

HERITAGE

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT — FOR THE FUTURE

The Quarterly
Journal of the
Australian Heritage
Society

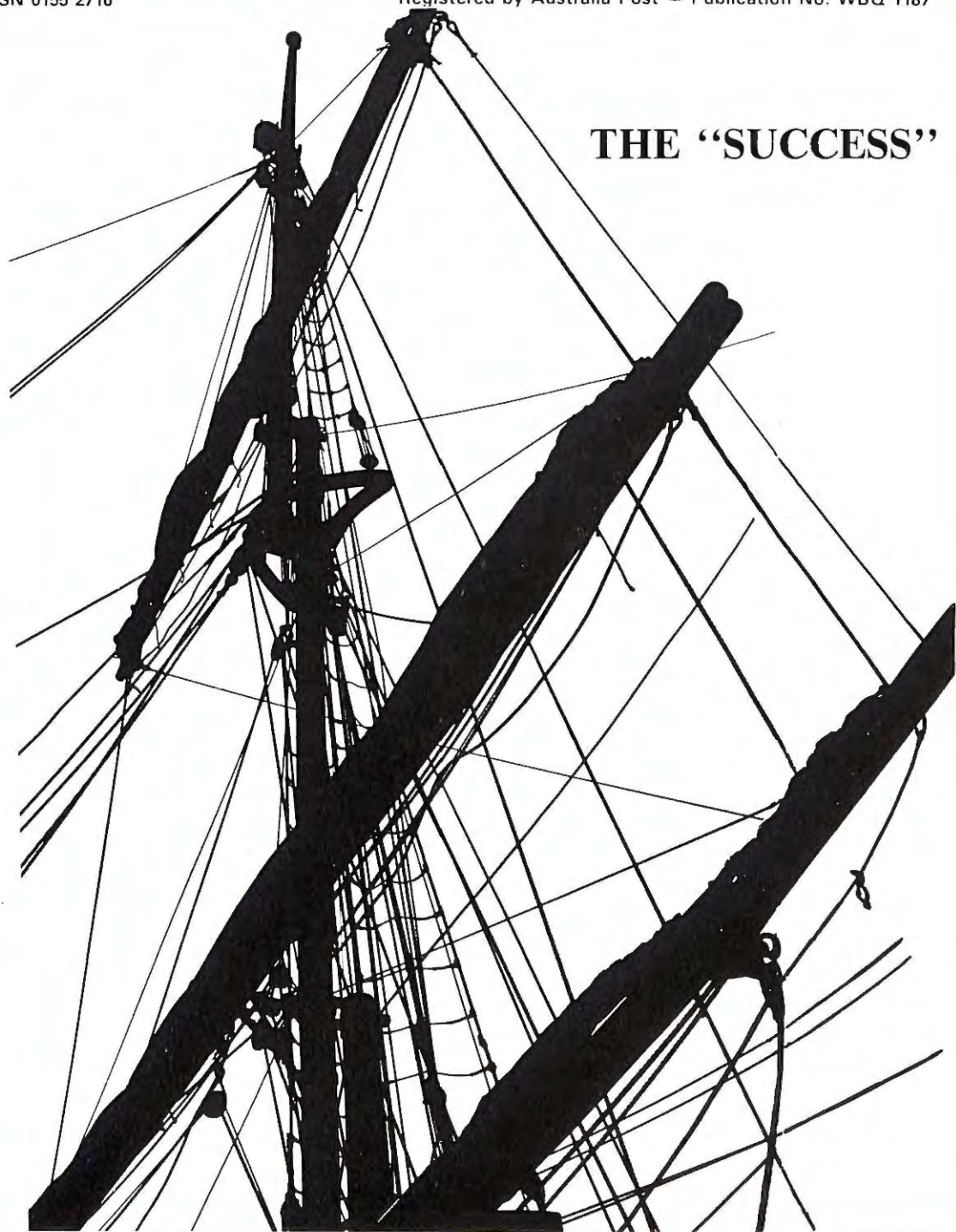
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THE "SUCCESS"



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FAITH

1988 is a year when all Australians should reflect upon the enormous achievements of our forefathers before and since European settlement of Australia: The courage and sacrifice of our pioneers, the wisdom and foresight of our founding fathers, the priceless Christian heritage come down to us through the centuries. It is a time when we should take stock of our achievements, learn from our mistakes and rekindle a vision for our future.

It will be a time to consider what ought to be.

Many of us will pause to take stock of what has been lost in the last quarter of our nation's short history in those intangible aspects of our society that give it richness and strength — Christian values, courage, honesty and integrity, a concern for our neighbour.

We will wonder at the rate at which our institutions have been replaced or emasculated in a mire of laws, the product of our legislators' barren humanism. Laws that seek to pry into and control our every act, laws which frustrate and hinder our daily lives.

Yet now, when many have given up the fight for our heritage, there are signs of a great awakening, a search for the truth about our nation. There is a growing feeling that we have been betrayed by all who have sought to govern.

It is here that the real battle within us begins. How do I confront this insane world when logic and reason would cause me to despair? What can I do?

It has been said — "to say that, what ought to be cannot be, is a brief and complete statement of atheism."

It is faith that makes what ought to be a reality. It is faith that is the key to our future.

We need to link our littleness with His greatness, our incompleteness with His completeness. It is doing what that little boy did when he offered those five loaves and two fishes to Christ.



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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The Passing of Lady Cilento

Lady Phyllis Cilento, died in Saint Andrews Hospital, Brisbane, on July 26th at the age of 93.

Lady Cilento was Patron of The Australian Heritage Society since the death of her husband Sir Raphael in 1985.

She was best known for her work in medicine. "All in all," she wrote in her book *My Life* published in March, "I suppose I have devoted my life to the ministry of healing."

In all, Lady Cilento wrote 15 books on subjects from natural childbirth to vitamins. She was



commissioned to advise sporting teams on nutrition and fitness, was a prolific writer for newspapers and magazines, singing the praises of fresh foods and healthy living, and became a consulting nutritionist to such figures as the Queensland premier, Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen.

Phyllis Dorothy McGlew, born in Sydney in 1894, entered Adelaide University in 1912, completing biology, physics and chemistry courses and taking her final medical examinations in the same course as the man she called Ray — the brilliant Raphael Cilento, later her husband.

The Cilentos had three sons and three daughters. Two sons and one daughter followed their parents into medicine, another daughter settled in London as an artist, and another, Diane, made an international career as an author and actress.

For her own part, as "a proud MB BS", Dr Phyllis Cilento undertook postgraduate studies, first as a house surgeon at Adelaide Hospital and then as a clinical clerk in London at the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children.

It was at Great Ormond Street that she first became interested in nutrition.

The young doctor married Ray in 1920 and in the next few years they travelled as medical officers to Malaya and New Guinea, returning to Australia in the late '20s.

In 1930 she founded the Queensland Mothercraft Association, and began a journalism career about the same time with regular columns for a Brisbane newspaper under the byline "Medical Mother" — a constant vehicle for her educative work on vitamins and health foods for the next 50 years.

By the time her husband was knighted in 1935, Lady Cilento was also widening her involvement with activities for the Queensland Medical Women's Association, the Business and Professional Women's Club in Brisbane and the Lyceum Club.

Part of Lady Cilento's philosophy was her contention that many modern parents were over-indulgent and liberal with their children because they were not interested enough to act otherwise.

She had strong views on working mothers, saying women were better employed having and caring for children. Parents, she said, should "keep up with the Joneses" — not in the make of their car, but in the number and excellence of their children.

She attacked the Women's Liberation movement of the 1970s, calling its leaders militant, self-

declared, subversive left-wingers out to destroy the social order.

Her conservatism was matched by her tireless work for the underprivileged. She was named Queenslander of the Year in 1981.

But through all of this, her interest in natural health products dominated her public life, and she remained a crusader, noting earlier this year: "If the value of vitamins, now called orthomolecular medicine, could be widely accepted and applied by the establishment, half the drugs used today would be redundant." ●

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 \$3 to \$15 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.**

The following outstanding article is the major part of the editorial from The Weekend Australian of June 13-14th. It provoked an enormous and positive response in that paper and also the article by Professor Frodsham that follows. We highly recommend both to our readers.

Losing Our Romance With Printed Word

This week we have seen the conclusion of two separate trials for two of the most brutal and disturbing crimes in Australia's history, the rape and murder of Mrs Anita Cobby and the multiple murders which occurred in the Milperra massacre when rival bikie gangs confronted each other in the car park of a suburban hotel.

There is a thread connecting these disparate acts of carnage beyond merely the gross violence which they involve, and that is the poverty, the emptiness, of the culture in which the perpetrators of these crimes live.

At the heart of this poverty of popular culture is the decline of the printed word. Nowadays, when every young school child is exposed to a computer, when school-age children spend almost as many hours in front of the television set as at school, when arithmetic has been almost abolished in favour of calculators and when thousands of children spend countless hours amusing themselves in front of video games generally simulating death and destruction, the romance of the written word has been overwhelmed by the instant gratification offered by the video screen.

The romance of the word: this perhaps above all else has been the chief casualty of the technological revolution in popular culture, a headlong rush away from the written word and towards much less demanding, much less fulfilling and ultimately much less civilising forms of communication and entertainment.

Communication

Television is a magnificent medium of communication, but it is essentially a medium of impression and sensation. It perforce offers less depth and complexity of thought than does the written word.

