

# HERITAGE

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT— FOR THE FUTURE

No. 13



JUNE-AUGUST 1979

**'That's the stuff they're made of.'**



**PRINCE CHARLES**  
How he won the West

**WATER POWER**  
Alternative to the phony energy crisis

**WE WHO ARE CALLED AUSTRALIANS**  
by Dame Mary Durack

# The Australian Heritage Society

## Brief History

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The Australian Heritage Society was launched in Melbourne on September 18th 1971 at an Australian League of Rights Seminar. It was clear that Australia's heritage is under increasing attack from all sides; spiritual, cultural, political and constitutional. A permanent body was required to ensure that young Australians were not cut off from their true heritage and the Heritage Society assumed that role in a number of ways.

The Society has promoted a wide range of educational activities including lectures to schools. Over one million copies of three brochures have been distributed. They are "Keep Our Flag Flying" in support of retaining Australia's present flag; "Crown or Republic", the case against an Australian republic; "The Federal Constitution and Individual Freedom" discussing the essential basic freedoms enjoyed under our Constitution.

When Her Majesty the Queen visited Australia in 1973, The Heritage Society inserted a full-page loyal welcome in the Canberra and Sydney press. This move resulted in a flood of new support which paved way for further activities.

In order to provide Australians with an opportunity to have a direct say concerning their heritage, the Society inserted "voting" forms in the press throughout Australia. Over 35,000 forms were returned with 90% voting to retain the Monarchy, the present flag and National Anthem.

When the Australian political crisis developed late in 1975, the Heritage Society gave another lead by inserting press advertisements inviting Australians to use their constitutional right to petition the Queen's representative, Sir John Kerr, for a double-dissolution of the Commonwealth Parliament so that people could vote to resolve the crisis. This campaign had just started to gather momentum when the Governor-General made his historical decision on November 11th 1975.

The Heritage Society immediately lead a nation-wide campaign in defence of Sir John Kerr. Once again, press advertisements brought instant response from people of all political persuasions resulting in the distribution of well over one million "Defend Sir John Kerr" brochures.

It was about this time that the Heritage Society, due to expanding activity embarked upon a major publishing venture. The quarterly Journal "Heritage" was first published in June 1976. In its short life this journal has been increased in size and content on two occasions. Subscriptions continue to increase with each issue. Distinguished Australians contribute material on important heritage issues as well as historical features. This journal continues to be a vital link between the Heritage Society and its supporters.

The Queen's Australian visit early in 1977 saw even greater activity by the Heritage Society. Firstly, a special jubilee edition of "Heritage" was printed and it contained many avenues for Australians to express their loyalty, including car stickers and flags. Three editions of this popular issue had to be printed to meet the demand.

The most successful idea was the printing and distribution of thousands of "Loyalty Pledges" which loyal Australians were asked to sign. This idea was so popular that over 50,000 signatures poured into Heritage Society offices over a short period. The signed pledges were then despatched to the Governor-General for submission to the Queen.

Late in 1977 another publishing venture took place. A complete record of the Queen's Christmas messages and silver jubilee speech was produced in book form by the Heritage Society. Titled "A Queen Speaks to Her People" this publication was so well received throughout Australia that a second edition was required within less than three months. A permanent demand is expected for this historical publication.

The Australian Heritage Society welcomes people of all ages to join in its programme for the regeneration of the spirit of Australia. To value the great spiritual realities that we have come to know and respect through our heritage, the virtues of patriotism, of integrity and love of truth, the pursuit of goodness and beauty, an unselfish concern for other people — to maintain a love and loyalty for those values.

Young Australians have a very real challenge before them. The Australian Heritage Society, with your support can give them the necessary lead in building a better Australia.

"Our heritage today is the fragments gleaned from past ages; the heritage of tomorrow — good or bad — will be determined by our actions today."

SIR RAPHAEL CILENTO  
First Patron of The Australian Heritage Society

### PRINCIPAL ADDRESS

BOX 16, INGLEWOOD, W.A. 6052

### STATE ADDRESSES

BOX 1052J, MELBOURNE, VICTORIA 3001

BOX 179, PLYMPTON, SOUTH AUSTRALIA 5038

BOX 2957, SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES 2001

BOX 172, CHERMSIDE, QUEENSLAND 4032





**OUR FLAG  
OUR HERITAGE  
OUR FREEDOM**

## A Mixed Bag

The Australian Heritage Society is currently handling daily enquiries on almost every aspect of Australian life. Previous "Heritage" articles dealing with wide-ranging topics have produced a flood of enquiry.

Our reference to the Section 92 controversy and its subsequent by-passing of the Constitution created such widespread interest that the newspaper "Electors' Voice" reports that a new supply had to be speedily printed to meet the demand.

On another front, the forced-metrication issue continues to gain momentum. Letters from readers indicate a colossal ignorance on the part of many Australians who seem to have "thrown in the towel", treating metrication as a lost battle. However, the report in our last issue on metric opposition in the U.S. has stimulated many to action. On pages 22 and 23 we deal further with the metric issue.

Defence, that political football for the players at Canberra is still in the doldrums. Regardless of calls from distinguished Australians, political and military, Australia's defence is declining rapidly. The August budget will be of great interest to all Australians who see defence as a major topic in the maintenance of our heritage.

The Monarchy versus Republic battle keeps rearing its head but the Republican side appears to be losing ground. The recent visit to Western Australia by Prince Charles has strengthened the case for a head of state free of the political strings which abound in the republican camp. As long as the country's adjudicator is chosen for political reasons, the greater the argument for a neutral, yet effective monarchical form of government.

So, whatever your concern over the eroding of Australia's heritage, the Australian Heritage Society is providing that vital communication link between thinking Australians everywhere. What you are doing about it is meaningless unless your actions, knowledge and results are shared with fellow-Australians. "Heritage" is here to be used by YOU! Keep us informed - share your views and news. There are others who may be inspired by your example.

SEE PAGE 19 FOR DETAILS  
OF OUR FLAG STICKERS

*Following is a list of suggestions for helping to expand the coverage of "Heritage".*

**GIFT SUGGESTION** for relatives and friends, particularly school children.

**DONATION** A complimentary subscription to the local library, school library, sporting association, church group etc.

**EXTRA COPIES** can be obtained and placed in waiting rooms of doctors, dentists or even reading rooms in hotels, guest houses, and even office reception areas.

**COUNTER SALES** Several supporters have obtained bulk supplies and then arranged with their local newsagent or bookshop to sell copies for a small profit.

**OUTDOOR STAND** Where this doesn't contravene state laws we suggest setting up a small table in a busy shopping centre. Passersby can be asked to purchase a flag, car sticker or a copy of "Heritage". This method is particularly useful for obtaining signatures.

### YOUR SUGGESTIONS PLEASE

We are always pleased to hear from people with ideas on how we can expand our activities. By sharing your knowledge you may help someone else.

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# HOW THE WEST WAS WON

For the second time in six months the people of Western Australia have been honoured with a Royal visit by Britain's number one ambassador. H.R.H. Prince Charles concluded a 16-day tour of the West in late March and there was little doubt that this visit was by far the most popular and successful.

The 30-year-old Prince injected his own style of informality and humour into the entire tour which extended from Esperance in the south to the mighty northern waters of the Ord River. He was welcomed and admired by all who caught a glimpse or were lucky enough to shake the Royal hand.

A feature of the visit was the Prince's willingness to "have a go" at anything. From landing a near-record Blue Marlin, throwing cowpats, surfing, playing polo to driving a giant ore truck in the hot, dusty mineral north.

After years of training in the disciplines of public life, Prince Charles never once showed embarrassment or looked uneasy as several unusual happenings

took place. Several young ladies were lucky enough to steal a kiss, others weren't so lucky. Nothing seemed to upset him. A true gentleman and every bit a Prince.

If any one member of Britain's Royal Family has strengthened the case of the Crown versus a republic, it must surely be the Prince of Wales. His equally admired mother, Queen Elizabeth can be justly proud of her successor to the throne. The Commonwealth of Nations desperately needs a special type of leadership free from the falsities and deceptions of a rapidly deteriorating political rat-race.

Could Prince Charles be the man around whom the regeneration of Western Civilisation will be brought to life?



## Monarchy Triumphs

Not all newspapers are guilty of "knocking" the Royal Family. Perth's "West Australian" summed up Prince Charles' in the following editorial. What a refreshing change it is to read:

In the most cynical of terms, the sole purpose of Prince Charles's presence in Western Australia for the past couple of weeks has been to decorate the 150th celebrations.

By the weight of his own personality, he has turned it into a completely different exercise - an essay into the direction in which the monarchy is pointed.

The Pilbara miners who marked their hard-hats with "Hello Charlie" on the front and "Goodbye Charlie" on the back might have been making a subtle point. But, in the main, in a country that is probably 25 per cent republican, the Prince of Wales has won the day.

