

HERITAGE

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT — FOR THE FUTURE

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No. 58



**FRONT COVER
Sir Douglas Mawson
Antarctic Pioneer.**

in this issue

- 2 Glorious Lady**
- 3 Mawson and the Antarctic**
- 20 Saga of F.C.C.S.**
- 6 Queen in Canada**
- 8 Books That Should Not Be Forgotten**
- 17 Canada Calls**
- 18 Nutcote for the Nation**
- 24 Poems**
Sleigh Journey
Fox's Prophecy
- 22 Letters to the Editor**
(F. Tonin article and photo)
- 21 Book Review**
- 16 A Part History of the World.**
- 13 Our Flag- Our System.**
- 14 The Queen Talks to Canadians.**



A House Divided

In a most perceptive little book with the above title, (Canterbury Guild, Dumont, New Jersey, U.S.A.) Fr. Robert Harvey brought to the attention of his reader what he considered to be the root causes of an ailing Christian Church.

Fr. Harvey used Rudyard Kipling's allegorical tale "The Mother Hive" to reinforce his warnings, with a reminder that although *Fifth Columns* would not develop until the Spanish Civil War, the *Trojan Horse* goes back to the time of Moses.

The announced intention of the Right Rev. Owen Dowling, Bishop of Canberra and Goulburn, to ordain women as priestesses points to one of the causes of the split in the church in the U.S.A. — the permeation of the feminist secular ideology into the doctrine of the Episcopalian (Anglican) Church.

The Bishop of Ballarat, the Right Rev. Hazelwood has spoken out against Bishop Dowling's move, calling it blasphemous and heretical.

He blames the feminist movement for trying to initiate theological changes with its insistence on the use of non-discriminatory terms and warns of a schism within the church in Australia.

Is the condition of the Christian Church within Australia such that God will move on the hearts of the faithful to do what Kipling had his faithful bees do in "The Mother Hive"?

In the story, a community of bees was infiltrated and eventually destroyed by a wax moth (Grey Sister) who managed to get inside and lay her eggs.

Grey Sister capitalised on the fact that the target hive was overcrowded and that the stock had lost its vitality.

Once inside, she gathered a coterie of sympathisers — the weak and the dissident who set no store by their own values or by those of the hive.

In identifying with what was alien, they lost the power to make distinctions and ultimately came to regard all distinction as discrimination.

Other bees were so dissatisfied with their role as workers that they readily subscribed to Grey Sister's charge that the ancient and natural order of bees was unjust.

Kipling resolved the conflict in the political allegory by following nature's own procedure for saving bees — having a Queen and a swarm of vigorous workers leave the diseased and dying hive.

But first his faithful devoted worker, Melissa, had to block out a royal cell in the farthest and most corrupted corner of the hive.

She obscured it with such foul rubbish that no creature would come near and then prevailed upon the dying Queen Bee to make one last effort to lay a worthy egg.

Melissa's companion, Sacharissa — the nursing worker — taught a few young workers the lost art of making royal jelly.

And finally this remnant nourished and protected the young Princess against the impending doom — until the time was right for swarming to new life beyond the corrupted hive.

Has the Christian Church in Australia reached the state of "The Mother Hive" or is there hope of regeneration and new life without the schism?

Bishop Hazelwood has warned his Anglican Church, "If a woman were to be made a bishop I would wash my hands of the entire church — it is blasphemy and heresy."

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 — 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

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GLORIOUS LADY

by John Gully

The 90th birthday of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, on 4th August, 1990 was a day of rejoicing for people all over the world. It was a joyous day for Her Majesty also, showered with the love of her family and the affection and esteem of people throughout the Commonwealth which she most deservedly received.

Rarely, if ever, has anyone been accorded such a mountain of admiration and gratitude during their lifetime, displayed most conspicuously perhaps during the Second World War for her sturdy support of her revered husband, King George VI, and her never-failing care and concern for her people, especially those suffering courageously during the bombing. Moreover, she is renowned for her personal charm, with her "cornflower-blue eyes, peaches-and-cream complexion and light voice, clear as a bell", and for her sincere interest in people, particularly the humble and the triers, to whom she responds warmly. She has no time for pomposity and pretence, doubtless the reason why she wears the magnificent robes of the Order

of the Garter — the oldest and highest Order of British Chivalry — with such grace and distinction, devoid of ostentation. Her life attests to the royal attribute of service without seeking any praise or reward (the antithesis of the republicans' thirst for adulation and power).

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, is the personification of gracious majesty and, as well, of the great virtues. As Queen, and as wife and mother, she has staunchly upheld the sanctity and integrity of marriage and family, the God-ordained foundations of a good nation and wholesome society. We frequently have cause to feel despondent when our pre-eminent Christian and British heritage

which established the authentic Australian way of life — is viciously attacked by today's churls, and are beholden to her for the light that she has kept shining before us on the top of the hill, through the darkness, without a flicker. As the then Poet Laureate, Sir John Betjeman, wrote on her 80th birthday — "*Waves of goodwill/Go racing to meet you*".

No wonder her splendid daughter, Queen Elizabeth II, far and away the finest Head-of-State in the entire world, never fails to smile with pleasure whenever she sees her and bows gently in recognition of this wonderful lady, her mother, the Queen Mother of all of us.

Above all, our Queen Mother has had a vital part in making the Royal House of Windsor the most honoured and stable institution in the world, in maintaining the structure and values of our national life, and in uniting a multitude of diverse subjects in bonds of loyalty, concord and happiness. Her life of devotion and service has been a sweet blessing and an inspiration not just to Great Britain but to all people throughout the Commonwealth.

Sir Winston Churchill once said to her, fearing she may retire to the Castle of Mey when widowed, "*Ma'am, your country needs you*". Dear, dear Ma'am, we need you more and more, year after year, while our love for you grows constantly in our hearts. May God bless you, abundantly.

Mawson and the Antarctic

by Christopher Ashton



No nation has done more, in relation to its population and resources, towards the scientific exploration of the Antarctic continent, than Australia.

The heroic period occurred in the score of years at the beginning of this century. Sir Douglas Mawson (1882-1958), was one of the great leaders of this age and firmly established Australia's claims to Antarctic territory.

Born in Yorkshire in 1882 he came to Australia with his parents in 1884 in the 1,699 ton clipper 'Ellora'.

Mawson and his brothers settled into the Fort Street Public School after his parents finally settled down at Glebe Point,

Sydney.

When he came to leave school his headmaster said, prophetically as it turned out, '...if there be a corner of this planet of ours still unexplored, Douglas Mawson will be the organiser and leader of an expedition to unveil its secrets.'

Although 18 months younger than his brother Will, Douglas entered the University of Sydney at the same time. He went straight into Engineering, while Will studied Medicine, and was awarded his Bachelor of Science degree at the end of 1901.

By then he had developed a great interest in Geology and elected to remain at the

university. He was appointed a Junior Demonstrator in Chemistry at 100 poundsyear.

His academic record was impressive -2nd Class Honours in Physics 1899, 2nd Class Honours in Chemistry 1900, 1st Class Honours in Geology 1900 with a prize for Petrological Work and 2nd Class Honours in Mining in 1901.

When he was appointed to the post, Mawson took six months leave of absence to investigate the geology of the New Hebrides for the British Commissioner, Captain Ernest Rason.

His exploration in the New Hebrides resulted in the first scientific records ever made of those interesting islands.

During this time he had an accident that could have proved disastrous but instead gave an indication of his mettle.

Whilst hammering for rock specimens a sliver of rock lodged under his knee cap and the only medical help was aboard a naval support vessel many miles away.

For thirty six hours they rowed back in a small boat; two were rowing while one rested. Each movement for Mawson was agony, especially when he was rowing and necessarily bending his knee.

GREATEST UNSUPPORTED FOOT-SLOG EVER MADE IN SOUTH

While Shackleton's Western Party was logging its way to within 112 miles of the South Pole, on a plateau of 11,600 ft. altitude, itself a major classic in human exploration, the journey to the elusive southern axis of the Earth's magnetic field was made by Mawson, David and MacKay.

It was the greatest unsupported foot slog ever made in the South. The three hauled a half ton sledge across sea ice into the Northwest, fought up a glacier and through the Prince Albert Mountains of South Cape Adare.

Suffering from hunger and snow blindness, they made an incredible march of 1,260 miles taking 122 days and included geology studies on the way. Mawson even thinking to sample unusual ice crystals from the sides of a crevasse that he had fallen into.

A MAN OF INFINITE RESOURCE AND AN INDIFFERENCE TO FROST AND COLD THAT WAS ASTONISHING

They came as near as possible to the Magnetic South Pole as their simple equipment allowed - attained at a point registered as 72 deg. 25 min South lat. and 152 deg. 16 min East long.

When severe snow blindness disabled David, Mawson took over for 500 miles, leading them to the ship on the west coast of the Ross Sea. David wrote later, 'In him (Mawson) we had an Australian Nansen, a man of infinite resource, splendid spirit, marvellous physique and an indifference to frost and cold that was astonishing...'

In October, 1959, to mark Australian participation in the Antarctic activities of the International Geophysical Year, the Australian Commonwealth Government issued a series of four Antarctic scenes stamps.

The fourpenny stamp depicts the three men, bare headed on the site of the South Magnetic Pole.

On his return Mawson resumed his work at Adelaide University, but took advantage of the following summer vacation and travelled to Europe spending six weeks investigating a mining proposition in the Carpathian Mountains.

In London he had discussions with Captain Scott who was anxious for Mawson to join his proposed expedition to the South Pole. Mawson's dedication to pure scientific discovery overrode his temptation to join Scott on a journey just to reach the South Pole and he declined the offer.

Early in 1911 the Australian Association for the Advancement of Science (A.A.A.S.) supported a proposal for the investigation of the almost unknown segment of Antarctica due south of Australia and voted 1000 pounds towards the expedition. The Royal Geographic Society in London donated 500 pounds and public support and interest ensured the venture.

A COMMANDING PRESENCE AND A SPLENDID SPIRIT

By the time the small boat reached the ship he was practically unconscious and the naval doctor did consider amputation as a means of saving his life. However, he began by opening the knee and draining it.

For some weeks Mawson was dangerously ill - saved by expert nursing and his own remarkable constitution. Six foot three inches in his socks, he had a commanding presence and displayed a splendid spirit.

During his final years at Sydney University, Douglas read of the discovery by Walter Howchin of definite evidence in South Australia of glaciation in the late Pre-Cambrian or Cambrian times.

This important discovery was of special interest to him as he had already devoted some research on South Australian geology, as well as on the geology of the Barrier Ranges of Western New South Wales.

He applied for the position of Lecturer on Minerology and Petrology at the University of Adelaide and was accepted on an initial salary of \$600 a year.

INTO THE INTERIOR EVERY UNIVERSITY VACATION

On his arrival in Adelaide he first found quarters in the historic Newmarket Hotel on the corner of West and North Terraces, and soon became absorbed in his scientific studies.

He enjoyed Adelaide's social life but would disappear into the interior, especially the Flinders Ranges, every university vacation, returning with large numbers of rock specimens.

