

HERITAGE

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT — FOR THE FUTURE

March-May, 1990

No. 56



E.A.T.S.
THE EMPIRE'S CALL TO ITS SONS
A MAGNIFICENT MAN IN DEED



FRONT COVER

Photograph of a young (18 year old) aircraftsman second class:
the rank at which all E.A.T.S. trainees were enlisted.

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LEST WE FORGET

While, unfortunately, Australians have yet to reach unanimity on which day to commemorate Australia Day, there is no problem about Anzac Day, which evolved organically into a national event, on April 25th of each year, celebrating an historical episode which for generations has symbolised what are still perceived as the fundamental characteristics of traditional Australia.

From a strictly military viewpoint, Gallipoli was a failure. But it was on the beaches and cliffs at Gallipoli that things of the spirit manifested themselves — a type of carefree recklessness by young Australians who were the sons of resourceful pioneering people of predominantly British stock. These young Australians died at Gallipoli, and later in France, because they had heeded the call of an Empire of which they saw themselves as family members.

Along with New Zealanders, Canadians, South Africans, and others of the British Empire, they came together, not because of vague abstractions, but because they accepted the reality of a 'Mother Country', from whose loins they had sprung, and whose value system and world role as a civilising and stabilising influence they accepted.

The sons of the Anzacs were but barely in their teens when the call of Empire came again in 1939. Many of a new generation, a little better educated in a conventional sense, but also aware of what their fathers had told them of the horrors of man-to-man conflict, particularly in the trenches, decided they would opt for the type of warfare offered in the air. This had a slightly more romantic and detached appeal.

Without in any way denigrating the vital contribution of the 'footsloggers', the air forces of the world attracted a special type of elite which created its own traditions. The Empire Association Training Scheme was what has been described as one of the last calls of Empire. The story of the Empire Association Training Scheme is one of which more young Australians should be made aware. The story is one which should inspire to give service to one's fellows.

Prior to the 1990 Anzac Day Service and march in Perth, Western Australia, members of the Empire Association Training Scheme will stage the Golden Anniversary Reunion and then march on Anzac Day. Those who participate, coming from all parts of the old British world, will remind today's Australians of that heritage which they served. In these days of shallow humanism, this is an opportunity for today's Australians to salute those who served a value system with its roots deep in history.

Correction:

In our last issue, contributor John Clifford in his article "A Forgotten Queensland Rebellion", incorrectly spelt the name of the late Mr Ray Rackemann. Australian cricketer Carl Rackemann is a member of the Rackemann family.

THE AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE SOCIETY

The Australian Heritage Society was launched in Melbourne on September 18th, 1971 at an Australian League of Right's 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 views expressed in articles appearing in "HERITAGE" are those of their authors and are not necessarily the view of The Australian Heritage Society.

THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE 1989

This year I thought I would speak particularly to the children of the Commonwealth.

All parents would like their children to grow up in peace and tranquillity, but for most of this century the people of this world have had to live through bewildering changes and upheavals. Some of the changes have been for the better, but others might even threaten the world we live in. There are some children who are much less fortunate than others, for they come from countries where nature makes life very hard, with floods and droughts and other disasters destroying crops, making it very difficult to find enough for everyone to eat. Quite a lot of you have written to me during the last year or so, saying how worried you are about the future of our planet.

Many of you will have heard of the greenhouse effect, and perhaps you've heard too about even more urgent problems caused by the pollution of our rivers and seas and the cutting down of the great forests. These problems don't affect just the countries where they are happening and they make neighbourly co-operation throughout the world a pressing necessity.

With all your lives before you, I am sure that you take an optimistic view of the future. But it is already too late to prevent all forms of damage to the natural world. Some species of wild plants and animals are, sadly, bound to become extinct. But the great thing to remember is that it is not too late to **reduce** the damage if we change our attitudes and behaviour.

You've all seen pictures of the earth taken from space. Unlike all the other planets in the solar system, earth shimmers green and blue in the sunlight and looks a very pleasant place to live. These pictures should remind us that the future of all life on earth depends on how we behave towards one another, and how we treat the plants and animals that share our world with us.

Men and women have shown themselves to be very clever at inventing things, right back to the time when they found out how much easier it was to move things about on wheels, up to the present time when rockets and computers make it possible for people to travel away from our world out into the mystery of space. But these technical skills are not enough by themselves. They can only come to the rescue of the planet if we also learn to live by the golden rule which Jesus Christ taught us — "love thy neighbour as thyself".

Many of you will have heard the story of the Good Samaritan, and of how Christ answered the question (from a clever lawyer who was trying to catch him out) "who is my neighbour?". Jesus told of

the traveller who was mugged and left injured on the roadside where several important people saw him, and passed by without stopping to help. His neighbour was the man who **did** stop, cared for him, and made sure he was being well looked after before he resumed his own journey.

It's not very difficult to apply that story to our own times and to work out that our neighbours are those of our friends, or complete strangers, who need a helping hand. Do you think they might also be some of the living species threatened by spoiled rivers, or some of the children in places like Ethiopia and Sudan who don't have enough to eat?

The exciting news of the last few months has been the way in which people in both East and West Europe have begun to think about the future in a less

You children have something to give us which is priceless.

unfriendly way — more as neighbours. It's still hard for us to be sure what is going to happen as a result of these great events, but it would be splendid to think that in the last years of the twentieth century Christ's message about loving our neighbours as ourselves might at last be heeded. If it is, they'll be good years for you to grow up in. If we can reduce selfishness and jealousy, dishonesty and injustice, the nineties can become a time of peace and tranquillity for children **and** grown-ups, and a time for working together for the benefit of our planet as a whole.

You children have something to give us which is priceless. You can still look at the world with a sense of wonder and remind us grown-ups that life is wonderful and precious. Often a child's helplessness and vulnerability bring out the best in us.

Part of that 'best in us' could be a particular tenderness towards this earth which we share as human beings, all of us, and, together, as the nations of the world, will leave to our children and our children's children. We must be kind to it for their sake.

In the hope that we will be kind and loving to one another, not just on Christmas day, but throughout the year, I wish you all a very happy Christmas. God bless you.

H



E.A.T.S.:

“THE EMPIRE’S CALL TO ITS SONS.”

EMPIRE AIR TRAINING SCHEME (BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AIR TRAINING PLAN)

The early conception of the EATS scheme was one of the most visionary achievements of World War II. It was put together just before the outbreak of war in Europe when Imperial military planners realised that Britain alone simply couldn't match the manpower and resources that Hitler's Germany had amassed.

Secret information obtained by British spy Malcolm Graeme Christie, working in Germany, alerted British intelligence that a master plan had been drawn to create a massive German air force.

But the Nazi planners could not foresee that Britain would call on the resources and manpower of its then far-flung empire and that the empire would rally so eagerly.

Britain could supply and train only half the men needed to match the Luftwaffe and so, after a series of diplomatic and service chief meetings, EATS was formed on December 17, 1939, six months before Dunkirk.

By 1945, Australians, New Zealanders, Canadians and later Poles, Czechs, Norwegians, Belgians, Free French, West Indians and even some Americans had been drawn into the scheme to serve with distinction.

At the outset, pilot courses were staged at 12 training schools in Canada, 10 in Australia and 3 in New Zealand.



In Europe, especially through Bomber Command where the losses were devastating, they had virtually annihilated Germany's industrial potential by late 1944.

EATS graduates were also involved, however, in North African, Mediterranean, Middle Eastern, North Atlantic and South Pacific theatres.

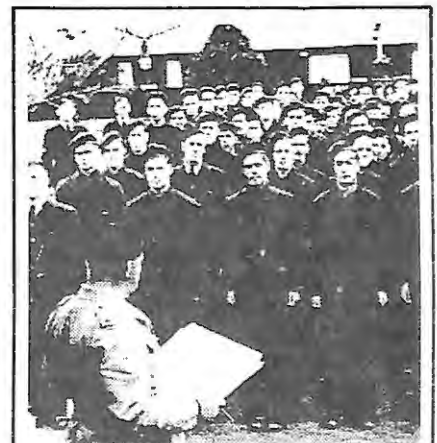
The men of EATS came from every walk of life and went through rigorous training.

The Tiger Moth was the standard trainer aircraft for them and after that trainee pilots went on to Ansons, Wirraways and Harvards.

Later, they flew in Mosquitoes and the bigger bombers like the Lancasters.

Canada became one of the major training grounds and thousands of Aussie airmen spent the last stint of peace there before flying to bases in England — bases where tragedy and tension pervaded the courage and camaraderie of the airfields.

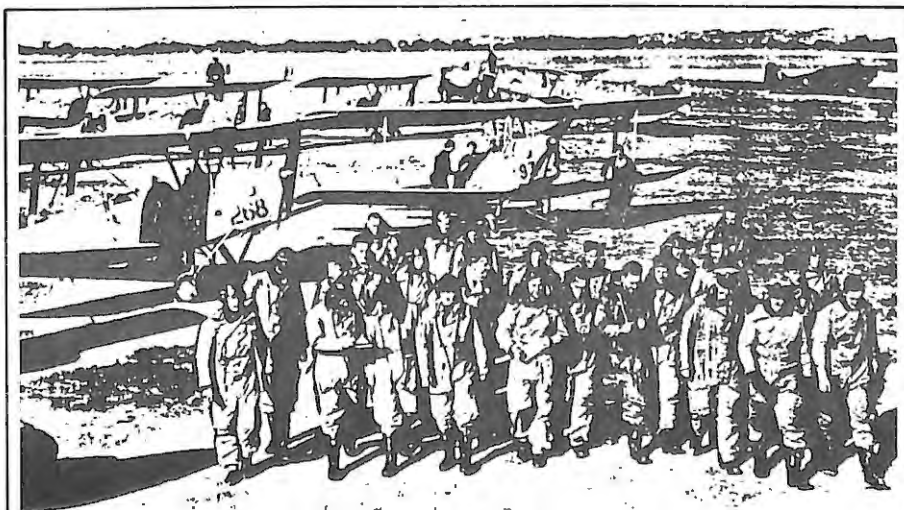
The sacrifice of these airmen was tremendous.



The men of EATS came from: every walk of life.



Mosquitoes flown by EATS men.



“These magnificent crews, well trained and dauntless in battle, are an inspiration to us all.”
— Sir Archibald Sinclair, British Secretary of State for Air.



Signing of E.A.T.S.

The Empire Air Training Scheme came into being on the 29th April 1940. As it developed it created an instrument of Air power of a size and a quality which is unique in the history of war fare and in all probability it will never be seen again.

This is a message directed to all the young men who answered that call. By doing that each of you entered upon an experience which profoundly affected your life. You were saddened by the loss of friends; you were enriched by the friendships made and you were made resolute by the man to man loyalty of the members of your crew.

The message is that a reunion to mark the Golden Anniversary of the birth of the scheme will be held in Perth, Western Australia from Sunday the 22nd April to Monday the 30th April. This will give each of you an opportunity to honour and to remember friends who did not return. And an opportunity to be young again and to meet friends who you have not seen for many years and to "shoot a line".

It is an event which cannot happen again. Don't miss it. It may be later than you think. I look forward to seeing you.

HON SIR FRANCIS THEODORE PAGE BURT, KCMG, cr. 1977 AC, cr. 1988 LL.B, LL.M. HON LL.D (WA)

- Lieutenant-Governor of Western Australia since 1977
- Born 14 June 1918, son of A F G Burt
- Education: Guildford Grammar School, University of W.A.
Hackett Scholarship 1941
- Chief Justice 1977-1988
- Admitted to the Bar WA 1941
- Q.C. 1959
- RAN and RAAF 1940-1945
- Visiting lecturer in Law, University of WA 1945-1965
- Member, Cancer Council of WA 1958-1960
- Councillor, Peppermint Grove Shire Council 1959-1968
- President, Law Society of WA 1960-1962
- Chairman, Institute of Radiotherapy of WA 1960-1962
- Chairman, Board of Management, Sir Charles Gairdner Hospital, Hollywood, WA 1962-1972
- President, Western Australia Bar Association 1963-1965

- Chairman, Queen Elizabeth II Medical Centre Trust 1966-1985
- Member of the Senate, University of WA 1968-1976
- President, Western Australian Historical Society 1979-1980
- Married 12 June 1943, Margaret — daughter of Brig. J E Lloyd, 2 sons, 2 daughters
- Recreations: Tennis and fishing
- Club: Weld



THE EMPIRE AIR TRAINING SCHEME

An appreciation by trainee AUS 409003

When the Empire Air Training Scheme was brought into being during the early days of World War II, the R.A.A.F. was represented by the late Air Vice-Marshal Wrigley, who kept a photograph of the signing of the agreement, which is published in my book, "Never a Dull!" and is reviewed on page . This was the start of a brilliant piece of co-operation between the various parts of the British Empire, pooling their resources to help Britain, and each other, in the darkest days of the war against Germany.

It was the means — perhaps the only possible means — by which a constant stream of properly trained aircrew were provided, particularly for the European sector.

