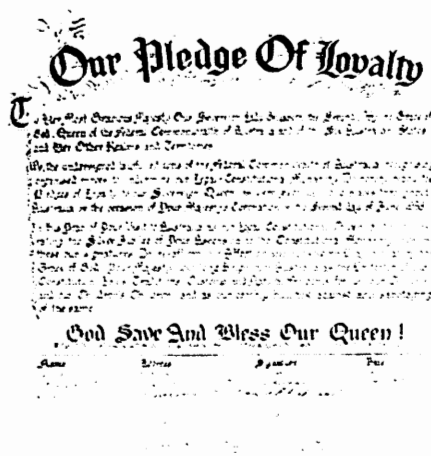
Towards the end of the year 1976 and with the approach of the Silver Jubilee, Her Gracious Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II in 1977 and the visit of Her Majesty to Australia, the Western Australian Branch of the Australian Heritage Society initiated the production of a very beautiful and appropriately worded "Pledge of Loyalty" to Her Majesty to mark the occasion of her Jubilee visit to Australia.

Many thousands of these Certificates were printed by "Heritage" and distributed to Branches, members and supporters throughout Australia. They were eagerly accepted and then commenced a whirlwind campaign for signatures, the idea being to present all of them to Her Majesty, through His Excellency The Governor-General, before she completed her Australian visit. Certificates, filled with signatures, began pouring in and it was at this stage that I was invited to take charge of the collection, collation and despatch of such Certificates to the Governor-General for transmission to Her Majesty - no mean task. Naturally the task performed by so many volunteers in all parts of Australia took quite some time and it will be recalled that the visit by Her Majesty was a relatively brief one. However, I was able to forward the first package containing many thousands of signatures in time for His Excellency to present them to Her Majesty just before she left our shores.

The response was amazing and in all well over 50,000 signatures were lodged with me, were checked, counted and collated then forwarded to His Excellency, The Governor-General for transmission to Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, London. How do I know there were over 50,000 signatures? Simply because I personally checked and counted them and the signatures hailed from all parts of Australia, many from very remote Country Centres in all States. I might mention that when checking and counting the signatures I was very delighted to find amongst them a large number of obviously, by their surnames, relatively new arrivals in Australia who have joined us from foreign countries. This I found very heartwarming.

The printing of a beautiful colour souvenir reproduction of the Silver Jubilee Loyalty Pledge for sale to members and the general public was a delightful thought and an excellent conclusion to what must be described as a wonderful effort by members and supporters of the Australian Heritage Society I would like to thank very sincerely the Editor of "Heritage" and all State Branches, members and supporters for their wonderful enthusiasm and support.

By **ROY STUCKEY, O.B.E.**
President, N.S.W. Branch Australian Heritage Society



Perhaps I may be forgiven if I make one final comment. Is it not time that the members of the Australian Heritage Society, through the respective State Branches, initiated a membership campaign and set up some form of loosely knit Australian National Council so that we may confer more often and work more closely for the objectives which are very dear to us? Let us not forget for one moment that all opponents, those who wish to establish an Australian Republic to destroy all present monarchical form of government and our ties with Britain, all dedicated and ceaseless workers and will leave no stone unturned to achieve their objectives. If we allow this to happen we deserve all that will undoubtedly come to us.

SCROLLS ON DISPLAY AT ST. JAMES' PALACE



BUCKINGHAM PALACE

3rd December, 1977

Dear Mr. [unclear]

I am commanded by The Queen to acknowledge your letter of 26th October and to say that the Pledges of Loyalty containing more than 30,000 signatures were laid before The Queen when they were delivered to Her Majesty in Fremantle in March this year. The Queen greatly appreciated this affirmation of loyalty from so many Australian citizens.

The Governor-General has now forwarded the additional Pledges from all over Australia which were delivered to Admiralty House, Sydney in July, and these too have been laid before The Queen.

Yours sincerely
William [unclear]

Members and supporters will be pleased to hear that the loyalty Pledge campaign ended on a triumphant note. Those who so willingly collected signatures can be proud that their efforts were welcomed and appreciated by the Queen.

The letter from Buckingham Palace has been reproduced for posterity.

As an added bonus to this campaign the Queen's private secretary informed The Australian Heritage Society that the scrolls were displayed for some time in St. James's Palace, London, along with other messages and gifts sent to The Queen during the jubilee year.

The entire loyalty Pledge campaign confirms the Heritage Society's view that large numbers of people are not required to attain a major goal. A dedicated few, armed with sufficient faith can achieve tremendous results as witnessed last year.

Events during Her Majesty's jubilee year demonstrated to the entire world that the strength of any nation lies in the unity of its people. The Monarchy and its institutions is much more than garden parties and public receptions. By example alone it has earned the respect and admiration of nations not so fortunate.

The Loyalty Pledge campaign was only a part of the Heritage Society's continuing programme of involving Australians in the defence of our heritage. The success of this venture will have resounding affects in years to come.



by Air Marshal Sir Valston Hancock RAAF
(Retired)

Plans for the defence of Australia can have no solid foundation unless they spring from a united and sturdy people imbued with a strong belief in the moral values which underly our democratic way of life.

PROTECTING OUR HERITAGE

MORAL ASPECTS OF

NATIONAL DEFENCE

Thoughtful Australians sense that our external defence measures are quite inadequate although they may be unable to identify the origin and nature of the potential threats. By contrast the danger from within our country is much clearer even though our enemies use a variety of stalking horses to mask their aim.

That aim is no less than the destruction of our form of parliamentary democracy and the Australian way of life with all those liberties we have come to accept, albeit rather too lightly, as our natural heritage.

These enemies are Communist oriented and they attack all institutions, activities, traditions etc. which are designed to promote national stability, harmony cohesion and economic strength.

WRECKING OUR SYSTEM

The form of government which they advocate appears to be embedded in that catch phrase "social justice". Any attempt by this coterie to codify it in meaningful terms usually results in the most bitter of internal wrangles as to which brand of Communism is to be the pattern of our bright new future. We still have no real pattern from them of what is to follow the destruction of our way of life but the world is full of examples of single party governments, and worse, with the inevitable loss of liberty which follows. Why then should we allow these destroyers virtually a free hand in wrecking our system?

Is our form of parliamentary democracy and the human liberties which flow from it worth defending?

It has not been a pattern of recent or painless growth. It stems from Magna Carta when in 1215 King John conceded political and civil liberties to his subjects. This initial charter has evolved down the centuries to curb the powers of despots, be they monarchs or governments and to ensure that the people have the ultimate voice in government.

It has given us a stable society achieved by evolution and not by revolution.

WEALTHY INHERITANCE

Today, thanks to scientific developments and the peoples participation in government we have a wealth of material benefits far more widely and fairly distributed than they were even a few decades ago, we are freed from the fear of abject poverty, we show a greater social conscience in caring for the deprived, the handicapped and the aged and we enjoy virtually unlimited freedom of speech. We have a system of

justice which deliberately errs on the side of the offender lest the innocent suffer.

Of course social injustice still occurs. It always will while the mass of human beings remain what we are — a mixture of sacrifice and selfishness, of greed and generosity, of altruism and acquisition, of love and hate. Any system of government is only as good as the people who activate it. Without being specific, a glance around the world reveals that human liberties and frequently material well being suffer when unrestricted power is in the hands of an oligarchy or despot and the majority of the people have no real voice in government.

LUCKY COUNTRY

Our system with all its blemishes and frustrations is still evolving and will continue to do so unless basic freedoms and checks on power are destroyed. Surely this is worth working for, fighting for and even dying for, but are we prepared to make those sacrifices? "Better Red than Dead" is a phrase which can be heard on the lips of a few and may well be in the hearts of many. This philosophy springs from a number of sources. Probably the most important is the fact that we have never had to fight for our existence on Australian soil and we don't, as a whole, really believe the need will arise. Another is our good fortune in being the "lucky country" where the essentials for life come relatively easily. More and more we turn to Big Government to provide what we demand as a right. Political parties attempt to outbid one another to win our votes at the expense of the public purse. Our initiative, self reliance, self respect and energy is being sapped to the point where we may exchange our real liberties for the promise of material welfare.

SPEAKING OUT

It is long past the time when we should show some moral courage and stand up publicly for the things which form a stable society and preserve our basic liberties. Today a speaker has but to point an accusing finger at Communism and he is deluged with epithets of "alarmist", "imperialist", "union basher", "war monger" etc. frequently accompanied by threats of violence. This tactic is quite effective. None but the hardy persist in the face of this storm and many who would otherwise stand and be counted remain silent.

HALTING THE DECLINE

We are not going to change this decline in our moral standards unless we get fire in our bellies ignited by a strong belief in the values we have inherited, tested and retained in the process of

evolution — values which inspired our forefathers through the medium of hard work, self reliance and comradeship to make Australia a land of freedom and opportunity. Under the attack from within this process is now sadly retarded. What has happened to those qualities of honest workmanship, of dependability, of loyalty? In many cases they seem to have been displaced by the antithesis of these virtues and in consequence the real quality of life is falling significantly. It does not have to be so. To name but one of the antidotes to this malaise we would improve immeasurably our contribution to the common pool if we all applied ourselves conscientiously and steadily to our tasks throughout working hours.

