

HERITAGE

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT— FOR THE FUTURE

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*“It’s only an old bit of bunting
It’s only an old coloured rag.
Yet thousands have died for it’s
honour
And shed their best blood for the
Flag.”*

Our Flag — In Story and Song

A Scotsman always pays a Debt

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The Commonwealth

The western media has over the last few months intensified perhaps its longest running "crusade" — that against South Africa. We have witnessed these crusades in the past — Vietnam, Rhodesia, the Shahs, Iran, Marcos and others — all laced with a share of justified moral indignation, usually ignoring any positive aspects or comparisons with neighbouring countries and always aligned with the views of the left. Then, having soiled on the revolutionaries, without giving any consideration to the consequence of what follows, they fall strangely silent, compared to their former frenetic activity, when their objective is achieved and the horror of what is often unleashed becomes apparent.

Apart from the calamitous strategic implications that have been, and will be, the outcome of these defeats and the likelihood that Australia, in turn, is likely to be subjected to one of these crusades, there is another rather sickening aspect to current events. That is, the way politicians and leaders of once proud and great nations grovel at the feet of petty tyrants of third rate nations.

What is becoming increasingly obvious is the absurdity of the "one man one vote" and the "one nation one vote" dogmas. Flying in the face of reality, we persist in giving equal weight to the vote of all people, regardless of their track record. The vote and opinion of a revolutionary or drug addict are equal to that of the responsible citizen; that of a brutally oppressive dictatorship equal to a stable peace loving nation.

If the Commonwealth is to survive, from the furore and hypocrisy emanating from the South African sanctions issue, it is perhaps time for it to look at its membership. In the view of the late Sir Roy Welensky, a Prime Minister of the Central African Federation, the Commonwealth needs a two-tier membership with full membership restricted to those countries that accepted the Crown, agreed to help defend one another and who did not interfere in one another's internal affairs. The second tier would consist of those countries that for historic, cultural and trading reasons wished only for associate membership.

Unless action is taken, this once great community of nations, conceived for the mutual benefit of member countries, will be increasingly used by its marxist and revolutionary members as a weapon against the British people.

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

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Will the Monarchy Save Us?

There is a growing concern amongst many Australians that our nation is reaching a crisis point in her history. There is little doubt that there is a concerted effort to cut our nation off from her spiritual, cultural and institutional heritage and roots, mould a new Australian character and chart a new national course.

The evidence of this is found in legislation such as the Bill of Rights and the Sex Discrimination Act, seen in the replacement of honours and symbols that linked us with the past and gave us continuity, embodied in the Human Rights Commission and the Commissioner for Community Relations. The ideologues have planned a new Constitution, the establishment of a Republic and the demise of the Monarchy.

Are we going to turn our backs on those centuries of endeavour — the trial and error and bloodshed that has won for us a Monarchical system of government and the priceless heritage of Common Law? Are we going to meekly accept the alien and divisive

policies being foisted upon us, policies rooted in humanistic ideals so antagonistic to the Christian faith that has been the life-blood of the stream of history from which we have come?

The question has been asked — why does the Queen give royal assent to legislation that works against the very principles for which she stands, legislation that is directed towards the eventual establishment of a Republic and the demise of her position in this country? Is she being badly advised and unaware of the sleight-of-hand that is taking place? Does she have the power to take the initiative and give the type of leadership that many of the great monarchs of the past are remembered for?

It first of all needs to be said, that no matter how great a leader, if a people have forgotten their past and are morally and spiritually bankrupt, they cannot be saved. A great nation grows out of the character of her individuals; whilst it can be rallied from the top, it is sustained from the base. Whilst the man in the street must share some of the blame for our

present position, the situation is complicated by the all pervasive nature of the media and the ability of a small minority to dominate this opinion-making mechanism that governs the direction of events and has acted as a rudder to the nation for many years.

The path we are heading is now obvious and is unreconcilable with our past heritage. Our future will depend upon our people again drawing strength from the great faith from which our civilisation has grown, coming to understand the forces that now control events and their ability to extend the vision of our founding fathers. If the initiative can be taken, it is conceivable that the powers vested in the Queen may become a decisive factor in the protection of our rights and freedoms.

The following article, written at the time of the Queen's Silver Jubilee in 1977 by the late Sir Arthur Bryant, provides a perspective of the role that the Monarchy plays today, and the powers still held by the Queen. It is reprinted with the kind permission of *The Illustrated London News*.

Subscription Drive

We are undertaking a subscription drive for Heritage. Please help us by supplying names and addresses of people who you think will be interested in Heritage. We will supply them with a free copy of one of our back issues and an invitation to subscribe.

Names to:

**The Australian Heritage Society,
P.O. Box 7409,
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The Queen and the monarchy

Sir Arthur Bryant

Throughout the 25 years that Elizabeth II has occupied the throne of our country she has discharged the unceasing duties of a constitutional monarch with scrupulous and flawless devotion. Her perfectionism and selfless dedication to her unique and lonely task have won her the admiration of all — and they number millions — who have encountered her or witnessed her performance of any part of her royal duties. Yet it has fallen to her lot to carry them out at a time when the formerly wealthy and powerful nation, over which she presides, has been suffering a grave decline in fortune. For this, so far as it was preventable, those who have ruled us cannot escape blame and, since we are a democracy, we are all to some extent party to it. Yet the Queen, who, unlike even the humblest of her adult subjects, does not possess a vote, has taken no part in the decisions which have determined the actions and omissions of her ministers, legislators and administrators. For she reigns but does not rule, and this is the essence of her royal function and position.

... although as sovereign she has no part in governing, by wearing the crown and reigning she symbolizes and speaks for us all.

Nonetheless, although as sovereign she has no part in governing, by wearing the crown and reigning she symbolizes and speaks for us all. The Queen is the ultimate representative of the whole nation. "The wisdom of our forefathers," wrote Disraeli, "placed the prize of supreme power without the sphere of human passions. Whatever the struggle of parties, whatever the strife of factions, . . . there has always been something in this country round which all classes and parties could rally." Others are elected to represent our different and conflicting interests and opinions, but the Queen belongs to no class and no party, and her interest is that of the nation as a whole. She is the common denominator of our



H.M. the Queen

democracy: the representative, not of a part of the people, but of the people themselves.

For men need a symbol to express their common aspirations, and particularly their highest aspirations. In this country for over 1,000 years that symbol has been the Crown. By all our history and tradition, it is round the throne that the unity of the nation has been achieved. As we regard its occupant, we are conscious of a love which binds us together and endears us to our fellow citizens, however much we may differ from them in opinion or circumstances; to the soil we inhabit, to the laws we live under, to the traditions we inherit from the past and from those who have gone before us. The hereditary throne links the whole nation in a timeless union, the component parts with one another and the living with the dead. It was this unifying and ennobling emotion which inspired the psalmist's great paean of patriotism: "Jerusalem is built as a city that is a unity in itself . . . O pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls and plenteousness within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes I will wish thee prosperity." At its highest, patriotism makes for goodwill and understanding between men, for it is founded on love. Of this unifying love the Queen is the focus.

It is the supreme service of the monarchy, without taking any active share in legislation or in the administration of affairs, to provide this sublime principle and function of government. For governance is not merely the business of ruling well.

But for government to be effective as an agent of human well-being and progress, it is necessary to secure for it the love of the ruled.

Any efficient administrator can do that, just as any professor of political science or sociology can devise a system of government which looks well on paper. But for government to be effective as an agent of human well-being and progress, it is necessary to secure for it the love of the ruled. If it does not possess this, it will undoubtedly work ill in practice — if not in the short run, then in the long. For all government is irksome, however well-intentioned; nobody likes being forbidden to do the things he wants to do, or being forced to do things which conflict with his personal beliefs or desires. Human nature being what it is, it is certain that a government which is not respected and loved will be increasingly prevented from achieving in practice what it seeks to achieve. This applies particularly to a democracy, where everyone has the opportunity, and right, to put a spoke in the wheel of government.

New Subscription Rates Can You Help?

It is with regret that we announce that it has become necessary, because of ever increasing printing and postage costs, to increase the price of *HERITAGE* by \$2 to \$12 per annum.

We foresee many more cost pressures coming up and if we are to survive it is essential that we have an expanding readership. The only way we can beat the cost pressures is to increase our printing runs.

At the same time, we believe that *HERITAGE* has a big role to play in the defence of the values and ideals upon which our nation is founded. You can help in this battle by helping us increase our subscriptions. If every reader started with the objective of finding a minimum of two new subscribers, our future would be ensured.

WE NEED MORE SOLDIERS IN THE BATTLE FOR OUR NATION. PLEASE HELP.

Our ancient monarchy secures for the national executive the subconscious love and trust of the people. We are more ready to bear the burdens of our common citizenship because they come to us with the stamp of the crown. It serves as a passport to our hearts.

The crown does more. By the nature of things, parliamentary majorities tend to be sectional and partisan, and to represent certain interests in the nation at the expense of others. No majority, however vast, is ever likely to include the whole nation, or even all its best elements. Some of these will nearly always be a minority; yet a nation that is

In nature, quality is always achieved by diversity, not uniformity, and the body politic is no exception.