As Churchill put it at the war's end:—
"... For over two years Bomber Command alone carried the war to the heart of Germany, bringing hope to the peoples of occupied Europe, and to the enemy a fore-taste of the mighty power which was rising against him."

At all events, those of us who were trained through the E.A.T.S. could hardly have been trained better. In my own case, following the normal course of events, there was a whole year's training between my first flight in a Tiger Moth and my arrival at an Operational Training Unit in England; then another four months training before I made it to an operational squadron. The sheer luxury of such attention to detail in the midst of a war (England was still suffering some Luftwaffe raids at that time) is hard to believe. But the credit goes to those far-sighted men who knew the need for such training in that very technical war, and the means of laying its foundations in the still peaceful skies of Australia, Canada, and by no means least, Rhodesia.

For Rhodesia was where Bomber Command's "Boss", Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Sir Arthur Harris, had started his military career in 1914: perhaps the most far-sighted of them all. When commanding Five Group in January 1940, Harris wrote to his C-in-C:—

"I am ever more profoundly impressed with the hopeless failure of our training organisation to turn out operational crews, or anything remotely resembling them. There is not so much a gulf as an abyss between the product of the training side and the article required, ready for use, by the operational side." (From 'Bomber



Bill (W. G.) Manifold was doing Engineering Science at Melbourne University when W.W.2 broke out. He left to join the R.A.A.F., qualifying as a pilot early in 1942 (in Canada). Proceeding to England, he spent 1943 on operational flying in Lancaster Bombers, first with 467 (R.A.A.F.) Squadron and then with 156 (R.A.F.) Pathfinder Squadron. Then, after a year instructing at Operational Training Units, he joined his former navigator to start a third tour, this time with 105 (R.A.F.) Pathfinder Squadron on Mosquitos, where he was when the war finished.

Harris' the authorised biography, by Dudley Saward.)

It was no doubt this sort of prodding which woke up the Air Ministry to initiate the E.A.T.S., and once the E.A.T.S. got into action there was no doubt of its success.

Group Captain Mahaddie, in his book,

"Hamish", says "It may sound impossible to many that a Sergeant or a young junior officer coming straight from the Empire Air Training Scheme either in Canada or Rhodesia, was a far better prospect than shall we say a Group Captain or a Wing Commander, or even a Squadron Leader, who had spent the entire war in the training machine." And Mahaddie knew what he was talking about, having reputedly recruited 16,000 aircrew to the Pathfinder Force.

At all events it was not the idea of the E.A.T.S., or its inauguration, that really matters, so much as its successful operation, and for this we who are lucky enough to have survived it all, look back with profound gratitude to all the instructors who, generally against their own preferences, devotedly imparted to us the mysteries of flight and of the war in the air.

At the same time, we were treated to a "once in a life-time" world tour in the company of some of the most wonderful young people anyone ever met. The whole spirit of friendship and co-operation, and the particular friends one made during that Odyssey, were the greatest gift anyone ever received. It was a renewal of the spirit of ANZAC, with the others, Canada, Rhodesia and the rest thrown in for good measure. It was the true spirit of the British Empire: perhaps of the English-speaking world.

Who can doubt that jealous enemies saw (and see) us and our children as a target for destruction?

W. G. (Bill) Manifold, D.F.C.*
S/L ret., R.A.A.F.



A MAGNIFICENT MAN IN DEED

FLIGHT-SERGEANT RAWDON HUME MIDDLETON, V.C.

On a black, bitterly cold night in November, 1942, a 24-year-old Australian flight-sergeant named Rawdon Hume Middleton took off at the controls of a Stirling bomber from a war-time airfield in Suffolk, England.

Middleton's orders, along with those of his seven crew members and other bomber crews from RAF 149 Squadron taking part in the mission, were to raid the Fiat motor works at Turin, northern Italy.

Although Middleton, a former NSW jackeroo, was fated not to return from that mission, his supreme valour that night was to make him the first member of the Royal Australian Air Force to win a Victoria Cross.

It is significant that although the young Australian was only a flight-sergeant at the time of the raid, he was both first pilot and skipper of the bomber. In his crew were two RAF commissioned officers.

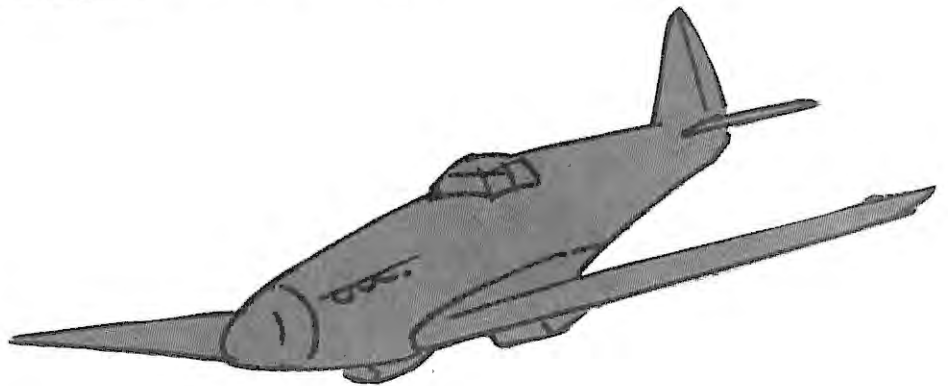
After reaching the Turin target and successfully dropping his bomb load, Middleton was blinded in one eye and badly wounded in the body and both legs when his aircraft was hit by anti-aircraft fire.

But he still managed to fly 1100km back to England where, unable to land because he feared crashing into a village and killing civilians, he turned the plane to fly along the coast and ordered his crew to bail out.

Five of the crew jumped and came down safely on land but two others, who later hailed out over the sea, were drowned. Shortly afterwards, Middleton was killed when he crashed the plane into the dark waves below.

His one thought in flying the crippled bomber back to England was to save his crew from bailing out over enemy territory and being taken prisoner. His final heroic action saved the lives of most of his all-English crew, one of whom later wrote to Middleton's father in Australia: "It is a magnificent story and an example of the unwritten law of the RAF that a crew always endeavours to get back. It is also an example of another law — that a pilot must think of his crew before himself."

English newspapers also wrote glowing tributes to Middleton, awarded a posthumous VC for the unselfish action that led to his death.



THIS SPLENDID YOUTH IN FAR AUSTRALIA

Said one valediction: "He is the bravest man who ever flew. The souls of all men will be purified and ennobled by the incomparable tale of Middleton's gallantry. That name will be written into the hearts of British people.

"This splendid youth in far Australia grieved for England's suffering in the blitz. He flew to her aid and although blinded would not inflict another scar on our soil by crashing his machine."

Middleton, a great-nephew of the Australian explorer Hamilton Hume, died on his 29th mission with British Bomber Command.

More than 30,000 Australian pilots were trained under the Empire Air Training Scheme in World War II

A product of the Empire Air Training Scheme (EATS), in which more than 30,000 Australian air crew were to be trained before the end of World War II, he had previously taken part in successful raids on Dusseldorf, Duisberg, Osnabruck, Frankfurt, Wilhelmshaven, Munich, Genoa and Turin.

Following his 15th mission, a recommendation had been made that Middleton be commissioned as a pilot-officer, but the

promotion was "still in the works" on the night he died.

More than 200,000 men are estimated to have seen action after attending EATS courses during World War II and played a key role in smashing Germany's Luftwaffe and Japan's Imperial Air Force.

A small but significant proportion of the men trained under the scheme also came from Poland, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Belgium, Free France, the West Indies and even the United States.

The mortality rate for air crew who graduated was around 40 per cent. At the end of the war more than 4000 Australians had been killed in Bomber Command alone, more than 1500 New Zealanders, 10,000 Canadians and almost 40,000 men from the Royal Air Force.

Losses in the training phase were also shockingly high, with around 1000 Australians killed and a further 900 dying in accidents of various Bomber Command training units. Overall, more than 8,000 men from all nations involved in the scheme were killed during training.

Source:

Daily Telegraph Saturday 23 April 1988



AIR HERO'S AMAZING EXPLOIT

Stays in the Air to Save Town, after his machine had collided with another plane.

One of the E.A.T.S. trainees made aviation history when he landed two planes at the same time. His adventure was reported in "The Sun" December, 1940.

Hero of one of the most amazing episodes in the history of aviation, Len Fuller, the pupil-pilot who safely landed two locked planes after a collision at 3000 feet, did not jump with his parachute because he feared the machines might crash on the town of Brocklesby below.

Fuller, who is a leading aircraftman at Forest Hill service school near Wagga, gave new details of his exploit over the phone to "The Sun" today, and revealed that he flew the locked machines with the controls of the top one and the engines of the lower. The incident, extraordinary in itself, will astound air experts.

"The accident happened so quickly that

I hardly had time to register it.

"The two planes seemed to come together, mine on top, and there was a grinding crash and bang-bang-bang as the roaring propellers struck each other and bit into engine cowlings.

"It was a terrific bump, and I'd have been tossed right out of my seat and away from the controls, if I hadn't had my

safety belt on.

"When the first shock had passed, I found the planes still flying, in a sort of way, and I thought I might have just a chance to get them down in one piece.

"I thought if I gave up, and baled out, they'd crash in Brocklesby and probably kill several people.

"So I decided to give it a go. I knew I had a slight chance.

ORDERED OBSERVER OUT

"I didn't want my observer, Ian Sinclair, to be killed, too, if I missed out



The locked Ansons after their mid-air collision in 1940.



*Leading Aircraftman Len Fuller.
Forest Hill Service School
near Wagga N.S.W. 1940.*

and crashed, so I ordered him to jump. He yelled, 'What about you?' and threw me a parachute, but I said, 'No, I'm staying on. Get going.'

"I'm got going, and I gave my attention to trying to keep the two planes steady. It was some job, as she, or rather, they, were flying as sluggishly as they could.

"My port engine stopped immediately the collision occurred, as the propeller had sunk into the engine cowling of the other plane, but my starboard motor was just ticking over.

"Both engines of the lower plane were turning over at a good bat, and it was these engines that kept the locked machines in the air, while I flew the freak combination by the controls of the top plane only.

"I looked over the side of my cabin and saw that the top of the cabin of the other bus was crushed in.

"I got worried then about Hewston, the other pilot, but suddenly I saw him, injured, crawling out of the wrecked cabin to bale out.

"I was terribly relieved, so I leant out and gave him the 'injun' sign for good luck — held up my hand, touching the tops of the forefinger and thumb.

LIKE TWO BRICKS

"Then Hewston slipped away, and I went back to flying the planes. They were lumping along like a brick, or a couple of bricks.

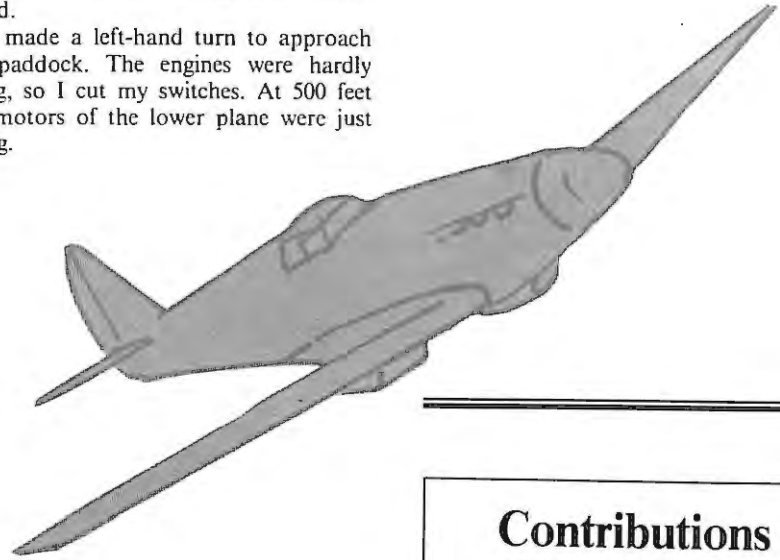
"Then things started to get worse. The revolutions of the two motors on the lower plane, which were keeping me up, started to fall off, and she became harder to handle.

"I looked about for a landing field and saw a likely paddock away in front of me.

"I tried to make that, but the engines were getting weaker and weaker, and the... I knew I wouldn't make it.

"Then I sighted another paddock — nearer — and decided to make for that. With my heart in my mouth I tried a right-hand turn, and she lumbered slowly round.

"I made a left-hand turn to approach the paddock. The engines were hardly going, so I cut my switches. At 500 feet the motors of the lower plane were just idling.



STOOD UP ON RUDDER

"They glided in like an elephant, and I worked out how I'd land. They were sinking so fast I knew I'd have to level off for the landing sooner than usual.

"When I tried to pull the stick back for that, it was so difficult I just about had to stand up on the rudder bar, and heave back with all my might.

"They glided in, and, about 10 or 20 feet up, she stalled for the landing.

"It wasn't a pancake. Though the wheels were up, they protruded below on the bottom plane just sufficiently to run along the surface.

TRIBUTE TO COMRADES

"There was surprisingly little bump as they settled, and she must have run about 200 yards, almost a normal landing run. She veered to the left, but I had no chance of stopping that.