WILL TO SURVIVE

The code of ethics enshrined in the Ten Commandments, Christian dogma aside, has been one of the strongest foundations of our society since it began to evolve. Could there be a better base for a resurgence of the national will to survive and to crush those insidious forces undermining our nation?

Plans for the defence of Australia can have no solid foundation unless they spring from a united and sturdy people imbued with a strong belief in the moral values which underly our democratic way of life.

CHARACTER BUILDING

All of us should take a hand in this by applying the ethics which have guided us in the past. More particularly, resurgence might start in our homes with the young and continue into some form of national service which need not be directly oriented towards military training. In the past too much emphasis has been placed on training the young in the mastery of basic military techniques. The malaise in our modern society demands that emphasis should be laid on character building i.e. the inculcation of self discipline, of determination, fortitude, of self reliance, yes and on the old fashioned virtue of patriotism.

These qualities are fundamental to leadership in peace no less than in war. If we can implant such a hard core in our society now we will have the primary foundation of defence i.e. high morale and the will to survive against our enemies from without and within.

ANZAC DISPLAYS COOL COURAGE

An old story worth re-telling

Private John Simpson is an almost legendary figure in the history of Australia at war. He was a man who, by his selfless devotion to duty and deep compassion for the wounded, in the brief time allowed him, set a standard of unostentatious bravery and self-sacrifice that has captured the imagination of all who have read of his deeds.

Born John Simpson Kirkpatrick (he chose to enlist under the name of John Simpson) in County Durham, England, on 6 July 1892, he enlisted at Blackboy Hill Camp, Western Australia, on 25 August 1914, in the 3rd Australian Field Ambulance. Of stocky build, the possessor of a carefree and cheerful nature, there was that touch of individualism which gave added colour to his qualities of kindness and courage. Passionately fond of animals – every dog was his friend in camp – he even managed to take a young possum with him on the trip to Egypt. It seemed right that he would later seek the assistance of an animal in his work of saving life.

Simpson was the second man ashore from his boat at the landing at Gallipoli. The first and third men of "C" Bearer Section were killed. Because of the heavy casualties suffered by the section on that first day and the loss of equipment, it has been suggested that this is the reason that Simpson got the idea of commandeering a small donkey to assist him on his errands of mercy.

"MURPHY"

Various reasons have been given to explain the presence of a number of donkeys at Anzac Cove. Members of the 16th Battalion Machine Gun Section said that two were purchased by the battalion at Lemnos for the purpose of carrying gear and ammunition and that one of them was recognised as being the donkey commandeered by Simpson. However, it has been said that he operated with two donkeys. There is also some confusion about the name of the donkey used by Simpson. "Murphy", "Duffy" and "Abdul" are three of the names by which the animal was known. Simpson himself was known by various nicknames one of which was "Murphy" this, no doubt, arising from an incorrect assessment of his accent.





A scene at the 3rd Australian Battalion dressing station in Shrapnel Gully, Gallipoli, on April 26, 1915 showing the wounded coming down the valley.

There are conflicting reports on the manner of his death and widely varied are the numbers mentioned of wounded men he brought to the safety of the dressing station on the beach. None of these conflicting reports, however, alter the fact that he was a supremely brave man motivated by no other desire than to help his comrades when they were so desperately in need of help. The terrible conditions of those early days were such that, at a later date, blurred reports must inevitably have resulted. The main aspect on which all are agreed, is that during the short period of his service on Gallipoli, Simpson behaved with almost superhuman bravery, carried a great many of his wounded comrades to safety and earned the admiration of all who saw him at work.

The shortages of bearers and equipment after that first day were so great that Simpson, acquiring his small donkey, assumed a free hand and ran his own casualty-clearing service from Shrapnel Gully (later renamed Monash Valley) to the beach ambulance stations. For 25 days – he was killed on 19 May – he worked untiringly in his dedicated role administering to his comrades, completely oblivious of the heavy machine-gun fire, bursting shrapnel and deadly sniping down the valley. He would give the slightly wounded man first aid, loosen the equipment of a dying man and for the leg wounds, and those who had enough strength and presence of mind to hang on, he would carry on his donkey.

PRAISE

The profound impression he made on those who saw him at work is evident in the following extracts from the Official History of the War of 1914-18. The Medical Historian, Colonel A.G. Butler wrote:

“A stretcher-bearer of the 3rd Field Ambulance, of quiet disposition, enlisted as ‘Simpson’ had obtained a small donkey, and with this animal (known as ‘Duffy’) he for many hours daily trav-

ersed the valley, bringing down in this way an extraordinary number of cases. When warned of the extreme danger that he ran, he would always reply ‘My troubles!’ On May 19th, at the same spot as General Bridges, Simpson was shot through the heart. No cross of bronze has marked his valour, but in the memory of his brief service he gained a monument more enduring. ‘Simpson’ has been selected for mention because the quality of his courage and the nature of the service in which he lost his life are typical of those demanded of the stretcher-bearer, who must carry his case undeviatingly without haste but without rest, through long periods of exacting and dangerous toil. Conduct such as his, and the high standard set from the first in the rescue of wounded, gained for the stretcher-bearers what they desired – not a halo of sentimental eulogy, but the confidence of the men who fought and comradeship on terms of equality with them”.

And the Official War Historian, Dr. C.E.W. Bean has this to say:

“One bearer there was whose name has become a tradition in Australia. A number of donkeys with Greek drivers had been landed on April 25th for water-carrying. The Greeks were soon deported, and after the first days the donkeys ceased carrying and fed idly in the gullies until they gradually disappeared. Private Simpson of the 3rd Australian Field Ambulance, was seized with the idea that one of these might be useful for moving men wounded in the leg. On the night of April 25th he annexed a donkey, and each day, and half of every night, he worked continuously between the head of Monash Valley and the beach, his donkey carrying a brassard round its forehead and a wounded man on its back. Simpson escaped death so many times that he was completely fatalistic; the deadly sniping down the valley and the most furious shrapnel fire never stopped him. The colonel of his ambulance, recognizing the value of his work allowed him to carry on as a completely separate

unit. He camped with his donkey at the Indian mule camp, and had only to report once a day at the field ambulance. Presently he annexed a second donkey. On May 19th he went up the valley past the water-guard, where he generally had his breakfast, but it was not ready. ‘Never mind, he called, ‘Get me a good dinner when I come back’.

He never came back. With two patients he was coming down the creek-bed, when he was hit through the heart, both the wounded men being wounded again. He had carried many scores of men down the valley, and had saved many lives at the cost of his own.”

JOHN MONASH

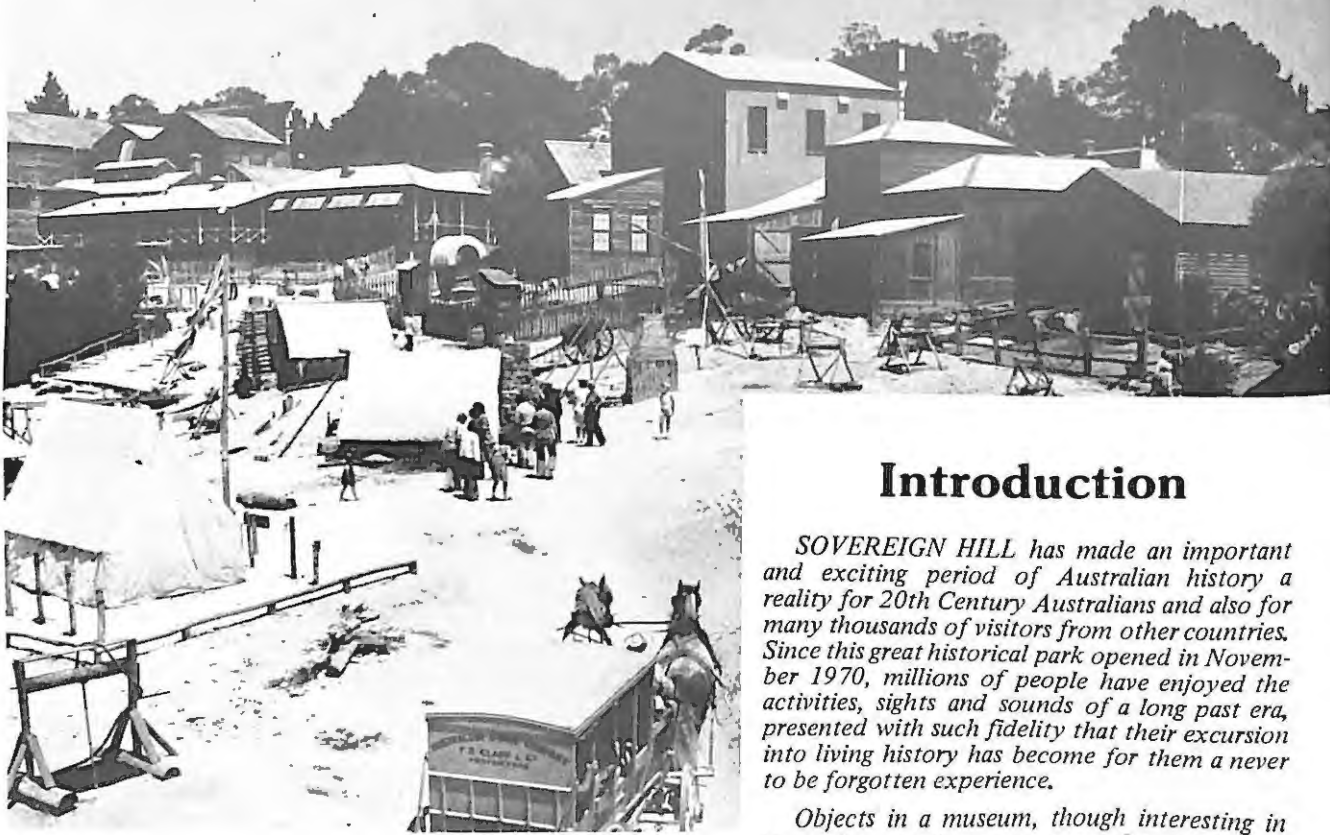
Colonel (later General) John Monash, at that time Commanding Officer of the 4th Brigade, in a letter dated 20th May 1915, to H.Q. New Zealand and Australian Division, wrote as follows:

“I desire to bring under special notice for favour of transmission to the proper authority, the case of Private Simpson, stated to belong to ‘C’ Section, 3rd Field Ambulance. This man has been working in this valley since 26 April, in collecting the wounded, and carrying them to the dressing stations. He had a small donkey which he used to carry all cases unable to walk.