Paradoxically, it also tends to stimulate the imagination less than the written word. No television series about India can quite compare with the mysterious thrill of reading Rudyard Kipling's *Kim*; nor can a modern adventure movie really create for a young audience the tension and sense of adventure in a John Buchan novel.

The way we bring up our children is a fundamental determinant of the quality of our culture. Too often today the television has become not only the baby sitter, but also the intellectual and even the moral educator.

Unfortunately, a public ideology has developed which tends to demean the role of mother and homemaker. Women have been badgered into believing that if they choose to stay at home for a number of years while their children are young and devote full-time attention to their care and education they are in some way missing out on "professional" fulfilment, as if there were no professionalism involved in bringing up in the home a generation that is bright, humorous, loving, outward-looking, successful and intelligent, and interested in the survival of democratic societies.

G.K. Chesterton argued that such a vocation was the most challenging of all, for the mother of a toddler is called upon to explain and order the entire universe of another human being, a much more dramatically demanding job than merely working in an office. Chesterton said that he could understand how such a task could be considered too demanding and too challenging, but he did not see how it could be considered too trivial or too mundane.

Morality

The poverty of some aspects of our contemporary culture can be seen in the decline of institutions that traditionally taught people a certain code of morality. The confusion about what values should be taught in schools is a sign of this; so too is the decline of virtually all the mainstream Christian churches, which taught and still teach that our behaviour must be subjected to ethical rules.

Secular institutions such as charities and voluntary civic associations, which had something of the same function, have also suffered a decline.

Western culture, in its literature, art and history, offers the richest heritage to which mankind can have access. But even with the marvels of television technology, the keys for individuals to unlock the doors to that heritage lie in the ability to read and write well, and the possession of a certain literary sensibility.

The notion that only a small elite of people should develop such

abilities and sensibilities is one of the most profoundly damaging ideas to have gained currency in recent years.

The idea that a young unemployed person does not benefit from a literary education is the reverse of the truth.

One of the most perplexing of modern problems in societies like Australia is the sense of purposelessness which afflicts so many lives. The recent spate of teenage suicides in the United States, many of them sons and daughters of affluent families, signifies a desire

to escape from a terrifying emptiness at the heart of popular culture. But Western societies, with their magnificently rich heritage, should be able to stimulate, challenge, entertain and inspire their young people, even those who face the trials of unemployment, or are victims of other social ills.

But without an appreciation of the written word, without the ability to lose themselves in a novel, or be thrilled and stimulated by the powerful language of poetry or the lucidity and eloquence of a sustained

essay, without the access to a detailed study of history, young people are cut off from their own inheritance and deprived of the civilising effect of words on character.

The eclipse of the written word is the eclipse of sensibility in our society. The more we demean the essential importance of literature in all its forms the more we impoverish and harden our community, and deprive it of the intellectual and spiritual sustenance it so obviously needs.

A Sickness Unto Death

by Professor J.D. Frodsham

Following the editorial "Losing our romance with printed word" in the Weekend Australian, the following was broadcast on the ABC's "Notes on the News" of 16th June. The author is Foundation Professor of English and Comparative Literature, Murdoch University, W.A.

A lengthy editorial in the latest 'Weekend Australian', commenting on 'two of the most brutal and disturbing crimes in Australia's history,' namely the Milperra massacre and the murder of Mrs Cobby, attributed them partly to 'the poverty and the emptiness' of our culture. The editorial went on to argue that 'at the heart of the poverty of popular culture is the decline of the printed word,' pointing out that 'the rise of much less civilizing forms of communication and entertainment,' like television and film, have led to the eclipse of the written word and hence to the eclipse of sensibility in our society.'

I was as much surprised by these astute observations as I was in agreement with them. For while our political parties seem endlessly preoccupied with money — the love of which, as we know, is at the root of all evil — they never seem to turn their attention to the much more urgent question of the present

decline in sensibility and morality — the two are intimately linked — which is at the root of so much of the disorder afflicting our world today.

And as Mother Teresa pointed out when she visited this country, our spiritual poverty is more cruel and degrading than the poverty of India.

The problems that beset us go far deeper than the economic ills that currently plague us. Even if our overseas debt and our current account deficit were to be expunged tomorrow we should still be left with the very vices of greed and self-indulgence that give rise to our financial troubles. In fact, the affluence that all politicians so insistently promise us might only accelerate the moral demise of a society so preoccupied with the indulgence of its appetites that it has little inclination towards anything higher. No matter how materially

rich we may become we should still remain spiritually impoverished. And as Mother Teresa pointed out when she visited this country, our spiritual poverty is more cruel and degrading than the poverty of India.

'The Australian' was right in pointing out the close connection between the poverty of popular culture and the decline of the printed word. My students in the fifties were, on the whole, far more literate and widely read than most of my students today, in spite of the billions poured into education since then. But then, thirty years ago students had not been brought up to spend some twenty-eight hours a week entranced before a television set, watching video or playing destructive computer games. Furthermore, in those far-off days there was strict censorship. But now, in our permissive society, children may be plunged at the tenderest of ages into the raw sewage of R-rated videos made available to them by unscrupulous profiteers flying the

spurious flag of 'intellectual freedom.' If such experiences do not tend to deprave and corrupt, as some sociologists rashly allege, then all previous eras have erred in alleging that they do. And this I will not believe.

It is not just a question of the decline of reading that we are dealing with here, but the decline of decency and morality. After all, the printed word itself is frequently saturated with the perverted sex and brutish violence that our children encounter in film and video, as a glance at any book-stall will confirm. Nevertheless, though the printed word itself has become corrupt it is still the custodian of our values. And its decline has led to the neglect of the arts and humanities that form the very foundation of our civilization. Great art and literature convey serious truths and significant ideals. They not only enlarge our understanding, challenge our imaginations, enhance our sensibility and refine our spirits but also assist us to comprehend and cope with the intellectual, moral and spiritual crisis that threatens us all — a crisis of a scale and dimension unprecedented in our history.

And the violence and anomie we witness around us are but the outward manifestation of the sickness unto death of a soul in which most of us have been systematically taught not to believe.

Essentially, our civilization is in danger of perishing because it believes in nothing. To the perennial questions posed by the human condition — Who am I? — Where have I come from? Where am I going to? Why am I here? — it gives essentially nihilist answers. Behind the decline of reading lies the decline of the human spirit. And the violence and anomie we witness around us are but the outward manifestation of the sickness unto death of a soul in which most of us have been systematically taught not to believe.

A LIGHTER TOUCH



LIMERICK

There was as young lady named Bright
Whose speed was far faster than light;
In a relative way,
She set out one day
And returned home the previous night.

Arthur Buller (1874-1944)

FOUR LITTLE TIGERS

Four little tigers
Sitting in a tree;
One became a lady's coat—
Now there's only three.

Three little tigers
'Neath a sky of blue;
One became a rich man's rug—
Now there's only two.

Two little tigers
Sleeping in the sun;
One a hunter's trophy made—
Now there's only one.

One little tiger
Waiting to be had;
Oops! He got the hunter first—
Aren't you kind of glad?



Anonymous

THE DOG

The truth I do not stretch or shove,
When I state the dog is full of love.
I've also proved, by actual test,
A wet dog is the lovingest.

Anonymous

LEST WE FORGET

Remembrance Day

November 11th

IN FLANDERS FIELDS 1915

This very touching poem was written in France in 1915 by a Medical Officer serving with the First Artillery Brigade of the Canadian Forces. The author, John McCrae, was born in Canada in 1872 of Scottish parents and studied medicine at the Toronto University. He qualified as a Doctor in 1898 and volunteered for service with the Canadian Forces in the Boer War. While in Africa he wrote several poems for the McGill University Magazine, but was still unknown as a poet until "*IN FLANDERS FIELDS*" was published in the London PUNCH in 1915. The poem was reprinted in America and later used by the Americans as an incentive for recruitment.

Unfortunately Colonel John McCrae was wounded less than a year before the end of the War and died of double pneumonia in Belgium in January 1918, but his poem will live forever as a symbol of sacrifice and remembrance.

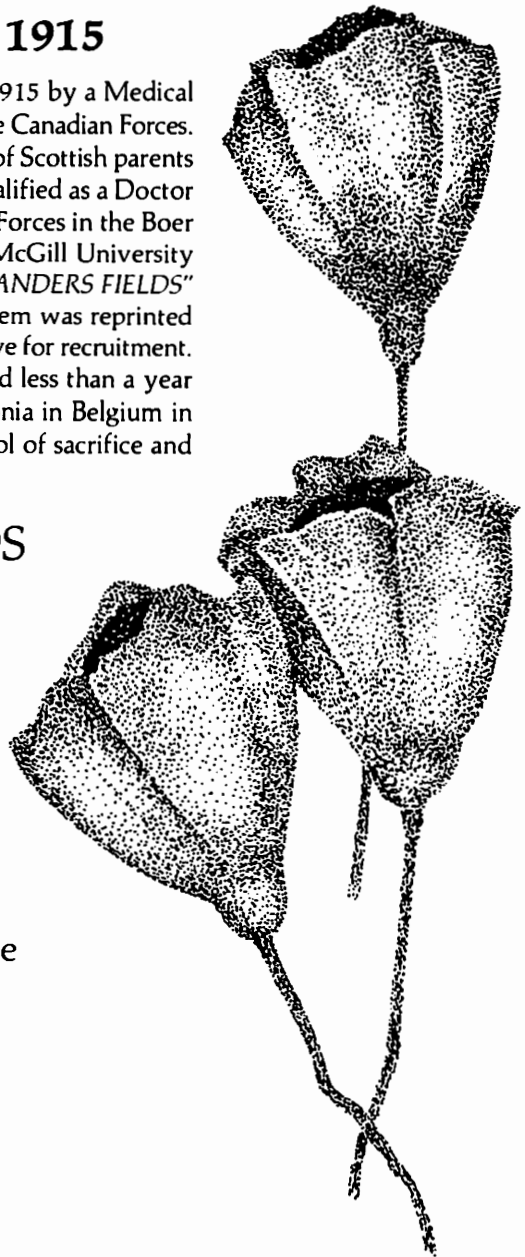
IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders Fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you with failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.

