

HERITAGE

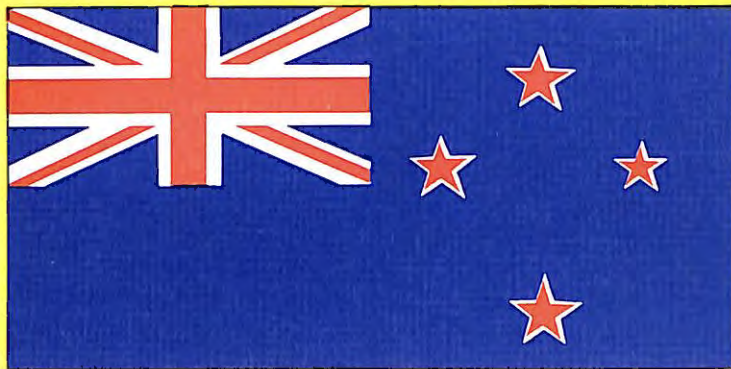
LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT— FOR THE FUTURE

No. 15



Dec 1979 — Feb 1980

Welcome New Zealand



FREEDOM-OF-CHOICE
METRIC COMPETITION

The Australian Heritage Society

Brief History

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 5031

BOX 2957, SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES 2001

BOX 172, CHERMSIDE, QUEENSLAND 4032

The Joys of Youth are being Dashed on the Labour Market

CHRISTMAS 1979 is unlikely to be a happy occasion for 130,000 Australians between the ages of 15 and 19 years. They are classed as unemployed and most of them receive a weekly payment of around \$36 a week (over 18 a maximum of \$51.45). The latest government scheme involves a special school-to-work policy, the intention of which is to train and prepare our youthful school-leavers for their future working life. For political reasons, it is feared, the youths training under the new proposal would not show up in unemployment figures.

Where have we gone wrong? Why is so much importance placed on getting school-leavers straight into the labour market where they allegedly become a wealth producing asset or a political pawn at election time, none of which does much for the young person's intellect, creativeness and general development.

Have "employment opportunities" become the ultimate goal of the education process? Is it preordained that school students have to get a job only to become a cog in our giant economic system? Work, for work's sake is a sure recipe for discontent and the unhappy predicament of unemployed youths is being skillfully exploited by politicians, trade unions and revolutionary groups. The growing interest in the occult is only a result of bored and unoccupied minds looking for some type of mental stimulation, often with tragic consequences.

We should never lose sight of the fact that self-development of each individual must take precedence over all man-made systems.

To brand a youth as "unemployed" is to suggest that he or she is not pulling their weight or paying their way in the economic system. Instead, we should learn to look as this surplus of labour as a desirable result of man's efforts to reduce the physical labour required to enjoy a better standard of living.

So the problem is not one of "unemployment" but more an admission by today's planners that no constructive thought was given to a foreseeable phenomenon. The question must be centred around how best we can tap or utilise the pent up creativity, enthusiasm and potential of Australia's youth. How can we help them to give expression to their thoughts and aspirations? What hidden creative talents, and philosophical genius is being lost to a man-made economic monster which chews up the informative years of an adolescent life and spits out a wrecked shell of a human being who is so

entangled in the production system with all its associated pressures, that the flame of self-development is almost snuffed out. And the dormant capabilities remain buried in the soul, never to be fully realised. A life comes and goes and because of a perverted set of values in today's society, no-one is any the wiser.

If we are to allow the flower of Australia's youth to blossom to its fullest then a closer philosophical study of the purpose of Man is necessary. Man must be elevated to his rightful position and man-made systems be viewed simply as a mechanism by which each individual attains his or her highest potential.

Just as Christians herald the birth of Christ as the beginning of a new age for Man, so too the young school leaver should look upon that moment in life not as the beginning of life's struggle, but as the starting point in discovering the unique attributes he possesses.

Society must find a way to nurture this youthful venture into life. The philosophy of "work or perish" must be shunned aside. If the adults of tomorrow ever needed a lead, it must surely be now.



The producers of "Heritage" wish to extend their warmest greetings to readers over the holy Christmas season.

CONTENTS

2. Will Australia Learn from Britain's Metric Experience?
4. Metric Slogan Contest – Details
5. Welcome New Zealand – History of Flag
7. Can Our Heritage Survive?
9. Yuendumu in the Northern Territory
12. A Heritage in Silver
14. Those deep, dark days of depression
16. Christianity in Schools
17. Alphabet – A Message to Parents
19. Our Help in Ages Past
20. "... astronauts are not high on drugs"
21. Australia – land of our adoption
22. Brockman Sawpit
24. Lord Louis Mountbatten.

U.K. relents on metrics

LONDON, Thurs:
Britain has relented
gallons, pints,
pounds, inches and
other imperial meas-
ures.

The Minister for
Consumer Affairs,
Mrs Sally Oppen-
helm, said yesterday
that no further com-
pulsory metrication
measures would be
taken.

This will mean that
each shopkeeper, gar-
age owner or publi-
cage can decide for
himself whether to
use traditional Brit-
ish or metric meas-
ures.—AAP.

Will Australians learn from Britain's metric experience?

It was no surprise when the British government announced in late October that the British public now had the choice between imperial and metric measures.

So strong has been the opposition to forced metrication that a rethink had to be made.

The following suggested letter will provide some ideas.

*The Rt. Hon. Prime Minister,
Mr. Malcolm Fraser,
Parliament House,
CANBERRA 2600.*

Dear Mr. Fraser,

I recently noted that Great Britain has relented on gallons, pints, pounds, inches and other imperial measures. The Consumer Affairs Minister in Britain has stated that no further compulsory metrication would be taken.

Whatever advantages may be given for a change-over to metrics, the government has ignored the most important aspect of all and that is the freedom-of-choice.

The British government obviously felt growing public resentment over the compulsory metrication programme and in a truly democratic manner, the will of the people has been respected and acted upon.

I sincerely hope you have noted the feeling of the Australian public in regard to forced metrication. For a government to meddle with a firmly entrenched and traditional way-of-life in Australia is to alienate that government from the people it serves.

I am not opposed to the metric system for those who elect to use it. But I strongly object to being forced, under threat of law, to use a system which I find totally unacceptable in Australia.

There are three questions I wish to close on and I hope your immediate reply will be forthcoming.

1) Will Australia follow the British Government's example by ending the compulsory use of metrics?

2) How do you justify the continuation of enforced metrication when Australia's traditional freedom-to-choose is tossed aside?

3) Do you agree that the Australian public have a right to be heard on what system of measurement they desire?

I look forward to your early reply to my questions.

Yours sincerely,

"Heritage" has devoted pages of information on the problems being encountered wherever metrication has been introduced as a compulsory form of measurement. The "pushers" of metrics seem to ignore the basic argument used against metrics, i.e. If people want to adopt the metric system as their sole unit of measurement, then go ahead — but don't expect everyone else to change too. People want to have a say, a choice.

The imperial system of weights and measures has evolved over a long period of time. It has gradually been moulded to a stage where it meets the everyday needs of people. It is firmly established and accepted. Imperial is not obsolete, nor is it more complex than metrics. The Imperial system survives because it meets a need!

But in spite of all opposition, the Commonwealth government of Australia appears determined to press on with its forced metrication programme. So the Australian taxpayer must make his voice heard and the Heritage Society will provide a positive lead to preserve our traditional system of measurement.

A LETTER TO CANBERRA

Enclosed with this edition of "Heritage" are 2 copies of a suggested letter which we feel should be directed to Prime Minister Fraser. Although you can use the printed letter by just signing it, we suggest you write a similar letter in your own handwriting or typewritten. Be sure to end your letter with a good question and request that you receive an immediate acknowledgement, or better still, an answer to your questions.

Please send a copy of your reply straight to us. We will then publish the results at the earliest possible moment. We also suggest you encourage friends and relatives to send similar letters to not only the Prime Minister but also to their local politician and other community leaders.

OBTAIN MORE COPIES

Readers wanting more copies of the draft letter are asked to enclose a small donation with their request.

Please write to: "Metrics Letter",
Australian Heritage Society,
Box 16, Inglewood, W.A. 6052.

"Metrics separates us from our young . . ."

Sir, — Your correspondent J.D.S. Barton has described the metricators as idealists, though why he has given them that name I cannot understand. I have always thought an idealist to be one with a high regard for the whole good of the whole people and their nation.

The metricators have ruthlessly pursued a course of totally forcing their opinion on all people, and many people have accepted their edicts in the same way that they accept the defeat of their favourite footy team.

Perhaps they will win next week, but inevitably with the totalitarian machinations of the metricators there will not be a next week.

As Blakemore triumphantly puts it, it is now too late to do anything. 10 years too late in fact.

The distress that the method of applying this new-fangled metric monstrosity has caused me as an intelligent Australian is something that I do not care to publicly describe, and I am not alone in this. Suffice to say I am bitterly resentful of those in authority over us, and that I feel separated from our young people who are being brainwashed and manipulated by impractical theorists of all kinds.

I admit that for some specific application the use of the metric system probably does have advantages, but for general usage it is inferior. The claim of total acceptance by Britain and the U.S.A. is simply a lie.

It is unfair to those of us who have been raised in the British tradition, and I am fearful for the future of all the English-speaking world. J.D.S. Barton put it "they could compel us to adopt an Asian language."

The metricators are not idealists; they are as sinister an enemy of democracy as was Adolph Hitler.

Fred Schultz, Blairgowrie.

Taken from "Southern Peninsula Gazette", Victoria.

Our thanks to A.P.P. Clevedon for sending us this metrics information.
Editor.

"HERITAGE" DEC. 79 — FEB. 80

LETTERS

Call for metrics referendum

METRIC MADNESS

Replying to Mr. Krichauff. If he chooses to use Metric measurements, he of course, has that right. But it is obvious that he has no workable knowledge of the application of that old fashioned and chaotic system in other than scientific spheres.

In science, when one meets an item beyond calculation, one may name it 'X quantity'. A distance incomputable, becomes 'A light year' — sounds more important than saying 'I don't know'. But imagine building a bridge on 'X quantities'. Then again, to my knowledge, metrics were taught in government schools seventy years ago — but only as an adjunct to the more serviceable methods. One does not always divide by ten. In science, time and money are Ad Lib: in business, with the present day keen competition, time is money.

I am in the building trade; and members of this profession refuse to use that foreign of measurements. It requires seventy per cent more figuring to work out plans and costs of a building; therefore, seventy per cent greater risk of error. To emphasise the system in actual application, I give here a sample of exact transactions.