Private Simpson and his little beast earned the admiration of everyone at the upper end of the valley. They worked all day and night throughout the whole period since landing, and the help rendered to the wounded was invaluable. Simpson knew no fear and moved unconcernedly amid shrapnel and rifle fire, steadily carrying out his self-imposed task day by day, and he frequently earned the applause of the personnel for his many fearless rescues of wounded men from areas subject to rifle and shrapnel fire.

Simpson and his donkey were yesterday killed by shrapnel shell and inquiry then elicited that he belonged to none of the A.A.M.C. units with this brigade, but had become separated from his own unit and had carried on his perilous work on his own initiative.”

The story of Simpson is to a large extent the story of all stretcher-bearers. Unsustained by the hot-blooded heroism shown by men in violent action, unable to retaliate, with only the often meagre protection afforded by a red cross flag, these men calmly exposed their lives to danger to save their comrades and so built up the tradition of selflessness and cool courage that is a feature of their service.



Introduction

SOVEREIGN HILL has made an important and exciting period of Australian history a reality for 20th Century Australians and also for many thousands of visitors from other countries. Since this great historical park opened in November 1970, millions of people have enjoyed the activities, sights and sounds of a long past era, presented with such fidelity that their excursion into living history has become for them a never to be forgotten experience.

Objects in a museum, though interesting in themselves, rarely move us — often we do not know their original purpose, or how they were used — but at *Sovereign Hill* they have been placed in their proper setting. Many of them form part of working exhibits which vary in size from humble gold-pans to the mighty engines of the quartz mine. The huts, tents, shops and public buildings reflect the pattern of Ballarat's development in the decade from 1851, while the mining complex illustrates the increasing sophistication and industrial skills of one of our most lucrative and romantic industries over the half century when gold was supreme.

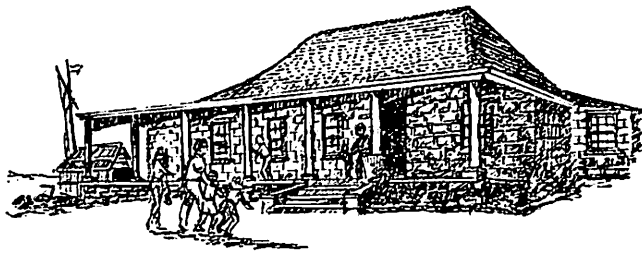
At all stages of reconstruction emphasis has been placed on authenticity and fidelity to the period. To these ends, the advice of experts in all the relevant fields has been constantly sought and followed.

SOVEREIGN HILL has become very popular for school excursions, combining, as it does, education and entertainment. To enter a world unseen by the living, to see how in 1851 the diggers lived and laboured in a foreign environment; to actually pan for gold as our forefathers did, are experiences not easily forgotten.

Re-living the Past at Sovereign Hill

BALLARAT-VICTORIA

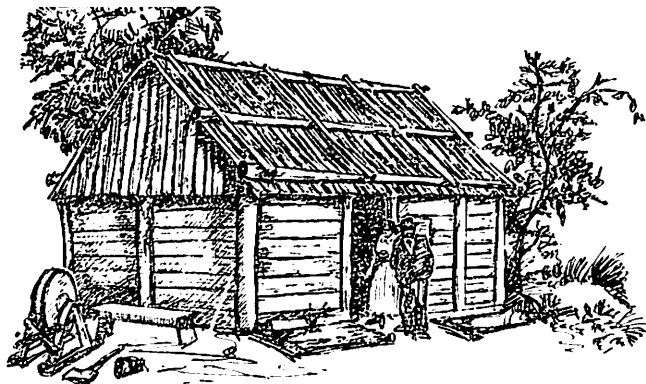
We are grateful to the Ballarat Historical Park Association for their assistance in providing the text and sketches for this article.



THE ENTRANCE BUILDING

The Entrance Building serves to welcome visitors into the period atmosphere of Sovereign Hill. It also houses a souvenir shop, wash rooms and toilets and provides a comfortable lounge for meeting friends. The large oil painting on the East wall is by Noel Counihan, acknowledged as Australia's leading social-realist artist and whose work is exhibited in major galleries both at home and abroad. This fine painting depicts the great protest meeting of the Ballarat community at Bakery Hill on 29th October, 1854, and was painted expressly for the Eureka Stockade Centenary Commemoration of 1954.

The bluestone used in the walls came from the old Magpie Methodist Church. The red cedar shingles for the roof were imported from Canada. The great beams beneath the roof are bolted together in the colonial fashion and every detail, from the rich carpet and the early portrait of Queen Victoria, to the tree trunk supports of the verandah, has been checked for appropriateness to the period. In appearance the structure resembles a squatter's mansion and thus contrasts significantly with the slab hut of the early settler seen above the sloping ground near the pond to the west.

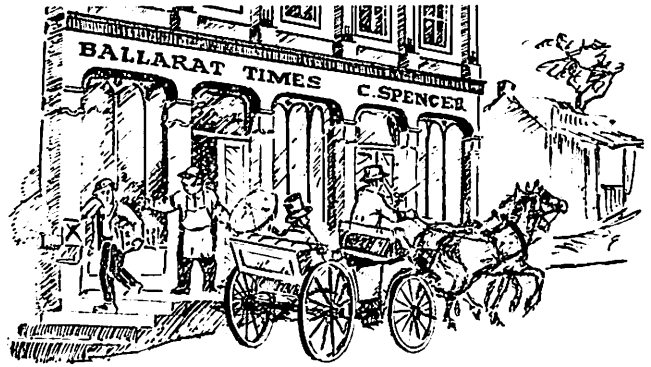


THE SLAB HUT

The natural setting of native trees; a pond with water lilies and tall rushes, enhance the rough beauty of THE SLAB HUT. Here is a picture of the loneliness and tranquility of life before the gold rush. Inside, the hut is neat, warm and snug. The floor is of mud mixed with fresh cow manure and the beds have "bush-feather" mattresses, which are wool bags and flour sacks stuffed with gum leaves. There are dingo skins hanging in the hut; the shepherd's equipment is ranged along the walls, and there is a well fitted-out open hearth. Books and Bible are there for the needs of the mind.

Outside is a portable shepherd's watchbox, often shared at night with a faithful dog whose hollow log kennel sits near the massive entrance door.

The building was brought to Sovereign Hill from Raglan, an early settled district, about 40 miles west of Ballarat. The slab walls, bark roof, sapling poles tied with green hide, and stone chimney are all typical of the habitations of the pastoral era in Victoria from 1834 to 1851, when gold lay undiscovered.



THE BALLARAT TIMES OFFICE

The Ballarat Times was famous, even notorious, during its short but eventful life. It was a voice of popular dissent on the goldfield and its editor, Henry Seekamp, was gaoled for sedition at the time of the Eureka Stockade. His fame increased when Lola Montez, the Irish adventuress, ex-mistress of the King of Bavaria and popular entertainer, whipped him through the bar of the United States Hotel in Main Road.

In the *Times* office, where visitors may have their names inscribed on "Reward" posters, and where much of Sovereign Hill's own printing is done, there are presses of great historical interest. The Improved Albion press dates from the 1860s. It was discovered in pieces under a wood-heap at Echuca and subsequently restored at Sovereign Hill, where most of its original wooden type is kept. The other presses come from London and from Cleveland, Ohio, and are fine 19th century examples of their kind.

SPENCER'S CONFECTIONERY

Charles Spencer was a man of several trades who was well known in early Ballarat as baker, grocer and confectioner. For a time, in this part of the Times Office, he made and sold a great variety of wholesome sweets. As a sales outlet for old style confectionery from Brown's factory, now to be seen behind Clarke's Tinsmith shop, Spencer's shop gives an opportunity for young and old to sample the delicious sweets enjoyed long ago by people as "sweet-toothed" as ourselves.

THE SOHO FOUNDRY

With the coming of heavy machinery needed by mining companies for their deeply worked mines, the simple skills of the blacksmith, although indispensable were not equal to the task of repairing the great machines now in use on the goldfields. For the casting of new parts and later for the manufacture of implements and engines many iron foundries were established in Ballarat. The Soho was one of these and the building at Sovereign Hill has been copied from a printed advertisement of the period. Here today, local craftsmen can be seen making miner's panning dishes and a variety of useful household utensils.



