

HERITAGE

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT — FOR THE FUTURE

JULY 1991

No. 60



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HERITAGE

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GOVERNMENT: FIRST PRINCIPLES OF ORGANISATION

Another Convention has been set up 'to work on' Australia's Federal Constitution. We are told the Convention will 'attempt to look at governmental organisation from first principles and to focus attention on what is needed to cope with the next fifty or so years.'

From which set of first principles will this group determine their answers?

For the Christian, "All authority - all power of rule - in heaven and on earth has been given to Jesus Christ. " And He has commanded that the Christian is " to make disciples of all the nations baptizing them into the name - power - of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit."

God has granted to the Christian an authority to govern his own life - self-control, self-government. For the Christian, government begins with self-government (balanced by responsibility and accountability).

Then, in right order, comes the government of the family group, the professions, the enterprises, etc., until, finally Civil Government is called upon to perform the tasks the other groups are unable to, especially those directly concerning the common welfare.

From this viewpoint Civil Government has a limited function. For the Christian, not only is Civil Government limited it is also responsible, accountable, therefore, safeguards, checks and balances, have to be built into the system.

For the Christian, there is stability and continuity in a tri-unity. Along with Britain and the other Commonwealth nations, we have a tri-une Constitution.

The Source of all power of rule is a Trinity, "before ALL things, We worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity. . . The Glory equal, the Majesty co-eternal. . . . Neither confounding the Persons nor dividing the Substance."

By all means let us study, once again, the first principles of governmental organisation upon which this nation was founded, they are all found in the Christian Faith.

COVER PICTURE: WAAF Training Section at Victor Harbour April 1942 Course R.S. Photo from Mrs Lorna Randell Loch Sport V.

THE AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE SOCIETY

The Australian Heritage Society was launched in Melbourne on September 18th, 1971 at an Australian League of Right's Seminar. It was clear that Australia's heritage is under increasing attack from all sides; spiritual, cultural, political and constitutional. A permanent body was required to ensure that young Australians were not cut off from their true heritage and the Heritage Society assumed that role in a number of ways.

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

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

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

SIR RAPHAEL CILENTO

First Patron of The Australian Heritage Society

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HERITAGE

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THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE 1990



Over the years, I have dwelt on the happier side of life in my Christmas Broadcasts - we need reminding of it, particularly at Christmas time. This year, there have been, I hope, times of happiness and good cheer for most of us.

My family, for instance, has been celebrating my mother's Ninetieth Birthday, and we have shared with you the joy of some of those celebrations. My youngest grandchild's Christening, two days ago, has brought the family together once again. I hope that all of us lucky enough to be able to enjoy such gatherings this Christmas will take time to count our blessings.

For it seems to me that there is one deep and overriding anxiety for us all on which we should reflect today. That is the threat of war in the Middle East. The servicemen in the Gulf who are spending Christmas at their posts under this threat are much in our thoughts. And there are many others, at home and abroad, servicemen and civilians, who are away from their own firesides. Wherever they are, may they all, when their duty is done, soon be reunited with their families safe and sound.

At the same time we must remember those still held hostage. Some of them have spent years in captivity, and Christmas must, for them, be especially hard to bear. My heart goes out to them and to their families. We can, at least, rejoice at the safe return of many of their compatriots over the last weeks, and salute the courage which they have shown.

Wars, threats of wars and civil disturbance inevitably cause thousands of innocent people to become refugees and to have their lives ruined or disrupted. It is difficult for us, safe at home, to contemplate the scale of the suffering for homeless and hungry people caused by the ever-widening consequences of the crises in the Gulf.

The invasion of Kuwait was an example on an international scale of an evil which has beset us at different levels in recent years - attempts by ruthless people to impose their will on the peaceable majority. In extreme form, as we know only too well, these attempts lead to disaster and death, and their tragic aftermath for families and communities. In the United Kingdom, we have suffered once again during the past year from the scourge of terrorism, its disregard for human life and its efforts to dress its crimes in political clothes.

But all this is nothing new. The tributes we paid last summer to the heroes of Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain were tributes to their achievement in repelling a determined invader.

That was fifty years ago.

Nowadays there are all too many causes that press their claims with loud voice and a strong arm rather than with the language of reason. We must not allow ourselves to be too discouraged as we confront them. Let us remember that Christ did not promise the earth to the powerful. The resolve of those who endure and resist these activities should not be underestimated. I never cease to admire the stoical courage of those in Northern Ireland, for example, who go about their business in defiance of the terrorist. The reaction of those who have lost loved ones at violent hands is often an inspiration to the rest of us. Then again, I, like many others, was much heartened by the virtually unanimous opposition of the international community to the unprovoked invasion of Kuwait, and by the speed with which moves were made to try to relieve the plight of the innocent victims.

I want, therefore, to say thank you today to the men and women who, day in and day out, carry on their daily life in difficult and dangerous circumstances. By just getting on with the job, they are getting the better of those who want to harm our way of life. Let us think of them this Christmas, wherever they are in the world, and pray that their resolution remains undiminished. It is they and their kind who, by resisting the bully and the tyrant, ensure that we live in the sort of world in which we can celebrate this season safely with our families.

I pray also that we may all be blessed with something of their spirit. Then we would find it easier to solve our disputes in peace and justice, wherever they occur, and that inheritance of the earth which Christ promised, not to the strong, but to the meek, would be that much closer.

A Happy Christmas and God bless you all.

Letters, Paper Cuttings and Ideas Welcome

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

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

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

"WOMEN OF WAR" - "WAAAF REUNION"



Noreen Batterham...fond war-time memories.

Cheers from the boys...

By SARAH PENNYCUICK

NOREEN Williams, with 30 other women, made history on March 15, 1941 when she responded to the first Australian call-up of the Women's Australian Auxiliary Air Force.

Among them were 26 airwomen and five women air officers.

"The boys cheered the first time we walked in," Noreen recalls.

Now Mrs Batterham, Noreen remembers those days with a certain fondness.

"We were like mates. The comradeship was unlike anything I have ever struck in civvy life. There were women who has nothing in their life and socialites, all in together."

"Everyone wanted to help out."

Mrs Batterham also remembers the public re-

action to the first women in uniform participating in World War 2.

"People used to come up to us and ask us what we did. They thought we were tram conductors!"

Mrs Batterham started her duties for the WAAAF as a teleprinter operator. During her five years of service life, she worked her way up through the ranks to become a Section Officer.

When peace was declared in 1945, she was a cypher officer stationed at "Froggnall", Mont Albert Rd, Camberwell - the largest wireless telegraphy station in the Southern Hemisphere at that time.

Source: "My War" by Jack Cannon
Published by The Sun - News Pictorial
45 Flinders Lane, Melbourne 3000

BLUEY & CURLEY



Alex Gurney



Source: Sun-News Pictorial "My War"

WOMAN - OF - WAR

TODAY'S lady libbers would get their knickers in a big knot if they had to listen to the sexist issues raised here in 1940, when it was suggested that a women's auxiliary air force be formed.

After lots of public argument and parliamentary debate, the War Cabinet approved the formation of a women's auxiliary on December 12, 1940.

But this was subject to confirmation by the Advisory War Council, and to prove that the required number of male telegraphists was not available for the air force.

Air Minister John McEwen, made it clear he did not favor enlistment of women in the air

force, unless it was "unavoidable".

However, he admitted in January 1941, that a bid to sign up sufficient telegraphists had failed, and that 650 positions could be made available for women.

Meanwhile, at a meeting of Advisory War Council, Mr N. J. Makin, who was to become Minister for Navy and Munitions, expressed fears that mixing men with women in the RAAF might "create difficulties".

It was then pointed out that Royal Air Force officials had found that men and women working together in Britain had benefited discipline.