If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep; though poppies blow
In Flanders Fields.





CANADA CALLS

By John Wiebe

Teach Them Well

The *Ed Sullivan Show* was a Sunday night institution by 1964. Beamed into millions of homes across Canada and the United States, talked about and enjoyed as good, family entertainment, the Sullivan show was a flashy combination of the traditional stage variety programme and that still fresh electronic medium, television.

So, when in the spring of 1964 a new British pop group appeared on the Sullivan programme in New York, nothing seemed particularly out of the ordinary about the public's reaction to it. Teenagers yelled and screamed, cried and fainted, and bought the records of this pop group whose not particularly original sound was soon heard everywhere. Parents weren't especially concerned about the phenomenon. They'd heard and felt the effects of popular musicians themselves, only the names they knew in their youth were Crosby, Goodman, Shaw and one extremely powerful crooner named Sinatra, who needed only billing as "the voice" to get the young to proclaim their adulation in their thousands.

Parents might have been more concerned, for there was something radically different about this pop group, bearing the rather silly name the *Beatles*, and about those who would imitate them. And a lot of that difference was due to the power and influence of the seemingly benign television receiver that brought a daily dosage of filtered information and selected entertainment into the home.

June 1987 happens to be the 20th anniversary of the release of the Beatles' "Sergeant Pepper's. . ." album. Some mass media personalities, and particularly those of my generation, who came of age

during the 'sixties, are very keen to celebrate this event.

It doesn't take much reflection to see why. Pop groups and the mass media had, and still have, a very symbiotic arrangement. The groups needed the mass media and especially television, to advertise their appearances, sell their records, and to distinguish them from a mass of other pop music groups, some of whom wrote better music and lyrics. The media needed the Beatles to pad out the television newscasts which were becoming longer in the 'sixties.

Network executives realized that news could bring in much more advertising revenue if it was the kind of news that would catch the interest of those with the most buying power in society. During the 1960's the teen-aged, postwar "baby boom" population was just such a powerful, consumer group.

The only difficulty facing the lords of television was that the very transitory nature of the medium demanded something new on a regular basis. Once the appearance of a group like the Beatles ceased to shock or amuse, it was necessary to exaggerate that appearance to cause more shock and interest, which was done. So the groups' hair got longer, their appearance got scruffier, and the adoring young, ever in search of new role models, tended to emulate the Beatles and their clones quite slavishly. Television's advertisers

were happy as their cash registers rang out, television itself was delighted as its revenues increased, and the young seemed deliriously happy, or were they?

If television had not been on the scene, the reign of the rock groups probably would have peaked after a few years, like so many modern music phenomena before them. However, television had grown very fond of the commercial aspects of the youth culture and had no intention of letting it die. If appearances weren't enough to sustain the attention of youth in the west, then there had to be a message, a philosophy that could be reported and sold.

A British writer recently noted that the young do listen to the lyrics of pop songs and are influenced by them. Surely such an observation should be self-evident by 1987.

When decades-old pieces of music without lyrics like a Chopin Polonaise or the R.A.F. Marchpast can evoke powerful feelings amongst those who hear them, is it any wonder that the fresh, open minds of the young can be influenced by songs designed to motivate a particular type of behaviour? The saturation coverage employed by the electronic media only strengthens this influence.

Since the message in songs like "She Loves You. . ." was rather repetitious and limited in scope, new lyrics would appear like those in the notorious "Imagine". The new message would be one of consumption of commercial products, drugs and sex, but without



the balancing values and responsibilities of old which had a restraining result upon the effects of popular entertainment, until the 1960's. The language was filled with hedonistic phrases like, "If it feels good, do it", and "Tune in, turn on, drop dead." When a song like, "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" appeared, explicitly promoting the use of a drug so deadly that it was considered to be a useful military weapon by some, television was there not only to air that message, but to report its horrifying effects. Few who lived through that era as youths did not know of another young life, full of future promise, either ended or cruelly destroyed by such messages. Only television seemed to be the winner, reporting such tragedies in a few seconds of its precious time, followed by back-to-back commercials.

Though the "Sergeant Pepper's . . ." album appeared two decades ago, some of the potentially

dangerous "spin-offs" of its era are still very much alive. Rock videos, aired by publicly and privately-funded outlets, are television's new products for the young. Like all works of art, some are qualitatively good and some are not. Too many seem to glamorize life in an amoral, irrational nightmare world of consumption, a kind of electronic Dante's "inferno" where all wishes, whether for good or evil, are gratified but never appear to bring true happiness to anyone.

Rock videos are not mere "reflections" of society, or musings at a composer's keyboard. They are multi-million dollar productions, rigidly scripted for maximum effect. They are meant to be sold as a product to children, to sell advertising around that product, and to be brought inside the home. There, the messages of these creations can be ingested at will through use of the video-cassette player, which is to today's young

what the television and stereo record player were to my generation.

This is not an appeal for censorship. It is an appeal for home education of the young that will give them moral courage and stamina.

This is not an appeal for censorship. It is an appeal for home education of the young that will give them moral courage and stamina. Both are essential to resist the siren call of potentially dangerous messages found in a free society.

The era of rock groups like the Beatles is over. Those who nostalgically linger over such times should also pause to recall the cost of them, and to remember the dead. Perhaps the most important message for today's parents from that time is summed up in a song that went, "Teach your children well. . ."

Sammy the Cat

by Sir Arthur Bryant.



It is a week now since my old cat, Sammy, went out with a lame leg into the long grass of the June meadows and ditches. He is still missing and I fear he will never return.

Sammy was — and perhaps still is — a red cat. He had a beautiful white waistcoat of great softness and four very white paws. Someone—probably a rival—had helped himself to a large slice out of his right ear, thus giving him a slightly battered and rakish appearance. A scar on his nose enhanced this effect:

together with his enormous whiskers he gave something of the impression of an old-time German nobleman who had been very well and expensively educated. Nor was the sense of possessing a past, which Sammy conveyed even in his most dignified and domestic moments, wholly misleading. For the tiles, using the word

in its metaphorical sense—since mine is a rural neighbourhood—was Sammy's spiritual home. His earthly one he shared with me. He did so with great grace and charm, conferring considerable distinction on a comparatively humble residence. For if Sammy was a rake, there was no denying he was also an aristocrat. His was the highest kind of aristocracy—the sort which makes one realise instinctively there could never be anything higher. It was not that he possessed anything in the way of a pedigree: a long line of village ancestors, all gingery and all small, was the most that Sammy could boast had it ever occurred to him to boast. Nor was there a trace of the Persian in him: like the great Elizabeth, he was mere English. Apart from the exquisite softness of his coat and the lithe grace of his movements, his supremacy—as marked in the world of humans as of cats—lay in his unspoken, unchallengeable assurance that he was welcome at all times and in all places. Never doubting this, he never made the least effort to exploit his personality. He did so without trying.

But the strongest of all Sammy's traits was his lovingness. Never was a cat with such a passion for affection: to receive it he would even leave a plate of fish half-tasted. He was really devoted to the company of humans: would run eager and purring into their presence and go into an ecstasy of vibration if one pulled his tail the right way. His master, who had long mastered the exact art of this friendly exercise, was treated with a passionate devotion which was clearly as genuine as it was flattering. This faithful beast would gather up his elastic strength and hurl himself into my lap, sit outside my bedroom purring loudly for admission, and give little cries of pleasure when he discovered that I had returned home after absence. No dog,—always subject to his cat's prerogative of proud independence—could have been more devoted or companionable. Even his habit of digging his claws deep into one's leg in moments of strong feeling arose from the intensity of his affections. He did not only lavish these on human kind. He had a strong affection for his



own species—too strong a one. In the end, I fear, it was his undoing. His love-affairs peopled not only my own house but those of many other people: a whole world of cats sprang into being as a result of his widespread attentions. Often I have seen him drinking milk out of the same saucer as his children's children's children's children: and to all, if of the opposite sex, he proved himself, regardless of the laws of consanguinity, a husband as well as a progenitor. The loft was always full of kittens so long as Sammy was about. So were the lofts of my neighbours.