I went to my local timber merchant and ordered a sheet of lining board 12 ft. x 4 ft. x ½ in. A clerk converted this to Metrics: 2675.20 mm. x 1219.20 mm x 12.7000 mm.

Also I bought 100 ft. of 1 in. x 1 in. This, when converted, read 3,0480.00 mm. x 25.4000 mm. x 25.4000 mm.

(Hell! What a to-do over a little bit of wood.)

Why this retrogression to Metrics, when we had already progressed to a simpler and more efficient standard of reckoning?

Mr. Krichauff should try building a house using Metrics. But more important, the Government should have held a referendum on a matter of such great National upheaval. Who are the managers of Australia? Certainly not the Government whom we elect .

Albert E. New (W.A.)

**How do you
say "NO!"
to metrics
SEE DETAILS OF
SLOGAN CONTEST**

After the yachting disaster surrounding the Fastnet race in England last August, an exhausted woman competitor tried to estimate the size of waves in metres. Her father was quick to fight back as you will read in his letter to Perth's "Daily News" on 22nd August.

All at sea with metrics!

(A Correspondent) was concerned at the quoted height of waves in the Fastnet hurricane given in metres by my daughter, Sara Tasker. I am even more amazed because Sara has never accepted metrics as a means of measuring anything.

Like most of us she's quite happy with the system she grew up with, height being in feet and length in yards.

Buying food for Siska, she divides the queer symbol "kg" by two and calls it pounds.

A qualified nurse she knows the body's average temperature and anyhow, clinical thermometers have a thick line where 98.4 used to be. She can recognise and treat hypothermia and sunstroke and quickly determine the real temperature of the day by multiplying the quoted figure by two and adding thirty. Like the rest of us she remembers that 38 deg. celsius is really a ton (tonne?) or 100 deg. fahrenheit.

It should therefore be a source of pride and satisfaction to the Metric Conversion Board that, after four exhausting days and a ten-hour hurricane, she tried to answer a reporter's question on wave heights by making a gallant patriotic but futile stab at a figure in a system of measurement in which she is totally ignorant and never uses.

It really would have been much better if she had given him the same answer about those waves as she had just given us. They were "enormous".

Don Leggett Nedlands.

The success of the Heritage Society's fighting fund appeal has enabled us to launch an Australia-wide campaign to restore freedom-of-choice to Australia's system of measurement.

Spurred on by the British government's announcement to allow a free choice, many readers have written to ask what we intend doing about it.

We feel that a striking car sticker is required to help publicise our aims. Some suggestions for a sticker have been:

**PUT YOUR FOOT INTO METRES!
DEMAND FREEDOM-OF-CHOICE**

**SAY NO TO METRICS
GIVE US A CHOICE**

METRICS OUT – FREEDOM-OF-CHOICE IN

The secret of this type of advertising is to keep the wording to a minimum to provide maximum effect. The approximate size of these stickers will be:

3½ inches x 12 inches.

Whatever wording is used we intend printing an inches scale along the bottom of each sticker, similar to the markings on a foot ruler.

THE CONTEST

So go to it and put your thinking caps on. We want a catchy slogan for our battle to bring back freedom-of-choice. All entries must be sketched to the finished sticker size (3½" x 12").

TWO WINNERS – TWO STICKERS

Should we be lucky enough to get two entries of equal merit, then we shall print 2 stickers. There is no limit to the number of entries.

PRIZES

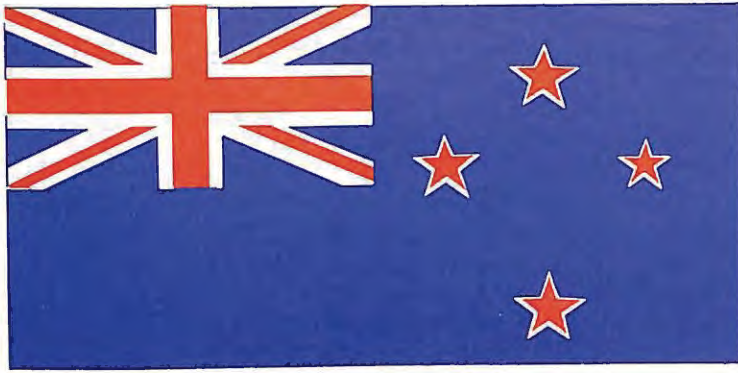
The winning entrant(s) will receive a \$10 cash prize, 1 year's free subscription to "Heritage", a copy of Arthur Chresby's latest book "Your Will Be Done" and a supply of 20 of the winning sticker(s).

CLOSING DATE

Entries will close on 31st January 1980. This gives everyone plenty of time to sit back over the Christmas break and give the sticker contest some thought.

Please address entries to:

Sticker Contest,
Australian Heritage Society
Box 16,
Inglewood, W.A. 6052.



Welcome New Zealand

The increasing number of subscriptions and enquiries from New Zealand has prompted us to produce a special flag sticker similar to that presently bearing the Australian flag and widely distributed by the Heritage Society.

Australia and New Zealand share a common heritage. The term "ANZAC" bears testimony to our close links. Today, ANZAC Day is the largest national day of celebration in our countries.

We recommend that New Zealand readers obtain these special flag stickers directly from:

CONSERVATIVE PUBLICATIONS
BOX 736, TAURANGA,
NEW ZEALAND.

The History of the New Zealand Flag

Although Australia's first "flag of stars", the one made by seafaring friends John Bingle and John Nicholson in the eighteenth-century, was officially commended it aroused so little public interest that it was soon forgotten. Yet New Zealand's first "flag of stars," introduced in the eighteenth-century, received a warm welcome. There was a special need for this flag, because ships built in New Zealand were not allowed to fly the Union Jack or sail under British Register, New Zealand at the time not being a British colony.

Sailing without a flag was no solution to the problem. The New Zealand barque *Sir George Murray* tried this and was seized at Sydney on 25 November 1830 by Customs officials, who claimed as the vessel was not sailing under any flag it could not be legally registered.

Sydney people read the news in *The Australian* of 26 November 1830:

Immediately upon her reaching port from New Zealand on Thursday evening, the *Sir George Murray*, a fine new ship built there but owned and navigated by British subjects, was seized by the Customs and is now detained in Neutral Bay, with a valuable cargo of flax, for a breach of Navigation Laws in sailing without a Register.

Several months passed before the cargo was unloaded, and the ship was then sold at auction for £1,300. Her new owner took the risk of sailing without a Register and sailed back to New Zealand at the end of March 1831. On 24 August—nine months after the ship had first been detained at Sydney—a provisional Register was granted, following representations made to the Home Authorities by Governor Darling.

In March 1832 Britain's Colonial Secretary, Viscount Goderich, announced that James Busby, a civilian who had

earlier spent some years in Australia, was to become British Resident in New Zealand. Although appointed in 1832, Busby did not reach New Zealand until April 1833, when he took up residence at Waitangi, on the Bay of Islands. In May he wrote to the Colonial Secretary's office in Sydney requesting the immediate creation of a New Zealand flag that would appeal to the Maori chiefs.

Such a vague instruction left overmuch to the imagination, but a flag was hurriedly designed in Sydney and sent to New Zealand in the care of Captain Sadler of the *Buffalo*.

Busby, who had eagerly awaited the flag's arrival, was disappointed when he saw it. It was, he said, quite unsuitable—one reason being that the main design contained no red, and red was the colour associated with rank by the Maoris. The flag consisted of four blue horizontal bars on a

white field, with a Union Jack in the upper hoist. The only red was that in the small Union Jack, hence Busby's disapproval.

Without even submitting the flag to any of the chiefs, he then had new designs drawn by the Rev. Henry Williams, a local missionary who had once been an officer in the Royal Navy. Three designs were sent to Sydney, where three new flags were made and then sent to New Zealand with Captain Lambert of H.M.S. *Alligator*.

On 20 March 1834, the flags were displayed on short poles outside Busby's residence at Waitangi. It was quite a social occasion, attended by officers from ten British and three American vessels which happened to be in the harbour, also by some of the local settlers and missionaries, and by twenty-five Maori chiefs who were there to choose a flag by popular vote. The voting was 12:10:3, the twelve votes being in favour of a flag similar to one that had already been used by the Church Missionary Society at the Bay of Islands. It featured a large red St George's Cross on a white ground, with a smaller St George's Cross on a blue ground in the first quarter, the blue ground being pierced with four white stars.

Having been chosen, the flag (sixteen feet long by ten feet wide) was raised on a tall flagstaff outside the Residency and honoured with a twenty-one gun salute by H.M.S. *Alligator*. All three flags were then returned to Sydney, together with Busby's report, on which the Executive Council acted with commendable speed.

As a result, Governor Bourke (who succeeded Governor Darling in New South Wales) sent a dispatch dated 29 April 1834 to the British Secretary of State, saying (in part):

I have the honour to transmit herewith the Copy of a Minute of the Executive Council recommending compliance with a proposal of Mr. Busby, the British Resident at New Zealand, for establishing a National Flag for the Tribe of that Country in their collective capacity.

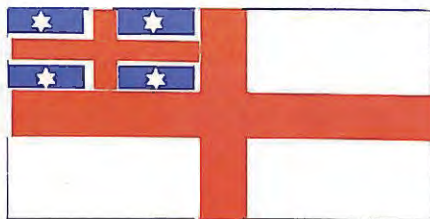
. . . In accordance with this recommendation, I sent three patterns of flags to New Zealand . . . and I now have the honour to submit a drawing of the flag which has been selected by a majority of the Chiefs.

. . . I trust that the measures which have been adopted on this subject will meet with the approbation of His Majesty's Government and that the necessary steps may be taken . . . for giving effect to the New Zealand Registers, and for acknowledging the Flag.

This dispatch was replied to by the Earl of Aberdeen, Secretary of State, on 21 December 1834; and in 1835 New Zealand's flag was approved by King William IV and the Admiralty, with one alteration, the small St George's Cross being given a white fimbriation (border) instead of a black

one. There were heraldic reasons for the change.

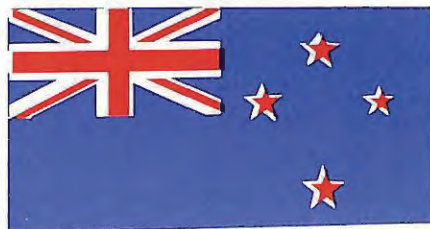
The flag, which became known as the Flag of the United Tribes of New Zealand, served as the national flag until 6 February 1840, when, on the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi, it was replaced by the Union Jack. This, however, did not entirely eliminate the old New Zealand Flag, for it still flies (in almost the original form) as



the house flag of the Shaw Savill and Albion Steamship Company.

