

HERITAGE

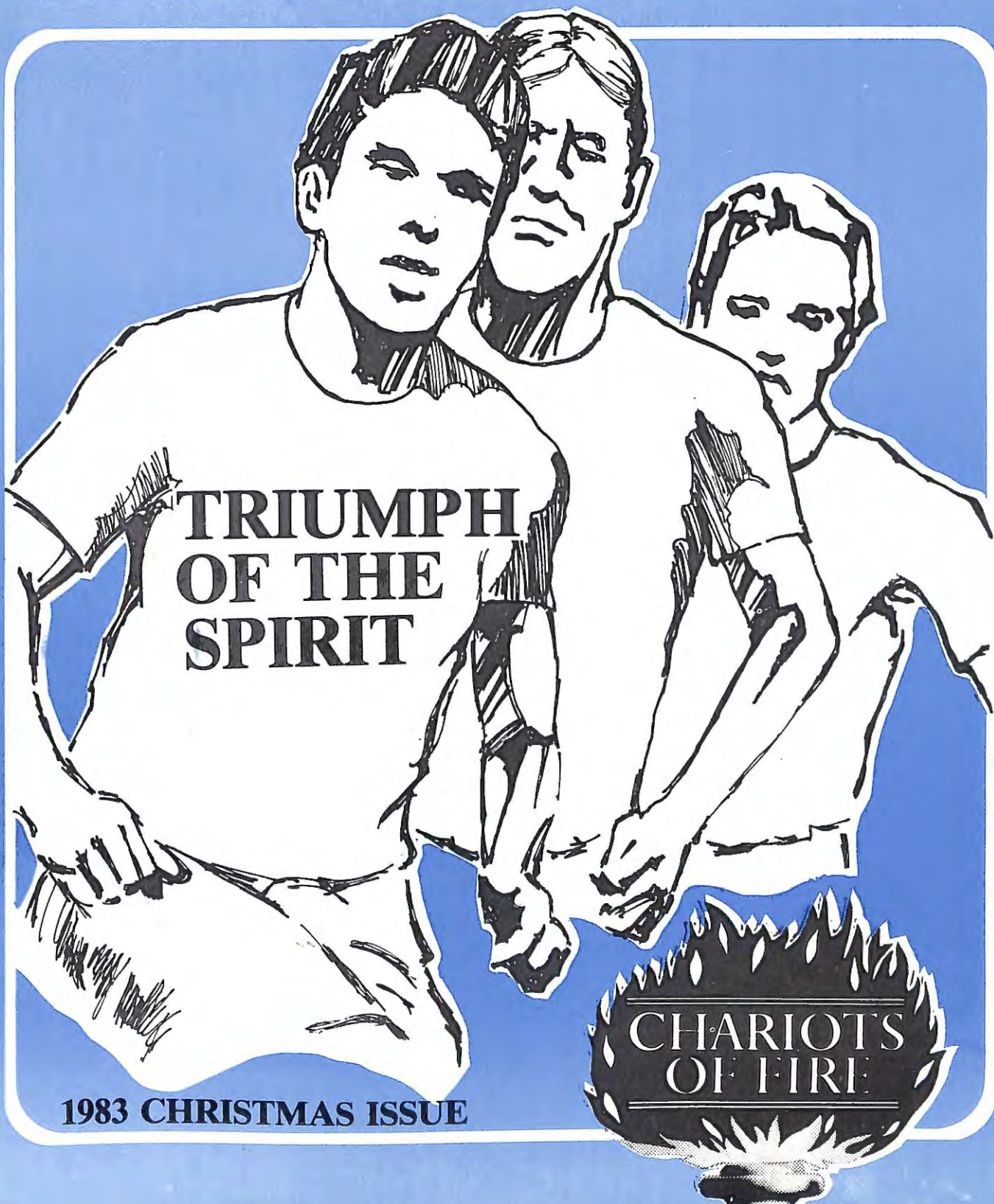
LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT FOR THE FUTURE

The Quarterly
Journal of the
Australian Heritage
Society

No. 31

DECEMBER 1983-

FEBRUARY 1984



1983 CHRISTMAS ISSUE

CHARIOTS
OF FIRE

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

We wish all our readers a happy and Holy Christmas. And let it be our prayer this Christmas that our nation will once again turn to Him who is the TRUTH and the LIGHT.

In This Issue

- 2 **1983 CHRISTMAS MESSAGE**
- 13 Hymn
- 6 **AUSTRALIA'S STRATEGIC POSITION**
- 8 **GAYNDAH ESSAY COMPETITION**
- 4 **CHARIOTS OF FIRE**
- 18 Freedom, Charles' Advice (By Prince Charles)
- 5 **TOPICAL**
 By Reg Watson
- 16 Customs & Curiosities
- 14 Letters
- 11 Victoria Cross Winners
 By Malcolm Barnes
- 21 Constitution Defended
- 10 **CYRIL LANDER**
- 20 Poem (Bell-Birds)
- 22 Frugal Housewife
- 9 Victorian Grandmother
- 24 Societies of Interest
- 7 Take a leaf out of the history book
- 23 Billabongs

Our Nation's Roots

The time is near, once again, when we celebrate an event that took place 1983 years ago, an event that has thrown a great beam of light down through the centuries, as the light from a lighthouse on a stormy night. And like the lighthouse, that LIGHT of the world has given safe passage to individuals and nations who heed the message on their journey through the stormy seas of life.

Our nation at this time can be likened to a great tree. The tree is composed of many parts — the trunk, branches, leaves, etc. — all different, performing varying functions, but all part of the whole and all essential to the whole. However these are the visible parts of the tree — the visual evidence.

The tree, however, comes from a seed (the idea or philosophy) and the first thing that a seed does is to put down a root, a root that will not only serve to nourish the tree but will also bind it to the earth (or reality). As the root grows and develops it is reflected in the tree above the surface, for the tree cannot outgrow the root system — that which nourishes it.

The storm has arrived and the great tree of our nation, as we have been warning, is toppling. Not because there is anything basically wrong with our Constitution or institutions, but because the roots of our nation have over a long period been withering and dying. The tangible evidence, the shell is still there, but the spirit, the substance, has all but gone. The roots no longer have the strength to bind us to the reality.

For our nation was built on a conception of reality that flows from the Christian faith, a belief in how man should behave, one to another and how he should associate, evolved from centuries of practical application of the principles enunciated by Christ. The belief in the importance of each individual and that personal freedom, associated with responsibility, enhances his fulfillment.

It is to our roots, our beliefs and faith that our nation so urgently needs to look. Let that be our prayer this Christmas.

THE AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE SOCIETY

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

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

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

SIR RAPHAEL CILENTO

First Patron of The Australian Heritage Society

PRINCIPAL ADDRESS

BOX 16, INGLEWOOD, W.A., 6052

STATE ADDRESSES

BOX 1052J, MELBOURNE, VICTORIA, 3001

BOX 179, PLYMPTON, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, 5038

BOX 2957, SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, 2001

466 ANN STREET, BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND, 4000

HERITAGE

EDITOR — P. Nixon ASSISTANT EDITOR — M. Jorgensen

EDITORIAL ADDRESS

P.O. Box 69, Moora, Western Australia, 6510

PUBLISHED BY

THE AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE SOCIETY
P.O. BOX 16, INGLEWOOD, W.A., 6052

© 1983 THE AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE SOCIETY

Contributions are invited for publication in "HERITAGE". Articles should be accompanied by suitable photographs, and a stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable. All reasonable care will be taken of material forwarded, however, the Editor cannot accept responsibility for loss, damage or non-return of material.

The views expressed in articles appearing in "HERITAGE" are those of their authors and are not necessarily the views of The Australian Heritage Society.

The Incomparable Gift

By Edward Rock



"Unto us a child is born. Unto us a son is given . . . This day in the city of David (is born) a Saviour." The very words, Anno Domini — the year of our Lord — testify to the greatest fact about that babe born 1983 years ago, he still lives, now in the year 1983, and forever, world without end, amen. And so it will always be, the incomparable gift of all gifts is ours for the taking now and for all time. To be partaken of each day, month, year, and all the years ahead. The gift that brings all other gifts of life into harmony, and without which in the finality there is no life, only death: but through that babe of Bethlehem there is life everlasting, leading us into the same timeless and spaceless dimension in which he lives. So that we will know Him as he is, and all who are gathered in with him in that place he called heaven. "In my fathers house there are many mansions."

How can we compare this gift with any other. Scripture tells us it is impossible. Christ is the incomparable gift, a gift so blinding in its perfection our eyes are incapable of comprehending its perfection. Mortal man, imperfect in himself is unable to fully comprehend that which is perfect. But to those who accept the most incomparable of all gifts, that time is to come. "But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away."

Yet this gift of incomparable value, possession of which places those who accept it in a more exalted position of strength to meet any challenge life can offer, this gift is in greater discard now than probably at any time in those 1983 years. To some the rejection is of such a dimension as to mean the loss of every other gift which has been the by-product of Christian civilisation. Certainly this will be true for those who deliberately spurn the incomparable gift, rejecting it as lacking any form of reality, and therefore not worthy of consideration, seeking along with those who believe likewise, the life which revolves around the puny limitations of man terminated by death and self destruction.

"God so loved the world that he gave (the incomparable gift) his only begotten son, that who-

soever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life . . . God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved." In this third chapter of John's gospel the writer warns of the consequences of disregarding that which Christ asserted, that all knowledge and all truth came from him, that he was in fact "the light of the world." To be the source of all knowledge and truth is in fact to be the light of the world, and unless proven otherwise there must reside in this source of knowledge and truth every good gift man could desire. "I am the light of the world . . . I came that ye may have life, and have it in greater abundance." Why does man reject this incomparably precious gift, acceptance of which would bring peace and goodwill to all men, and harmony between the nations?

The answer is to be found in the type of world mankind is trying to construct without the partnership offered by Christ. It is a world in which man exercises power over his fellow man. That was the basic ingredient which motivated the great ones of the earth before Christ came. Without Christ it was the only basic motivation understood by man, notwithstanding the Plato's, Socrates and others who discerned something of the power operating in the universe beyond the reach of the most powerful of men. So men like Cicero taught that there was not one law for the Romans and another for the Greeks, or any other nation, but that all nations were subject to the same laws. But there was a missing dimension, and Cicero longed for the coming of The Messiah to fill in the missing pieces. Those that had been given the great mission to spread an understanding of God's immutable laws throughout the universe failed in their mission. They failed for the same reason that great conquerors like Alexander and Hannibal failed, they sought to impose their will on their fellow man, not by military conquest but by a religion which made a God of slavish acceptance of mankind bound hand and foot by rules and regulations. The result was the same as force exercised by the most powerful over a subject people, they were enslaved to their fellow man, the High Priests and the Sanhedrin.

**The dimension of freedom had gone,
that essential element necessary to
liberate others.**

The dimension of freedom had gone, that essential element necessary to liberate others. A slave cannot bring liberation to others if he does not

know the meaning of freedom. In possibly the greatest confrontation with those responsible for the enslavement of their fellows Jesus offered them that incomparable gift. "If ye continue in my word, ye are my disciples indeed. And ye shall know the truth, and the truth will make you free." History records that the incomparable gift offered by Christ was rejected, those nation states like Soviet Russia in which the same slavish obedience to man made rules and regulations controls and enslaves the people, also officially declare war upon that truth which "will make you free". To the rulers of the Soviet, Jesus Christ is their implacable enemy because he would free those they have enslaved.