For, noble and rare creature though he was, there was nothing exclusive in Sammy's courting. Few cats can ever have had a pleasanter home or—not to put too fine a point on it—been more spoilt. But for the sake of some distant love he would always leave it, including his own half-dozen or more wives, and go adventuring again. In this respect he never grew old. I will not say that he answered such calls without hesitation or reflection: he would generally spend some hours, or even days, mewing a good deal and occasionally looking up at me with pleading eyes before leaving the comforts of his home and setting out across the milkless, fireless fields. I think

he regarded it as a duty, and now that he is gone—if he has gone—I am inclined to agree with him, for it is a comfort to reflect that he left behind so many little images of his own comely self. Often he would be found miles away, laying siege to some remote farmyard Helen: on such occasions he would generally return half-starved, blood-stained and tattered after Homeric contests with what must have been whole armies of local Toms. Occasionally, to execute his campaigns the better, he would put up at some neighbour's where, on account of his trustful charm, he was always kindly received: the district nurse was a particular friend of his and was sometimes his hostess for

several days. But a fortnight ago he returned thin and limping, after a long absence, with a cruelly swollen leg. For two days he was nursed and pampered back towards health: then, as soon as he could stand upright, he disappeared again. Twenty-four hours later he was found hobbling and mewing piteously in a field a mile or two away. Brought back by car, he lingered sadly, lapping milk and sleeping uneasily for another night and day, and then once more he slipped out and vanished, limping, lame and game, into the fields and woods. ●

THIS ARTICLE FIRST APPEARED IN 1939 AND IS REPRINTED FROM "THE LION AND THE UNICORN".

*"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."*

S.T. COLERIDGE

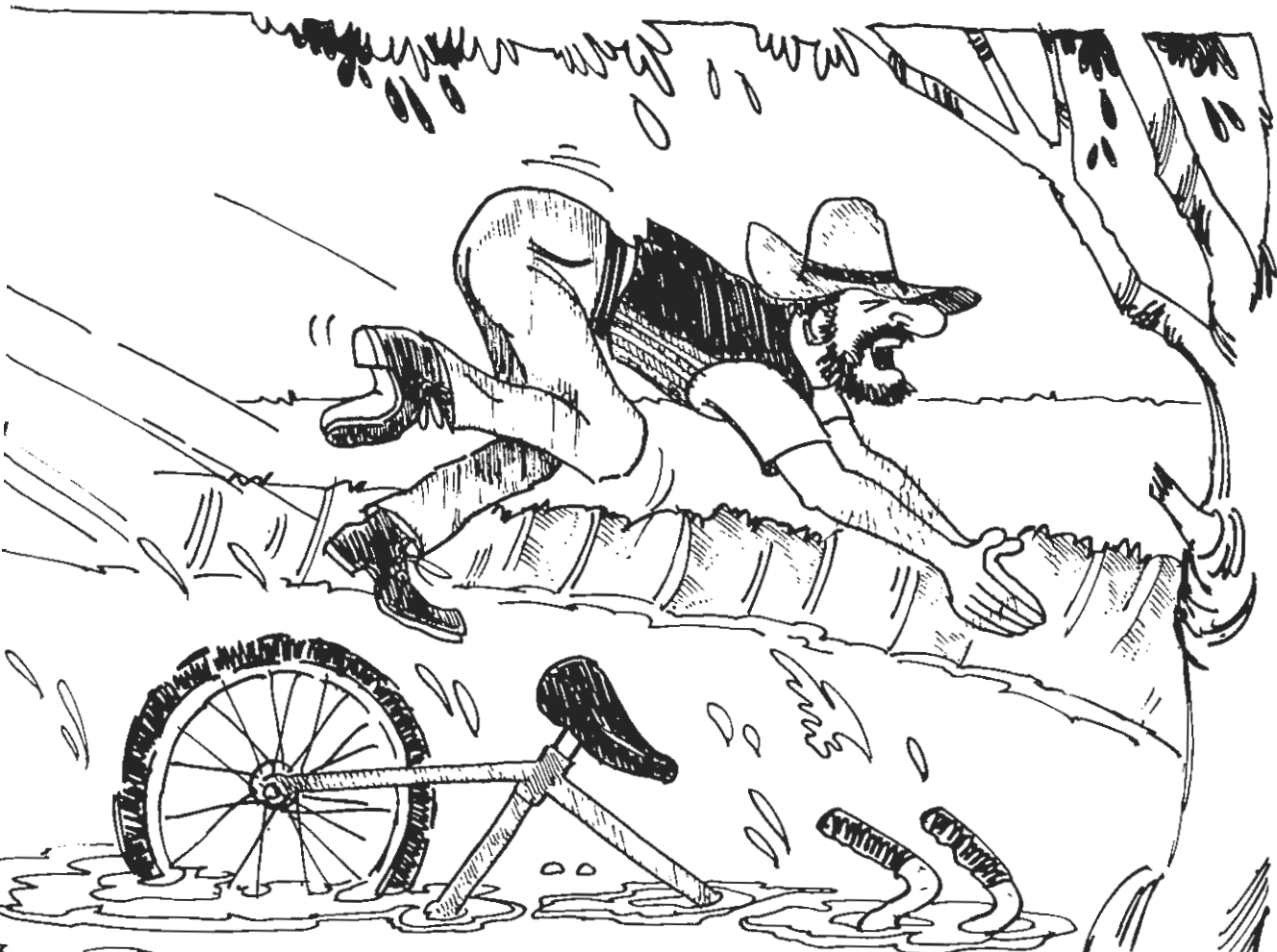
MULGA BILL'S BICYCLE

'Banjo' Paterson

'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that caught the cycling craze;
He turned away the good old horse that served him many days;
He dressed himself in cycling clothes, resplendent to be seen;
He hurried off to town and bought a shining new machine;
And as he wheeled it through the door, with air of lordly pride,
The grinning shop assistant said, 'Excuse me, can you ride?'

'See, here, young man,' said Mulga Bill, 'from Walgett to the sea,
From Conroy's Gap to Castlereagh, there's none can ride like me.
I'm good all round at everything, as everybody knows,
Although I'm not the one to talk — I *hate* a man that blows.
But riding is my special gift, my chiefest, sole delight;
Just ask a wild duck can it swim, a wild cat can it fight.
There's nothing clothed in hair or hide, or built of flesh or steel,
There's nothing walks or jumps, or runs, on axle, hoof, or wheel,
But what I'll sit, while hide will hold and girths and straps are tight:
I'll ride this here two-wheeled concern right straight away at sight.'

'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that sought his own abode,
That perched above the Dead Man's Creek, beside the mountain road.
He turned the cycle down the hill and mounted for the fray,
But ere he'd gone a dozen yards it bolted clean away.
It left the track, and through the trees, just like a silver streak,
It whistled down the awful slope, towards the Dead Man's Creek.



It shaved a stump by half an inch, it dodged a big white-box:
The very wallaroos in fright went scrambling up the rocks,
The wombats hiding in their caves dug deeper underground,
As Mulga Bill, as white as chalk, sat tight to every bound.
It struck a stone and gave a spring that cleared a fallen tree,
It raced beside a precipice as close as close could be;
And then as Mulga Bill let out one last despairing shriek
It made a leap of twenty feet into the Dead Man's Creek.

'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that slowly swam ashore:
He said, 'I've had some narrer shaves and lively rides before;
I've rode a wild bull round a yard to win a five pound bet,
But this was the most awful ride that I've encountered yet.
I'll give that two-wheeled outlaw best; it's shaken all my nerve
To feel it whistle through the air and plunge and buck and swerve.
It's safe at rest in Dead Man's Creek, we'll leave it lying still;
A horse's back is good enough henceforth for Mulga Bill.'

POWER LEGAL AND CRIMINAL

by Geoffrey Dobbs

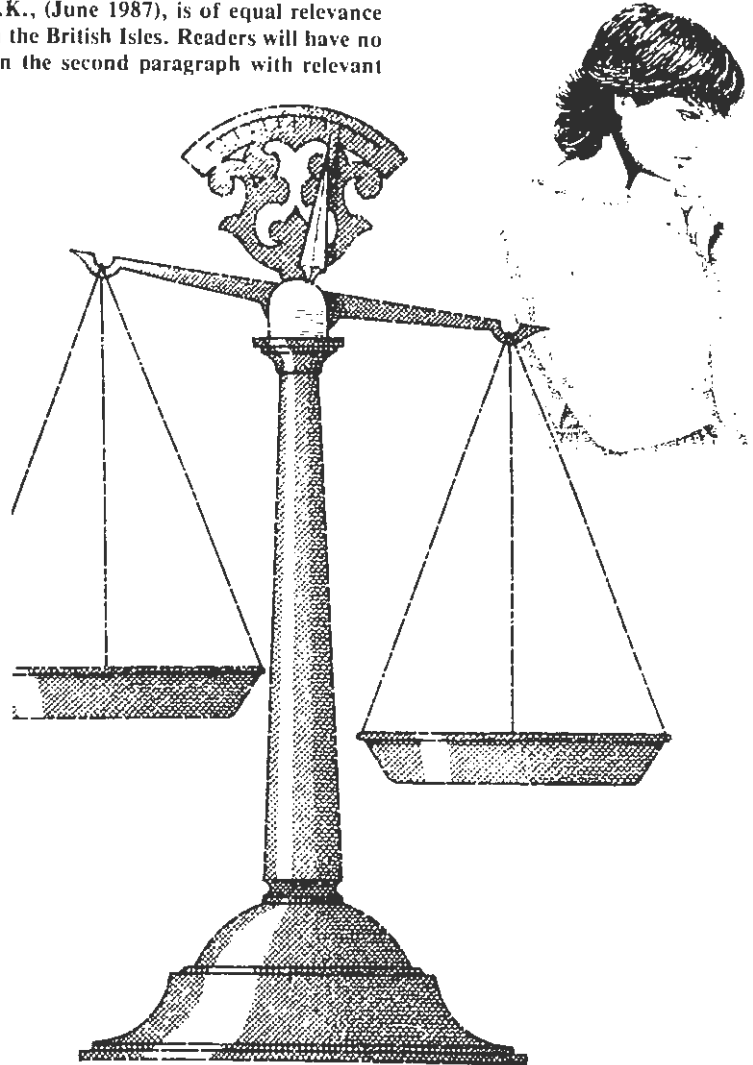
This article, reproduced from Home, U.K., (June 1987), is of equal relevance to Australian readers as it is to those in the British Isles. Readers will have no trouble transposing the cases mentioned in the second paragraph with relevant Australian ones.