In 1905 Mawson became Honorary Curator of Minerals at the S.A. Museum. At the time of his death [1958] he was Chairman of the Board of the Museum having supported it since he first settled in South Australia.

His study of the Barrier Ranges and of glaciation in South Australia, together with lecturing and demonstrating, should have kept him busy enough, but he pursued an interest in the manufacture of artificial diamonds and radium and radium-bearing ores.

IDENTIFIED FIRST URANIUM SITE

He was the one expert in the field of radium and uranium occurrences in Australia when he moved to Adelaide as a lecturer.

The first radium-bearing ore in Australia was identified by Mawson from a specimen brought into the School of Mines.

The first radium-bearing ore in Australia was identified by Mawson from a specimen brought into the School of Mines. He went up to the site of the find, identified the uranium and arranged to have the site pegged and registered.

Whilst involved in this discovery, he heard of Shackleton's proposed voyage to the Antarctic. Thinking it would provide an opportunity for an 'on the spot' investigation of Antarctic glaciation, he wrote to Shackleton about the possibility of joining the expedition.

Mawson was 26 years old when he received the cabled reply appointing him 'route surveyor, cartographer and magnetician' to the expedition.

On leave from the University supplying his own locum - Mawson hurried off to join the 'Nimrod'. Although he originally intended to return by the same ship when Shackleton's land party had been established, he stayed on with the expedition.

Mawson served his 'apprenticeship', becoming deeply imbued with the spirit of exploration on a scientific basis, and, at the same time, developed a serious, practical interest in details of Antarctic equipment.

During this 1907-09 expedition, Mawson did a great deal of photography, fitting up his own dark room to develop his pictures.

With Professor David and Dr. MacKay he made an ascent of Mt. Erebus, a 12,285 ft. high active volcano.

A MASSIVE CONTRIBUTION TO KNOWLEDGE OF OUR PLANET

Shortly before leaving for London, Mawson became engaged to Paquita Delprat whose father was a mining engineer for the Bede Company in Spain and then B.H.P. from 1898.

After months of hard preparation, Mawson led the great Antarctic Expedition of 1911-14. One of the greatest exploratory expeditions of all time covered on foot.

Eric Webb, a member of Mawson's main base party later wrote in appreciation of Mawson, '...a coastline of 2,000 miles penetrated to a depth of nearly 400 miles by a handful of men and made massive contributions to the knowledge of our planet with resources which must be considered niggardly by modern standards.'

The expedition's researches covered geomagnetism, oceanography, meteorology, geology and biology.

The expedition cemented Mawson's name as a giant figure in the history of the exploration of the southern continent - six million square miles, larger than Europe and the United States combined.

The recording of Mawson's epic struggle on his own following the deaths of his two companions Ninnis and Mertz is a story in itself - probably the greatest survival story ever.

Mawson, unrecognisable to his friend Frank Bickerton, - 'My God! Which one are you?' - having dropped from 15 stone to under eight stone, and hairless, and so near death's door, later ventured, 'The enforced isolation in the hut for a second winter in that land was a blessing in disguise. Had I been in time to board the 'Aurora' and sailed immediately I could not have survived the long sea voyage home.'

**PICTURE DRIFT THAT IS HURLED,
ACTUALLY SCREAMING WITH
ENERGY**

Mawson in trying to explain Antarctic conditions wrote, 'Picture drift that blots out the world, that is hurled, actually screaming with energy, through space in a 100 m.p.h. wind ...'

'Then shroud these infuriated elements with polar light, and a plunge into such a black-white writhing storm as to stamp on the senses an indelible awful impression seldom equalled in the whole gamut of natural experience.....'

'.....a fearful gloom in which the merciless blast was an incubus of vengeance that stabbed, froze and buffeted intruders with the stinging drift that choked and blinded;

World reaction to the Scott epic dulled public interest in Mawson, and left him with the daunting task of rekindling the interest and support he needed to pay off the debts incurred in the disastrous delay.

Two public meetings were held to welcome him and his men home - one at the University of Adelaide, the other in the Town Hall. He married Paquita Delprat on 31st March 1914.

He worked for the Ministry of Munitions, London, and acted as a Munitions Intelligence Officer in liaison with the Ministry of Munitions in WWI, and returned with his wife to Australia in March 1919

**FIFTEEN YEARS SIFTING
AND CORRELATING.**

For fifteen years he was occupied in sifting and correlating the vast accumulation of data produced by the 1911-14 Australian Antarctic Expedition.

He continued to urge the importance of completing the work, he had begun, and organised and led the 1929-31 British, Australian, New Zealand Antarctic Research Expedition. (A.B.N.Z.A.R.E.)



Douglas Mawson on his third journey to the antarctic in 1929-31.



Severe winds whip up snowdrift in minutes, making vision difficult and enforcing camp.

The immense amount of data amassed during this expedition were published by the BANZARE Committee and issued through the Barr-Smith Library at the University of Adelaide. Costs were defrayed by a Commonwealth Government fund.

The BANZARE report 'A' comprises the geographical, geological, hydrological, meteorological and magnetic findings. Report 'B' deals with the biological work: studying animal life, plankton, insects and parasitical nematodes.

On a world wide scale he promoted an awareness of the plight of the greatest mammal on earth - the whale.

He protested ceaselessly against the senseless slaughter of penguins for their oil. 1933 saw him back home devoting his spare time to Harewood, his property near Meadows - named after the family property in Yorkshire.

With long-term planning and programming he improved the property, but due to ill health sold it in 1954. It was well established with a dairy, sheep, and extensive plantations of trees set out with infinite care - a joy to see even today.

He retired as a lecturer in 1952, and in October 1958 died in the house he had planned when in the Antarctic.

A State funeral was held in St Judes Church, Brighton, S.A. and the church bell tolled 76 times to mark the span of his long and eventful life.



1990 The Queen in Canada: Being There

by Randall J. Dicks, J.D.

Randall J. Dicks is an attorney who lives in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, U.S.A. Since 1970, he has been governor and editor of the Constantinian Society, a monarchial organisation with educational goals and activities.

Royal visits, particularly those of the Queen herself, are planned far in advance, and are planned down to the smallest detail.

For the Queen's visit to Canada last June and July, in time for Canada Day celebrations in Ottawa on July 1st, 1990, the 123rd anniversary of Confederation, it was confidently expected, all those months in advance, that the nation would be celebrating ratification of something called the Meech Lake accord by all ten provinces.
But it was not to be.

Canada was in crisis that first day of July, a constitutional and regional crisis which threatened to destroy the Confederation itself.

It was a crisis which took some people completely unawares, and which provided drama and unexpected twists all through the month of June.

The Meech Lake accord was an agreement reached at a meeting of provincial and federal officials at hitherto obscure Meech Lake. What was involved was amendment of the Constitution of Canada. If ratified, the accord would become part of the Constitution. The provisions centered around Quebec, Canada's French-speaking, second-largest province, which had once been a French colony. Quebec had not signed the constitutional patriation agreement of 1981, and was technically not a party to the Canadian Constitution. The Meech Lake accord would make Quebec once again a full-fledged partner in the Confederation. What is more, from the point of view of Quebec, the accord would have given constitutional recognition to Quebec's status as a "distinct society" within Canada, recognition which had been sought by a long line of Quebec politicians.

If all the provinces did not ratify the Meech Lake accord by June 23rd, 1990, it would expire. Early in June, Prime Minister Mulroney called a meeting of the ten provincial Premiers in Ottawa; three provinces (Manitoba, Newfoundland, and New Brunswick) had not ratified the accord.

After a solid week of what the Canadian press described as "roller coaster" debate and acrimony, the longest meeting ever held of provincial first ministers, a compromise of sorts was achieved. Quebec Premier Robert Bourassa declared that "English Canada has recognised and accepted us for what we are."

But that was not to be, either.

Three provinces still had to ratify the Meech Lake accord, before it and the compromise's companion agreements took effect.

New Brunswick promptly ratified the accord (and the members of its legislature then broke into "O Canada", sung in both French and English).

In Manitoba, where political parties seemed to agree that the accord should be ratified, an unexpected complication arose which effectively scuttled the accord, not just for Manitoba, but for all Canada: a Cree Indian member of the legislature blocked the vote. His reason was straightforward enough: native leaders believed strongly that the Meech Lake accord did not give adequate recognition to native rights, another "distinct society" within Canada. Manitoba did not ratify.

Newfoundland had ratified the accord once, but rescinded its ratification. After the Ottawa conference, Premier Clyde Wells had been pressured to bring the matter to a vote (and a vote to ratify). At the last minute, he rejected this pressure as 'manipulation' by the federal government, and adjourned the House of Assembly without taking a vote. Newfoundland did not ratify. The Meech Lake accord expired.

In a strong statement, Premier Bourassa of Quebec said that, regardless of what was said or done, Quebec was and always would be a distinct society, capable of assuming its own destiny and development. Nationalist and separatist fires burned bright. Would Quebec secede from Canada, declare its independence? If it seceded, what would the Atlantic provinces do, cut off from the rest of Canada? Some commentators suggested that those provinces might even join the United States. If Quebec did not secede, what would it do? Each and every Quebecois seemed to take the failure to ratify the accord personally. Would Quebec refuse to deal with its sister provinces, would the federal parliament become a convocation of regions? One editor wrote, "*The rest of Canada may be so disenchanted with the whole, mishandled constitutional process that it will simply let [Quebec seize the initiative and define its own future,] with a growing sense of resignation. Only an unprecedented display of federal leadership that would rouse Canadians to a sense of common mission has a chance of offsetting those trends. Unfortunately, not a lot of potential political heroes with that kind of strength emerged from the Meech Lake process...*"

At that point, Her Majesty The Queen arrived.

The crowds for Canada Day celebrations on Parliament Hill in Ottawa were far larger than they had been in recent years. This was a time of national crisis — and the Queen of Canada was present.

There were cheers when the Governor General, the Rt. Hon. Ramon John Hnatyshyn³, spoke. There were cheers when the Prime Minister, the embattled and Rt. Hon. Brian Mulroney, spoke in turn. There was an ovation when Her Majesty The Queen of Canada finally made her address. The Governor General and Prime Minister had carefully and specifically referred to the 'Queen of Canada', a nicety sometimes omitted on other occasions.

The Queen spoke, alternating in English and French, of her long relationship with Canada (her first Canadian Prime Minister was the late Louis Stephen St Laurent; Her Majesty has as broad an experience and knowledge of Canadian policy and politics as any politician, and the same can be said of all of the countries of which she is head of state⁴). She expressed her confidence that Canadians would resolve the current dilemma, and her trust that Canada would continue to be, as the Queen has always known it to be, one and united. The crowd cheered.

It perplexes some people that there can be value in monarchy when the monarch "reigns but does not rule", or is 'just' a symbol. Those people have largely missed the point. Heads of state no longer lead their troops into battle, either. One of the great values of modern monarchy can be found precisely in the fact that most monarchs nowadays reign, but do not rule; they leave that to their governments. It was true more than a century ago, as Walter Bagehot said, that "*The nation is divided into parties, but the Crown is of no party,*"² and it is true and worthwhile today. Governments are inextricably involved with parties and partisanship.