Like Australia, Russia had a Christian heritage. Will Australia also reject the incomparable gift, and slip into bondage? In a short 83 years the great Christian document which sought to protect Australians against the designs of Satan has been subverted. The Australian Constitution bringing together the peoples of the States, "humbly relying upon Almighty God" sought to make a nation in which each individual could walk free of oppressive government — rule by man divorced from God over his fellow man.

Those who reject God in modern society opt for the centralised state, a state planned by man for control over the lives of their fellow man. The Christian church in Australia is blind to the fact that freedom and the centrally controlled state are incompatible. Many of our modern politicians reject this knowledge and light which comes from Christ. To them Christianity is not real. But it is the same with many who call themselves Christians. Christianity is not real, it is merely a form of worship. Truth has to be done to be real. "He that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God." The doer of truth comes to Christ, and makes a reality of that truth by supporting with appropriate actions those things which make their fellow men free. Whether it is to bind up their wounds, or comfort them in the distress of unjust imprisonment, or to deliver them from the oppression of power exercised by their fellow man over them.

Many Christians if asked at the services held to honour the birth of Christ this Christmas could answer readily what a Christian is. One who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ and His saving power. But to know what a Christian is, and what Christianity is, is two different things. One is theory, the other is practice. The one can be faith without works, and therefore is dead. The other must be faith with works which brings life.

A small illustration was given me recently by an old friend who told of his elderly father, a limbless soldier from the First World War. Living in a Christian retirement village he has always had some difficulty with the theory of Christianity, but many will testify to his practical Christianity. Whilst visiting his father recently my friend was present when a fellow Christian of the village popped in for a chat, and departed remarking facetiously to my friend's father, "see you in church", knowing it

Perplexed about the great gulf which exists between the theory and practice of Christianity.

was not his habit to go regularly. My friend's father is like many Australians today, perplexed about the great gulf which exists between the theory and practice of Christianity, and as our nation slides further into the acceptance of anti-Christian policies without any great protest from the Christian Church, and often with approbation, he wonders about his proper attitude towards that Church. In defence of his father my friend questioned the visitor about his own faith. The discussion lead to the understanding that faith could move mountains, and my friend asked could he conduct a small experiment, and putting his biro on the table he remarked this was only a small mountain, but could he by faith move the biro from one side of the table to the other. Naturally it was impossible for the visitor to do so, and no psychic intervention occurred to cause the pen to move. Watching this by-play the elderly father chuckled, and hopping over to the table on his one leg remarked, "now what's the problem, the pen has to be moved from there to here," and picking the pen up he moved it to the designated spot. In doing so he demonstrated the reality of "doing truth". He demonstrated what the very life of Christian society depends upon, that faith in Christ and the acceptance of the incomparable gift to mankind offered by Christ depends upon a response from mankind in the form of a clearly defined policy of works which accord to the teaching of Jesus Christ. The works must be "wrought in God". To be wrought in God they must be centred around the central relationship between God and man, the knowledge that God is omnipotent, that he is indeed the master of the vineyard in which mankind "lives, moves and has his being". But it is man himself who has to make the choice of acknowledgement, and the only clear demonstration that man accepts the omnipotence of God, is to reject any form of works which places man under the control of his fellow man.

The laws God gave man are designed to establish the proper relationship between God and man, and between man and his fellow man. The underlying principle is freedom of choice. Freedom between God and man, and freedom between men. The incomparable gift brought by the Son of God was to release that gift to all men, to release it from the bondage of a false faith. He has done that. What he has given cannot be taken away. It cannot be destroyed. "Heaven and earth will pass away, but my word will never pass away . . . Have no fear I have overcome the world". But the incomparable gift underlying those promises are discipleship and freedom. "If ye continue in my word ye are my disciples indeed, and you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free".





CHARIOTS OF FIRE

Triumph of the Spirit

We would be amiss if some mention was not made in these pages of what must rank as one of the film greats. Notable not only for the quality of production, the music and effects, but that which lifts this film head and shoulders above most others in recent years is the message that it carries. The film, showing for some time now and recently appearing on television, is *Chariots of Fire*.

It tells the story, a true story, of two young men with great ability as runners. Eric Liddell (played by Ian Charleson) is a devout Christian who intends following his parents into missionary work in China. Harold Abraham (Ben Cross) is of Jewish background. He arrived at Oxford with a chip on his shoulder and turns it to a burning desire to prove himself.

The story builds the characters and beliefs of these men and traces their rivalry as they work towards selection for the Paris Olympics of 1924. They are both selected and are expected to meet in the 100m which will finally decide the greater of the two. However, en route to Paris, Liddell discovers that the heat for his race will take place on a Sunday. Despite the years of preparation, he refuses to run on the Sabbath, even when considerable pressure is placed on him by a number of people including the Prince of Wales who was present. The dilemma is finally resolved when another athlete, having already won a medal, offers Liddell his place in the 400m. Liddell accepts, even though he has not prepared for this event.

Harold Abraham takes the gold medal in the 100m and his great victory is acclaimed. He has achieved his goal. Eric Liddell goes on to win the gold medal in the 400m — and a much greater victory.

CHRISTIAN MESSAGE

This is a film with many messages, including examples of sportsmanship from which many modern athletes could well learn. However, it is the strong Christian message that distinguishes this film — a message that runs very deep. For like Shakespeare in his *Merchant of Venice*, this film draws the distinction between two faiths, between two approaches to life. This is no fairy-tale but a graphic, true and real to life portrayal of two conflicting philosophies of life in action and outcome.

On the one hand is Harold Abraham who must win at all cost. For him there is no place for failure, in fact it would be better not to compete than to lose. He must prove himself, to his own glory.

For Eric Liddell, the film makes obvious, the inspiration is deeper, the drive comes from his desire to serve his Maker. He runs in the belief that God has given him the ability to run fast and to succeed, to do well, is to glorify Him. His victory however is not achieved at all cost. He is prepared to sacrifice all, rather than run on the Sabbath, a day he holds sacred and a day he has exhorted others to treat likewise. He is a man of principle and is acclaimed as such. Then, as he prepared to run, a rival in the same race, no doubt understanding Liddell's faith and sensing his victory to come, passes him a note — "He who honours Me, I also shall honour". And then his victory, more notable because it is not his chosen distance, more than just a race won, but a triumph of the spirit. He has overcome the odds and has served his maker without compromise, without breaking God's laws in the pursuit of his goal. For him the victory is complete and deeply satisfying.

Harold Abraham's achievement is also great, he has achieved his goal, he has won acclaim, but his victory feels hollow, he is unfulfilled.

As we are taught in the *Parable of the Talents*, we all have gifts and are expected to use them according to our ability. Some, as in this film, are gifted as sportsmen, some as orators or writers, some as parents or teachers. We all have gifts in varying degrees, gifts from God for us to use in His glory and service. We can serve God in many and varied ways in our lives. The greatest victory however is when we succeed for the right reason, when that success is achieved without trampling on others and breaking God's laws.

The Word and faith are essential. We need to have a knowledge of truth, how things work. From that understanding we can do good works, works that give life to our faith. For faith without works, we are told, is dead. We must remember however that the Word, our faith must precede the works if those works are to flow from the truth. They are then pursued for the right reason. It is then that the victory is greatest — the spirit triumphant.



Which Way Australia?

In conjunction with the Tasmanian Concerned Voters' Association, the Anglo-Saxon-Keltic Society had as its guest speaker of late, Jeremy Lee, Assistant Director of the Australian League of Rights and Director of the Australian Institute for Economic Democracy. Jeremy, an excellent orator, spoke on the Constitution, bringing into his address such matters as State Rights and the National Flag, that flew recently, so proudly with Australia's dramatic win in the Americas Cup. (Sir James Hardy eat your heart out!*)

I've heard Jeremy before and found that his soothing, calm but authoritative tone endowed me with up-to-date figures, facts and information. Much of his recent address was indeed disturbing, yet I must hastily add, inspirational as well. I've no need to repeat that our Constitution was thrown out the window, after the High Court gave the decision over the Tasmanian Gordon below Franklin Hydro Scheme in favour of the Commonwealth Government. Quite honestly, Mr. Hawke wouldn't now care how many future dams are to be built in Tasmania, as he has achieved his objective — centralise and increase power — funny how Governments want 'power' when they should be providing 'service'.

Yet, our Constitution, which was formulated by our wise founding fathers to curb power and power-men, is a part of our unique national heritage. Every school child should be taught this fact, but of course (tragically) they are not. As Jeremy rightly points out, it is a Christian document, having the words, "Almighty God" incorporated into its wording. The opening words, "We the people" means that the Constitution belongs to us, the "people" — and NOT to Mr. Fraser, Bob Hawke or to any government, but to us — and that is why it was so designed that no change can be implemented without going through the people in a referendum. Only the people can change the Constitution — or so we believe, but Mr. Hawke simply said, 'I've got new power now, something called external powers which can override the Constitution'. Really what he's saying is: "I don't give a damn what that piece of paper says!"

During August, the State (Tasmania) Minister for Small Business and Fisheries, addressed a luncheon for the Anglo-Saxon-Keltic Society in Launceston and was able to inform us of the steps of how the ex-Attorney-General, Dr. Evatt in the Curtin Ministry endeavoured during the war years

to violate the Constitution by getting rid of State Governments, on the pretext of helping the war effort. When he came to Tasmania, so Mr. Robson said, the Legislative Council told him to "suck eggs". The campaign to retain State Governments within Tasmania was led by ex-nationally-known cricketer, Bob Darling, who was fully aware of Evatt's real intentions. Herbert Evatt fell when the Chifley Government did in 1949 and oddly enough, because he was a politician, he later became the eleventh Chief Justice of New South Wales. He died in 1965.

Evatt's attempts to tear our Constitution to shreds was continued on and indeed still is, by such notorious notables as Lionel Murphy and Dr. Coombes and together with the Whitlams, Hawkes and Frasers, our freedom and thus our heritage has taken a beating.

Before me now I have another piece of legislation, sounding sincere and well meaning. It's the United Nations, "Convention on the Elimination of all forms of Discrimination Against Women". Let's clear away the cobwebs and propaganda, what it really means is that it is a direct attack by the radical feminists, such as ALP Senator, Susan Ryan, disciple of Humanists, Betty Friedan (American active pro-abortionists, women's libber) on the traditional family unit and on the role of wife and mother in the home.

Besides individuals and several groups, two notable Tasmanian Federal politicians who campaigned against the Bill was the bold and determined, Bruce Goodluck (House of Representatives) and the distinguished Senator, Shirley Walters. Yet, the almost dictatorial power of party politics prevailed and the wretched charter was ratified (remember it was signed by the Fraser Government) by the Hawke administration.

Now, if we do not only do away with our Constitution, our flag, but undermine our families as well, which is the basis unit of any healthy society, then what future are we to have?

It comes down to this: we all must start caring and becoming informed and we must act! The Australia that we love, that our fathers fought for, that our fore-fathers created, will be swept aside by the brush of an alien broom — and that is dictatorial power to a centralised body, able to regulate every facet of our breathing life. This is not the Australian way of individualism and decentralisation. We must make this clear to our administrators at all levels!

* Sir James is well known for wishing to do away with our flag.

Australia's Strategic Position

By Air Marshal Sir Valston Hancock,
(Retired) K.B.E., C.B., D.F.C.



Sir Valston Hancock

In reviewing the defence of the free world by its several components, the overriding factor is the involvement of the USA. Without a militarily strong and united America there can be no effective defence against the steady encroachment of the USSR upon the territories of those outside the Russian orbit. While each nation must be responsible for its own local defence against limited aggression, our ultimate freedom can only be assured by co-ordinated action among all of us with common interests.