Certain News items which were given much publicity in March brought home to us with more than usual emphasis the weakening of the Law in its administration towards criminal violence, in contrast to its *practical* indifference to the fate of law-abiding citizens.

The case of the bail granted to a violent man on his second charge of homicide, which enabled him to dominate others in the Tottenham mob-murder of P.C. Blakelock will obviously come to mind, and also the sentences passed on the criminals who carried out brutal assaults and burglary at an Ealing vicarage, which appeared to equate, or even under-rate, rape and violent assault with burglary. These, however, were but heavily publicised examples of a general trend which is illustrated every day in the News: muggers, rapists, louts or even children who assault and terrorise old people in their homes, let off with a 'talking-to' and a sentence which they can regard with derision.

Our first concern here is not with the criminal but with the first duty of those who make and administer the Law, which is to ensure that it is manifest to all that it is justly applied and maintained, for its primary purpose, which is the protection of law-abiding people against the law-breakers.

Our first concern here is not with the criminal but with the *first* duty of those who make and administer the Law, which is to ensure that it is manifest to all that it is justly applied and maintained, for its *primary* purpose, which is the protection of law-abiding people against the law-breakers. This duty is being increasingly neglected by our rulers and law-enforcers, with the result that parts of our country are passing under the tyranny of local bullies, while basic rights such as those bound up with parental authority,



normal marriage and reproduction and family life, and even the right to refuse extra fluoride intake via the water supply, are being interfered with.

If the Law does not adequately perform the functions of protection for which it exists, then it loses the respect of the law-abiding, upon whom, as private citizens, that function must devolve again. If continued, this process would end in a return to anarchy, the rule of the most violent and cunning, towards which some of our law-makers and administrators are manifestly leading us.

Since the last War we seem to have developed a new ruling class among whom it is unfashionable, even considered demeaning, to concur with anything desired or approved by the bulk of the sensible citizens. It seems essential to their self-esteem for them to impose with a certain smug satisfaction whatever will cause the maximum fury and frustration and insult to the common sense of such non-status-holding underlings, who are not to be feared since they can be relied upon not to resort to violence.

At the same time, though it would be loudly denied on both sides, there is developing a certain natural affinity and understanding between those who exercise power over the non-violent through the Law, and those who do so by criminal violence and intimidation.

The judge or magistrate who interprets the law with sympathy towards someone who had merely assaulted a private citizen, while sometimes showing a face of harsh sternness towards the victim of assault for 'taking the law into his own hands', without carefully calculating (while being assaulted) the precise degree of force which would escape the Court's condemnation, unintentionally illustrates this affinity. So also does Parliament when it continues to pass laws which offend against the legitimate, often traditional and normal wishes and practices of non-violent and law abiding people, while 'bending over backwards' to ensure the benefit of the slightest doubt for those who violently offend against them.

It is very clear that the attitudes adopted and methods now being used to protect the public are ineffectual.

It is very clear that the attitudes adopted and methods now being used to protect the public are ineffectual, and it is not for us to prescribe methods, though we are quite capable of making suggestions. What we are entitled to say is that that duty must be done at least as well as it was done previously, and that, since present methods are failing, they must be abandoned for whatever may be necessary to do the job.

This inevitably brings up the question of the return of capital punishment, which is known to be supported by most of the general public, but has been repeatedly rejected by most of their representatives in Parliament who believe that they know best—a good example of the superiority-complex mentioned above. We repeat that it is not our business to demand, or to oppose, this traditional means of limiting the scope of murder, but we are entitled to assert that, if it is not to be adopted, then at least equal or better means must be found for protecting the lives of the people as well as they were protected when a sentence of execution was mandatory, not only for the act of killing, but for aiding or abetting it, and for accidental killing in the course of the committing of a felony, such as armed burglary or robbery.

Any such alternative means, to be as effective in prevention, would have also to be as effective as is judicial execution in bringing home to all the awful responsibility of the criminal for his acts; and would come up against the same attitudes of indulgent fellow-feeling for anyone who ruthlessly uses power, with relative indifference, if not contempt, towards the victim.



Anything of the nature of *permanent* identification of a murderer as such (perhaps even by branding) with his *permanent* commitment to making such limited restitution as could be possible, would be greeted with the same cries of horror at the 'cruelty', the 'barbarity' of such harsh punishment for the criminal; whose crime should be indulgently covered up so that others may become potential victims through ignorance. Meanwhile, the only general consideration for the public now given, as potential victims of violent crime, is to tax them to provide, not restitution, but some sort of monetary compensation for injury suffered, where it is not fatal—a further encouragement to crime, because, after all, it is now a Government-financed institution!

It is on record that, among the small communities of West Greenland, where there was certainly the rule of Law, and Courts of Law, but at one time no

prisons or other means of punishment, it was sufficient for a murderer to be publicly convicted of the crime, after which he continued to live among the people without restriction except that which naturally arose from the common knowledge of his identity and history. The extent to which he would gradually be accepted back into the normal life and trust of other people would be very largely in his own hands.

Among the huge populations of our modern cities such common knowledge of persons does not exist, and other means of identifying a criminal would have to be adopted. Given the will, it should not be impossible to find appropriate means, along the guidelines of maximum freedom with responsibility on the part not only of the criminal, but of everyone who comes into contact with him; but this is wholly contrary to the prevailing *ethos* which prefers long periods of incarceration in a prison, i.e., a community of criminals subject to restrictive coercion.

The cry of 'barbarity' seems to arise only when there is any question of bringing personal responsibility firmly home to the offender, and to us all.

The cry of 'barbarity' seems to arise only when there is any question of bringing personal responsibility firmly home to the offender, and to us all. The implication is that official status alone confers responsibility. Punishment implies responsibility on the part of the offender, and is therefore to be deployed. Sentences should be 'remedial'. What the poor thing needs is to be manipulated by his masters into a more socially acceptable form by the use of the latest scientific and psychological techniques. When, for instance, some unmarried mother's latest 'boy-friend' murders her baby, the rumpus which follows is about which committee and which social worker is responsible, and should have foreseen and prevented this event. Its perpetrator is in effect, assumed to be a puppet, or an animal, with no will of its own.

The arguments about capital punishment much resemble, indeed they are parallel to, the arguments about war and peace. They fall into the same confusion about the negative law which



POWER LEGAL AND CRIMINAL

by Geoffrey Dobbs

relies upon force and is imposed by the fallen nature of Man, and the law of Love which is based upon freedom and is the positive fulfilment of the purpose of the negative Law. Where the law of Love is observed there are no murders or wars and the question of penalties does not arise. But where people are gathered in great numbers under centralised control, the law of Love, which is personal and responsible, is certain to be denied by some, and the negative law must be applied if chaos is to be avoided.

The key ideas which are now being thrust upon us are those of unilateralism and uniformity, which together amount to totalitarianism. Criminals should have unilateral powers to assault and kill and threaten to do so, aggressive nations should alone have power to threaten nuclear massacre of less aggressive nations; and in our hooligan-making schools the children should have a unilateral power of physical assault on teachers. Any challenge based upon common morality and common sense is met by a retreat behind a screen of statistics, a set of symbols which substitute imaginary equal units of crime and of humanity for the reality, i.e., an occult expression of the religion of egalitarian uniformity as applied to people.

Anything can be apparently proved or disproved by the selective use of statistics, and the use of such occult symbols to 'prove' that the death penalty does not deter from murder is merely a gratuitous insult to the memory of those who have died at the hands of convicted murderers.

On April 1st, 1987, a thirteenth attempt by some Conservative MP's, under pressure from their constituents to restore the death penalty (or rather to register themselves as compliant with public demand in time for the next Election) was defeated as usual by over 100 votes, as everyone knew it would be.

This time they tried to restore the death penalty only for particularly 'evil' murders, which implies that the Courts are to regard themselves as judges and assessors of good and evil. Previous attempts have been directed towards getting people hanged only for murdering certain categories of persons, e.g. police and prison officers; or for

murder only by certain means, e.g. fire-arms; or for murder only for certain motives, e.g. political terrorism.