And if a monarch reigns but does not actually rule, there is still considerable value in her simply being there. The King or Queen, Emperor or Sultan, will be there when needed. The monarch provides a symbol, for those who need a symbol; he is the personification of the nation, of its past, present, and future. He provides continuity; again, from past to present to future. The monarch provides an example.

The monarch also acts as "a rallying point for the nation in times of stress". Because the Sovereign is not associated with the contentious details of administration, but with the national goals and aspirations; because the Sovereign has not climbed to power by striking down political opponents; because the only interest of the Sovereign is the national interest — the Sovereign unites the nation...

"The Monarchy is the chief distinguishing mark of our national identity and independence, and the chief vehicle for the development of a national heritage. It lays claim equally to the respect, affection, and loyalty of English-speaking, French-speaking, Indians, Eskimos and all other national groups of Canadians... the Crown is the impartial arbiter whose advice can and will be trusted; the Crown is the last line of defence for the Constitution, public rectitude, and the rights of minorities."⁵

The same is true for Australia, with its diversity of ethnic, racial, and cultural backgrounds, for New Zealand, for Jamaica, for Belize, even for tiny Tuvalu.

It is said that King Baudouin of Belgium is the only true Belgian, that all the rest of his countrymen and subjects are either Flemings or Walloons. Queen Elizabeth II of Canada may not be the only true Canadian, even though some of her Canadian subjects seem to consider themselves firstly Quebecois or Newfoundlanders or Cree Indians, and only secondly Canadians. But on Parliament Hill in Ottawa last Canada Day, the Queen of Canada was more than ever the living symbol of unity, continuity, and stability, and of hope for all Canadians that their nation would ride out the constitutional crisis which will be remembered by the name of Meech Lake.

Books That Should Not Be Forgotten

by Nigel Jackson

Bowing to the Miracles: Boris Pasternak, Doctor Zhivago and 1990

Boris Pasternak was born in Moscow on February 10th, 1890 and in his centenary year it is appropriate that we make a new pilgrimage to his work. For those of us who, alas, have no Russian, the obvious place to begin is his world-famous novel *Doctor Zhivago*. We know already that the hero of the novel is a lyric poet and that the author was a lyric poet who became a hero through his courageous resistance to the Soviet communist tyranny. We know that Pasternak was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1958, the greatest official distinction to which any writer can hope to attain. While this award was made only a year after *Doctor Zhivago* was first published, it was not made specifically because of the achievement of that novel; it recognised the whole of Pasternak's literary oeuvre, including several books of poems and a number of outstanding short stories. The challenge for us today is to revisit *Doctor Zhivago* and to find what importance it has for us in Australia in 1990.

Let us commence our pilgrimage, which we will make naked and (as it were) poor in spirit, by examining some of the poems attributed to Yury Zhivago at the end of the novel. The first of these is entitled "Hamlet". Its prominent position entitles us to read it as a kind of opening declaration by the doctor-poet. Thus Pasternak asks us to identify his hero with Shakespeare's mysterious Danish prince - noble, heroic, flawed, suffering and mightily loved. The first stanza reminds us of the difficulty of knowing how to lead our own individual lives:

I try to guess from the distant echo
What is to happen in my lifetime.

An echo relates to the past. Inevitably, we human beings have to use the past (our individual histories and the histories of our peoples and of all humanity) as a compass with which to steer into the future; but, as the future is always different and unexpected and new, we are always reduced to an element of guesswork. Notice how deftly Pasternak has introduced the theme of human frailty and fallibility. His Hamlet is also a rather reluctant player on the stage of life: The first presents himself to the audience as "Leaning against a doorpost", which is hardly a majestic and self-assertive pose.

Pasternak's Hamlet is also seen as in opposition to the audience:

The darkness of night is aimed at me
Along the sights of a thousand
opera-glasses.

Here there is a sinister tone in the phrase 'darkness of night' the symbolism readily conjures up the realities of ignorance malice and evil. Aggression is plainly indicated in the double reference to the aiming of a gun. A touch of comic incongruity is present in the substitution of 'opera glasses' for military weapons. This comic note de-authorises the wielders of those theatre-going aids. They deserve to be made fun of, for they are the wealthy and, symbolically those who are too attached to worldly possessions to take part in the only dramatic action which counts, which is the search for truth. They are also the watchers, those who never summon up the heroic determination to do, to act, - those who never stand up to oppose the usurping Claudius and defend the rightful heir to the throne. Even more they are those wealthy folk whose corruption enables revolutions to be thrust upon peoples and of whom the example in *Doctor Zhivago* is the ubiquitous Komarovsky.

With the magnificent audacity of genius, Pasternak then links his Hamlet (who is already in projection both of Yury Zhivago and of himself) to Jesus, Son of Man the hero of the Gospel drama which is the basis of the Christian faith. The 'darkness of night' becomes that terrible darkness in Gethsemane on the Mount of Olives:

Abba Father, if it be possible,
Let this cup pass from me.

Even Jesus was a reluctant actor in the holy drama at that point. Neither Yury Zhivago nor his creator were particularly eager to be cast in the role of hero; but that was their destiny. Like Jesus, like Hamlet (who accepted his dead father's command to seek revenge, and never ceased trying to bring that about, despite his own dreadful inner weakness and conflicts), Zhivago and Pasternak consented to be heroes - heroes in the way artists become heroes, by remaining faithful to their individual genius and inspiration.

It is not that Zhivago or Pasternak claims the status of divinity, but rather that they grasp that the Son of Man dwells in the soul of every individual man and woman, so that anyone who accepts the challenge to lead a life of personal integrity at once becomes strengthened by an infusion of the Holy Spirit, which is the same being as Jesus.

Zhivago followed in the footsteps of Jesus and Hamlet, as the third stanza of the poem attests:

I love your stubborn purpose,
I consent to play my part.

The word 'stubborn' shows how harsh that steadfast divine purpose can seem to the human being called upon to be true to it. Then Zhivago - or Zhivago's Hamlet - breaks off on a surprising tangent:

But now a different drama is being acted;

For this once let me be,

Pasternak is echoing the Quarto reading of *Hamlet* at one of the most poignant and mysterious moments in that play filled with enigmas. Here it is in the 1899 Arden edition of Edward Dowden;

But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter....It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman....Not a whit; we defy augury; there's a special providence in the fall of the sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all; since no man aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Hamlet appears to have an intuitive knowledge of his approaching doom and is ready to submit to it; at the same time his speech expresses a dangerous world-weariness and lack of will to resist; it is very much the utterance of a flawed hero. Zhivago's Hamlet appears to be manifesting a moment of rebellion, a wish to turn aside from the official path; and in this he is typical of Zhivago himself, who gradually shrugs off all official duties and commitments in the novel, almost becoming an anarchist. In this amazing poem Jesus is virtually declining to act according to the Father's official will. The right to be different, individual, eccentric, is being demanded: 'let me be' is fruitfully ambiguous: it means 'leave me alone' and also 'allow me to experience being - my own individual mode of being'.

Yet this is a victory which cannot be fully won in this world, which is one reason why resurrection is essential. The victory to be - in the true fullness of being - belongs to the Kingdom of Heaven. The reaching out for it on Earth - by Hamlet or Zhivago - is both heroic and tragically doomed. The last stanza of the poem is remorseless:

Yet the order of the acts is planned
And the end of the way inescapable.

Jesus had to die. Hamlet had to die.
Zhivago had to die. Every hero who seeks his true being must die in order to rise up

to attain it. And there may be moments of despair on the way, as the Gospel drama tells us was so even for the Son of Man:

I am alone; all drowns in the Pharisees' hypocrisy.

To live your life is not as simple as to cross a field.

The simplicity and earthiness of the Russian proverb in the last line serve by contrast to emphasise the complicated, over intellectualised rottenness of the Pharisees - a rottenness shown in Doctor Zhivago in the fanatical and bigoted self-righteousness of the communist revolutionaries and their fellow-travelling apologists.

Its reddening glow
Was a sign; the three star-gazers
Hurried to the call
Of its unprecedented light.

Camels followed them loaded with gifts,

And donkeys in harness, one smaller than the other,
Minced down the hill.....

Part of the pond was hidden by the alders,

But from where the shepherds stood
A part could be seen between the rocks' nests in the treetops
'Let's go with the others,' they said,
Wrapping themselves in their sheepskins,
'Let's bow to the miracle.'

One of the most important aspects of Pasternak's work is his sense of the miraculous nature of life itself, of being alive and living. It is right and proper that we human beings should bow to Life, because it is so much greater and more wonderful than our individual existences.

Because Pasternak could appreciate the miraculous in life, he could also rejoice in life and celebrate that joy in his art. This exalted approach can be clearly seen in a description of Yury Zhivago as he writes poems, many of them inspired by his lost love Lara, during his last days on the deserted Krueger estate at Varykino:

He made a note reaffirming his belief that art always serves beauty, and beauty is the joy of possessing form, and form is the key to organic life since no living thing can exist without it, so that every work of art, including tragedy, witnesses to the joy of existence. And his own ideas and notes also brought him joy, a joy so tragic and filled with tears that it made his head ache and wore him out. (Chapter XIV, Section 14)

An interesting discussion of Pasternak's understanding of Christ and the Christian life can be read in Olga R. Hughes' *The Poetic World of Boris Pasternak* (Princeton University Press, 1974). Professor Hughes compares the great poet to a great Russian saint, Seraphim of Sarov (1759-1833). This saint taught a doctrine of joy, dressed in white, greeted everyone with the affirmation 'Christ is risen!', explained that the true aim of Christian life is the acquisition of the Holy Spirit and stressed as a means of self-transformation the

individual's creative effort. Professor Hughes stresses that Pasternak's Christianity did not take the form of an interest in theology and the proffering of religious opinions and beliefs. It was existential, rather than ideological. And she quotes a significant comment by Pasternak in a letter he wrote to Jacqueline de Proyart:

Christianity always remained a source of extraordinary inspiration and a vital force in his life precisely because, although christened as an infant, he was not brought up in the Christian tradition and therefore his Christianity never had any traditional or institutional connections. (page 162)

In one way a non-Christian may be in a better position to see and feel the passion events as a created dramatic action, where we may be too inclined to see them as a message or ceremony. (page 22)

Pasternak, I believe, would have deeply sympathised with Buckley's main thesis, which is that the figure of Christ in the Gospels is a far stranger phenomenon than is generally acknowledged. Buckley sees the Jesus created in the four canonical accounts as markedly characterized by three qualities:

He has power, concentrated in his being, which is in part the power of an immensely concentrated emotional life; he is totally autonomous, and is the opposite of what Riesman called 'other directed man'...and he is, in Eliade's term, a hierophany and a creator of hierophanies. (page 11)

Buckley explains the meaning of this term devised by the great comparative religions expert;

Man becomes aware of the sacred because it manifests itself, shows itself, as something wholly different from the profane....(Jesus) reveals the sacred, the beyond, in his person, in his speech, and in his acts. (pages 20, 19)

Buckley sees the demand made upon us by the central figure in the gospels as a call similar to the call which Pasternak makes in *Doctor Zhivago*:

The very name of the doctor is connected with the resurrection. He is the 'living one amongst the dead', the one who will arise, the dead man who is chosen to be born again. In the Russian Bible, the angels greet the women who come into the open tomb with the words: 'Why seek you the living (Zhivago) among the dead?' (page 140).