When the Women's Australian Auxiliary

Air Force was confirmed in the House of Representatives, it was to be "only to a minimum number for a minimum period".

Mrs Bell was appointed acting director of the new service with the rank of Flight Officer.

Initially, it was agreed to enlist 250 women as wireless and teleprint operators and 70 in administrative, cypher and domestic duties.

The WAAAF at its full wartime strength reached 18,000.

This compared with the Australian Women's Army Service (AWAS), 19,700 and Women's Royal Australian Navy Service (WTANS), 1800.

Taken from: "My War" by Jack Cannon.

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W.A.A.A.F. 50th REUNION

by Jean Kaye

A special tribute to the members of the Women's Auxiliary Australian Air Force on their 50th Anniversary Reunion in Melbourne, Victoria.

INTRODUCTION

Australian women began joining voluntary emergency groups at the outbreak of war in 1939, acquiring skills that they thought would be useful in the defence of their country. These groups are considered the precursors of the wartime women's service. In the early stages their efforts were largely ignored; however, as the war progressed it became very clear that women were needed so that the maximum number of men could be released to action.

The Royal Australian Air Force was the first service to enlist women. On the 15th March, 1941, 320 women enrolled into the Women's Auxiliary Australian Air Force "... to meet the temporary deficiency of male wireless telegraphy operators until such time as men became available".



WAAF march past Adelaide Town Hall in June 1943

When Cabinet gave its decision to admit a few women to the Royal Australian Air Force, on a twelve month contract, the Women's Auxiliary Air Force began to accept trainees on 15 March 1941. Recruiting was later suspended for some months, but after Japan's entry into the war, recruiting escalated and on 5th January 1941 the largest rookie course began at Geelong Grammar School with approximately 480 trainees - scared, homesick young women who were to be drilled and lectured for five weeks prior to posting to their stations.

GIRLS TRAINED IN HIGH HEELS!

Lack of equipment was evident, with a lot of girls drilling and doing physical training exercising in high-heeled shoes. At the passing out parade many fainted in the soaring heat as an aftermath of injections, but proudly

marched in the manner we'd been trained to march, dressed in berets and jeans (airmen, less for the use of). What a thrill in was! But to go back to the beginning and to the lady we all learned to love in later years. Indeed our Director, WAAF must have become one of the most respected women in Australia.

Clare Stevenson, Director of the WAAF, was a woman of distinction in the business world, long before the "Women's Libbers" and the "Burn the Bra Brigade" were heard of. It was probably her business expertise which drew the attention of the RAAF "Brass" when it was decided to form the WAAF. In the forward to The WAAF Book she recalls that the announcement was made that she was the Director, before she had been acquainted with the fact and before she had officially accepted the position. This was on 21 May 1941.

While she had worked for Berlie, Clair

Stevenson had spent four years in England establishing a branch there, so she had the business acumen, intelligence and perseverance required. Reluctantly she accepted the job, a little afraid of public criticism if things went wrong, and a little overawed at being responsible for 1,000 young women. Just as well she did not know then that the final number would be in excess of 18,000. At first she had declined the position but while she was in Melbourne on business, she was summoned to RAAF Head Quarters to see Air Vice Marshall Wrigley "at once". While she was sitting waiting, a door opened and all the RAAF clerks who had been busily going about their duties, stood up; she thought this must be Air Vice Marshall Wrigley, so she also stood up as a matter of courtesy.

She was later called to see "Black Jack" McEwan, then the Minister for Air and they



Group Officer Clare Stevenson, Director of the Women's Auxiliary Australian Air Force

become engrossed in a discussion on how to outfit the WAAAF when that branch of the services was formed. He seemed to have been horrified at the thought of male equipment assistants handling women's undergarments. Ms. Stevenson was able to explain that at Berlie it was men who handled stock to be sent out to the shops. (I can still remember, early in 1942 at Laverton, that we were not permitted to hang our ghastly drab "pantettes" or our "Passion-killer" navy bloomers, on the clothes line in case it aroused the men physically.) At the end of the interview Ms. Stevenson told the Air Vice Marshall she did not want the job.

Subsequently, when she was requested to have a medical, she thought, "Why not? It's free!" After answering all the "have-you-had" questions, she volunteered the information that she suffered from diverticulitis. The sister did not write this down and later our Director was accused of withholding information just "to get the job she was so keen on". Hence our D/WAAAF came from a "working environment" and was not the socialite head that the press of the day assumed would be appointed. Clare Stevenson, one of a family of twelve, became a tireless worker for better conditions for her girls, including the same repatriation benefits as men received. Years before, this same woman had laughed at a fortune-teller who told her she could "see" her in a uniform and a peaked cap with gold on it.

THE RANK AND FILE

From the day Mr. Menzies announced that Australia was now at war, girls were wanting to serve their country, not just by knitting and sending food parcels (that was only suitable for old women of 45, like our mothers and aunts). As young women wanted to contribute

more, Mrs. M. T. Bell in Brisbane started a Women's Air Training Corps

The idea was proposed by Mrs Bell, a RAAF Group Captain's wife, who was commanding officer of the Women's Air Training Corps, of 1000, which had been in existence since April 1939.

A Pilot and licensed ground engineer since 1926, she told Air Board it should consider the engagement of women for service in the air force. This later extended to all states. Young women learned to drill and worked as volunteer drivers and stores clerks. Some were encouraged to take courses in wireless telegraphy and teleprinter operating as if had become known that these musterings would be among the first required. The girls themselves paid for these courses which were undertaken in their own time, often after a full day's work. As result, most of the intake of February 1941 began duties as wireless telegraphists or teleprinter operators.

Originally WAAAFs were contracted for twelve months but this was changed later and those already in uniform were

(British) WAAF, helped our D/WAAAF in many ways, even teaching her how and whom to salute as our new director had never attended a rookies' course. The first Officer Training Course was held at the Methodist Ladies' College in Hawthorn, in October 1941. This was the first course to be given for officers, many of whom were only in their mid-20's, and were later to become responsible for a service in which most of the young women were under the age of 21; few had ever been away from home, while some had not even seen a two-storey building before. At the weekend some were picked up by their fathers at the barracks and taken home to be cosseted (and possibly, guarded). These officers were responsible for the training, health and general welfare of these young girls - what a responsibility - in view of the general lack of sexual education in those days.

DISCRIMINATION INSIDE AND OUTSIDE THE SERVICE

Discrimination towards women was very evident, particularly in regard to pay. To give an example: A WAAAF cypher or meteorological officer handed over her shift to a male



Women of Ack Ack Station. Women manned anti-aircraft stations. Although they did not fire the guns they were responsible for their accurate working. Sept 1942

enlisted and swore the Oath of Allegiance. New recruits were enlisted from day one.

On 15 March 1941 the first trainees went to work at Air Force Head Quarters in either Melbourne or Sydney where "Our Starkie" pioneered the group. Group Captain Wiggins, at that time Chief of Air Staff, had been instrumental in convincing the Minister of War, the Air Board, and the War Cabinet that the only way RAAF numbers could be expanded was by the formation of a large WAAAF Service.