All these misguided efforts demonstrate a misapprehension as to the primary function of the law, which is the protection of the innocent rather than the punishment of the guilty;

All these misguided efforts demonstrate a misapprehension as to the *primary* function of the Law, which is the protection of the innocent rather than the punishment of the guilty; and this depends even more upon public awareness and approval of the Law and of its efficacy than upon its actual operation. Any law which does not even aim to protect equally the very life of every citizen from murder, no matter who he is or how or from what motive his life is deliberately taken, is an expression of imagined slave-mastership by the law-makers, rather than of justice. If indeed it should ever be necessary for the State to take life as a part of its duty towards its people, whether in war or peace, then surely the protection of their lives could alone justify it.

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 \$3 to \$15 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.

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IN THE BATTLE FOR OUR
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Address written contributions to:

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



topical *by Reg Watson*

THE I.D. CARD

The general election of July 11 was called on the basis that legislation re the AUSTRALIA CARD was rejected by the Senate. On election night, Prime Minister, Bob Hawke promised that at a joint-sitting of the Houses of Parliament, the government would get the legislation through.

Those who advocate an Australia Card (commonly known as an I.D. Card) state that the system could aid identification for tax, social security, employment and other purposes. It is often stated polls have shown that the majority of Australians are in favour of such a card. Most of those polls, however, remain unqualified and reports often are anonymous in reference to source, the cross section of people polled, the wording of the actual question and the position of the question in relation to others asked.

It is significant that the government, when referring to the card, will not call it an I.D. Card, but use the official name, the Australia Card. This is a deliberate ploy to endeavour to allay fears from the public that the Australia Card (I.D.) will act as an 'internal passport'.

It was more than two years ago (21/6/1985) when the Minister for Health, Neal Blewett was given the responsibility of the I.D. Card project. Since then, Senator Susan Ryan has been given the ministerial responsibility for presiding over it. In the words of Katherine West, it could be the thing that will finally bury her political career. (*Australian* 1/8/1987)

There is now widespread opposition to the I.D. Card and as the people are becoming increasingly anxious over its nature, that opposition is growing.

. . . there is little time for public debate over what must be one of the most momentous pieces of legislation ever brought before an Australian Parliament.

A joint sitting of the Houses of Parliament will perhaps take place after the handing down of the budget, (September) so there is little time for public debate over what must be one of the most momentous pieces of legislation ever brought before an Australian Parliament.

It is true that other western countries such as the U.S.A., Canada, Western Germany, South Africa and

others (but not Britain) do have I.D. Cards. Countries like Western Germany, Israel and South Africa have them for internal security reasons, while the U.S.A. has it to register social security accreditations.

There is no need to review the fact that repressive regimes such as the U.S.S.R. and her satellites have I.D. Cards as did the centralized Third Reich of Hitler's. In those countries, if your I.D. Card carries adverse comments as placed there by the government, employment, housing, education and social security, could be denied to you.

Here in Australia, the Hawke Government states that the card will only contain name, address, sex and birth date. Estimated in 1985, the cost will be \$38m to establish and \$49m for annual operating costs.

Such a card then, carrying so little information does indeed seem harmless, particularly as suggested by such editorials which appeared in the *Australian* (8/5/1985) and *Canberra Times* (7/6/85) that there are so many other cards that Australians now carry, containing more information. So is opposition unfounded and based on unnecessary fear?

The President of the Victorian Civil Liberties, Ron Castan Q.C., says no. He states that such a view is a "naive understanding in the way in which bureaucracies function."

He continues: "Once a card or system is introduced the occasion for its use will proliferate." And this is the real crunch.

Allow it to be implemented and who says that it will not be abused by future governments?

The other fear is that it will become an 'internal passport'. Ron Castan states: "The proposal for the introduction of a 'pass' is outrageous and should be resisted at all costs." (*Australian* 20/5/1985)

The President of the NSW Court of Appeal Mr Justice Kirby adds: "Will we retain our British traditions and keep great powers under control? Or will we succumb to the destruction of personal autonomy and privacy as a result of a frightening combination of amazing new technology and enthusiastic efficiency experts who would throw away our freedoms?" (*Age* 28/5/1985)

Our fears about the I.D. Card are not allayed by suggested fines and imprisonments of \$5,000 or two years if the card is destroyed (not accidental) with the onus of proof on you. And that's only for starters!

No; best to say 'NO' to the legislation than to be sorry later — when it's too late! ●

The SUCCESS

by Herbert Croker

This article first appeared in the Mariner (1971) and was forwarded by one of our readers. A model of the Success was constructed by Herbert Croker from pictures and records collected by him during years of research. It is now on display in the Port Adelaide Maritime Museum and forms part of "The Herbert Croker Collection".

Our thanks to Mrs Joyce Croker, wife of the late Herbert Croker, for supplying the photographs for this article.

A weird old ship, like a phantom from the past, she came to Dublin for the great exhibition there in 1907.

Built in India, in 1790, of solid teak, the *Success* had known the pomp and grandeur of the days of the Honourable East India Company, when the Persian rugs in her luxurious cuddy were trodden by Indian Nabobs and rich merchants trading in silks and ivory—when her polished mahogany tables were graced by solid silver service.

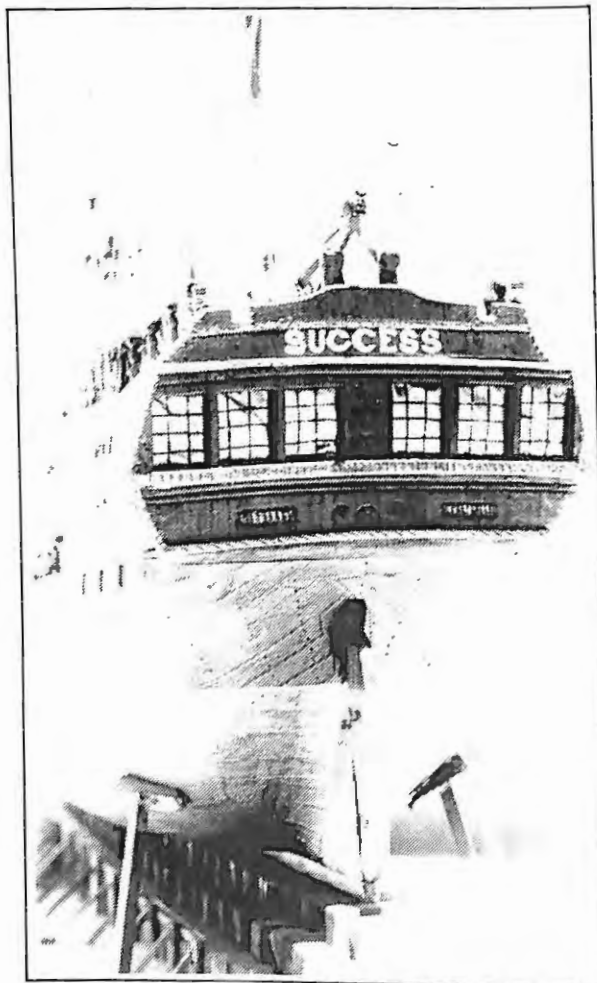
Not so glorious were her later years in the Australian emigrant trade, with 245 passengers crammed between her decks and worse still, the horror of those years as a prison hulk in Victoria, during the roaring days of the great Australian gold rush in the 1850s.

Many of Australia's notorious bushrangers, desperate criminals and escaped convicts from Van Diemen's Land were confined in her heavily barred cells and torture chambers. Cells in the lower deck, known as the 'black hole', were used for solitary confinement, where men were chained to a ringbolt in the ship's side, unable to stand up or lie down and where many lost their eyesight through long confinement in utter darkness. Flogging with the cat-o'-nine-tails was a daily ritual.

Prisoners threw themselves overboard or murdered one another or their warders so that death by hanging would end their sufferings. Over this floating hell hung a grim warning from the yardarm — a hangman's noose.

Driven to desperation by their sufferings the prisoners set upon the inspector general of prisons, Captain John Price, and battered him to death.

Following the murder of John Price public outcry against the prison hulk system forced the government

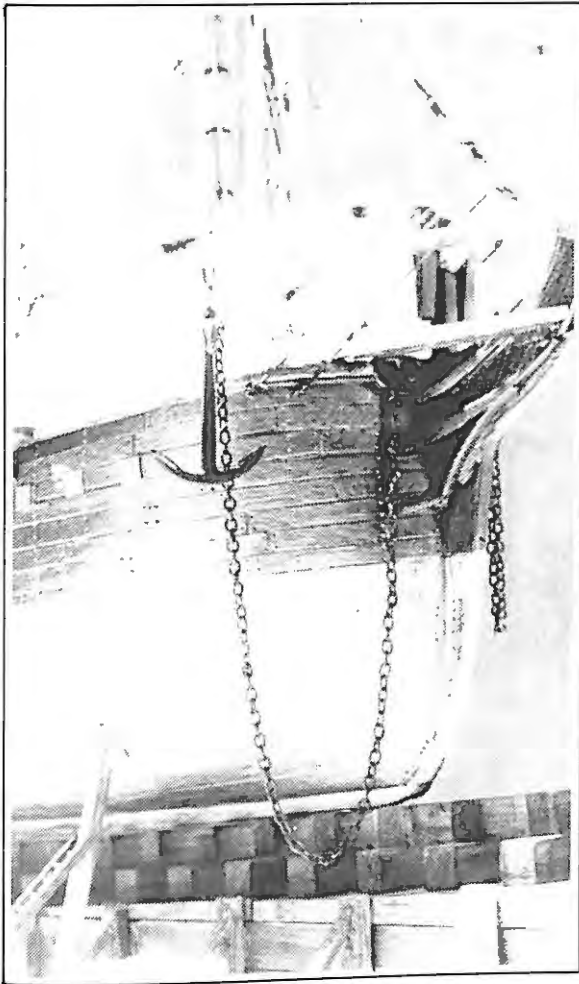


to remove the convicts from the *Success* and place them in the new prisons built on shore. The ship was then used as a women's prison and later as a boys' reformatory, and, after a number of years, she was employed as an explosives store, anchored far down the bay.