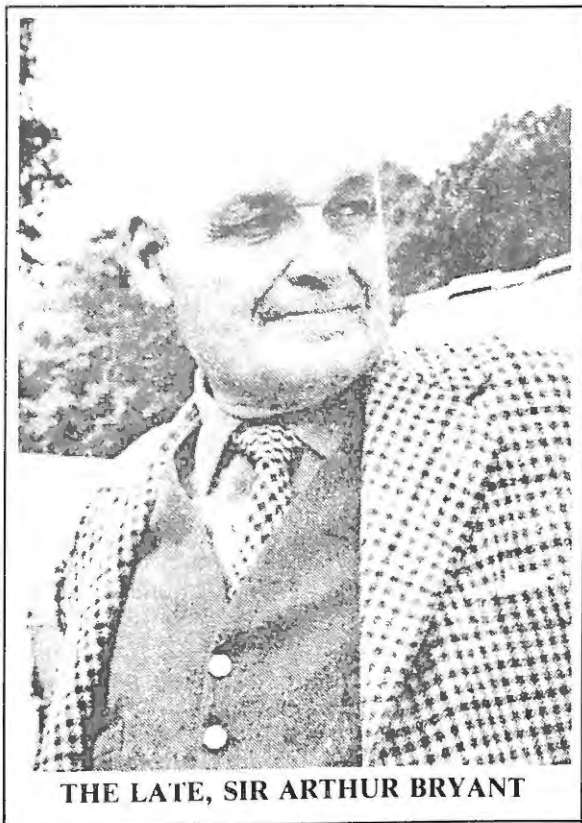
great cannot afford to disregard them. In nature, quality is always achieved by diversity, not uniformity, and the body politic is no exception. The monarchy's existence helps to ensure that minorities capable of contributing to the common weal are able to do so. It serves to make us all part of a continuing whole, and to tolerate those who, however much we may differ from them in view, share our common allegiance.

What can a modern king or queen of England do? In theory, everything. Every Act of Parliament, every Proclamation or Order in Council, every enactment of government is made in his or her name. In the eyes of the law and in the language of administration the Navy is the Queen's, the Army and the Air Force are hers, and the Judges and Courts of Law are hers. The heads and officers of every government department are, in name, her personal functionaries. In the same way, the Prime Minister and Cabinet Ministers are her "confidential servants"; their very office in Whitehall, the former royal palace, are supposed to be "lodgings out of Court", overflow premises from "our Court of St. James's" — another former residence of the sovereign — where in British constitutional theory all public business is transacted in her name. In her father's and grandfather's time such titular powers, extending over the whole of the then vast British Empire, constituted a theoretical dominion never before enjoyed by any ruler on this planet.

Yet, in practice, what can a British sovereign do? It would seem, almost nothing. Can he refuse to act

APOLOGIES

In the June-August 1986 issue we omitted to acknowledge **Mr Nigel Jackson** as author of the article "The English language and the Australian Nation".
Our apologies.



THE LATE, SIR ARTHUR BRYANT

upon the advice, or, in other words, the wishes of his Ministers, however unwise or foolish they may seem or disastrous their consequences? By our constitutional practice, hallowed by generations of use, the answer is no. Can a British sovereign veto an Act of Parliament? It is nearly three centuries since one did so. Can he refuse to give office to men whom he may distrust or dislike and whom some transient form of fortune in the House of Commons, or at the polls, has placed in a parliamentary majority position? No: he must smilingly bear with them, and admit them even to the offices of his household. He cannot even refuse to confer honours on those whom he may consider unworthy, but whose names have been submitted to him by the Prime Minister, although in private he may demur.

Thus by the accepted interpretation of his constitutional duties the sovereign is prevented from taking any initiative share in government whatever.

Thus by the accepted interpretation of his constitutional duties the sovereign is prevented from taking any initiative share in government whatever. Yet that does not prevent him from taking an advisory part, and at times an extremely important one. For the parliamentary Ministers of the Crown, unlimited though their powers are while in office, change; the sovereign never does. Throughout the

whole reign he or she is in constant contact with public affairs on the highest level, has cognizance of everything which occurs and converses with every national leader and expert. At the end of her long reign, Queen Victoria was working with Ministers who were in the nursery when she was first on the throne. The prestige given by such experience is enormous. Although the sovereign cannot initiate, legislate or rule, royal advice can still serve a most useful function when a Minister has to make a difficult decision. For, by a curious turn of history, the Queen's actual relationship with her Ministers — her "confidential servants" — has become the opposite of the theoretical one. In theory, they advise her and she rules. In practice, they rule with the support of a parliamentary majority, and she, when asked by them to do so, gives them the benefit of her advice. She is, in fact, the first permanent servant of the nation and, as such, an invisible link between every department of government.

There was an old phrase, much in use in the early days of our history, about "the supreme watches" entrusted to a nation's king or "chief magistrate" for use in an hour of crisis, when the ordinary popular safeguards no longer operated and when national danger or disaster could only be averted by the initiative, judgement and sense of one man, acting for the common good, supported by the trust and confidence of the general body of the people and possessed, for their safety and well-being, of great yet undefined powers. The less such powers are used, the greater their efficacy when they are really needed. For every exercise of power must create friction and opposition and, therefore, in the long run lessen its own chance of continuance. It is, therefore, a matter of vital importance for the ultimate safety of the realm that the supreme powers of its sovereign should never be used save in the last resort. Three and a half centuries ago, when our kings tried to

WANTED

Australian Humour

The Editor would like to hear from any reader who has some good Australian humour (stories, jokes, anecdotes) he or she would like to share with others. Contributions should be sent to:

**The Editor,
"Heritage",
P.O. Box 69,
Moora, W.A., 6510**

exercise their authority in every minor transaction of government, the monarchy was continually making itself enemies and, as a result, became dangerously weakened. Today, when our sovereigns have long scrupulously refrained from all interference in the routine of state, the monarchy has scarcely any enemies at all and is more loved than it has ever been in our history. The powers are there, but we know that they exist solely for our safety and will never be used against us.

Were the sovereign ever in normal times to override the established constitutional limits of the Crown, it would be regarded as a revolutionary act. And yet there might be times when its wearer, by doing so, would be seen by the nation, in exercising his or her unquestionable legal functions, as

He holds his great position in trust against the day of tempest.

preventing and averting revolution. For, in a sense, the sovereign is the national lightning-conductor. He holds his great position in trust against the day of tempest. In that day, it is a wise habit of the British people, engrained in them by centuries of love and usage, to look to the Throne. If in such a moment any man or body of men were to use the ordinary national machinery to try and establish an unnatural despotism, such as would provoke armed revolution and plunge the country into the horrors of civil war, the tremendous powers reserved by the wisdom of our law to the Throne could be used to "frustrate their knavish tricks" and "confound their politics". No Hitler or Stalin, Franco or Mussolini may reign in these islands, even though the economic or political circumstances which caused the rise of those

revolutionary dictators might be repeated here. In such an event we should look with confidence to the powers of our ancient monarchy to save us from lawless despotism.

Although no constitutional theorist has ever explained or expounded it, that is why the people of this country, in their subconscious wisdom, have preserved those vast and unused powers. The letter of our law still vests them in our sovereigns, not because we have been too polite to deprive our monarchs of them, or too lazy to alter them, but because, like the retentive race we are, we have always subconsciously realized that they might one day be useful to us. And parliamentary and democratic as the normal and accepted forms of our government have long and properly become, we have held firmly to the apparent anachronism of the royal supremacy in law and administration, because our instincts have told us that it might one day be the means of preserving our hard-won liberties. In fact, the very existence of these powers, unused as they have been for centuries, has helped us to do so.

Here is the real secret of our paradoxical constitution. Everything is done in the name of the sovereign, and yet the sovereign does nothing. The sovereign, it is said, can do no wrong, and our law refuses even to recognize the existence of wrong done in his or her name. Yet it would be truer to say the sovereign must do no wrong; that is, that in the ordinary concerns both of life and government he or she must never personally act in such a way as to be blameworthy. A constitutional British sovereign must exercise over every action constant and unflinching restraint so as to retain for the Crown the trust and love of all its subjects, and so ensure that in the hour of crisis they will turn instinctively to the institution which in that resort alone can protect them — the Throne. ■

A LIGHTER TOUCH



What are you?

My wife recently asked me, "What are we? Socialists or what?" I answered, "Ideologically we're Fabianist, in practice I'm a Fundamentalist and you're a Fascist."

The frying pan missed me and I explained various "isms".

Socialism: You have two cows and give one to your neighbour.

Communism: You have two cows; the government takes both and gives you the milk.

Fascism: You have two cows, the government takes both and sells you the milk.

Nazism: You have two cows; the government takes both and then shoots you.

Bureaucratism: You have two cows; the government takes both, shoots one, milks the other and throws the milk away.

Liberalism: You have two cows; you sell the milk, the government takes the profit in tax and pays you not to grow wheat.

Conservatism: You have two cows; one turns out to be a bull, but nothing happens because they haven't yet been introduced.

The Australian Women's Weekly.

Worship and Obedience



I must confess I did not expect to hear the thoroughly modern Sarah Ferguson, now Duchess of York, promise to obey her husband. Nor did I expect such an articulate defence of her vow.

“Most people forget that Andrew is promising to worship me”, she said in a T.V. interview before the wedding. ‘Obedience is really the other side of that coin.’

She went on to confirm that she was nobody’s yes-woman. However, should a time come when she and Andrew could not resolve a problem through mutual discussion, Sarah felt that Andrew should make the final decision, ‘because he’s the man of the marriage.’

What a beautifully simple summary of the complementary marriage relationship! A man who truly worships (i.e. worthships) his wife, acknowledges her full worth and cannot demand unreasonable obedience. A woman who willingly obeys her husband becomes worthy and precious to him. These different and complementary roles of men and women in marriage are in harmony with the way we are made. Those who have experienced the closeness that results would not swap it for all the shares in BHP.

Dr David Phillips, Chairman, Festival of Light, Adelaide
The Australian

Our Flag — In Story and Song



BY DR RUPERT GOODMAN

President, Australian National Flag Association of Queensland

A recent request in the daily press for poems, stories and songs about the flag brought an astonishing response from readers, not only in Queensland but from interstate and from New Zealand. It is clear that there is a rich heritage in our literature and culture symbolised in the flag and with national events associated with the flag.