A great part of the reason for this lies in the way in which the Queen has permitted a gradual evolution of the monarchy. She rode out the jarring utterances that Prince Philip delivered in his early days as the royal consort and in the process Prince Charles has emerged as the best-equipped heir to the throne that the Commonwealth has ever had.

Putting aside the kissing and marlin catching that tend to grab the newspaper headlines, Prince Charles, on his visit here, has established himself as a human being who is doing one of the world's most difficult jobs with flair.

There is great value in Australia's ties with the Crown. It is an institution that cannot be bought; in some respects the monarchy is practically meaningless. Yet it is comforting to know that it is always there and it is exhilarating that Prince Charles is able to demonstrate so constantly its capacity to change for the better.

Perhaps, if he were to write his memoirs, Prince Charles might choose the title "Platitudes I have heard." There are plenty of those about wherever he goes.

But the crunch on this tour came when a little boy with a runny nose clasped his arm around the prince's knee at Meekatharra. The royal gesture could well have been to bestow a kiss on him. Prince Charles made a more revealing gesture - he simply let the child hold on.

“..... without retrospective vision we would be incapable of prospective action or of the all-important facility of learning from the past.”

# We who are called Australians

THE ROYAL COMMONWEALTH SOCIETY FLAG-RAISING CEREMONY  
JANUARY 26, 1979.

by Dame Mary Durack

Some time last year I was present at a function held at a local boys' college at the end of which visitors were invited to join in the school anthem. As the tune was catchy and the words were printed in the programme I soon found myself joining a lusty exhortation including the following lines:

*Forward when in childhood,  
Build the infant mind,  
All through youth and manhood  
Not a thought behind.*

I could see the point of course, and it was important for the verse to rhyme, but I found myself wondering what would be the outcome if our youth were literally persuaded to forge ahead like so many efficiently trained, harnessed and blinkered horses.

Fortunately it is not in the nature of man never to look behind. Indeed without retrospective vision we would be incapable of prospective action or of the all-important facility of learning from past experience.

One purpose of memorial functions such as this is to encourage us to assess what we are in relation to the past and to remember those who gave us an Australian future to look forward to. The poet Ian Mudie expressed the sentiment in moving terms for Australia Day

1942. He wrote from the heart at the perilous time of Britain's surrender to the Japanese at Singapore but his rallying cry is none the less appropriate to Australia Day 1979 — the year of Western Australia's special sesqui-centenary (150 years).

#### AUSTRALIA DAY 1942

*If ever it were time for the dead to ride  
Then surely that time is now;  
From the Leeuwin's cliffs to the  
roar of Sydney-side,  
From Wyndham to the Howe  
Call up your ghosts Australia, call  
up your many dead,  
Your Kelly and your Lalor and the  
shirted men they led;  
Call up your brave, your Stuart,  
your Wentworth, your Benelong,  
Your men who dared the Hashemy,  
with its bitter slavish wrong.  
Call up your quietened singers from  
the silence of the grave,*

*Who sang your latent spirit to the  
complaining wave.*

*Call up your myths and your legends,  
your men of song and take  
Men from the Snowy, the Centre,  
and lakes where the bunyips wail,  
Your seekers, your finders, your  
men who with Clancy ride,  
Lawson's men from the Western  
creeks and a thousand more beside  
Call up your ghosts Australia, and  
set them riding far  
To rouse a sleeping nation to its  
seven-pointed star ...*

*Then when the day is over, whether  
to shout or to weep,  
Keep ever your dead alive in you,  
oh! never let them sleep,  
For the nation that forgets its dead,  
that lets its heroes lie  
Dust-deep in its mind forever is  
surely ripe to die ...*

*Call up your quietened singers from  
the silence of the grave,  
Who sang your latent spirit to the  
complaining wave.*

At the time of writing these verses Ian Mudie, a passionately dedicated Australian, feared that the pride and independence exemplified in the spirit of Eureka and of Anzac, had suffered a sad decline in the postwar and depression years and might not be capable of rising in adequate defence of a threatened nationhood. He was a member of a group calling themselves 'The Jindyworobaks who were in revolt against what they felt to be overseas trends, affectations and symbols being imposed on, and weakly adopted by, Australians in general and their writers in particular. The poet Rex Ingamells, found of the Jindyworobak movement, wrote reams in emotional protest against these trends.

'We who are called Australians have no country', he lamented, 'No country holds us native heart and soul', Ian Mudie, not to be outdone, besought us to 'let bushfires rage about the scrub and ranges of our hearts'.

In a sense they won their case for the unashamed expression of the Australian point of view and appreciation of the indigenous Aboriginal culture – even against scornful counter-attacks from the more sophisticated 'Angry Penguin' movement, led by Max Harris and Geoffrey Dutton. But by the end of the war the atom bomb had blasted the last pretence of Australia's being a cut-off island continent that might develop a separate, unique and superior culture as foreseen by 19th century romanticists. She was not to be that longed for Utopia in the South or, in the words of Bernard O'Dowd, that 'Eldorado of old dreamers, the sleeping beauty of the world's desire.

#### LINKS WITH EUROPE

We were now clearly an inseparable part of the divided family of man facing the problem of survival with hitherto unknown forces of mass destruction. Our isolated subcontinent had moved dramatically to within a few days and soon to be merely hours of Europe and America, while Asia and South East Asia loomed challengingly on our near horizon.

This is not to say that Australians had abandoned any claim to national identity for though we were undoubtedly the by-product of older cultures our history had imposed a tradition of its own and our roots were now deep in a very different soil.

It had of course been going on from the beginning in a process I tried to

express when writing of the arrival of my own forebears from Ireland in the 1850s:

*'From a medley of people drawn  
to these shores by crime or poverty,  
to find living space, adventure, freedom,  
land or gold, or who had come simply  
for the hell of it, out of many creeds  
and many races, predominantly English,  
Irish and Scottish, had emerged the  
Australian people. The land had moulded  
them already to a certain uniformity,  
shading the raven hair to brown, the  
flaxen to honey gold, blending dark eyes  
and blue to a tawny hazel, a smoky grey.  
Even their voices soon lost the distinguishing  
traits of country, county and class,  
Australia imposing an intonation and  
emphasis of her own, abhorrent to the  
outside ear, inescapable within her frontier.*

*The uprooted progeny of a revolutionary  
age, they were a people struggling  
lustily, but without focus, within the  
crucible of their new environment, to  
find a way of life that was reasonably  
fair and compatible to all, a people who,  
in their unique isolation, from the fire  
of their idealism, the power of their  
lust, the very strength of their individualism,  
were already clearing the way for a  
mighty mediocrity.'*



The Australian tendency to cut people down to size contributed to the discouragement that sent much of her outstanding talent overseas and spawned the so-called 'cultural cringe' against which the Jindyworobaks had revolted. There would be little point, however, in anyone's reviving the movement today for postwar Australians do not seem to be lacking in the confident expression of their views in unapologetic accent and idiom. If we have not created O'Dowd's dreamed-of Utopia downunder, Australia's proliferating literary and artistic contribution bids fair to fulfil his prophecy of our becoming the 'scroll on which we are to write mytho-

logies our own and epics new.' The Jindys – few if any of them now living – would also, surely, have been gratified to see the vastly increased public interest in both the tribal culture and contemporary problems of the Aborigines.

#### RENEWED INTEREST

Furthermore, it is surely a healthy sign that Australians are becoming increasingly interested in their past. In my own youth Australian history occupied a very minor part in the school curriculum and Australian literature – except for a few ballad verses – was hardly mentioned as existing. It did, however, seem for some reason of major importance that we learned by heart the main railway systems of the various States. Perhaps it served a useful purpose. On my first train journey to Victoria at least I knew on arrival at Horsham that we would touch at Stawell, Arrarat, Ballarat and Melbourne in that order.

I was a schoolgirl in 1929 when Western Australia celebrated her centenary and I well remember attending an Historical Society ball at Government House at which a number present were children of the original pioneers. At the time this did little to impress upon me the recent nature of local settlement. A century ago was antiquity – practically the Dark Ages. How the years have telescoped in the subsequent fifty, bringing the arrival of the first settlers on the wind swept sands of Fremantle beach into the close range of near contemporary history.

Largely no doubt because of the historical works since published, and my own research into the period, I feel almost as though I had been there myself, sharing the hopes and fears, privations and frustrations of that little band of first-footers, lured to the other end of the earth by the promise of large, rent-free grants of virgin country.

#### THE YOUNG TODAY

I can't recall the young people of my youth being much – if at all interested in family backgrounds. The few I remember who came of distinguished stock were firmly set upon for 'skiting' if they mentioned the fact and soon learned to be more discreet. Today there is a tremendous upsurge of interest in family backgrounds and our archives and libraries are besieged with requests for information. People are patiently ploughing through the shipping lists and emigration files of generations back and if successful in their quests often returning to their places of origin to continue the search among church registers, graveyards and other sources of genealogical information.