Payne associates Yury Zhivago himself with the Russian tradition of holy fools, of whom Dostoyevsky's Prince Myshkin in *The Idiot* is another great example. Like the prince, argues Payne, Yury

....is one of those who are 'weighed down with the burden of mystery'. He belongs to the long line of yurodiviy, those enchanted fools of God who are to be found in all ages of Russian history, speaking with the tongues of prophets, fearless before kings, insisting always on the truth of the heart's affections. His Christian name Yury hints at the yurodiviy, just as his surname hints at the author's preoccupation with resurrection. (page 141).

The very essence of such simple saints is that they bow to the miracles.

Pasternak ends his poem 'Christmas Star' with a brilliant gloss on the traditional nativity accounts from the Gospels:



The "darkness of night" becomes that terrible darkness in Gethsemane.
Painting: *The Agony in the Garden* by Giovanni Bellini.

Day was breaking. The dawn swept the remaining stars
 Like cinders from the sky.
 Out of all the great gathering Mary allowed
 Only the Wise Men through the opening
 in the rock.

He slept in the oak manger,
 Radiant as moonlight in the hollow of a tree.

Instead of a sheepskin,
 The lips of the ass and the nostrils of the ox kept him warm.

The Magi stood in the shadow,
 Whispering, scarcely finding words.
 All at once, a hand stretched out of the dark,
 Moved one of them aside to the left of the manger.

He looked around. Gazing at the Virgin from the doorway,
 Like a guest, was the Christmas Star.

There are three elements worthy of note here. The first is the splendid evocation of the silent authority of the Virgin Mother of God. It should be remembered that she is the archetype of the entirely purified human soul, as Frithjof Schuon indicated in his analysis of *Ave Maria* in his book *Gnosis: Divine Wisdom* (Perennial books, UK, 1978). She commands the Magi, moves one of them at the correct moment and excludes the less worthy from the complete epiphany. The second



"It should be remembered that the Virgin Mother of God is the archetype of the entirely purified human soul."
Painting: Madonna and Child by Hans Memling.

"It is right and proper that we human beings should bow to Life."
Painting: Adoration of the Shepherds by Hugo van der Goes.

element is the exquisite imagery drawn from living Nature to convey the precious beauty and goodness of the baby Saviour. The sleeping Jesus assimilates the sturdy integrity of the oakwood, the magic gleams of moonlight and the receptive passivity of the tree-hollow. The animals, unfallen creatures, intuitively love him so deeply that they stand by him and ward off the cold. The third element is the astounding surprise at the end. What exactly does it mean? A number of possibilities spring to mind, but I feel that the essence of what Pasternak wished to convey was 'Behold! The Miracle!' Our awareness of what could have been seen in the divine baby is enhanced.

The great Catholic contemplative, Thoman Merton, understood the nature of Pasternak's devotion to Christianity, as is shown in his three essays grouped as 'The Pasternak Affair' in his book *Disputed Questions* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, New York, 1985) Merton considered that Pasternak's witness was basically Christian, but saw that Christianity as

.....reduced to the barest and most elementary essentials: intense awareness of all cosmic and human reality as 'life in Christ', and the consequent plunge into love as the only dynamic and creative force which really honours this 'life' by creating itself anew in Life's-Christ's-image. (page 11)



Merton compared this to Dostoyevsky's masterly presentation of orthodox Christian mysticism in the portrait of Father Zossima in *The Brothers Karamazov*.

The mysticism of Pasternak is more latent, more cosmic, more pagan, if you like. It is more primitive, less sophisticated, free and untouched by the hieratic forms...naturalistic Christiana that has discovered Christianity all by itself. (pages 12,15)

There is of course, a danger in approaching a great sacred revelation on an individual path, rather than through the traditional forms of the Church. Pasternak was not a thinker of the first order and some of the discussions in *Doctor Zhivago* on both sacred and profane topics, contain fallacies and errors. It appears that he believed in the physical resurrection of the dead. It is also said that he did not believe in a personal afterlife. I am reminded of William Blake, that extraordinary but erratic English genius and of T.S.Eliot's brilliant essay on Blake which paid full respect to his greatness as a poet, but which also contains this cool remark:

We have the same respect for Blake's philosophy...that we have for an ingenious piece of home-made furniture: we admire the man who put it together out of the odds and ends about the house....but we are not really so remote from the Continent, or from our own past, as to be deprived of the advantages of culture if we wish them.

Thomas Merton did, however, see Pasternak as writing within a particular Russian religious tradition:

It is clear that Christ, for Pasternak, is a transcendent and Personal Being in the sense generally understood by such orthodox theologians as Soloviev or the Russian existentialist Berdyaev. The Christ of Pasternak is the Christ of Soloviev's 'God-manhood'. His view of the cosmos is like Berdyaev's 'sopianic' and his 'sister Life' has in fact, all the characteristics of the Sancta Sophia who, appeared to Soloviev in Egypt. (page 23).

Merton writing very soon after the first publication of *Doctor Zhivago* in English saw the controversy over Pasternak that was caused by Soviet resentment at the Nobel Prize award as a fundamentally spiritual, as opposed to literary or political phenomenon; and on that basis he wrote a magnificent defence of Pasternak, of which I will quote a little:

Doctor Zhivago is, then, a deeply spiritual event, a kind of miracle, a humble but inescapable portent....Pasternak stands first of all for the great spiritual values that are under attack in our materialistic world. He stands for the freedom and nobility of the individual person, for man the image of God, for man in whom God dwells. For Pasternak, the person is and must always remain prior to the collectivity. He stands for courageous, independent loyalty to his own conscience, and for the

refusal to compromise with slogans and rationalisations imposed by compulsion. Pasternak is fighting for man's true freedom, his true creativity, against the false and empty humanism of the Marxists-for whom man does not truly exist. Over against the technological jargon and empty scientism of modern man, Pasternak sets creative symbolism, the power of imagination and of intuition, the glory of liturgy and the fire of contemplation. But he does so in new words, in a new way. He speaks for all that is sanest and most permanently vital in religious and cultural tradition, but with the voice of a man of our own time. (pages 30-31)

Yury Zhivago's poem 'Gethsemane' embodies this profundity of affirmation, and this section of my address will conclude with a brief look at that poem.

Robert Payne considers it 'almost certainly the greatest poem Pasternak ever wrote'. It opens with two stanzas that evoke both the beauty and the living mystery of landscape at a particular time:

The turn of the road was lit
By the unconcerned shimmer of
distant stars.
The road circled the Mount of Olives;
Beneath it flowed the Kedron.
The field tailed off
Into the Milky Way
Grey-haired olive trees tried
to walk the air
Into the distance.

The unusual images (and Pasternak was as gifted perhaps as any poet, including Shakespeare, in the creation of such imagery) make the scene vividly and specifically real; but the language does more than that. The 'unconcerned shimmer' of distant stars deliberately contrasts with the immense concern that we know is going to be the subject matter of the poem; the agony in the Garden. At the same time this 'unconcerned shimmer' of those remote celestial lights is a superb image of the undisturbed serenity of the Father, of God the Absolute, the ultimate authority for whom His Son, Jesus is going to undergo, as man, the extreme agony. The mysterious conjunction of earthly and heavenly matters is pointed to in the picture of the field tailing off into the Milky Way. And the fact that a moment of exceptional possibilities is at hand is hinted at by the odd image of olive trees, 'grey-haired' with wisdom or suffering, endeavouring to 'walk the air', a miraculous achievement that inevitably reminds us of the Gospel accounts of Jesus walking on the water and Peter trying to but sinking in.

The particular vulnerability of Man, which the novel has shown us enacted in the lives of many of its main characters, is captured in the fourth stanza:

Unresisting he renounced
Like borrowed things
Omnipotence and the power to
work miracles;
Now he was mortal like ourselves.

This should be linked with two later stanzas:

Peter resisted the murderers,
'Struck off an ear with his sword
'Steel cannot decide a quarrel', he heard:
'Put back your sword in its scabbard.

'Could not my father send a host
Of winged legions to defend me?
Then no hair of my head would be
touched,
The enemy would scatter and leave no
trace.

Here we are in the presence of the mystery encapsulated in the Biblical phrase 'Resist not Evil' It is clearly an approach which is not to be utilised in every single situation where evil challenges with violence. It remains legitimate to defend our families, homes and nation by force of arms. The defence of Russia against the Nazi invasion is seen by *Doctor Zhivago* as entirely justified. However, Pasternak has developed this sacred doctrine of non-resistance at two key points in his novel. The first of these is in Chapter II Section 10, where Yury's Uncle Kolya, Nikolay Nikolayevich Vedenyapin, is disputing with a muddle-headed disciple of Tolstoy who cannot, for example, see through the arrant puritan nonsense of Tolstoy's claim that 'the more a man devotes himself to beauty, the further he moves away from goodness'. Uncle Kolya replies with these memorable words:

What has for centuries raised man
above the beast is not the cudgel but
an inward music: the irresistible
power of unarmed truth, the
attraction of its example.

Later, in section 17 of the same chapter, Pasternak shows that his chief heroine, Lara, even as a schoolgirl, even when shamed and corrupted by her mutually enjoyed sex affair with Komarovskiy, can still understand the importance of the truth Uncle Kolya referred to:

Lara was not religious. She did not believe in ritual. But sometimes, to enable her to bear her life, she needed the accompaniment of an inward music and she could not always compose it for herself. That music was God's word of life and it was to weep over it that she went to church.

On the very last page of the novel Pasternak returns to this same image. Yury has been dead for twenty years or so. It is near the end of Stalin's tyranny. Yury's two old friends, Misha Gordon and Nicky Dudorov, now aged about sixty, are sitting together in Moscow on a peaceful summer evening and reading a book of Yury's writings. They appear to have recovered from their period of ignoble subservience to communist ideology, which had alienated them from Yury. They feel 'a presage of freedom in the air', the presence of the 'freedom of the spirit'. Perhaps Pasternak was too optimistic by about forty years but is being proved right in the last decade of the century. And here are the last two sentences of the novel:

They felt a peaceful joy for this holy city and for the whole land and for the survivors among those who had played a part in this story and for their children, and the silent music of happiness filled them and enveloped them and spread far and wide. And it seemed that the book

in their hands knew what they were feeling and gave them its support and confirmation.

We can say the same about the novel of which they are part.

Zhivago's 'Gethsemane' poem ends with three amazing stanzas about the great work of the Son of Man, involving a sacrifice, the full nature of which remains a mystery to us ordinary humans. Jesus is still speaking to Peter, and the other disciples, after ordering him to sheathe his sword:

'But the book of life has reached the page
Which is the most precious of all holy things,
What has been written must be fulfilled,
Let it be so. Amen.