On shore the Union Jack continued to be New Zealand's flag for many years, but a different flag was soon being flown at sea. In 1867 vessels in the service of the New Zealand colony were ordered to fly the Blue Ensign, with the letters N.Z. in red on a white ground in the fly. Several years later the letters were replaced by four five-pointed red stars—the Southern Cross—New Zealand thus choosing a design featuring only the four main stars of the Cross, not five as some politicians urged.

This handsome flag, slightly altered to give the stars more prominence, was chosen as New Zealand's national flag in 1900, when the New Zealand Ensign Act was passed; but the Admiralty, not quite satisfied with the wording of the Act, withheld approval. In 1901 New Zealand agreed to a suggested amendment; and in 1902 the flag was approved by King Edward VII, the announcement being made in the Government Gazette of 12 June 1902.



In September 1907, when New Zealand became a Dominion, there were some minor changes in the Ensign Act, but no change was made in the flag itself.

One of the most important flyings of the Ensign was at the battle of the River Plate in the second World War—the first flying of the New Zealand Flag in a naval battle.

It was 6.10 a.m. on 13 December 1939 when the British light cruisers *Exeter* and *Ajax*, and the light cruiser *Achilles*, of the New Zealand Division of the Royal Navy, went into action against the German pocket battleship *Admiral Graf Spee* off the coast of Uruguay.

The *Graf Spee*, having the advantage in range and gunpower—her broadside being far greater than that of the three cruisers combined—seemed to have little to fear. But the small ships raced in and out like terriers, suffering damage and heavy casualties but also inflicting serious damage on the enemy.

Aiming to destroy the cruisers one by one, the *Graf Spee* concentrated first on *Exeter* which was soon so badly smashed that only one of her guns could be fired and many of her crew were dead or wounded. *Exeter* moved out of range, but *Achilles* and *Ajax* kept up a fierce attack until the powerful *Graf Spee* fled into the River Plate estuary and took refuge in Montevideo harbour.

Knowing that the German could not stay long in a neutral port, the British ships waited until, on 17 December, the *Graf Spee* reappeared—but no further battle took place. Acting, it is said, on orders received from Hitler the German captain scuttled his ship. Later he committed suicide.

What became of the New Zealand Ensign flown by *Achilles* in the River Plate battle remained a mystery for a long time after that, the only clue being a story about a signalman who had torn the flag into a number of pieces and distributed these as souvenirs.

Many years later at the annual River Plate Veterans' Reunion, held in Auckland, an appeal was made asking men who had pieces of the famous ensign to return them. The response to this appeal was amazing. All but one small piece was returned; and the ensign restored by careful stitching, is today in the Chapel of St Christopher, the New Zealand Navy base chapel at H.M.N.Z.S. *Philomel*.

The foregoing information was reproduced from "Flag of Stars" by Frank Cayley (Rigby Ltd.) First published in 1966.

AUSTRALIAN READERS!

**BUY A NEW ZEALAND
FLAG STICKER AND
SEND TO A FRIEND IN
NEW ZEALAND.**

Our September–November edition (No. 14) carried a story of the Australian Heritage Commission's intrusion into private property of all descriptions. The interest in this particular story was so great that record sales of "Heritage" resulted.

The Property Rights Defence Committee reports renewed interest in the Heritage Act. Queensland Committee Secretary, Mr. Charles Pinwill sends us further information on the work of the Australian Heritage Commission.

Can Our Heritage Survive?

*"For what avail the plow or soil,
or land or life,
if freedom fail?"*

One of the significant features of the 1970's has been a strong upsurge of interest in what might be termed heritage. Many have noted this, and popular magazines and newspapers have responded with their regular feature articles. Television has granted a panorama of heritage programmes.

What few have noticed however, is that this interest is almost exclusively confined to old buildings, natural animal species, art museums and the other physical representations, relics and bequeaths of our heritage. Although these physical remains of our past are important and serve to remind us of our heritage, the physical artifices that have come down to us to make life easier or better or at least what it is, are the reflection of a past that had its sources somewhere.

The fountainhead of our human past was to be found in those generations themselves. The true embodiment of that time before, was carried in the values and the spiritual culture-soul of that army of individuals who made up the world past.

The force that bound them to their reality, that drove them to create another world, sprang from an inner world. An inner world of treasured experiences, stored up and refined into laws and practice, and a guide for every action.

That the spiritual inner world within men embodied all that was great in society, was the greater part of our heritage, and could not be changed except through applying oneself in the spiritual realm, was once quite readily understood.

Today's Australia legislates for almost everything, that is the answer if not the solution to all problems. If we haven't yet legislated for virtue, we may witness a library of legislation intended to preclude sin, and we have most certainly legislated for what is now acknowledged as our "heritage".

As witness to this we have "The Australian Heritage Commission Act of 1975" passed into law by the Whitlam Government, and administered with growing ambition by the Fraser Government.

THE A.H.C.A.

What is the Australian Heritage Commission Act? It is a Federal Act of Parliament which enables anyone to nominate anyone else's property as part of the National Estate. Once one's property is nominated, an objection may be made, but the decision lies with the Heritage Commission, and no appeal is possible.

What is it like to have one's property listed in the National Estate? Your property is not actually acquired, or taken from you, you continue to own it, that is, pay your taxes on it. However your effective control, and therefore the measure of your ownership, may be seriously impaired.

Under the Australian Constitution the powers of the Commonwealth Government over land and its uses are

limited, but notwithstanding this, every power which the Commonwealth does have is brought to bear on the individual's free exercise of his property rights.

Under Section 30 of the Heritage Act every Commonwealth Minister, Department, Authority, agency or instrument whatsoever, "shall give all such directions and do all such things" to ensure that no place listed on the National Estate Register is, in the opinion of the Heritage Commission, adversely affected. This does not mean that individuals are expressly forbidden from using, developing or changing their own property. It does however mean, that if this action is in any way dependent upon a Federal Government licence, Government bank loan, or concession or Government Policy decision, this will not be forthcoming.

It is not as though property owners are consulted, indeed they are not even directly advised. There is a requirement that the Commission's intentions be advertised in the back pages of newspapers but this is sometimes done 1,000 miles distant from affected people (in contravention of the Act).

Nor is this something which affects very few people in the interests of all Australians. The Director of the Heritage Commission, Mr. Bourke, has admitted that there are 8,000 places listed, 6,000 urban and 2,000 rural. Some of these "places" are hundreds of square miles in area, some contribute to the livings of as many as 2,000 people. In the state

of Western Australia, it has been claimed that 7% of the States total area is affected.

THE STATES FOLLOW

Now several of the States are following the example of the Commonwealth Government with Heritage Acts. New South Wales followed the Whitlam Government's move with its "Heritage Act 1977". South Australia has followed with its "South Australian Heritage Act, 1978". Under this Act a Committee, a Register, a Corporation and a Fund have been established and several other Acts amended.

In these States we have an entirely new situation. Whereas in Queensland the Commonwealth is trying to impose its Act within the limitation of its powers under the Constitution, the States that agree to co-operate can together with the Commonwealth, exert the total power of Government in this country.

The questions to be answered are "Power over what?" and "To what end?"

The short answer is over private property. What private property? The only limitation within the Act is that it apply to "places of natural or cultural significance". As Mr. Bruxner, a northern New South Wales National Party Member has noted, there is no place within Australia without some "natural or cultural significance".

Cattle stations, mines, orchards, cane farms and even private gardens and homes are listed in the National Estate. Within 10 miles of the Murray River in South Australia one cannot make any alteration to a private home, even presumably to the extent of changing the colour of a back door, except in compliance with the Heritage Acts.

To what end is Government taking these liberties with the private property rights of its citizens? Is it to protect the heritage of Australians? Sadly, no!

The most cherished part of our heritage, the most dearly bought and defended through the ages, has been a mode of Government which maintained with the individual a maximum of responsible freedoms.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND PRIVATE PROPERTY

Private property has placed the individual in a position of responsibility for his property, and within this limitation has granted freedom. Private property is the basis of any economic freedom, and without economic freedom there can be no other freedom.

Can the preservation of old buildings land formations, and aspects of our material heritage really be served by destroying the freedom of individuals to use private property responsibly? The

Not since Magna Carta have such liberties been taken with individual privacy and property.

answer is decidedly no, but it is true that with any erosion of private property rights (rights which are both personal and proper) the free society is dealt a heavy blow.

It may well be and indeed it is being said at many of the large public meetings of affected people in northern N.S.W. and north Queensland that one of the greatest attacks upon our heritage, and certainly upon inheritance in affected areas, is being mustered under a "heritage" banner. Wolves in sheep's clothing are the hardest about which to warn one's fellows.

Perhaps the greatest tragedy in this is that the time when all Australians would put aside their Political Party and other sectional differences, and come together when contemplating a common heritage — a source of true patriotism — may well be passing. Heritage itself, once such a unifying force within Australian society, may itself become a source of suspicion.

If an Australian's home is not to be his castle, but bricks and mortar scrutinised by Commissioners, if country people cannot attend to the improvement of the soil, which is our heritage, without awaiting a pronouncement from far away, if metals in the heart of Australia are denied the hand of man, and communities to live and work and learn to love the sunburnt beauty of that country, then what will this avail our ancient heritage?

It shall destroy it. And all the buildings, old and grand, and unworked fields, and cold dead bodies of ore, though they be heritage too, shall stand as tombstones in a land of dwarfs, shrunken men in freedom, and therefore less in all.

The socialist Whitlam Government's ploy to solicit the conservative Australian's love of heritage to circumscribe and limit private property rights must

be exposed. The whole range of freedoms from economic freedom upwards depend upon it.

The Australian Heritage Commission Act, storms of protest though it has brought forth with thousands attending the protest meetings in affected areas (500 attended one such meeting alone at Deepwater, N.S.W. early this year) and dangerous though it is, is as nothing when the States subscribe their powers also to its intent.