Sometimes a researcher is rewarded by the discovery that he is connected with notable families or personalities of centuries past and comes home complete with impressive pedigree and coat of arms. Others discover that their forebears were of convict origin, but whereas a generation or two ago this would have put a stop to further investigation, today it is often accepted as a mark of special interest — even distinction — to find one-self descended, not from ordinary run-of-the-mill migrants, but from the special guest-transportees of His Majesty's Government, ironically referred to as having 'left their country for their country's good.'

#### EMBARRASSING FOREBEARS

I heard recently from a friend who had visited England after discovering a document revealing the address of his great, great grandfather at some impressive-sounding manor house in Wales. On arriving at the village indicated he learned that people of his own name were local gentry still inhabiting the family estate and he lost no time in visiting them.

What was his surprise to find the door firmly shut in his face with the odd remark: 'Oh! So you're one of those!' On further investigation in the nearby village he found that his migrant forebear had been packed off to the colony with a small remittance after being unmasked for having forged a cheque. The facts that had been discreetly buried in Australia had been remembered in the home country for four or five generations. Nonetheless, the delight with which my friend recounted the story of his rebuff is an example of the more objective and intelligent approach to history that has developed here of recent years. Personally I find it a healthy and encouraging trend — an acknowledgement both of our links with the past and our independence of it. It might be seen as a tribute to a country in which people are judged by their personal reputations rather than by those thrust upon them by inescapable circumstances — a country in which it has been possible for men to throw off the stigma of bygone days, where such there be — and to forge ahead confident enough

to look back with interest on whatever they may find.

#### UNDERSTANDING

It will be a true sign of developing national maturity if this increasing interest in and understanding of our heritage is shown to extend to those who have not yet found their feet in this environment and to others to whom our coming changed a way of life into a way of bewildered instability.

Speaking for myself, with all due respect for the democratic principles of the Australian party system, my dearest wish would be that the year might mark a turning point in which we could think of ourselves primarily, not as members of rival political groups intent upon scoring points and often petty fault-finding, but as an Australian branch of the extended family of man.

An address at The Royal Commonwealth Society's flag-raising ceremony — Australia Day 26th January 1979.

Reproduced for 'Heritage' by kind permission the author Dame Mary Durack.

## BRITAIN AND AMERICA... Then and Now

### LETTERS

## "HERITAGE" goes to blind.

It may interest you to know that I use some of the articles to put into Braille for the Magazine for the Blind which I run here in Canberra. Of course not everything is suitable but such things as the make-up of flags gives something at least for the children.

MRS. E.G. MANTLE, A.C.T.

I wonder how many of today's young people know the expression "Pax Britannica". It was that period of time when "Britain ruled the waves", when the "sun never set on the British Empire" and "gunboat diplomacy" was understood by any rabble trying to cause trouble on some remote part of the world.

In this period when Britain was the most powerful nation and literally kept the peace of the world, several young nations grew and prospered, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and above all America. The British Navy patrolled the seas and no greedy belligerent country dared step out of line. If it showed signs of doing so a British destroyer or two suddenly paid a visit. Keeping the peace of the world entails great sacrifice in money and lives. Two world wars and some small ones eventually took its toll.

Unfortunately America, protected and nurtured by Britain, yet so anxious to weaken and oust Britain from its position as World leader has proved quite unfitted to take her place.

America is not really a nation in the true sense of the word she is a conglomerate of different races and nations, quite unhomogeneous, with no real sense of identity or cohesion, lacking the responsibility and "noblesse oblige" that made Britain able to fulfil her obligations as world leader in matters of law, finance and world peace.

America tried to buy respect with bluster and dollars, she ignored the advice and help Britain could have given and stripped Britain of her Empire while building up her enemies. Now we see the result, America despised and impotent, incapable of fulfilling the responsibilities she so eagerly assumed from Britain.

As for Australia's immigration policies, our media and stupid politicians seem to be in a state of shock, unable to face the fact that we are defenceless in a hostile powerhungry world.

A. LAURIE, Queensland.

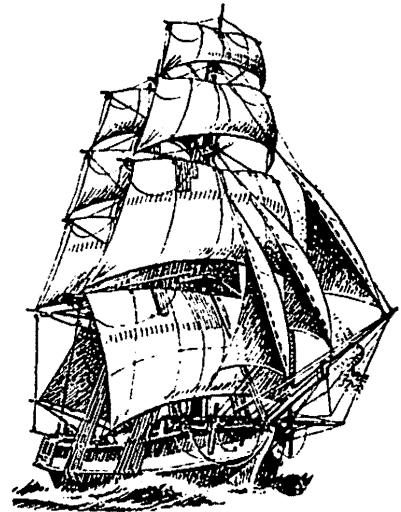


# LITERATURE...

## *a priceless heritage*

Speaking recently to a classroom of sixth-formers on the subject of "natural economics", a lecturer used Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" to stress his point about the essentials of food, clothing and shelter.

Astonished at the blank looks from the class, his questions showed that none of the children had ever heard of the famous island castaway!



There in a nutshell is the real loss imposed on the modern generation. While the argument about such stark and hideous books as "Catcher in the Rye" for school literature has raged, and while unimaginative educators have insisted that school books should confine themselves to "life as it is" – and always the ugliest side, one might add – a whole generation has been robbed of the unimagined delights of our literary heritage.

Thank God for those mothers who read to their children – and there are less and less of them as the workforce and the television stereotype rob the home of this "trigger" to real education.

How deprived is the child who has never journeyed with Rider Haggard to King Solomon's Mines, or fought with Umslopogaas in the wars of the Zu-Vendi. What desolation to have missed the battles of St. George and the Dragon, or the agonies of the Little Dutch boy with his finger in the dyke.

Who would not tremble with the children in C.S. Lewis's "Narnia", or exult when Aslan routed the forces of evil; or feel for poor Pooh stuck fast in Rabbit's burrow; or agonise about Piglet's adventures with a balloon?

What boy would not thrill to the achievements of Sir Lancelot du Lake in the days of the Round Table? Or mourn as Robin's last arrow marked his burial place in the soft soil of Huntingdon?

Has any girl ever failed to wonder whether Cinderella's glass slipper would have fitted her dainty foot as neatly as the fairy tale Princess? Or felt the frustration of Alice at the hands of the Mad Hatter or the Red Queen?

What a never ending transport of delight! From the trials of My Friend Flicka and Thunderhead to the marching Romans in Puck of Pook's Hill. From the brave Horatius at the Bridge, to the surreptitious pipe with Stalky and Co. hidden from view in the bracken. From Alfred and the burnt cakes, to Joan of Arc or Gordon of Khartoum?

Who has not "stiffened the sinews" with Roger Hawkins and Captain Flint? Or "summoned up the blood" with Alan Breck?

What child could not picture a creamy wake behind the boats of the Swallows and Amazons, as they ran the gauntlet of Chinese pirates, or looked for treasure with Peter Duck?



And then, as the sinews of imagination were exercised, and maturing minds sought ever-widening horizons, what journeys would take place to Asgard, or the haunts of the greek Heroes, or travel in a moment of time from Masefield's "Quinquereme of Nineveh" to his "Dauber" or the frantic flight of "Reynard the Fox"?

As such literary forays built and widened concepts far beyond the bounds of that stuffy word "curriculum", imagination could tingle with the ecstasy of a Gerald Manley Hopkin's "Windhover" or the never-ending vastness of Scott's last journey, or the epic flights of Kingsford-Smith. Step by step, one could brave the terrible perils encountered by Bilbo Baggins and his fellow hobbits, as they journeyed to a destined encounter with Sauron of Mordor, the Lord of the Rings, or Hyacinth and Big-Ears in "Watership Down"?

No matter how poor or humble the childhood of a boy or girl, the unlocking of this heritage was an endowment richer than all the plastic gadgets of our

so-called modern-education. With it came vision and a priceless yardstick. A child was gradually equipped with an ever-widening range of comparisons, far outside the narrow scope of mundane experience. Instead of the unimaginative, stark and all-too-ugly "life as it is" — now rammed ad nauseum down the throats of our children by media, educators and politicians alike — the child was equipped with a rich and vivid concept of "what could be".

The heritage of the past was woven into the possibilities of the future — a range of hopes, dreams, ambitions and exciting alternatives — the vision which any person needs to change his life from a road of economic, political and spiritual conformity to what it should be — an exciting adventure still as enchanting at seventy as it was at seven.

The nation which equipped its children with that sort of vision became a great and enlightened civilisation. The nation which robs its children of this greatest of all treasures may yet end up bound to a mill-stone, and cast into the sea.

I sometimes wonder whether the Liberal Party of today really believes in its heart in "responsible government under the crown".

## Sir Robert points to Liberal apathy on Crown

"In the whole of my political life, I have never arrived at something that I thought to be a matter of principle lightly or casually. They have represented deep beliefs on my part; and I am old-fashioned enough to believe that principles adopted after much thought and much consideration, do not change. The circumstances to which they are to be applied, of course, will change with the change of circumstances, but the principles remain. I would just like to take a few examples of what I mean.