You see, the passage of the centuries is like a parable

And catches fire on its way.
In the name of its terrible majesty
I shall go freely, through torment, down to the grave.

And on the third day I shall rise again,
Like rafts down a river, like a convoy of barges,
The centuries will float to me out of the darkness.

And I shall judge them.'

As the first stanza indicates, Pasternik regarded the willing sacrifice made by Jesus in undergoing the torment that culminated in the crucifixion as the most important act in history. Uncle Kolya is given a powerful statement of his author's belief in Chapter I Section 5 of the novel:

...man does not live in a state of nature but in history, and that history as we know it now began with Christ, it is founded on the Gospels....everything necessary has been given us in the Gospels....Firstly, the love of one's neighbour - the supreme form of living energy. Once it fills the heart of man, it has to overflow and spend itself. And secondly, the two concepts which are the main part of the make-up of modern man - without them he is inconceivable - the ideas of free personality and of life regarded as sacrifice.....It was not until after the coming of Christ that time and man could breathe freely. It was not until after Him that man could breathe freely. It was not until after Him that men began to live in their posterity and ceased to die in ditches like dogs - instead, they died at home in history, at the height of the work they devoted to the conquest of death.

It is, admittedly, an erratic viewpoint. The first of the two great commandments is omitted. And Uncle Kolya, like his creator, it seems, had a quite unjustified attitude of rejection towards the Roman culture. Despite which, there is deep insight, as is also present in a note Uncle Kolya later writes in his notebook. This comes from Chapter II Section 10 and follows an unseemly diatribe against Rome.

And then, into this tasteless heap of gold and marble, He came, light-footed and clothed in light, with his marked humanity, his deliberate Galilean provincialism, and from

that moment there were neither gods nor peoples, there was only man - man the carpenter, man the ploughman, man the shepherd with his flock of sheep at sunset, man whose name does not sound in the least proud but who is sung in lullabies and portrayed in picture galleries the world over.

In paying tribute to Christ's achievement, Pasternak, an emotional person as any poet must be, goes to excess. Of course there are still peoples; Jesus himself spoke of the House of Israel - the particular people within whose tradition he spoke; but the nature of his words and deeds stressed that the individual soul should never be submerged by nationalism taken too far.

Returning to the final stanzas of the 'Gethsemane' poem, it is worth noting again some wonderfully original imagery. History is seen as being like a parable in that it can catch fire as it goes. This is the fire which cleanses and purifies, although it also destroys. Pasternak relates the image in his novel to the ideal of revolution in Russia, which he never renounced, although he certainly rejected the perversions to which the revolution was soon subjected. Then there is the even more startling image of the centuries as rafts or barges floating down a river in darkness. Robert Payne has written memorably about this final stanza:

Nothing in the whole poem comes with such a violent shock as the last words, which in the original have a far more mysterious significance than in the English translation. They are short words which come with tremendous force - **Ko mnye na sud** meaning 'to me for judgement'. But **sud** means more than judgement. It is one of those words which have accumulated a vast range of meanings: it means death, destiny, providence, the laws of God (**sudy Bozhy**). Charged with heavenly ambiguities, **sud** seems to represent all that is ultimate and complete in the economy of God. (page 150).

And the image of rafts and barges points to the relative helplessness of human beings in comparison with their Saviour.

The title of this address, which is intended to sum up the significance of Pasternak's witness and also our own humble homage today, is derived from Zhivago's poem 'Christmas Star', which is based on the Gospel drama of the birth of Jesus. In this poem the new star blazes out and then come these lines:

Our task...is to contemplate him
and to work our way into his life,
which means expanding our
imagination to reach into his
imagination. (page 22)

And Buckley writes of the Gospels' presentation of the agony in the garden in a way completely compatible with the insight of Zhivago's poem 'Hamlet':

If we have here a man utterly concentrated in his own agony, and in the purpose of which that agony is a sign, we also have a man whose sense of purpose enables him to transcend that agony. (page 24)

It is worth noting in passing that of all Australian poets to date Buckley is probably closest in spirit to Pasternak. A scholarly comparison of their respective achievements would make an excellent book.

Further insight into the connections between **Doctor Zhivago** and Christianity is given in Robert Payne's ardent and perceptive book **The Three Worlds of Boris Pasternak** (Robert Hale, London, 1962). I doubt if a better introduction to Pasternak has been written. Payne sees resurrection as the pervading and all embracing of the novel:

"Boris Pasternak born February 10th, 1890. It is appropriate we make a new pilgrimage to his work in his centenary year."



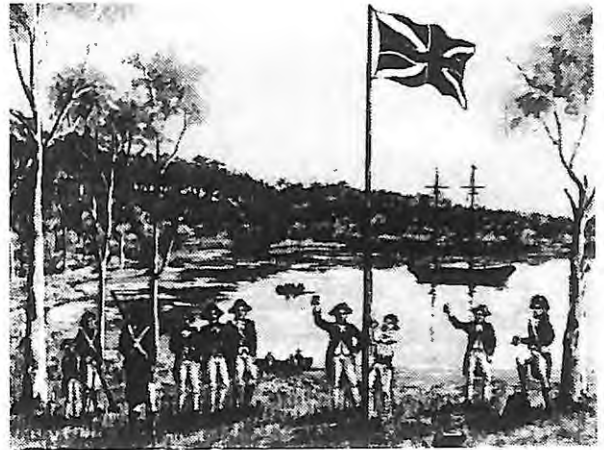
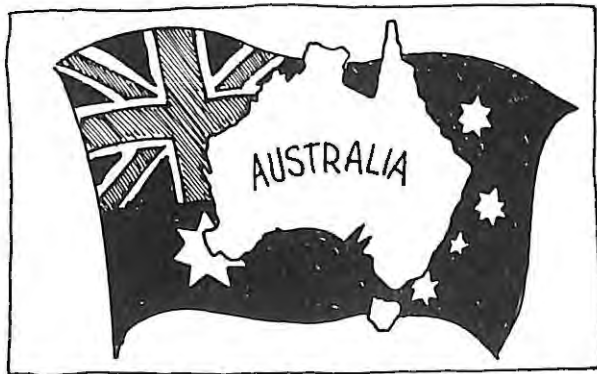
OUR FLAG - OUR SYSTEM

I need no flag, no coloured rag.
I need no sign no symbol to declare.
The bell which tolls for him, it tolls for me.
I love the sunset and the freshness of the morning air,
I love the birds, the beasts, the trees,
That man may live in peace is all I care.

But wait - for there is something deep in me
which says that I belong -
That I was born protected by a system
With a history very long.

Our system and our flag are part and parcel of the same;
The Jack there indicates from where they came.
It's mostly just and mostly free,
We cannot really hope much better for to be.
All can discuss and have their say
And plan to build 'that better day'.

Our Aboriginal friends were here before -
We must try hard to involve them more.
Perhaps their sun should shine amongst the southern stars,
Then they might more appreciate what they regard as ours.



There are those who came from other systems
To prosper and be free,
They have made their contribution
And enjoyed the bush, the sun, the sea.

We need our flag, oh yes, we need our flag.
It tells us how the ANZAC's died
And of our finest hours,
When few gave all so liberty might be ours.

Oh, it's very easy to drop out
And leave it to our Creator,
But think how the sunset might just look
From the bonds of a dictator.

How could we enjoy the bush
Or the swish of the mighty waves,
If we were owned by someone else
And were monetary slaves?

God helps those who help themselves,
So we must up and do.
If we really believe that The Wide Brown Land
Was meant for me and you.

We owe it to those who have gone before
And those who are to come
The Lucky Country must be free
And bow the knee to none.

We need our flag!

The Queen Talks to Canadians.

A national day is an occasion which usually arouses emotions of thanksgiving, a sense of history and a sense of continuity. All of those things are present today, but there is also a sense of anxiety about Canada's future.



On this day 133 years ago, a new nation was born. The British North America Act came into force as the nation's basic constitutional law, and its opening words refer to the desire of the provinces 'to be federally united.'

It is that united Canada, which I first visited in 1951, of which I became Queen in 1952, and which I have got to know so well. It is that Canada which I trust I shall see in future years when I come again.

I am not just a fair-weather friend, and I am glad to be here at this sensitive time. I hope my presence may call to mind those many years of shared experience, and raise new hopes for the future.

The unity of the Canadian people was the paramount issue in 1867, as it is today. There is no force, except the force of will, to keep Canadians together.

The newcomers joined a Canadian family which began with Canada's aboriginal peoples, who came first, and whose rights have been acknowledged by successive governments. That all have been able to

live together, in peace and harmony, and to achieve their aspirations in a single constitutional framework, says much for the Canadian ways of doing things. It says much for the values of tolerance and pluralism, by no means unique to Canada and Canadians, but much admired in this country and by its people.

There is in Canada, and about Canadians, a constant search for fairness, and receptiveness to honorable accommodation, enabling the two principal language communities to flourish within the Canadian family. Those values are needed now, more than ever. Beyond the celebration of today, lies the challenge of tomorrow. The unity of the Canadian people, and their will to live together will be tested in the months ahead.

Soverign, Parliament, and People.

Our ceremony here today brings together Sovereign, Parliament and people - the three parts of constitutional monarchy. That is a system in which those who represent

the community come together to reconcile conflicting interests. It is a system that has worked well for a long time. It is my fondest wish for this Canada Day that Candians come together and remain together, rather than dwell on differences which might further divide them.

Canada Day sees the start of the season of family holidays and summer pleasures. That is perhaps a useful thing. Knowing Canadians as well as I do, I cannot believe that they will not be able - after a period of calm reflection - to find a way through present difficulties.

I and members of my family have been with you on many special days in the life of this country. I particularly recall another 1st July, in Canada's Centennial Year, here on Parliament Hill. I said then, and I repeat today, that 'Canada is a country that has been blessed beyond most countries in the world.'

It is a country worth working for.

May God bless Canada, and may God bless and keep you all.

“SAS Special Archipelagoan Shes”

by Sir John Branscombe
(‘The Chronicle’, 6th June 1990)

The family has traditionally been seen as the cornerstone of Archipelagoan society, and the cornerstone of the family is the mother.

She is on call 24 hours a day; she is the cook, the cleaner, the washer-upper; she is the supervisor of homework; she is the healer of cuts, bruises and broken hearts; she is the arbitrator in family squabbles; she is the mender of clothes and broken toys.

However, the family, and motherhood, is crumbling under a two-pronged attack. Firstly the government sets so small a value on the mother, and on the family, that little economic assistance is given. Faced with escalating prices and interest rates the average family finds it hard to cope on one income and so the mother, in addition to duties which would send the average man on strike within a week, must now add a job to her burdens. Secondly, for the past 20 years, the sisterhood of feminists has made the average woman feel that to be ‘just a housewife’ is to be a drone.

So, both parents now work, and school children come home at 3pm to an empty hut in which, unsupervised, they learn to smoke, drink and hatch crimes because they are bored and because they have no adult with whom to communicate their problems.