Many of the older readers recalled in great detail, the stories they had read in the old Red Readers, the poems and the songs they had sung about Australia and the flag. While the authors were long forgotten, the words and tunes come floating back over the years.

*"There's a flag that moves o'er every sea,
No matter when or where;
And to treat that flag as ought but free
Is more than the strongest dare.*

They remembered standing to attention as the flag was hoisted at Monday morning school assemblies ("parades" to some). They then recited the pledge,

*"I love God and my country,
I honour the Flag,
I will serve the King,
And cheerfully obey my parents,
teachers and the laws."*

Patriotism, service, obedience — these were the values they learnt and many readers testified to the important influence these had in shaping their lives. They learnt to honour and respect the flag, for it represented pride in their country, in the achievements of their forebears and in the heritage which had come to them from Britain.

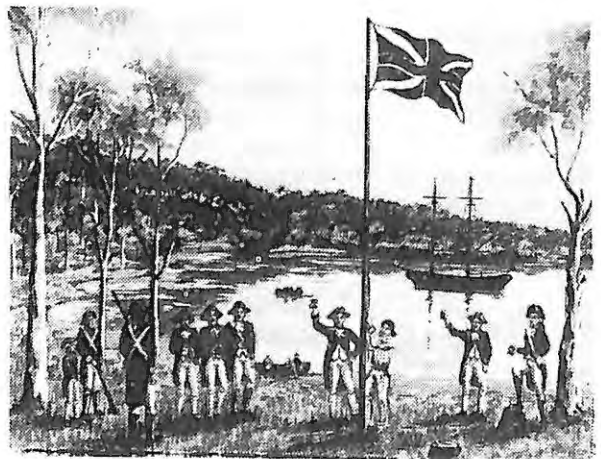
They recited poems and sang songs about the flag, a deliberate policy of governments and the Department of Public Instruction, as it was then known, to develop national pride and patriotism.

Of course, much of the material in these early school readers related to Great Britain and to the glories of the British Empire. By the nineteenth century, the British flag had been planted in many corners of the globe and despite some blemishes, British civilization brought law and order, justice and Christianity to many primitive countries. The

Union Jack became the proud symbol of all that was great in Queen Victoria's golden years.

There were occasions in Africa and India when British forces struck trouble, but the flag was never lowered except in ultimate defeat. The dramatic events of the Indian Mutiny, especially the defence of Lucknow (1857) captured the imagination of writers and poets. The Poet Laureate, Lord Tennyson, described the scene as the besieged troops kept the flag flying.

*"Banner of England, not for a season,
O Banner of Britain, hast thou
Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the
battle-cry,
Never with mightier glory than when we reared
thee on high,
flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly
siege of Lucknow,
Shot through the staff or the halyard, but
ever we raised thee anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner
of England blew."*



Rudyard Kipling, that great Empire loyalist, was another who wrote about the flag with fervour and dedication. *The English Flag* (1891) reflects the patriotism and pride that the British flag flew in all corners of the world. What is the Flag of England? he asked and each of the Winds of the World gave

answer. His reference to those who belittled and despised the flag might well refer to those who want to remove the Union Jack from the Australian Flag!

*"The poor little street bred people that
vapour and fume and brag,
They are lifting their heads in the stillness to
yelp at the English Flag."*

While the Union Jack inspired men in battle, regimental colours became the rallying point as armies increased in size and diversity. The national flag and the regimental colours became an integral part of military traditions. At the end of a war they were reverently "laid up" in a church or war memorial, until time took its toll on the fabric.

Many readers referred to the historic church of St. Clement Danes, close to Australia House, the church which is recognised as the Commonwealth church in London and also as the Air Force church. It has the colours of many famous regiments "Laid up", underneath one of which are the memorable lines of General Sir Edward Bruce Hamley;

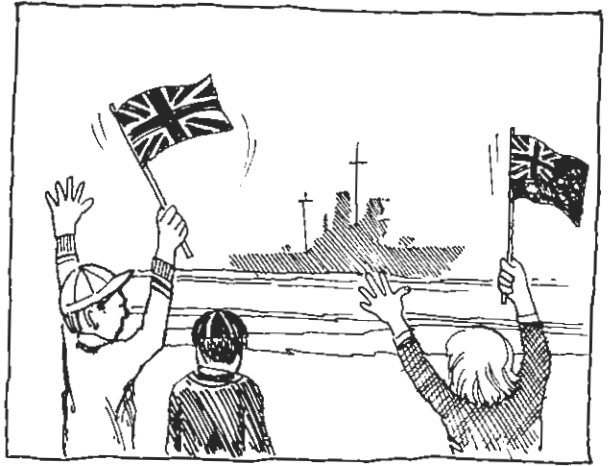
*"A moth-eaten rag on a worm-eaten pole,
It doesn't look likely to stir a man's soul,
'Tis the deeds that were done 'neath the
moth-eaten rag,
When the pole was a staff and the rag
was a flag."*



Much of the British heritage was built around the sea and children learnt about the exploits of famous sea captains such as Drake, Hawkins, Nelson, Dampier and Cook. The development of the Royal Navy was a visible symbol of British seapower. "Showing the Flag" became a part of its "gunboat diplomacy".

Popular poems and songs about the navy, the sea, the flag were part of every schoolboy's (and schoolgirl's) education. Many recalled Thomas Campbell's lines:

*"Ye mariners of England
That guard our native seas
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze."*



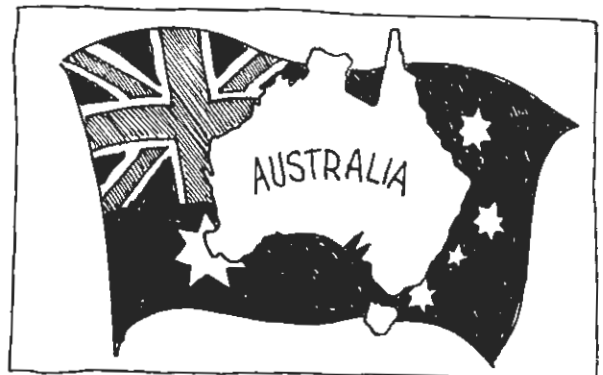
This, too, became a stirring national song. Whenever the Royal Navy warships made an official visit to Australian ports, schoolchildren sang with great gusto "Three cheers for the red, white and blue". Others remembered the strong ties with Britain and loyalty to "the motherland", in singing The Grand Old Flag.

*"For the dear old British Flag, my boys,
for the grand old British Flag,
Though we dwell apart, we are one at heart
and we'll die for the grand old flag".*

With this background of history and tradition associated with the Union flag, which was Australia's official flag from 1801 to 1901, it is no wonder that these attitudes and values would be reflected in the design and selection of the Australian National Flag at Federation. As the Australian colonies ceased to exist and the Commonwealth came into being, a new wave of nationalism swept the country. Australia had "grown up", "become of age", with a new identity for the new century. Not only was there a national competition for a new flag, but the Government of New South Wales announced a competition for an *Ode for the Occasion*.

The prize went to Toowoomba poet, George Essex Evans, for his poem Commonwealth Day, in which he penned the immortal lines.

*For on this day a Flag is raised,
a Triumph won, a Nation born.*



This period of Federation brought forth many songs and anthems seeking God's blessing on the new nation, epitomized in its new national flag. Thomas Spencer's *God Defend the Commonwealth* said it all.

*"God defend the Commonwealth and all its sons and daughters;
God preserve the flag that flies beneath our sunny sky,
Emblem of Fraternity, it floats across the waters,
Grant us strength and courage to defend our flag or die."*

With the outbreak of the First World War, a new wave of patriotism was reflected in the songs of the time. Many readers recalled a popular school song of this period "The Star-Crossed Flag of Australia". they remembered how they sang heartily the chorus:—

*'Tis the Flag which we Australians ever boast,
'Tis the Flag we will drink in every toast,
'Tis the Flag we prize and dearly love the most,
'Tis the star-crossed Flag of Australia."*



A new feeling of Australia's national identity was brought about by ANZAC. The Anzac Book, edited by C.E.W. Bean in 1915, showed in colour, the Australian Digger standing on the Gallipoli peninsula beneath Australia's blue ensign. The book included a fine tribute from Edgar Wallace:

*"The children unborn shall acclaim
The standard the Anzacs unfurled
When they made Australia's fame
The wonder and pride of the world."*

Several readers were in possession of an old post card, sponsored by Champion Tobacco, popular during the grim war years of 1915 and 1916. Printed over a tattered and torn Union Jack were the words of an old poem, which most children could recite at length — all seven verses!

*"It's only an old bit of bunting
It's only an old coloured rag.
Yet thousands have died for it's honour
And shed their best blood for the Flag."*

Generations of children in the 1920's and 1930's continued to sing songs about Australia, with the flag usually a central theme. There was the Song of Australia:

*"There is a land where floating free
From mountain top to girdling sea,
A proud flag waves exultingly,
Exultingly,
Australia."*

To this could be added "Unfurl the Flag", and "Salute to Australia". No wonder these pupils of by-gone years ask: 'Where have all the flag songs gone?'

The present controversy over the flag and proposals to change it have brought forth a new wave of flag writers. While none of these would claim to have produced immortal verse, there is no doubting their sincerity, their devotion to the flag and the deep emotions stirred up at the thought of changing it.

*"The Australian flag I salute with pride
A symbol and sign over the countryside
The greater honour for deeds well done
'Tis the flag of Australia — a fair dinkum one".*

(Mrs G)

*"To most of us our glorious flag
Is a symbol of renown,
But a little bunch of traitors,
Would gladly pull it down".*

(D.P.)