The first is that we have a system of government – responsible government under the crown – that is, in my opinion, the best form of government that has ever been devised. And yet there are some people who talk glibly about a republic though not, I think, quite so many as there were a year ago. A republic – do we want to have a system of government like that in the United States? Heaven forbid! It may suit them but it doesn't suit us. Do we want to have one of the other various kinds of republic that we see around the world, very largely old colonial areas which are, for the most part, dictatorships or, in the case where they maintain a little gesture towards the parliamentary system, countries in which only one party runs a candidate for parliament. I hope that in Australia we will never succumb to any temptation to be like them.

Yet, the fact is, as I sit in my study at home – rather handicapped physically but still able to read, still able to think – I sometimes wonder whether the party which I helped to create, has retained its belief in responsible government under the crown. I say this because, though I admit that I rely entirely on the newspapers and the television – and that's a bad form of reliance, with great respect – I sometimes wonder whether the Liberal Party of today really believes in its heart in "responsible government under the crown".

I am well aware that there are many people in the present government of Australia who, in their hearts, believe in republicanism, and who are disposed to speak disparagingly about the crown. Well, all I can say is that in this century, and particularly since the beginning of the reign of George V, we have been fortunate in our monarchy. We have had, and today, above all times, we have a Queen and a royal family who, in the colloquial phrase "do us proud". I would love to think that some day in the Federal Parliament, the Opposition would make an issue of this matter of the crown and bring it to a point."



*On his 80th birthday, former Australian Prime Minister the late Sir Robert Menzies wrote an article "Danger for Australia" which was published in the "West Australian" December 17th, 1974. Sir Robert wrote on a number of vital issues, but the criticism of his own party concerning the crown and republicanism is worth reproducing.*

# PUCK'S SONG

*by Rudyard Kipling*



See you the ferny ride that steals  
Into the oak-woods far?  
O that was whence they hewed the keels  
That rolled to Trafalgar.

And mark you where the ivy clings  
To Bayham's mouldering walls?  
O there we cast the stout railings  
That stand around St. Paul's.

See you the dimpled track that runs  
All hollow through the wheat?  
O that was where they hauled the guns  
That smote King Philip's fleet.

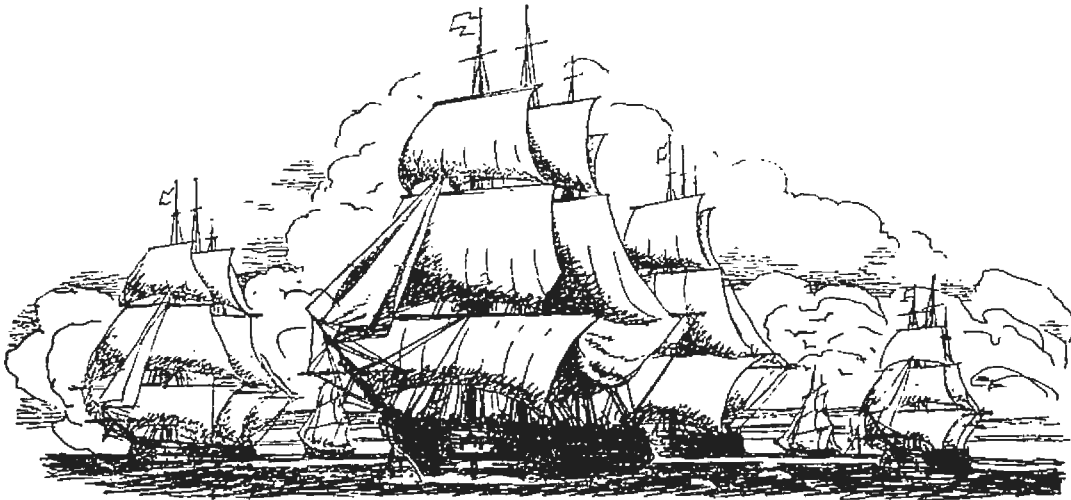
(Out of the Weald, the secret Weald,  
Men sent in ancient years,  
The horse-shoes red at Flodden Field,  
The arrows at Poitiers!)

See you our little mill that clacks,  
So busy by the brook?  
She has ground her corn and paid her tax  
Ever since Domesday Book.

See you our stilly woods of oak,  
And the dread ditch beside?  
O that was where the Saxons broke  
On the day that Harold died.

See you the windy levels spread  
About the gates of Rye?  
O that was where the Northmen fled,  
When Alfred's ships came by





See you our pastures wide and lone,  
Where the red oxen browse?  
O there was a City thronged and known,  
Ere London boasted a house.

And see you, after rain, the trace  
Of mound and ditch and wall?  
O that was a Legion's camping-place,  
When Cæsar sailed from Gaul.

And see you marks that show and fade,  
Like shadows on the Downs?  
O they are the lines the Flint Men made,  
To guard their wondrous towns.

Trackway and Camp and City lost,  
Salt Marsh where now is corn—  
Old Wars, old Peace, old Arts that cease,  
And so was England born!

She is not any common earth,  
Water or wood or air,  
But Merlin's Isle of Gramarye,  
Where you and I will fare.





# Give Us This Day...

*Some thoughts on the recent record wheat harvest*

Australia's granaries are bursting. Throughout the Commonwealth reports tell of record acreages and yields. The hundreds of silos that tower over railway sidings which knot the steel-track lacework covering Australia's vast, flat, dusty wheatlands are totally incapable of storing the recent crop. Mountains of golden-brown grain lie in farm storages, temporary silos, or under tarpaulins in the paddocks where the crop was seeded, and then sprouted, flowered, before gradually turning from the lush green to the rich gold of Australia's greatest harvest of all time.

#### FROM MUSCLE-POWER TO AUTOMATION

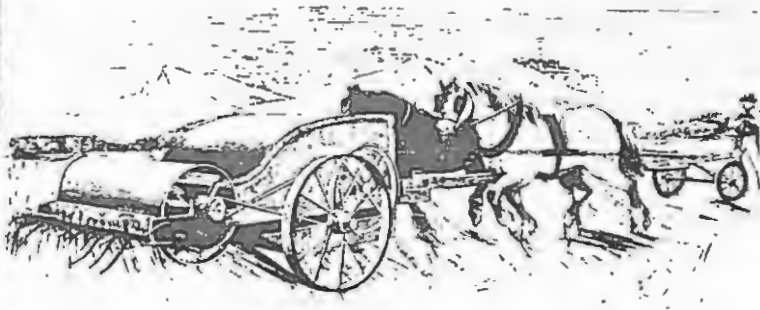
No longer is wheat humped in the massively heavy bags used forty years ago, from header to wagon, and from wagon to rail bogie. Today's operation is streamlined by man's never-ending ingenuity. Today's header-operator sits in an air-conditioned cabin on a machine which travels five times as fast, and takes a cut five times as wide as the first stripper harvester invented by the young Victorian Hugh McKay in 1884. Shifted in bulk by powered elevators, the back-breaking slog of the 'thirties is gone for ever. But the hours are just as intense as ever they were. When harvest time hits Australia's wheat belt, all else stops. A day's delay in the face of the ever-threatening summer storms can still wipe out the profit of a wheat family. Acreages have

increased and the number of operators drastically reduced. The wheatproducer still works hours, and takes risks, which would appal his city counterpart.

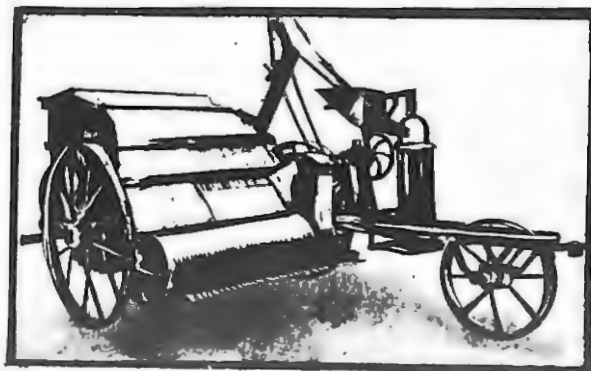
Thus, in 1938-39, 53,000 wheatgrowers produced 4 million tonnes of wheat. Forty years later, 22,000 growers produced a crop estimated to be between 17 and 18 million tonnes.

#### STAGGERING PRODUCTION

Looked at another way, the 53,000 growers in 1938-39 produced  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a tonne of wheat for every man, woman and child of Australia's population of 6 million. Today, less than half the number of growers has produced 1.2 tonnes of wheat per head for Australia's greatly increased population of 14 million.



JOHN RIDLEY'S FIRST STRIPPER



H.V. MCKAY'S FIRST STRIPPER HARVESTER (1884)

Look at Australia's achievement on a world basis. This year's harvest of 17 million tonnes is enough to provide every living soul in the world with 8½ lbs. of wheat. Put another way, the harvest is enough to provide every family of four – mother, father and two children – throughout the entire world with 45 three-quarter-pound loaves of bread – almost a loaf a week.

Not bad for 20,000 graingrowers in a nation of 14 million people. It is safe to say that the production of 1.2 tonnes of wheat for every person in the nation has never before been achieved in man's history.