"Bunty" Burnett, daughter of the Chief of Air Staff and herself a Squadron Officer in the

officer of the same rank, doing exactly the same work and having the same responsibilities. The WAAAF received two-thirds of his salary; if a man was married, he received additional allowances for his wife and children. This difference was also aggravated by the fact that some clubs, opened by civilian women for servicemen, would not allow service-women to enter. The meals served at such clubs, staffed by volunteers, were so much cheaper than those available elsewhere, that this made the pay differential even more noticeable. Furthermore, girls stationed in Townsville during the Japanese bomber flights

in that area, were not eligible for any repatriation benefits. War service loans for housing were available to all ex-servicemen, but not to ex-service-women. Similar discrimination even extended to basic clothing issue. A male steward was entitled to an extra pair of trousers, while the WAAAF had to fight for an extra skirt for female stewards performing the same duties. Discrimination there certainly was, both inside and outside the service. In some instances WAAAFs were not allowed to attend dances organized for servicemen; boarding-house proprietors often refused entry to a WAAAF wanting to visit her civilian girlfriend. After the formation of the Australian Women's Army Service and the Women's Royal Australian Navy, the animosity and distrust towards service-women waned.

The years of the war saw life-long friendships formed. After World War I when the Anzac tradition was born, close camaraderie between men was accepted, but men still seem to be surprised that this intense mateship is equally as strong among ex-servicewomen. After nearly fifty years we still meet. Our service careers often began with many tears and homesickness. Later there were tears of sadness when your best mate was suddenly posted to a place we had heard about but didn't know. Thankfully there were always other girls there to greet you with warmth and friendship, but always there was something very special about your first WAAAF mate.

Many of the girls had boyfriends or husbands serving in the forces overseas, but even though some received the worst possible news, they still faced the job that had to be done.

DISCHARGE

When the war was over on 15th August 1945, we were confronted with another big adjustment - discharge.. Some who had joined up as twenty-year olds were

now old married women of 23; many had done jobs formerly done by men only: instrument repair, where the repairer glowed in the dark from the luminous paint used in cockpit instruments; folding life-saving parachutes in thirty minutes; driving transports, and dipping petrol tankers and refuelling aircraft. All of us were supposed to drink a pint of milk each day, but one does wonder what effect some of the work had on their health in later years. After discharge we found ourselves on "Civvy Street". We were sad at saying good-bye to friends we'd shared with - shared rooms, outings, thoughts and anxieties. Suddenly we were back in our own home state. There was great happiness that the war was over, but a precious part of our life was over too. There was almost a feeling of bereavement at parting from one's mates.

In civilian life, about which we'd thought little for four years, married women in the workforce was not yet an accepted norm. Back in a "men-only" environment, many of us could not even



Number Please: WAAAF Telephonists handled hundreds of inter-unit and interstate calls daily. In foreground ACW Ruth Faulkner, Kelvin Grove, Brisbane and ACW Estlen Scaroni, Somerset Dam. Making enquiries Sgt. Ross Cambell, Melbourne (left) and Sgt. Kerberg (Blue) Randall, Sydney. June 1944. Photograph from: Dept of Air



ACW Elsa Russell drove a petrol wagon. February 1943. Photo from Dept.of Air



WAAAF Canteen

seek work which required the skills we had learnt. The sense of loss was keen at the time because we were unsure that we would still meet each other again and again at our reunions.

Back in their previous employment, some of the girls experienced difficulties as they saw a slackness they felt had not been there before the war and staff shortages. Many took part in rehabilitation courses which were organized.

The last WAAAFs were discharged in 1947.

With this feeling of closeness, no wonder our WAAAF Branches of the Royal Australian Air Force Association are as strong as they are. In 1947 the RAAFA admitted women as full members: Victoria has a membership of 454; we have well attended meetings, both general and social. 15th March 1991 was our Golden Jubilee - our 50th birthday.

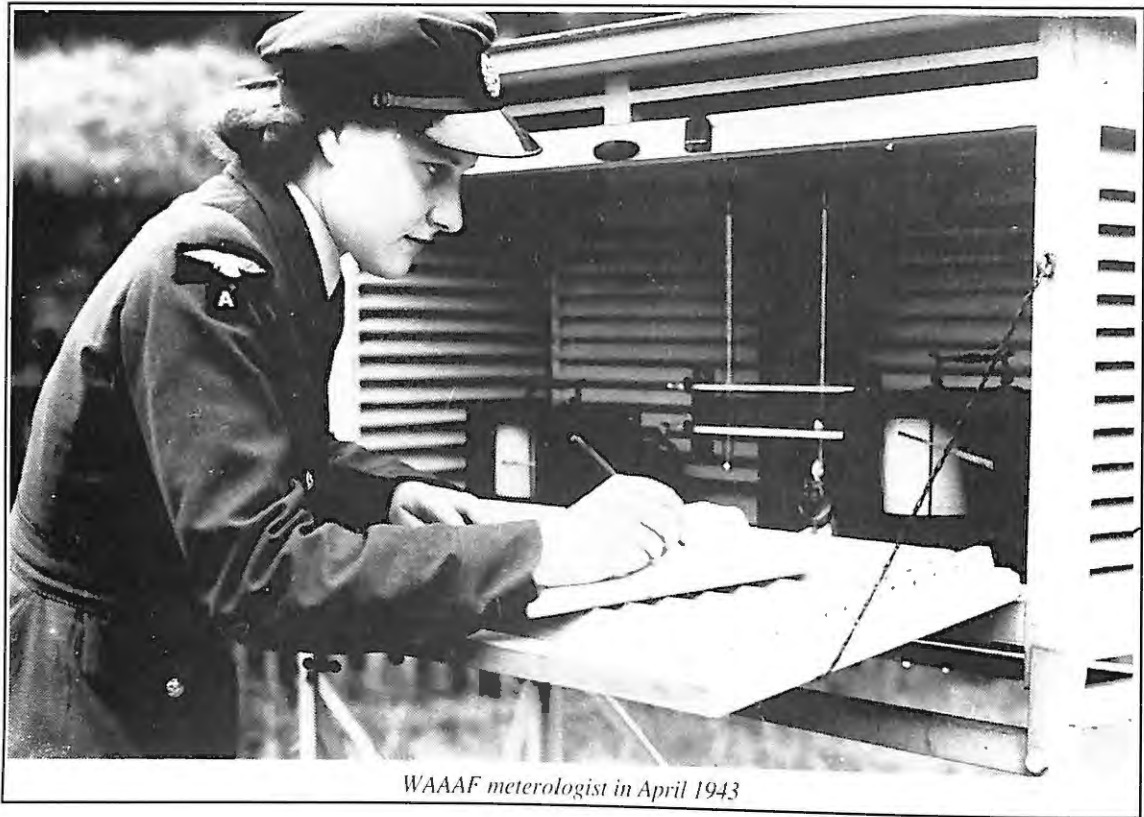
From 14th to 17th March we reminisced and felt young again. 18th March will see us revert to being aging ladies again with walking difficulties and other aches and pains, but we will have added another precious memory to our life's store.

Melbourne WAAAF Branch meets on the second Tuesday, each month, at the Air Force Memorial Service, 4 Cromwell Road, South Yarra. The last Tuesday each month is Social Day, commencing at 11am. Membership is \$20 per year, payable to Mrs. Gretta Henderson, 4/15 Oakes Avenue, South Clayton 3169.



WAAAF women at work: Left to right, ACW Pat Mason, Marickville, NSW used the paint gun on the wing of a Catalina while ACW Mavis Quinn, Lockhash, N.S.W. and ACW Jean Hewens, Lingleston N.S.W. did a patching job above her. June 1944. Photograph from Dept. of Air.