And how is the government dealing with this disaster? Is it guaranteeing a minimum wage for housewives? No. Is it increasing the child endowment? No, it’s making it harder to get. Is it trying to tell women that they are valued as mothers? No, it’s opening up the armed forces to women so that it is possible that by the end of the decade women will be in combat roles.

This policy will occasion certain changes among the services. Thus a new rifle is being designed with compartments that accommodate powder compact and mirror, and lipstick.

The latest style army-issue boots come with optional screw-in high heels. Women will be equipped with a low-intensity flame-thrower which doubles as a hair-drier. Designer earrings will be issued which look like, and in fact are, miniature hand grenades.

New regiments will be needed too, regiments like the 1st Battalion Queen’s Own Amazons and the respected SAS — Special Archipelagoan Shes.

Still, there is one comfort to be gained from all of this. Picture the husband at home trying in vain to control the children. He knows that his wife is at work, screeching through the assault course, training on the firing range, bayonetting sandbags and learning unarmed combat. Now the husband can turn to the naughty boy and utter that famous threat, “You wait till your mother gets home, my lad.”



A Part History of the World

A LIGHTER TOUCH

One of the fringe benefits of being an English or history teacher is receiving the occasional jewel of a student blooper in an essay. I have pasted together the following 'history' of the world from certifiably genuine student bloopers collected by teachers throughout the United States, from eighth grade through college level. Read carefully, and you will learn a lot.



The inhabitants of ancient Egypt were called mummies. They lived in the Sarah dessert and travelled by Camelot. The climate of the Sarah is such that the inhabitants have to live elsewhere so certain areas of the dessert are cultivated by irritation. The Egyptians built the Pyramids in the shape of a huge triangular cube. The pramids are a range of mountains between France and Spain.

The Bible is full of interesting caractures. In the first book of the Bible, Guinnesses, Adam and Eve were created from an apple tree. One of their children, Cain, once asked 'Am I my brother's son?' God asked Abraham to sacrifice Isaac on Mount Montesuma. Jacob, son of Isaac, stole his brother's birthmark. Jacob was a patriarch who brought up his twelve sons to be patriachs, but they did not take to it. One of Jacob's sons, Joseph, gave refuse to the Israelites.

Pharoah forced the Hebrew slaves to make bread without straw. Moses led them to the Red Sea, where they made

unleavened bread, which is bread made without any ingredients. Afterwards, Moses went up on Mount Cyanide to get the ten commandments. David was a Hebrew king skilled at playing the liar. He fought with the Philatelists, a race of people who lived in Biblical times. Solomon, one of David's sons, had 500 wives and 500 porcupines, and yet was still considered to be wise.

Without the greeks we wouldn't have history. The Greeks invented three kinds of columns - Corinthian, Doric and Ironic. They also had myths. A myth is a female moth. One myth says that the mother of Achilles dipped him in the river Styx until he became intollerable. Achilles appears in the Iliad, by Homer. Homer also wrote The Oddity, in which Penelope was the latest hardship that Ulysses endured on his journey. Actually, Homer was not written by Homer, but by another man of that name. Socrates was a famous Greek teacher who went around giving people advice.

They killed him. Socrates died from an overdose of wedlock. In the Olympic Games, Greeks ran races, jumped, hurled the biscuits and threw the java. The reward to the victor was a coral wreath. The government of Athens was democratic because people took the law into their own hands., There were no wars in greece, as the mountains were so high that they couldn't climb over to see what their neighbours were doing.

When they fought with the Persians, the Greeks were outnumbered because the Persians had more men. Eventually, the Romans conquered the Greeks. History calls people Romans because they never stayed in one place for very long. At Roman banquets, the guests wore garlics in their hair. Julius Caesar extinguished himself on the battlefields of Gaul. The Ides of March murdered him because they thought he was going to be made king. Nero was a cruel tyrant who would torture his poor subjects by playing the fiddle to them.

“Hear that Whistle?”

by John Wiebe

The photographer waited patiently for the engine to begin the climb. Through the high tension wires overhead the wind blew a sing-song, a metallic hymn of praise for locomotive 1201. Engine sighted, emerging from the cutting with a magnificent plume of black and grey smoke erupting fifty feet into the robin's egg blue of a springtime sky.

She's making heavy weather of the climb, as they say on the railways. When light “Pacific” 4-6-2 steam engine No. 1201 was built in the closing days of the second world war at the Angus shops of the Canadian Pacific Railway, it probably never was envisaged that she'd pull eight coaches, two of them aluminium-sided heavyweights.

Closer she comes up the grade, as the photographer's finger lightly caresses the shutter button, making a friendly if subdued chuk, chuk, chuk sound just near the summit. And she's there, as the shutter is pressed. Another picture is taken of the largest operating steam engine in eastern Canada.

Black and grey paint with old gold lining reflects the morning's sunlight as connecting rods clank into the distance. Sightseers on the train crane necks through open windows to look at the photographer. Small children are held up to the windows to wave. The train moves into the distance as the sound of the wind and the new life of spring can be heard once more.

The photographer wonders when this romance with the steam engine began for him. His mind skims through a multitude of images of trains passing before assorted cameras and his eyes. Finally it stops and flashes a scene upon his memory of the very first time, when the photographer was young and filled with the newness of smells and sounds and life itself.

Set astride a river, Renfrew Ontario is a prosperous town about sixty miles north of Ottawa, the Canadian capital. During the 1950's the town shared in the realised Canadian dream of prosperity. This meant lots of railway trains on the Canadian Pacific Railway line that neatly divided the place into two parts.

So, when the three year old boy arrived in 1956, he found steel rails cutting through the pavement at the end of the street where he was living. This meant nothing to him when he arrived in the town, particularly as the elderly lady who lived next door had a carrot patch wherein grew the sweetest, most magnificent carrots in the whole world. Surreptitious forays under the rather dubious cover of a blanket were conducted to obtain these prizes, which were washed off under the garden tap and contentedly munched with the earth's scent still strong upon them.

Since the boy's monthly consumption of these orange gems amounted to a very small handful, his clandestine activities were tolerated if not ignored entirely. There was just one great prohibition in his life,

that he must never cross the steel rails at the end of the street unaccompanied. Not having the slightest idea of the reasoning behind this rule, the boy agreed to it, until the day he decided to do otherwise.

That day was a hot, humid one in Renfrew with a thunderstorm threatening from low, grey clouds. There was nobody to play with, as the town fair captured the attentions of the older children. Consequently and with no particular reflection, the boy decided to take a walk that brought him to a silver-painted post before the steel rails.

Years later the boy learned that the post bore an ancient metal signal known as a wig-wag, with a red metal plate that swung and bore the words, “STOP, LOOK, LISTEN”. However since the boy couldn't read it was the shape and colour of the device that attracted his attention. Then he heard the sound.

“Was it a cow?” thought the child as the sound moaned in the distance for the first time. Another, louder moan that was closer to a wail sounded, but there was no clue to the sound's origin as the railway crossing was on a straight stretch of track just after a curve. The boy's most distant view ended a hundred feet away behind some buildings.

A much louder wail filled the air and the boy's terror began. The formerly still red shape in front of his eyes began a wild dance back and forth, accompanied by flashing lights and the clash of bells.

Then a sound came from the rails that blotted out all else as a horrible one-eyed monster descended upon the crossing. It belched the blackest of smoke like the

biggest dragon, and its size was greater than the largest house. This was surely what the youngster's parents meant when they talked about the end of the world.

The boy threw his arms around the silver-painted post, hugging it for reassurance as the air about him became a blinking, choking mass of ash and dust churned up by flashing black wheels. All this, as overhead the red shape cut the air scant feet from his hair.

More wheels followed the monster, bearing various shapes and accompanied by more dust and horrible clankings. A man flashed by sitting upon one of the moving shapes. He's food for the monster surely, thought the boy as a small, red house on wheels flashed by his sight.

Abruptly, the boy's world was silent again. Still embracing the silver-painted post, he carefully looked up to see that the red shape had finished its dance and that all was quiet. He backed away from the post, looked about warily and then turned and ran home with all the speed his small feet could muster.

A little while later, sitting on the front porch steps and munching upon a piece of fresh carrot, the boy solemnly resolved never, never to disobey his parents and go near the steel rails again. And if he ever did go back it would be when he was much, much older, like tomorrow.

The photographer's mind returns to the present as he puts his camera in its bag. Engine number 1201, lovingly cared for by Ottawa's Bytown Railway Society, is not long out of sight and hearing. It will return on another day and the photographer will be there.

Many thousands of miles away, whistlers pulled by volunteers are sounding on the “Puffing Billy” and the Pichi Richi, to name but two of the preserved railways of Australia. Parents can still say to their children, “Hear that whistle? That's a steam train!” The children will never forget.



'NUTCOTE' FOR THE NATION

by Mary Wilson
(S.A. Action Group)



In the Year of Literacy, 1990, we must save 'Nutcote' the harbourside home of well known and loved Australian children's author and illustrator May Gibbs (1877-1969).

The May Gibbs Foundation was established to honour and promote her contribution to Australian culture. The primary objective was to acquire and conserve her waterfront cottage 'Nutcote' at Neutral Bay as a museum exhibiting literature, illustrations and memorabilia, as a focal point for Australian children's literature.

EARLY YEARS

May Gibbs was born in Kent in 1877. At the age of four she arrived from England with her mother at Port Adelaide. Their first home was a two-room slab hut near Cowell and then Norwood, in South Australia. Later on the family moved to Harvey in Western Australia where May's love of the bush blossomed.

May's parents were gifted artists. Their daughter's obvious talent was recognised when at the age of 12, a full page of her illustrations was published in the Western Australian Bulletin. Two visits to London for formal study followed and there she gained considerable experience as a regular contributor to newspapers, magazines and books.

On her return to Australia, May Gibbs settled in Sydney, and here her unique literary and artistic vision flourished. In 1914 the cover of the 'Lone Hand' magazine featured May's Gumnut Babies timidly peeping over a camouflage of gum leaves. The classic 'Snugglepot and Cuddlepie: Their Adventures Wonderful' was published in 1918 with the forward "Humans, Please be kind to all Bush Creatures and don't pull flowers up by the roots." It has been in print ever since. These characters and Bib and Bub and the Banksia Men and Wattle Babies were about to become part of Australia's folklore — a departure from the English symbols inherited from British literature.

By the 1920s May Gibbs' works were acclaimed worldwide. The vitality and humour in her books, caricatures and cartoons transcended cultural boundaries. Her characters became national symbols and popular subjects for a wide variety of merchandise, including fabrics and badges, calendars, gift booklets and postcards designed to boost the morale of Australian troops overseas in World War I.

May's prolific output continued with

Weekly Bib and Bub cartoon strips from 1924 to 1967, which appeared in The Sunday Sun, The Sun Herald, and The Adelaide Mail (now the Sunday Mail).

For these, May was paid four guineas for four cartoons — half the rate paid to the creator of Ginger Meggs!

May wrote and illustrated all her works herself. She hand lettered the captions for her comic strips in her scribbly-gumstyle and only after it was pointed out that the strips were being used for reading lessons, did she allow the text to be typeset.