The Soviets' preferred method for the neutralisation of Australia is apparently by infiltration and deception rather than by an external military operation. It is to start with the exploitation of the extreme left of the Australian Labor Party, leading eventually to the subversion and control of trade unions. Even a casual student of Australian industrial affairs can discern already how effective has been the economic sabotage inflicted by unauthorised strikes, illegal bans and the neutralisation of national policies. The net effect of all

this activity has been to sap Australia's economic strength and to retard exceptional opportunities presented by our mineral and other resources.

However, a more immediate problem for Australia and the free world exists in the Middle East and Southern Africa. Russia, by virtue of its strategic and tactical dispositions in Afghanistan and the Indian Ocean, is in a position to disrupt the flow of oil to Western Europe, Japan, Australia and the USA. If it is not disrupted at its source in the Middle East through Russian-inspired sabotage, its passage from the Arabian Gulf to Western Europe can be harassed if not attacked from Soviet entrenchments in South Yemen, Ethiopia, Mozambique and Angola. Without oil Western Europe would collapse — with disastrous results to the international balance of power and serious consequences for Australia eventually. Japan, Australia's best customer and almost totally dependent upon Middle East oil, would find its economy dislocated, and we ourselves would become dependent on our very limited supply of oil fuels.

As to the nature of such threats, it seems that a consensus views nuclear war as a very high risk between 1985 and 1990, after which it is hoped the USA will reach nuclear parity with the USSR. I do not share that view. At the risk of over-simplifying the situation, it seems that we in the Western world are faced with the choice of modernising our nuclear arsenal to match the performance and capacity of the Warsaw Pact powers or of defaulting. If we accept and match the challenge, the balance of deterrence will remain in equilibrium and there will be no nuclear war. If we fail, the USSR will outstrip and blackmail us with nuclear threats to accept the status quo of Russia's strategic posture and indeed any other encroachments she decides to make thereafter. Russia may be prepared to chance a nuclear war to defend what she conceives to be her important interests. You can be sure no Western democracy will do so.

Australia can, given the will and resources, increase other carriers of nuclear warheads. She can by virtue of her strategic position and resources help in defence of the free world by:

- Seeking economic, social and eventually military ties with Southeast Asian nations, preventing the infiltration and subversion of this area by potential aggressors, and establishing control of the strategic gateways between the Western Pacific and the Indian Ocean.
- Pursuing with Japan mutually beneficial means of sustaining and expanding economic agreements and, in time, agreed military means of defending sea lines of communication between our respective countries.
- Implementing diplomatic means to support the USA in maintaining military stability in Western Europe and in keeping open the sea lines of communication between the Arabian Gulf and the free world users of Middle East oil.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

Australia's Strategic Position continued...

- Recognising the importance of South Africa in the survival of the free world and by co-operating in preserving access to vital mineral resources and the protection of sea communication around the Cape.

- Maintaining the closest links with the USA, without whose aid we would be denied access to strategic intelligence, technical know-how and

production facilities of weapons systems beyond the capacity of Australian industry to supply.

- Making available to the USA military forces, appropriate Australian bases and logistic support relevant to control of the Western Pacific and Indian Oceans.

Finally, the wealth of basic resources in Australia can be used by an intelligent government, through resources diplomacy, to achieve results in the world forum out of all proportion to the size of our population.

Printed from *Leaders Magazine*.

Take a leaf out of the history book

*Our forefathers had it
tougher than us when it
came to drought and
recession. Pay attention,
because we all need a
history lesson.*

Times might be bad but we should remember that this nation was born out of famine.

In the first three years of the infant colony at Sydney Cove, people actually starved to death.

Others were so weak from hunger they could not work.

The cattle had escaped into the bush and stores were rapidly running out. Nothing would grow in the barren rocky and sandy soil around the colony.

The stores ship sent from London was wrecked off Cape Town. There were few skills for hunting and fishing and an air of desperation lay over the colony.

In April, 1790, rations had been cut to a few pounds of flour and salt pork a week. Clothing supplies were exhausted and winter was approaching. Soldiers and convicts alike had no shoes.

One military officer described it this way: "The misery and horror cannot be imparted even by those who have suffered under it."

A lookout was placed permanently on North Head to keep watch for a ship which might bring food.

"Here on the summit of the hill every morning from daylight until the sun sank did we sweep the horizon in hope of seeing a sail.

"At every fleeting speck which arose from the bosom of the sea the heart bounded and the telescope was lifted to the eye."

The famine lasted until the evening of June 3, 1790 when "the joyful cry of 'the flag's up' resounded in every direction.

"I opened my door and saw several women with children in their arms running to and fro with distracted looks, congratulating each other, and kissing their infants with the most passionate and extravagant marks of fondness.

"I needed no more; but instantly started out and ran to a hill where my hopes were realised.

"My next-door neighbour was with me; but we could not speak; we wrung each other by the hand, with eyes and hearts overflowing."

The officer went with the Governor in his boat down the harbour to greet the ship.

"The weather was wet and tempestuous but the body is delicate only when the soul is at ease.

"We pushed through wind and rain, the anxiety of our sensations every moment re-doubling.

"At last we read the word London on her stern. 'Pull away, my lads! She is from Old England!'

"A few strokes more and we shall be aboard! Hurrah for a belly-full, and news from our friends!"

Ian Parry-Okeden
Daily Mirror, 20/12/1982

HERITAGE

The quarterly of the Australian Heritage Society

We regret to announce that due to the pressure of ever increasing costs it has become necessary to increase the subscription rate for *Heritage* to \$10 per year.

Gayndah Essay Competition

The 1983 Essay Competition run by Alf Pinwill of the Gayndah Branch of The Australian Heritage Society has been won by ELISSA KIRK of the Gayndah State High School.

The competition was judged by Mr. Roy Stuckey, OBE, State President of the New South Wales Branch of The Australian Heritage Society and the winner and runner-up received a twelve month subscription to *Heritage* plus a \$10 and \$5 cash prize respectively.

The following is the winning entry.

OUR HISTORICAL AUSTRALIAN FLAG

by Elissa Kirk

Our Australian National Flag has been the symbol of the Australian nation and of our national unity for over eighty years.

Shortly before the opening of the first Parliament it was decided to hold a worldwide competition to obtain designs for two Australian flags — one for official and naval purposes and the other for the Merchant Navy service. The competition was conducted in conjunction with a newspaper, *The Review of Reviews*. On 3rd September, 1901, the designs were displayed in the Exhibition Building, Melbourne. Over 30,000 designs were submitted and five were selected as being of equal merit.

On the day the winners were announced by the then Prime Minister, Mr. E. Barton, a large flag embodying the designs was flown on the Exhibition Building, Melbourne. Photographs of the day show it as having a design quite similar to that officially proclaimed later. The Union Jack represented Australia's link with Great Britain. It is a composite flag symbolising the union of three ancient kingdoms. The red cross of St. George on a white field was adopted as the flag of England during the thirteenth century. The saltire (diagonal cross) of Saint Andrew, was used as a Scottish emblem even in the fourteenth century and was employed in its present form, white upon blue, by the beginning of the sixteenth century.

On 1st January, 1801 the present Union Flag, which incorporates also the cross of the Order of St. Patrick (founded 1783) a saltire of red upon a background of white took the place of the earlier flag.

Under the Union of the British Blue Ensign was a large white star with six points representing the six States. In the fly of the flag there were five white stars representing the Southern Cross.



Essay Competition Presentation from left (Back Row) Mr. Alf Pinwill. (Front Row) Kim Hunt (Second Prize). Elissa Kirk.

The constellation of the Southern Cross was the symbol of our "great south land" and a six-pointed star under the Union Jack, represented the six states of the Federation in the Commonwealth Parliament. In 1908, a seventh point was added to this star to represent the Commonwealth Territories (Papua being the first represented) and the four main stars of the Southern Cross were made seven-pointed with the small star five-pointed to simplify the design.

The Southern Cross constellation in the southern heavens is generally understood to be invisible in the northern hemisphere but during April and May it is visible at the places south of latitude 30 degrees North.

Nevertheless, it had not been clearly established that any particular flag was the "National Flag" until 1951 when King George VI approved a recommendation by the Government, that the Commonwealth Blue Ensign be adopted as the Australian Flag. The correct term now for this flag is the "Australian National Flag".

The Australian National Flag should be displayed only in a manner befitting the national emblem; it should not be subjected to indignity or displayed in a position inferior to any other flag or

Gayndah continued...

ensign. The Flag normally takes precedence over all other national flags when flown in Australia. It should always be flown aloft and free.

The top left corner of our flag, should only be placed on the left, if looked upon from the front. During the two World Wars, our Servicemen have respected, honoured and taken personal pride in our flag.

When a soldier dies, the flag which he has saluted should be placed over the left shoulder of the deceased. On the same occasion our flag will have been flown at half mast.

The Queen is the head of the British Commonwealth of nations and Australia is part of that Commonwealth. The reason we keep our link with Britain is that the Queen, or her Australian representatives can have the final say on any Parliamentary Legislation. The Queen is the head of our three tiered government. It is our duty to take national and personal pride in our flag, an example of this is the Commonwealth Games of 1982. The Australian flag was featured in the opening ceremony of these games. This is reverence to our flag. Deep down in every heart, we all must have felt pride to belong to this nation.

Our basic aim is to preserve our Christian, British link and to be proud of our Australian Flag.



A Victorian Grandmother's Guide to Bringing up a Family

Teach your children to love and fear God, to pray to Him and ask for His guidance in all that they do.

Teach the 10 Commandments as a basis for good living.

Give your children definite rules of what is right and wrong.

Insist on a child telling the whole truth always.

Answer a child's questions truthfully, never with a half-truth.

Always be fair and just with your children.

By your own example encourage generosity, gentleness, modesty, forgiveness and civility in your child.

Punish a child for wilful disobedience, but never for doing wrong without realising it.

Never punish a child for misbehaviour that is admitted.

Always accept blame yourself when it is justified.

Be sure your children understand they can come to you for advice at any time and can tell you anything in confidence.

Praise your children when praise is deserved.

Set a good example at all times. Your children will copy you.

Cyril Lander, (1890-1983) Artist and Craftsman

Cyril Lander lived the closing years of his life in a stone cottage at Boya, in the quiet hills above Perth, W.A. It was a great pleasure to hear from his son David something of his life story, spanning 93 years. In a room alive with his creation, his son's affection and respect created a vivid picture of one of Australia's notable gentlemen.

Born in Melbourne in 1890, son of Thomas Lander, a cabinet maker, Cyril grew up amongst exacting craftsmanship and creativity. Woodworking was not only a living in the Lander family, but a delight, with the making of a delicately carved folding book-stand, a lamp base of tapering, curving strands of wood carved all of one piece, of tricky wooden boxes with secret ways of locking themselves. As a young man, Cyril studied leather, copper and woodwork at the Geelong Gordon Institute, his pursuit of these crafts being interrupted by the Great War.

Serving in Gallipoli, Egypt and France, he was twice wounded, but a watercolour of a desert scene is a reminder of his time away. After the War, Thomas Lander was involved in the setting up of Soldier Settlement homes in Victoria's Mallee, and Cyril assisted him here for a time, later buying a shop in Toorak, Melbourne, where he set up as carpenter and furniture-maker.

He made some furniture for the artist, Arthur Streeton, and became friendly with him and greatly interested in his work. By the late 1930s Cyril decided to devote his talents to painting. He was fascinated by the works of Turner, and collected all the books available about this artist. Others he admired were McCubbin and Herbert.

Cyril married again about 1934, his first wife having died, and his only child, David Thomas, was born in 1940. In the second War

Cyril's talents were employed as a camouflage officer, and in 1943 the family settled in Perth.