THE POST OFFICE

The Sovereign Hill Post Office is situated at the corner of Main Street and Golden Point Road. The design, from S.T. Gill's well known drawing as well as the original floor plan and elevation of 1854, is certain to please admirers of colonial architecture. In 1852, Adam's store, Golden Point, was the first post office on the diggings, and the site in Magpie Street, a few hundred yards north west of Sovereign Hill, is still known as Post Office Hill.

After Ballarat Township was surveyed by W.S. Urquhart in December, 1851 and then proclaimed in May 1852, the second post office opened in a tent near the corner of Sturt and Camp Streets. The third, in 1853, was also in a tent on the south west corner of Lydiard and Mair Streets. It was managed by W.J. Cartwright. Charles Pain, who came from Castlemain, was appointed postmaster on 1st September, 1853 and Cartwright became his clerk. A substantial wooden building – post office and residence – was built to serve the population on that site until 1858 when a new bluestone post office was built on the north east corner of Sturt and Lydiard Streets.

The Sovereign Hill building is a faithful copy of the post office which stood at the corner of Lydiard and Mair Streets. Service to the public was from the windows and consequently there was great congestion with fisticuffs on Fridays nights.

The Post Office provides postal and philatelic services. Mail posted in the old-time red pillar-box outside the Entrance Building will receive a souvenir postmark. The postmaster's attached residence is furnished in grand style and should not be missed by those interested in early-Victorian antiques.



THE NEW YORK BAKERY

The original New York Bakery was in Clayton Street, off Main Road, and was owned by John Reid, the son of a Wurtemberg nobleman, who had come to Australia by way of the United States, not to find gold, but to make a good living, baking bread for the diggers. John Reid's bread was first baked in open ovens in 1853. As he prospered he built his first shop which operated as a bakery and refreshment rooms.

Mr. Alfred Reid, a son of the founder, advised the architect who produced this concept of the bakery and tea rooms. Luncheons and light refreshments are served to patrons by waitresses in period costume, adding an atmosphere of rest and charm to the spacious and faithful Victorian interior. The illusion of being part of an earlier age is preserved by the panorama of Ballarat East – the diggers Eldorado – and the Red Hill Diggings, seen from the building's expansive windows.



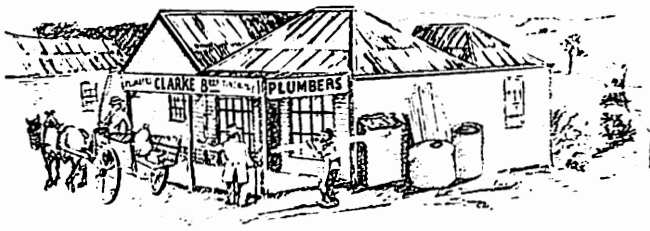
THE EDINBURGH POTTERY

The craft of the potter came early to the Ballarat goldfield. Simple crocks and bowls, cups and jugs, dishes and plates, were coveted utilities for miners and their wives in need of something better than tin plates and pannikins.

In the 1850's the Edinburgh Pottery was a forerunner of many busy potteries making good use of plentiful local clay. Later on, importations of china ware and glass lessened the demand for kitchenware and the potteries turned to making decorative articles like vases, urns and ornamental chimneypots.

At the Edinburgh Pottery skilled potters can be seen at work every day, using local clays and the craft methods and materials of the goldfields' era. The operation of the pottery is under the supervision of Mr. John Gilbert, who has an international reputation as a potter. Examples of his art are in most Australian public galleries and in many overseas collections.

Visitors are invited to use the foot-operated potter's wheel (Clay is provided). Sovereign Hill pottery can be bought at the counter.



CLARKE'S TINSMITH

The tinsmith's workshop once stood in Humffray Street North, Ballarat East. It was conducted by a local identity "Tinker" Clarke, who bequeathed it to Sovereign Hill at his death. Mr. Clarke's father was a tinker on the Ballarat goldfield, and many of the pannikins and "billies" which he made were found in the shop after his son's death in 1971.

The shop is divided into three rooms where tinfoil and sheet copper is cut and sold to order for such items as lanterns, biscuit cutters, flour sifters, coffee pots, billy cans, candle sticks, cake tins, graters and jugs. Note the small rack at the side of the building which held the wooden window shutters during the day.



THE QUARTZ MINE – ENTRANCE

The entrance to the Quartz Mine is found at the end of a track descending East from the poppet head. Tunnelling was a common method of mining quartz veins during the quartz era beginning in the 1860's. This tunnel has been developed by the same methods using similar timbering. Models of working miners are set into the tunnel sides to depict the mining methods then in use. The north portal of the tunnel leads to the Red Hill Gully Diggings. The tunnel is to be further developed as an underground museum of mining techniques.

With the exhaustion of the easily worked alluvial gold field of Ballarat East it became necessary to extract the precious metal from the quartz in which it was embedded. Enormous amounts of capital were required for labour to excavate the shafts and tunnels of a big quartz mine; to build the poppet head from which the cage carrying the miners was lowered into great depths and to buy the mighty engines which worked such equipment. The excavation of the quartz was only the beginning of the process, for it then had to be crushed by powerful stamping machines before the gold could be recovered.

The mine at Sovereign Hill, on the site of the North Normanby, which flourished at the turn of the century is typical of the many company quartz mines of 19th century Ballarat.

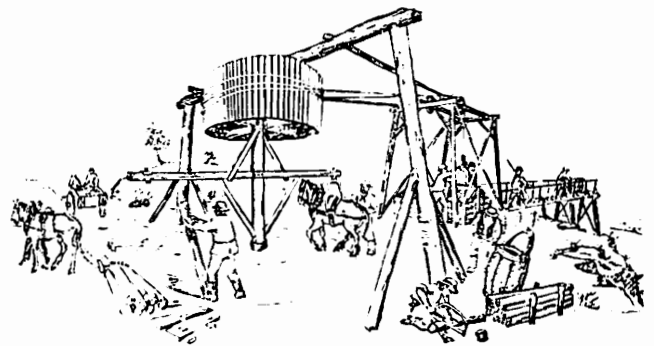
THE BATTERY

From 1854 to 1918, quartz crushing batteries were used to win gold for the many big mining companies of Ballarat East. The constant rumble of a thousand stampers was a background noise of the busy community. At Sovereign Hill a ten head stamper battery has been installed to demonstrate the full process of crushing and extracting the gold from quartz exactly as it was done in the boom days. The battery consists of ten stampers, each weighing 850 pounds. The two large wheels, driven by belts from the engine, cause each stamper to be lifted and dropped 70 times each minute. The steam engine to drive the battery was made at Ballarat's famous Phoenix Foundry about 100 years ago.



RED HILL GULLY CREEK PANNING CREEK

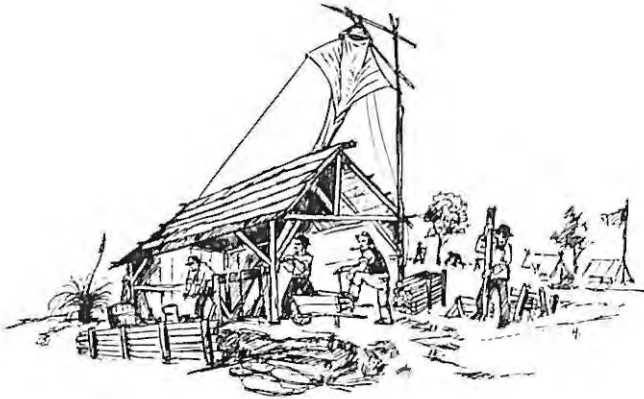
The busiest part of the Diggings at Sovereign Hill is Red Hill Gully Creek which is on the site of the south channel of the famous Red Hill Lead where large amounts of gold were discovered in the 1850's. The creek has been constructed to recapture the lively atmosphere of a gold rush. On occasions it is easy to imagine the frenzy of gold seeking as many visitors pan for gold and rock the cradles placed by the creek. A souvenir licence entitles the holder to a pan of "wash dirt" containing gold, and to a lesson in panning from an expert instructor.



THE WHIM 1853

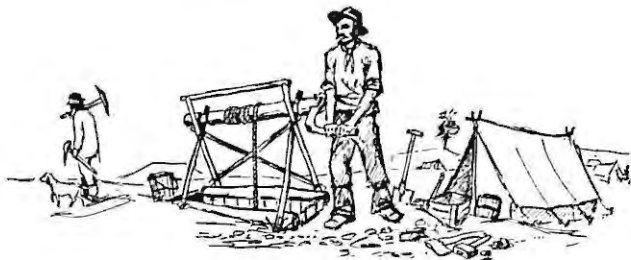
Of mediaeval design, and introduced at Ballarat in 1853, the Whim was used for alluvial and some quartz mines up to several hundred feet deep.

The horse, turning the drum, simultaneously raises one kibble and lowers the other in the twin shafts. The harness allows the horse to reverse.