May's books reflect her philosophy of life, her love and concern for children, the value of true friendship, and the hope that good will overcome evil. She was attuned to the bush, to domestic life and to her city environment. Her characters and their actions are very often a commentary on the life and the manners of the human race. Through images May presents to readers (as conservationist, social historian and philosopher), she has helped develop a sense of national identity.

'NUTCOTE'

May's harbourside home 'Nutcote' was a central source of her inspiration. In 1923 she bought the steep rocky bushland site, sloping down to the water on the eastern side of Sydney's Neutral Bay. The well known architect B. J. Waterhouse designed and built for her a Mediterranean style villa to serve as home and working studio, set amongst eucalypts and banksias, with views from almost every window across the harbour. It was here at beloved 'Nutcote' that she wrote and painted until her death at 93.

May and her husband (*He and I were such tremendous pals*) had no children. On her death, May left the copyright of her works to the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children and the Spastic Centre of N.S.W. and 'Nutcote' with its beautiful garden, to UNICEF, for the children of the world.

'Nutcote' was sold a year later to developers who had plans to build town houses.

In March, 1990 the North Sydney Council bought historic 'Nutcote', to save it from threatened development. Council has formed the Nutcote Trust to run a fundraising campaign and to set up plans, with the May Gibbs Foundation and the Children's Book Council of Australia, to establish 'Nutcote' as a gallery for May Gibbs' work, and centre and showcase for contemporary Australian children's literature.

We must save this unique part of our cultural heritage. The house is National Trust listed and the house and garden have been entered by the Australian Heritage Commission in the Register of the National Estate as a place of considerable historical significance.

We owe it to May Gibbs to affirm her place in Australian Literary and artistic tradition. As Dale Spender writes in *Two Centuries of Australian Women Writers* "labels such as 'children's fiction' have been given to women as a way of reducing their claim to literary fame and recognition..."

In saving May Gibbs' home for the nation and using it to promote her work and the work of Australian writers for children, we have the opportunity to give a complete picture of women's literary tradition in Australia. Other countries have honoured their children's authors in this way — Beatrice Potter's 'Hilltop' home in UK, Hans Christian Andersen's 'Odense' in Denmark; L. M. Montgomery's "Green Gables" on Prince Edward Island in Canada.

In Australia we have few homes of celebrated authors and artists. Norman Lindsay's home at Springwood was saved after great effort — but C. J. Dennis' home at Auburn has been lost.

Nutcote was the home of renowned author and artist, conservationist and benefactor May Gibbs, who created the beloved Gumnut Babies, Snugglepot & Cuddlepie, Bib & Bub, and a host of other original Australian bush characters.

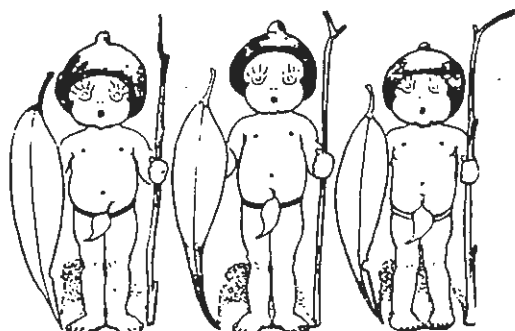
Designed by eminent architect B. J. Waterhouse for her specific needs, Nutcote is a modest Mediterranean-style house of great character and atmosphere. May Gibbs lived and worked there from 1925 to her death at 93 in 1969. From her studio looking over her bush garden with its gum and banksia trees and unspoilt waterfront, across Sydney Harbour she watched the Bridge being built.



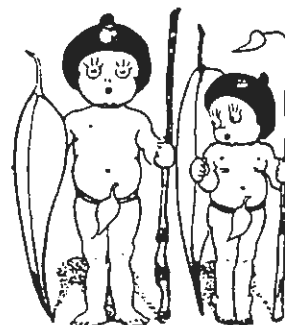
If the purchase price of \$2.86 million is not raised by September 1991, the property must be sold again.

So money is needed NOW to ensure that this unique piece of our heritage, with all its cultural, educational and tourist potential, is preserved. Corporate sponsorships, as well as individual donations, are URGENTLY required.

Please send your tax deductible contribution, or write for further information to:



*The Nutcote Trust,
Shop 7,
The Colonnade,
The Oval,
283a Miller Street,
North Sydney NSW 2060
Tel. (02) 954 5935*



**LET'S KEEP
THEM!**



**OUR FLAG
OUR HERITAGE
OUR FREEDOM**

KINGSHIP

"...it is a basic assumption of the institution of kingship that man is by nature a social being; that he is born into an already existing order of life and that his life cannot be divorced from the social relationships into which he entered at birth, or from the social obligations which these relationships imply. That fact is always recognised in normal social life and equally recognised, and for precisely the same reason, by the British political order ... A social order rooted in the person of man; In the sanctity of each individual person and in the personal ideal of freedom; is of one piece ... The ideal of the king and the kingly, the queen and the queenly, is inherent and ineradicable in the human heart. In it may be found all that is truly innate in the moral life of man".

— John Farthing in "Freedom Wears a Crown."

Subscription Drive

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

**Names to:
The Australian Heritage Society,
P.O. Box 7409,
Cloisters Square,
Perth, W.A. 6000**

SAGA OF THE FOUNTAIN CENTRE CHRISTIAN SCHOOL.

Following the significant judgement of the Supreme Court of South Australia we would like to bring you a resume of the 'Saga of Fountain Centre Christian School'.

HISTORY

In 1979 a group of parents in Booleroo Centre, South Australia, (population 300) decided after much prayer to establish a Christian School, to be called Fountain Centre Christian School.

The school began in February 1980 with six students; there was no registration of schools at the time. FCCS was effectively a 'laboratory' school for Light Educational Ministries.

In 1981 registration of schools was introduced. FCCS made a strong objection, but registered the school, believing that we should do all we could to cooperate with the government.

The school was inspected by the Non-Government Schools Registration Board each year, as we added an extra year to the school, from year 8 to 11.

Towards the end of 1984, the Principal, Peter Frogley, was summoned to Adelaide to face the Board, who asked if FCCS would have 20 students in the primary section and 10 per year level at secondary. No such assurance could be given, as the school had a total enrolment of only 10 students. The issues of small rural population, the irrelevance of numbers, etc, were raised and ignored by the Board.

DEREGISTRATION

In December 1984, FCCS received notification that it was deregistered as of 1st January 1985. Legal advice was that we should appeal the decision, but our submission for a stay of the decision was rejected.

The school staff, board and parents agreed unanimously, after prayer, that as God led us to begin the school, and as he had not instructed us to close, we should 'obey God rather than man'. We understood the significance of our action, but were strongly convinced that we had made the right decision. Eventually we felt unhappy in proceeding with the appeal proceedings, believing, rather, if the matter was to go to court it should be at the invitation of the government.

1987

In 1987 the school was summoned to the Magistrates Court in Adelaide. We believed that we should go without legal representation. Peter Frogley explained to the magistrate that we were not guilty according to the law of the God under whose authority the court convened, but could be seen to be guilty if judged by a contrary law of men. The school was found guilty and fined \$160 with \$140 costs. The fine was paid.

CONVICTION

The school continued to operate on the basis of Christian conviction that parents were responsible to educate their children as the saw fit in God.

Following the threatened invitation of further action FCCS requested the Registration Board to visit the school in 1988. We explained our Christian conviction that registration of the school recognised the sovereign control of the state over children, which as Christians we could not accept. To demonstrate our desire to be cooperative we undertook to meet what we believed to be the motives for compulsory education.

- (1) Regular instruction...we offered to furnish attendance records.
- (2) Academic standards...we offered to provide results of literacy and numeracy tests.
- (3) In addition ...we invited the Board to visit our school and advise the school.
- (4) The school did not wish to receive government funding, as we believed this conflicts with the separation of church and state.

MAGISTRATE'S COURT

Despite our efforts, the Board proceeded with another prosecution. In April and May 1989 in the Adelaide Magistrates Court, our legal council Dr David Mitchell, defended the school before Mrs. J. Sanders. After a lengthy hearing the magistrate found the school guilty and imposed a fine of \$5600 plus costs.

APEAL

The magnitude of the fine, and our desire to see justice done encouraged us to appeal the decision. After consultation with other Christians, we obtained the services of Mr. Rodney Parker, Q.C. of Sydney, with David Mitchell acting as his junior. After a delay the case was heard on the 5th and 6th of February 1990.

In an unusual step, the full bench of the supreme court of South Australia had requested to be supplied with the written appeal and the written response from the Solicitor General. The judges reserved judgement and after lengthy consideration handed down their unanimous decision (3-0) on 9th April 1990, upholding the appeal against the conviction.

The court held that FCCS had been wrongly deregistered and annulled previous convictions and penalties.

COURT RULING

The unanimous judgement of the full bench of the Supreme Court of South Australia made four major points.

(1) NUMBERS.

The court found that the number of students in a school was not significant in view of the wording of the Education Act.

Justice King commented 'It seems to me that whatever ambiguity may attend the meaning of the expression 'nature and content of the instruction offered' the expression cannot extend to matters of 'social and educational interaction' arising out of the number of students attending the school.

(2) NEVER DEREGISTERED.

Justice King-

'I am therefore of the opinion that the purported cancellation of the school is invalid, and that the school remains a registered non-government school. The offence alleged against the appellant was therefore not committed. The appeal should be allowed and the conviction and penalties set aside.'

(3) CARE AT LAW.

The Registration Board was given a clear message that it needed to be meticulously careful in applying the act.

Justice Legoe comments,

'I can only conclude that this purported cancellation was ultra vires the statutory powers given to the Board to cancel. There is no evidence of cancellation. The prosecution on this evidence failed to prove that this Non-Government school was unregistered at the relevant time. The learned Special Magistrate was clearly in error in concluding 'the school is... not registered'. An element of this charge is not proved. This complaint should have been dismissed'.

Justice Cox comments,

'If, as I consider the School Board constituted under cl-4 of the appellant's constitution was the governing authority of the school, the prosecution of the incorporated association was misconceived... I think the appellant is also entitled to succeed in its attack on the Registration Board's grounds for cancelling the registration of this school. The formal resolution of the Registration Board was not proved in evidence, but it appears to have been accepted that the registrar's letter of 18 December 1984 correctly set out the substance of its decision and the reasons for it. The Registration Boards decision cannot, in my opinion, survive close examination of that letter.'

(4) PARENTS RESPONSIBLE

The court supported the Biblical presupposition that education is the fundamental responsibility of parents.

Justice King comments-

'the primary role of parents in choosing which education their children are to receive is a feature of free societies which distinguishes them from those which are founded on totalitarian notions of the role of the State'

BOOK REVIEW

by Valerie Riches.

FEMINISM V. MANKIND, edited by Christine Kelly, Foreword by Baroness Elles. Published by Family Publications, Wicken, Milton Keynes, MK19 6BU, U.K. Reviewed by Mrs. Valerie Riches, Hon. Sec., Family & Youth Concern.