Cyril and his wife travelled overseas extensively. In the early 60s they went all over Britain and Europe — a watercolour of Venice catches the eye on the studio wall. Later, in the early 70s there were further trips to England. A highlight of one trip was Cyril's being permitted to see and actually hold and examine the scrapbooks of his much admired Turner. He also went to Hong Kong which he loved, and influences of this can be seen in his work. Of course he travelled widely in Australia, as so many of his paintings show.

He is regarded as the father of watercolour in Australia, having persisted at it until it became widely accepted. Although he was a pure artist, and not one who sought recognition or gain, a great many of his works hang in galleries, private homes, Shire Halls and hospitals. He became a Fellow of the Royal South Australian Society of Artists, a Member of the Watercolour Institute of New South Wales, and a Patron of the Busselton Art Society, was amongst the recognitions accorded him.

In the 1950s he taught at the University Summer School, and also took private pupils, but apart from his painting he was also a collector of beautiful things. Pieces of the furniture he made, dainty and exquisite, stand in his studio, lovingly finished and ornamented, the moving parts precisely functional. He made his own french polish and glue, and his work was so craftsmanlike that he was obliged to carve his signature on it to differentiate it from antiques handmade by masters of the past.

The walls of his studio are lined with books — books on philosophy; a great number on art, many

of them first editions. He loved clocks, and actually made a masterpiece of marquetry inlay with three perfect small figures inlaid, and sounding Westminster chimes. Across from it is a marvellous old Grandfather clock (1790-1900) which he bought in Melbourne in 1930 for 7/6. This tells the time, date, phases of the moon and the lunar months. It has only one weight on a pulley for both chimes and mechanism, and is listed in the British book of clocks. Another of his treasures is a large set of gold scales, rescued from a butcher's shop; against the wall is a great Dutch sea chest, dated 1817, with a hand made lock and a massive hand forged key. A collection of old woodworking tools stands on a table, some of them unheard of in today's mechanised workshops, and he was proud of his fine collection of wood chisels.

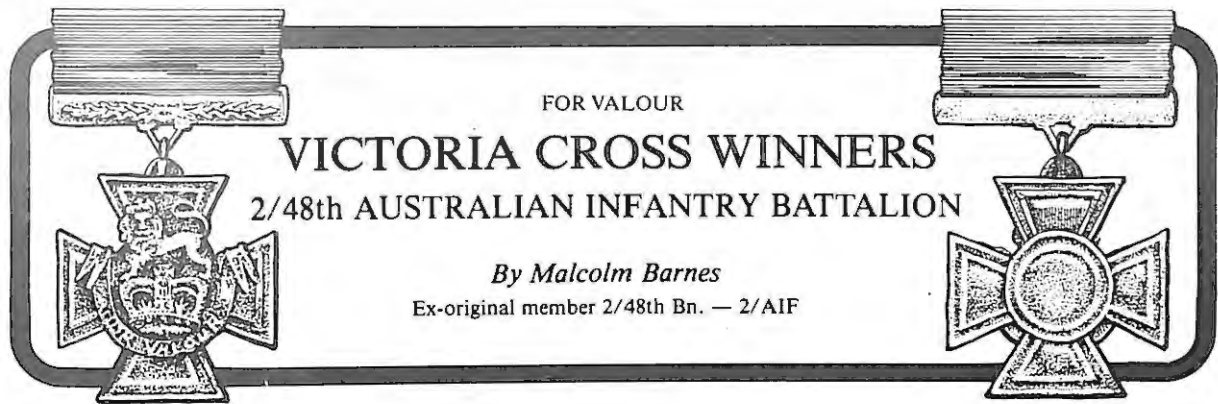
The light-hearted pleasure the family could take in their work is shown in wood pieces with "impossible" joins. One cannot conceive how the wood has been fitted together, cut at the angle it is. Music, too, was part of their lives, and on a shelf sits a concertina with ivory keys, which is said to have come from a sailor on the *Cutty Sark*.

In July of this year, after an illness, Cyril Lander died, leaving a rich legacy. The beautiful furniture, a multitude of watercolours portraying many parts of the world, a great collection of books and all kinds of treasures, and so many memories in the hearts of those who knew him, of a fine man and a great Australian who contributed so much of beauty, skill and interest.

His philosophy embraced the hope of reincarnation, for he thought it impossible to learn all life has to teach in one lifetime — things like tolerance — and, showing a fine humility — he would like to learn to be a better painter.

The story of his life and work, as told to his friend Marion Nixon of Perth, lavishly illustrated with photographs by local photographer Alf Empsall, is due to be published soon by Artlook.

DAWN THOMPSON



SERGEANT W.H. KIBBY, V.C.

When we first went to Palestine, in 1940, we were camped at a training camp near an Arab village called Dimra, and a short distance from Gaza, scene of battles in which my father and two uncles fought, in World War I, with the Australian Light Horse. The ground around our camp was wet and muddy, and very slippery. There were air raid slit trenches around the camp and walking was difficult, especially with the heavy army boots, and more especially when we were returning from the "wet" canteen. Anyway, Bill managed to slip into one of these slit trenches and as each Battalion member walked past Bill called for help saying "I think I've broken my B----- leg". Treating it as just another bloke who had drunk too much the boys mostly replied something like "pity you didn't break your B----- neck".

When it was realised that it was Bill Kibby, and that he really HAD broken his leg — and broken it badly, all hands set to and got him out of the pit and onto an Ambulance, and off to Gaza A.I.F. tent hospital, where it was found that he was in a very bad state. He was subsequently listed for return to Australia as a result of this serious injury. "Something" happened to the Hospital Ship, and Bill was kept until the next Hospital Ship was due to sail but, in the meantime, Bill improved and subsequently badgered the doctors to the extent that he was returned to the Battalion to be sent to North Africa and into 'The Benghazi Handicap', which was our retreat



Sergeant W.H. Kibby V.C., 2/48th Battalion 2/A.I.F.

from the Benghazi Front back to Tobruk, where the famous Siege took place.

After our evacuation from Tobruk, we enjoyed a spell back in Palestine, then — February, 1942 — up to Syria and Lebanon, where we became conversant with snow and bitter cold, and got to know Tripoli and Beirut. The land of Lebanon is very beautiful, but the people are ALL crazy, excitable and over demonstrative. It was from there that we moved up to Egypt and El-Alamein.

During the initial attack at Miteiriya Ridge on October 23rd, 1942, the commander of No. 17 Platoon, to which Sgt. Kibby belonged, was killed. No sooner had Sgt. Kibby assumed command than his Platoon was ordered to attack a strong German position holding up the advance of his company. Sgt. Kibby immediately realised the necessity for quick, decisive action, and without thought for personal safety, he dashed forward towards the enemy post, firing his tommy-gun. This rapid

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13

The Creed of Creative Love

SIR ARTHUR BRYANT

The most formative part of Britain's long history was that in which the national consciousness of its rival and quarrelling peoples grew out of the Christian Faith. History suggests that the normal political state of human society, as it evolved from the family and tribe, was either anarchy or despotism; either the kind of existence in which there was continual fear and danger of violent death, or an authority brutally imposed on the weak by the strong. Out of Christ's teaching arose a higher option for mankind: the creation of law and order and personal freedom through the exercise of Christian love. The central tenet of Christ's teaching was that, through such love, believing Christians could create a heaven, not only beyond the grave, but in this world as well. The rock on which the Church on earth rested was that love and trust between Christians were capable of creating islands of mutual endeavour and happiness which could mirror that greater and timeless happiness to be found through faith in the Heaven to come. "The Kingdom of Heaven," Christ said, "is within you."

On this belief Christian civilisation was built. It was such cumulative works of faith and love which made islands of light in the great ocean of barbaric hatred, cruelty and darkness which had swept across Europe with the disintegration of imperial Rome, itself a cruel and conquering tyranny. Christian civilisation in Britain grew out of barbarism because those who preached Christ's gospel of love to its savage tribesmen established centres of example where that gospel could be put into practice and be seen to operate. Where Christian monks and missionaries made their settlements and lived and worked together in amity they were able to achieve advances in agriculture, in the arts and ways of living and, above all, in social and political organisation — advances impossible in

societies torn by perpetual strife, fear and mutual destruction. Everything that was educative and enduring in medieval Britain was the legacy of the Christian Church and its creed of creative love.

It was Christianity which taught barbarians to base their social relationships on something wider than tribe or kindred. In its quiet monasteries the Church began to teach the forgotten classical arts of writing and keeping records. It trained men who could show tribal rulers the means of governing peacefully and justly. It gave them clerics or

DEAN SPEAKS OUT AGAINST SEX DISCRIMINATION BILL



Dean Roberts

The Anglican Dean of Perth, the Very Reverend David Roberts has joined other prominent Australians in condemnation of the Sex Discrimination Bill now before Federal Parliament.

Dean Roberts spoke out after delegates at the Women's Electoral Lobby national conference said that the established churches' silence on the Bill was a scandal.

In the latest St. George's Cathedral newsletter, he said that WEL's criticisms of the failure of major Christian denominations to support the Bill could be seen as an endeavour to gain credibility for some very suspect legislation.

Behind the Bill lay some radical implications affecting the roles of women in marriage, family and employment.

"The Bill, far from being espoused by the Churches, has aroused disquieted and critical reactions," Dean Roberts said.

Objections have been raised on a variety of grounds: It's possible use for pro-abortion purposes and implications which discriminate against traditional marriage and family patterns.

"Treatment of de facto relationships appears to eliminate any distinction between these and married people.

"Schools could be affected, particularly with regard to religious and moral issues, even in Church schools."

"Underlying the Bill is not merely the desire to prevent discrimination against women but the spirit of a new puritanism of equality which reduces traditional roles to reprehensible stereotypes to be extirpated by law," he said.

"Susan Ryan's drab and humourless Utopia — the Bill could, perhaps, be described as "Senator Ryan's Indiscriminate Sex Act" — has lost sight of the complementary delights of being male and female.

"Here men and women become utilitarian creatures for whom interchangeable sameness is maximised.

"It would be tragic for our humanity if we allowed ourselves to be remodelled by an Amazonian reformism which legislates against the weakness of men and apparently counts as ineffectual the real strength of women — the humanising and civilising power of their femininity."

"clerks" to reduce their chaotic affairs to order, draft laws and reckon accounts and taxes. For the way of life the Church preached called for a law-abiding world — one in which men made and kept promises instead of perpetually resorting to force. The "King's Peace" was a better basis for Christian relationships than violence and anarchy.



By far the most important element in our history has been the continuity of our Christian tradition. Through it Britain developed a policy in which the sanctity of the individual has counted for more than that of central authority and in which power, instead of being concentrated in a few hands, is distributed in those of many. The value set by her people on the freedom and sanctity of the individual, on justice and fair play, on mercy and tenderness towards the weak, their dislike of lawless violence and their capacity to tolerate, forgive and forget, have been, and still are, for all her past mistakes and faults, the most important factor in her national tradition and all derive from her long Christian apprenticeship.

The Illustrated London News
October, 1983

VC Winners continued... FROM PAGE 11

and courageous individual action resulted in the complete silencing of the enemy fire by killing three of the enemy, and the capture of twelve others.

With these posts silenced, his company was then able to continue the advance. After capturing Trig 29 on October 26th, intense enemy artillery-fire was directed on the whole Battalion area which were invariably followed with counter attacks by tanks and infantry. Throughout the attacks that culminated in the capture of Trig 29 on October 26th and the re-organisation period which followed, Sgt. Kibby moved from section to section, personally directing their fire and cheering the men, despite the fact that the platoon throughout was suffering heavy casualties. Several times, while under heavy fire from enemy machine guns, he went out and repaired the platoon's lines of communications, thus allowing mortar concentration to be directed effectively against the attack on his company's front. His whole demeanour during this difficult phase in the operations was an inspiration to his platoon.