A GROWING OPPOSITION

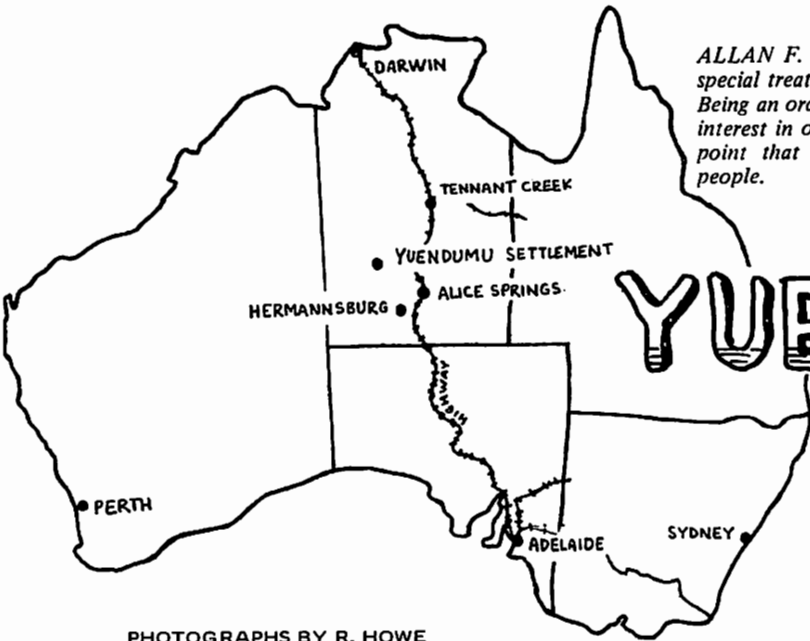
Sir Charles Court's West Australian Liberal Government brought a Heritage Act before that State's Parliament last year. This Act took upon itself the powers to "protect" private homes and furniture, and among other things private family albums from their owners. Owners who "damaged" same were liable to fines. Such liberties with individual privacy have not been seen in British countries since Magna Carta was signed.

Such was not apparently noticed by that State's Parliamentarians because it was left to a small number of people, among them some supporters of the Australian Heritage Society, to awaken both the public and its Representatives to the dangers of this Act. Having passed two readings in Parliament, the Act was then abandoned in the final stages of becoming law.

Sad though this controversy in matters "heritage" is, no time must be lost in developing a clearer, more sharply defined sense of our true heritage, both within ourselves and others. We must do this, lest false prophets leave us clasping a mess of potage.

Interested readers may contact the Private Property Defence Committee through N.S.W. Secretary, Ken Aylward, Box 110, Glen Innes, N.S.W. 2370 or Queensland Secretary, Charles Pinwill, Box 3185, Toowoomba.

ALLAN F. HOWE of Sydney advises readers that he received no special treatment from the aboriginal inhabitants of Hermannsburg. Being an ordinary citizen and not an academic, Mr. Howe has a keen interest in our native people and has enjoyed their company to the point that he now feels a mature friendship with these unique people.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. HOWE

Yuendumu is the name of a native settlement located in the Tanami Desert of the Northern Territory and is host to a number of tribes each year for a three day sport and cultural carnival held during August.

I had been informed by my native friends at Hermannsburg, 130 kilometers south west of Alice Springs, that the following year they would take me to the Yuendumu Sports if I would like to arrange my holidays to coincide with the dates of the Sports. "Yuendumu? Where's that?" "Oh, northwest of Hermannsburg" was the vague reply.

The following year soon came around and I had the usual frantic dash to Sydney Airport through the tangle and confusion of the Sydney early morning traffic to catch my plane for Alice Springs and that place. Yes, Yuendumu!

The plane soon left behind the smoke haze and confusion as I travelled at speed over the green expanses of cultivation and grazing lands of New South Wales and Victoria heading for Adelaide then Alice Springs.

The Macdonnells, stunted trees, the red soil and the vivid patches of green in the crevices and low points at the foot of the ranges signalled arrival in 'the Alice', which was glimpsed through 'the Gap'. From a cold winters day in Sydney at 7 a.m. to a temperature near 80 in Alice at 12.10 p.m. was most welcome, after all I had waited twelve months for this day.

Leaving the terminal I was met and

given a good Centralian welcome – Aranta style. On heading for Hermannsburg I thought of my slow 30 kilometers in an hour going to the airport and here we were 130 kilometers in 1½ or two hours! The only pollution in the air was good clean Australian dust. The scenery was magnificent – this certainly was God's, and the Arandas, own country. Through the undulating hills around Jay Creek, passed "The twin Gums", which are a reminder of a proud native artist who loved this country too.

The Macdonnells and the James Ranges diverge to form a plain or basin in which we were travelling heading towards the sun now low on the line where earth meets sky. The sun slipped away as we slowed down for the settlement of Hermannsburg.

NATURE'S ALARM

The galahs and cockatoos were the only alarm to wake me on the morning of the first day in Hermannsburg. The noises, all so unfamiliar to my ears,

generator engine, native voices, dogs barking, the "local cars", which were 'tuning up', some, I'm afraid misfiring now and then, for the journey to Yuendumu. I was camped with my native friends in a house near the generator which supplied the settlement with domestic electricity and also street lighting. The 'senses' soon became accustomed to the generator noise and then forgets its there. My hosts were a little concerned and asked if I had been worried by the 'engine' and I was happy to report that they had no real idea of how that low humming engine sounded like music in my city ears.

By lunchtime the garage was serving a line of cars with petrol, and filling jerry cans with extra fuel, as the trip ahead would be long and petrol-less. The native women were packing all the necessary requirements for meals, quantities of meat, sugar, tea, flour, ready made dampers and of course my favourite (especially after this trip) golden syrup, biscuits, cans of drink etc. The men were checking tyres, tools, oil and fuel, and allocating seats to the inevitable 'too many' people who wanted a lift to the games.

As late afternoon was approaching a couple of buses arrived to take paying passengers, and their luggage, to Yuendumu. The task of the booking organiser

was no small task trying to sort out who had paid and was entitled to board and who had not paid and still felt that they were entitled to board! Soon, however, the buses were off, leaving a few people disappointedly gathering up their bundles of food, billys, and blankets to head back home. Another group gathered awaiting the Hermannsburg Mission truck which would, for the next few days, become a bus for the convenience of the people. All the soft bundles were put in first and each family or group nestled into their blankets for the long journey ahead.

NIGHT DRIVING

Night fall had arrived when we left in a sedan car and landrover loaded with musical instruments which would be used for the Saturday evening concert. Driving through the night, on a road that to my eyes was in some places non-existent and for the first twenty or thirty kilometers wound its way, in parts, through the most stoney and hazardous creek bed imaginable. This was nothing like the 'stop-start' driving I had been used to and I am sure my passengers knew this and in the way of their people did not say or show signs of their knowing that I was pretty hopeless on the Hermannsburg-Glen Helen road as a night driver.

After passing through Papunya and the turn off to Haasts Bluff settlement I became slightly more used to this environment for driving and had a little time to think of other things - my thoughts turned again to the people who had paid to sit up all night in a stuffy tourist coach with 'forced air supply' etc. (which no doubt is OK for pollution filled cities) and the other passengers travelling a slightly more bumpy ride no doubt, but were able to lay in their blankets, with children close for warmth, and looking up at the brightest of bright, clear, starry nights anyone could wish for, and the shadowy outlines of the trees as they flashed past in very irregular fashion.

Lights appearing up ahead brought me back to the treacheries of the out-back road. As we drew nearer we could see that it was a car load of natives heading in the opposite direction and bogged on a low sandridge. As we slowly drew level to the car we could see that help was required. Coming back to assist with pushing we found that the poor car was more than overloaded and appeared to have put up a sterling effort to get as far as 'Its last sandhill', much to my amazement however, after pushing it free it chugged off in the starry night to live again. The next light we sighted was most welcome as we had earlier arranged



that we would meet enroute and camp for the remainder of the night and this, I was sure, was that camp being established. Although I had given the driving over to someone else I was very much ready for a pannikin of tea, and then my sleeping bag.

MORNING BEAUTY

The quietness of the morning will long be remembered, along with the beauty as the sun rose. We were camped on the eastern side of a huge mountain bluff which, as the sun rose, challenged the flames of our breakfast fire for colours of brilliant orange and deep reds. My host knew that I was a photographer of sorts and we certainly could not have chosen a more beautiful spot to welcome a new day – the day of our arrival at this strange sounding place. Having packed up we were again soon off, now on a reasonably wide (after that narrow creek bed) and well graded road.

Central Mount Wedge appears out of a plain of flatness as far as the eye can see, the country all round is cattle grazing country, but how different to the grazing lands I had flown over only days before. Joining the 'superhighway' which comes from Alice Springs to Yuendumu was a relief for the driver who could now relax somewhat on the wide road.

The people of Yuendumu had prepared conveniently placed piles of firewood for the use of visitors along side one of which we set up camp. Yuendumu Social Club had organised the three day Sports Carnival nicely balanced with cultural, social and sporting activities. The celebrations and festivities were underway almost immediately, for on the afternoon of our arrival was a corroboree in which groups from all parts of the Top Half took part. I would guess there were two thousand or more attending and of that number I was of the extremely small white minority – and felt greatly honoured and pleased that my friends thought to invite me to such an event as I was to witness during the following couple of days.

COMEDIANS

The dancers were decorated as for centuries they had decorated themselves for corroboree. A group of men sat beating time with their music sticks as the various tribes danced and mimed their stories and legends relating great occurrences in the endless life of their particular tribes. The painstaking work executed in the body and head decorations was extremely intricate. Hours of work had been spent preparing the dancers for the performance – all for the benefit of the other tribes and visitors attending. The watching crowd reacted

appropriately when, towards the end of the corroboree, after the formal dancing, a group mimed the natives first taste of smoking cigarettes, and, if there was a roof to the corroboree venue it would have come down with the roars of the crowd and the antics of the actors.

After the corroboree some visitors were invited to view the Yuendumu Museum – some, because women and uninitiated boys must not enter, or face strict punishment, for here are housed the mythical and Dreamtime heroes. The walls are covered with sacred drawings all telling their own stories to the initiated men of the tribe. The building measures about 18m X 9 m and the floor is a work of art, naturally I was not familiar with all the symbols and signs in the design but the painstaking work of the elders had reproduced their tribes life history. The design covered the entire floor and was created with wild cotton in colours of brown, grey and white. Churingas and bullroars are also housed in the sacred museum. No white women or young white children may enter and strictly no photographs.

The second day saw the beginning of the athletics on the Yuendumu oval. Something like 25 or 30 events were listed on the programme, events ranging from balancing to discus and shotput. First, however, Saturday morning shopping had to be done and the supermarket was crowded while women did their last shopping to see their families through the weekend. The racks were loaded with all the familiar city goods and for a minute I felt I was back in George Street – the kids milling around the ice-cream freezer and spending their pocket money on cans of soft drink and packets of chips is universal.