Another writer/singer went further by expressing his views on tape, Slim Dusty style:



Australiamania

*Why change our country, Australia,
Why this government phobia mania,
Our convicts spit blood and died,
Our Anzac soldiers fought and died,
Where's our bloody Aussie pride?"*

So the Flag continued, through war and peace, in depressions and prosperity to reflect the enduring attitudes and values of Australians. In the Second World War it was seen on all the battlefields where Australian troops were fighting. It was hoisted in New Guinea as each town was retaken from the Japanese, it was hoisted over Changi when the Australian POW's were released. It has become part of Australia's national heritage.

What does the flag mean to the present generation? Have ideas changed? In 1929 there was the perennial discussion on flying the Flag in Queensland schools. Much of the debate concerned the Union Jack and the then Minister for Public Instruction (Hon. R.M. King), referred to an article which appeared in The School Paper for classes V and VI. It was written by the noted Australian War Historian, Capt. C.E.W. Bean, and entitled: "What the Flag Means to Me".

His conclusion could be the complete answer to those who wish to remove the Union Jack from the Australian Flag.

"It stands for those British ideas which you will find predominant in every country, in which it flies — to think, say and do whatever you believe to be right, so it is not to the injury of your fellow men; for judges whom no man can buy, and courts of law in which the poor obtain the same justice as the wealthy; for healthiness of thought, Chivalrous regard of women, and every other British principle of cleanliness in body and mind, in trade or politics; for that sincerity which has made the word of an Englishman the name for Truth throughout whole continents; for a politeness that will be made good in real life by real sacrifices, if need be; for the determination never to break a promise, or disown a debt, or desert a mate, whether in bright days or dark; for British games and the right to play them; for the resolve never to question the umpire; for the outlook which scorns to take unfair advantage of a friend and enemy, honours a brave opponent and extends a hand to the beaten foe; for the will to live and let live, to hold our point of view and to allow others to hold theirs; for the right and duty of all citizens to perform their part in the government of their country and to take their full share in decisions whether for good or ill,

for peace or for war;
for the right to make up our own minds and the duty of abolishing ignorance;
for the free opportunity to serve our town, our State, our Continent, our race, and humanity in any manner that our brains and character permit, not only in our lives, but if need be, by our deaths.

That's what our flag means to me"
So said C.E.W. Bean to the schoolchildren of 1929.

I wonder what young people today would say if asked to write:

"What our Flag means to me". ■

YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO "HERITAGE" WILL BE MOST WELCOME.

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

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Has the Commonwealth a future?

1986 is the year of the Commonwealth Games, where supposedly sportsmen from around the globe, with a common heritage, compete in friendship and endeavour. On this occasion, a record number of countries was planning to participate. The games, held in Edinburgh, Scotland, were last held there in 1970. As with the Olympics, however, politics raised its ugly head to disrupt the spirit of this grand meeting.

The history of the Commonwealth Games is rather interesting. They were formerly known as the British-Empire and Commonwealth Games. The Games were designed on the Olympic model and were to be held at four yearly intervals midway between Olympic Games.

Regular empire competitions began in 1930, although prior to this, there was an attempt to organize such an event, which was called, 'Festival of Empire' Games. The modern games commenced in 1950.

South Africa has proven to be a thorn in the side of many countries that are participating, regardless of the fact that the Republic of South Africa withdrew from the Commonwealth way back in the 60's. The cozy relationships between competing countries has been tarnished. It has given the excuse for those politicians who want a drum to beat, to beat it!

By the time the games opened in Edinburgh, half the Commonwealth countries had withdrawn, one third of the athletes originally expected had prepared in vain. One of the countries concerned, Nigeria, is just repeating its act; they did the same back in 1982, when New Zealand was the culprit and, if memory serves me right, they pulled out of the 1976 Olympics.

Well, New Zealand has had a change of heart! Prime Minister Lange has seen to that, after all he's got no time for those "white supremacists".

On this occasion, of course, it's Great Britain who is agitator. Margaret Thatcher has refused to

order sanctions against South Africa. Unable to get their way, like spoilt schoolboys, a number of countries have threatened a boycott.

Sadly, it's the athletes who are affected by it all, by not participating in what must be, for them, a great opportunity to compete against some of the world's best.

The question has now arisen, although not for the first time, on the future of the Commonwealth. Will it continue — or should it? If it does, should it continue in its present form?

Has the Commonwealth become, like the dreaded United Nations, dominated by third world countries and by countries with a strong socialist leaning?

Has it come to the situation where Great Britain, New Zealand, Canada and Australia are constantly being dictated to and hen-pecked by tin-pot third or even fourth rate countries? If so, then indeed either it should fold up or certainly change.

A harsh judgement? Why must we continue to grovel and apologize continually to these people? If it is in our interest, our national interest that is, then we must let these countries go and the sooner the better. The retort may be that these countries will find companionship elsewhere, say for instance, with the Soviet Union. Our policy of appeasement has not worked in any case; and the influence of the Soviets has grown dramatically regardless, particularly in Africa.

One does not look forward to the regular CHOGM meetings where an array of gangsters and murderers meet to play the same old tunes and berate the West.

Our own ex-Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser has been after the job of heading the Commonwealth for some time. If he is successful in landing the job, then the position will not improve; for if there is anyone who will grovel and have a policy of sickening appeasement, even more than a Labour man, it is Malcolm Fraser.



Where is John Bull?

by Chas Pinwill

The maintenance of Constitutional Monarchy is important, indeed essential, to the continuance of ordered constitutional government, and as an effective barrier to the grubby ambitions of politicians for power beyond the interest of the peoples of Australia, Canada, the United Kingdom and New Zealand.

As such it is worthy of every respect and loyalty and the vigilance of its active defence. Primarily this has drawn back loyalists from a frank and realistic assessment of the British Commonwealth, as it is today, and this has not served the Queen, the Crown, the British peoples of the world, or finally, the world itself.

In the first half of this century, years in which most of the present generation were unable to participate, and indeed were not present, the greatest creative opportunity the Commonwealth ever offered was sold for a mess of pottage.

Consider a world in which Britain, Canada, Australia and New Zealand formed a meaningful family of like nations, with genuine bonds of blood, language, form of government, economics and defence. What result might this have brought to the world?

In natural resources it would have easily outranked the United States of America. Its population, it is true, would have approximated half that of the United States in number, though in technological capabilities, cultural maturity and cohesion as a people it would have suffered no such limitation.

The geographical distribution of these sovereign Nations in close co-operation in all areas of affairs is anything other than a liability. Britannia, with secure bases across the world, and in every ocean, and a strong merchant navy to facilitate "internal" trade, might well have continued to "rule the waves".

The spectacle of the Soviet and America facing off over the future (or not) of the world, would have had to move over for a third party and force at the dinner table; a third force easily taking the balance away from government-by-terror represented by the Soviets.

How then, and why, was this option for common sense and genuine commonwealth aborted?

The short answer is that under threat of "bankruptcy" from international finance, treachery within and pressures from without, largely Soviet,

and in that order, the great hope of the world, the old civilising British Empire, is dying childless.

People wonder at the cohesive bond holding the present "Commonwealth" together. They need not. It is simple.

British people around the world would not countenance the break up of Empire easily. If break it did, that would have left the truly British alone, and free to establish the balance of force in a saner and freer world.

And what have we? Our Queen, God bless Her, in the midst of the nonsense of CHOGMs and "Commonwealth" conferences.

The dilemma of breaking up the British Empire, and yet inhibiting a Commonwealth of British peoples with real meaning, force and purpose in the world, was brought off with a charade.

The British peoples acquiesced in the destruction of their Empire for a psychological "sop". The Queen would be retained in a titular sense, which means in no sense, and a nonsense.

And this situation would be maintained. How? By granting as a permanent right, in exchange for this face saver in defeat, regular access for those who never wanted, and never could, a place in a true Commonwealth of British peoples, to those who built and would on their own have developed into the future, a British world power.

And why do these now foreign Heads of Government continue to act out this charade? To cadge for aid, to threaten with embarrassment if the British people's real interests do not give way to sundry shabby third world Potentates, and other, though responsible leaders of their peoples who are, with their people and interests, no less foreign.

Without a vision the people perish. This axiom is no less true for British peoples than for all others. The British people are perishing.

The shock of loss of purpose, now called "the British disease", is very evident in the U.K. That Nation's colonisation by the non-British "colonies" has made its peoples unrecognisable in its own large cities. Its workers are "working" for no perceptibly recognisable vision beyond the next feed.

Canada, Australia and New Zealand only find a small place under the hegemony of America, and not with that essential enthusiasm which alone can release the truly creative dynamics.

A world power of British peoples is physically possible, an imperative in the future of the West, and most needful for the sanity of the world.

A sufficient base is still there and will be for a very long time upon which to begin to build.

The path to this vision is blocked only by a herd of old cows, sacred ones. One is called "International Finance", another the "E.E.C.," and yet another is named "CHOGM".

Where is John Bull in all this bull dust?

From: New Times

POLICY AND POLICE

The following article, reprinted from HOME (U.K.) February 1986, although written for British readers, is of equal relevance to Australians.

Until very recent years the British police were an example to the world of a benign, unarmed, civilian force, generally recognised as the friends and protectors of the law-abiding citizens, to be feared only by a minority of criminals. Doubtless, being human, they fell short of this ideal, but their admirable approach to it was possible only because of a broad, general agreement on policy among the population, based upon their common Christian tradition, and especially the recognition that 'politics' was concerned with secondary matters which can and must be settled without violence.

This consensus, never, of course, complete, is now under continual attack on the public media. Its public image has already been largely destroyed and this inevitably is weakening the reality which nevertheless we are convinced still substantially survives among the silent majority. Daily, almost hourly, we are assured that Great Britain is now a post-Christian, multiracial, multicultural, multireligious or irreligious community, and whether we like it or not, we must adapt ourselves to the new situation. This is always attributed to the natural occurrence of change, but its artificial character is daily attested by the passion and persistence with which it is sought and promoted.