On the night of October 30th, 31st when the battalion attacked "Ring Contour" 25 behind the enemy lines, it was necessary for No. 17 Platoon to move through most withering enemy machine gun fire from point blank range in order to reach their objective. These conditions did not deter Sgt. Kibby from pressing forward right to the platoon's objective. Only pockets of enemy resistance still remained, and Sgt. Kibby went forward alone, throwing grenades to destroy enemy

machine gunners now only a few yards away. Just as success appeared certain, he was killed by a burst of machine-gun fire from a few feet range.

Such outstanding courageous tenacity of purpose and devotion to duty was entirely responsible for the successful capture of the company's objective. His work was an inspiration to all, and he left behind him an example and memory of a soldier who fearlessly and unselfishly fought to the end to carry out his duty.



ONCE to every man and nation comes the moment to decide.
In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, like CHRIST in Jewry, off'ring each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by for ever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

We see dimly in the present what is small and what is great,
Slow of faith, how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate;
But the soul is still prophetic; list amid the market's din
To the ominous stern whisper of the oracle within,
"They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."

Hymn by James Russell Lowell
1889-91

Contributions

Address written contributions to:

**THE EDITOR, "HERITAGE",
BOX 69, MOORA
WESTERN AUSTRALIA 6510**

ARTICLES and other contributions, together with suggestions for suitable material for "Heritage", will be welcomed by the Editor. However, those requiring unused material to be returned, must enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.



The Flag Centre

Dear Sirs,

With regard to your advertisement in *The Australian* today we wholeheartedly support your campaign, and cannot see why we should have our National flag changed in the future.

As manufacturers of flags we have more than the usual interest in this question and our clients have the same opinion. Most wish to retain the history that is in our flag, and just because a minority with a loud voice suggest it the publicity makes it sound that everyone is in agreement. This is not so.

If any of your members of the Society wish to purchase a flag, we list below our prices, which we guarantee is less than many manufacturers are asking.

3 ft x 18 ins. printed flag \$16	6 ft x 3 ft printed \$36
4½ ft x 2½ ft. printed	with sewn stars \$39
with sewn stars \$34	7½ ft x 3'9" \$56
	9 ft x 4½ ft. \$64

If brass clips are required attached to the flags they cost \$1.50 extra per flag. Our prices are reasonable for we are able to both print and sew our flags and this is unusual today. Our clientele is all over Australia. A donation for \$8-is enclosed for 1 year's subscription.

We wish your Society well for the coming year and success in the keeping of our marvellous flag.

Mrs. O. Steed,
The Flag Centre,
14 Goodwood Road,
Wayville, S.A., 5034.

Republics and All That

In England, in 1901, the Liberals — the Nations traders — sought to change the import laws; doing away with the custom of importing Empire goods duty free, and making free the importation of goods from all countries.

The Conservatives — then in office — strongly objected to this proposal and declared that the Colonies should always have preference. Arguments in Parliament became very heated, then the Government decided that it was a matter for the people to decide.

Queen Victoria was asked to dissolve parliament — which she did — then an election was held on that issue.

The Conservatives, with their Empire preference programme were returned to office with a tremendous majority. The voice of the people was beyond doubt. Within a couple of days posters appeared in all the shops. 'Australian Cheese', 'Australian Butter', 'Canadian Cheese', 'New Zealand Lamb', etc. One large company with 800 branches throughout England changed its name to The Home and Colonial Stores. Declaring that it would, as far as possible, sell only English and Colonial produce.

This was no flash-in-the-pan, for when I left England to come to Australia in 1927, Empire preference still held good.

England has always been a good friend to Australia; yet many Australian politicians are now advocating for a republic. Look around the world of today and take cognisance of those new republics; those republics which have come into being during the past few decades. They are embroiled in wars and rebellions. From their despotic rulers, the people have no redress. A republic soon becomes a dictatorship.

If politicians were honest, the present system of government could not be bettered. The Great Churchill once said: "The Queen is the last bastion of democracy" — how true.

Under the present constitution, when the people are dissatisfied with the government of the day, the Queen has authority to dismiss that government from office — dismiss, but not appoint a replacement. She then arranges an election, where the people appoint a government of their own choice. Could there be a more democratic form of government?

A republic soon turns into a dictatorship; with the resultant civil wars, rebellions and the repression of the people. Freedom of speech is banned.

Don't let this happen to Australia....

Albert E. New,
Rockingham, W.A.

Oath of Allegiance

Dear Sir,

Re: Oath May Lose God and Queen — reported *Courier-Mail* 17th October

Despite what the Federal Government may think, many people regard an oath to God as solemnly binding. In the same way the oath of loyalty to the Queen is similarly binding.

The Queen is Queen of Australia and as such the monarchy is a permanently unifying force — the only one as

no other person holds such a unique position in the hearts and minds of Australians. Who else but the Head of State should receive the oath of loyalty.

In the days when Britain's empire stretched around the globe people were glad to be British subjects and under her defence and diplomatic umbrella.

Migrants from other lands are urged to keep their dual nationalities and cultures. People of British stock are no different. We are Australians first and British second and proud of it.

As far as the oath to the Queen is concerned the migrants should be prepared to give it to the Australian Head of State. Australia is their chosen country and they should be prepared for allegiance to it and her Queen. As for the basic English requirement it seems only good sense for migrants to have basic English at least for their own sakes and all those departments particularly Social Service who have to deal with them.

C.E. Isbel,
Carina, Queensland.

Allegiance oath to change soon

CANBERRA: The Federal Government is close to removing God and the Queen from the oath of allegiance, according to the Immigration and Ethnic Affairs Minister, Mr. West.

And subject of caucus approval, the Government would change the Citizenship Act requirement that applicants had adequate English to basic English

and would exempt people from that requirement who were over 50, he said yesterday.

In a television interview Mr. West also said that the qualifying period would be reduced from the present three out of the previous eight years' residence to two out of the previous five years.

"Many of the non-English speaking migrants who have permanent residence object to the present format of the oath of allegiance which requires them to swear allegiance to the Queen of the UK," he said.

There was also an objection to the British-subject provisions of the Citizenship Act and its consequential effect on other Acts, particularly in the public service, where to hold a permanent position a person was required to be a British subject.

These Acts would also be amended.

"When this is all through they'll (public servants) be Australian citizens," said Mr. West.

"That means that permanent residents from non-English-speaking Commonwealth and non-Commonwealth countries who take out citizenship will be eligible to apply for permanency in the public service . . . that's a very great reform."

People no longer wanted to be referred to as British subjects.

"Australians and permanent residence citizens, natural-born Australians — they know they're not British subjects any more," said Mr. West.

"They know that the most important thing is really

Australian nationalism and the allies that we have all round the world.

"We are no longer just a colony of the British crown, therefore it is perfectly logical to introduce an oath that is more Australian in character and flavour."

The West Australian 17/10/1983

It would appear that Mr. West is in a dangerous state of ignorance not only to the role of the QUEEN of AUSTRALIA, to whom he as a minister swears allegiance, but in matters that should require approval from those who elect him and whom he supposedly serves. It would also be informative to know just who is doing the "objecting" to the oath as it stands.

For how long are we going to allow such people to tear apart the fabric of this nation.

Editor

— LET'S KEEP THEM! —



**OUR FLAG
OUR HERITAGE
OUR FREEDOM**

FLAG STICKERS AND BROOCHES

Ideal for correspondence and envelopes

DISPENSER OF 200 — \$3.80 POSTED

Large Car Stickers 90 cents posted
Small Car Stickers 50 cents posted
Flag Brooches \$1.50 posted
Flag Stick-pins \$1.50 posted

Larger quantities available at reduced cost
Prices on application

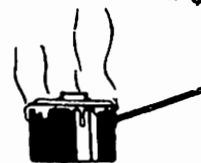
Contact:

**THE AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE SOCIETY
(N.S.W. BRANCH)
BOX 2967
SYDNEY 2001**

Proceeds from sales aid The Australian Heritage Society's work.



CUSTOMS & CURIOSITIES



COMPILED BY DAWN THOMPSON (W.A.)

Readers are invited to contribute articles and photos to this column.

SPECIAL DAYS IN THE LITTLE BUSH SCHOOL

Everyone, particularly a child, looks forward to special days, when something different happens. Over forty years ago, we children at our little bush school had fewer special days than do children nowadays. Time seemed to go on and on forever and when a special occasion did arise the anticipation was intense, the delight almost unbearable, and the afterglow echoed pleasurably on until we had wrung every ounce of happiness out of it.

That was, of course, the pleasurable happenings — the annual outing, the Christmas Tree, the sports. On the other hand there were the Exams and the Inspector's visit . . . and the lower key but still most diverting Anzac Day celebration, the occasional religious instruction, and even the routine Monday morning saluting of the flag made a little ripple in our lives.

For this small ceremony, a couple of the big boys attached and ran the flag up, having been carefully instructed in the respect due to this symbol of our nationhood — it must never touch the ground, must run right to the top of the pole, and must come down by sunset. Then we formed up in our little steps-and-stairs ranks, stood to attention and saluted crisply. Now, placing our right hand on our heart, we declared in unison: "I love God and my country, I honour the flag, and will cheerfully obey my parents, teachers and the Law". Then we marched into school to begin our week.

Anzac Day was a school day for us, but a very special one. We worked for weeks beforehand learning poems and songs about

the Great War, ready for our Anzac Day Observance. We knew all about the insurmountable odds on Gallipoli, about Simpson and his donkey, the trenches and the mud of France — Ypres, Flanders and the Somme were familiar names to us, and we held to the hope that it had been the "War to end wars". We drew pictures, we told of family experiences, for the men we remembered were our grandfathers and uncles, and the Second War was still in the future.

No freedom is worth much if one is dependent on others for one's every need. A fine sense of independence and quiet pride, upon which was built many of the virtues of our heritage, is evident in this old poem, found in St. David's Wales. Is it this spirit perhaps reasserting itself in the great many young people searching for alternative lifestyles — a simpler, richer and more creative way of living?

GOD SPEED THE PLOUGH

Let the wealthy and great
Roll in splendour and state
I envy them not, I declare it.
I eat my own lamb
My own chickens and ham
I shear my own fleece and I wear it.
I have lawns, I have bowers
I have fruits, I have flowers
The lark is my mourning alarmer
So jolly boys now
Here's God speed the plough
Long life and success to the farmer.

But in these observances were nurtured the feelings of solidarity and sacrifice and pride in our nation, of grief and gratitude for the price paid for our freedoms, that sent on many of our class-

mates to carry the torch through the dark days that all unknown, lay just ahead.

Our religious instruction seems to have been a rather hit and miss affair. The clergy were rather extended and travelling difficult, but occasionally a non-conformist minister would arrive, and all those not claiming to be Roman Catholic — or R.C.s, as they were known, were drafted off for some instruction, while the R.C.s played in the yard. My parents were most particular that my instruction should be of their choosing, so I was not allowed to attend, and went to play with the R.C.s. So it was that when the priest appeared on a very rare visit he found amongst the well-versed Keoghs and Delaneys a raw little heretic who not only couldn't say a Hail Mary but didn't know how to cross herself. I can clearly remember the good Father's horror, and also the consternation of my parents that night when I displayed my newly-acquired skills.

Exams still hold the same terrors as ever they did, I suppose, but for us there was the added fear of being Kept Back if you didn't pass. With such small numbers of children in a close community the teacher knew the children so well, their family and background, their strengths and weaknesses, that each child was usually able to be brought up to the required level, but if that was not possible, then he had to repeat the year and not go onto new work until he had mastered the basics to the correct standard.