The oval was marked in lanes and was encircled by a low white fence behind which, were the spectators benches. To one side were the emblems of the tribal groups taking part and nearby too was the school tuckshop, which today, was doing a roaring trade on a non-school day!

"EARTHY SPORTS"

The track and field events, running, hurdling, high-jump, long-jump, triple-jump were all soon in progress and the young athletes were all taking their wins and losses in true sportsmanship style. I was much more interested in the area in the centre of the oval (which is a dirt oval and does not possess one blade of grass) where the more traditional events were taking place. Competitions of spear and boomerang throwing. I was surprised that more young native men did not enter these traditional sports, but later, I was to see them in more hectic sports on the adjacent football field (also dirt). The

older men took great care as they aimed for the kangaroo shaped target with their weapons and I soon saw the accuracy of their throwing and the force with which the target was hit.

The womens speciality race was the balancing race. A plastic bucket containing flour (or equivalent) was placed on their heads and then, on the starters signal a dash was made for the line!! I would like to report that not one bucket hit the dust.

The firelighting was another event which drew an immense crowd of on-lookers and with every reason as the winning time (i.e. from starting to spin the firestick to actual flame) was three quarters of a minute! As the afternoon wore on the distribution of beef was taking place over behind the store where Yuendumu men were allocating meat rations to the various tribes, trucks were lined up as half carcasses were loaded and taken back to camp for distribution.

CONCERT

Saturday night was concert night and somewhere round 1000 people packed the hall and heard a selection of music and singing from tribal to the latest rock and roll. The musicians had electric guitars, amplifiers, and speakers etc. equal to any good city band. People danced (or jigged) on the area of floor covered by their feet!! The atmosphere was terrific as people sang and stamped together from eight or so different tribal areas from Darwin to Ernabella.

The following, and last day, was set aside for the march past and football finals at which my team, Hermannsburg, were beaten, but the kicks and high marking was a sight to see, some of the players played in bare feet (ouch!). On the last whistle teams shook hands and a cleaner game I had not seen for a long time. All were playing the ball, not trying to cripple their opposite number. The march past was a credit to the teams taking part.

As afternoon drew on, the buses, trucks and cars joined a mass exodus back out along the dusty Yuendumu-Alice Springs road, to return again for the next games: I wonder. A years entertainment for these people from culture to sport. For me a once in a lifetime glimpse of other Australian's ways of life and three days I shall never forget.

"Yuendumu? where is it?" "Oh about 270 kilometers north west of Alice Springs as the crow flies."

This article was the winner (Prose article) of the Literary Competition 1977 conducted by the Fellowship of Australian Writers.

A Heritage in Silver

by Robert Baines

Observing the decorative arts is always invaluable in learning something of a civilization or group of peoples and to look at the work of silversmiths during early colonization of Australia is no exception. The silverware of this time, with its varied origins of craftsmen and design provides a view of the history of settlement from another angle.

As an indication of the relative youth of settlement the earliest piece that can comfortably be labelled as being made in Australia is a pair of teaspoons as recent as 1820. These are made by a Walter Harley, silversmith by trade who had been convicted in 1813 at Dublin and sentenced to 7 years transportation.

A waffling iron with the marks B.S. & H.S. is certainly one of the first pieces to be made in the Port Phillip District. It has engraved "The Lamb's Inn", Melbourne, which was established in 1837—1843.

Unlike Walter Harley, James Robertson from Scotland came in service of Sir Thomas Brisbane in 1822 originally as a keeper of clocks and instruments. He progressed on to fulfilling notable silver commissions.

Alexander Dick, by trade a silversmith arrived in 1824 as a free settler and took employment with one of the several silversmiths in Sydney. By 1825 he was conducting his own business, but we find the following year he had been transported to Norfolk Island for business malpractice.

Sentenced to transportation for life, Alexander Robertson arrived at Sydney in 1823. His felony was forging silver hallmarks. Robertson was assigned to the jeweller William Roberts and later to Alexander Dick. In 1831 receiving his ticket of leave he established himself as a silversmith in Sydney.

Evan Jones who later became a well known silversmith and civic leader in Sydney arrived in 1855 and began as an apprentice to a goldsmith in Hunter Street.

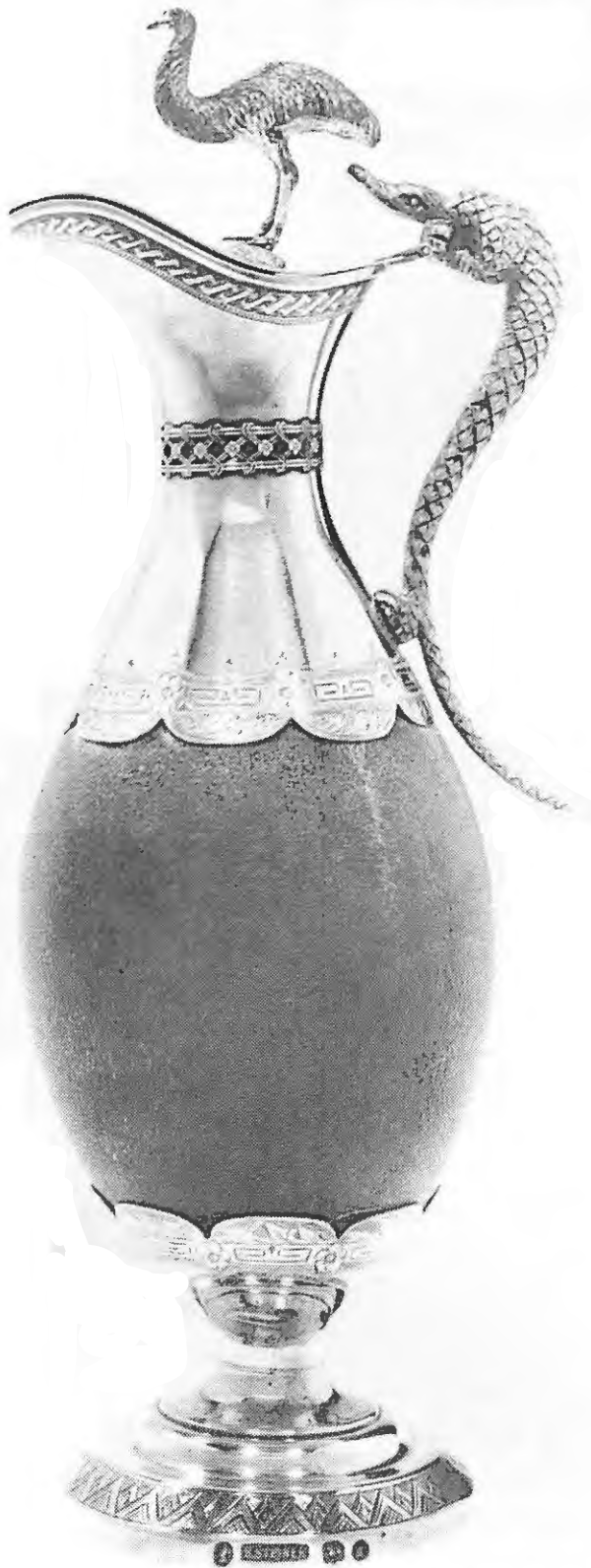
From Bremen Germany in 1847 with his family came Charles Finnhaber to settle in South Australia. He was originally a trained dental technician and this accounts for the very fine and well finished casting work he was noted for. Also from Germany came Henry Steiner to establish a shop in Rundle Street, Adelaide. Not only a prolific worker, he was able to instil decorative motif that was uniquely Australian, predominantly with emu eggshell. In 1883 his wife and two children died of typhoid.

Having had a traditional grounding as a silversmith and jeweller with a wide experience in Europe Ernest Leviny in 1853 after failing at goldmining turned to his original skills and maintained a successful workshop in Market Square, Castlemaine.

William Edwards, possibly the most distinguished colonial Australian goldsmith travelled to Australia as a 'gentleman'. He removed himself from copying of British hallmarks, and used EMU WE KANGAROO as his mark.

These and the many other craftsmen brought workshop traditions and design concepts that had developed over centuries in Europe. The working with emu egg in Australia goes back to the early

Caret Jug by H. Steiner



1800's, but its origins are in 18th century England at a time when ostrich eggs and coconuts were fashionable. Though this custom generally faded in Europe, the craftsmen when becoming aware of the rich green colour of emu egg began to use it extensively. With its outer layer appearing not unlike morrocan leather and its various layers underneath, it was exploited commercially for jugs, centrepieces, inkstands, clocks and jewel boxes.

Malachite was mined at Burra Burra in 1860's and Australian silver with malachite mounts is nearly always found to have been made in Adelaide. A fine inkstand by V. Wendt of Adelaide is a good example of this.

In a fine snuff box in original wooden case by Charles Brentani of 1848 we find the top veneered with various colonial woods. The lid has a Kangaroo and Emu repoussed on the lid.

From these indigenous themes were elaborate centrepieces in silver, with finials, or ornaments typically taking the forms of emus, kangaroos, or aborigines put on top of emu eggs for whimsical effect. Henry Steiner built a silver candlestick in the shape of an aboriginal wearing a possum skin which means he probably came from the Murray River region. The cricketing trophy by William Kerr of 1875 depicts a cricket match with all the relevant participants. Mounted with an emu egg on either side of the pitch, each egg surmounted by a finial of 2 cricket bats leaning against a tapered etched glass comport. Behind is an elegant palm tree supporting a large cut-glass etched dish with a fluted comport to the top.

These more adventurous pieces were the result of commissions for special commemorative occasions as the more everyday range of metalwork was tied to the predominantly English design tradition. In fact the makers stocked and advertised their wide range of imported wares. One can see though, that these commissions provided a freedom for a natural development of forms that were unique to the existing surroundings.

Readers wishing to contact Mr. Baines can do so by addressing correspondence to 10th Floor, 230 Collins Street, Melbourne, Vic. 3000.

Acknowledgement: The Council Trustees of the National Gallery of Victoria.

Mrs. Frances Allen is a graduate of Melbourne Kindergarten Teacher's College, who made pre-school education history by being the first kindergartner to work in a children's home (White Hills, Bendigo). She worked in a toddler's home in Hobart and in industrial and war time kindergartens, and has helped to train students to become kindergarten teachers. She helped to establish the first country kindergarten at Euroa, and herself became directress at Castlemaine.