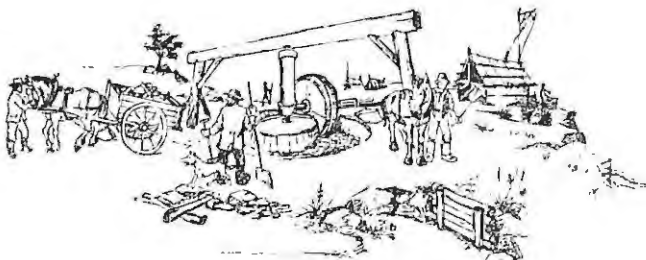
THE WINDSAILS

Most artists' impressions of the diggings in the 1850's show a profusion of windsails using the prevailing winds to ventilate deep shafts on the leads. The method was known to miners from mediaeval times. These are similar to sails used to ventilate below decks in sailing vessels. This simple sail can be turned into the prevailing wind and a draft funnelled down to the workings below.



THE WINDLASS

The variety of construction of windlasses on the gold fields in the 1850's was as great as the variety of material available. Many methods are shown here.



THE CHILEAN MILL

Adapted from the ancient olive crusher, and used for stone crushing in mediaeval times, the Chilean Mill came to the goldfields from the Spanish silver miners of South America. Gold containing quartz was crushed in this way before the general use of steam driven batteries in the late 1860's.

The stones of this mill were found in the bush at Nerrina, five miles north of Sovereign Hill. They weigh 4½ tons and were banded together again in 1970 by a local blacksmith, Mr. Jack Collins.



LOVE OF COUNTRY

From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"

SIR WALTER SCOTT

(Born August 15, 1771; Died September 21, 1832)

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:

"This is my own, my native land?"

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned,

From wandering on a foreign stand?

If such there breathe, go mark him well;

For him no minstrel raptures swell;

High though his titles, proud his name,

Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,

Despite those titles, power and pelf,

The wretch concentr'd all in self,

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,

And, doubly dying, shall go down

To the vile dust from whence he sprung,

Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

To The Editor

Australia Day

National day or just "another holiday"?

"Australia Day" is much before us — as viewers of commercial television cannot fail to have noticed. Perhaps the most outstanding impression one receives is the remarkable apathy of people generally and the oft-heard comment, "It doesn't mean a thing to the kids."

May I, as one with three-score years and ten more or less gracing the brow, offer a thought or two?

The comment above invokes food for thought and, in turn, the query, "Did it ever?" Frankly, I don't think it did. In fact, as kids, we hardly heard of it.

"Empire Day". Now there was an occasion we did know. Queen Victoria's birthday on 24th May. We had the afternoon as a half-holiday from school. Not only that: the morning was spent agreeably in assembling in the yard or hall and proclaiming vociferously our national pride (we were still British. The fact that we are no longer so, seems to have escaped many) in such songs as: Rule Britannia, Britannia The Pride of The Ocean, Land of Hope and Glory, Australia Will Be There, Lift Up The Five-starred (yes, it was 'Five') Flag, and Song of Australia. (As a matter of interest, we never heard Advance Australia Fair). We raised the Flag. We saluted the Flag. We sang the National Anthem (God Save The King, of course) and we thought that it was a very good thing to be British.

Maybe it was a bit jingo-istic — the Great War was raging and Gallipoli was on our lips — but it gave us a sense of pride, of security, of unity and of purpose.

Now, I do not suggest that we return to that particular custom — circumstances, with time, have removed the point anyway. We don't all need to wave a flag; but, at a time when 'patriotism' and 'loyalty' are regarded so widely almost as dirty words, perhaps a little honest jingo-ism wouldn't go astray; and an openly avowed belief in our country, even if only once a year, could help to make it in reality the great and united country that we like to think it is. A truly National Day, in fact. And Australia Day doesn't fill the bill.

(All praise, nevertheless, to those worthy folk who are striving to give it meaning. May their efforts prosper —



AUSTRALIA DAY — PERTH OVAL — Many nationalities gathered to present a spectacular display of folk-dancing. Sir Charles Court opened the display with "God Save the Queen". No dissenters were to be found among the predominantly migrant spectators.

though it does seem strange that the main 'attraction' this year features the culture of ethnic immigrant groups.)

Firstly, the time is unsuitable. The date of the first landing is fixed; but successfully to interest and to integrate the children in a celebration it is useless to hold it during school holidays.

Then there is Anzac Day. Here is a clash. For many years, and with very good reason, Anzac Day has been regarded generally, if not officially, as our National Day. In comparatively recent years Australia Day has been thrust upon us as the national day; a move that has created discord — particularly amongst old soldiers, confusion amongst young and old alike and could be the basis of the considerable apathy that exists. Anzac Day is changing; and, granted no further involvement in war, will, in the not-too-distant future, lose its 'personal' nature — though it will be a sorry day that sees lose all that it stands for. To many, it appears not sufficiently wide in concept for a national day.

This, then, might be a happy solution. Let Anzac Day become the National Day, (the moveable date would not matter) retaining its name and the morning its remembrance format; and let the afternoon be given to celebration of the progress and achievement of the country in peace as in war. There is correlation, too, in that our country was founded with the feet of Servicemen marching over the sands of our eastern seaboard; whilst world-wide recognition of our nationhood was won in the feet of Servicemen charging over the sands of Gallipoli.

I'll bet the kids would love it and learn from it.

In the meantime, we might well take heed of that stirring song

**"Take a new look outside;
Re-develop your pride
On this, our Australia Day."**

Sincerely yours,
"Old-Timer" (Name and address supplied.)



MAN'S BEST FRIEND

by Jeanette Wallis

The importance of language eludes many people, who see the study of grammar as quite boring and unnecessary.

But this misses the point.

A close examination of the development of language reveals that it is an essential component of civilisation.

Without a common language, society lacks cohesion. Communication degenerates to such a degree that mutual understanding can no longer exist. Words become unintelligible when uttered, and illegible when written. Frustration results, because people lack the facility to express their thoughts and feelings for others to comprehend and share. They become imprisoned within themselves, and at the same time lose all semblance of individual identity.

Today, we are witnessing this very thing.

INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM SUPPRESSED

People are losing their ability to communicate, and others are not developing it. Clarity and precision in expression is a thing of the much-maligned past. We have had thrust upon us a society in which no-one feels really comfortable, because we are all aliens.

We have multifarious "minority groups" (all disadvantaged, of course), and the most atrocious "discrimination" and "exploitation". New government departments are created to "evaluate the problems and formulate strategies to facilitate greater equality of opportunity". We have the hackneyed phrases "right wing" and "left wing" (which all but the bird-brained know mean exactly the same thing — suppression of individual freedom.)

Our radio announcers are not above reproach either. They mix their metaphors and load their utterances with redundant words and phrases, which are often as inappropriate as they are unnecessary: "accurately verify", "solid fog", "geriatric farmers", "economically viable", "4 p.m. in the afternoon", "at this point in time" — to mention but a few.

GRAMMAR DYING

We no longer take a pride in the manner and content of our speech.

The bohemian life style which is rapidly taking over our society is characterised by this decomposition of language.

Sloppy, half-finished sentences, unintelligible words, and the inevitable "ya know, ya know, ya know" when you don't and you wonder if THEY do, are the exciting new elements of speech.

Grammar is almost dead, And we have lost the backbone of our culture — genuine communication.

Perhaps man's best friend is not his dog. It is his dictionary.

THE AUTHORESS

"Heritage" will be even more enjoyable in future thanks to written contributions from this talented young Australian writer, Miss Jeanette Wallis of Victoria. Jeanette is currently completing studies in journalism and she employs her talents in many ways.

Apart from being a free-lance reporter for her hometown newspaper she also has an aversion for history, literature, music and as we shall see in future issues Jeanette is at home with the subject of Christian philosophy.

Readers will welcome Jeanette Wallis as a regular contributor to "Heritage" and wish her every success in her journalistic career. — EDITOR.

HISTORICAL CONTRIBUTIONS

Readers wishing to contribute similar stories should contact the Editor. Final copy with photographs will expedite their publication.

NEW GOVERNMENT HOUSE — SYDNEY

Researched and photographed by Alan Howe, N.S.W.

If Sydney is early Australian history then Sydney Cove contains the very bones of those early days. To the west the historic "Rocks" which was the homes and premises of the early merchants, shippers, and sailors, where warehouses and cottages of those days still exist. Behind Sydney Cove was the town proper following the banks of the Tank Stream where humble homes, businesses and people lived and worked, while to the east of Sydney Cove the Government, Colonial Offices, Courts, Hospital and other public authorities were to establish themselves. This then is an article of one aspect of the East side.

In 1788 Governor Phillip erected a timber and canvas house on the east side of Sydney Cove (now Circular Quay). This house was not satisfactory and was neither wind or water proof. A convict brick-layer James Bloodsworth was responsible for the erection of a second Government House in Sydney on the corner of Bridge and Phillip Streets (the location is today marked). This house consisted of six rooms and two storeys in Georgian style and the garden and orchard extended down to the Cove, and covered a large portion of what is now Sydney's Royal Botanic Gardens and the Domain.

In Parramatta a 'country' Vice Regal residence had been erected during the time of Governor Hunter (1795-1800). This Georgian building also replaced an earlier hut.

For fifty years the Bridge Street House served Governors and Administrators from Governor Phillip (1788-1792) to Governor Sir George Gipps (1838-1846). Macquarie, the newly arrived Governor, (1810-1821) wrote "no private gentleman in the colony is so ill accommodated". Macquarie made alterations and had Greenway (a convict) begin to design a new building "of stone". The Colonial Secretary would not approve the proposed expenditure and thus only the stables were built (1817). This stable building is now the nucleus of today's Conservatorium of Music.