### TAXATION CHANGES

But there is another way of looking at the changes in the last 40 years. In 1938-39, the value of the wheat crop was twenty-one million pounds, or forty-two million dollars. It was enough to pay 28 per cent of the total taxation imposed by the Federal Government. It more than covered the cost of the

Federal Public Service, which in 1938-39 cost 16½ million pounds, or 33 million dollars.

In 1978-79, the picture has changed drastically. The biggest harvest Australia has ever had, with a gross value at current world prices of \$2,200 million, will pay just under 10 per cent of the Federal Government's taxation impost, and will not even meet the salaries of the Commonwealth Public Service, which now costs \$3,371 million – almost half as much again! Reckoning in payment of kind, the average family of four in Australia in 1938-39 had to pay in taxes to the Federal Government the equivalent of 16 tonnes of wheat.

Today, in 1978-79, the average family of four has to pay the equivalent of 52 tonnes of wheat at world prices.

Or, to put it in yet another way, Canberra's current taxation revenue – direct and indirect – would provide every living person in the world with 85 lbs. of wheat at 1978-79 world prices.

Caesar, it seems, is taking more than a just and honest measure!

*Neither do they spin*

## SOME THOUGHTS ON LEISURE



SHAKESPEARE — product of the leisure ethos which was Merrye Englande.

“At that time (i.e. the Middle Ages) a labourer could provide all the necessities for his family for a year by working 14 weeks.”

Professor Thorold Rogers

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread —  
Stitch — stitch — stitch!  
In poverty, hunger and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
She Sang the Song of the Shirt:

Work — work — work!  
While the cock is growing aloof;  
And work — work — work!  
Till the stars shine through the roof!  
It's oh, to be a slave  
Along with the barbarous Turk  
Where woman has never a soul to save,  
If this is Christian work!

Thomas Hood (1799—1845) The Song of the Shirt.

“..... The factory gate opened and a stream of men, women and children came out. They were miserable-looking people with pale faces and misshapen bodies. The men and women were talking as they passed through the gates, but the children said never a word. They looked round wistfully for their parents or stumbled along silently in the direction of their homes. In the dim light and the driving rain they seemed like a host of goblins. They were gaunt faced little girls, hunch-backed and splay-footed, and small boys with thin arms and bow-legs. Hardly a child was of normal shape or size, and the faces were old and hopeless .....”

“Little Slaves of Industry”

“All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.”

Ray 1670



**"Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers  
leisure;  
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for  
Measure."**

William Shakespeare (1564—1616)  
Measure for Measure

**"Equal liability of all to labour.  
Establishment of industrial armies,  
especially for agriculture."**

Karl Marx (1818—1883) "The Communist Manifesto"

*"It always does seem to me that I am doing more  
work than I should do. It is not that I object to the  
work, mind you; I like work; it fascinates me; I can  
sit and look at it for hours. I love to keep it by me;  
the idea of getting rid of it nearly breaks my heart."*

Jerome K. Jerome (1859—1927) Three Men In a Boat

**"For men must work, and women must weep,  
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep."**

Charles Kingsley (1819—1875) The Three Fishers

**"What is this life if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare?"**

W.H. Davies (1871—1940) Leisure

*"The scholars of every school have their ball, or  
baton, in their hands; the ancient and wealthy men  
of the city come forth on horseback to see the sport  
of the young men and to take part in the pleasure in  
beholding their agility ..... In the holidays all the  
summer the youths are exercised in leaping, dancing,  
shooting, wrestling, casting the stone, and practising  
their shields; the maidens trip in their timbrels, and  
dance as long as they can see ....."*

John Stow (1525—1605) A Survey of London

"..... In a machine age, artist-craftsmen, working primarily with their hands, represent a natural reaction valid as individual expression, and they should be the source of creative design for mass-production whether they work in conjunction with industry or not. The machine has split the human personality. It has brought humanity within sight of safety and leisure for the first time in history, but at this moment fear of a universal disaster is upon us all, and the only leisure is that of the unemployed and of the rich and idle, because we have not learned how to use art, science, leisure or real wealth. Instead, we increase the tempo of industrial slavery, and, refusing to distribute money equal in value to saleable goods and madly pursuing escapist pleasure, we allow under-consumption to be described as over-production, and as a consequence the sheer technique of living has overwhelmed life itself. Under such conditions of national life artists and craftsmen are obliged to live and work parasitically or precariously because they have no recognised function. Evidence admitted by observers on all hands points to the end of an age. Whether we shall emerge into a time of plenty and a unification of cultural values after violence, or by slower stages of decay and recrudescence, it is not for me to say. Not improbably those who seek the meaning and beauty of life through art may suffer an eclipse, but meanwhile let us 'bring out weight and measure in a year of dearth', as William Blake urged amidst the blindness and apathy of early industrialism."

A Potter's Book ..... Bernard Leach, 1939.

## **YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO "HERITAGE" WILL BE MOST WELCOME.**

*The Editor invites readers to submit their views on any topic related to Australia's heritage. Letters to the editor are an ideal form of expression but in particular we seek longer, researched articles which explore any one of Australia's short and relatively unknown history.*

*We also invite writers to contribute material on any of the following subjects:*

**BUILDING THE FAMILY HOME** – from past to present.

**AUSTRALIA AT WAR** – personal glimpses.

**HUMOROUS CHARACTERS I'VE MET.**

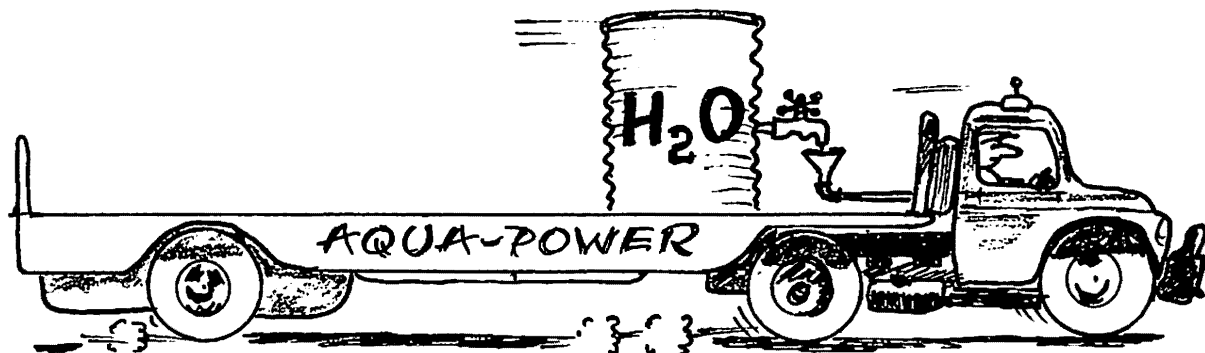
**GREAT AUSTRALIANS** – Another side of their story

**UNEMPLOYMENT** – Is this modern phenomena a curse or blessing in disguise?

*A nation which forgets or ignores its past has a doubtful future. The Australian Heritage Society is pledged to preserving all aspects of our nation's history. Without your participation, many of the human, emotional and humorous aspects of Australia's early life may be lost forever.*

*Please direct contributions or enquiries to:*

The Editor,  
"HERITAGE",  
Box 16,  
INGLEWOOD, W.A. 6052.



# WATER POWER —

“Water decomposed into its primitive elements, and decomposed doubtless by electricity, which will then have become a powerful and manageable force ..... Yes, my friends, I believe that will one day be employed as fuel .....”

Jules Verne, 1875. "The Mysterious Island".

An energy crisis now hangs over the Western world. The events in Iran seem to have hastened an impending confrontation with the fact that the world's vast industrial complexes are hooked to an ever-decreasing source of fuel which is now a political and economic time-bomb.

Frantic research so far has shown that there are alternatives — but they either require long-term development, or the total re-cycling of today's internal combustion engine — which for eighty years has powered the greater part of the world's transport agriculture and industry.

The impending obsolescence — through a cut-off of fossil fuels — of the millions of cars, vans, trains, planes, tractors, power plants and industries is a nightmare which has slowly crystallised over the last decade. That this nightmare has proved a potent lever in the gamut of world politics and the quest for power has increased the urgency of the situation.

## A MIRACLE ANSWER?

The dream of a totally free, non-polluting fuel in permanent abundance, capable of keeping existing capital equipment in harness sounds suspiciously like Don Quixote's impossible dream.

Yet — incredibly — that possibility is being realised in the unlocking of the final secrets in the second most abundant element in the world — water.

As a two-to-one mixture of hydrogen and oxygen, water is life. It was Faraday who discovered that, by passing an electric current through water, hydrogen and oxygen were converted into their original gaseous form.

Hydrogen is a highly inflammable and explosive gas. Lighter than air, it was used in the zeppelins early this century. But the shocking Hindenberg disaster was enough to “moth-ball” the development of giant dirigibles, even though they were probably the most economical means of transport ever invented.

The urgent search for alternative fuels has reopened the investigation of Hydrogen. And one or two significant discoveries have come to light.