In so far as there is truth in it, it follows that, for the maintenance of law and order, there can be no reliance on, or appeal to, a common loyalty, to ancestry or history or tradition, to a common cultural inheritance, or to religion, or morality. What remains, therefore, to bind us together and to keep the peace which is essential for the survival of any sort of civilisation? Only the police powers of the Government which controls the inhabitants of a given geographical area.

The State without a common loyalty to tradition, ancestry or religion is necessarily a Police State,

The State without a common loyalty to tradition, ancestry or religion is necessarily a Police State, since its police powers have to expand to impose the restraints formerly exercised through these internal influences. This inevitably changes the nature of the police force and of the State itself, and always in the



direction of further centralisation, since self-control, alone, is fully decentralised. In so far as law-breaking and violence in pursuit of political aims is widely held and taught to be 'moral' even nowadays by some church leaders, a para-military rather than a civilian force is required to suppress them, and this in turn appears to 'justify' more violence — a vicious spiral which can end only in social chaos and revolution or in unchallengeable, ruthless repression; or both in succession: the totalitarian State.

This is the path which our 'post-Christian' anti-patriots are trying to make us tread. First they create a conflict requiring policy intervention. Then they complain of police harassment or brutality. The British have always had a wide tolerance for immigrants of all races, but when the numbers introduced are sufficient to take over whole districts it becomes necessary to impose race relations laws to protect the immigrants from the natives who (including their police) are constantly infuriated with accusations of 'racism'. This in turn reacts on the immigrants who, being informed daily that the natives are their racist enemies, react with violence requiring an equivalent force from the police to suppress. Even the Greenham Common pacifist women deliberately break the law for purpose of publicity-martyrization by the police or military; while Arthur Scargill and his miners confronted the police with a motorized army of illegal pickets requiring massive para-military deployment of the police to protect the legal right of the non-striker to work. It was Scargill who then accused the Government of transforming Britain into a Police State.

In these and other ways the benign image of the British Bobby is being transformed, especially among the young, into 'the hated fuzz', the 'pigs', the agents of State oppressive violence, which it is not wrong to attack with counter-violence; and this view is obtaining far too much sympathy among normally law-abiding and even 'Christian' people. In

fact, in a real Police State, violence against the police or army would be merely a form of useless, unreported suicide. It is only against a force known to be restrained in its reaction by law, discipline and humanity that civil violence or riot can be temporarily successful, and in doing so is liable to break down some of the restraint and discipline.

Meanwhile, despite all this, these disturbances are still exceptional, and our police, in general, remain very much in the tradition — a very decent body of trained men and women to whom we continue to turn for advice, help and protection in many of life's emergencies. Our lives and our local society, as experienced (as distinct from 'the News') continue to be reasonably stable, though gradually being invaded by the criminal attitudes encouraged by the constant assertion that we now have no common morality.

Our Identity Remains

Although, since World War II we have received an unprecedented flow of immigrants they still with their offspring number less than 5 per cent of the population. Only in some districts in our great cities do they dominate the scene. Some of them are fellow-Christians who came here because they admired our Christian tradition and way of life, and are now shocked at our apparent departure from them. Many of them are Moslems whose parents were our allies in the former Empire and who have their own standard of morality. Others are Hindus or Buddhists with non-violent beliefs. There remains, indeed, the turbulent and resentful minority who get all the publicity for their criminal deeds; but it is nonsense to say that the entry of the whole lot of them into our society means that we must surrender its identity as a nation whose tradition, customs, laws and institutions were moulded by the Christian religion.

As for our being 'post-Christian' — anyone who attended a Communion service on Christmas Eve or Christmas Day would have found the churches and even our Cathedrals packed, and the well-known carols sung with a will. Folk-religion? Yes, indeed! showing where the people's hearts and hopes still are. The emptiness of the churches of regular attenders at other times could well be a measure of their disillusion with the churches rather than with Christianity.

Part of this disillusion may well be due to the failure of too many of our clergy to deny this 'post-Christian' nonsense, and to their tendency to adapt their Christianity to the politics of contemporary atheistic humanism, instead of stoutly asserting the continuity of this nation in its Christian tradition.

However, we are greatly encouraged by some public remarks recently attributed to Dr. Habgood, the Archbishop of York, who is reported as saying that Britain needs "the recovery of a popular sense of patriotism", and on an earlier occasion that he will "go on fighting to maintain in our nation the sense of its religious inheritance as part of its public and political life."

But it will need more than some archiepiscopal remarks, it will need a great surge of Christian faith and courage at all levels of society to re-assert the spiritual basis of our nation and to reverse the drift towards the Police State which is the natural consequence of its abandonment.

The image of the policy is being transformed — from friend to foe. ■

The Traitor Within

"A nation can survive its fools and even its ambitions, but it cannot survive treason from within.

An army at the gates is less formidable for he carries his banner openly.

But the traitor moves within the gates freely, his sly whispers rustle through all the alleys and are heard in the Halls of Government itself. For the traitor appears no traitor; he speaks in accents familiar to his victim and he wears their face and their garments and he appeals to the baseness that lies deep in the heart of all men.

He rots the soul of a nation; he works secretly and unknown in the night to undermine the pillars of a city; he infects the body politic so that it can no longer resist. A murderer is less to be feared."

Marcus Cicero (106-43BC)
Roman Orator and Philosopher

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A Scotsman always pays a Debt

by
Reginald A. Watson

It was Anzac day over a decade ago. I was having a beer in the local hotel when I struck up a conversation with an old timer from the First War. We continued to guzzle the cold, clear liquid down our scorched throats as our companionship grew. Although aging, Jock was a brawny Scot of immense physical stature who, it was obvious, could handle his drink more than any man. He had come to Tasmania while only a boy but had joined the Australian Army early in 1914 and had fought at Gallipoli.

Jock was wearing an assortment of medals which dangled and gave off a clear metallic sound every time he moved. I asked this seasoned soldier what the medals were for. I was disappointed when he seemed reluctant to answer. He thirstily gulped down his beer once again and lit up a large cigar which he began to puff with relish. I sensed that he was going to say something important.

"Damn the medals!" he said, but after a silent moment somewhat shyly added, "Do you want to see another one, mate?"

"For sure." I replied. The old Scotsman turned digger pulled from his hip pocket a small black box which he placed on the bar between us, away from the others. His strong hairy fingers anxiously undid the box and pulled out the contents which he held temptingly before my eyes.

"For God's sake!" I exclaimed. "A German Iron Cross! I suppose you found it?"

I looked. Again I looked; I wanted to be sure. "For God's sake!" I exclaimed, "A German Iron Cross! I suppose you found it?" I suggested.

"Nay, cobber," he answered in his mingled Scottish-Australian. "I won it."

"But God Almighty, Jock, this is a German decoration. How could you win it from those bastards?"

"They're no more bastards than what we were Johnny. They were men like us."

"But . . ." I began again, ". . . How could you win it?" "I won it." He persisted. There was silence. He placed his mug down on the counter and gazed straight ahead. The low chatter of conversation and the occasional boisterous laughter was being ignored



by Jock as I could see by his concentration that he was going back in time. After a while he turned and eyed me with curiosity. "Do you want to hear how I did?" he finally said. All I could do was to nod acquiescence, impressed and marvelling over the mystery that was now going to be unfolded. He began his remarkable, but true tale . . .

After the hell and failure, but bravery of Gallipoli, the Australian troops were transferred to Europe. There they were reorganized and Jock now became part of the 2nd Division of the 1st Anzac Corps and was sent to form a part of General Sir Hubert Gough's Fifth Army. What awaited them was the stinking cesspool of carnage and horror of the First Battle of the Somme. It was here, as indeed everywhere, that the gallery of dead heroes was added to daily by the needless sacrifices of countless men who became foul smelling and mangled corpses, laid to waste in the muddy, nightmarish quagmire.

The later-to-be dictator of the third Reich, Adolf Hitler, fought in this battle that was waged between those remarkably brave Germans and their equally brave enemies, the British, French and Commonwealth troops. The price of glory was to be high.

Jock's corp was moved up to the front and on the 19th July, 1916, they attacked south towards the French town of Fromelles. It was an ill-planned attack and although the Australians fought bravely, the casualties were over five and a half thousand. The front of the attack had been too narrow and the artillery preparation inadequate.

The first thing that struck Jock upon waking the following morning, after a nervous sleep of exhaustion, was the fearful stench of putrefaction. During the lull of battle the dead men's comrades would arise from their pitiful holes that were their homes, to have the gruesome task of wrapping the dead up in a canvas and simply rolling them into the largest shell-hole in the vicinity. There were few of these in which did not float some ghastly, stinking fragment of humanity. Day after day the German heavies pounded the corpses until they were quartered and requartered. The shells splintered the bodies, then resplintered them, chopped them to pieces, playing with them as a cat plays with a mouse.

As the weather grew warmer and the numbers of dead multiplied, the horror reached new peaks. The compressed area of the battlefield became an open cemetery in which every square foot contained some decomposed piece of flesh.

It was during the course of one of these excursions that Jock and thirty of his Aussie cobbers were taken by surprise and became the hunted. The cry was given: "The Uhlans, the Uhlans!" Sure enough, the cavalrymen were coming. Such horsemen you never did see, all riding wild and with drawn swords. The leader of the victimized troops ordered his men to make a formation. Jock was in the front row, kneeling with fixed bayonet.