"Then I hopped out. I just heaved a huge sigh of relief, and it was a very large sigh, I can tell you."

Fuller said that during the whole incident he did not think of the danger.

"I knew it was there, but I didn't dare myself think of it," he declared.

Asked if he would do it again, Fuller said "Yes, in the same circumstances, I'd try it again. Apart from saving lives below, it's worth a chance to save two valuable planes."

Fuller said he would like to pay a tribute to his comrades.

"It takes a lot of courage to hale out, and they did it promptly," he declared. "I was pretty glad when I heard they were safe."

H

Contributions

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

Address written contributions to:

**THE EDITOR,
"HERITAGE"**

**47 McHarg Road, Happy Valley,
South Australia, 5159.**

Letters, Paper Cuttings and Ideas Welcome

Many articles and stories have come about from suggestions and ideas supplied by readers. Paper cuttings are also a valuable source of information — we don't see all the papers so please send in items you think may be of interest.

We also value letters submitted for publication. Comment on the articles you read in HERITAGE, events of concern to you, aspects of our heritage under threat. Also we would welcome letters on the positive things that are taking place in our nation; the good deeds, constructive action and the quiet heroes that are all around us.

Five to ten minutes is all it may take to contribute to the success of HERITAGE.

Write to: **The Editor, HERITAGE, 47
McHarg Road, Happy Valley, South
Australia, 5159.**

Monarchist Heritage Provides Fresh Alternatives for Eastern Europe

by Randall J. Dicks J.D.

The extraordinary events which have occurred in the nations of Eastern Europe in recent months have led to speculation and curiosity about the future governments of the countries to the east of the now rusting Iron Curtain. International speculation extends beyond the possible policies and compositions of such governments to the very form of government which will be chosen by the Hungarians, the Czechs and Slovaks, and the Roumanians in the exercise of their newfound freedom.

As, one by one, these nations drop the "People's Republic" or "Socialist Republic" from their names in favour of a simple, unadorned "Republic," there is some serious thought that they might go even further, and abandon the republican form of government entirely. The republic is a new, unaccustomed form of government for Eastern European countries, adopted or forced on them only following World War I or II, either after the collapse of the "old order" or in the chaos of Stalin's post-Yalta pressure from the east. The alternative in question is monarchy; Eastern Europe has ancient monarchic traditions, a heritage in some cases not of centuries but of a millenium or more.

These considerations of monarchy result from much more than mere momentary nostalgia. On the one hand, there is a realization that perhaps there were some good points, for example, in that remarkable agglomeration known as the Austro-Hungarian Empire which might be reconsidered today. On the other hand, Communist idols who seemed immutable and impregnable a few short months ago are now disappearing. From Berlin to Bucharest, statues of Lenin are being "retired". Even the old symbols are being replaced; in Budapest, a well-known, huge floral arrangement in the shape of a red star was changed overnight to a neutral red dot. The search is on for new heroes, new national symbols. In a number of cases, these new heroes and symbols spring from the "old order" which the Communist regimes thought they had banished forever. Even the stodgy press of Western republics, which usually views royalty as something which belongs only on society pages or decorating illustrated magazines, admits that King Michael of Roumania "might have a role to play" in his country now, or that Archduke Otto of Austria-Hungary is a likely candidate for the presidency (to start with) of almost any former component of the Habsburg empire.

The situation in each of these countries is different, and they deserve consideration one by one.

POLAND: It may come as a surprise to some, but Poland has a nearly thousand-year heritage of monarchy, dating from Mieszko I, founder of the Piast dynasty in 962 A.D., who introduced Christianity to Poland. The Polish monarchy eventually became elective, after the Jagiello dynasty died out, and Poland's kings were elected from the Polish nobility or even from foreign dynasties. Independent Poland disappeared in the Napoleonic era (although the Russian emperors were "tzars of Poland"), to re-emerge after World War I. Poland does not have a Royal Family, but the ancient noble families still exist. This lack of its own Royal Family, and the fact that Poland has not been an independent kingdom for nearly 200 years, makes the reappearance of a Polish monarchy unlikely, but the ancient noble families might certainly make important contributions to the redevelopment of Poland.

HUNGARY: Hungary's monarchic heritage dates to the coronation of St. Stephen, first Christian King of Hungary, on Christmas Day in 1000 A.D. A number of factors have contributed to continuing monarchist interest in Hungary. The crown of St. Stephen is the national symbol, a symbol of near-mystic prestige. The Habsburg family has strived to maintain contacts with Hungary and its people. Archduke Otto of Austria-Hungary, who as Dr. Otto Habsburg is a member of the European Parliament in Strasbourg (representing Bavaria, where he now lives), has been pressing for Hungary's admission to the Common Market. The death and funeral of Empress Zita of Austria-Hungary, Hungary's last Queen, in the spring of 1989 aroused new interest in the monarchy among Hungarians, and among the younger generations — and they made the pilgrimage to Vienna by the busload for the Empress-Queen's funeral.

Archduke Otto is greeted with cheers

when he visits Hungary. "I have been going to Hungary practically once every month, and I have spoken at ever-increasing rallies and meetings of various sorts in various cities of Hungary. The attendance was very great and I was quite impressed by the fact that especially the very young are coming in large numbers. Communism is dying completely in public opinion." And His Imperial Highness holds a high place in public opinion himself. One of Hungary's newly-emerged political parties nominated him for the presidency of Hungary last October, with the notion that a Habsburg president might be able to restore some of Hungary's pre-World War I stature — and he would probably have won.² Yet Archduke Otto declined: "I believe that at the present time I can serve the cause of Central European freedom better by the position I hold in the European Community than by accepting a public office in Hungary."³ In addition, he has also been mentioned as a possible candidate for president of Austria, to relieve that office of some of the tarnish of President Kurt Waldheim's uncertain war record.

Archduke Otto's oldest son, Archduke Karl, 29, also keeps up contacts with the former Empire. "Contacts with Hungary are frequent and warm, just as with Italy and Slovenia... The House of Habsburg has for more than 700 years been a political family, and it is clear to me that I have to follow this tradition, adapted to modern circumstances."⁴

EAST GERMANY: German unification in an empire under an Emperor did not come until 1871, when Germany's scores of ancient kingdoms, grand duchies, and principalities united under the House of Hohenzollern. Germany has five Royal Families (Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, Hanover, and Wurttemberg) to choose from, and innumerable grand ducal and princely houses. Most German royalty and aristocrats have stayed in Germany (although most who were in the East have moved to the West), and have been contributing to the progress of Germany all along. Should a reunification of the Federal Republic and the Democratic Republic come about, one of Germany's royal scions might be an ideal choice to lead the new union, a leader above party politics, a leader tied to the history of Germany through centuries

and generations of dynastic service.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA: Czechoslovakia has no Royal Family of its own, it was part of Austria-Hungary; the republic of Czechoslovakia is a child of World War I. Yet monarchic traditions here, too, are ancient. St. Wenceslas, the "Good King" of the Christmas carol, ruled Bohemia, and was murdered in 929 A.D. Prague was an important city of the Habsburgs, and the modern Habsburgs continue those contacts and associations. So, too, do members of the old aristocracy. Prince Karl von Schwarzenberg, head of that family which once possessed enormous estates in Czechoslovakia, is a longtime supporter of Czech dissidents and opposition leaders, and of Civic Forum. His advice is actively sought, and he stands ready to help in "anyway I can".⁵

ROUMANIA: The situation in Roumania differs from that of the other Eastern European countries, because changes were brought about as a result of a spontaneous, violent overthrow of the Ceausescu government. King Michael of Roumania, who abdicated under duress in 1947, has been mentioned prominently as having a possible role in the "new" Roumania, whether as monarch, interim chief of state, or general arbitrator. "Roumania had a constitutional monarchy before the war; if things turn out the right way, I don't see why this could not happen again," the King told a press conference in Switzerland after the dramatic events of last December.⁶

BULGARIA: Changes in Bulgaria have come quickly and sometimes unexpectedly, but they have delighted Bulgarians both inside and outside the country. Foremost among the latter is King Simeon II, who ascended the throne of Bulgaria at the age of six in 1943, and left the country in 1946, following a rigged Communist plebiscite. He is the namesake of Simeon I, first tzar of Bulgaria (925 A.D.), and lives in Madrid. His wife, Queen Margarita, is of Spanish birth, and they have four sons (two of whom attended American universities) and a daughter. Bulgaria today could not find a more able, well-informed, or intelligent leader than the man who has never abdicated as "King of the Bulgarians".

YUGOSLAVIA: Yugoslavia has not yet undergone major changes, yet there are signs of both unrest and accommodation. One spectacular example of a thaw of some kind was the 3-day state funeral accorded to King Nikola I of Montenegro — 68 years after his death in exile. The remains of King Nikola I Petrovich-Njegosh, independent Montenegro's only king, Queen Milena, and two of their daughters were returned to Cetinje from San Remo, Italy, for reburial in Montenegrin soil, in belated accordance with the King's last wishes. Descendants of the King, including members of the Royal Family of Montenegro and the Houses of

Romanov and Savoy, the diplomatic corps, Serbian Orthodox bishops in full regalia, members of the Communist government, and some 200,000 Montenegrins joined in the funeral procession in the old capital. Montenegrin emigres from as far away as Australia, the USA, and Canada attended. Surely it was *glasnost* of a sort to see a Romanov prince sitting down to lunch with the



Exiled Yugoslav Prince Andreji
(cousin of Queen Elizabeth)
and his wife Princess Eva.

Soviet Ambassador... and all of old Montenegro was royalist again for a few days. The Montenegrin government (Montenegro today is one of the constituent republics of Yugoslavia) saw the occasion of the King's return as an opportunity to display its willingness to allow expression of alternative opinions.

Yugoslavia does have a Royal Family, headed by Crown Prince Alexander, son of the late King Peter II. The Crown Prince and his young family live in London; he travels extensively on business, and maintains close contacts with Yugoslavs throughout the world, as do his royal counterparts. He has recently received considerable attention from the Yugoslav press, and is becoming a well-known figure in his country, even if male members of the Royal Family are forbidden by law from visiting Yugoslavia.

ALBANIA: Albania has yet to share in the changes which are sweeping the rest of Eastern Europe, although some public demonstrations have been reported. Albania's King, Leka I, lives in South Africa with his Australian-born wife, Queen Susan, and young son. A fervent anti-Communist, King Leka would readily accept service to his country in the right circumstances. He has maintained close contacts with Albanian emigres throughout the world — indeed, there are as many Albanians outside the country as there are in it.

★ ★ ★

Interest in their royalty in countries of Eastern Europe is real and growing. The head of one royal house reports that his correspondence has doubled in recent months, as a result of new freedom to communicate from behind the Iron Curtain. A Russian emigre monarchist organization in the USA has received a number of telephone inquiries directly from the Soviet Union, from persons interested in knowing more about organized monarchist activity and in starting a "branch" in the USSR!

Some of these countries (Poland, Czechoslovakia) do not have dynasties of their own, others have native dynasties (Albania, Yugoslavia). Some borrowed Germanic dynasties in the last century (Bulgaria, Roumania). All of the countries of Eastern Europe, however, have age-old traditions of monarchy, and it seems that those traditions, though suppressed for four decades or longer, are ageless, after all. Even if Roumania or the German Democratic Republic or Czechoslovakia do not choose to re-establish monarchies at this time, their people are again becoming free to recognize and respect the traditions and contributions of their monarchies and Royal Families, to understand that there is some worth in a system which promotes unity, stability, and continuity, and in a ruler whose only interest is to serve. The repressive Communist regimes of the nations of Eastern Europe showed that they were unable to respond to the needs, desires, and pride of their peoples. Monarchy can offer not only ancient tradition, but the ability to respond to changes in modern circumstances, a fresh alternative to the Marxist systems which are being rejected so resoundingly.

There are many messages in the developments in Eastern Europe, and in this monarchist interest from the East. The peoples of Eastern Europe have shown their willingness to fight against seemingly overwhelming odds to regain their liberty; they are not likely to take it for granted. Perhaps those who live today in a modern-style constitutional monarchy, such as Australia, New Zealand, or Canada, should make more effort to understand the system and its benefits, and be sure that our compatriots and the younger generations understand and appreciate it, in order to preserve it and the heritage it represents.

Notes

1. Interview, *The Constantian*, December 1989.
2. David K. Shieler, "Letter from Budapest," *The New Yorker*, November 20, 1989.
3. Interview, *The Constantian*, December 1989.
4. *Ibid.*
5. Amity Shlaes, *The Wall Street Journal*, December 8, 1989.
6. *The New York Times*, December 23, 1989.



Books that should not be forgotten — A new series No. 1
NESTA WEBSTER'S "SPACIOUS DAYS"

by Nigel Jackson

The author, one of the great Englishwomen of all time, was born in Hertfordshire shortly after 8pm on August 14, 1876 and lived into her eighties. This volume was intended as the first half of her autobiography and concludes in 1919. It was published in Britain in 1949 or close after (my "third impression" is undated) by Hutchinson.