## POLLUTION-FREE

On its own, Hydrogen is difficult and dangerous to handle. But by keeping Oxygen and Hydrogen together in the same proportions after electrolysis



MICHAEL FARADAY, (1791—1867)  
First experiments in electrolysis.

as in water, a stable fuel is available no more dangerous to handle than the petroleum sold in hundreds of thousands of service stations throughout the world. What is more, this fuel can be used in the existing internal combustion engines that drive transport and industry with little more modification than that required to use L.P.G.

Its combustion injects no hydrocarbons or lead into the atmosphere. The ignition of this hydrogen-oxygen fuel merely converts the two gases to water again. The range of applications is almost limitless — from the cooking, heating and lighting requirements of the modern home to the multitude of applications in a modern transport, agricultural or industrial system. It could meet the requirements of the most backward Third World countries, or the most advanced industrial nations. It is universal, and therefore beyond the reach of the blackmailer, the politician or the power-seeker.

And, above all, it will, sooner or later, be free.

### LIFE WAS MEANT TO BE EASY

The sceptical may find this difficult to swallow. But so much has already been done that there is little difficulty in seeing what is to follow.

What problems have to be overcome? The first is the storage of the gas mixture that has been produced by electrolysis. Compressed into cylinders, it would still require more space than the average petrol tank to run a car — about two-thirds as much again.

It has been known for some time that hydrides — certain metal alloys — were capable of absorbing hydrogen to a capacity hundreds of times their own weight. The trouble was that such hydrides were exorbitantly expensive because of the rare metals involved. However, the Commission for Scientific and Industrial Research in South Africa claims to have made a dramatic breakthrough in this regard, developing new hydrides which can be produced relatively cheaply. By heating the saturated hydrides, Hydrogen is released for immediate use.

Already several people have built hydrogen welders, capable of everything — and more — that oxy-acetylene, or electric welding can achieve, with water as the energy source. Experimental cars — including one tested by the Hydro-Electricity Commission in Tasmania — have shown that the major problems have been solved.

### FREE ELECTRICITY

At the moment grid electricity — often produced by fossil fuels — would have to be used to generate the Hydrogen fuel mixture, which seems to have solved nothing. But the production of solar panels, already being sold commercially, makes the final answer possible. It is only a matter of time before the average householder, with a small number of cheaply produced solar panels, will be able to generate without cost the fuel for his stove, his hot water, his heating in winter and his cooling in summer. While his car is in his garage — well over half the time — his energy tank will be building up for his next journey without charging him a penny.

From there it is only a step to the full range of possibilities, catering for all existing power requirements, and many more that today haven't even been thought of.

The real barriers still to be overcome are neither physical, chemical nor mechanical. They are economic. Could governments survive without the enormous taxes imposed on existing fuels? Would the politicians of today sanction a new era of governmental impotency — for who can tax water and sunshine?

It may be that the labour-pains of crisis and revolution will have to be endured before the birth of a new truth whose time has come — **THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE!**

*Those interested in more information on Hydrogen can obtain a recently-published booklet — "THREE RINGS" by the author of this article, Jeremy Lee.*

**\$1 posted.**

*Available from:*  
**The Institute of Economic Democracy,  
Kingstown, via Armidale, N.S.W. 2350.**

# A fallen digger

by Robert Murray

*We pay tribute to Mr. Frank Mitchell (85) whose Anzac Day story appears below. A Gallipoli veteran, Mr. Mitchell is one of only 12 survivors of the old 28th Battalion, Australian Imperial Force.*

The one mile march down the city's main street was just too much for one old Great War veteran. As he and the thinned ranks of his former army unit neared the parade ground, the old digger lost grip of the colourful but tattered standard he was so proudly bearing. His legs crumpled beneath him as two fellow veterans, without fuss, came quickly from behind to support their weakening comrade. Once comfortably seated after his ordeal the old gentleman displayed no outward signs of distress. In fact, through his gritted smile I detected a look of determination that to me spelled ANZAC. But that short respite from the rigours of a tiring march did little to dampen the spirit of this old digger. A minor set-back like that wasn't going to be the end of his big day!

In only a few seconds he was in the care of a different "soldier", an officer of the St. John's Ambulance. Fearing for the worst the anxious crowd kept a close watch on our Great War veteran, while the marching ANZAC parade passed by their fallen comrade.

The ANZAC determination grew stronger in that old digger as each minute passed. It was obvious from his actions that he didn't want to miss the parade he had so patiently waited for over the past year. With the aid of his two companions, the gallant gentleman was soon on his feet, much to the relief and delight of the cheering and clapping crowd. The first few steps were faltering. I held my breath. But those unsure steps soon became giant strides as the old digger, flanked by his two mates, proudly strode out to catch up with his unit. He was determined to be there when we all stood in silence and remembered those who would never see an ANZAC Day parade. He carried that standard again for the march-past.

The thoughts on the faces of every smiling witness to the old man's triumphant struggle came from the lips of the elderly lady beside me, when she said, "That's the sort of stuff they're made of".

# at Concord

by LOIS CLIFTLANDS

I looked up from the table to address the voice who had asked could he join me. The smiling face and eyes were those of an old digger.

"Nice day" he commented, to which I had to agree. "Had a beautiful trip down in the plane from Port Macquarie this morning, wonderful flying weather."

"Glad my appointment was on a Wednesday this week, as I sure like this Smorgasbord. Usually come on a Monday, you understand, but this week was a Wednesday. Couldn't refuse 'em, you understand, as over the years this hospital has been good to me."

One thing led to another and noting the RSL badge on his lapel I concluded he must be a patient. I commented that the weeping scars on his hands would be in need of constant treatment.

"Oh, them's nothin", he said. "What I'm here for is me Lookeemia - Have you heard of it". My heart went to my boots, but before I had time to reply he continued. "They reckon its me white corkpuskles eating up the red, hungry devils", Funny thing that eh? So I have to come here for me injections. But I really feel fine. Do me a spot of fishing and swim in the summer - only thing is I get tired. Never knew there was a thing wrong with me til I collapsed on the beach. Took a devil of a long time to find out what was the matter with me, but this old hospital finally did. The only trouble is me old lady fusses", and as an afterthought: "Do you fuss?" I admitted I did over people who concerned me. "You sheilas are all alike then I reckon" was the retort. "Either that or she thinks I'm off with one of the pretty young nurses. Lot of rot you know, as I'm past all that".

I hastened to assure him that while it may be irritating, he was, in fact, lucky to have someone to "fuss".

"Reckon I am", he said. "We have a pretty good life the old girl and me. Retired to Port Macquarie. Charge us the earth for our flat but it is comfortable and all mod cons. Just enough room for us both. Don't want much you understand. I do me spot of fishin' and there's always tucker. All would be well if it weren't for these bloody corkpuskles. Hell of a nuisance I reckon". I nodded in agreement.

Trying to take his mind from this dreaded disease, I asked him what he had done in the army and where he had seen active service. "A foot slogger in the Islands" was the reply. "Signals, you know". Had to put the b . . . wires they kept on bombing, just in time for the b . . . moon to shine again and for them to give us another blast. Darwin and the b . . . wires, well that was a hell of a long time ago that was, and we are living for the present now."

I felt a small lump in my throat as he continued "nice old boy the doc, bring him something each time I come, Want to see what I've got this time?" and with this he opened a canvas bag to reveal the eyes of two large flathead. "Loves fish, he does, so it's the least I can do". "Well I better go and give them to him before they come to life".

He gathered up his belongings and with a "So long, nice talking to yer", made for the door. I reflected on the hospital, his state of health and how many such people crossed our threshold each day. Somehow Concord seemed the least we could do.

"REVEILLE" Jan—Feb. 1979.

"HERITAGE" JUNE — AUG. 79



# Take pride in the Commonwealth

Sir: How "new" is Commonwealth Day? — the day is not, but the date is. Up till 1977 there had been a universal Commonwealth Day; it varied from country to country till, at the heads of governments meeting in Kingston, Jamaica, in 1975 Mr. Pierre Trudeau, the Prime Minister of Canada suggested that the Commonwealth secretariat set about finding a suitable date, and one which had no national significance to any member country and when children would be at school.

It was no easy task, but now Commonwealth Day is celebrated throughout the entire Commonwealth on the second Monday in March (today).

It is not intended to make Commonwealth Day a solemn officials-only affair and one reason for choosing a school day was that children should be given the opportunity of celebrating the day in an enjoyable way rather than letting it go by unnoticed as is often the case with national days.

The Joint Commonwealth Societies Council in Western Australia, with the co-operation of the Education Department, and the public schools place

emphasis on a youth rally which is held on this day, for it is most desirable that the youth of today understands the impact that the Commonwealth can inject in this ever changing world.

## 39 COUNTRIES

The Commonwealth is made up of 39 independent countries, consisting of one quarter of the world's people. It spans the great divides of race, colour, creed and economic development and, most importantly of all, it has a common official language — English — which makes for easy communication.