So they came like God's Wrath. "Jesus Christ be with me!" gritted Jock as one horse cleared his bayonet and the rider, an officer, leaned to slash him with his word. Jock met him, eye to eye and somehow, for some unknown reason, the officer miraculously changed his mind. Was there a flicker of humanity in his eyes? Anyway he struck — but with the flat of his sword. When he came to, Jock was among the dead. All his comrades were dead or wounded. Jock's life had been spared. One man slowly, unbelievably, incredulously straightened himself and, instantly aware of the menacing German machine guns, crawled to rejoin his own troop.

I thought that this was the end of Jock's narrative, as he had finished talking. "But how did you win the medal?" He drew a deep, deep breath, as though irritated by such a stupid question. "Just hold ya horses mate, I haven't finished." I said no more, anxious to hear all. Satisfied with my silence, he continued . . .

The savagery of the war was maintained and a year later found our Jock amazingly still alive. In September 1917, over a year later, the 1st Anzac Corps formed the spearhead of the next thrust against the ridge east of Ypres. The Anzacs had supported the British since 31st July, and the advance of 20th September was one of a series of leaps which were each made behind a dense and deep curtain of shellfire, designed to seize a defined and limited strip of ground.

As was familiar with this world affair, trench warfare was the order of the day. The degrading spectacle that Jock knew at the Somme was repeated

at Ypres. Here they used dogs, which themselves fell victim to the shelling, to sniff out the wounded. The troops came to recognize that their chances of being picked up when hit, let alone brought to medical succour, were extremely slim.

Jock and his companions lay in a trench on the borders of no-mans land. He got to pondering of home, even of his native Scotland. He had survived three long years and yet the war still raged. He lived only to survive and did not contemplate the odds. A man would go insane if he did. He had long since grown accustomed to filth, misery and death. Most of his mates were dead and he had outlived them all. He grew into believing that Providence was on his side — why? He did not know; but how else would he have survived in such a bog-hole as this, if that was not so?

The constant shelling had now ceased and Jock scanned his pockets for any cigarette butts that he may have had. alas, he was out of luck. "B.....!" He said to himself, as the least little thing irritated him immensely. There was a stage in his life that he did not profane, but what did it matter now? Profanity and blasphemy surrounded him in this abode of condemned spirits. Jock's attention was diverted. A groan? Yes, he heard a groan not far away — just in the next ditch. His cobber heard it too. There was no mistake — someone was alive out there. "Come on mate," he said as he motioned to his friend. "Let's creep over and bring him back." On elbows and knees they crawled over the top and along the edge with a nerve racking slowness. So far so good. Then without hindrance they had reached the ditch and slid into its interior.

The mud that lay on the bottom of the ditch had turned to a consistency of sticky butter. Cursing in low undertones, the two Australians ploughed their way to the wounded one. "By God, he's a Hun!" yelled the other. Jock looked squarely at the enemy. It was a young German officer who had taken a machine-gun bullet in the breast. He was obviously and in horrific pain. The German muttered, grasping for breath, "Bitte, I beg you Englander, kill me. I beg you; put an end to my pain." Jock's companion drew his bayonet willing to plunge the weapon into the neck of the wounded one. Suddenly, Jock placed a restraining hand upon that of his comrade. "No", he commanded. "Leave him be!" All too clearly Jock's mind recalled the other officer who spared his life. One good deed demands another; a life for a life. The burly man fell to his knees beside the German and reached for his water-can. Gently he held the can to the man's mouth and slowly and with difficulty he began to drink. The cool water revitalized the wounded one and pathetically and barely audibly he breathed, "Thank you."

"I'll take ye back," says Jock.

"But Jock!" His mate protested, "He's the enemy. Besides, you'll both be killed."

"I'll be takin' him back!" He repeated. "I've a debt to pay."

Incredulous eyes gazing across no-mans land watched with hopeful breath Jock's journey. These few minutes English, French and German were all united in peace.

He then heaved the man onto his shoulders and started. First he trudged, maintaining his balance with difficulty, up the walls of the ditch, then toward the enemy fortifications. It wasn't far, but it was a way of death. Strangely, oddly, as though a breath of the Divine fluttered over the terrible carnage of the Ypres battlefield, nobody fired on them. Not a shot. Incredulous eyes gazing across no-mans land watched with hopeful breath Jock's journey. These few minutes English, French and German were all united in peace. Jock brought him across. He stood there looking down into the enemy's trench. Two Germans then jumped from their hole and helped the man from his huge shoulders. Panting heavily, Jock knew that his debt was paid and turned to leave.

"Wait!" A voice called.

Another German officer speaking good English said simply, "Thank you." Jock saluted. "What's your name?" the German Captain asked, "And your address? I'm not going to ask what division," he added, "That would be unfair."

"And?" I asked.

"I told him," Jock said.

"And what happened then?"

"That night I managed to crawl back okay; they wouldn't let me go before dark. I reported what I'd done." I let him continue, not interrupting . . .

"I was warned that I could expect trouble for what I had done. After all, he was the enemy.

"But nothin' was done; we all had other things to think of.

"Then the war ended and we came home back to Sydney and I back to Hobart. Sometimes I thought of the German officer, wondered if he was livin', but never expected to hear more of it.

"One day I was called to headquarters. 'Was I so-and-so?' asked the commanding officer. 'That's right,' I replied. 'Here's something for you.' He said. 'A present from the enemy.' And he handed me this!"

I looked at the Cross once again, lying on the bar. Without another word Jock picked it up and placed it back into the black box. He then placed it into his hip pocket. He puffed some more on his diminishing cigar.

"Something surely to be treasured," I stated.

"I do — it's my hope for a better world."

That was the first and last time I saw Jock, and that was over thirteen years ago. If still alive, he'd surely be an old man now. He's probably dead, but none-the-less, I still watch out for this Scotsman who always believed in paying a debt.

(H)

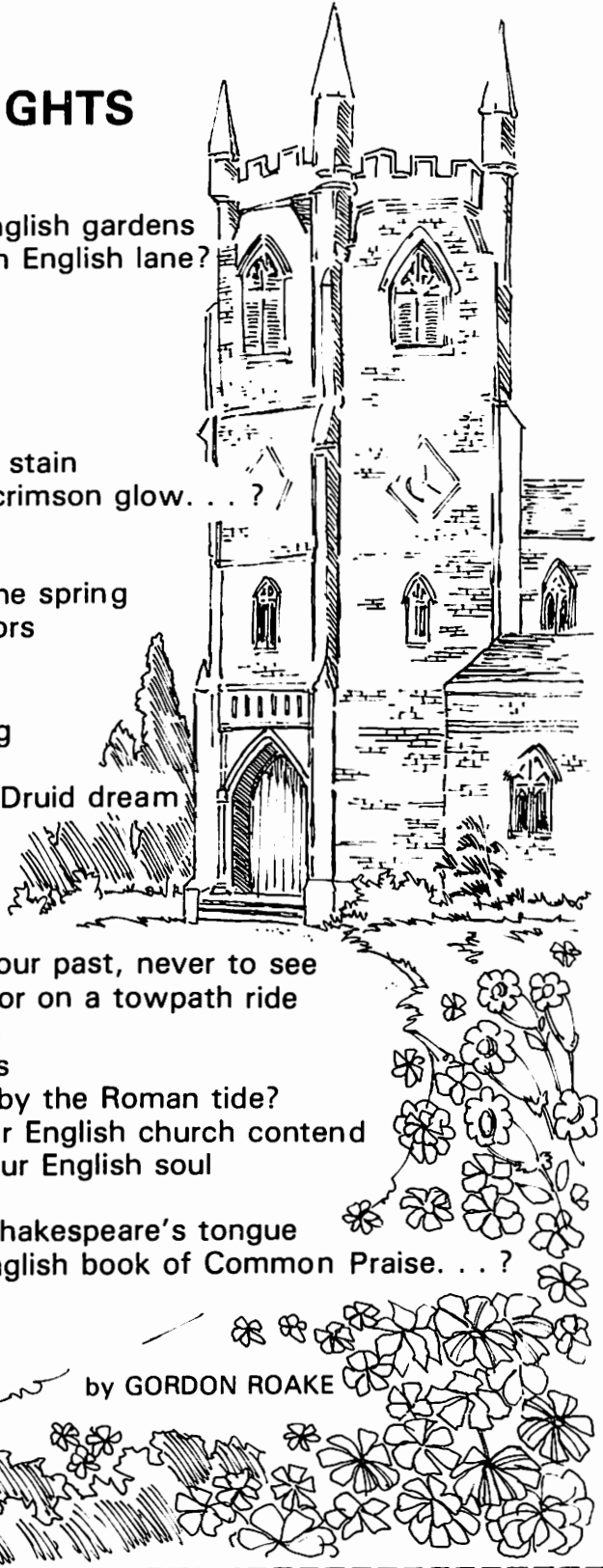
EXPATRIATE THOUGHTS

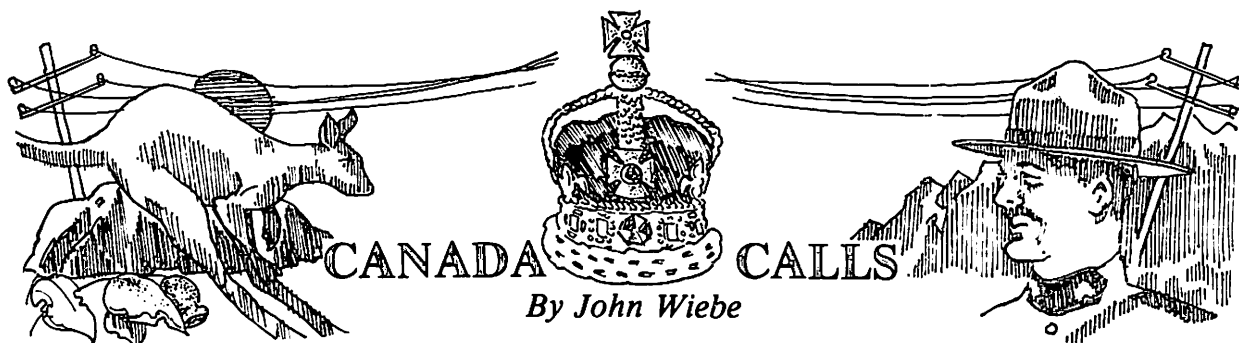
Shall we now never walk in English gardens
Or taste wild strawberries in an English lane?
Where else but England
does the tangled briar remain
A hiding place for hedgehogs
Or a shoe contain
A robin's nest
Or snowdrops rest while roses stain
The hedgerow in a white and crimson glow. . . ?