1919 was a critical year for Webster because on July 17th, her study *The French Revolution* was published in London by John Murray and she soon discovered that there was an unofficial boycott of this work and of its predecessor *The Chevalier de Boufflers* (1916). She thus discovered the existence of "those quarters where the plan of world revolution was secretly entertained and where it was realized that any disclosure on its *modus operandi* and its ultimate purpose might lead to its defeat."

"The myth of the French Revolution as the dawn of liberty for France must at all costs be maintained. In revealing the truth about that tragic epoch in what I imagined to be merely an academic work of history, I had entered the lists against terrific living forces of which I had not guessed the existence. My own life was now to become a prolonged contest with these unseen powers. But that is another story, which would require a whole volume to itself." (page 191)

Within the last decade Webster has been ridiculed as a fanatic about non-existent conspiracies by Richard Griffiths in *Fellow Travellers of the Right: British Enthusiasts for Nazi Germany 1933-39* (Constable, UK, 1980) and by John Michell in a study of peculiar people and amazing eccentricities published by Thames and Hudson. Neither writer made an adequate attempt to understand Webster and her lifework. This was especially surprising in the case of Michell, who had earlier published some very valuable studies of ancient civilization, *The View Over Atlantis*, *City of Revelation* and *The Flying Saucer Vision*.

One of the main values of *Spacious Days* is that it shows what a charming, intelligent, beautiful and very feminine person Webster was, and how thoroughly sane she was in her early seventies, when she wrote it for her children, Marjorie and Rosalind.

The sequel to *Spacious Days* was called *Crowded Hours*. This was apparently stolen in MSS from the UK publisher Britons and has never been seen in print. Rediscovery of the lost MSS and publication of it would be a major coup for the patriotic cause in all English-speaking and substantially British nations.

EARLY LIFE

Webster's father was Robert Bevan (1809-1890) who for fifty years was a leading influence in Barclays Bank; for most of that time he was head of the Bank. Her mother, born as Frances Shuttleworth in or around 1828, was Bevan's second wife and also lived to be eighty-one. She was the daughter of a Warden of New College, Oxford and later Bishop of Chichester. So there was conspicuous intellectual achievement on both sides of Webster's family.

Both parents were rather narrow-minded Protestant Christians, the mother the more so, as she joined the Plymouth Brethren. Webster reports that she was the only one of the eight children who broke fundamentally with the constricting restraints of this family background. "Revivalism... always repelled me. I could not believe that with a sudden click a man could pass from an unregenerate to a regenerate being, and it seemed to me that it showed little reverence for spiritual things to shout about one's soul in public and to sing vulgar American hymns." (page 41) Webster did acquire, however, a deep love of "Abide with me" and "Lead, kindly Light".

She was much closer to her father than to her mother, whom she could never remember coming to kiss her goodnight in bed. Her portrait of Robert Bevan, who is apparently passed over very briefly in the official history of Barclays Bank, is historically important and worth reporting in some detail.

At the age of about thirty, a few years after his first marriage, a notable change occurred in Bevan's life. "He became what the evangelicals of his day described as 'converted' and decided that it was his duty to abandon 'wordly pleasures' so as to devote himself wholly to the service of God." (page 17)

Bevan and his friend Lord Ashley, afterwards the great Lord Shaftesbury, set out to better the conditions of the working class.

At the General Election of 1847 Bevan stood unsuccessfully as a Conservative. One Liberal opponent was Baron Lionel de Rothschild who, as a Jew, was not yet entitled to sit in Parliament. The election turned largely on the proposed Bill for the removal of Jewish disabilities. Webster reports that her father and Lord Ashley "felt very strongly that the Christian character of Parliament should be maintained. They therefore opposed a measure by which the oath required of every member 'on the true faith of a Christian' should be abrogated." (page 18) At a critical meeting at which, as was the custom in those days, candidates of both parties were scheduled to speak, Baron Rothschild's supporters "created such an uproar that he (Bevan) was unable to make his voice heard." (page 18)

Bevan was a brilliant horseman and Webster thus became an accomplished horsewoman at a very early age. A wonderful picture is given of Bevan's benignant rule over the local village of Oxenwood, which he virtually rebuilt, replacing "the old insanitary houses by new ones, solid, well-built and at the same time delightfully picturesque cottages with charming gardens and allotments." (page 33) He supported the schools, built the church and vicarage and supported them, allowed no-one to get drunk at the public-house and had two isolated cottages, known as "Siberia", for public nuisances. "In this unsophisticated part of the world the villagers depended on him almost entirely for their well-being and he ruled them, not with a rod of iron, but with a firmness that would have shocked the modern exponents of democracy." (page 33)

STRANGE THOUGHTS

Webster paints also an unforgettable picture of her childhood home, Trent Park, which she says she "loved with the strongest passion" of her childhood. She recalls a long white house with a wide terrace, creepers, smooth lawns, lush meadows, "the beautiful double avenue of lime trees, arranged in four rows which meeting overhead ran like green tunnels along the half-mile of its course", dense woods of ancient beech trees, rooks and wood pigeons, and the great pond "turning gold and rose-colour in the rays of the setting sun. Around it sleepy ducks and swans were settling down for the night amidst the scented rushes, and great white cart-horses stood up to their knees in the cool water." (page 26)

It was in that environment that "love of England" could become her "strongest passion" at the age of eleven. (page 39)

Life at Trent was also very pleasant for the employees on the estate. "The head ones had their comfortable cottages and gardens, the different families intermarried with each other, servants stayed forever, one stable helper had been there fifty years without apparently any desire to 'better himself' by becoming a coachman." (page 30) A photograph of the twenty-five staff facing page 81 bears eloquent testimony to this claim.

Despite this, existence at Trent was not without austerity. There was only one bathroom, used only by her father. There was no electricity, no billiard room, no smoking-room, no telephone and no car.

During her childhood and adolescence Webster learned to love poetry, to accompany herself on the guitar and to enjoy the beauty of lovely clothes. There were important intellectual influences: "Browning and later on Emerson, in a more practical vein, became like shining lights guiding me on the difficult path I had to tread... It was the Quakers who helped restore my belief in religion... They taught belief in a God of love and, like Browning, in a guiding principle directing human life. Without this I could not know a moment's happiness." (pages 81 and 83) But there were also other healthy experiences: "Swimming has always been to me the purest ecstasy; once in the water I feel I have no body, whilst moving through it seems to me the most perfect form of motion, bringing every muscle into play — the nearest thing to it is dancing; the old *valse a trois temps* was indeed like swimming through the air on waves of sound." (page 73)

Webster in her twenties came to love moonlight picnics, masked balls and fancy dress balls. Photographs of her at the ages of three, about six, twenty-two and twenty-five show that she was well endowed with charm and beauty. Like her father, she had humour and *joie de vivre*. It is easy to see how he would have looked on her, the last of his fourteen children, "as a sort of happy afterthought". (page

Webster was a singularly adventurous spirit. "I was born with a tiresomely enquiring mind, I could not always accept the opinions of my elders unquestioningly or submit meekly to their dictates." (page 43)

In her seventies she was still pondering the claims of numerology: "Is there any luck in numbers as astrologers pretend? All I know is that throughout my life Monday has always brought me ill luck and Friday good luck, whilst 7 has always been my fateful number. I was born on the 14th of August, the youngest of 14 children and of 7 daughters. I was married on the 14th of May and every 7 years of my life was marked by some crucial turn in the wheel of my fate." (page 43) She lost her father when 14, gained her independence when 21 and married when she was almost 28.

"Somehow, even as a child, I had the strange feeling that I had not always belonged to the milieu in which I had been born, that somewhere I had known a different world where larger views prevailed, where there was warmth, colour, movement, gaiety." (page 44)

She noted her mother's fascination with the Benedictine monastery on the Island of Saint Honorat off the coast of Cannes: "What is the explanation of the charm the monastic life seemed to hold for my mother? Believers in reincarnation will at once suggest the influence of a former life and it would certainly not have been difficult for anyone who contemplated my mother in the long black gowns she affected, the black or white lace that framed her features, with her great dignity and air of command, to picture her as an abbess ruling over her weaker sisters within convent walls. I have had too many strange experiences... to regard as fantastic a theory which provides a key to otherwise inexplicable phenomena." (pages 70-71)

Webster became interested in Theosophy and met Annie Besant, but was singularly unimpressed by her. Nevertheless, "it was the East that called me." (page 93)

On September 15th, 1898 she unexpectedly encountered the Empress of Austria and had a precognition of her assassination the next day: "And at that moment the thought flashed through my mind: 'Why do they let her walk about alone like that? How easy it would be for an anarchist to assassinate her!' Do coming events cast their shadows before? For a strange feeling of apprehension came over me." (page 94)

Webster's undoubted psychic receptivity was linked to a deep spirituality, as is revealed in her splendid description of the Taj Mahal: "That poem in white marble

inlaid with exquisite designs in bloodstone and cornelian, standing out in its white perfection against a background of dark cypresses, is not merely a triumph of architecture, for no picture can convey any conception of the effect it produces on the mind. Although its outward form is the realization of all one's dreams of beauty, it appeals to far more than the senses; it is the soul to which it speaks, of love and hope and immortality." (page 101)

She arrived at a wise understanding of the relationships of the various authentic sacred traditions: "My journey round the world led me to the conviction that behind all great religions there lies a central truth, which might be compared to a lamp with many-coloured sides... Thus religions prove religion. Were there but one faith, we might attribute it to an invention of the human mind, but the fact that through every age and in every country men have believed in a God or Gods, and in a life hereafter, must surely be the most convincing argument against materialism." (page 103)

Webster names her Chapter 23, which describes how she most unexpectedly met her future husband, Arthur Webster, the District Superintendent of Police of Fategarh (near Cawnpore, India), "Kismet", which attests to her strong sense of destiny and a merciful Providence. "Two years earlier I had had my hand told by Mrs Robinson, the famous Bond Street palmist. 'You will go on a long journey soon,' she said, 'and on the other side of the water you will meet a man, not a soldier, but in Government service, with hair going grey at the sides. His name will be Arthur and something beginning with an M. He is the man you will marry and be very happy.'" (page 161) And it all came true, although a 'W' had been read upside down as an 'M'! Webster married in 1904 and enjoyed thirty-eight years of happy married life. Two photographs show what exquisite little daughters she had.

"By their fruits ye shall know them!" The genuineness of Webster's psychic receptivity is most of all shown by her account of her sensitivity to aspects of French history and by her lifework of opposition to the secret internationalist conspiracy which resulted from that sensitivity and which made her one of the greatest 20th Century defenders of traditional civilization.

For family reasons Paris was to become more familiar to her than London, from her sixth year. "But somehow I was never happy there; Paris always seemed to me a place of ghosts, a place where I had once seen terrible things and as I grew older the feeling deepened." (page 45) Then, when nearly 35, she read by chance in Switzerland *Portraits of Great Ladies* by Imbert de Saint-Amand and first learned of the Comtesse de Sabran: "I had never heard



"The author at the age of 22".

of her, nor of the Chevalier de Boufflers who appeared to be her lover. I began to read extracts from their letters and, as I went on, an extraordinary sensation came over me, the feeling that I had read them all before, that I knew the writers and had somehow been closely connected with them in the past... Yes, indeed I had known these people, theirs was the world I had once lived in, I could see them, hear their voices with an almost painful pang of recollection." (page 171) She recalled her childhood fears of Paris: "Walking through the streets, especially in the Rue Saint-Honore, I would say to myself, 'I have seen these streets running with blood.'" (page 171) "Above all it was in the French Revolution that I found myself! Every moment of that terrific drama was real to me. The Reign of Terror! Now I understood the 'haunted feeling' that ever since I was five years old had come over me in the Rue Saint-Honore', that Via Dolorosa of the Terror along which the tumbrels moved in slow procession from the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Revolution." (page 172)

Thus Webster resolved to reconstruct the story of the Chevalier and the Com-

tesse, which "had never been related in its entirety even in France." (page 175) *The Chevalier de Boufflers* was published in March 1916 (according to Webster. My November 1924 edition misleadingly gives the date as April 1910.) The book was well reviewed in the press, went into fifteen editions, was still in print thirty years later, but surprised Webster by attracting less scholarly criticism than she had expected.

Webster gives a fascinating report of her experiences researching the book, including the way she won the help of a French authority, Gaston Maugras, because, by one of those strange fortunate coincidences that bespeak a Providential pattern, they had both been cured of colitis by the same specialist. And she felt intuitively certain that she was able to identify the home of the Comtesse in Paris, even though Maugras believed it had been demolished.

It was the research for the book that convinced Webster that the British people had been given a false picture of the French Revolution by Carlyle and by

Dickens in *A Tale of Two Cities*. She determined to redress the situation and laboured throughout 1917 to 1919 on primary sources in Britain and France on *The French Revolution*. "All the time I was conscious of some impelling force, as if a message was being sent through me which I was bound to deliver, I had no choice in the matter. And in some uncanny way I seemed at every turn to be led to the right book or document I needed to elucidate a point." (pages 187-188)

Her account of the various dishonest strategies used against her and *The French Revolution* after its publication shows that the current campaign against David Irving had a predecessor.