Source: "The WAAAF Book"
 Edited by Clare Stevenson and Honor Darling
 Published by Hale & Tremonger Pty. Ltd.,
 19 Eve St., Erskineville, 2043
 Price \$19.95 (H.C)



WAAF meteorologist in April 1943



WAAF women get instruction at RAAF



WATC march down King William Street, 21 October 1941

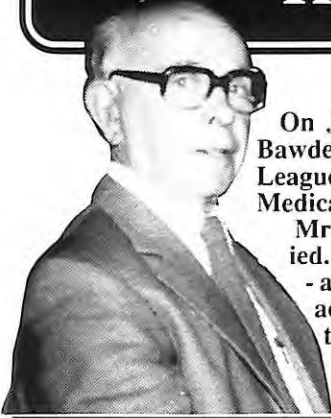


Radio Direction finder Cpl Joan Rule of WA. Picture courtesy "They Speed the Eagles" by Patricia Massey-Higgins



Aircraft Rigger Joan Weinburg fitting extra belly tank to a Kittyhawk. Picture courtesy "They Speed the Eagles" by Patricia Massey-Higgins

TRIBUTE TO A GREAT AUSTRALIAN



On January 9th of this year, Frank Vernon Bawden, State Director (S.A.) of the Australian League of Rights died suddenly at the Flinders Medical Centre, Adelaide.

Mr. Bawden's interests were many and varied. He was a keen student of human nutrition - as a young man he cured himself of a stomach ulcer when his own doctor died within three years of developing one.

He was an early member of the Good Soil Association, a strong supporter of the Cancer Support Fellowship and he also backed the Heritage Society and this journal. As one friend said, "Frank was interested in anything that improved the quality of life."

We present the following articles as our tribute to Frank Vernon Bawden.

FRANK BAWDEN THE TRUE SERVANT

Eulogy at the funeral of Frank Bawden,
delivered by Eric D Butler on Friday, January 11th, 1991.

Friends, the loving brother of his sisters, and a loving Uncle, has been suddenly called to another place. We come together here to reflect briefly upon the meaning and significance of the life of a man who gave so much to so many.

Frank Bawden was the quiet achiever, the type of man who tends to be forgotten in a world which has turned its back on so many of the values and principles which he persistently sought to uphold. This is a most appropriate occasion, in the midst of his many friends and loved ones who have come to bid him farewell in an earthly sense, to recall the real Frank Bawden and his sterling worth.

May I preface my comments by expressing my deep gratitude for the privilege and honour of being asked to deliver the eulogy at the funeral of a most remarkable man. Only in the years to come will his contribution to Australian history be adequately assessed.

The traditional Christian believes that every human being is both precious and unique. If I may be permitted to paraphrase the famous George Orwell, Frank Bawden demonstrated over a lifetime that while all men are unique, some are more unique than others. During a lifetime of world-wide activities which have brought me in contact with some of the really outstanding figures - and characters - of this century, I was able to assess the outstanding qualities of a man whose personal loyalty I deeply cherished.

I first met Frank Bawden just over 50 years ago and came to know him as one of those rare individuals whose integrity is beyond dispute. His honesty of purpose and his dedicated support of that which he believed to be true, set him aside from those who readily accept the view that success in life is to be measured

in terms of the size of the bank balance and the wielding of power.

Judged by conventional standards, Frank Bawden was successful in the world of business. But he never lost sight of the Truth that material achievements are but an aid towards moral and spiritual objectives. While his training as an accountant taught him to value the importance of ensuring that the figures were always correct, he never became slave to figures as such and was more concerned that the figures reflected reality.

To use what I believe to be a most appropriate colloquialism, Frank Bawden believed in keeping his feet firmly on the ground. From his earliest years he had a deep love of agriculture and the soil, becoming keenly interested in what is generally known as the organic movement. He was an early member of The

which he operated, and continued to develop even after the loss of his help-mate Marjorie. He was the typical countryman, constantly optimistic and in spite of obstacles always looking to the future. His wide variety of interests, including human nutrition and alternative medicine, were the product of a lively and inquiring mind.

Measured in terms of Church attendance, Frank Bawden would not have described himself as a great Christian, but his whole life reflected Christian values. He firmly believed in what he termed practical Christianity, that as St. John said, faith without works is death, that it was of vital importance to be a doer of the word. Numerous examples could be given of Frank Bawden's good works, his attempts to help people with their problems.

Frank Bawden was not readily given to using Biblical quotations, but he truly loved his neighbour as himself. His whole life reflected Christ's teaching that he who would be the greatest should be the servant of all. Frank Bawden was basically a humble and sensitive man and would be the last to think of himself as a great man. As most of you gathered here are aware, the whole of Frank Bawden's adult life was centred on The Australian League of Rights which, in spite of its clearly stated objectives, has become frustrated by what has been unfair criticism. But he also maintained a quiet sense of humour and on occasions commented that at least the League's work must be bearing good fruit, as it generated opposition from the right kind of opponents.

Frank Bawden was extremely thorough in everything he did. He was a monument of patience and understanding. He was one of the Foundation Members of the League of Rights, initially formed in South Australia in 1946. He

**" ... typical countryman,
constantly optimistic ...
always looking to
the future."**

Soil Association and actively supported it along with many other activities.

Supported by that most down-to-earth woman, his wife Marjorie, Frank Bawden was a man who drew deep spiritual sustenance from his small property at McLaren Flat. This was a major part of his life, a firm base from

never wavered in his dedicated support over the years and might be described as Mr. Steadfast of the League of Rights movement. He was not only generous with his time but with his substance. Frank Bawden was a big man in every sense of the term.

The passing of the years did not diminish his enthusiasm for his wide interests. An excellent tennis player for many years, Frank Bawden remained a physically active man to the end. Keenly interested in his history and his family roots in Cornwall, he joined the First Fleet in Fremantle for the 1988 Bi-Cen-

tenary Celebrations and thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

As a great defender of Australia's British and Christian roots, he was a sturdy opponent of every effort to change the flag which drapes his coffin here today.

Unlike his late brother Ern, Frank Bawden was precluded from serving his country in military battle. But he fought in a different kind of war and was a gallant soldier until the end and it is most appropriate that he should lay at peace here today under the flag he loved.

My own family owe much to Frank Bawden, and all those who came to know him over the years were infected with what he had to offer. The trumpets have called him to go to that Eternal Home to which we will all be called in God's good time.

As we here today salute the passing of Frank Bawden, let us all rejoice that we have been privileged to have known such a faithful servant of that Truth which we have been assured can make us all free.

Our lives have been the richer for having known him.

FRANK BAWDEN - MY PARTNER AND MY FRIEND

by Ken Davey

I deem it an honour and a privilege to stand before you, for Frank was not only my partner and my friend - he was also best man at our wedding.

May I say how delighted we were when Frank, at a later date, took Marj for his wife.

When asked for a title, I first thought of "Frank, the unsung Patriot". Then another came to mind, "The shaping of a Patriot". Both of these terms contain the word "Patriot?" My dictionary defines patriot as "one who is zealous for his country's freedom or rights". Each and every one of us will agree that Frank was a true patriot.

I finally settled for "Frank, my partner and my Friend". However, you will see the other aspects, the unsung patriot, the shaping of a patriot, evolving.

I'd like to commend Eric Butler for his eulogy at Frank's funeral. I was glad to hear him mention Frank's sporting prowess, for among other things he was a true sportsman.

I first met Frank at my parents' shop in Unley. We'd not long moved to Adelaide after several years in Broken Hill. One day in June, 1935 - a tall, well-built young man came into the shop. He was dressed in tennis togs and wielding a racket. My mother told him that I was a keen tennis player who was looking for a local club. So Frank extended an invitation to go out for a hit on the Saint Augustine's courts. This was the beginning of a long friendship.

I soon found out that Frank had just turned 21, being a little older

than myself, that he was an accountant, that he was a member of a kind and loving family, and was, all in all, a most likeable person.

I soon found out, too, that Frank was not the best of tennis players. However, I also discovered that he was eager to improve and was prepared to work hard at it. Now, doesn't that sound like the Frank you all know, eager, aspiring and dedicated? Let me take this further.