Where else but England
Does the mayflower usher in the spring
And bluebells carpet forest floors
With cheerful patternings?
Where do the daffodils
Their trumpet raise as if to sing
Praise to the mystic oak
Or mistletoe evoke a dark and Druid dream
Within an English soul
Of hazel wands and holly
Or a silvery ring?

Must we forever now forsake our past, never to see
Crab apples on a river's bank, or on a towpath ride
Or search through churchyards
For a glimpse of our beginnings
In English churches overtaken by the Roman tide?
Where else but England can our English church contend
With falsehood, or commend our English soul
In English ways
Or worship England's God in Shakespeare's tongue
Or hymns selected from our English book of Common Praise. . . ?

by GORDON ROAKE





Reform-Don't Destroy

Remember when the word "reform" didn't mean that something unpleasant was about to happen? The idea of reform was one of the great political catalysts of the 19th century. It brought with it responsible government, democratic federations, and laws that genuinely improved the lot of the less fortunate in our western societies.

Now, it's a word that's been taken over. Instead of positive, helpful connotations for the overall benefit of society, the word conjures up visions of mediocre politicians in search of a cause. It also brings to mind their tinkering bureaucrats, who are endlessly fine-tuning and streamlining small items because they're incapable of solving larger questions, but lack the moral fibre to admit it.

A few incidents in our two countries show just how debased the currency of reform has become. One was Prime Minister Hawke's idea to reform the Australian military honours system. Our former Prime Minister Trudeau, faced with double digit inflation and unemployment a decade ago, decided that what the country desperately needed was a new system of military awards. So, very shortly after, gone were the Distinguished Service Orders, the Military Medals, and all the other decorations awarded to Canadians for over a century. Instead there would be a rather ugly, blue cross called the Order of Military Merit.

Anyone who's ever worn a service uniform knows about the military honours of the British Commonwealth and appreciates the tests of skill and courage that a recipient must undergo to obtain one of them. The Order of Military Merit is something quite different. No combat service or supreme peacetime effort are required to earn it.

The medal is not even awarded by the sovereign who commands the allegiance of her service personnel. Instead, the Canadian Governor-General hands the decorations out and there seem to be a great many citations.

However for all the new, "reformed" awards, it's hard not to feel that there's something absent. People make a career out of service life, not for the very moderate rates of pay, nor for the frequently awful working conditions. They do it primarily out

of a wish to serve their nation and to participate in a shared, British Commonwealth military tradition that spans the centuries. The military honours that our related Commonwealth services have all received in the past are integral parts of that tradition, reminders of the sacrifices that were and still are being made in order to maintain our way of life under a common form of parliamentary government.

Erasing such honours robs our services of these vital reminders. And, is it merely a coincidence that the politicians who make this kind of reform are the same people who appear ever intent upon undermining our common, parliamentary system by striving to gain more power for themselves and for their appointees?

Both Canada and Australia seem to have spent an inordinate part of the past twenty years worrying about flags. Canada experienced its flag "reform", imposed from above, in 1965. The change in our national flag hasn't made the nation any smarter, more prosperous, or more just, and it's hard to claim that any distinctive, national identity has been carved out that didn't exist long before. Perhaps that's in part due to the maple leaf banner's close affinities with the Peruvian flag and the ribbon tied around a popular branch of boxed chocolates, a piece of said ribbon being affixed to the flag's Royal proclamation.

The few flags of the world that can be instantly recognized as being great designs are superb amalgams of elements that are at once historical, heraldic and beautiful to the eye. Australia's present flag is one of these.

Bureaucrats and their advertising agency draughtsmen bent upon flag reform tend to forget that they are not designing a coffee can label or a computer ad.

Bureaucrats and their advertising agency draughtsmen bent upon flag reform tend to forget that they are not designing a coffee can label or a computer ad. Indeed, our image-saturated, modern

societies cause such creations to look dated almost as soon as they're produced. That may be why Ausflag's \$5000 collision of the flags of Nauru and Thailand looks so hackneyed after a first glance, and why Canada's current banner blends in to invisibility amongst the endlessly repeated horrors of modern, civic architecture.

There are reforms that must be made in our societies if they're not to disintegrate. Regrettably for our political leaders, they're not the kinds of changes accomplished by a court order or an artist's brush.

Youth unemployment continues to be a feature of our microchip economy. Wouldn't it be a worthwhile reform to succeed in matching the skills and educational choices of the young with jobs upon graduation? Affordable housing, with tax systems

geared to helping the elderly keep the homes they've paid for, would also be a cause worthy of a zealous reformer. The homes of pensioners, taxed beyond their capabilities to pay, should not be an easy target for urban real estate speculators.

Then there is the need for security from criminal activity. Decent citizens are tired of absurdly low penalties for violent and drug-related crime, and they're also weary of reformers who keep easing the burden on such criminals while the toll of victims mounts.

Reform doesn't have to be a dirty word. It can regain its former meaning of qualitative improvement in society if those with power and influence will stop attacking national symbols as a substitute for destroying the cancers that beset our nations. (H)

The New Honours

In the Heritage, March-May 1986, we expressed our disgust over the announcement by the Prime Minister for a new range of Australian civilian and military honours to replace the Knights and Dames awards and the Imperial gallantry medals.

In his press release Mr Hawke said that the new awards were "in line with government policy". Perhaps he should also spell out to the Australian public what other reforms to our heritage the Government has on the drawing board. He may discover that, as with the Bill of Rights, Government policy and the "will of the people" are at odds.

The following is part of the Prime Minister's press release of 26th January, 1986.

The Prime Minister's Press Release

The Federal government has agreed on a number of new awards to enhance and develop the Australian honours system.

The new awards will be established to enable recognition of outstanding service by particular groups in the community and members of the Defence Force in operational and non-operational service.

They will be in addition to other awards already available within the Order of Australia, the Bravery Decorations system and the National Medal instituted in 1975, and the Defence Force Service Awards instituted in 1982.

The Government has made no recommendations for honours and awards in the Imperial system.

There will be a new range of awards for Defence Force personnel which will be common to all ranks and services.

In view of the historical importance of the Victoria Cross to Australians, the decoration will remain as the highest award for gallantry in action. The Victoria Cross will be established within the Australian honours system by the issue of Australian Letters Patent for the award by The Queen of Australia. Future recommendations for the decoration will be made by the Australian Government direct to The Queen for her approval as Queen of Australia.

Other Defence awards will be available in war-time to recognise gallantry and outstanding service.

Awards for non-operational service and another for nurses in the Defence Force will also be established.

Several other awards will be introduced for particular service within the community and to the nation.

A number of amendments to the Constitution of the Order of Australia will also be made, including:

- removal of the provision to appoint Knights and Dames.
- provision for the representation of the Northern Territory and the Australian Capital Territory on the Council for the Order of Australia in addition to the existing State Government representation;
- raising non-Government representation on the Council from three to seven; and
- a substantial increase in the annual allocation of awards available from about 400 to 700.

I REMEMBER

A page for our "oldies" to reminisce.
(Contributions to: P.O. Box 69, Moora,
W.A. 6510).

A CHALLENGE
TO OUR
"OLDIES"
FROM
LADY CILENTO

An Australian Pioneer

By Alf Pinwill

I REMEMBER when we were kids in the early 1900's, living on a scrub farm — "The Echo". Situated 4 miles from Gayndah in the Woodmillar area, this block of 306 acres was "selected" by my father — Charles Andrew Pinwill in 1909. It was the last block to be thrown open by the Government for selection in that area. Experienced men steered clear of this hilly, rocky block badly infested with that overpowering curse — Prickly Pear, but "Charlie" wanted to be "his own boss" on a bit of dirt he could call "his own". Somewhere to bring up his kids and give them a "start" in life.

He had worked on farms as a lad, later spent 4 years in the Police Force, then became a Warden (Male Nurse) at the Goodna Mental Hospital. This was where he met his wife to be, Lucinda McKeon — a nurse for eight years and previously a dressmaker.

Charlie spent his holidays from nursing working on "The Echo", clearing land of turkey bush, prickly pear, brigalow and softwood scrub.

At first he would cut the small bushes and vines with his brush hook, then follow with a spray pump and a kerosene tin of a mixture of arsenic, soda and water to kill the prickly pear. Finally he would chop down the trees with his "plumb axe". Six to eight weeks later, the big event would take place, burning the scrub.

It was important to choose a hot, windy day blowing up hill, generally in October to get a good clean burn. This accomplished he would plant corn in rows in the ashes, then plant rhodes grass seed between the rows when the corn was 3 feet high. Hopefully, weather permitting, when the corn was ripe it was pulled by hand and put into sacks. By this time the grass was ready for stock to graze.

The first area cleared was about 4 acres on which to build the house. To obtain most of the timber, this pioneer used a 6 feet cross-cut saw, to cut down

brigalow trees (the tough swines), about 2 feet in diameter, then saw them into lengths 5-6 feet long. A mall and wedges were then used to split slabs for the walls. The ironbark corner posts which were put in holes 3 feet deep, extended almost to the roof. "You won't pull 'em up, and you can't blow 'em down" he used to say.