FOREIGN TRAVEL

Webster was one of those amazing British women who showed the fortitude and initiative to travel around the world in her youth with only a couple of other female companions. She particularly loved

Burma: "Burma seemed to me an enchanted land. The very air seemed filled with spirit presences, a haunted feeling hung around the silent palm-groves." (page 111) She noted "the happiness of the Burmese people, the charms of the women and the virtues of the Buddhist *pongyis* who at their *choungs* in every village received the small boys for education and religious teaching and were highly respected by British officials at that time." (page 112)

To China and the Chinese she was largely antipathetic, but she also loved Japan: "The Japanese forty years ago were artists to the core; they really loved the things they made... They could only work by the inspiration of the moment... (They) worshipped Nature... Arranging flowers was almost a religious ceremony." (page 122) A rickshaw coolie, coming suddenly in sight of Mount Fuji-yama, would prostrate himself to the earth in veneration. "Japan... seemed to me a land of ... the spirits of the dead which seemed to hover around the Shinto temples where the people went to invoke their long departed ancestors... There amidst the silence of the woods one might sit for hours on the steps... feeling the spirit world all around one. Belief in the immortality of the soul became a very real thing in the atmosphere of old Japan." (page 127)

Webster is a mistress of anecdote, as two examples drawn from her travels will show, the first from Burma and the second from China: "On another occasion an old Burman from the Shan hills came to visit Mrs Smeaton. He had never met a European lady before and travelled hundreds of miles for the purpose. He arrived at last in a white satin coat down to his feet, trimmed with gold lace. Finding conversation through an interpreter rather tedious, Mrs Smeaton thought it might amuse him to see some of the things in her drawing room and finally showed him the piano. He had, of course, never seen such a thing in his life and sat on the floor whilst she played to him. She then proceeded to sing him 'The Skye Boat Song', but could not understand why all the time he kept on fumbling at something under his coat. It then transpired that he thought he had suddenly been translated to Paradise and was telling his beads in gratitude." (page 104)

"Education could be a stern matter in China as we realized when we saw the examination hall of Canton. All around a large courtyard were ranged little cubicles in which the luckless students were imprisoned the whole time the examination lasted, sometimes for several days at a stretch, and where they were kept under lock and key, their food being passed into them by a little window. At the end of the time, we were told, several were usually taken out dead, but what of that? The survivors could be counted on to have filled in their papers without help from the outside." (page 118)

SPACIOUSNESS

Many, many years ago I remarked to Eric Butler that I had gradually come to realise what a watershed World War I was and how different life was for Europeans before 1914. He gave his characteristically sardonic chortle and said that the book I should really read to learn all about that was *Spacious Days*. I am deeply grateful for that advice, for I not only discovered its veracity but also came to perceive that Nesta Webster had a character and worldview astonishingly close to my own. After my first reading of the book in early 1985 (when I finally found a second-hand copy for sale in Kaye Craddock's Bookshop in Melbourne), I knew that I had met a sister soul. This had not been apparent when I read in earlier years *Secret Societies and Subversive Movements*, *The French Revolution*, *World Revolution* and other less impressive works by Webster.

The foreword of *Spacious Days* indicates that the author was "looking back across the years from the 'controlled' and mechanized England of 1949 to the spacious days when individual liberty was our priceless possession, when travel was free and the whole wide world open to the adventurous." (page 9)

One of the great values of the book is its series of insights into a less corrupt world. One is of Webster's childhood holidays at Fosbury in the Wiltshire Downs: "The old men still went to church in smocks, the children still curtsied when my mother drove out in the ancient barouche... The postman still blew a horn on his way through the village streets." (page 32)

In her early twenties Webster often visited Ireland and very much liked "the Irish who seemed in those days to have no animus against the English... I cannot believe that these simple kindly people were ever really inflamed by the hatred of England attributed to them by their self-appointed representatives. Rebellion in Ireland has always seemed to me an engineered movement, worked from abroad as part of the great conspiracy against the British Empire." (pages 95-96) That is by no means the whole story of the Irish disagreement with England, of course, and is actually too complacent a remark. Nevertheless, it is interesting to know that at least parts of Ireland could give this impression to a very sharp observer, even if she was undoubtedly biased in favour of England.

Webster makes a comparable comment about her beloved Burma: "Alas! I was told some twenty years later agitators had spread unrest in that once peaceful country, using as their instruments the women and the *pongyis*, formerly the most stable elements of the population, but whom they succeeded in infecting with their propaganda." (page 112)

Japan was also markedly different from what it later became: "It was Buddhism with its doctrine of the Inner Light, its teaching of love and mercy, Shintoism with its belief in the existence of the soul after death, which made the spiritual life of Japan as I knew it... At that date there was no trace of the cruelty we are now assured to have been always inherent in the Japanese character." (pages 128-129)

Webster later makes an interesting comment about France and Britain: "It was said after the French Revolution that those who had not lived before 1789 and never known *la douceur de la vie*; so might it be said of our own times, that those who had not lived before 1914 could have no idea of the perfection to which civilization had attained." (page 142)

Finally, there is Webster's unforgettable picture of the Indian Raj seen through the glamour of her deep and unexpected falling in love there: "In those spacious days the progress of a police officer through his district had not become the signal for outrages but, on the contrary, for manifestations of loyalty on the part of the *zemindars*. This, of course, depended on the character of the officer in question; and as Arthur Webster was always careful to see that his camp followers did not prey on the villagers, and paid their just dues to the *bunnias* before leaving, he enjoyed the widest popularity... During the whole of the twenty years he had spent in India, Arthur told me that he had never once heard a murmur against the British Raj —on the contrary, the people would come to him and say, 'Sahib, see that my case is tried by a Sahib and not by a *kala admi!* (black man) Such was the confidence they then felt in British justice." (pages 161, 163) A report such as this needs to be set side by side with the rather biased anti-British approach of E. M. Forster in his beautiful novel *A Passage to India*.

ENVOI

There are many other treasures in this unfailingly interesting autobiography. In my own notes I see charming and witty aperçus about the link between gaiety and seriousness and about the importance of good conversation with interesting people during the period of growing up. There are interesting comments on Melba, on the British sense of humour, on thought waves and on ghosts. More ominously, there are graphic accounts of the peculiar power of anti-patriotic influences over the authorities during World War I in Britain, and of the many dishonest responses to *The French Revolution* after its publication.

Let us hope that some perceptive and patriotic publisher will be able to reprint *Spacious Days* before too long, and that one day Nesta Webster will enjoy the full recognition she deserves.





"Rolling it Back"

by John Wiebe

George Orwell once said that, "There are some ideas so crazy that only an intellectual would entertain them." And in the realm of crazy ideas there seems to be none so foolish as the concept of "glasnost" proclaimed to the west by our own mass media.

After seventy-two years of some of the vilest activities in the history of mankind, it finally does seem that the truly "evil empire" of communism is cracking apart due to moral and material bankruptcy. Streets from Berlin to Bucharest have resounded with the cries of those driven to risk all for freedom, even if that meant their own exceptionally brutal deaths.

Yet curiously, many among the west's opinion makers seem far less comfortable with the notion of people ruling themselves than they did when the U.S.S.R. was able to call the tune in these nations and make their puppet rulers dance. Indeed, almost daily, commentators worry about "instability" in the east that might carry with it the inklings of the downfall of their new hero Mikhail Gorbachev.

Recently Canadian viewers watched a soviet mouthpiece prattle on at length about the "hard-liners" in the U.S.S.R., red flags drawn and clutched behind their backs, ready at a moment's notice to end Mr Gorbachev's tenure of office along with all the reforms that his regime has brought. The clear implication to be drawn by western viewers being that somehow the democratic west has some vested interest in keeping the U.S.S.R. intact under its well-tailored dictator, even to the point of helping him with high-technology and investment credits. This is what many soviet leaders seem to mean by "glasnost" and sadly this is what many in the west are eager to support.

The most ironic thing about this western support of glasnost is that it is not shared in the soviet union. A recent poll taken there indicated that sixty percent of adults have no confidence in the future, Gorbachev or not. Western interviewers are routinely told by ordinary soviets that glasnost is a publicity stunt staged by their rulers for the west's benefit, and that it has only brought them longer ration queues with no real democratic voice.

And if anyone really was still in doubt

about the domestic intentions of Mr Gorbachev, there he was verbally savaging the courageous Dr Sakharov just a few days before the death of that great and humane democrat. Sakharov told the darling of the western media that he had telegrams from all over the soviet union calling for real democratic pluralism. Gorbachev replied bluntly that he "*had no time*" for such matters. Democracy in the U.S.S.R. never seemed more distant.

Yet there are things that two middle powers like Canada and Australia can do to speed the establishment of democracy in the soviet union. One element involves no more than looking back over the last decade to note that the western build-up of military strength was and continues to be a success because it showed the leaders in the Kremlin that the west had the determination and stamina to embark upon joint action when democracy was



*Mikhail Gorbachev:
Had no time for such matters.*

threatened. Therefore this is not the time to embark upon unilateral disarmament of our armed forces, but to hold out for agreements that really cut arms levels in the nuclear areas while not encouraging massive soviet build-ups of conventional forces.

Another element should be the encouragement of freedom for the Baltic states. Can there ever be a sadder affront to freedom than that the brave peoples of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania should continue to endure soviet occupation because of the Nazi-Soviet pact of 1940?

The foreign ministries of both Canada and Australia should awaken from their bureaucratic slumbers and press the U.S.S.R. to have plebiscites in these lands which would conclusively reflect the wills of the inhabitants. Some might say that such a step would be the beginning of the dissolution of the U.S.S.R., but since it now appears clear that this "union" was never anything more than bloody domination of the weak by the stronger, perhaps such a dissolution is really in the best interests of all within its borders. Certainly the present soviet system does not work and cannot be made to work successfully.

Lastly, Canada and Australia should greatly expand their recognition and praise of all those who struggle for democracy in the U.S.S.R. Diplomatic niceties aside, it is time that Canadians and Australians should not only be able to recognise soviet sports figures but that writers and speakers for freedom in the U.S.S.R. should be brought to our two countries and encouraged to spread their messages. Whether Mr Gorbachev likes it or not, such young intellectuals will be the real builders of freedom in the Russia of the future.

So, while our media repeatedly asks if the people of the U.S.S.R. are up to the "challenges of glasnost", time will tell whether Canadians and Australians are up to the challenges of looking through its publicity smokescreen. It all depends upon the will of the democratic west to proclaim the freedoms that have rolled back the "Iron Curtain" thus far.



COMMON PRAYER

A Tribute to Thomas Cranmer

by A. C. Capey

When [Mrs Major O'Dowd] returned she brought her prayer-book with her, ... out of which she never failed to read every Sabbath... She proposed to resume this exercise on the present day, with Amelia and the wounded Ensign for a congregation. The same service was read on that day in twenty thousand churches at the same hour; and millions of British men and women, on their knees, implored protection of the Father of all.'
Vanity Fair, ch. XXXII

1815 seems aeons away from 1989, but the view of private and public worship glimpsed here is not so remote as to be new to the middle-aged reader today. The prayer-book familiar to Mrs O'Dowd, and then already 250 years old, is substantially the same book that continues to represent the official standard of doctrine and worship in the Church of England. The scene has changed, of course, and not only in the ornaments of the church and of the ministers thereof. The 'twenty thousand churches' are still there, give or take a thousand or two; but the prayer (the rubric too?) to which Thackeray alludes — perhaps unconsciously, perhaps appealing to the depths of a folk memory —

'Almighty God, who... dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in thy Name thou wilt grant their requests.'

— is seldom to be heard now, while the common island experience of 'the same service... at the same hour' has been displaced by a variety of 'expression in new forms and styles' in deference to 'a *world-wide* reawakening of interest in liturgy' (preface to the *Alternative Service Book* 1980; my italics). Strongly represented though the *Book of Common Prayer* still is in the *Oxford Book of Quotations*, annotated editions of Victorian novels now show signs of a new or presumed ignorance of the book which used to hold an unquestioned place in our culture even at unlettered levels — a place that had been acquired through the affectionate familiarity registered by Thackeray.

Thackeray is looking back 33 years — momentous years, that included the first Reform Act, further revolutions in France, the rise and fall of Peel — but his reference to the prayer-book is not nostalgic: in church, despite and on account of the work of the Oxford Movement, as things had been, so they remained in 1848.