Mrs. Allen has written articles on child care and allied subjects for provincial newspapers for over 20 years. Her poems have been published in a book on children's stories and verses, and she has written three parent's news sheets published by the Australian Pre-School Association in Canberra.

Those deep, dark days of depression

Frances Allen

In the Great Depression days of the "thirties" there were many hungry children in our kindergartens. Some food such as milk, fruit and cod liver oil was given to the children and later on, some kindergartens organised a hot mid-day meal. A teacher's knowledge of dietetics was a valuable aid under these circumstances, and the children enjoyed nutritious meals.

Those "depression" days were nightmare days with fathers out of work and nothing much in the way of money going into the house. It was the "dole" or "susso" as it was called, for most of them or visits to the soup kitchen operating at the Town Hall.

As female labour was cheaper, the mothers were employed while the men stayed home. If there happened to be one "bread-winner" in the family, other than the husband, then the unemployed husband would forfeit his right to "susso".

I knew of one case where the son supported the entire family till war broke out, when there was work for everyone.

There were few days in which pleas for help were not made to the staff as some of our families were near to starvation. We all did what we could and the work and help given by kindergarten committees, the Churches and men and women of great benevolence was tremendous. I remember as a small contribution taking packets of oatmeal to the homes of some of these people. It was all that my elder sister, harassed and upset by my stories of people's hunger, and I could afford, but at least it was nourishing. Hopefully, as I think back now, they had the heat to cook it.

Conditions were frightful; the children were grubby — soap was a luxury — listless, and a good many of them were covered in spots, which weren't measles as one would think at first glance, but were flea bites. The children's hair was alive, while many of them were infected with impetigo sores.

The teachers besides dressing sores and cleaning hair sometimes had to bath children and give them clean clothing from our store of clothing donated by many generous people.

Routine inspection of each child took place on arrival when we looked for symptoms of colds, sores or infectious diseases. Diagnosis of these things was never made by ourselves but a note was sent to parents advising them to take the child to the Clinic or Children's Hospital for attention. One day at Health Inspection, I was surprised to find a child with several layers of clothing stitched on right to the skin; "Mummy stitched them on me", the child explained. Like any furry covered little animal, this small boy had been provided with his clothing for the entire winter!

Knocking on the door of a home one visiting day (we regularly paid visits to homes, in the event of absence, sickness, or to give assistance in some way), I was confronted by an agitated mother, holding a weeping child in her arms. The little one's face was bleeding. "A rat bit 'er, she was asleep in her cot, and it bit 'er!"

From that time on, war was declared on the neighbourhood rats. It was very difficult to rid the district of rats with a brewery and numerous factories as attractions; notwithstanding the fact that enquiries at the Town Hall revealed the existence and employment of a rat-catcher and his dogs. Years later, when learning Public Speaking, I made the rat problem the subject of my initial speech. And the particular impact? Who knows.

During this troubled time, the out-of-work men brought the children to the kindergarten and what they had to say was terrible. Just when things were getting really desperate, the war started, the men joined up and gradually prosperity came to the slums. Boarded up broken windows with pieces

of galvanised iron from the "tip" were replaced by glass, and gradually despair drained away — but not entirely. The scars would always remain with the fear of another economic holocaust.

It seemed strange, as one thought about it later, that money could be found for war, but not for peace. That flaw in the man-made money system again.

What was the reason for the flaw in a money system that did not work for the benefit of people?



"Kindergarten fun"
"We need funds for such fun"
Castlemaine Free Kindergarten

Money! money! money! — or the lack of it

The smell and the sight of poverty in the slums blighted the spirit, and no one could ever fully recover from it; it would leave a scar that nothing could erase.

It led me personally into a search for the cause of poverty and needless misery. I observed shops full of food and goods, and people without money to buy them!

And why was money for worthwhile ventures so scarce?

Isn't it funny
To have no money
but
We have workers to do the work?
Isn't it funny
To have no money

But we have goods
We have oil
And we have tin,
Bauxite, aluminium
but
Isn't it funny
To have no money
To dig them from our soil?
There's not enough money
For building homes
There's not enough money
To make our roads
There's lack of money
For hospitals, health.
Tell me,
Where's the wealth?
Don't let's borrow
To our sorrow
Credit — not debit

Is what we want
You know, it isn't really funny
This wretched, stupid
Lack of money.

We could never get enough money for our needs and kindergarten committees and staff were continuously fighting to raise what was required, just to survive.

On special Button Days, we closed our kindergartens and journeyed into the city where we shook our tins — tentatively, under the oft-times unwilling noses of many people, although it must be reported that a great deal of generosity was shown towards our children's appeals and on many occasions, notes were stuffed into the boxes.

"Doing" the District factories was a job I allotted to myself and after gaining the consent of the management — and receiving their donations — I entered the factory and moved amongst the workers, who often greeted me with "Haven't been paid yet Miss, come back after lunch", or the "have nots" would borrow from the "haves" until "pay day" and slip a "bob" into the tin.

One engineering works looked and sounded like Hell with flame, smoke, water and grotesque looking machines. Grimy faced men in dark oily overalls moved about like automatons midst the dreadful noise.

How conditions have changed!

At holiday time in order to have some extra pocket money, I worked in my father's manufacturing company. Once was more than enough! The repetitive work of hand filling packet after packet with jelly crystals was so mind-boring that I have never wished two weeks of my life away so wholeheartedly.

Since that time I have been anti-work for work's sake and give "Three Hearty Cheers" that men and women have been released from a good deal of drudgery by the machine, with hopefully the economic benefits accruing from it. I must admit, however, that the local girls chatted merrily away and seemed unmindful of the boring work. Moreover, it was their livelihood and they were fortunate, maybe, to have a job.

A large furniture factory in our Collingwood district "adopted" us and the workers and staff each contributed some money from their pay packets.

We were supplied with soft wood for our children's carpentry projects and were helped in many other ways, even to constructing and giving us rest stretchers for a large

number of our children for their mid-day sleep, and the racks-on-wheels for storing them.

I recall walking up and down outside the factory several times before plucking up enough courage to walk in and confront the owner with our need for help.

The response, as I have recorded, was magical. Teachers were always spending money from their own small salaries for picture books, flowers, or pieces of equipment and we became quite adept at begging from friends and relatives. My eldest brother donated a stall and stocked it with goods from our factory to sell at a Garden Party organised by one of the Committee in the beautiful garden of her home.

This kindergarten of which I was the Director was closely associated with the Methodist Mission next door, which ran a weekly broadcast on Sunday afternoon. I wrote a script for one of these broadcasts and was invited to take part in this session with the President of the kindergarten, the Rev. A.W.R. Milligan, and the announcer. I remember copying the broadcaster's slow and measured tones as I read my lines, letting each page fall soundlessly to the floor, as directed, as I finished reading it.

I don't know how it sounded 'over the air' and I don't remember what monetary response, if any, was received, but it publicised the kind of nutritious food that the children were enjoying at a mid-day meal at the 'kinder' and the fact that feeding over fifty children daily was quite an undertaking and one that needed money — lots of it.

Inside the stores were wondrous things
All made by human hand,
I marvelled at such quantity
Like grains of silver sands;
I wondered at such splendid wares
Arranged on open shelves.

The craftsmanship of human beings
In work, not for themselves.

The stores were simply packed with goods
Of fabulous distinction,
And many other kinds of things,
All flaunting their attraction;
But what I thought extremely funny
And I know that you'll agree,
There seemed to be, alas, ah me,
A short supply of money.

Gift Suggestion

"EYES IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD"

by Frances Allen

The Heritage Society is pleased to announce that the author is willing to sell a supply of her book through this office.

Please order from (include payment):

Book Sales,
The Australian Heritage Society,
Box 16, Inglewood,
Western Australia, 6052.

Single Copy \$4.00 posted.

Christianity in Schools

There are those who accuse the advocates of Christian schools of putting children into a hot-house environment; of being excessively protective and keeping them from the "real world"; of preventing Christian children from presenting the Gospel to unbelieving children and teachers.

First and foremost, the PRIMARY purpose of education is NOT for the recipients to be evangelists, but to be nurtured in such a way that they can become mature, responsible Christians, equipped to take their place in the world.

Secondly, this charge assumes that the children are sufficiently spiritually mature to be an effective Christian witness in an environment hostile to the Gospel (children begin school at the tender age of 5), and that there is opportunity for them to make a stand. With the current emphasis on the "group mind", this is a simplistic and groundless assumption.

To argue against Christian education is to pit human "wisdom" against the Wisdom of God, who has commanded that we love Him with all our heart, all our strength, and ALL OUR MIND.

Proverbs 3:5,6 —

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.

In all thy ways, acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

Children are a heritage from the Lord.

As children, they are impressionable. What they are taught at school has a lasting influence on them.

Shall we forsake them to a humanistic education, or shall we jealously guard their souls until they are genuinely equipped to withstand the forces of evil with which we must all contend?

The Christian school needs no justification. It is the only school where children can be taught to acknowledge the Lord in ALL their ways.

Extract from "Probe" newsletter by Committee to Raise Educational Standards, Box 32, Kaniva, Victoria 3419.

**Have you thought
of giving a
"Heritage"
as a gift?**

FORM ENCLOSED

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ & ? B () » « ;
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz 1234567890 £ \$

A Message to Parents

"The alphabet is the most precious portion of our cultural heritage"

Will Durant, Historian.

A scheme was invented thousands of years ago and is regarded as one of the greatest single contributions to the progress of mankind. The fact that modern educationists do not understand the principle on which it is based, nor how to apply it, does not alter the fact that it is just as effective today as it ever was. To use it we only need to understand its basic principles and apply them intelligently.

The invention is called the alphabet.

By it, our ancestors simplified communication greatly because it obviated the necessity of drawing pictures for the content of a message. The idea, revolutionary at that time, was to use symbols for the individual sounds of the spoken language. (Take note — the individual sounds of the spoken language.) Thus it increased the facility of written communication a thousandfold. You merely wrote a letter for each of the sounds you were already using in speech. (The fact that a few of the sounds have since come to need more than one symbol to represent them, is of minor importance.)

With "spelling invented", it was not long before it was possible for any normal child to read and write in a few months, and from the age of four or five to set about the exciting task of exploring, enjoying and using all the written communication of his culture. And so it was for centuries, and the individual and social burden of illiteracy was gradually diminished.

And then came the new breed of "progressive" educationists and Australian children had their young lives blighted by one more sorry concoction of the

progressive establishment. Their progress towards adulthood, instead of being smooth and happy, became a bewildering, frustrating struggle to deal with the apparent chaos of the written language.