When the two room slab cottage was complete with a hession partition, a separate dirt floor kitchen was built of heavier brigalow slabs about 7 feet high.

Family Arrives

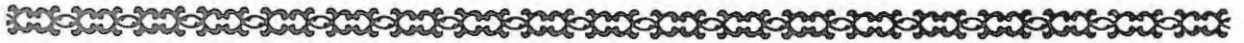
Then came the great day in 1912. A four mile trip in the springcart to Gayndah Railway Station to meet his wife Lucy and the two kids, Margaret two years and Charles 5 weeks (Alfred arrived two years later).

Charlie always said he "made his start" with a loving wife, two kids and five quid.

By this time, the rhodes grass had flourished in the ashes of the scrub soil and two house cows "Dainty" and "Trixie", were bought to provide milk and butter for the family. A few chooks became standard equipment later for eggs and meat. An area of 8 to 10 acres of scrub was chopped each year and dairy cattle numbers increased. He favoured *Illawarras*. Cream was carted to Gayndah Butter Factory in a one horsepower outfit — *Bubbles* and a sulky. Provisions for the family came on the return trip.

Water for stock (and Wallabies) was provided by a dam excavated from clay with two horses — Billy and Tommy, a single furrow mouldboard plow, a scoop, gallons of sweat and many descriptive adjectives.

When the rain came and the dam was full, the water was syphoned in piping over the bank into a trough at a lower point than the intake valve in the dam.



Charles Pinwill (1874-1927)

Photo taken at "The Echo" with Bubbles in the sulky. His wife Lucy stands by. The Slab home was constructed by Charlie from Brigalow trees on the farm. On the left is about 50 acres of scrub he cleared and grassed. On the right a portion of scrub in the natural state.

When a drought came and the dam went dry, the dairy cattle were driven to a neighbour's well two miles away. Some cows heavy in calf did not survive.

Lucy was a first class wife, mother and homemaker, always eager to lend a hand — milking the cows, feeding calves, collecting the eggs, plucking the chooks and, last and by no means least, — baking the bread (damper) daily, first in a camp oven, later a J.R. Stove. Teaching the kids their prayers, the alphabet and how to count (not much money to practise on) were Mum's nightly duties.

This is a brief account of the little I remember of experiences of an Australian pioneer and his wife — truly dinkum Aussies who had no welfare handed down on a plate. With bulldog tenacity, Charlie did give his kids a start in life.



Contributions

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Address written contributions to:

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

LET'S KEEP THEM!



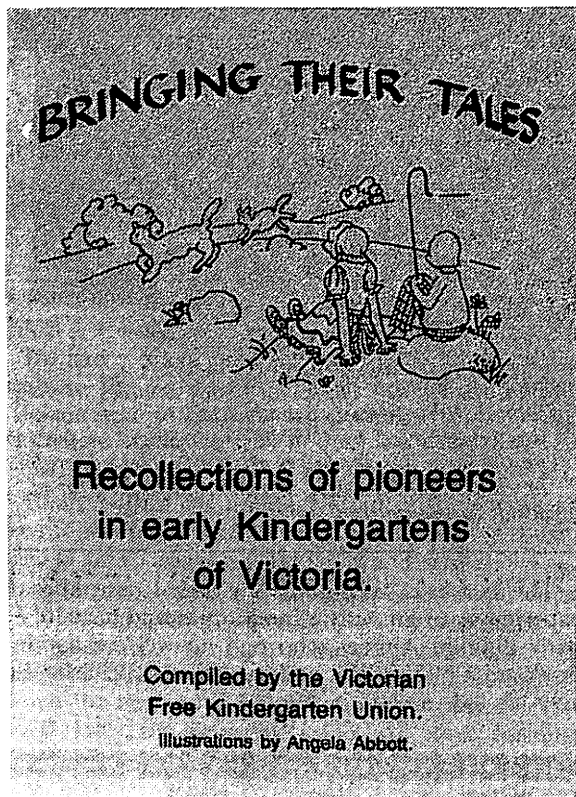
**OUR FLAG
OUR HERITAGE
OUR FREEDOM**



Bringing Their Tales . . .

Recollections of pioneers in early Kindergartens of Victoria compiled by the Victorian Free Kindergarten Union. 106 pages, paperback.

Reviewed by Dawn Thompson
(once a "green lady")



This bright little book, enlivened with line drawings by Angela Abbot, has been written and presented by some thirty three volunteers. It is a real labour of love, recording firsthand "the way it was" in pre-school education from its inception in Victoria, around 1906.

Written in the form of short paragraphs of anecdotes, it is very easy to read, and the subject matter is loosely grouped into eleven chapters on the various stages and facets in the evolving work of the Free Kindergarten Union.

To those like myself, who were privileged to be part of this movement, it is a true and nostalgic record. And anyone interested in education, in the history of our institutions, or in child development, will find this a vivid portrayal of life and times very different from those we now know.

It may surprise teachers of today, working under different stresses, to realise that not only did teachers then pay fees and all their own expenses to be trained, but also sometimes undertook quite menial and even revolting services, all to the end of bettering children's lives.

Recording the changing stresses and strains on families and communities through two World Wars and the disastrous Great Depression, these tales portray a caring, sharing and learning together.

The picture emerges of a compassionate voluntary movement, responding sensitively to real need in an enlightened and humble way. There is much humour, despair, and quiet heroism on the part of those working towards the common aim of the welfare of small children and their families, and of course, displayed as well by those families themselves.

The bringing of these tales together as a permanent record is a most worthwhile achievement, and one which will bring pleasure to many readers.

Available from:
Free Kindergarten Association,
383 Church Street,
Richmond. VICTORIA, 3121
\$6.50 posted.

Set in a Silver Sea

By Sir Arthur Bryant

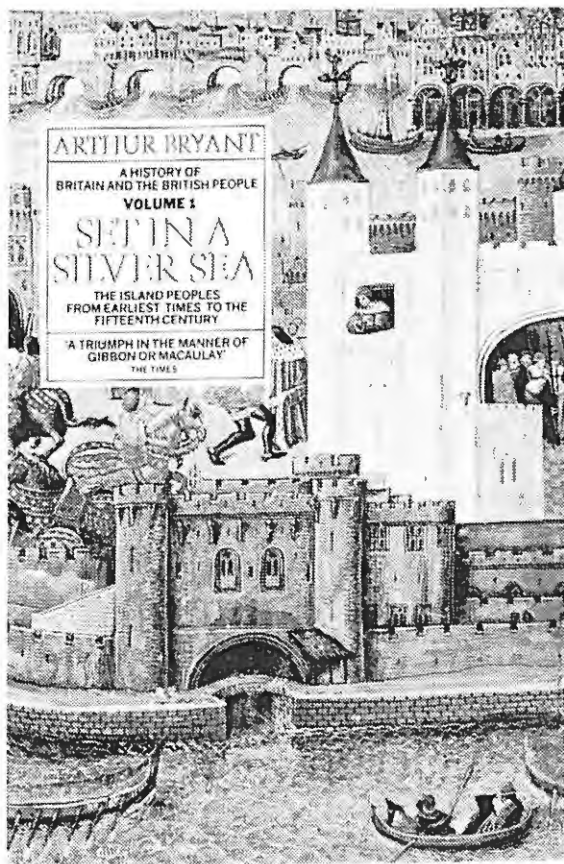
(Granada, 480 pages, Paperback)

A History of Britain and the British People, of which Set in a Silver Sea forms the first of three parts, is the late Sir Arthur Bryant's retelling of British history, in a form accessible to all, and aims to restore to general understanding the broad themes and sweep of the islands' story.

Winston Churchill said that a nation which has forgotten its past can have no future. At a time when we are confused and divided about what our future should be, Arthur Bryant devoted the last decade of his life to reminding us of the meaning and greatness of our history. This is because, as he says in his introduction, 'The instinctive wisdom of the ages is a better guide

than the conflicting opinions of individuals, however clever. "We are afraid," wrote Burke, "to put man to live and trade on his own stock of reason, because we suspect that this stock in each man is small, and that individuals would do well to avail themselves of the bank and capital of nations and of ages." It is a bank and capital on which, as a nation, we have ceased to draw.'

Arthur Bryant regarded A History of Britain and the British People as the summary of his life's work. It is based on sixty years of writing scholarly history, and embodies material written at the height of his creative powers. The theme of Set in a Silver Sea, which covers all but the last five hundred of Britain's ten thousand years of



history, is the creation and evolution of the laws, institutions, moral beliefs and ways of thought which, deriving from her past, form the basis of her nationhood. It begins with the Atlantic flood which made Britain an island, and ends with the building of the last great medieval churches at the close of the fifteenth century, when the ocean trade routes to America and the golden East were

being opened up. It is a great and complex tale: Set in a Silver Sea has been designed to tell it in a way that will 'keep children from play and old men from the chimney corner.'

Its successors, Freedom's Own Island: The British Oceanic Expansion, which carries the story from the end of this volume to the Battle of Waterloo, and The Search for Justice, chronicling the contrasts and conflicts of prosperity and exploitation in the Victoria age, will both shortly follow. Together, they will form the most readable history, of Britain and the British people, ever written.

Available from:

The Australian Heritage Society,
P.O. Box 7409, Cloisters Square,
Perth, W.A. 6000
\$14.00 Posted.

SHARPEN YOUR SCISSORS



The editor is eager to hear from any reader who will undertake to send a continuing supply of useful newspaper clippings on any subject relating to Australia's heritage.

Those readers who receive newspapers from overseas are particularly asked to keep a look out for suitable material. Alternatively, why not ask overseas relatives or friend to do it for you?

So often, vital information is discarded when the newspaper ends its life in the dustbin. Why not share the news with others?

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The Quality of Mercy

Portia: The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God Himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the
merchant there.

*The Merchant of Venice,
William Shakespeare*