In looking back 33 years today, from the quincentenary of Cranmer's birth to the 400th anniversary of his death, we look nostalgically, with the 'intelligent nostalgia' that understands what we have lost religiously and culturally by no series of momentous events but through the erosive imposition of 'alternative' styles and forms of worship. Inarguably, Mrs O'Dowd and Thackeray would have been bewildered by the changes as by the ease with which they have been achieved. The irony is that as recently as 1956 they were quite as unthinkable, unimaginable: Cranmer was honoured then, not just formally as a great doctor and martyr of the Church of England, but for his continuing and pervasive influence in English and Anglican life. Colin Dunlop, in a commemorative sermon which exemplifies both the nostalgia of one recalling his childhood and the intelligent appreciation of it, had this to say:

[Cranmer] has been spiritually present at some, perhaps most, of our closest experiences of God — present not merely as one of the great cloud of witnesses, but as mouthpiece and interpreter. I remember when, as a boy at my preparatory school, we all gathered in big school before going home on winter evenings, wearing our overcoats and with satchels on our backs, and the headmaster said a prayer or two. His voice is clear to me now as he recited those infinitely fortifying words: "Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord; and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night." It was our first contact with the creative mind of Thomas Cranmer who gave fresh life to those words of the ancient Latin collect. Then came the day of confirmation and once more Cranmer was speaking through the bishop words

entirely of his own devising: "Defend, O Lord, this thy child with thy heavenly grace, that he may continue thine for ever." A few days later we knelt before the altar for our first communion and it was Cranmer who encouraged us to think of the mysterious and awful presence as "the same Lord whose property is always to have mercy" and to pray "that we may evermore dwell in him, and he in us." And so it has been right through our lives, at great moments and at ordinary moments — Cranmer has been there to speak from God to us and to speak from us to God.*

BETRAYAL OF THE READER'S TRUST

The 'great cloud of witnesses' is of course an allusion to Hebrews 12. 1, the stirring climax to the catalogue of saints who, since Abel's 'more excellent sacrifice,' had lived 'by faith,' reiteration of which phrase in the previous chapter instils its significance in the reader. I say *of course*, because to Bishop Dunlop and his audience it was common property, instantly to be recognized and savoured. But not today — or, if so, no thanks to the post-war translations that have displaced the Authorized Version. The Jerusalem Bible puts the witnesses 'in a great cloud,' the New English represents them as 'like a cloud,' and the Good News — the Bible Society's best-seller — transmutes them into 'this large crowd.' That the modern versions are deliberate mistranslations (for in the text the 'cloud' is properly itself, and is defined by the 'witnesses') is a serious objection: the reader's trust in the translator has been betrayed. More serious is the fact that the translators have consciously eschewed the familiar, rejecting the true translation *because* it is familiar, or even because (Heaven forbid!) AVs 'cloud' retains its associations with the various 'clouds' of traditional biblical discourse. The idea that we might be enabled to grow through a lifetime's familiarity with the great religious phrases — to the point where they become usable as Dunlop uses this one, with both precision and originality — that idea is anathema to the

New Men, who distrust the 'common property' of our religious English and aim to disorientate us with their restless novelties.

SPURNING THE FAMILIAR

The disorientating purpose takes various forms in the A.S.B., structural and 'misplacing' (e.g. of the saints' days) as well as linguistic. But it is in the linguistic alterations that the familiar is most readily seen to be spurned, and in the collects that the damage done is most inept. Cranmer's collect for the Sunday after Ascension Day:

'O God the King of glory, who hast exalted thine only Son Jesus Christ with great triumph unto thy kingdom in heaven: We beseech thee, leave us not comfortless; but send to us thine Holy Ghost to comfort us, and exalt us unto the same place whither our Saviour Christ is gone before, who liveth and reigneth with three and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end...'

has been 'insignificantly' altered:

'Eternal God, the King of Glory, you have exalted your only Son with great triumph to your kingdom in heaven. Leave us not comfortless, but send your Holy Spirit to strengthen us and exalt us to the place where Christ is gone before, and where with you and the Holy Spirit he is worshipped and glorified, now and for ever.'

Clearly, Cranmer had done too good a job: the liturgical fidgets could only scratch the surface — 'you & your' for 'thee & thine,' 'Spirit' for 'Ghost,' etc. But the scratching effectually destroys Cranmer's composition, as it was intended to. The gratuitous 'eternal,' the elegant variation of 'strengthen' for 'comfort' (which removes the rhythmic echo and makes a false distinction), the shrinking avoidance of the relative clause (in the interests of non-English 'English?') and the suppression of the redundant 'Jesus Christ' and 'our Saviour' — these fatuous alterations are made on behalf of a church come of age, speaking to modern man. Cranmer's collect is still recognizable, however, from the strange survivals — 'exalt[ed]', triumph, 'comfortless,' '... is gone before' — none of which is a modern, readily understood

expression. Why are they allowed to stay? — Surely because they are too strong to be moved, are not vulnerable to bullying exclusion, as is 'O' or 'who hast...' or 'liveth and reigneth.' But standards are formed in comparison. In turning back to Cranmer's collect (which he forged in 1549 from the text of a Vespers anthem), we acknowledge our debt to the A.S.B.: without it, we might have been merely nostalgic or wistful in longing for 'the same service... at the same hour'; might never have realized just how good, how religiously right, Cranmer is.

*Thomas Cranmer: *Two Studies* by Colin Dunlop and Charles Smyth, S.P.C.K. 1956 reissued this year, with a preface by A. C. Capey

(Mr Capey is the editor of "Faith and Worship," a journal of the Prayer Book Society).

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Redefining God

The Anglican Church in Australia has embarked on a project to purge hymns and prayers of "sexist" terminology in favour of what is called inclusive language. This is an enterprise akin to removing class warfare from Marxism, or the word money from economics text books.

Examples of the proposed changes will do little to gladden the hearts of those who rejoice in the richness of the prose of Anglican tradition. The Church of the King James Bible and the majestic works of Thomas Cranmer are to be given over to such banalities as the substitution of humankind for man, or personhood for manhood.

The Trinity is to be comprehensively retooled. Instead of Father, Son and Holy Spirit there will be Creator, Redeemer and Spirit.

There is an almost Orwellian lack of personality to these reforms. If God the Father is merely Creator, can we be too far away from labelling Him (Her) double plus good person?

One of the greatest strengths of Christianity has been the way it has personalised religion. Indeed, this is in some sense the very point of the incarnation itself; God became man, entering fully into the human condition.

This personalism will be lost in the bureaucratic, linguistic vandalism of Creator, Redeemer and Spirit.

The changes are not even logical. A creator is something different from a father — so much so that the proposed change almost amounts to a redefinition of people's relationship with God. Has the Church been wrong all these hundreds of years to talk of God the Father? And if it has been wrong about that, why should it now be regarded as right in its new formulations?

The word Redeemer provides no clue to the relationship within the Trinity between Redeemer and Creator.

Why remove the Holy from Spirit? Are we talking merely of team spirit, or the spirit of the age?

And what is to become of the Old Testament, so full of Jewish patriarchy that any attempt to render it non-sexist will also render it ridiculous?

When awarding the Thomas Cranmer essay prize recently, Prince Charles lamented the decline of modern English into a dismal wasteland of banality, cliché and casual obscenity. He condemned the flight from the teaching of formal rules of grammar in English schools, a trend equally evident, and equally disastrous, in ours.

He had tough words for the New English Bible (which he described as being written in the style of an internal memo) and the Church of England's Alternative Service (which he said was crass and patronising).

Great beliefs need great language for their expression. As Prince Charles said,

mean, trite and ordinary language encourages a mean, trite and ordinary world. Traditional Anglican prose is a thing of great beauty. The conscious preference for the ugly over the beautiful is a most peculiar predilection.

Editorial, *The Australia* 5.1.1990

Bicentenary Issues

— the ideal gift

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MAROON — PLACE OF GALLANTRY

by Dan O'Donnell

South of Boonah, capital of the beautiful Fassifern Valley, nestles the tranquil farming hamlet of Maroon which derives its name from the celebrated Queensland Homestead of that name. Towering above the locality is majestic Mt Maroon, its name not, as might be expected, influencing the naming of the locality. Indeed, as late as the beginning of this century, the mountain bore the name of Mt Walker even though it had actually been christened Mt Clanmorris by its discoverer, Cunningham, back in 1828. In the mid 1840s, John Rankin acquired the lease to the huge run of Melcombe which stretched from Dulhunty's Plains (later Coochin Coochin) south to the Macpherson Ranges, building his homestead at the foot of Mt Ballow. Isolation and the perceived threat of reprisals from the displaced Aborigines soon induced him to leave for Ipswich and the huge run was taken over by Carden Collins and his young bride, Mary Glennie from Unumgar Station across the border. The new owners relocated the homestead further north on Burnett's Creek, Mary Glennie bestowing on it the name Wahlmaroom, the Aboriginal word for sand goanna. The anglicised contraction of Maroon has been its name ever since.

In 1864, Carden Collins sold his vast run to Thomas Lodge Murray-Prior, the property remaining in the distinguished Murray-Prior family until 1920. In the intervening period, the whole locality followed the identical pattern of other parts of Queensland with partial resump-tions of the huge estates and official carving of the former runs into smaller viable selections. Some of Melcombe or Maroon was resumed and carved into smaller farms under the Land Act of 1868, one of the first selectors being Ezra Harvey whose descendants still dwell in the Fassifern. According to the 1880 Rate Book of the local Shire Council, other families living and farming in the Parish of Melcombe included Adam Bartholomai, Sidney Elver, F.A. Farquharson, Charles J. Lightbody and Edward Minnage. Edward Minnage actually selected heavily-timbered land in remote country adjacent to the very land on which Cossart's Mill was to be erected in 1899 further up Burnett's Creek. This area was later given the name of Cossart.

In 1887, Maroon's scrubland was opened to selection, another wave of selectors swelling the sparse population. Included were names now indelibly part of the Maroon story: T. Jamieson, H. Newlove, D. Newlove, H. Taylor, M. Baker, E. West, J. Pocock, D. Oliphant, S. Rose, D. Parker, H. Rooke, G. Rooke, G. Coley, W. Hern, G.C. Childs, F. Cook, W.

Weatherall, W. Slatter, I. Cochrane, W. Parkinson, J. Sandeman.

On 30 May 1891, the Maroon Provisional School opened its doors, as the direct result of a community spirit which sets this tiny hamlet apart. Absolutely no cost to the Department of Education was incurred apart from teacher's salary and school requisites. The building was constructed by local tradesmen under the direction of F.W. Cook, farmer and master builder, as was the furniture. Fred Cook was also a talented artist, a number of his prize winning oils and watercolours being exhibited at the Brisbane Exhibition. His stone cottage at Cotswold, the remains of which can still be seen today, was a magnificent monument to the industry and ingenuity of district pioneers. His neighbour, Samuel Rose, was also builder of renown, constructing the Maroon School of Arts in 1903-04. In 1909, the Maroon school was upgraded to State School, from its commencement a focal point of community activity: place of worship, venue for community socials, and meeting place for a local debating society. Maroon has always been a flourishing school, deeply involved in community affairs, accepting without demur the awesome burden of responsibilities shrugged off elsewhere across the nation. Indeed, this tiny hamlet has been unrewarded and unrecognised for far too long, as a home of gallantry.

One family typifying the unostentatious solidity of Maroon is the Prout family, descendants of John Prout who disembarked from the "Golden City" in Brisbane on 3 January 1865, with his wife, Amelia, five sons and one daughter. The family was to become part of Maroon-Knapps Creek history, clearing the virgin timbered country and introducing cattle onto the huge Crown Lands hitherto part of the Maroon run. Grandson, James J. Prout was to explain that the family moved home from Knapps Creek to Maroon because of his incurable penchant for galloping at excessive speed from farm to Maroon School each day. His brother, the gallant Thomas, lost his life in World War 1, manning his machine gun during a bloody campaign on French soil. An innocuous entry in the Anglican "Church Record" recorded the event, the stark tragedy for the family underscoring the enormous price demanded of superior citizens:

"Mr James Prout and Mr Fred Cook have presented St Andrew's with two useful gifts in memory of their sons who have made the great sacrifice. The former has given the cedar altar and rails, and the latter a cedar altar desk."

Private Algy Cook, a first-day pupil at Maroon School, had also been "killed in action in France". Throughout the duration of the war, the numbing sense of loss endured by the uncomplaining citizens of Maroon from these shattering human tragedies could be but guessed at in such entries in the Anglican "Church Record" as:

2 April 1917: "the death of Private R.C. David from wounds incurred in France".

1 September 1917: "the death of another brave boy from this parish — John Watson".

1 December 1917: "another one of our Maroon soldiers has been reported killed — Private Thomas David. This is the second son who has made the great sacrifice."



Maroon War Memorial

Adjoining the Maroon State School is the magnificent War Memorial which was inspired by the gallantry of these young men, mere boys, who answered their nation's call during World War I. Of forty-one volunteers from the district, sixteen died fighting for King and Country. It was a conspicuous sacrifice by one tiny rural community unmatched across the nation. Today an Honour

Board made of local cedar honours these young warriors in the Maroon School of Arts, as does the Maroon War Memorial which has been entrusted to the permanent custody of the School Committee. William Slatter, Head Teacher in 1919, notified the Government on 2 September that almost 200 pounds has been donated by local citizens to erect a monument befitting such valour, the stone and marble base

bearing the names of volunteers surmounted by the figure of an infantry-man. It was, in all, to rise 17 feet, a fifty-foot flagpole and an avenue of trees to complete the project. After all, the cream of the community's manhood had selflessly demonstrated the very ideal of civic responsibility: putting their very lives on the line to defend their loved ones and their country. In retrospect, the spirit of Maroon itself is symbolised in this Memorial, its state of beautiful presentation in the 70 years following its construction an eloquent testimony to citizens who care deeply, albeit undemonstratively, about the spirit of this nation.