View from rear with tower pinnacles, and numerous groupings of chimneys.

Complaints about the House continued for 25 years more and during the term of Governor Darling (1825-1831) a site and more plans were drawn up. In 1835 the Home Government finally agreed that a new residence was required and plans were prepared in London by Edward Blore. Work began in 1837. Stone came from nearby Pymont whilst cedar and marble came from more distant parts of the inland.

1845 saw the completion of the House to the delight of the then Governor Sir George Gipps, although the premises had been used on two occasions prior to completion, one being the celebration of Queen Victoria's Birthday in May 1843.

The new House, sited on the heights of Bennelong Point, is a two storey Gothic-revival House of the Early Victorian era (1837-1901). The workmanship is excellent throughout and the castelled and turreted

external appearance certainly give this building the air of housing a solid British, and Australian, institution. Twenty-five rooms form the House of which nearly half are bedrooms, there are adjacent rooms for staff offices and quarters. The extensive verandahs are amply supported on stone Gothic arches whilst the roof is covered with slate. Internal floors are timber and joinery is cedar. Minor alterations have occurred since June 1845 namely the Front Portico (1873), Eastern Verandah (1879), Ballroom and Governors Study extensions (1900-1901). The stonework of the building carries all the coats-of-arms of the occupants, except Sir George Gipps (1838-1846), up to 1923.

The present limit of the grounds were fixed during Sir Gerald Strickland's (1913-1917) residency in November 1915. Anyone who knows Sydney will be aware that although the immediate 10 acres, which contains tennis courts, swimming pool, and beautiful gardens sounds ungenerous for such a House the garden setting flows beyond the Government House boundary through the adjacent Botanic Gardens, which have a very extensive frontage to Farm Cove and beyond. Mrs. Macquarie made the Farm-Cove domain area very popular and actually had a seat carved from the rock to form "Mrs. Macquarie's Chair" which is today a delightful spot for Sydney strollers to rest and take in the passing scene of Sydney Harbour. A little further round the point on the western side is the spot marking, with a brass plate, the exact spot where Queen Elizabeth II set the first Royal shoe on Australian soil in 1954, by a reigning monarch.

Below the northern cliff face of Bennelong Point stands the magnificence of the soaring sails of the Sydney Opera House. What a reflection of life styles this historic point has to show – for originally on the point to the east of Sydney Cove Governor Phillip



Front view from Entrance gates show the solid Gothic design of the building and Front Portico, which was added in 1873.

(1788-1792) had erected a humble hut for a friendly aboriginal warrior, Bennelong.

After Federation (1901) whilst the new Commonwealth Government was opened in Melbourne the Governors-General of the Commonwealth resided at the Sydney Government House and the State Governor moved to Cranbrook as the State Government House.

An ownership dispute erupted in 1912 and in 1913 a ruling in favour of the new Commonwealth was awarded. Upon appeal to the High Court this decision was reversed and a Privy Council decision in 1915 upheld the decision and so the House returned to serve New South Wales as its Government House.

I Must Go Shopping...

One of these days I must go shopping, I am completely out of generosity, and I must get some more. I also want to exchange the self-satisfaction I picked up the other day for some real humility which they say wears better. I must look at some tolerance which is being worn as wraps this season.

The samples of kindness I saw, well I am a little low on that, and one can never have too much of it. By the way I must try to match some of the patience I saw on a friend the other day. It looks so becoming on others, I think it might look equally well on me.

While I'm shopping, I will try on that little garment of perfect charity they are displaying. I never thought I would be wearing anything like that, but I feel myself coming to it. I must remember to get my sense of humor mended, and keep my eyes open for some inexpensive goodness. It is surprising how quickly one's stock of good is depleted – Yes, I must go shopping.



Capt. L.E.G. Oates 6th Inniskilling Dragoons

“Greater Love...”

“I am going outside and may be some time.”

Not exactly a world-shattering statement in itself; and spoken in a quiet, matter-of-fact voice, it was heard by only three other men; yet when it and the circumstances became known it rang through the English-speaking world like a clarion of inspiration, of wonder and of admiration. Still, today, almost exactly 66 years later, the story rouses a great pride in our British heritage.

It is South Africa in 1901 — the Boer War.

A British mounted patrol of fourteen men is surprised by a much larger force of Boers in secure positions on the little hills of the veldt. Two men are wounded and two horses shot. This is their first experience of being under fire, but their leader, 2nd Lieut. L.E.G. Oates, quickly has them in the only protection available, a dry river-bed. He is 21 years of age and handles the situation like a veteran.

“NO SURRENDER OATES”

As a man is wounded Oates orders him to crawl away under cover; but, despite a plucky resistance, the Boers draw closer; and their leader, under a flag of truce, calls on the little force to surrender. Oates' reply is bluntly typical: “We came here to fight, not to surrender!”

Soon afterwards he is severely wounded when a Boer bullet smashes his thigh. Although suffering agonies, he continues to command his men. Now, however, the ammunition is running out and, as each man uses up his supply, Oates directs his cautious retreat. To a second plea to surrender he returns the same terse answer; and did the enemy only know it, they can capture him with ease for he is now alone. So skilfully has he managed the withdrawal of his men that

the enemy do not realise the situation and creep away.

Not until the evening is Oates rescued, having suffered the acute agony of his wound under the pitiless blaze of the summer sun since ten o'clock in the morning.

For this engagement, in which he does not lose a man, he is recommended for the Victoria Cross. Though this high honour is denied him, he becomes famous as “No Surrender Oates”.

Of some children it is prophesied that they will make their mark in the world.

Of Laurence Edgar Grace Oates no such prophecy was made, nor, in those early years was there any hint that he would

one day win fame on the field of battle, nor that the English-speaking world would ring to the proud story of his self-sacrificing death.

Born on 17th March 1880, he had the advantages of wealth and station, but the severe handicap of a health so delicate that he could not attend school.

Military service was in his blood — there had been an Oates at the Battle of Hastings — and from a very early age his fixed determination was to become a soldier. Both his father and his uncle were noted travellers, explorers, naturalists, so it is not surprising that Laurie was imbued with a love of adventure and for far-off places. (It is of interest that his uncle was the fifth man to see the

wonderful Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River; and that Laurie should be one of the five who were the first Englishmen to reach the South Pole.) Because of his ill-health his family took him to distant lands; and on these voyages he learnt from weather-worn sea captains much of the mystery of the sea and ships.

HORSEMAN

From the time he was old enough to ride, Laurie had his own pony, developing an enduring love of horses and horsemanship — a factor that was to lead to his heroic destiny. Then, too, he learnt to sail on his father's 40-ton yacht and in the yacht that he owned in partnership with his brother grew to love the sea with an affection second only to that for his horses. In both sailing and riding his determination and his disregard for danger became more and more apparent. "Reckless" and "foolhardy" were terms often used of him; yet those closest to him realised that where danger lay he took precautions to reduce it to a minimum. He lavished care on his charges: he would risk his yacht in heavy seas, but, even in a snug anchorage in calm weather, he would be up during the night to see that all was well. He would risk his horse's neck over rough ground; but, if his horse were ill, he would remain with it all night to care for it.

OATES AT ETON

At the age of 14 he had so far thrown off his early ill-health that he was sent to Eton where, although not outstanding academically, he performed creditably in sport, particularly football and athletics. Misfortune struck again after two years and a severe bout of pneumonia necessitated his removal from Eton, but in that short period he had created an impression of determination, of honesty of purpose and of strength of character.

Given a private tutor to cram for the army entrance examinations, he rapidly developed into a tall, powerfully-built young man, who, at 18 years of age, was gazetted to the 3rd Battalion — Prince of Wales' Own — West Yorkshire (Militia) Regiment. Laurie was content — until the outbreak of the Boer War, whereupon he was frantic to go into action. At last he was appointed to a Regular Regiment, the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons. He had realised his ambition to become a cavalryman; and sailed for South Africa and the action which brought him fame — and a permanent limp!



Captain Oates and some of his ponies during the Antarctic Expedition

'Soldier'

The Antarctic

1910. In India, Oates, now Captain and Adjutant, learnt of Captain R.F. Scott's proposed expedition to Antarctica and attempt to reach the South Pole. To Oates' love of adventure this appealed far more than the dull routine of peacetime soldiering and he immediately offered his services, free, to look after the ponies. Accepted, he became the first soldier to serve as an officer in an Antarctic expedition and was speedily nick-named "Soldier", though "Titus" (the inevitable soubriquet for an Englishman named Oates) was still freely used.

Quickly his strong character, his ability and his devotion to his charges won the admiration of, and endeared him to, his comrades; as witness:

EVANS WRITES

Lieut. Evans (afterwards "Evans of the Broke" and Lord Mountevans), 2 I/C of the expedition, telling of a terrific storm encountered by their ship the 'Terra Nova' in Antarctic waters: "Those of his shipmates who saw him in that gale will never forget his strong, brown face, illuminated by a hanging lantern, as he stood among those suffering little beasts. He was a fine, strong man and on occasions he seemed to be actually lifting the little ponies to their feet as the ship lurched heavily and a great wave would wash the feet of his charges from under them. One felt somehow that Oates' very strength itself inspired his animals with confidence. He himself appeared quite unconscious of any personal suffering although his hands and feet must have been absolutely numbed by the cold and wet."