FLOATING EXHIBITION

In 1890 the *Success*, by then a seagull-bespattered and barnacle-encrusted ruin, was bought by a local shipbuilder for conversion into a barge. However, when she was brought alongside the quay, so many visitors flocked aboard to inspect the notorious prison hulk that he decided to convert her into a floating exhibition of the convict days.

All the original prison cells and fittings were still there and down below were found rusty muskets, manacles and chains and huge padlocks and keys. The Melbourne waxworks supplied lifelike wax figures of the most notorious criminals who had been hanged or flogged to death on the *Success*.

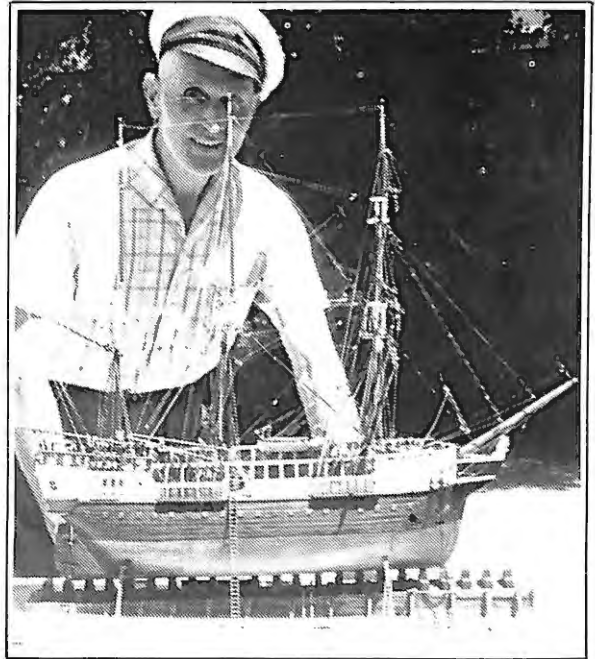


No detail was overlooked on the model.

After touring Australian ports the convict ship, as she was called, sailed for England in 1895, reaching London after a voyage of 166 days around the Cape of Good Hope. Tied up at the old East India Company's berth at Blackwall, from which she had so often sailed in her youth, reporters flocked on board and newspapers published lurid articles describing the history of the fantastic old ship. One paper said that the *Success* was the most remarkable ship to enter the Thames since the days of the slave trade.

During her stay in London the convict ship was visited by King Edward VII, King George V, then Duke of York, Prince Henry of Battenberg, Mr Gladstone and Lord Charles Beresford. She toured the British Isles for 17 years and visited London three times. On the last occasion she was berthed on the Thames Embankment, near Cleopatra's Needle.

When the *Success* visited Dublin in 1907 she was on her second tour of the British Isles and was still attracting thousands of visitors everywhere she went.



The late Herbert Croker with his model of the "Success", now on display in the Port Adelaide Maritime Museum.

They charged one shilling for admission, a notice hanging over the rail read 'The Old Convict Ship from Australia. Worth a Visit.' Another notice displayed over the ship's stern said 'Once Seen Never Forgotten.' Over the years I often thought about the old convict ship, wondered if she had really been there. I could see, once again, her bulging teakwood sides, her high square-cut stern with its handsome windows and elaborately carved quarter galleries, the rows of prison cells with their huge padlocks, flogging frame and cat-o'-nine-tails. I saw the wax figures of convicts behind the bars of the 'tigers den', the tableau depicting the gory murder of Captain Price, even Ned Kelly in his armour. Ned Kelly had never seen the *Success* but it was my introduction to the legend of that famous character. 'Once Seen Never Forgotten' was certainly true. She was so massive, some claim she was the strongest wooden ship ever built. The planks on her bilge were 30in thick, everywhere one came upon great teakwood beams and knees and enormous breasthooks. Her kelson was a huge baulk of solid teak.

Memories were rekindled in recent years by references to the *Success* in magazines.

Finally, I was inspired to begin research into her history. Correspondence with museums and libraries in Australia, Great Britain and the United States produced much interesting information and

illustrations but, most of all, I am indebted to Mr W. Maconachie, publicity manager of Marconi Marine, who supplied me with extracts from the *Marconigraph* of 1912.

MARCONI

Here was an article by Mr J.R. Stapleton, describing the fitting of the *Success* with Marconi apparatus. The transmitter was one of the Marconi pack sets. This was a compact packaged unit, mounted on a saddle, all ready for strapping to a mule.

These unique transmitters were invaluable to surveyors and prospecting and construction teams working in remote areas. Many were supplied to the army during the Great War. The generator was driven by a 2¾ hp motor-cycle engine. Not having a mule Stapleton detached the saddle and bolted the transmitter to the bench; the receiver, a magnetic detector and multiple tuner, was mounted on the bulkhead, beneath a special marine switchboard for charging the batteries for working the 10in induction coil.

The Marconi room, on the port side of the poop, had once served as a prison cell for the notorious bushranger Harry Power, its barred window opening out on to the main deck. Earth leads were taken down the ship's side to the copper sheathing.

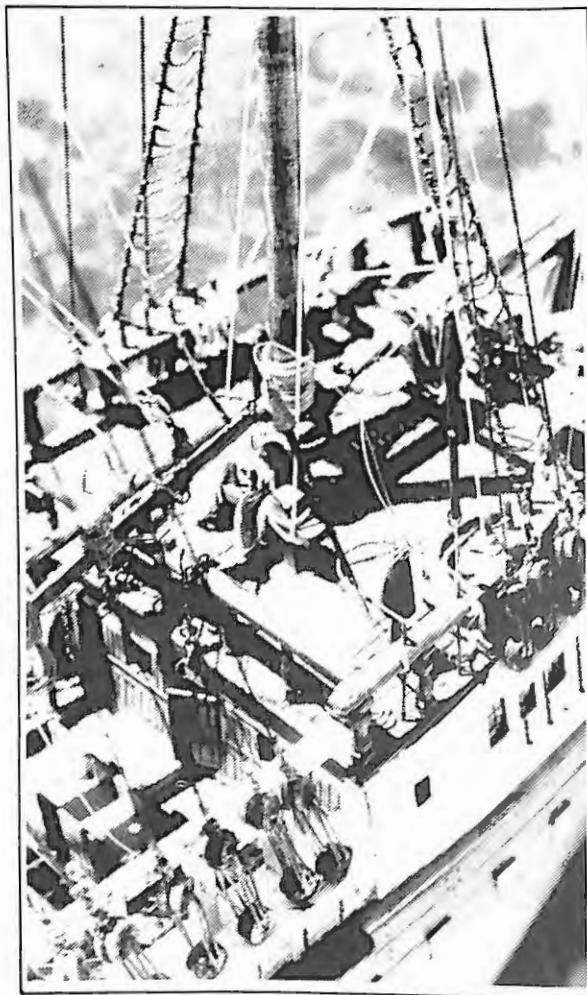
Another extract from the *Marconigraph* was the story of the old ship's epic voyage across the Atlantic to America, written by the radio operator aboard the vessel Mr H.J. Gallagher, one of the company's senior men, who had been transferred from the Orient liner *Orontes* to the *Success*. Gallagher considered this a doubtful honour.

OLDEST SHIP AFLOAT

A syndicate had purchased the convict ship for exhibition in America and she was rigged as a barquentine and prepared for the Atlantic crossing at Glasson Dock, in Lancashire.

On 10th April 1912, the *Success*, the oldest ship afloat, sailed from the oldest dock in the world on the same day as the *Titanic*, the newest and largest ship in the world, sailed from Southampton on her maiden and tragic voyage.

Doubtless, as the *Success* was wallowing about in the Irish Sea, Gallagher could hear MGY thundering its way out into the Atlantic and reeling off bunches of messages to GLD and GCK — while FFU thumped his desk in frustration, in the background. In those days all communication was done on 600 metres, ships were fitted for 300 metres but seldom used it. They had the ether to themselves, there was no telephony, no broadcasting, apart from the few long-range transmitters such as Eiffel Tower, Poldhu and



The intricate work on the deck of the author's model.

Arlington. Nothing could be heard throughout the entire range of frequencies covered today. Traffic was pretty congested at times in busy areas such as the approaches to the English Channel, but away on many ocean routes an operator could go for a week or more without hearing a signal, the only entries in his log being 'Called CQ. Nothing doing.'

S.O.S.

MGY would soon have passed out of range. Only four days later that call sign was sending out the SOS announcing the *Titanic* disaster.

Gallagher gives a vivid description of that voyage, not lacking in drama or humour. The old convict ship took 98 days to reach Boston, battling her way through a succession of storms and rolling her bulwarks under for most of that time. Despite her age the *Success* never lost a spar or suffered any damage of consequence during the voyage.