Commonwealth co-operation takes many forms and covers many fields and includes the Commonwealth Fund for Technical Co-operation, the Commonwealth Youth Programme, the Commonwealth Foundation, the Commonwealth Development Corporation — and many other activities of great benefit, particularly to the undeveloped countries.

In summing up the Commonwealth of Nations, Shridath S. Ramphal, the Commonwealth Secretary-General said: "Freedom in co-operation is what the Commonwealth is all about — freedom

to assert the personalities of our very different nations, freedom to declare our right to learn from our differences, freedom from the beliefs of superiority and dominance. And we stand up too for freedom from poverty. To right this wrong, to spread more widely the standards of life that should be man's birthright, is the main task for the nations of the Commonwealth partnership."

We appeal to the people of WA to gain a greater understanding of the Commonwealth and to inculcate in their children a pride in this heritage — the Commonwealth of Nations of which the Queen, Queen of Australia, is head of the Commonwealth.

MRS. H.S. FOLEY, chairman, the Victoria League for Commonwealth Friendship; and SIR VALSTON HANCOCK, president the Royal Commonwealth Society.

(Reprinted from "West Australian")

## The visual message...

### FLAG STICKERS

Support the Heritage Society by purchasing and distributing as many stickers as possible.

They have many applications and will stick permanently to:

BUMPERS, WINDSCREENS, BICYCLES, SCHOOLBOOKS, and numerous other surfaces.

As the postage cost is now a major factor in our pricing we have made the minimum order 4 stickers and have reduced the prices as the quantity increases.



SET OF	4 STICKERS	— \$1.00 POSTED
10	"	— \$1.75 "
20	"	— \$2.75 "
50	"	— \$5.00 "
100	"	— \$8.50 "

PLEASE USE ENCLOSED FORM WHEN ORDERING.

*One of the longest messages ever given by Her Majesty was for Christmas 1978. The message is a masterpiece of inspiration.*



The Queen is highly amused at the little boy taking her photo in Tamworth, N.S.W. (Fairfax)

At Christmas, we look back nearly 2000 years to an event which was to bring new hope and new confidence to all subsequent generations. The birth of Christ gave us faith in the future and as I read through some earlier Christmas Broadcasts, I was struck by the way that this same idea – faith in the future – kept recurring.

My grandfather, King George V, started the tradition of the Christmas Day Broadcasts back in 1932. As he spoke from his study at Sandringham, the 'wireless' – as we used to call it – made it possible for millions of people throughout the world to hear the voice of the Sovereign for the first time. And in that first broadcast, they heard him talk about the future – as he saw it in 1932.

Voice of King George V (1932)

*It may be that our future will lay upon us more than one stern test. Our past will have taught us how to meet*

*it unshaken. For the present, the work to which we are all equally bound is to arrive at a reasoned tranquility within our borders; to regain prosperity without self-seeking; and to carry with us those whom the burden of past years has disheartened or overborne.*

My father, King George VI, developed this theme of optimism and hope, even during the most difficult years of his reign.

On Christmas Day 1939, just after the outbreak of the Second World War, he spoke the words that many of you listening today will remember well.

# THE QUEEN'S 1978 CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Voice of King George VI (1939)

*I feel that we may all find a message of encouragement in the lines which, in my closing words, I would like to say to you:— "I said to the man who stood at the Gate of the Year, 'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown'. And he replied, 'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the Hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way.'"*

At the end of the war in Europe, there was rejoicing everywhere, although beneath it all the problems of the world were only too evident. But on Christmas Day 1945, my father expressed undiminished hope and trust in the future.

Voice of King George VI (1945)

*Have faith in life at its best and bring to it your courage, your hopes and your sense of humour. For merriment is the birthright of the young. But we can all keep it in our hearts as life goes on, if we hold fast by the spirit that refuses to admit defeat by the faith that never falters; by the hope that cannot be quenched. Let us have no fear of the future but think of it as opportunity and adventure.*

The optimism of that Christmas message is timeless. When it first fell to me to carry on the tradition that my grandfather and father had developed, I reaffirmed what I knew had been their deeply held beliefs in the future, beliefs which I myself share. This is what I said on Christmas Day 1952.

The Queen's Voice (1952)

*Many grave problems and difficulties confront us all, but with a new faith in the old and splendid beliefs given us by our forefathers and the strength to venture beyond the safeties of the past, I know we shall be worthy of our duty.*

By 1957 television was a feature of most homes and for the first time the broadcast was televised. That year I spoke on Christmas Day of the qualities needed to sustain our faith in the future.

The Queen's Voice (1957)

*Today we need a special kind of courage but not the kind needed in battle but a kind which makes us stand*

*up for everything that we know is right, everything that is true and honest. We need the kind of courage that can withstand the subtle corruption of the cynics so that we can show the world that we are not afraid of the future.*

You have heard three generations talking about the future. My grandfather couldn't have known what was in store for his grandchildren; yet his faith in the future gave him a quiet confidence that the stern tests would be overcome. And so it has proved. My father watched his grandchildren take their first steps and he knew that all the sacrifices and anxiety of the dark days of the War had been worthwhile.

Now it is our turn to work for a future which our grandchildren will step into one day. We cannot be certain what lies ahead for them but we should know enough to put them on the right path. We can do this if we have the good sense to learn from the experience of those who have gone before us and to hold on to all the good that has been handed down to us in trust.

Look around at your families as you are gathered together for Christmas. Look at the younger ones — they are the future and just as we were helped to understand and to appreciate the values of a civilised community, it is now our responsibility to help them to do the same.

We must not let the difficulties of the present or the uncertainties of the future cause us to lose faith. You remember the saying "the optimist proclaims that we live in the best of all possible worlds, and the pessimist fears that this is true". It is far from easy to be cheerful and constructive when things around us suggest the opposite; but to give up the effort would mean, as it were, to switch off hope for a better tomorrow. Even if the problems seem overwhelming, there is always room for optimism. Every problem presents us with the opportunity both to find an answer for ourselves and to help others.

The context of the lives of the next generation is being set, here and now, not so much by the legacy of science or wealth or political structure that we shall leave behind us, but by the example of our attitudes and behaviour to one another and by trying to show unselfish, loving and creative concern for those less fortunate than ourselves.

Christians have the compelling example of the life and teaching of Christ and, for myself, I would like nothing more than that my grandchildren should hold dear his ideals which have helped and inspired so many previous generations.

I wish you all, together with your children and grandchildren, a very happy Christmas.

# Anti-metric group keeps pressure on M.C.B.

Recently the Melbourne Conservative Speakers Club heard Mr. Robert W. Parry, F.C.A., President of the Australian Anti-Metric Association, speak on the subject of Metrication.

Mr. Parry commented at the way that Mr. Alan Harper of the Australian Metric Conversion Board had managed to manipulate the facts presented to both the Federal and State Parliaments on the progress of Metrication in this country and overseas in U.K., U.S.A. and Canada.

Extracts from the Comptroller General's report to the U.S. Congress shows that:

1. It is NOT the policy of the U.S. Government to convert to the Metric System and,
2. The U.K. Government has dropped its plans for compulsory Metrication.

On Page 27 of the 1977-78 Annual Report of the Metrication Board presented to Parliament, reference is made to recent events in Britain and the U.S.A. and alleges that ". . . these developments, while undoubtedly set-backs in the change to Metric in these countries, have not altered the determination of their Governments to press on with metrication". What perfidy is practiced in the name of bureaucracy.

Mr. Parry also showed how Mr. Alan Harper, now Chief Executive Officer of the M.C.B., had dominated the investigation of the Senate Committee and had virtually written the report - a report which deliberately set out to ensure that our tried and true Imperial measures would be totally eliminated. To this end the Act was so worded:-

"To bring about progressively the use of the Metric System of measurement in Australia as a sole system of measurement of physical quantities".

The Metric Conversion Board is now not content with bringing about conversion progressively, but is now attempting force in order to have its task completed by 1980.

The Metric Conversion Board not only reflects Mr. Harper's personal views, but consistently fails to report the true effect of conversion to its Minister and to the Parliament.

## FREEDOM OF CHOICE

Members of the Board attempt to cover up their tyrannical actions by claiming that they 'must of course be guided by the stated object of the Act'.

What has happened to FREEDOM OF CHOICE in this country, when a small group of entrenched bureaucrats blatantly abuse all democratic principles, ignores the wishes of the great majority and, regardless of the changed circumstances in the World situation on metrics, arrogantly demands that metrication continue, under threat of penalty.

Mr. Parry was of the opinion that such oppression must be stopped. Where is the spirit of ANZAC? It is not in the best interests of present or future generations to bow to this Metric tyranny. Never in the history of Australian reform, has any reform been adopted on the basis of so many spurious arguments and so much mangled evidence as has the Metric Conversion Act.

If you feel as strongly about this tyranny as Mr. Parry, you will immediately get in touch with the Australian Anti-Metric Association, 50 Cardigan Street, Carlton, Vic. 3053, and offer your help. Membership of the Association will cost you a mere \$2, for which you will receive a wealth of information.