Apsley Cherry-Garrard, one of the scientists, writing of the camp at Hut Point, provides a pen picture: "The all-important transport beasts were Oates' unremitting care. His solicitude for their welfare was one of the most inspiring examples of the expedition. He saw that they were exercised every day that blizzards — or lack of blizzards — permitted. He kept the blubber fires burning in his own-rigged blubber stove to ensure that the stables were warm. He cooked them hot bran mashies. He watched over them in health; and in illness he never left them.

"Oates was a born master of horses. His patience, kindness and imperturbability with them were inexhaustible, not only in sickness, but in their troublesome moods as well.

".... the Soldier diffusing horsey odours from his beloved stables.

".... scorned the soft allurements of physical comforts. Of all the spartan bunks, his was the most spartan.

"If he had a fund of dry humour, he had also a gift for silence. If you wanted to listen there were talkers. If you wanted to talk there were listeners. If you wanted quiet, there was Oates.

"He was popular with everyone. In spite of his occasional roistering outbursts, perhaps because of them, he was a man of few words. When he spoke, he spoke deliberately, never loosely and was never known to express himself in superlatives. So conspicuous was their absence that they called him 'the cheery pessimist'.

"In matters that came within his jurisdiction he delivered his considered judgement calmly, decisively and positively."



AT THE SOUTH POLE

Left to right — Capt. Oates, Lt. Bowers, Capt. Scott, Dr. Wilson, P.O. Evans

Reams could be written in the study of this remarkable man, but suffice to say that Oates possessed a magnetic personality and was strong, upright and straightforward in thought, word and deed.

To the Pole

..... and that "Greater Love"

When, on November 2nd, 1911, the Polar Party set off on their 900 mile march to the Pole, Oates was one of them; and, although it is he with whom we are concerned, some understanding of the total concept is necessary.

Briefly, a party of some fourteen, subdivided into smaller parties with motor sledges, ponies and dog-teams, would set out to lay supply depots every 65 miles. At intervals these sub-parties would return, the last one some 146 miles from the Pole, leaving the final dash to a select group of four — Capt. Scott, Dr. Wilson, Capt. Oates and Seaman Evans (who incidentally, was no relation to Lieut. Evans). At the last moment Scott decided to take Lieut. Bowers as well.

That the motor sledges failed; that the ponies lasted to not much over half-way and the dog-teams little further, meant that the men did indeed march the whole distance and for most of it also hauled the heavy sledges. It must be realised, too, that for much of the time the sledges did not slide smoothly over firm snow; at times it was like hauling them through heavy sand, or over broken glass; at others the sledge would be checked by 'sastrugi' (little ridges of ice that were difficult to detect), which gave suddenly and allowed the sledge to surge forward to crash into the heels and legs of the hauliers.

Because of the supply situation there would be no let-up at all; no allowance for rest days could be made.

All in all a prospect to daunt the stoutest hearted.

Nevertheless, weary and worn, the little party gained the Pole on 17th January, 1912 — and bitter disappointment. The Norwegians, led by Roald Amundsen, had reached it a month earlier.

Now they faced the stress of the return march of 900 miles; and Scott's diary reads: "I wonder if we can do it."

Only three weeks before, Scott had written an appreciation of each member of the party. Of the Soldier he had said: "Oates had his invaluable period with the ponies; now he is a foot slogger and goes hard the whole time, does his share of the camp work and stands the hardship as well as any of us."

THE END NEARS

Now, on January 21st he records: "Oates is feeling the cold and fatigue more than most of us." And a few days later noted that Soldier was suffering much with his feet.

It seems that the devoted care that Oates had given to the ponies was now to take dreadful toll.

Weather conditons worsened; surfaces were worse than they had ever feared; so was the cold — 80° of Frost was recorded consistently; and these factors, combined with the minimal amount of food, especially hot food, were insidiously tapping at their strength and they had difficulty in keeping up with their timetable.

By March 5th Scott wrote: "Oates' feet are in a wretched condition. The poor

Soldier nearly done. It is pathetic that we can do nothing for him."

And next day: "Poor Oates is unable to pull. He is wonderfully plucky as his feet must be giving him much pain. He makes no complaint. If we were all fit I should have some hopes of pulling through; but the poor Soldier has become a terrible hindrance, though he does his utmost and suffers much. One of his feet very bad this morning; he is wonderfully brave."

(There was the crux of the situation. With Oates there was no hope for any of them. Without him there was some hope for the other three.)

7th March: "One feels that for poor Oates the crisis is very near."

11th March: "Oates is very near the end. What he will do God only knows. He is a brave fellow and understands the situation. He asked us for advice. Nothing could be done but to ask him to march as long as he could."

There is the bond of comradeship of strong men. They would not, could not, abandon one beset by ill-fortune, even, as shown later, when he begged them so to do;



Meares and Oates at the blubber stove

Each day the sad saga developed. Oates could not assist his companions in any way; his feet so swollen that it took him literally hours to put on his boots and he could only stumble after them. Whilst the excruciating agony that he suffered physically can be imagined, it could have been matched by the malaise of his mind.

BRAVE DECISION

On March 15th he felt that he could go no further and he pleaded with his friends to leave him next morning in his sleeping bag. This they could not do and persuaded him to slog on. That night of the 16th March he slept, hoping that he would not wake; but nothing was to be spared him. He woke; and on his 32nd Birthday gave to his friends that most precious gift — the hope of life itself.

There were no melodramatics. Oates, the Soldier, simply said, "I am going outside and I may be some time." and walked out into the fury of the blizzard raging outside.

Let his comrades speak of it.

Capt. Scott wrote: "We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him, we knew that it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman."

H.G. Ponting, the photographer to the expedition, wrote: "There can be no question about the quality of Oates' sacrifice. It was sublime."

C.H. Meares, one of the Soldier's closest friends on the expedition: "..... his services would have been so valuable to the country in the Great War; but the example of his sacrifice was a great inspiration to the world and his name will live when others are forgotten."

And Apsley Cherry-Garrard: "..... does history contain a finer picture than that of this young officer walking out of his tent into a whirling snow-storm to give up his life for his friends? Have the greatest prose-writers in the world ever composed a nobler epitaph than those words which Surgeon Atkinson cut upon a crude cross to mark the site of his great sacrifice? —"

"Hereabouts died a very gallant gentleman."

by H.B. Hanton.



Captain Oates photographed at the South Pole



THE LAST REST
The grave of Scott, Wilson and Bowers

REACTIONARY WRITES

Just for the record – and without apology – I AM
A REACTIONARY!

I react to sin and sadism, riots and revolution,
gutlessness and Godlessness! I react to Hedonism and
humanism; to philosophies and sophistries which seek
to destroy those values which made this country great,
which fashioned the fabric of civilised mankind.

I react to dancing the permissive polka with those
who'd whirl me all the way to Hell while whispering
that God is Dead and the Devil a myth; to those
ministers who'd convert my house of worship into a
hootenany hall for political forum.

I react to the emasculation of my faith in the name
of humanistic togetherness; to my love for the Holy
Bible, my loyalty to the flag and Queen and my
esteem for the police.

I react to being scourged with the lash of collective
guilt – as if I personally poured liquor down the
alcoholic's throat, peddled the heroin, mugged the
little old lady, created the slum and invented the
Bomb!

I react to the glorification of welfarism over work;
pot over pink lemonade; the pill over purity; demon-
stration over dedication; desire over discipline; nihilism
over nobility; selfishness over sacrifice; hauteur over
humility; "rights" over right.

I react to those who consider love as nothing more
than the sex act; who preach "peace" and promote
surrender. I react to student radicals who are so
enamoured of their own worth that they must destroy
all other worths – who are FOR nothing except their
"right" to be against everything!

I react to the stupefying sentimentality of amateur
do-gooders who, like carved wooden monkeys, see no
evil, and hear no evil – even when it runs riot with a
shotgun, molotov cocktail or plastic bomb; who would
re-write Little Red Riding Hood to have her "rehabili-
tate" the wolf while screaming "hatemonger" at the
rescuing woodman!

You'd better believe I'm a reactionary. In my
book, it's time all responsible adults began reacting
instead of suffering the insults, inconveniences and
intimidations of a noisy minority who would sacrifice
their own freedom and ours on the altar of atheistic
materialism. If we did, the kooks and creeps would
soon crawl back under their rocks, and this tired old
world would have time to bind its wounds and regain
its sense of humour.

Heritage Socy. Supporter (name and address supplied)



WARATAH AND WATTLE

by HENRY LAWSON

Though poor and in trouble I wander alone,
With a rebel cockade in my hat;
Though friends may desert me, and kindred disown,
My country would never do that.
You may sing of the shamrock, the thistle; the rose,
Or the three in a bunch, if you will;
But I know of a country that gathered all those,
And I love the great land where the Waratah grows,
And the Wattle bough blooms on the hill.

Australia! Australia! so fair to behold –
While the blue sky is arching above,
The stranger should never have need to be told,
That the Wattle-bloom means that her heart is of gold,
And the Waratah's red with her love.