One year earlier, William Slatter, also Secretary of the Maroon Patriotic Committee, had requested of the Federal Postmaster-General's Department that mail deliveries on 12 December 1918 be abandoned. Victory celebrations were to be held that day, he explained, and the mail contractor, J.W. Mallinson of Cotswood, an ex-Digger, wished to attend. Government officials are notoriously unsympathetic to such requests but a metropolitan postal official minuted on Slatter's letter:

"No inconvenience would be caused to residents who have been generally approached in regard to this request.

Maroon sent upwards of 40 volunteers to the Front, 20 of whom have been killed. Approval is recommended."

And so it should have been! Can the nation ever repay this magnificent little community, steadfast and true?

The record demonstrates a singular contribution in routine daily life as well, exemplified in little known vignettes of Fassifern life buried in the past. The "Church Record" of 1 December 1919 carries one such example of Maroon resourcefulness:

"After 9 years of driving to and fro over the hilly roads of the parish, the Rector had a smash going down a steep hill between Cannon Hill and Maroon. Beyond a severe shaking and two broken shafts, no damage resulted."

While the Rector conducted regular service, Churchwarden James Prout, son of John, made "instant" repairs by means of two saplings. His son, James J. Prout, was later among the first to drive cattle from Maroon to Pinkenba. In 1927-28, he undertook two trips with mobs of over 400 cattle, making a handful of overnight stops before reaching the southbank of the Victoria Bridge in time for the 2am crossing. No other time was permitted. On each occasion he reached Pinkenba at first light.

The Maroon district abounds in such important history, but its place in national affairs lies surely in the cruel price demanded of it, and uncomplainingly paid, during World War I.



The Mooch o' Life

by C. J. Dennis

This ev'nin I was sittin' wiv Doreen,
Peaceful an' 'appy wiv the day's work
done,
Watching', be'ind the orchard's bonzer green,
The flamin' wonder of the settin' sun.

Another day gone by; another night
Creepin' along to douse Day's golden light;
Another dawnin', when the night is gone,
To live an' love—an' so life mooches on.

Times I 'ave thought, when things was goin' crook,
When 'Ope turned nark an' Love forgot to smile,
Of somethin' I once seen in some old book
Where an ole sore-head arsts, "Is life worf wile?"

But in that stillness, as the day grows dim,
An' I am sittin' there wiv'er an' 'im—
My wife, my son! an' strength in me to strive,
I anly know—it's good to be alive!

Yeh live, yeh love, yeh learn; an' when yeh come
To square the ledger in some thortful hour,
The everlastin' answer to the sum
Must allus be, "Where's sense in gittin' sour?"

Fer when yeh've come to weigh the good an' bad—
The gladness wiv the sadness you 'ave 'ad—
Then 'im 'oo's faith in 'uman goodness fails
Fergits to put 'is liver in the scales.



Livin' an' lovin'; learnin' day be day;
Pausin' a minute in the barmy strife
To find that 'elpin' others on the way
Is gold coined fer your profit—sich is life.

I've studied books wiv yearnings to improve,
To 'eave meself out of me lowly groove,
An' 'ere is orl the change I ever got:
" 'Ark at yer 'eart, an' you kin learn the lot."

I gives it in—that wisdom o' the mind—
I wasn't built to play no lofty part.
Orl such is welkim to the joys they find;
I only know the wisdom o' the 'eart.

An' ever it 'as taught me, day be day,
The one same lesson in the same ole way:
"Look fer yer profits in the 'earts o' friends,
Fer 'atin' never paid no dividends."

Life's wot yeh make it; an' the bloke 'oo tries
To grab the shinin' stars frum out the skies
Goes crook on life, an' calls the world a cheat,
An' tramples on the daisies at 'is feet.

But when the moon comes creepin' o'er the hill,
An' when the mopoke calls along the creek,
I takes me cup o' joy an' drinks me fill,
An' arsts meself wot better could I seek.

An' ev'ry song I 'ear the thrushes sing
That everlastin' message seems to bring;
An' ev'ry wind that whispers in the trees
Gives me the tip there ain't no joys like these:

Livin' an' lovin'; wand'rin' on yer way;
Reapin' the 'arvest of a kind deed done;
An' watchin', in the sundown of yer day,
Yerself again, grown nobler in yer son.

Knowin' that ev'ry coin o' kindness spent
Bears interest in yer 'eart at cent per cent;
Measurin' wisdom by the peace it brings
To simple minds that values simple things.

An' when I take a look along the way
That I 'ave trod, it seems the man knows best,
Who's met wiv slabs of sorrer in 'is day,
When 'e is truly rich an' truly blest.

An' I am rich, becos me eyes 'ave seen
The lovelight in the eyes of my Doreen;
An' I am blest, becos me feet 'ave trod
A land 'oo's fields reflect the smile o' God.

Livin' an' lovin'; learnin' to fergive
The deeds an' words of some un'appy bloke
Who's missed the bus—so 'ave I come to live,
An' take the 'ole mad world as 'arf a joke.

Sittin' at ev'nin' in this sunset-land,
Wiv 'Er in all the World to 'old me 'and,
A son, to bear me name when I am gone ...
Livin' an' lovin'—so life mooches on.

BOOK REVIEW

by Dawn Thompson

"THAT'S LIFE" by M. K. SOLLY

M. K. (Dixie) Solly is a bush poet of the most unassuming kind, a practical farmer in the far South of Western Australia who strings together verses about everyday happenings to amuse himself and his friends. With a whimsical eye for the humour in everyday events, he has the ability to present it — maybe not always in perfect metre — but in a way that strikes ever so accurately at the funny-bone.

As Country Music is enjoying an upsurge, and since "A Fortunate Life" became the forerunner of many personal tales of the lives of ordinary Australians, so Solly has revived the age-old craft of bush verse for our enjoyment. For me, the beauty of these rollicking verses is their truth; the characters described are so real. We all know boastful fishermen, "know-it-all" workmen, folk who like to use big words, sometimes incorrectly and with hilarious results, like Solly's vascestomised wheat farmer.

Battlers in the bush may best appreciate the feelings of approaching the bank manager for a loan, or the nuisance of the "cookies curse", the mallee root and the waywardness of stock. But anyone would get a laugh out of the Pommy Coachman's wild ride, or the Ongerup Fisherman's fast growing catch.

The political figures of the time — the Whitlam — Frazer era — figure largely, as indeed they do wherever farmers meet and chat, and some exceedingly plain, not to say libellous sentiments are expressed. This reflects not only Aussie casualness towards authority, but the fact that next to the weather, profit or loss in the bush is largely governed by the vagaries of politics.

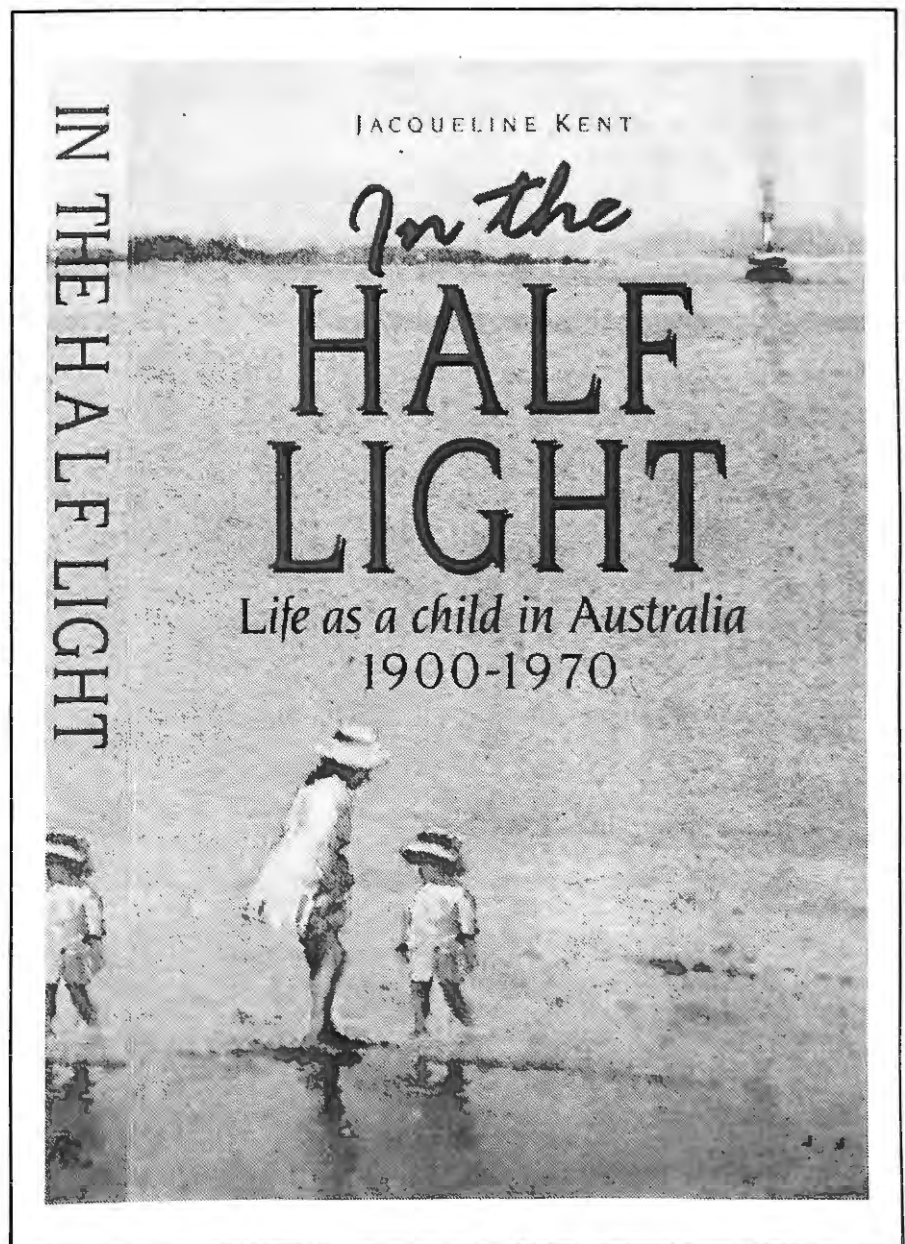
When we come to the tale of the larrikins at the bush dance towing away the dunny occupied, all unbeknownst to them by a young lady, perhaps we may wonder if poetic licence is taking over, but stranger things have happened, and Dixie Solly does us all a service in brightening this grim old world with an amused glance at the outrageous as well as the mundane things in life.

The hard cover book is a credit to its publishers with good paper and crisp clear type, and is illustrated by Rod Waller in vigorous pen and ink.

Printed and published by Albany Advertiser, Albany W.A. \$12 plus postage, \$2.50.

"IN THE HALF LIGHT" by Jaqueline Kent

The child is the same person as the adult, but they live in different worlds. This book is about the way adults remember the other world of their child-



hood — “the half light”. The material for it came from taped interviews with hundreds of people from many backgrounds throughout Australia over a period of two years, and although names are used they are assumed names, to provide anonymity.

The contributors' accounts give new colour and perspective to the bald historical facts of the times they lived in, and we see events not as statistics, dates and momentous historical happenings, but through the child's eyes. The time Mum was crying and — Mum NEVER cried — and we were told to go outside and play; the surprise at seeing the visiting Prince of Wales was after all just an ordinary looking little man; being quite content with bread and lard and thin soup for lunch in Depression days, but horrified to see one's hostess feed three whole beautiful eggs to the racing greyhounds.

Older Heritage readers will identify with a great deal of the reminiscences recorded here, some perhaps with the little girl who grew up in a “big house” in Edwardian Melbourne, with servants distant, splendid parents. She recalls being taken to hear Melba sing, and remembers feeling lonely and circumscribed by the taboos of her times. Or maybe the tales of little outback schools and playground games, of childish loyalties, friendships and fights will take the mind back.

The interviews begin with the new century, and cover events great and small through the Great War and then the roaring twenties, moving on to the heartbreaks of the Depression and the Second War. Then there is the post-war period, the Sixties with the Beatles, Kennedy's assassination and the Vietnam War.

It has been the fastest-changing time in history, and it is not easy for people now to understand what life was like for those who grew up before plastic, or T.V., or who knew desperate poverty and shame in Depression times. The intense patriotic fervour we learnt from our elders in past times can hardly be imagined now, nor the very real fear during war time of Japanese invasion.

If it is true that one must understand the past in order to make sense of the future, this is a wonderful book for a thoughtful child from perhaps late primary school age for this reason. It is also a hook that will bring a lot of nostalgic pleasure and evoke memories of events and feelings from the childhood of many of us, perhaps with insights to how “the other half lived” in those times.

Jaqueline Kent has prefaced each interview with a short description of the person's character, and the narrative is the first person which adds immediacy and life. The inclusion of photos fitting to each period help with the atmosphere, and the format makes it a pleasant book to dip into at odd times — although I found it so vivid and interesting it led me from one story to the next, sorry to reach the end.