Leonard Bloomfield, one of the greatest language scholars of all time, pointed out many years ago: "Our schools are utterly benighted in linguistic matters . . . Their methods of teaching children to read are devised by schoolmen who do not know the relation of writing to language. The result is that years of every child's life are wasted . . . The whole matter amounts to our greatest educational scandal."

In his book, *The New Illiterates*, Samuel L. Blumenfeld reveals that the look-say method of the progressives was first used in America in the early 1800's to teach reading to deaf mutes. For that purpose, it worked well — a child who could hear no sounds, or say no sounds, could develop a limited reading vocabulary by associating a picture of a dog with the printed word "dog", providing that association was made often enough. Why it was ever decided that this would be an effective way to teach children who CAN hear and speak remains a mystery

to this day. (Diehl p. 3.)

Obviously, "schoolmen who do not know the relation of writing to language" but who train teachers, develop curricula and supervise the learning situation, will not admit their mistakes even if they could see it.

So, to teachers who can see that the near-chaos is unwarranted and are chafing at the profession's consequent loss of prestige, we say:

You must erase from your minds all the shibboleths you've had pressed on you on countless occasions and take a fresh look at the entire language process from taws. You must shed the idea that the English language is disorderly. It is not — 85% of it follows regular patterns.

You must first teach your pupils to know and understand the 44 individual sounds of spoken English. You must teach these sounds methodically and expertly from the first day at school; you must then teach them the code of the language, i.e. what symbols are used to represent those 44 sounds. (By the end of Grade 1 average children can read and write thousands of words once they know the code and how to apply it.)

Then you must teach them how the English language developed through its various stages; how it was influenced and is still being influenced, by people and events. By exploring the language in a logical, developing way you discover the regularities, and the comparatively few irregularities are easily learned if introduced at the right time in the right manner. Any

child who is educable can grasp this process.

Division of the language into three clear sections — Old English words, words which have 'invaded' the language from other sources, and words formed by adding prefixes and suffixes to Greek and Latin roots (as per Mrs. Elsie Smelt's book *Speak, Spell and Read English*, Longman's Australia) simplifies the study. The language comes alive and children soon begin to get a grip on words. This method has been proved with thousands of children.

Only if teachers, particularly those who teach early grades, have the courage and the capacity to wipe from their minds all the erroneous theories imposed on them in the recent past, can we hope not to repeat the deplorable record of the past 15-20 years. Unless you give the spoken word the central place in all language work — unless everything is related back to those 44 individual sounds — your ideas about language are haywire. You cannot claim to know what language is.

There is no way of teaching those sounds except by demonstration, and there is no better way of teaching the code than with blackboard and chalk. These two steps are the very core of language work. It is absolutely vital to grasp that the spoken language is primary, and that writing and reading derive from it.

Don't leave your pupils to work out the sounds or the code for themselves. They need your voice, your understanding and your total view of the language to guide them.

The visual message...

NEW ZEALAND FLAG
NOW AVAILABLE FOR
NEW ZEALAND READERS

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 " |

ORDER FROM: BOX 16, INGLEWOOD, WESTERN AUSTRALIA 6052.

or Conservative Publications, Box 736, Tauranga, New Zealand

Contributed by W.M. Kitto, S.A.

Mr. W.M. Kitto is a South Australian with a lifetime of contact with the land. "Heritage" welcomes Mr. Kitto's thought-provoking contribution and trust readers will enjoy it.

Our Help in Ages Past

The record of mankind through the centuries has been marred by much strife, oppression, crime and injustice, and today throughout the world, discord, discontent, frustration and fear are taking a heavy toll on human happiness. Within the many countries dominated by Russia and China, countless millions of people are living in abject slavery. The western nations, often designated "the free world" (but steadily losing more of their freedom each day) seem to be drifting almost hopelessly in the face of unsolved and deepening financial, economic, political and social problems.

EAST v WEST?

Hopes of international peace have often been disappointed, and some may believe that permanent peace between the nations and races of mankind is impossible, but the Word of God declares that a time will come when wars shall cease. The truth is, ulterior forces working behind the scenes, very notably during the present century, have been able to promote strife and conflict among the nations, for their own sinister ends. So today, we see an aggressive power prepared and ready to strike, hoping to obtain by force or the threat of force, world domination. Notwithstanding all the noise and shouting about democracy and the right to national independence, there is reason to suspect that the people of **ALL** nations are being manipulated like pawns on a chess-board and made to subserve a diabolical plan.

ANGLO-SAXON DECLINE

At the end of World War II it was desirable, in the eyes of the internationalists and would-be rulers of the world, that western civilization should be thoroughly corrupted and undermined, and the Anglo-Saxon nations shorn of their military and naval strength. At that time the British Empire, though weakened and wearied by the war, was still a major obstacle to the conquest of the world by unprincipled power-mongers; hence the launching of the cold war against the west. The cold war has been effective. Whereas the British and American people could once be regarded as God-fearing, they have gradually fallen away from the Faith of their fathers. To a great extent they have lost the vision and high ideals which

inspired and energized them during the 19th Century, when they developed into the most powerful and beneficent empire ever seen. Weakened in character and purpose, and departing from God, they have seen their enemies grow stronger and more arrogant. Probably the greatest single defect of all has been their failure to keep the Fourth Commandment. The Holy Sabbath (God's own special property) has been virtually thrown out by the nation at large, with each person doing "his or her own thing". When the Sabbath goes, Christian principles and standards are abandoned, the bonds of society are loosened, the authority of God and the force of His Law are no longer recognized.

INSURMOUNTABLE PROBLEMS

Who can really doubt that a great judgement day is now descending on our world?

"The day of the Lord is at hand, at hand:

Its storms roll up the sky:

... The night is darkest before the morn;

When the pain is sorest the child is born."

The inspired prophets of the Bible long ago predicted a period of world-wide chaos ending with the total collapse of a corrupt economic order directed and regulated by international finance. See Revelation Chapter 18. Notwithstanding the amazing productive capacity of modern man through the use of science and technology, vast numbers of people have been denied a full measure of prosperity, freedom, and security owing to the deliberate implementation of a policy of financial stringency.

Australia and the other Anglo-Saxon nations are richly endowed with natural resources, yet financially they are close to bankruptcy. Weighed down by crushing taxation, a heavy interest burden, socialist mis-management and communist-inspired sabotage, many business and industrial concerns are struggling for survival, many have fallen by the wayside.

Furthermore, our present troubles are not only economic. What about the ungodliness, immorality, broken marriages and divided families today? Is there not a serious possibility that society could rapidly disintegrate to the point of civil disorder, rioting and anarchy? Such is – the moral degeneracy and dishonesty today among our leaders in church and state, the spiritual darkness of the people in general, the decay of our political and religious institutions, and in short, the outlook for the future – that one might with considerable reason begin to fear that irretrievable disaster and desolation are close at hand.

HELP FROM ABOVE

Unfortunately man is often prone to forget his Maker, especially in times of prosperity or apparent security. Nevertheless, God is not forgetful of any of

His creatures, neither does He forsake the people specially chosen to serve Him. It should not be forgotten however that the Anglo-Saxon race, though it has served a divine purpose, has also experienced affliction, tribulation and war. Perhaps we will yet suffer extreme adversity and disaster brought about through enemy action and our own folly and dereliction of duty.

In Psalm 50 we have a most gracious invitation from God – “Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee”. On that we might hear a voice today like that of the great Moses calling to our nation – “Who is on the Lord’s side? Let him come unto me”. (Exodus 32:26).

Another great national leader, successor to Moses, issued a final challenge to the people of his day – “Choose you this day whom ye will serve . . . as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord”. (Joshua 24:15). Right now we should begin looking toward God. There is tremendous assurance and encouragement in Psalm 121:1,2. “I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth”.

“...astronauts are not high on drugs”

Address to a 17 year-old youth in Florida, U.S.A. by a judge who had just handed down a sentence for drug and assault charges.

“Do you know who is going to serve your sentence? Not you; your mother and father will serve that year. Your body is in the stockade for a year but their souls are tormented for a lifetime. I have not spent five cents raising you, I didn’t know you from Adam. But your mother and father have put their lives, their hearts, their sweat, their money and everything else they have into bringing you up. And now they have to sit in this court room and listen to a total stranger who had nothing to do with your upbringing, scold you and put you in gaol.

“This is a time when phoney kids your age are yelling: ‘You adults have your alcohol, we want our drugs; you have polluted our water and air, you have polluted this and that,’ and all the rest of the garbage that comes out of your mouths. I want you to think of this for one year, and the

reason why I say it: If you are sick, a doctor will treat you and he won’t be high on drugs. The lawyer who represents you won’t be high on drugs, and the people in whose custody you will be won’t be high on drugs.

“Your astronauts are not high on drugs, your president is not, and your legislators are not. And your engineers who build the bridges you drive across, and the tunnels you drive through, are not on drugs, and those who build the planes you fly in and the cars you drive are not. But in the world of the future the same may not be true. Teachers doctors, lawyers, legislators – products of the new drug-oriented generation – may well be high as kites. You won’t know whom to send your child to, or whom to trust your life to. Let’s see what kind of a world you leave to your children before you talk about the world that we left to ours.

AUSTRALIA

LET'S KEEP THEM!



OUR FLAG
OUR HERITAGE
OUR FREEDOM

Land of our adoption

Mr. Justice Begg, Mrs. Begg, Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen.
The word "Adoption" may be defined as "choice".

While many of the first settlers in Australia may not have exercised that right of choice, most of us here, particularly those of us who have origins in England, Scotland, Ireland or Wales have come here of our own volition and have exercised that right of choice which has always been recognised as the fundamental part of our British way of life.

Speaking of that right of choice, I am reminded of the fiery Domain orator of some years ago declaiming the virtues of the coming Revolution saying "And when the Revolution comes you'll all have strawberries and cream", whereupon a meek little man in the front of the crowd exclaimed, "But I don't like strawberries and cream". "You'll damn well have strawberries and cream whether you like them or not", rejoined the Orator.

Now when a child is adopted it is the parent who exercises the right of choice. In the case of adopting a country as his future home it is the individual who makes the choice. But it should be noted that in both cases there is a responsibility (another characteristic of our way of life). In the case of the adopting parent, to love and cherish the adopted child and to bring him or her up with sound principles and good living ways. In the case of a person adopting a country, to accept that country as his home, to accept the laws and traditions of that country and to work in a manner which will serve his new country well and in so doing, promote his own well being. But all this does not necessarily mean that he should surrender all links with his country of origin and its traditions.