Australia! Australia! most beautiful name,
Most kindly and bountiful land;
I would die every death that might save her from shame,
If a black cloud should rise on the strand;
But whatever the quarrel, whoever her foes,
Let them come! Let them come when they will!
Though the struggle be grim, 'tis Australia that knows
That her children shall fight while the Waratah Grows,
And the Wattle blooms out on the hill.

FAMILY VALUES THREATENED BY EDUCATION SYSTEM



The stability of any society depends upon the acceptance and preservation of a basic set of values, and the protection of roles and institutions which are structured on these values.

No society can exist without the family, and the family cannot survive without marriage. All the evidence of anthropology supports these claims. With the collapse of marriage and the family, society is destroyed, to be replaced by another based on marriage and the family.

Laws which undermine the unity and strength of the family give rise to a multitude of social problems, as witnessed in Sweden. The intensified drive for "employment equality" between the sexes, "non-sexist" education, taxation procedures and other methods to discourage the mother from staying at home wreaked havoc in that country — alcoholism, suicide, drug addiction, sexual offences, and general moral decay, especially among young people. In East Germany, where women hold key positions in Parliament, the diplomatic service, the ministry, public service, judiciary, medical profession and tertiary educational institutions, there is government concern that families are too small. The Pill and abortion are legal and freely available, and the burden of child-rearing is easily avoided by the "liberated" woman. (The Age 23.8.1977).

INFLUENCING YOUTH

In Australia, our youth are being conditioned to reject the institution of the family, and the roles fulfilled in parenthood, by the media and the education system. Radical feminists are becoming entrenched in influential positions, from which they can manipulate popular opinion, exploit grievances, and direct government policy.

In May 1977, Victoria's three major teaching organizations appointed Ms.

Judy Munro as School Sexism Co-Ordinator. (The Age 1.7.1977).

Not to be outdone, the Premier Mr. Hamer commissioned the Victorian Committee on Equal Opportunity in Schools to prepare a report. The Committee, headed by Ms. Shirley Sampson, recommended (among other things) that girls be given role models of women in positions of leadership and authority to enable them to aspire to these positions as mature adults. (The Age 10.10.1977).

In October, the Education Minister Mr. Thompson, announced the appointment of Ms. Deborah Towns as the co-ordinator for the elimination of "the last vestiges of sexism in schools". (The Age 21.10.1977).

The apparent aim of the feminists is to remove all distinctions of sex — one is no longer a "man" or a "woman" but rather a "person". That the terms should be regarded as being mutually exclusive is absurd. Feminists argue that society creates roles for the two sexes, and that social factors are the basic cause of differences in behaviour and attitudes between the sexes. Society's expectations determine male and female potential, they argue. Biological factors are of no significance to the feminist.

Consequently, education is being transformed. "Femininity" and "masculinity" are scorned. Girls are encouraged to be assertive and dominant.

Boys are taught the traditional mothering functions of cooking, sewing and other duties associated with the home and family.

The concept of "discrimination" is fostered to encourage girls to feel sexually exploited, and deprived of the opportunity to achieve fulfilment equal to that available to boys. Women are demanding the right to work, and with it the provision of child-care facilities. This deprives children of both parents, and extends the power of the welfare state. With mother earning, and children being cared for at day-care centres, father becomes dispensable, free to abandon his responsibilities or to be discarded as the case may be. He is no longer seen as provider, protector and example. The mother is no longer seen as the source of gentleness, kindness and love, the refuge from the world of pain, force and masculine excesses.

MARRIAGE QUESTIONED

Students are now expected to write essays on such topics as: 'Marriage is often a battle for personal identity — a battle which women are born and bred to lose.' 'Schizophrenia becomes intelligible when placed in the family and married life.' *Zelda Fitzgerald* is most valuable as a study of the destructiveness of marriage. 'Should a wife have the right to decide whether or not she should have an abortion or should the husband have equal say? What should happen when they disagree?' 'Who should take the responsibility for the practice of contraception? Does a husband have any right to insist that his wife should have children?' (*Insight '76* by Creed & O'Loughlin pp 242, 245, 122).

"The (Schools) Commission continues to regard the removal of sexist bias from schools and systems as a matter of high priority. the most effective action is that which permeates all operations and begins from a recognition that existing assumptions and expectations are limiting to both sexes." (Report: Rolling Triennium 1977-79 Schools Commission p.33).

"Some of the worst pressures on our families are coming from the schools, and will come from them more and more unless we act now." (Dr. F.P. Just, The New Education, p.14).

"Bringing up children is not a real occupation, because children come up just the same, brought or not." (G. Greer, The Female Eunuch, p.278)

"Most women, because of the assumptions that they have formed about the importance of their role as bearers and socializers of children, would shrink at the notion of leaving husband and children, but this is precisely the case in which brutally clear rethinking must be undertaken." (G. Greer, The Female Eunuch, p.322).

Women and men are biologically different. They have specific roles which provide them with optimum fulfilment and reward. The exceptions do not nullify the evidence which supports this generalization, and the increasing feminist influence on education will only condition girls to deny their natures and pursue roles as second-rate men.

The Education Department has a legal responsibility to ensure that minority groups do not gain control of curriculum development.

"The family is the natural and fundamental group unit of society and is entitled to protection by society and the state."

Article 16, Clause 3, Universal Declaration of Human Rights, of which Australia is a signatory.

In the context of this article, it is important to examine one of the cherished ideas of contemporary educators — that society is in a permanent state of flux, nothing is constant, everything is changing.

In "The Primary School" we read: "Primary teachers have already accepted the implication of the changes in modern society. In their endeavours to stimulate the individual child to develop intellectual curiosity and the ability for creative thinking, teachers should feel free to interpret the new philosophies." (p 3).

"Teachers need to become aware of change and to make their own judgements about what they should do. Instead of merely responding to social change, teachers are in a position to bring about certain changes themselves — they become active agents in a continuing process." (p 7).

"Changes in the pattern of family life have placed the school in a situation where it must supply some of the needed emotional and environmental security of a child." (p 7)

Such an argument is used to justify the department's introduction of sex education, personal development and human relations courses.

Education is not simply challenging the institution of the family by presenting alternative life styles — it is demanding the right to replace parental influence and values with those of the teacher, the school or the system.

Inherent in the educators' attitude to change is the idea that change and improvement are synonymous; that change equals social evolution. This assumption is as dangerous as it is fallacious — it is a blatant denial of evidence. Changes in laws to make homosexuality, pornography, pre-marital

sex, prostitution, abortion and easy contraception (to mention but a few) socially acceptable cannot be regarded as enlightened, progressive or social improvements for they have simply led to moral and social decay, and exploitation of sex, abandonment of institutions and roles which give society stability, do not result in progress and equality for all.

Our Constitution recognizes the Source of unchanging standards, God. In the Preamble, we read: "Humbly relying upon the Blessing of Almighty God." These words were inserted to aid in the interpretation of words and phrases which may be obscured by the raising of unexpected issues, and by the conflict of newly evolved opinions."

We must measure education — including education provided by the State for it is bound by the Constitution — by God's standards. The activities of feminists, homosexuals and other minority groups opposed to the family do not conform to these standards. That their opinions are now forming the framework of Education Department policy is unconstitutional, illegal and a betrayal of our trust by government.

We must act now.

Contributed by: Committee to Raise Educational Standards, Kaniva — Nhill Branch, P.O. Box 32, Kaniva, Vic, 3419.



A Queen Speaks to her People

This latest publication by The Australian Heritage Society features all of the traditional Christmas messages to the Commonwealth by Queen Elizabeth.

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The Other Fellow's Job

THE man behind the barrow,
With his jersey full of dirt,
Looks with ever-growing envy
At the merchant's laundered shirt;
But the man behind the counter
Feels the nagging of the trade,
And would swop his polished scissors
For the farmer's rusty spade;

IN the night the sleeping doctor
Hears the clanging of the phone,
And "wish I were a lawyer,"
Is his aggravated groan;
But the lawyer in his nightie
Hears the doctor's car go past,
And he says: "That lucky fellow
Must be making money fast."

THE man upon the vessel
Sees the coastline slowly dwarf,
And he longs for terra firma,
With the man upon the wharf,
While the other marks the vessel
Moving out alone and free,
And he longs for boundless freedom
With the man upon the sea.

THE little boy in rompers
Thinks his daddy first in grace,
And he wishes he were grown up
With some whiskers on his face;
And his daddy feels the burden
Of the mortgage and his debts,
And wishes he were Willie
In his little pantalettes.

THE young man sees his sister,
With her money-spending beau,
And he says: "If I were sister
I could save a heap of dough,"
But the young girl sees her brother,
With his volatile finance,
And she longs to be the owner
Of the wallet and the pants.

SAYS the peasant in the cottage,
"What a grand and happy thing,
To have a mighty sceptre
And the station of a king,"
Yet I have heard it whispered
That the man upon the throne
Would rather be the peasant,
With a spirit of his own.

SO if your lot is irksome,
You can get your pulse-a-throb,
Just by musing on the virtues
Of the other fellow's job.

We farewell H.R.H Prince Charles

The Monarchy is an outstanding example of stability in a world riven by dissent, and the breakdown of accepted values. Here is a noble tradition of which, we in Australia are a very real part.

We thank H.R.H. Prince Charles for upholding the values which the majority of Australians support. His personal example is an inspiration to us all.



Inserted by members and supporters of

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