Thus now and then a raw farm lad or lass was obliged to remain behind their age group. We seemed as I remember to accept this without cruelty or scorn, and to value that person for their skill

with the bat or the axe on the school woodheap, or maybe the number of cows they milked by hand before school, the sewing or singing or art at which they did excel.

The event that was pure delight for us was the school Outing. The parents arranged a treat for us once a year instead of the routine school day. Once we went to the pictures to see *Snow White*, the first I had ever seen. We travelled the great distance of 25 miles in one of the few trucks in our district — there were no buses about — seated on forms running the length of the tray. The dark of the theatre was magical, the colourful scenes entrancing, the story a delight. I was so impressed with the perfection of everything in the film; fields like lawns, neat, charming houses, the tidiness of the landscape, and amusing people, beautiful, talented and able to cope with every situation. If only real life could have been so complete! Emerging blinking to the real world, surprised to find it daylight outside, we fell back into the realities of our lives. But — further bliss! — we were given icecream cones — threepenny ones, too — not the little penny ones! And then home on a cloud of “wasn't it lovely . . .”



Another time we went for a day at the beach. I remember it rained a bit — it usually did in S.W. Victoria — but we swam and frolicked and built castles with prizes for the best ones. Each child was given pieces of cut-up playing cards which could be exchanged at the kiosk for icecream or cool drinks. Some of the

parents came too, and great was the hilarity on our homeward way to hear the saga of Mr. Jenkins' teeth. He lost his top dentures frisking in the water, and hasty in his chagrin, tore out the lower one and invited the sea to have that, too. Later he trod on something and — yes, the sea had returned his top teeth! Too late: he had hurled the other ones into the briny . . . The quixotic-ness of it just made our day.

Our school sports day was a crescendo of tremendous effort and ferocious partisanship. Like Cliff Young the veteran marathon runner of Colac, we all trained in rubber boots running after the cows, and no doubt the frugal meals of Depression times and the early nights without TV to tempt us helped to keep us fit. We



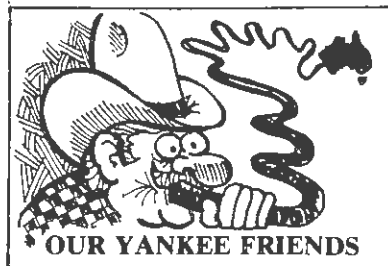
practised our high jumps, our marching, our hop step and jump and so on endlessly at playtimes, but as there was not enough of us to make up teams for many of the ball games, in fairness we were given compensatory points for events in which we could not enter. One halcyon year our little school actually won the sports! All because the Williams family had moved to our district — all three of them natural athletes to augment our small talent. How our hopes rose as the numbers went up, event after event, keeping us ahead of the other schools. Hardly daring to hope, we leapt about our school station and cheered in a frenzy of support, and then our proudest moment: we led the march of victory, bearing our banner high. What a sense of unity, of striving shared, and of the sweetness of success!

The last great day of our year was the Christmas Tree. Dressed in our best, we returned to the

school house in the evening with our parents, to find the room transformed. Gone were the desks and everyday trappings. A glittering tree bedecked with tinsel and baubles dominated our gaze; beneath it lay piled fascinating, lumpy parcels. A chattering crowd settled on the unfamiliar chairs brought in by our fathers; we contained ourselves as well as we could while awaiting the high moment when Father Christmas arrived on the back of someone's ute, ringing his bell. Who WAS he? Whose shoes were they? Whose workworn hands? But the little ones, faces all aglow, shyly accepting their gifts, were not to share our sophisticated suspicions as to Father Christmas' identity! Sometimes we had games after he had departed, sometimes even a concert; always carols and supper — the “plates” our mothers had brought.

Sharing our delight in our gifts — we had so little of material things that any gift was delightful — playing in the unfamiliar dark playground, the happiest special day at our little bush school would draw to a close, and we were gathered content into our families, and borne homeward through the star-studded night.

—Dawn Thompson



OUR YANKEE FRIENDS

During World War II, the Americans had a base for Catalina Flying Boats on Perth Water in Western Australia.

One American from Texas was forced to concede that the only thing lacking in his home state was a wonderful stretch of water such as the one they were based on. He was so vocal about this that finally a Digger kindly advised him — “Look mate, all you need is a length of hose and when you get home, if you can suck as hard as you can blow you'll have Perth Water over there in no time!”

FREEDOM: So easy to take for granted, and so very easy to lose

By Prince Charles

In the last few months we have heard, and read, a great deal about individual loss of freedom in various parts of the globe. It is in fact quite sobering to remember that we in Britain are the exception, not the rule. Only one-third of the world's population live in countries that practice democracy as a Western European or American understands the word.

We hear a great deal about loss of liberty: we see television films galore about every conceivable situation; we must clearly be the best informed people imaginable, but what does it all mean to us? Does all this information go in one ear and out the other? Do we have any idea in this country (or in Western Europe for that matter) what it actually means to lose so many of the things we take for granted? Perhaps life would be considerably easier without the added stress involved of being relatively free and therefore able, within certain economic limits, to make choices.

But on the other hand, to be a human being is to be able to choose. That is what tends to distinguish human beings from animals. The wider the choice, the greater the liberty. The most insidious enemies of liberty are those who tell us that they know us and our true needs better than we do ourselves. For they are wise and we are foolish, or blind or misled. One day we shall ourselves grow wise — as a result of obeying their orders — and we shall then realise how right they were to coerce us in our own interest, and we shall be only too grateful.

If we care about what we call our freedom, what exactly are we trying to preserve? Surely it is our integrity as individuals: our right not to be treated, if at all possible, as a collective mass which can be manipulated as so much malleable human material.

The philosopher Immanuel Kant said: "Nobody can compel



H.R.H. Prince Charles

me to be happy in his own way . . . paternalism is the greatest despotism imaginable". Presumably we wish to avoid becoming like bricks in a building constructed by the infallible architect — bricks which if they do not fit must be eliminated or *re-educated*. Journalists ought to know better than most how simple the doctrine is — that there is only one truth about how to live and either you see it too or, if you question it, you must be made to see the light.

Journalists therefore know what freedoms they are intent on preserving because every tyrant whether of the Left or Right always begins by curtailing or suppressing the freedom of the press, so that writers must dance to tunes called by the organs of the party or army or government.

Complacency, however, runs surprisingly deep and strong — particularly in a country that has not endured the experience of occupation by a foreign power for a very long time. So often it seems that the saying, what you haven't got you miss, is unbearably true in terms of human history.

The meaning of freedom becomes clear only when it is taken away. The problem is how much can we learn from the experiences of those who have lost their liberty so that we can take measures to avoid a similar situation? If one reads the writings of many of those who have experienced arrest, imprisonment and labour camps it is extraordinary how their feelings coincide in a paradoxical way. They agree that this loss of freedom was the most important experience of their lives; that although they had to endure the worst forms of psychic and physical suffering, they experienced at the same time moments of utter happiness such as those outside the camp walls could never imagine. One of these writers tells us that perhaps the most paradoxical and most optimistic conviction of these men, who have experienced the concentrated forms of evil in their own bodies, is that the power of good is stronger than anything else.

The battle being fought in the totalitarian states today, they say, is in reality not political but religious, even if this is not always clear to those taking part. Solzhenitsyn says that it is precisely the Christians who represent a truly political force in the USSR because they rob the totalitarian system of its basis. It is clear that these authors are discussing freedom on a totally different plane from the kind of tangible freedom we like to think we know, and have come to expect, in this country. It only goes to show what a gigantic gulf separates most of us from the lives of all those people who live in two-thirds of the countries of this world.

But what on earth can we do to help them; to show that we do care what happens, even though we may feel depressingly powerless? I believe that we must try even harder to put ourselves in their position; to see the whole problem as these thinkers who

have suffered see it. Their kind of philosophical approach is more likely to make sense for the simple fact that it is based on actual suffering and bitter experience of a kind that escapes our cosy, Western intellectual comprehension.

If we see the problem as a religious one — and I do not mean that in a specifically Christian sense — we then can begin to see that the power of good is indeed stronger than anything else. It is stronger than all the weapons of destruction ever invented. If the outer world obeys the inner forces of the human soul, then man's fate depends on himself: if vice versa, then the oppression of man cannot be removed by political reforms.

Faith alone, we are told, makes it possible to obey that inner voice, of which, of course, there is no objective proof. It also makes it possible for us to

influence events in the world, if we but know it, against and in spite of the mighty influence of evil.

Whatever the apparent disadvantages of our *free* society — and there are those who may easily think that it is sometimes illusory — they are still outweighed by the advantages. And one of the most important is that we do not live in a totalitarian state.

Our protection depends, I believe, on the mystical power which from time immemorial has been called God and whose relationship to man seems to depend on man's relationship to his inner voice. It also depends, dare I say it, on a free press which is constantly aware of its vital, responsible and extraordinarily powerful voice.

THIS ARTICLE FIRST APPEARED
IN *THE DAILY MAIL*,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

Advice From Charles

Prince Charles is being put down heavily by some British Labour M.P.'s for coming up with an interesting suggestion.

Concerned about Britain's growing crime rate, Charles advocates that young offenders be sent to military style camps run by army instructors skilled in motivating people.

I think his suggestion has merit and bears some investigation — but unfortunately, some of the opposition members in the House of Commons are deriding the suggestion without even thinking about it.

One dunderhead with an Irish sounding name — Martin Flannery, says Prince Charles has been brought up in the lap of luxury knowing nothing about unemployment. Charles should think a little more deeply about problems which he knows rather less than nothing — says Flannery.

What nonsense. I know this esteemed member of Her Majesty's Parliament is probably asleep in his London bed some twenty thousand kilometres away, but he needs to wake up to a few pertinent facts of life himself.

The Prince has seen far more of life than most. He's roughed it in Australia and other parts of the world with the best of them, he's an avid reader of newspapers and periodicals, he talks regularly with social welfare officers, including the London metropolitan police, and he regularly makes journeys to some of the poorer areas of his country to talk to the underprivileged.

He's in an excellent position to make suggestions. Not for one moment was he advocating that the British Army become some sort of Foreign Legion filled with criminals — his suggestion was to bring the young offender within

the reach of rehabilitation, responsibility and self discipline. More than that — to give juvenile offenders a chance of being wanted by society — something presently lacking in their character.

Prince Charles put his idea to the Police Foundation at London's Guild Hall last night, expressing his concern at the rising attacks on the elderly, and the increasing crime rate amongst the younger generation.

He's looking for a development on self confidence and self reliance — all the essential qualities needed to help young people escape from deprivation and alienation, partly created from the society in which they live.

Rather than fine or jail offenders, put them into the hands of the army — present them with challenging circumstances, push them beyond themselves — in this type of environment many would emerge with a quite different view.

I think Charles' suggestion should be looked at very closely indeed. He has already closely studied a similar plan he saw in action in Scotland.

None of the two thousand juveniles undergoing a Government course run by the army were offenders, but Charles says all had benefitted immeasurably from the courses at Inverness.

... Can I ask — is there really much difference between a youngster involved in petty crime, and one not yet? Both have characters — maybe one of them needs a little redeeming, that's all. Given equal opportunity — under the guidance of motivating people — there's a chance — and a pretty good chance at that.

Damn the British Opposition M.P.'s so quick to put Charles down — It's not the heir to the throne who needs to look more deeply into problems — it's people gracing Her Majesty's Opposition benches like the Labour Member, Martin Flannery.

— John Worthy's Editorial
on 3GL (Victoria) 20/7/83
Geelong Broadcasters Pty. Ltd.