In those days a 48-hour week prevailed, and practice after work was almost impossible. He decided to overcome this obstacle by practising before work, and so one morning each week we arose early and put in an hour's tennis in fair weather and in foul (well, almost) and continued this for some years. Frank's game

steadily improved, and soon some handicap doubles trophies came our way, to be followed in later years by championships.

"In everything, indeed, he was ever prepared to go the second mile"

So you see, Rome wasn't built in a day - it took years - but we felt it worthwhile in several ways, and particularly on a great day when we



Frank Bawden (right) on his McLaren Flat (S.A.) property with author Geoff McDonald (left) and Eric Butler, League National Director (centre)



Choir boys: Frank Bawden (left) and brother Ern

defeated Adelaide's top hardcourt doubles pair in a championship final one Easter. Through dedication, perseverance and sweat Frank had come a long way in tennis. In everything, indeed, he was ever prepared to go the second mile.

I'd like to make three points here. Firstly, Frank was not a one game sportsman, he was very good at table tennis. For example, he was chosen to represent the City of Adelaide against the S.A. country team at, I think, Renmark. If I could beat him at tennis, he could sure make mincemeat of me at table tennis.

The second point is that as well as playing in tournaments together, we played in the United Church Tennis Association matches. These were great social occasions in those days. Afternoon teas were really something then, and on the court and around the table we had fellowship with some lovely Christian people. This, I believe, had a definite role in our social development.

The third point is that as well as sporting interests, we were finding that we had similar interests in the Christian and social spheres, and our friendship became firmer.

We both attended St. Augustine's Church regularly. I can now see the beneficial influence that regular church attendance in our younger years had on our later years. As well as sermons, we would have heard the gospels and epistles on numerous occasions together with passages from the Old Testament including that wonderful one from Micah. Let me read it to you:-

God has showed you, O man, what is good.

What does the Lord require of you, but to act justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with your God.

Does that not, conjure up an image of the Frank Bawden we all knew.

How fortunate we were, as young men, to have a background such as this with which to face the future.

There was also a social side to our friendship. We went to dances at the Y.M.C.A. where we met some really lovely people. No booze, just cordial and biscuits during a short interval where we intermingled with others, then finish in time to catch the last tram home. They were really good occasions.

Other times we went to the movies. We saw the amazing dancing of Fred and Ginger (still being shown on T.V. today), enjoyed the

**"Frank knew the words
and the rhythm but
the tune escaped
him utterly."**

excellent acting of Ronald Colman, laughed at the antics of Laurel and Hardy, and greatly appreciated the duets of Jeanette McDonald and Nelson Eddy. What lovely songs we heard in those days! How fortunate we were to witness such wholesome entertainment! My wife and I find much of today's movies just too crude and an evil influence on the young mind, and the music is too often just as bad.

Talking of singing, how many of you knew that Frank was tone deaf? He loved nothing better than a good old singsong around the piano at the Kellys and the Nardellis. Frank

knew the words and the rhythm but the tune escaped him utterly. It was quite an experience trying to sing alongside him. However, despite his handicap he always enjoyed himself thoroughly. He had music in his heart, if not in his voice.

While all this was going on, Frank was quietly working his way upward in the commercial field. When I first met him, he was a valued member of the staff of Laubman and Pank. After leaving school he commenced accounting studies with Hemingway and Robertson, who turned out many fine accountants to the benefit of South Australia. Noting several deficiencies in the system at Laubman and Pank, he quietly set about the reorganization of the routine. Remember, he was then only a comparative youngster. Nevertheless, when he became aware of a problem, he saw his duty, and acted with determination, yet humility, to solve that problem. Doesn't it sound just like Frank?

Small wonder, then, that he rose to such heights in his firm, and also in that most successful company, Sola International, which, I believe, employed over a thousand people. He was undoubtedly a fine business man. Now, if only the likes of Frank were on the Board of the State Bank . . .

Though not a real bookworm, Frank did his share of reading. I personally know that three books in particular had quite an effect on him. The first was "In Tune with the Infinite" a fine theological publication. Frank knew there was more to life than merely mundane matters. The other two books were by Douglas Reed, "Insanity Fair" and "Disgrace Abounding". These really shook us out of our complacency, and made us realize that all was not as well in the world as some would have us believe. Frank was also delving into Douglas Credit. He was now becoming politically aware.

So, Ladies and Gentlemen, you can see how various streams, sporting, theological, commercial and political, came together in a young



A family occasion: Frank joins in a family gathering

man to form a river which could not remain stagnant, but had to flow forward. It was the start of the voyage of a true patriot, one very much concerned with the freedom and rights of his fellow Australians.

A few general points before I get a little more personal.

Did you know that Frank was a victim of a doctor's incompetence? Many times he played tennis under pain, but he nevertheless persevered. Actually, I think he continued to play until he was around 60 years of age, not just social tennis, mind you, but matches.

Frank also had a big part in looking after his father in the latter's declining years. He was a faithful son.

Do you recall, Ladies and Gentlemen, that during our Bicentenary Celebrations, Australia was visited by many tall sailing ships? Did you know that, in search of adventure, Frank paid to join the working crew of the sailing ship *Amorina*. At the age of 73 Frank could be found scrambling up and down the riggings of that ship, furling and unfurling the sails, in company with fellows 1/3 and 1/4 his age, and this while crossing the Great Australian Bight. Imagine it! Truly we had a giant in our midst, a giant who enriched my life greatly, and I venture to suggest, yours too.

Well, Frank is no longer with us. Knowing his musical handicap, I'm sure he hasn't been invited to join the heavenly choir. However,



With his brother Ern (left) in later years.

I'm equally sure he's there in the great congregation, joining in the singing with great gusto. That was ever his way. He never did things by half.

Most of you would know the name Frances Havergal. She wrote many fine hymns. One which I love singing starts thus:

True hearted, whole hearted, faithful and loyal
May I repeat that, dear people?

True hearted, whole hearted, faithful and loyal.

Such was my partner and my friend, Frank Bawden.

An address given at the Conservative Speakers' Club, Adelaide, Thurs 28th March 1991.

WINNERS MAKE COMMITMENT

by Jennifer Hille

Several years ago when watching "Hour of Power", I saw Janet Evans interviewed. At the time she was a 'hopeful' in the medal race for the Seoul Olympics.

The interviewer knew that Janet had a poster on her bedroom wall which read "Winners make commitment". Janet went on to win gold in Seoul!

She won gold in the World Championships in Perth earlier this year, in fact she was half a pool length ahead of the next competitor by the end of the 800 metre!

That was a committed person winning!

Surely this described our late friend Mr Frank Bawden. He, too, was absolutely committed to the purpose of the League. When the rest of us had other commitments or less interest, Mr Bawden "hung in there" - his vision was a gold medal reward for us all.

May we all honour his memory and work by being committed winners.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

The following are Office Regulations for DALGETY'S - Merchants and Ships Chandlers of Sydney Town dated November 1861.

1. Godliness, cleanliness and punctuality are necessities of a good business.
2. On the recommendation of the Governor of this Colony, this firm has reduced the hours of work, and the clerical staff will now only have to present between the hours of 7am and 6pm on weekdays. The Sabbath is for Worship, but should any Man-of-War or other vessel require victualing, the clerical staff will work on the Sabbath.
3. Daily prayers will be held each morning in the main office. The clerical staff will be present.
4. Clothing must be of a sober nature. The clerical staff will not disport themselves in raiment of bright colours, nor will they wear hose unless in good repair.
5. Overshoes and topcoats may not be worn in the office but neck scarves and headware may be worn in inclement weather.
6. A stove is provided for the benefit of the clerical staff. Coal and wood must be kept in the locker. It is recommended that each member of the clerical staff bring four pounds of coal each day during cold weather.
7. No member of the clerical staff may leave the room without permission from Mr Ryder. The calls of nature are permitted, and the clerical staff may use the garden below the second gate. This

area must be kept in good order.