## METRIC MADNESS!

### A Comedy of Errors

Now in its eighth year, how will Australia's Battle of the Standards go during 1979?

Metric is a comedy of errors. It let down Robespierre, Napoleon, the Kaiser and Hitler's nazis, and now it is losing its influence in other places misguided enough to have adopted it after 1917 and 1947.

By contrast, the astronomical inch of the ancient megalithic Britons' imperial system has served all the needs of nations since the flow of time was measured and understood by the builders of Mear Howe, Avebury, Stonehenge and the Pyramids. Such circles and pyramids were constructed to observe the cosmic law of physical nature surveyed later by the *Principia* of Sir Isaac Newton.

The 1970 legislation was and is ambiguous. It does not empower anybody to force the use of metric or to prohibit the use of imperial. Yet Australia has degenerated into a metric dictatorship because the Metric Conversion Board has done just that by meddling with Federal and States' statutory rules and regulations like latter-day fascist nazis.

Yet politicians to date have said and done nothing.

Have any of them actually ever tried to use 25 cube blocks of the toy inch-square size to build a cube form?

There are either 17 blocks too many or two blocks short. If two cube forms of eight blocks each are built there are nine blocks left over.

Metric is only a linear scheme of wrong sizes. Imperial is a universal system of perfect interchangeability, be it binary, by halves or multiples, trigonometrical by thirds or multiples, or euphonic by eighths or multiples.

To the public at large it is the "yard, mile, acre, foot, pound, square inch, cube, pint, gallon, grain, ounce, drop, second, minute, hour, day, month, year, watt and whatever."

No wonder Australians in 1979, businessmen and apprentices alike, are saying: "Stop metrication, go back to imperial, you are going the wrong way with metric."  
W. FINLAY, Newport, N.S.W.

"THE BULLETIN" February 6th, 1979.

# FORCED METRICATION

## A big bluff in Canada

Canadians, increasingly incensed by the attempt to impose the metric madness on them, have now discovered that forced metrication is turning out to be one of the biggest bluffs in Canadian history. The Canadian "Hansard" for February 1 reveals that no metrication bill has ever been passed by the Canadian Parliament. A resolution was carried to set up a commission, but no legislation has ever been passed.

The bureaucracy has gone ahead making its own regulations and threatening Canadians with all types of dire consequences if they do not comply. Well, Canadians are not submitting quite as meekly as Australians, while Americans are resisting so strongly that there is a growing demand in Canada that a halt should be called to forced metrication until the American situation has been clarified. Although the U.S. Congress passed a "metric conversion act" in 1975, it is still debatable whether the act made it Government policy to encourage metric use. While the Australian bureaucrats are repeating the story about the "rest of the world going metric", metrics have made such little impact in the United States that the American metric bureaucrats recently called in the media to publicise a victory. The Calaveras County Fair in California has agreed to measure its frog-jumping contest in centimetres! In the meantime all Canadian exports — meat, timber, etc. — to the United States are supplied in the traditional imperial measurements.

### "COLD" FACTS

Celsius measurements are rarely, if ever, heard on

American radio and T.V. stations, while in Canada there is increasing use of both celsius and fahrenheit. Canadians claim that their climate is bad enough without having the temperature expressed in minus quantities eight months of the year by using Celsius! But even in the face of a rising inflation rate, the Canadian metric bureaucrats have proclaimed their determination to impose greater financial costs upon the Canadian timber industry by forcing it to produce in two separate sizes so that every third sheet of plywood is in metric measurement for the Canadian market. The other two sheets, for the American market will continue to be in the traditional four-by-eight feet. One Canadian paper comments that "It is unfortunate that no political party in the current election campaign, wants to give the people a say in metric conversion. If they did, perhaps Canada would relegate conversion to its frog-jumping contests." But while the parties have not raised the compulsory metric issue, the Canadian League of Rights has, with the result that right across Canada candidates are being challenged to commit themselves to ending the metric madness before it produces more confusion, friction and unnecessary increased economic costs. And, of course, more bureaucratic dictatorship.

It may be argued that the metric issue is not a major one. But if Americans and Canadians can demonstrate that at least the metric bureaucrats can be defeated, with Australians and others being inspired by example to challenge their bureaucrats, then electors will see that they can move on to assaulting other bureaucracies and their policies.

## SUMMER SONG

W.W. Watt

I have scuff-resistant sneakers,  
Over sweat-resistant hose,  
Also run-resistant nose drops  
In my pollinated nose.

And my stretch-resistant muscles,  
Groan in work-resistant pain,  
While my battered conscience tussles  
With my thought-resistant brain.

I have spot-resistant trousers,  
And a crease-resistant coat,  
And a wilt-resistant collar  
And my thirst-resistant throat.

I've a shock-resistant wristwatch,  
And two leak-resistant pens,  
And some sun-resistant goggles,  
With glare-resistant lens.





The Toddlers' Home in 1933.

Back in 1933 a Toddlers' Home was formed in what had been the stately two-storied residence of the Bishop of Bendigo. It was furnished, mainly by Rotary, with small cots, child-sized tables and chairs, paint easels, built-in shelves and a piano.

There was a Matron in charge, who was a trained nurse; another Sister, a former Matron of a Home in Ferntree Gully, whose children accompanied her to the new dwelling; three partially trained kindergarten Deaconesses, ten nurses, a cook and her staff and me — the first kindergartener to pioneer work in a Children's Home.

The Home was sponsored by the Church of England under direct responsibility of the Mission of St. James and St. John administered by the late Archdeacon George E. Lamble. The appointment of a kindergarten teacher to the Home was due to the dedicated work of the late Dr. Mary Gutteridge, Principal of "Mooreelbeek" — as the Kindergarten Teachers Training College was then known — and the foresight of kindly Archdeacon Lamble.

I felt it was a great honour and privilege to be given this responsibility and was full of enthusiasm for this new work. Naturally, great things were expected of me. It was hoped that I would somehow be able to bring happiness into the lives of these little waifs, lacking home, family and friends and somehow transform them into docile obedient little human beings. An impossible task! For as Archdeacon Lamble wrote in my testimonial, "... she had an extremely difficult task, for the work in an Institution where children are living their whole lives is very much

more difficult than that of the ordinary Kindergarten where they come for a few hours and somebody else shares the burden."

Nowadays, we think it wise for small children to be cared for in family groups and "Thank God" this is being done in many instances.

The children were mine to look after for most of their waking hours — from 6.30 a.m. to 6 p.m. There was time off for meals, two hours rest period, one day off a week and one annual holiday. I was, of course, responsible for all kindergarten work at the Home. Later on, the ten nurses also came under my control which meant detailing duties and writing daily lists of work schedules, as well as giving simple talks on kindergarten work.

At first, there was nothing to play with, nothing to stimulate their interest, so until we could acquire some equipment, we led nomadic lives exploring the world outside the Home, storing up learning experiences gained on many fascinating walks. In this way, Nature became my most helpful and generous ally.

Naturally, we met many people on our walks. To children accustomed to a monastic existence this was quite an event. Men, being rare, attracted special attention. There was for instance a man with a beard — "that man's been eating cobwebs", one lad remarked.

In this "getting to know" period, I was busy gathering up and preparing what equipment we could find. With the aid of the Bendigo Advertiser an appeal went out for waste materials. The response was overwhelming. Soon I was boiling cotton reels of all shapes and sizes in coloured dyes by the copperful. Some of these were piled into painted boxes with long laces for threading and the larger ones were stored into wooden boxes for a variety of creative activities.

Tins and boxes of all shapes and sizes were lacquered in gay colours to hold blunt nosed scissors, large crayons or coloured paper, others served as vases; whilst picture books were made from old linen blinds and thick cardboard, clear lacquered and stacked in boxes.

#### GARDENING

A small plot of ground, some seeds, a spade and home-made buckets were given to each child. The gardens never lacked water and the constant coming and going reminded one of bucket brigades at a fire. Fortunately, most of the plants thrived on water, and it was a proud moment for one boy when he picked "cress" for our tea.

#### MUSIC

Music too became a joyful part of their lives as they learned to listen to the sound of wind, rain, bird calls and all manner of Nature's sounds as well as listening to each other — which was quite a feat! We made our own music with a home-made band using such equipment as bells stitched on elastic bracelets whilst others danced and sang.

#### ADOPTION

It was a wonderful day for some child when he or she — mostly she — was selected by a young couple eager for a child to share their home. It was a happy day for me too but if only they could all have been adopted.

Adoptive parents often picked out a child whom they thought resembled them most and little girls were favoured because it was thought they were easier to manage, nicer to dress and more attractive in appearance. I used to feel angry when the "miserics" were passed over, but later I came to realize that it was natural for parents to feel healthy pride in showing off a bright, presentable child.

Music and stories, creative playthings, comforting them in their hurts, sharing their laughter, building up their independence and self-confidence, I did my best to help them. But really nothing could ever fill the deep, urgent need of these waifs for the love and security of a mother, father and a normal home.

— Frances Allen.

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