POETRY OF AUSTRALIA

BELL-BIRDS

Henry Kendall

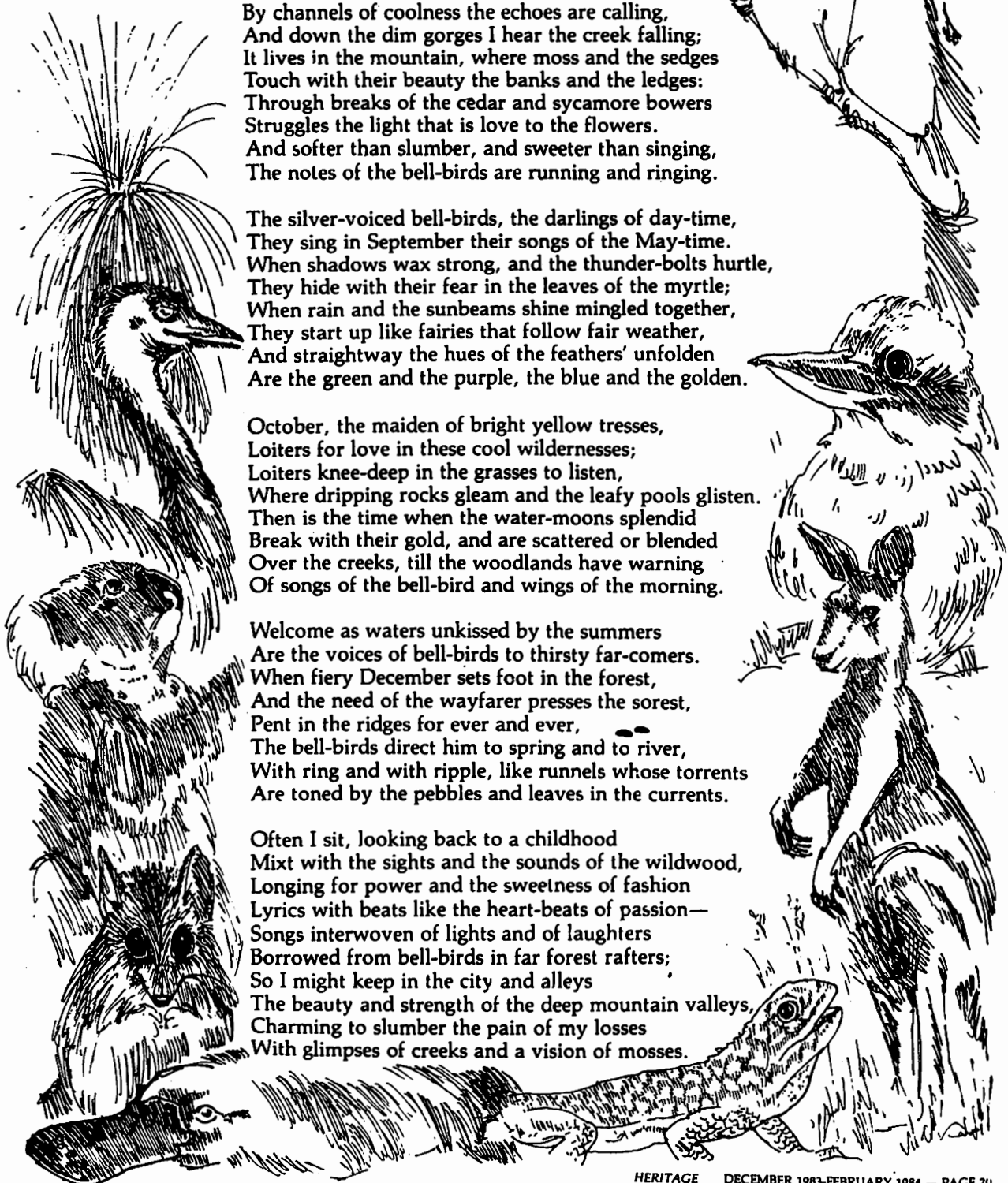
By channels of coolness the echoes are calling,
And down the dim gorges I hear the creek falling;
It lives in the mountain, where moss and the sedges
Touch with their beauty the banks and the ledges:
Through breaks of the cedar and sycamore bowers
Struggles the light that is love to the flowers.
And softer than slumber, and sweeter than singing,
The notes of the bell-birds are running and ringing.

The silver-voiced bell-birds, the darlings of day-time,
They sing in September their songs of the May-time.
When shadows wax strong, and the thunder-bolts hurtle,
They hide with their fear in the leaves of the myrtle;
When rain and the sunbeams shine mingled together,
They start up like fairies that follow fair weather,
And straightway the hues of the feathers' unfolden
Are the green and the purple, the blue and the golden.

October, the maiden of bright yellow tresses,
Loiters for love in these cool wildernesses;
Loiters knee-deep in the grasses to listen,
Where dripping rocks gleam and the leafy pools glisten.
Then is the time when the water-moons splendid
Break with their gold, and are scattered or blended
Over the creeks, till the woodlands have warning
Of songs of the bell-bird and wings of the morning.

Welcome as waters unkissed by the summers
Are the voices of bell-birds to thirsty far-comers.
When fiery December sets foot in the forest,
And the need of the wayfarer presses the sorest,
Pent in the ridges for ever and ever,
The bell-birds direct him to spring and to river,
With ring and with ripple, like runnels whose torrents
Are toned by the pebbles and leaves in the currents.

Often I sit, looking back to a childhood
Mixt with the sights and the sounds of the wildwood,
Longing for power and the sweetness of fashion
Lyrics with beats like the heart-beats of passion—
Songs interwoven of lights and of laughters
Borrowed from bell-birds in far forest rafters;
So I might keep in the city and alleys
The beauty and strength of the deep mountain valleys,
Charming to slumber the pain of my losses
With glimpses of creeks and a vision of mosses.



CONSTITUTION DEFENDED

A petition aimed at restoring to the people control over constitutional changes was presented to the Premier of Queensland in Toowoomba (Qld.) recently.

Former RSL State president Mr. A.C. (Tiny) Cameron handed the six-metre-long petition to Mr. Bjelke-Petersen at Toowoomba aerodrome, where the Premier had landed briefly to receive it while flying from Roma to Brisbane.

The document is the first instalment of an ongoing petition calling for Queensland Government action in three areas.

First is the organisation of a national convention of State parliamentarians, organisations, and individuals "for the defence of the Federal system and the sovereignty of the States".

Next is the initiation of a move to ensure that the Commonwealth Government obtains the approval of the people, by referendum, before making Australia a party to any international treaty.

The third request is that Queensland Government initiate a move to amend the Constitution to enable the States (as well as the Commonwealth), or a "responsible number of citizens" to move for the holding of referenda.

Mr. Cameron said that, since the High Court decision on the Franklin dam, "traditional constitutional safeguards had been virtually eradicated".

By means of international treaties, the Commonwealth Government was enabled to impose its policies on the States, without any right of the Australian people to have any say by referendum.

"We are now in the incredible position where Australia is a signatory to over 1500 international treaties — with more in the pipeline — many of which conflict with our constitutional arrangements and our common law," said Mr. Cameron.

"Unless there is some amendment of this impossible situation, one wonders whether there is any valid reason to hold State elections. It is only a matter of time before the States are destroyed and the Federation completely eroded."

Mr. Cameron said the response to the petition indicated a widespread concern on the issue throughout Queensland — much more than many people realised.

Accepting the petition, the Premier said he regarded the current position as an enormous threat to Queensland's future as a sovereign State within the Federation.

"The socialist Hawke Government is hellbent on grabbing the power of the States and removing all checks on its own power by the Senate, the Crown, and the Australian people," he said.



Mr. A.C. Cameron and Mr. Bjelke-Petersen unroll the six-metre-long petition.

"The Constitution belongs to the Australian people, not to any group of Federal politicians. The people must be consulted before their basic freedoms are swept away."

The Toowoomba Chronicle 17/9/1983

The Frugal Housewife

The following extracts are taken from a little book, dated 1832, named Mrs. Child's Frugal Housewife, printed in London's Cheapside and sold for 2/6. The copy I have is of the Ninth edition "to which are added, hints to persons of Moderate Fortune — some valuable Recipes etc." The title page states it is "dedicated to those who are not ashamed of economy" and contains an interesting quote: "Economy is a poor man's revenue; extravagance a rich man's ruin". 1832 Australia would have been similar to the everyday conditions of the people of London and thus we can appreciate the tips of good housekeeping contained in this book.

—Alan Howe

GENERAL

Lamps will have less disagreeable smell if you dip your wick-yarn in strong hot vinegar, and dry it.

Eggs will keep almost any length of time in lime water properly prepared. One pint of coarse salt, and one pint of unslacked lime, to a pail of water. If there be too much lime, it will eat the shells from the eggs; and if there be a single egg cracked, it will spoil the whole. They should be covered with lime water, and kept in a cold place. The yolk becomes slightly red; but I have seen eggs, thus kept, perfectly sweet and fresh at the end of three years.

Clean a brass kettle, before using it for cooking, with salt and vinegar.

The oftener carpets are shaken, the longer they wear; the dirt that collects under them grinds out the threads.

Jamaica rum, constantly used to wash the hair, keeps it very clean, and free from disease, and promotes its growth a great deal more than Macassar oil. Brandy is very strengthening to the roots of the hair; but it has a hot drying tendency, which rum has not.

If you wish to preserve fine teeth, always clean them thoroughly after you have eaten your last meal at night.

Rags should never be thrown away because they are dirty. Mop rags, lamp rags, etc. should be washed, dried, and put into the rag bag. There is no need of expending soap upon them; boil them out in dirty suds, after you have done the washing.

MEDICAL

Black or green tea, steeped in boiling milk seasoned with nutmeg, and best of loaf sugar, is excellent for dysentery. Cork burnt to charcoal, about as big as a hazel nut, macerated, and put in a teaspoon of brandy, with a little loaf sugar and nutmeg, is very efficacious in cases of dysentery and cholera morbus.

Flannel wet with brandy, powdered with Cayenne pepper, and laid upon the bowels, affords great relief in cases of extreme distress.

Among the numerous medicines for this disease, perhaps none, after all is better, particularly where the bowels are inflamed, than the old fashioned one of English mallows steeped in milk, and drunk freely. Everybody knows, of course, that English mallows and marshmallows are different herbs.

Blackberries are extremely useful in cases of dysentery. To eat the berries is very healthy; tea made of the roots and leaves is beneficial; and a



syrup made of the berries is still better. Blackberries have sometimes effected a cure when physicians despaired.

VEGETABLES

Potatoes boiled and mashed while hot, are good to use in making short cakes and puddings; they save flour, and less shortening is necessary.

Asparagus should be boiled fifteen or twenty minutes; half an hour, if old.

Green peas should be boiled from twenty minutes to sixty, according to their age; string beans the same.

GENERAL MAXIMS FOR HEALTH

Too frequent use of an ivory comb injures the hair. Thorough combing, washing in suds, or rum, and thorough brushing, will keep it in order; and the washing does not injure the hair, as is generally supposed. Keep children's hair cut close until ten or twelve years old; it is better for health and the beauty of the hair. Do not sleep with hair frizzled, or braided. Do not make children cross-eyed, by having hair hang about their foreheads, where they see it continually.

BILLABONGS



When bands of Australian lads and lasses, returning from an outing, wish to express their feelings harmoniously in celebration of the end of a perfect day, they vary the time-honoured melodies of "Clementine" and "John Brown's Body" with a delightful piece of Australian folk-song, the first verse of which runs:

Once a jolly swagman camped by a
billabong,
Under the shade of a coolabah tree;
And he sang as he sat and waited while his
billy boiled:
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with
me?"