8. No talking is allowed during business hours.
9. The craving for tobacco, wines or spirits is a human weakness and as such is forbidden to all members of the clerical staff.
10. Now that the hours of business have been drastically reduced the partaking of food is allowed between 11.30am and noon, but work will not, on any account, cease.
11. Members of the clerical staff will provide their own pens. A new sharpener is available on application to Mr Ryder.
12. Mr Ryder will nominate a senior clerk to be responsible for the cleanliness of the main office and the private office, and all boys and juniors will report to him 40 minutes before prayers, and will remain after closing for similar work. Brushes, brooms, scrubbers and soap will be provided by the owners.
13. The new increased weekly wages are as hereunder detailed:

Junior Boys to 11 years	1/4d
Boys to 14 years	2/1d
Juniors	4/8d
Junior Clerks	8/7d
Clerks	10/9d
Senior Clerks after 15 years with owners	21/-

THE OWNERS HEREBY RECOGNISE THE GENEROSITY OF THE NEW LABOUR LAWS, BUT WILL EXPECT A GREAT RISE IN OUTPUT OF WORK TO COMPENSATE FOR THESE NEAR-UTOPIAN CONDITIONS.

WHAT'S IN A NAME

by Randall J Dicks, J.D.

The usual first reaction to news that a European Monarchist Congress was being held in Warsaw, Poland, on December 8-9, 1990, was "Why Warsaw?" But why not? The simple explanation is that Polish monarchists, who are small in number but enthusiastic in spirit, took the initiative. They wanted to become acquainted with monarchists of other countries, and for the international monarchists of other countries, and for the international monarchist community to become acquainted with them.

A certain surprise at the choice of Warsaw is understandable, of course. Poland has not had a king of its own since 1795, when King Stanislaw II August Poniatowski abdicated following the Third Partition of Poland. Poland's powerful neighbours, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, had grown increasingly nervous at Polish liberal reform; Poland had, for instance, adopted the first codified constitution in Europe since ancient times (and only the second such in the world, after the U.S.A.) Less than two centuries later, Poland was to lead the reform movement which has swept Eastern Europe. In 1795, however, the powers decided to deal with the threat by force, and independent Poland ceased to exist. The Soviet Union adopted the same tactic with regard to Lithuania in 1991; *plus ça change*.

Aside from the matter of the lapse of two centuries, the Polish monarchy had hardly been a traditional one. After Poland reached its golden age under the Jagiello dynasty, the monarchy became elective (1572). Although it was called a monarchy, essentially Poland was a royal republic whose monarch was chosen for life by the Polish nobility. The monarch was not necessarily even a Pole; the nation was ruled by a variety of French, Swedish, and Saxon kings as well as by Poles. Such a monarchy offers few of the advantages of a more traditional one, and many of the usual disadvantages of a republic, if the king must compete with other candidates for election.

"The King ... could not become more wealthy than he was at the time of his election."

The Polish monarchy did offer some inter-

esting aspects, though, such as a law that the King, once he assumed the throne, could not become more wealthy than he was at the time of his election. Application of such a law today would undoubtedly cause general consternation among politicians and heads of state.

There were not a great many delegates present at the European Monarchist Congress, but they represented thousands of monarchists from Hungary, the Soviet Union, Canada (Monarchist League of Canada), Great Britain (Monarchist League), Italy (FERT), the Russian emigration (Russian Imperial Union-Order and Russian Monarchist League), Bulgaria (Monarchist-Conservative Union, whose steadfast delegates had to travel two days by train in order to attend the Congress) and the USA (Constantian Society). The Poles were from the Conservative-Monarchist Club of Warsaw and similar "clubs" from cities throughout Poland. Distracting attention from the European Monarchist Congress were the Polish presidential runoff election and a major conservative conference in Prague, yet attendance at the general session and at the subsequent regional sessions was good.

The viewpoints of Polish monarchism expressed at the general session in Warsaw were all along the same lines, and do not reflect the spectrum of Polish monarchist sentiment.

One speaker said, for example:

"In today's Poland ... all traditional values must be rebuilt. One should change the contemporary human mentality. Democracy, which is being experimented with so ineffectively nowadays, will not do it, because state democracy, like other totalitarian systems, is not built on authentic values. State democracy is an artificial formation.

"The future of monarchy [in Poland] first of all depends upon the reintroduction of certain undeniable values. These are the values of Latin civilization such as freedom, dignity, honour, truth, responsibility, and above all, authority. The essential aim of Polish monarchists is to restore the authentic authority of

government.

"If the above-mentioned values are reintroduced in society, if there is widespread respect of the head of state ... it will mean that the socialist mentality has been suppressed. Only a society cleared of the psychological encumbrances of its communist past, only a society armed with broad possibilities given by the free market, will be ready to accept monarchy ..."

But he continued: *"Let us not be afraid of the word 'dictatorship'. Right-wing dictatorship has nothing in common with left-wing tyranny in the national socialist or communist version. Dictatorship is not a way of governing. Dictatorship is a method of changing means of government. It can be a method for the restoration of the monarchy. Therefore let us not be afraid of authoritarian rule. Authoritarian rule is rule based on authority ..."*

Fortunately, perhaps, Polish monarchists do not yet speak with one voice. There are contrasting viewpoints; there are moderates who reject the idea of a royal or non-royal dictator, even during a transitionary phase.

"Romanians have complained ... that one dictator has been replaced with another ..."

Romanians have complained, a year after their revolution, that one dictator has been replaced by another, that an old party leadership has been replaced with a young one, and that many "former" communist officials still hold important political and economic posts. It hardly seems a useful development in Poland to exchange a red dictatorship for a blue one.

The Polish monarchist movement is young, and its adherents are mostly quite young, as well. Polish monarchists have not had easy

access to information about modern monarchies and how they function, nor have they or any other Poles been able to express themselves so freely on political issues for decades.

Many Polish monarchists, and perhaps many Poles, distrust democracy, because it is a stranger to them, and indeed has been the enemy for many years. This monarchist movement is just starting to feel its way, and one hopes that in time, with experience and exposure to monarchy as it exists in the world today, the Polish movement will mellow and moderate. It must do so, if it is to survive or enjoy any credibility among the international monarchist community and, most important, if it is to achieve anything of benefit to the Polish people.

It is more important now than ever in recent years for people to understand what one means by "monarchy," especially if one is a proponent of monarchy. Monarchy should connote something positive, not sinister.

Monarchy is a system of government and social structure which provides a national leader who is a living symbol of the state and people; who represents the nation's past, present and future; who provides an executive above party politics, partisan squabbles, and the sordid collateral baggage of the political system; a true representative of all the people, not merely of those who voted for him; it is a system whose key words include **unity, stability, and continuity.**

What monarchy is *not* is absolutism, unrepresentative tyranny, dictatorship, or arbitrary, authoritarian repression (all of which are easily found in many republics in 1991). What most serious monarchists advocate today is not the monarchy of Louis XIV, Peter

the Great, the Dowager Empress Tzu Hsi¹, or Central Africa's aberration, Bokassa² ... but rather of Elizabeth II, Juan Carlos I, Jean of Luxembourg, Margrethe II.

The need for continued monarchist vigilance over "what's in a name" was demonstrated repeatedly in the weeks before January 15th, 1991, the United Nations deadline for Iraqi withdrawal from Kuwait. Western references to defence of "feudal monarchies" continued, references which were not only judgmental but hypocritical, as no one was going to war in defence of monarchy but rather in defence of something much more worldly, marketable, and slick.

...the villain of this piece is the Republic of Iraq ...