Despite such adverse conditions the Marconi apparatus performed with utmost reliability through the whole period. Communication with the owners was maintained even from mid-Atlantic by relay through regular Atlantic liners. Some of these ships passed the *Success* so many times, going and coming, that they must have regarded her as a mid-ocean landmark. Gallagher says that the noise of the 2¾ hp engine in the little old cabin would not bear description. He sometimes wondered whether the spirits of bygone prisoners would lodge an indignant protest against the interruption of their slumbers. It was well that he had a sense of humour for the trip was terrifying in reality.

The crew comprised 13 men apart from the afterguard, the captain, mate, steward and Marconi radio operator. Only a few days out the *Success* was compelled to call at Queenstown for repairs to her foremast. Gallagher found the rolling and pitching most exhausting. To sleep it was necessary to strap himself into his bunk. In the saloon they were compelled to sit on the deck while trying to convey food to their mouths and Gallagher performed acrobatics when operating his wireless equipment.

MUTINY

Halfway through the voyage they ran short of provisions and fesh water. The crew mutinied, declaring the old ship to be haunted and, starving and terrified, they demanded to be put aboard one of the passing liners. In retaliation, Captain Smith threatened them with imprisonment in the dark cells down below, in company with the effigies of convicts and murderers.

However, the *Success* finally reached Boston, 98 days out from Glasson Dock. Newspapers made front page news of her voyage. *The Boston Globe* claimed that no other ship approaching the age of the *Success* could have attempted the crossing. 'This is the most noteworthy voyage since Columbus,' summed up the *Globe*.

After visiting Boston, New York and Coney Island the *Success* was the second ship to pass through the newly-opened Panama Canal on her way to San Francisco. Later she returned to the Eastern States and finally entered the great inland rivers system of North America, where she was a great attraction at the Chicago World Fair in 1933.

This strange old ship remained afloat until 1946, when she was destroyed by fire at Lake Erie Cove, Cleveland, Ohio. It was estimated that during her career as a showboat she had been visited by more than 21,000,000 people. ●

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Bicentennial Betrayal?

by John Bennett.

John Bennett is president of the Australian Civil Liberties Union.



The Bicentennial Authority often seems to be anti white, anti British and anti European.

Its recent newsletter said that an ethnic Chinese, Anette Wah, had been chosen to appear in each of 12 one hour videos to provide secondary schools with an 'invaluable history of 20th century Australia'.

She was chosen for the job because the director of the series said he did not want an Anglo Saxon but someone with 'migrant' features.

This means that the children of the 75% of Australia's Anglo Saxon Celtic background were excluded from eligibility for the job of portraying Australia's European history because of their racial features.

Imagine the concern of allegedly anti racist groups such as the Human Rights Commission headed by Marcus Einfeld if people with non Anglo Saxon features were ineligible for selection.

The use of an ethnic Chinese because she is Chinese for this video series which will be available for all schools is part of a propoganda campaign to convince Australians of their Asian future.

Most Australians want a predominantly European Australia and oppose our pro Asian immigration policy. Their wishes are ignored.

LACK OF PRIDE

The Bicentennial Authority programme should reflect pride in our British heritage and traditions, but these traditions are obscured by the new myth of multiculturalism.

Patsy Adam Smith in her best selling book, *The ANZACS* addresses our forefathers in terms that underline the dictum, "Lest we forget":

"You had the greatest number of casualties per men on the field of all the allied armies, you travelled the furthest, were away the longest, YOU WERE THE ONLY VOLUNTEERS."

"You came from a newer land. When time has reduced this age to a distance, your descendants will speak of you as we now speak of the 'three hundred' at Thermopylae."

Are these sentiments to be reflected in the plans of the ethnic and pro-ethnic bicentennial schemers? It seems that they have no intention of promoting any feeling of loyalty to our Anglo/Celtic past, nor those who fought to preserve these traditions.

RE-WRITING OUR PAST

Given the series of omissions and the special emphasis in the programme, the suspicion arises that the hidden agenda of the Authority is to enact a subtle rewriting of Australia's history.

The rhetoric of "Community" is plentiful in the programme, yet the document seems strangely out of touch with many of the core values, traditions and sources of national pride of Australians. In fact, some of the programme's themes are those that currently divide our nation.

The bicentenary's function should be to remind us of the achievements of the past 200 years, of our debt to our forebears, and obligations to future generations.

The exclusion from the bicentennial booklet of key symbols in Australian culture such as the flag and ANZAC, and the stress on diversity of values and lifestyles

means that little sense is conveyed of what is distinctive about being Australian.

THE ANZAC SPIRIT

What is the motive behind the deletion in the booklet of any reference to the spirit of ANZAC and overlooking of the impact of two world wars on our history and values of patriotism?

Also, no mention is made of outstanding leaders in Australia's history or the fact that 1988 will mark 200 years of this country as a constitutional monarchy, over 130 years as a parliamentary democracy and 87 years of federalism.

CHRISTIAN VALUES

The programme fails to give due recognition to the British contribution to Australia's heritage, yet it singles out the contribution of the Aborigines and other ethnic groups.

Also overlooked is the importance of Christian values to the foundations of Australia's heritage.

Instead we are offered the nebulous claim that "there are many and diverse spiritual values in Australia".

Omissions include the Christian tradition — The Monarchy — The British Commonwealth — The Australian Flag — The "Australian Achievement" — The ANZACS — Federation — British Heritage — The Family — The successful assimilation of European migrants — Private enterprise, and a number of other issues.

ANTI WHITE HISTORY

Another aspect of anti-white racism in Australia is the attempt to depict European settlement as a barbaric process with few redeeming features which led to the genocide of Aborigines.

Historians such as Humphrey McQueen and TV commentators such as John Pilger denigrate Europeans and the European settlement of Australia.

Professor Geoffrey Blainey has pointed out that since the 1970's

there has been a wide-spread movement to disown Australia's past and to dismiss it or wrap it around with guilt or shame.

In our sick economy the guilt industry remains one of the few growth industries.

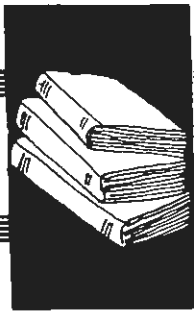
MULTI CULTURAL INDUSTRY

He says that with massive federal and state grants, the multi-cultural industry has become an ardent propagandist, pouring shame on Australia's past.

But the fact remains that most of our post-war immigrants came here because Australia — by virtue of its successful past — could offer them economic and political security which their own country could not provide. ●



John Pilger



BOOK REVIEW

CHURCHILL'S WAR

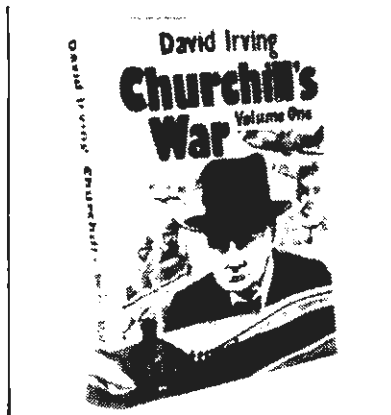
(VOLUME ONE)

The Struggle For Power by David Irving

(Veritas Publishing Company Pty. Ltd.)

David Irving, author of many books on modern history including best seller "The Destruction of Dresden", and "The Trail of the Fox", has just released the first of his two volume work "Churchill's War". The second volume "Triumph and Decline" is due for release in late 1988.

CHURCHILL'S WAR (Volume One) - The Struggle for Power - by David Irving. A hardcover book of over 700 pages, with full colour dust jacket. Includes a collection of historic photographs with comprehensive Notes and Index.



gone into the making of 20th Century politics, and the War that shook the very power centres of the world, and saw the decline and fall of the British Empire. "Churchill was a man who destroyed two empires, one of them the enemy's." This is the conclusion reached by David Irving in his new book CHURCHILL'S WAR.

"When I was born in 1938", observes the author, "the British Empire was at its greatest extent. By the end of the 1939/45 war it was becoming extinct."

At first Irving intended to write Churchill's life, 1936 to the end, and researched accordingly. But the sheer size of the war story forced him to narrow his focus. The narrative begins with Churchill in disgrace in 1936, struggling to survive in a hostile political environment. It ends with Potsdam and electoral defeat. Unstinting in his praise of the achievement of an elder statesman in uniting and

inspiring a moribund Mother Country to make one last great effort to remain a world power, Irving conceals little of the unfortunate detail, like how Churchill thwarted the only chances Europe had of peace in 1939 and 1940, or how he unleashed the cruel bombing war that killed one million Europeans.

He has objectively re-examined several controversial issues, including Great Britain's role in the deaths of leading figures like Darlan and Sikorski. There are touching sidelights on Churchill's strained relations with his own family, cast by the unpublished papers of his daughters.

Churchill rejoiced in the sound of the bugle call, was intoxicated by the roar of cannon and exhilarated by his own graphic language. Irving has written a stout picture of a tough elderly warrior, aged sixty as the book begins, emerging from a political wilderness to fight a war with an energy and determination that appalled men even half his age. "Some chicken, some neck!" was his favourite epigram; But when he made his first famous war speech, "As the Nazis look out tonight from their blatant Germany," did he realise that it was the beginning of a war that was to lead to the destruction of the British Empire, and the emergence of a Soviet super power house that was to replace it?

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P.O. Box 7409,
Cloisters Square,
PERTH. 6000

I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more
A bringer of new things . . .
This grey spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, *Ulysses*