Among a number of words and phrases that Australians believe to be peculiar to their land, but which are for the most part importations, it is refreshing to find in this popular verse of Banjo Paterson's such a number of expressions that are actually Australian in origin.

The billabong and the coolabah tree, the swagman and his billy, and the phrase "waltzing Matilda" are really born of our free land and sunny skies. The world over, the dry grassland plains have ever been the home of the nomads, and so those among us with the lust for wandering afoot have found their way to our almost illimitable grasslands. They are out "on the wallaby", "humping the bluey", "waltzing Matilda".

The swagman is the natural product, not only of a land where one may sleep out of doors all the year round, but also of the billabong and the coolabah; for his natural camping-ground is under the coolabah on the banks of a billabong.

The Australian swagman, who is not a mere "wandering unemployed", or a tramp, or a beggar, was adequately introduced into English literature in an article in *Chamber's Journal* in 1885, from which we may quote: "Sturdy, independent customers are these nomads of the bush. Money or no money, are they not free as air, bar the weight of their swags?" But, like our nomad friends, we are wandering far afield. Our proper topic is "Billabongs", and we must return to our mutttons.

Streams have much the same forms and habits all over the world. But there are differences. There are streams of the hills, and streams of the plains. It is characteristic of streams in their course through alluvial plains that they are subject at flood times to divide and form fresh courses, sometimes to wander more or less side by side and join once more farther on.

Such streams are called "anabranches," which is short for "anastomosing branches". They are, as we have said, found in all countries, but the physiographic and climatic conditions of the vast interior grassland plains of eastern Australia are such that anabranches are there peculiarly abundant and characteristic. Moreover, the anabranch areas are among the richest of our pastoral lands.

It is not so curious, therefore, that the aborigines recognised these natural features, and had a name for them. They called them "billabongs" — a word that probably came from the Wiradhuri tribe of New South Wales, but which has now become general throughout Australia.

and is also an accepted scientific term in English geographic literature. It is said that the word means, in the tribal language, "dead river", and this may be so, for except at flood times many billabongs consist of a series of reaches of still water.

The billabong is characteristically margined by beautiful eucalypts of the type commonly known as coolabahs. And along the endless miles of billabongs, under starry skies, in the Gulf country, on the Darling and Murray plains, and even farther south, with swags unrolled at the foot of friendly coolabahs, hundreds of cheerful nomads are, as I write, preparing for their night's rest.

Many a time, as a youngster, have I crept out from home and made my way to the small but inviting camp-fire by the water-hole to have a yarn with the swaggie, and perhaps to enjoy a pannikin of tea, hot and strong, from an old black billy. Given a little more energy, and the necessary scorn for home comforts, one might have gone out on the track with them, and may have been happier therefor.

The real point of this note is that the type of stream called a billabong is as characteristically Australian as is the name itself; further, that our grassland plains, with their billabongs and avenues of coolabahs, have their natural and appropriate human accompaniment in the wandering swagman or the drover. The whole forms an harmonious geographic unit — the inevitable product of our sun and sky and soil.

From *Bunyips and Billabongs* (1933) by Charles Fenner, D.Sc.

A gift for all of the year

HERITAGE

The quarterly of the Australian Heritage Society

1 YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION (4 ISSUES):

\$10.00 POSTED WITHIN AUSTRALIA

\$13.00 OVERSEAS BY SURFACE MAIL

SOCIETIES OF INTEREST

The Australian National Flag Association



The public launching of The Australian National Flag Association took place on Wednesday, 5th October, 1983 in the auditorium of Anzac House, RSL Headquarters in New South Wales. The auditorium was filled to capacity with over 500 people attending, and amongst other things, the Board of Management was given the task of organising a National Flag Day on 3rd September each year.

Flag Associations have now been formed in Queensland and Victoria with the remaining States expected to follow in the near future.

Melbourne — The Returned Servicemen's League has founded an association dedicated to the defence and promotion of the Australian flag.

Victorian RSL president, Mr. Bruce Ruxton, said yesterday he hoped the Australian National Flag Association would eventually become a people's organisation separate from the RSL.

"We intend this to be a community organisation, not an RSL organisation," he said.

Mr. Ruxton said a constitution had been formulated laying down five aims of the association, which would have a branch in each State.

These included stressing to all Australians the significance and importance of the flag, provid-

ing promotional and educational material about the flag, promoting Australian identity with the national flag, and support of existing fly-the-flag programmes.

Mr. Ruxton said in forming the association the RSL had responded to what he said was increasing pressure from people anxious to see the flag preserved against a movement by some elements to change it.

"We note that there are certain groups in the community, mainly the Communist Party and their fellow traveller organisations, and the socialist left flag, that want to see the flag changed," he said.

Opinion polls consistently showed that more than 70 per

cent of Australians wanted the national flag retained in its present form.

Mr. Ruxton called on the Federal Government to amend and strengthen the Commonwealth Flag Act which he termed a "very scrubby little document with no teeth in it at all".

"No-one should be ashamed of that flag, no-one," he said.

"It is a beautiful flag, it contains everything that is good, it gave us the parliament and the law we operate under and has the Southern Cross which denotes this part of the world.

"It's a shame we do not revere our flag the way the Americans revere their flag," Mr. Ruxton said. — AAP.

Geelong Advertiser 4/10/1983

AIMS AND OBJECTIVES

1. TO COMMUNICATE POSITIVELY TO ALL AUSTRALIANS, THE IMPORTANCE AND SIGNIFICANCE OF OUR CHIEF NATIONAL SYMBOL — THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL FLAG;
2. To provide promotional and educational material concerning the EXISTING Australian National Flag;
3. To promote the Australian identity overseas by the use of the Australian National Flag;
4. To support existing "fly the flag" programmes and encourage support from recognised service organisations;
5. To encourage personal identity with the Australian National Flag at all levels within the community.

MEMBERSHIP CATEGORIES

- \$ 10.00 Ordinary
- \$ 5.00 Pensioners/Students
- \$ 15.00 Family — includes parents and dependent children residing at same address.
- \$100.00 Corporate

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

Application to be forwarded to:
The Secretary,
The Australian National Flag Association,
Anzac House,
26-36 College Street,
Darlinghurst, N.S.W., 2010.

Back Cover

THE "CARLISLE CASTLE"

The *Carlisle Castle* was the second iron ship to be built in the Blackwall yard. Messrs. Green built her for their own use, and she was put into the Melbourne trade, where for many years she was a favourite passenger ship.

Her registered measurements were as follows:— 1,458 tons; 229 feet 8 inches length; 37 feet 8 inches beam; 22 feet 8 inches depth of hold; 24 feet 7 inches moulded depth; 4 feet 10 inches freeboard amidships; poop 87 feet long; topgallant fo'c'sle 44 feet.

Carlisle Castle saw the end of the famous Blackwall Line, but right to the last she carried a large number of boys. In the old days of the Indian trade these boys were called midshipmen in the Blackwall frigates. In the Colonial traders, such as the *Carlisle Castle*, *Windsor Castle*, *Melbourne*, and others, they gradually came to be known as premium apprentices. But there was really no difference between the two, both were drawn from the same class. A great number of them were the sons of naval and military officers, a few came from country parsonages, whilst quite a little clan were the sons of Indian civilians. The *Carlisle Castle* generally carried from eight to ten of these brassbounders in her half-deck. But it must not be imagined that they had the privileges and glorious times of the Mids in the Indian trade.

The Colonial ships, whether first-class Blackwall passenger ships or smart wool clippers, never attempted the lordly style, the almost naval discipline, and the rigid customs of the Indian ships. And though the Mids in the *Carlisle Castle* paid the same premiums as their luckier fellows in the Calcutta ships, they had to work like the apprentices of ships which had no Blackwall traditions behind them. There was little walking of the lee-side of the poop in uniform, but plenty of sand and canvassing, brass polishing and paint scrubbing.

Whilst in Melbourne they helped to heave out stone ballast, stow raw hides, shellac and tallow, and roll bales of wool from the dumping sheds to the ship. Nor, in the *Carlisle Castle*, was the half-deck always reserved for the boys. Often coming home it was required to help out the passenger accommodation or provide another receptacle for cargo, and the boys were generally berthed in the midship-house, which was practically waterlogged all the way to the Horn. On more than one occasion they were actually put in the hatch square — in the dark, with a screen lashed round the dumped wool. Those who experienced this queer abode never forgot the smell of the wool — it clung to their nostrils for the rest of their lives.

Other apprentices often looked upon those of the Blackwall ships as luxurious, effeminate, poop ornaments. This was chiefly owing to their having to work in uniform. Yet these Blackwall boys did everything on board the *Carlisle Castle* except clean out the pigsties. And their great complaint was that they had to do every kind of messy job in uniform, which speedily made their smart blue or well-starched white kit unfit to be seen.

The best homeward passage of *Carlisle Castle* was in 1877-8. This time she entered the lists against the cracks of the wool fleet, and was dry-docked and carefully prepared for the contest. All the *Carlisle Castle's* antagonists were proved heeleys with many a fine record to their credit, and they no doubt looked upon the steady-going old Blackwaller as an interloper which they could afford to ignore. But it so happened that these world-renowned clippers had the surprise of their lives.

I believe I am correct in stating that Captain John Smith took her over in Melbourne for this passage. He was a young man then with his name still to make, and he carried sail for all it was worth. He afterwards achieved fame in the *Windsor Castle*.

At 7 a.m. on November 23rd *Carlisle Castle* passed through Port Phillip Heads. On December 20th, when nearing the Horn, she fell in company with *Mermerus* and *Salamis*. Three days later Diego Ramirez was sighted, *Carlisle Castle* being still in company with *Mermerus* and *Salamis*, whilst *Miltiades* had also appeared over the horizon.

These four vessels were still in sight of each other on the 25th, which shows that the *Carlisle Castle* was not doing so badly. It was fine weather, and the Blackwaller actually rounded the Horn with skysails set, and topmast and lower stunsails boomed out on either side. Her best run was only 270 miles, but she never had sufficient weight of wind, except for a few hours at a time. She continued to make good progress, however, and crossed the Equator on January 21st, 1878. No more was seen of the other ships. At 2 a.m. on February 16th the Bishops were sighted, 84½ days out, and two days later *Carlisle Castle* made fast in the East India Dock.

Only one ship, the *Mermerus*, was in ahead of her, the times of the racing wool ships being:
Mermerus arr. London, Feb. 12th, 80 days out *Miltiades* arr. London, Feb. 21st, 97 days out
Carlisle Castle arr. Lon., Feb. 18th, 86½ days out *Patriarch* arr. London, Feb. 28th, 99 days out
Salamis arr. London, Feb. 19th, 87 days out *Sir Walter Raleigh* arr. Lon. Mar. 1st, 98 days out

This was considered a great triumph for the *Carlisle Castle*. In a race against five of the smartest ships in the wool fleet, she had come in second. It was her only real attempt at racing, and it was not a bad one.

In the early 'nineties she was sold to Captain J. Robertson, who stripped the yards off her mizen mast. In 1899, under Captain J. Lindsay, she left Glasgow for West Australia. On July 12th, 1899, the P & O *Oceana*, Captain L.H. Crawford, C.B., passed under the stern of the *Carlisle Castle*, and it was remarked on board the liner that the latter was carrying a very heavy press of sail for a vessel on a lee-shore with heavy weather coming on. Wreckage, which was identified as belonging to the *Carlisle Castle*, was afterwards picked up on the West Australian coast, and it was concluded that she struck on the rocks that very night and went down with all hands.

From *Sail — The Romance of the Clipper Ships*



THE "CARLISLE CASTLE"