A distinguished United States Senator explained that in the USA, issues are debated, and that is what makes the country different "from a monarchy or a tyranny".³ This glib classification of monarchy with tyranny is not only unfair, it is completely inaccurate. One must draw the Senator's attention to the facts that the villain of this piece is the *Republic of Iraq*, and the monarchy of Kuwait was not at issue on August 22nd, 1990, at least not as far as the Kuwait people were concerned.

At a town meeting in Seattle, Washington, the anguished husband of a woman serving

with the US forces in Saudi Arabia asserted, in complaining of the President's unilateral action in sending a force of 400,000 to Saudi Arabia, "This is a democracy, not a monarchy." It would no doubt concern the citizens of monarchies such as Australia, Canada, New Zealand, Denmark, Spain, the Netherlands, and the United Kingdom to be told that they are not living in democracies.⁴

The conflict in the Persian Gulf is not about monarchy, and saying it is does not make it so. What is at question, for the people of one superpower, is the action of the incumbent of the "Imperial Presidency" in doing what no modern monarch could do. The energy expended in uninformed criticism of "feudal monarchy" might be better applied to consideration of the arbitrary use of presidential power in the Great Democracy.

Notes:

1. Spelled Cixi in the Pinyin system; 1834-1908: dowager empress of China 1861-1908; regent 1861-1873, 1874-89, and 1898-1908. An authoritarian, xenophobic freespender who made a major contribution to the collapse of the ancient Chinese monarchy.

2. Jean-Bedel Bokassa, 1921-. An Army officer who overthrew the Central African Republic's president (his cousin) in 1965. Bokassa declared the country and Empire in 1976, with himself as Emperor, and staged an extravagant Napoleonic coronation. Overthrown in 1979, he is now in prison.

3. The Senator in question: the Hon. George Mitchell (Democrat, Maine), the Majority Leader.

4. See "Monarchy and Democracy" in the previous issue of *Heritage*.

I WANT LIFE, NOT A LIFESTYLE

by Suzanne Jordan

A writer who calls herself an "old-fashioned girl" confronts the 20th century

Some people were born in the wrong century. I'm one. The signs of my out-of-placeness are everywhere. My shelves are filled with Victorian novels. I don't have a food processor. I spank my children. I think everyone should learn Latin. I believe in duty, work, fidelity and suffering. I think too much fun is not a good thing.

I don't talk the language of the 20th Century. I don't want to share anybody's concerns, facilitate, implement, gather input, get my act together or have a meaningful relationship. I would rather love, help, do, understand, get married or chew the fat. I want real words broken by real silences.

Nobody is satisfied with just being ordinary any more. Ordinary means you don't have to

give yourself a fancy title. You can call yourself a maid, a caretaker, a garbage collector, the top banana or the low man on the totem pole. Who needs attention-getting superlatives? I want people to be so busy doing things that count, that they hardly ever take a peek at themselves.

I want the genuine article. I yearn to see unstyled hair, wrinkled faces, calloused hands, dirty fingernails and lively eyes. I want mothers who smell like bacon, fathers who smell like pipe tobacco. I want coffee to smell like coffee, flowers to be freshly picked, grass to be grass, school to be school and church to be church.

The 20th Century hoopla is no fun. I'm tired of sophisticated intellectuals, bumbling bu-

reaucrats, number-loving technocrats, watered-down theories, statistics, sex clinics, how-to-books, over-sell and under-value.

I want to think about God. I want to laugh heartily. I want us to cut out profundities and get to the real stuff. I want the truth. I want life, not a lifestyle.

The place I want to be is home. When the people all snuggled up to the 20th century have had their fill of nonsense, maybe someone will light the lamp, fluff up their pillows, turn down the covers and give them a place to lay their heads.

I hope so, anyway.

Condensed from the *New York Times*



CANADA CALLS

SWITCH OFF

by John Wiebe

The picture brings on waves of nostalgia after more than thirty years.

There was father clad in a comfortable sweater and sporting shoes like black glass to reflect the flashbulb's light. The mother was there too, sitting beside him on the comfortable chair, properly dressed as if for an important family occasion.

The children were sprawled upon the floor in front of their parents, separated from them but still close enough for easy conversation or for their elders to read excitement or concern in their young faces. The children's eyes sparkled at the wonder of it all, also reflecting the pale grey glint of the magical box in the corner of the room.

It was such a happy photograph, reproduced on the magazine's page by utilising the best colour printing technology of the day. And as the edges of the page yellow with age, this apparently perfect 1950's television family continues to project its supreme confidence in what television would do for its well-being.

Television, said the broadcasters, would keep the family together. No longer would young children have to leave their parents to embark upon potentially harmful forays outside the home. Instead, the black and white screen would deliver the outside world to them, bringing the finest news and entertainment programming designed to strengthen family value.

What they all watched on television could be the topic of instant family discussion with parental reassurance given when required, something that was impossible in the local cinema's darkness. Such was the promise of the 1950's.

1991 sees a young child disgorged from a schoolbus near its front door. Sociologists have labelled this small, trudging form a "latchkey child", because since nobody is home the child must carry a key to enter the stillness of its house.

The child instinctively seeks company to hear the events of the school day and to find comfort for its fears and frustrations. It finds none.

So, still keen for company, the child switches on the television. A familiar voice sings, "Come and play, everything's a-okay", as the child's eyes drink in a fountain of colours from the television's electronic palette. The child has found its "friendly neighbours" not on its own street, but on a television programme called "Sesame Street".

"Sesame Street" must have seemed like a fine idea when it was conceived in the late 1960's for American television. Its basic concept seems to have been that education

case with reading, nor is there the time as the untiring television instantly replaces one technicolour image with another.

The quality of most commercial television has declined to sewer levels during the last three decades, intentionally so in the case of one group of particularly violent cartoon characters. Advertisers have found that what was fresh and new just last year pales quickly in a television world with dozens of channels. This means that the slightly risqué "family comedy" of a few years ago that the family

was supposed to discuss, has now devolved into a session of screaming mayhem filled with four-letter words that is unworthy of a single moment of intellectual reflection.

There are excellent programmes available on non-commercial networks during prime viewing hours, but ratings indicate that only a small proportion of the public watches them.

Meanwhile western society continues its slide to the point where the traditional notion of family is itself in danger of fading away like the latent image on a just switched off television screen. An ironic image it is too, as this simple act of switching off the television might be an important factor in our society's salvation.

Just think of children reading to obtain the thrill of discovering the new. Consider their parents having the time to discuss their life experiences and having dialogue with their children as they share their feelings in turn. Siblings wouldn't desert each other to flee to separate video screens but could care for and talk to one another in a real three-dimensional world created by themselves. All this and much more could be waiting for the inhabitants of the developed world if they have the courage to dispense with television and "switch off" for good.

Looking once more at the faded advertisement for the video age of the 1950's, can the mother in the photo be grimacing just a little? Perhaps she wishes she could tell her children to, "Turn off that thing and let's talk!"

The child gains facts ... not through discovery or through personal interaction with teachers and schoolmates, but through flashy entertainment and machine-like repetition.

could be delivered in small, intense "bites" of a few seconds or minutes just like television commercials. The programme and its many imitators in the western world have done some good promoting basic knowledge and living skills, but at a cost which is visible in both the schoolroom and in society.

The child gains facts from these programmes not through discovery or through personal interaction with teachers and schoolmates, but through flashy entertainment and machine-like repetition. Every fact presented is accompanied by the immediate gratification of seeing fuzzy cartoon characters, computer-enhanced images or ever smiling actors.

It is an impossible act for the classroom teacher to follow. What human being in a room filled with children in motion could be forever smiling, entertaining and informative all at once? Even if this was possible, what human being could also deliver the personal care and correction that all children require?