“In the Half Light, life as a child in Australia 1900-1970” by Jaqueline Kent, published by Angus and Robertson, \$24.95 plus postage.

“AUSTRALIA BEYOND THE DREAMTIME” by Thomas Keneally, Patsy Adam Smith, Robyn Davidson

This is a history of our country from European settlement to present day through the eyes of three people, written from a personal point of view.

Thomas Keneally entitles his section “Here Nature is Reversed”. Descended from 19th century Irish immigrants he begins with Captain Cook's discovery, sympathetically describing the life and ways of the Aborigines and the impact of European settlement. He describes in detail and with insight the penal beginnings of settlement and discusses the influence it had on our national character. He develops this theme of a unique Australian personality, growing away from the manners of the old world, and highlights events which he believes were landmarks

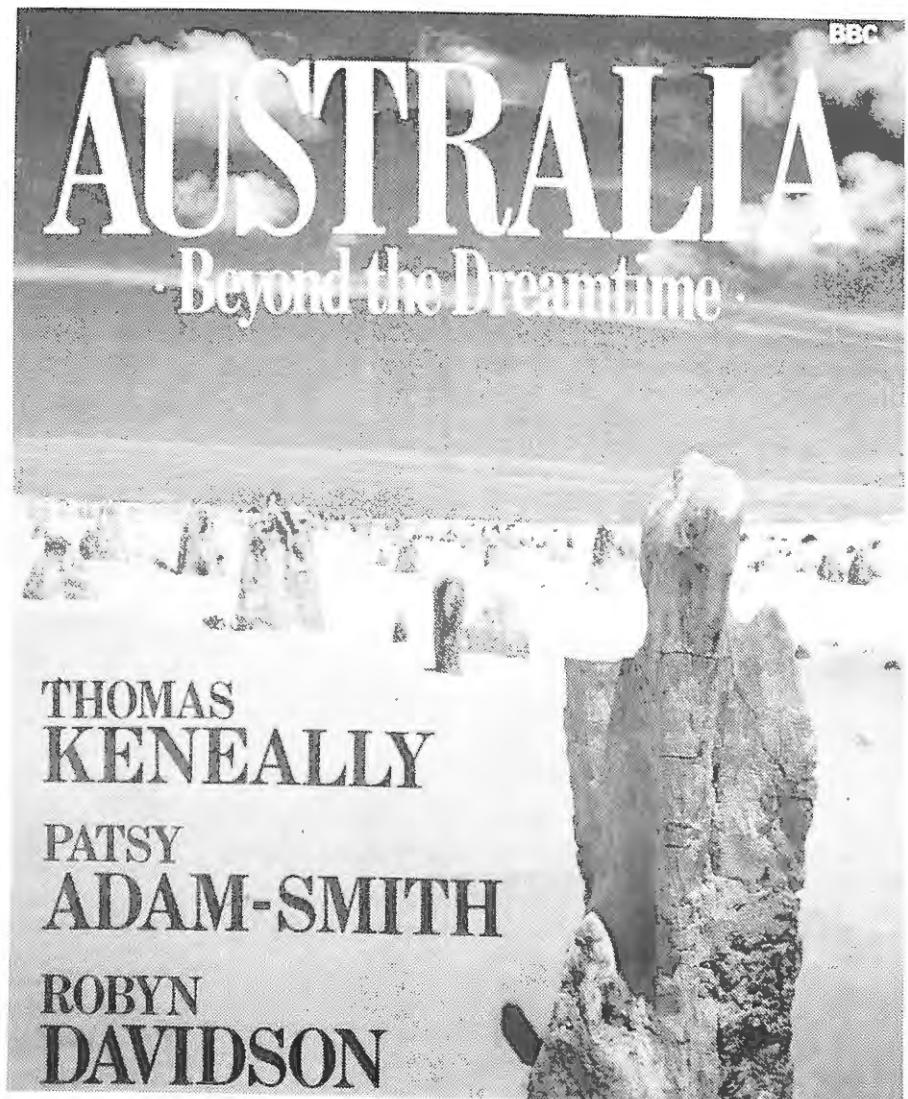
in our development, such as Eureka, the goldrushes, the wars, the growth of the Kelly legend. By the time of Federation, Keneally believes, we had forged a separate Australian personality and culture.

Patsy Adam Smith, daughter of a railroad worker, takes up the story with a section entitled “The Road to Gundagai”.

She tells of the rise of the sheep barons, perpetuating to a degree the class distinction that many had hoped to leave behind, and goes on to point out the effect on the Australian ethos of the Wars, the Depression and the rise of trade unions. She traces the identifying of our Australian pride, in our cricketers, our fighting men and our outstanding women singers, while deploring our tendency to admire exploits and achievements of other countries while belittling our own.

Concluding, Patsy Adam Smith shows a moment of doubt as to the wisdom of our recent immigration policy, which, although she can see it as leaving us as an ethnic minority in our own land, still believes it to be “magnificent”, as change is inevitable.

The final part of the history is “The Mythological Crucible”, contributed by Robyn Davidson, better known perhaps



for her solitary trek across Australia by camel.

Born in 1950, she is a child of her time, and grew up in Queensland, where she found the fifties a time of "stultifying niceness, smug conservatism, and grasping materialism". She became a vociferous student demonstrator for all the popular causes, and "raged" with Whitlam when his career was cut short. Her story of living in this era is interesting rather as a study of her type of mentality, rather than as a view of the times, which may have appeared in a different light to other people. Any opposition to policies she saw as compassionate and progressive was due, in her view, to stodginess and greed. It may be interesting to see if maturity may overtake those of this generation, and their long view become more balanced.

As a whole this is a well-presented and lavishly illustrated book, with many interesting and thought-provoking insights into the development of the Australian character, besides which the life stories of each of the authors and the events that shaped their thinking are fascinating reading.

Published in hard cover by BBC Books, London. Price \$39.95 plus postage.

"NEVER A DULL" by Bill Manifold

Regular "Heritage" readers will remember this book featuring in a review in the Spring '87 edition, but it is well worth bringing to notice once again as a new edition is being published.

Squadron Leader Manifold, D.F.C. and Bar, has expanded his original book with an author's preface and a series of notes which amplify some of the points of interest.

The introduction by Sir James Darling O.B.E. contained a strong note of caution regarding some of the author's ideas, while still recommending the book as a whole. It is interesting to note that, in the five years since this book was first published, Sir James has modified that caution to some extent. For time has shown that Bill Manifold's views are being proved correct in many instances, and that on other issues one may, with Sir James, be somewhat tempted to hope they are right.

"Never a Dull" is an appealing and informative first-hand account of his Air Force experiences during World War II, moving from his training in Benalla in Victoria, in Canada and in England, to operations against Germany and Italy with Bomber Command.

The bare bones of history are faithfully fleshed out with word-pictures and anecdotes of the people, places and feelings of the time. There is plenty of adventure of



heroism, pathos and humour as Mr Manifold's crew volunteers for a second tour of duty with the R.A.F. Pathfinder Squadron, and then see life as instructors, finally serving on Mosquitoes doing target marking.

Duties such as those with bomber crews, on which the author served 63 sorties and was twice decorated, absorbed their skills and energies totally, but as time went on questions began to form in the minds of the more thoughtful and sensitive as to the morality and justification of their actions. Later these doubts remained and were intensified.

This book is a great story of action and adventure, but it has an added dimension of including the author's deeper insights into events and situations over this period. Written forty years after the War, and

now updated again, it contains the wisdom of hindsight and the benefits of an enquiring mind in distilling some comments on a variety of subjects.

However unorthodox readers may find these ideas, they are sure to be of interest, written as they are in such reasonable vein, and given the extensive bibliography there is opportunity for those interested to follow up any which catch the imagination or fit in with their own experiences and interests. These subjects include the Holocaust — did it really happen? Zionism and its aspirations, finance and its place in the scheme of things — amongst many others.

Anyone who lived through those years would appreciate this book, but it would make its most valuable contribution placed in the hands of the younger

generation as an entertaining history of its times, and as a record of the fact that, while this generation did its duty nobly, thoughtful men have realised that there is a great deal more to be taken into consideration.

The book is illustrated with some seventy photographs and paintings, some in colour, and clearly printed on sharp white paper. In soft cover with colourful jacket, it is published by Austbooks, P.O. Box 59, Camperdown, Victoria 3260. It may be ordered direct from the publisher, cash with order, post free within Australia, price \$15.95.

LETTERS

HOW dare you use the phrase "God is not a Him" in the same breath as "Anglican"!

While I have no real argument with the substitution of words such as "descendants" or "people" for "sons" or "men", for example, in hymns or prayers (even here the original words were meant to be inclusive of women and daughters — it is the feminists who have in recent years emphasised the purely masculine tone of such words), doctoring of the Creeds, Holy Trinity and Gospels is quite another matter.

That people are free to address their God in non-masculine forms is no doubt quite within their liberties in a democracy, but they have no right to call themselves "Anglican" or possibly even "Christian" while ignoring the original teachings of, and, infinitely worse, seeking to amend the foundation stones of our faith: the Creeds, Trinity and Gospels.

Nor have they the right to inflict such heresy on the whole body of traditional Anglicans — synods are not democratically elected, nor are they free to vote on matters of doctrine.

(Dr) R. W. ALLAN
Wanniassa, ACT

YOUR editorial laments the efforts of the Anglican Church of Australia to rewrite the terminology of the King James Bible. The Authorised Version of 1611 has been a source of inspiration — both spiritual and literary — for close upon 400 years, to millions of people.

The Anglican Church demonstrates how near moribund it has become with this pathetic exercise to appear trendy.

P. FRASER
Fitzroy, VIC

YOUR editorial was a timely reminder to the Anglican Church in Australia that its decision to use inclusive language is another death-knock in the decline of our beautiful English language.

I believe that in endeavouring to clarify the language of the King James Bible, and also to appease the unisex brigade, the Church will only succeed in muddying the meaning.

From time to time attempts have been made to amend the Lord's Prayer. A prime example is this phrase, "Lead us not into temptation".

Perfectly clear to me, but some years ago, liturgical experts decided to exchange it for, "Do not bring us to the time of trial". After protests, this became, eventually, "Let us not be led into temptation".

A journalist facetiously commented that perhaps they should go the whole way in reform and adopt the Bishop of Bevidon's version, "Hopefully, we shall not find ourselves in a situation where we may fail to adjust meaningfully to our environment."

MARILYN LONGMUIR
Horsham, VIC

YOUR editorial portrays an attitude quite unbecoming a progressive newspaper like *The Australian*.

What with the population explosion, the runaway pollution and the unbridled rape of our environment, the world can no longer afford a personalised God who has created the whole universe solely for our benefit.

The Anglican Church is at least taking a step in the right direction by trying to update God.

Unless we de-program our minds and universally accept a cosmic God, a Supreme Intelligence, rather than a Holy Father who is no more than a personal image, an amplified projection of a human being, the future of our planet hangs in the balance.

S. MOSS
Malabar Heights, NSW

I MOST strongly object to your editorial *Redefining God* (5/1). The question of inclusive language in worship is one of justice.

Prince Charles may consider the language of the alternative Service Book to be "crass and patronising", but there are many women who feel the same way about their exclusion from the words of communal worship.

It is precisely because the language presently used is that of the sixteenth century Church of the King James Bible and Thomas Cramner that a revision is called for.

I am not questioning that "traditional

Anglican prose is a thing of great beauty". This is not, however, a question of literature but of worship, the communal prayer of believers, and requires the application of good theology, sound liturgical principles and sensitivity; sentimentality obstructs true reform.

Communal worship using correct but contemporary language, with which the worshippers are familiar, allows them to enter more deeply into the liturgy.

This is especially important for the young if they are to experience communal worship as prayer.

It is an admirable project which the Anglican Church in Australia has undertaken. Your writer's attempt to prejudice this work, which is the task of the believers of the Anglican Church and not a secular newspaper, is disgraceful.

PETER MULLINS
St Patrick's Seminary
Manly, NSW

The Australian 12.1.90

SIR — Full marks for your excellent editorial, *Redefining God* (5/1).

The shrill screech of the radical feminist pressure group exerts disproportionate influence on vote-hungry politicians of small principle. However, it cuts little ice with most women.

The simple facts are:

(a) In any church on any Sunday women form the bulk of the congregation;
(b) Women will go to church to be addressed and/or lectured by a dignified father-figure and will return happily next week for more of the same; and

(c) Women will not tolerate being ranted at by other women, particularly by the case-hardened authoritarian type so often seen to be aspiring to ecclesiastical office.

Sabotage

What is planned now is the sabotage of age-old traditions, traditions which are fundamental to the Church.

Had the proponents of the latest outrages set out deliberately to destroy the Church from within, it is doubtful they could have devised a better way.

E. F. FERRIER
Casuarina, NT

The Australian 12.1.90

COMPARED with Buckingham Place, the opulence and grandeur of Ceaucescu's personal palace should be enough to make Britain's anti-royalist brigade thank their lucky stars that they live in the decadent West and not the egalitarian East.

S. C. HICKFORD
Beaumaris, VIC

The Australian 5.1.90

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