WHY AUSTRALIA?

What then made most of us who were not born here choose Australia as our adopted country and home? Firstly, I think, because we shared a common language, culture, traditions and heritage. In other words we were coming to a country where we felt at home and were at one with the people here.

Secondly, we enjoyed the same type of Parliamentary and Local Government Institutions and democratic elections which we knew and understood.

Thirdly, Australia with its vast expanses of undeveloped land and resources offered a challenge

to those who were still imbued with the pioneering spirit and individual initiative. It offered scope for those who sought an outdoor life, for participation in all types of sporting and recreational activities most of which were familiar to us. It offered opportunity to enjoy its bush country, its extensive network of waterways and its surf beaches and to take part actively in sporting pursuits in which many of us might otherwise have remained mere onlookers.

Despite all these advantages and opportunities, there are some among us, disgruntled, if not sinister in intent, who seek to destroy our links with our Mother country, they would deny the Queen despite the fact that the Crown is and always has been an integral part of our Australian Constitution. They infer that Patriotism is a dirty word, while at the same time advocating close liaisons with other countries which share no common culture with us.

MAINTAINING LINKS

As a Scot I believe that I have a right to preserve my links with Scotland while not denying my responsibilities to Australia. I believe that we must not allow our links with Britain to be destroyed and that in maintaining our constitutional and cultural links, Australia will remain strong and free.

Ladies and Gentlemen, let us resolve to stand firm in retaining our heritage, let us resist the attacks which are being made upon it, let us preserve our Flag as it is despite the attempts being made to change it.

"You may say its an old piece of bunting,
You may call it an old coloured rag,
But freedom has made it majestic,
And time has enobled the flag".

Will you please be upstanding. I give you the toast
"AUSTRALIA — THE LAND OF OUR ADOPTION"

Time had almost covered forever the pioneer's story of log-cutting. As it often happens, history is laying just below the surface – awaiting to be discovered so that present generations can see its story. The story of the Brockman Sawpit is an example of history being unearthed.

Would the souls of the pioneering timber cutters ever rest if their work had been in vain?



BROCKMAN SAWPIT

The pioneer settlers of the Pemberton district of South West Western Australia were the Brockman family, who reached the area in 1861. The homestead, which still stands, was established near the Warren River some three miles northwest of the sawpit.

Convicts employed by the Brockmans were the first to utilise the magnificent jarrah and karri forests found growing in the area. These men and the "ticket of leave" tradesmen who followed them were the fore-runners of the present timber industry which has been the backbone of the Pemberton district since the State Sawmills opened in 1913.



This sawpit is the best preserved of many which still remain in the forest nearby. It was probably dug by convicts in about 1865, to cut timber for the Brockman Homestead. Other pits are located nearer the river approximately half a mile south of the bridge.

The jarrah logs and sawn flitches mounted on this site were found in and around the pit when it was discovered by forest workmen early in 1972. They are remarkably well preserved, individual axe and saw marks being plainly visible on most pieces. The saw mounted in the log is an original implement, obtained from elsewhere.

PITSAWING

This was the standard method of sawing timber in the early days of settlement of Australia. Powered sawmills did not appear until about 1850, but it is unlikely that sawmill timber became available to the pioneer Pemberton settlers until many years later.

The sawyers selected their tree, felled it (sometimes across a previously prepared pit) using an axe or crosscut saw, and then cut it into log lengths.

Sometimes if the site was suitable, a pit was dug under the log at this point. Usually the log was

snigged by horses, bullocks or sheer manpower to a pit nearby and put on wooden bearers spanning the pit.

One sawyer worked on top of the log, his functions being to raise the saw after the downward stroke and place it onto a chalk line marking the proposed cut. The other man (or sometimes two men) stood beneath the log and supplied the cutting power. The work was arduous and, particularly for the bottom man, rather uncomfortable. He often worked up to his knees in water and was continually showered with sawdust. Some bottom sawyers would work through the day with a bag over their heads for protection from the sawdust.

Mr. A. Rule in his book *"Forests of Australia"* gives this account of pitsawing in the early days of settlement in Australia:

"Sawing thus laboriously, inch by inch, through massive logs was certainly no child's play and sawteeth needed frequent sharpening. A tale is told of one simple sawyer who sacrificed his shirt to protect his newly sharpened saw from the dulling effect of wind on the saw teeth. To settlers and others these sawyers were a race apart and they had their own songs reminiscent of sea shanties telling of the hardships of their calling and their victimisation by soulless timber buyers. In 1822 the official price of sawn timber cut by convict labour is stated in a government order as 7/6 per 100 feet. The same order goes on to say 'Any ticket-of-leave man who shall exact higher payment shall forfeit his ticket-of-leave. Anyone refusing to work at such payment shall be placed in the penitentiary'."

Another account in the Australian Forestry Journal of 1926 reports that pitsawyers in the Darling Ranges close to Perth in the early days of the colony were paid four shillings and sixpence for a ten hour day at the pit. Timber was sold at the following rates: 5" x 1" to 5" x 3" at 7 shillings per 100 lineal foot and all timber above these sizes at 40 shillings per load (50 cubic foot) at the pitside. When a demand for railway sleepers arose, one early contractor was able to supply by pitsawing, 1500 sleepers (7' x 8" x 4") per week at a price of one shilling and eightpence halfpenny per sleeper delivered to the job!

A slightly different view of the life of the pitsawyers came in 1916 from D.E. Hutchins, an Englishman who visited Australia at that time to study forestry in this country. In his report, Hutchins said that "it was unfortunate that pitsawing had been almost abandoned for the present in Australia . . . the work is so invigorating and healthy that many men who cannot stand a sedentary town life could earn a healthy living by it."

One wonders how many invigorating hours Mr. Hutchins had spent in a pit, pulling a seven foot saw through a four foot diameter jarrah log!

Probably some of the greatest pitsawing achievements were performed by convicts in Tasmania in their production of ships keels, planks and beams from Blue Gum. Some beams were recorded as measuring in excess of 160' long and 18" x 6" in section (free of heatwood and sapwood).

Pitsaws will never be seen in action in the jarrah and karri forests again. Like the crosscut saw, the bullock and the steam locomotive, they are a thing of a past era. But they played a vital role in the early development of the country.

The reconstruction on this site is dedicated to the pitsawyer, bond or free, who was the pioneer of the timber industry of the Pemberton district.

PICTURES OF A SAWPIT IN USE?

Have any readers a photograph or drawing of how a sawpit was actually used? This can be published at a later date with a suitable explanation. (Editor).

Smelling the Way

A WELL-KNOWN old blackfellow some years ago in the Burnett was BILLY BUTTONS. He was at one time blacktracker for Sgt. TOMMY KING, who was a somewhat famous bush policeman. It was Sgt. King who arrested the DORA DORA Blacks, and whose services were requisitioned by the N.S.W. Government at the time the Governors (notorious Bushrangers) were being hunted after committing murder.

At one time Tommy King was sent to locate a murderer, a blackfellow named BILLY BROOME, who had evaded capture several times. King heard that Broome was likely to be in a blacks' camp near Maryborough on a certain night, so he arranged with a gin to light a big fire at the camp in the event of Broome being in the camp. This she did and King went to the camp and arrested his man, handcuffed him, and set off for Maryborough.

It was a very dark night and it came on to rain very heavily, and King lost his way, and he said to Broome: "Which way Maryborough, Billy?" Broome replied: "How you know me in camp, Tommy?" King said: "I bin smell 'im you." The reply he got was: "Then you can smell the --- way to Maryborough."

Extract from souvenir booklet commemorating the centenary of the Burnett River District of Queensland.

Lord Louis Mountbatten

August 27th, 1979 marked a sad day for the British Commonwealth of Nations. A stunned world asked when senseless killing would end. The entire English-speaking world had just lost one of its most remarkable and decorated World War leaders. The memory of this typically British gentleman will never be erased from the hearts of all those who witnessed some of his finest moments.

The Earl of Mountbatten was the victim of blatant terrorism. The fact that other life was also taken makes Lord Mountbatten's death even more horrible. World leaders were quick to condemn this cowardly form of terrorism.

Earl Mountbatten's colourful and distinguished career included his appointment as Supreme Allied Commander of the newly-formed South East Asia Command in 1943.

With his new strategic concepts and brilliant leadership he turned back the Japanese invasion from the frontiers of India and down through Burma. Mountbatten then officially received the Japanese army's surrender at Singapore on September 12th, 1945.

Although Australia must acknowledge Earl Mountbatten's part in many fields of war, the halting of Japan's southward invasion did play an important part in keeping the Japanese invaders off Australian soil. We therefore owe a small debt of gratitude to Lord Mountbatten and the troops (including many Australians) which he lead while serving so close to Australian soil.

Lord Louis Mountbatten was last in Australia in February of 1976. He was due to make another trip in late October where he was to have laid a wreath at a Perth memorial service for men of the submarine service.

Lord Mountbatten will always be remembered for his characteristically dry sense of humour and sharp wit. His subtle form of British humour was often misunderstood in many countries. Some have remarked that Prince Charles bears many similarities to Lord Mountbatten who was uncle of the Prince's father, the Duke of Edinburgh.

He was truly one of Britain's greatest sons.



Associate Membership/Subscription

Post today!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____ POSTCODE _____

I wish to apply for the following

- ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP \$10 per year
(includes "Heritage")
- "HERITAGE" SUBSCRIPTION \$6 per year
(Includes literature entitlement)
- COMBINED PERSONAL AND (\$10 per year)
GIFT SUBSCRIPTION *See details opposite*

GIFT SUBSCRIBER'S NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____ POSTCODE _____

All "HERITAGE" correspondence to:

**The Australian Heritage Society
Box 16, Inglewood, W.A. 6052.**

General enquiries to state address as shown in this brochure.

"HERITAGE" GIFT SUBSCRIPTION

For a total of \$10 per annum we offer your own subscription plus a gift subscription posted anywhere in Australia. Details of donor will be supplied with first issue.



**A Unique Collection
of Christmas
Messages from
Her Majesty Queen
Elizabeth II**

A Queen Speaks to Her People

The Australian Heritage Society first published this historical collection in 1977. It proved to be an instant success and copies are now in short supply.

Final orders are now being taken. Be sure to secure your copy immediately.

1 copy \$1.20 posted

10 copies \$10.50 posted

THE AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE SOCIETY

BOX 16, INGLEWOOD, W.A. 6052.