This book is dynamite. It is the first serious published work which destroys the myth of radical feminism, comprising a collection of essays by women around the world who have become alarmed by the spread of radical feminist ideology. The contributors are Alice von Hildebrand (USA), Mary Kenney (Ireland), Katarina Runské (Sweden), Babette Francis (Australia), Cornelia Ferreira and Betty Steele (Canada) and Joanna Bogle, Patricia Morgan and Valerie Riches (UK). Also included is a penetrating review by Robert Whelan of two recent books on the scientific evidence of male/female differences.

After several decades of relentless campaigning the feminist movement has become a powerful force. Large sections of society, particularly the government and media, have accepted as an almost self-evident principle that men and women should be treated equally; even when this results in strange advertisements inviting men and women to apply for jobs which are clearly more suited to one sex than another, like brickies or lingerie sales-persons, we tend to laugh at these little oddities.

It comes as a shock to learn from these essays the full extent of the feminist agenda on an international scale in every area of human activity. This is nothing less than the destruction of the traditional family, the denigration of motherhood, and the perversion of relationships between women themselves, between women and men, and parents and children.

What is alarming is the extent to which even the most extreme of the feminist aims have been carried out in different parts of the world. Katarina Runské quotes from the Nobel Prize winning couple, Alva

and Gunnar Myrdal, who in 1930 dismissed housewives as '.....weak, stupid, lazy, unambitious and otherwise lesser equipped'. Many women who decide to stay at home to rear their children, now find that this denigratory attitude towards housewives is widespread.

A theme which is taken up by several contributors is the constant belittling of motherhood by feminists, who try to make their sisters who stay at home feel guilty. The lengths to which they will go to get equality - in the sense of making women into carbon-copy men - is well documented here.

In Sweden girls who choose traditionally male professions receive extra points when they enter college as part of a special quota system. In Australia, under the Jobs for Local Roads scheme *half* of those employed in road building must be female. In Canada, the Affirmative Action campaigns, Leap-Frogging Laws and Quota systems have resulted in great injustices against men, whilst the Province of Ontario's Pay Equity Law has led to many men and businesses leaving the province.

The foolishness of allowing feminists to dictate policy is most apparent in the Western nations, where the perversity which is everywhere apparent in personal relationships has resulted in birth rates which are so low that we are no longer replacing ourselves.

As Babette Francis from Australia puts it:

'A feminist is an evolutionary anachronism, a Darwinian blind alley...an immediate consequence of feminism is what appears to be an irreversible decline in the birth-rate'.

We must hope that at some stage we will reach the end of this particular blind alley and start to reach for light and truth.

LETTERS

SIR I write to offer a different focus on the Hawke-Hollingworth affair.

The basic weakness and evasion of responsibility in Archbishop Peter Hollingworth's position (and that of the traditional churches) on child poverty demands exposure.

The Archbishop's belief (shared by too many public figures) seems to be that it is a government responsibility through regulation bureaucracy and use of taxpayers' money to deal with child poverty.

The leaders of Christian churches in Australia wrote a letter to *The Australian* (Friday June 5, 1987) focusing on the fact that one in five Australian children were living in poverty. The definition of poverty in modern times is a relative concept. Poverty does not mean those who are destitute. The poverty figure is obtained on a relative scale.

It was not perhaps a coincidence that not long afterwards Bob Hawke in the context of an election campaign unveiled extra government welfare measures to deal with child poverty.

The amazing dimension is that Christian leaders provide only one suggestion to deal with the problem — a substantial package of government spending measures. This was a foray into political ideology and support for the interventionist philosophy.

A conclusion, supported by many studies, is that government measures involving bureaucratic action and expenditure does not alleviate the problems and sufferings of the underprivileged. Bureaucracies and government funding have a miserable track record.

The church leaders could, with advantage, have focused on the reasons for child poverty — poverty of the family and the undermining of the family as a consequence of government actions, individual irresponsibility and permissive lifestyles.

Church leaders can perform a useful function if they focus on this matter (which is within their province) rather than enter into the realm of political ideology and make suggestions about government action (on which they have no expertise).

The problem of homeless children is ultimately the consequence of the breakdown of the family. The most important reason for this is the failure of the churches and Christians to influence the drift towards amorality and immorality in modern Western Society. The churches have too often identified with, weakly opposed or silently watched changes in law and social mores which undermined basic moral values.

Archbishop Hollingworth would be better advised to stop asking the Prime Minister to deal with a problem which the PM can do little about, except by promoting economic development. He should recognise his own responsibility and that of his Church.

The spiritual and moral values of true (as distinct from organised and ideological) religion alone can revive an amoral and immoral society. The Bible makes it clear that the role of poverty and maintenance of widows and orphans is a matter for Christians individually and collectively.

The Christian leaders in the New Testament collected money from the faithful (10 per cent of income for charity and 10 per cent for the preaching of the gospel).

L. J. M. COORAY
Beecroft, NSW
"Australian"



FRANK TONIN.

I have read copies of the *Heritage* journal from time to time and find it has a definite Anglo-Australian bias.

May I take the liberty to remind you that many 'new' Australian families and/or their offspring have contributed to the heritage and history of this nation through their dedication and sacrifice?

My own parents know the heartbreak of losing a cherished son who gave his own life that another may live. He was drowned while attempting to rescue two children in difficulties at a local beach in 1962.

The award of the Royal Humane Society for his "courage and humanity" was cold comfort for my parents in their grief.

Having migrated to this new country with very little in the way of material possessions or money, they hadn't known too many of life's comforts and privileges.

Their 17 year old son was their delight and hope for the future and their delight and hope ended — or so they thought — on the death of their son.

Time has softened their grief and my wife and I have presented them with another Frank Tonin — their grandson — along with three lovely granddaughters. Their lives are again full and their hope is restored.

I am sending you a photo of my brother Frank and a copy of the award presented to my parents from the Royal Humane Society in 1962. I believe my brother's deed deserves recognition in the pages of your journal.

GEORGE TONIN
Forestville,
South Australia.

Referendum call

I can think of no better hackneyed phrase than "history repeating itself" when I contemplate the words of the Scottish MP Lord Daer in 1793. "We bartered our liberty and with it our morals for a little wealth."

Let us not easily throw away the fruits of 200 years of hope, faith, torment and deprivation for any short-term goals. Foreign ownership of this country and any consideration of a Multi Function Polis must be put to a referendum of the people.

SANDY FRASER,
Currumbin, Qld
"Australian".



THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY OF AUSTRALASIA



Under the Patronage of

Her Majesty the Queen

His Excellency the Governor-General
OF THE
COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA,

AND

Their Excellencies the Governors of the Australian States

PRESIDENT *L. R. Stillman, Esq., M.C.*

VICE PRESIDENTS *Sir Rupert Clarke, Bart., M.B.E.*
A. M. Duncan, Esq., C.M.G.

and the Right Honourable

The Lord Mayors of all the Capital Cities

"Greater love hath no man than this"

*At a General Court of Directors holden at the Office of the Society
Melbourne on the 15th day of April 1962
IT WAS RESOLVED That the Courage and Humanity displayed by
Frank Tonin, Goodwood, (P.A.), upholsterer aged 17 years,
who lost his life in going to the rescue of Arnold Chappell aged 10 years
at Honely on 22nd October, 1961,*

*Call for the admiration of this Court and justly entitle his
name to be recorded in the Archives of this Society.*

A. Stephen Secretary *L. R. Stillman* President

THE FOX'S PROPHECY



The poem printed in shortened form was written in 1871 at Cheltenham by an anonymous poet, although the initials D.W.N. are appended. Strangely, many of the prophecies have come true in the hundred years or more since the poem was written.

Tom Hill was in the saddle
One bright November morn,
The echoing glades of Guiting Wood
Were ringing with his horn.

Soft fleecy clouds were sailing
Across the vault of blue,
A fairer hunting morning
No huntsman ever knew;

All nature seemed rejoicing
That glorious morn to see,
All seemed to breathe a fresher life —
Beast, insect, bird, and tree.

Then round he turned his horse's head,
And shook his bridle free,
When he was aware of an aged fox
That sat beneath a tree.

"Huntsman," he said, — a sudden thrill
Through all his listeners ran,
To hear a creature of the wood
Speak like a Christian man.

"Print my words upon your heart,
And stamp them on your brain,
That you to others may repeat
My prophecy again.

"The woodlands where my race has bred
Unto the axe shall yield,
Hedgerows and copse shall cease to share,
The ever-widening field.

"The manly sports of England
Shall perish one by one,
The manly blood of England
In weaker veins shall run.

"The sports of their forefathers,
To baser tastes shall yield,
The vices of the town displace
The pleasures of the field.

"For swiftly o'er the level shore
The waves of progress ride,
The ancient landmarks one by one
Shall sink beneath the tide.

"Time-honoured creeds and ancient faith,
The altar and the crown,
Lordship, hereditary right,
Before that tide go down.

"Base churls shall mock the mighty names
Writ on the roll of time;
Religion shall be held a jest,
And loyalty a crime.

"No word of prayer, no hymn of praise,
Sound in the village school;
The people's education
Utilitarians rule.

"In England's ancient pulpits
Lay orators shall preach;
New creeds and free religions
Self-made apostles teach.

"The homes where love and peace should
dwell
Fierce politics shall vex,
And unsexed woman strives to prove
Herself the coarser sex.

"Mechanics in their workshops
Affairs of state decide,
Honour and truth old-fashioned words,
The noisy mobs deride.

"The statesmen that should rule the realm
Coarse demagogues displace,
The glory of a thousand years
Shall end in foul disgrace.

"Trade shall be held the only good,
And gain the sole device;
The statesman's maxim shall be peace,
And peace at any price.

"Her army and her navy,
Britain shall cast aside;
Soldiers and ships are costly things,
Defence an empty pride.

"The German and the Muscovite
Shall rule the narrow seas,
Old England's flag shall cease to float
In triumph on the breeze.

"Taught wisdom by disaster,
England shall learn to know,
That trade is not the only gain
Heaven gives to man below.

"The greed for gold abated,
The golden calf cast down,
Old England's son again shall raise
The altar and the crown.

"Again in hall and homestead
Shall joy and peace be seen,
And smiling children raise again
The maypole on the green."

"Again," — it seemed that aged fox
More prophecies would say,
When sudden came upon the wind,
"Hark, forward! gone away!"

The listener started from his trance,
He sat there all alone,
That well-known cry had burst the spell,
The aged fox had gone.

SLEIGH JOURNEY

by Nigel Jackson
Homage to Boris Pasternak

Onwards through the white chambers of the still
woods
We will ride to bring words of grace to the
struggling crowd.
So cold, that our frozen breath seems to speak
aloud
As the stars fall like gold coins on our hoods.

The relay stations loom out of a white ocean,
As they did for the mediaeval caravans of old.
Is it joy or madness that makes the heart bold
Or a wild peace in the centre of all commotion?

Surely there is a fairy girl in the forest near.
Her laughter peals between the falls of the hooves,
And the listening trees know how she lightly moves
As she brings iced rowanberries for those without
fear.

BACK COVER

Antarctic Regions. Mawson protested ceaselessly against senseless slaughter of penguins.