So even at an early age television helps to create a chasm in the child's mind between what it sees on television and the real world in which it dwells. Reading may often seem less important to the child because television is always present with information and a quick reward for watching the show. There is no need to pause or ponder about ideas as is the

BOOKS THAT SHOULD NOT BE FORGOTTEN

by Nigel Jackson

BORIS PASTERNAK, DR ZHIVAGO and 1990

(Part three ... Nature and Politics)

Nature, living and virgin, plays a fundamental part in the moral and spiritual economy of the novel.

The very essence of Nature is often counterposed to human failure and corruption; as in Chapter V Section 5: "How intense can be the longing to escape from the emptiness and dullness of human verbosity, to take refuge in nature, apparently so inarticulate...". And Pasternak indicates clearly what he understands as the essence of Nature in Section 6, where he recounts Yury's appreciation of the many beauties of a Meluzeyevo night:

The night was full of quiet, secret sounds. Next to him, inside the passage, a tap dripped evenly with full, slow drops. Somewhere outside the window people were whispering. Somewhere in the vegetable patch they were watering cucumber beds, clanking the chain of the well as they drew the water and poured it from pail to pail.

There was a smell of all the flowers at once, as if the earth had been unconscious all day long and were now waking.

And from the Countess's centuries-old garden, so littered with fallen branches that it was impenetrable, the dusty aromatic smell of old lime trees coming into blossom drifted in a huge wave as tall as a house ...

An enormous crimson moon rose behind the rook's nests in the Countess's garden. At first it was the colour of the new brick mill in Zybushino, then it turned yellow like the water-tower at Biryuchi.

And just under the window, the smell of new-mown hay, as strong as China tea, mixed with that of deadly nightshade.

... beyond the black barns of Meluzeyevo shone the stars ...

Everything was fermenting, growing, rising with the yeast of life. The joy of living, like a still wind, swept in a tidal wave through fields and towns, through walls and fences, through wood and flesh.

The description is carried on into Section 7:

...the moon stood high ... (Yury) was so overcome by the splendour of what he saw that

he sat down on the bench outside the fire station and looked instead of listening ...

From the small front gardens, sweaty yellow heads of maize with oily whiskers looked in at the windows, and single pale thin hollyhocks gazed into the distance over the fences, like women in their night-shifts whom the heat indoors had driven out for a breath of air.

The moonlit night was as astonishing as mercy or the gift of second sight.

It is plain that for Pasternak the essence of Nature is that it is Life, not life in the sense of banal survival but life in the sense that Jesus spoke of when He said that he had come so that we might have life and have it abundantly. By contrast, many human beings harden their hearts, refuse admittance to that life, and of them Jesus said succinctly: "Let the dead bury their dead." It should also be observed that for Pasternak Nature is sacred, is a source of revelation, as is especially signalled by the reference to the supralogical reality of "mercy" and "the gift of second sight". In *Casts and Races* (Perennial Books, UK, 1982) the distinguished metaphysician Frithjof Schuon remarked: "It must be emphasised that in the realm of forms, as in that of spirit, everything is false which is not consonant either with virgin nature or with a sanctuary; everything legitimate is connected with nature on the one hand and with the sacred on the other." (page 22). The "wilderness" into which Jesus withdrew to struggle against the Adversary was the world of living Nature. It is partly in this context that Yevgraf's advice to Yury and Tonya in Chapter VI Section 16 to "go back to the land" must be understood.

Another important aspect of Nature is revealed in Chapter VII Section 15, when Yury and his family are enjoying "time out" with the other passengers and clearing snow from the line (which, symbolically aptly, took three days):

...The winding bed of a stream which in spring would rush down to the viaduct below the railway bank, but which at present was tucked up in the snow, like a child in its cot

with its head under the eiderdown ...

But the sun sparkled on the blinding whiteness and Yury cut clean slices out of the snow, starting landslides of dry diamond fires. It reminded him of his childhood. He saw himself in their yard at home, dressed in a braided hood and black sheepskin fastened with hooks and eyes sewn into the curly fleece, cutting the same dazzling snow into cubes and pyramids and cream buns and fortresses and cave cities. Life had had a splendid taste in those far-off days, everything had been a feast for the eyes and for the stomach!

Nature is connected with childhood innocence, with the inability to sin greatly and cause grievous harm to fellow-creatures. *Doctor Zhivago* contrasts this innate goodness with the positive increase in evil-doing brought about by the revolution and particularly by the Bolsheviks.

Another important quality of living Nature is revealed in a subsequent passage in Section 16, during a description of a ruined station:

Every evening they (Yury and his family) returned to it when the sun - out of loyalty to old habits - set, just as it had always done, behind the birch outside the telegraphist's window.

A part of the outside wall had fallen in and cluttered up the room, but the window was still there and the corner opposite remained untouched, with its coffee-coloured wallpaper, the tiled stove with a round vent and a copper lid, and the inventory of the office furniture in a black frame. Exactly as before the disaster, the setting sun crept over the tiles and lit a warm brown glow on the paper and hung the shadow of the birch on a hook like a woman's scarf.

Nature is a refuge for Yury and Pasternak because it cannot be made subservient to the inhuman ideology of the Bolsheviks and communists, just as it cannot be destroyed by human power. In this respect Nature is implicitly seen as embodying aspects of Providence. In Sections 21 and 22 Nature is linked with happiness the bliss that is an aspect of the

"peace that surpasses human understanding", and with resurrection (spring, renewal and new birth). In Section 23 it is linked with freedom. Some fugitives from the train "Just ran away - like running water." More mysteriously, in Section 24 Nature, through the waterfall to which Vassya listens, is associated with evil:

There was nothing comparable to the waterfall anywhere in the neighbourhood. It was unique and this made it terrible, transformed it into a being endowed with life and consciousness, perhaps that of the dragon or winged serpent of these parts, who levied tribute and preyed upon the countryside.

This comparison reminds us of the dragon in Yury's poems about Saint George. Curiously, Yury twice insists that the dragon is ultimately despatched not by the saint but by his horse, a "faithful steed". Perhaps the horse is to be compared to the only apparently lowly charioteer in the *Bhagavadgita* who conveys King Arjuna over the battlefield. The charioteer turns out to be the divine incarnation of Krishna. Pasternak is perhaps dropping a hint (he once wrote about concealing pieces of truth in his work like sticks of dynamite) that, for all the horrors of the inhuman ideology which destroyed Old Russia, evil is also a part of creation, of living Nature, which must be accepted, as Jesus accepted the Adversary, when he spoke to him after withstanding the temptations and said not "Get thee hence!" as some mistranslations have it, but "Follow me!" - an invitation to go with Him. Ursula le Guin recreated the same critical act of magnanimity in the final crisis of *A Wizard of Earthsea*.

Pasternak sees that for Man the beauty of Nature is to be partly experienced by fruitful work within its settings. In Chapter IX Section 1 Yury begins his diary with a quotation that conveys the magical exultation that Nature arouses in us, and then adds:

What happiness it is to work from dawn to dusk for your family and yourself, to build a roof over their heads, to till the soil to feed them, to create your own world, like Robinson Crusoe, in imitation of the Creator of the universe, and to bring forth your life, as if you were your own mother, again and again.

This insight should be contrasted with its correlative: the awareness that Bolshevism and kindred ideologies, if they gain power, impose a great deal of frustratingly unfruitful labour on human beings.

Pasternak and Yury are also familiar with yet another deeply loved aspect of Nature, as shown in the description of the rowan tree in Chapter XII Section 1:

The forest was autumn bare, so that you could see right into it as through an open gate. Here a splendid, solitary, rusty rowan had alone kept its leaves. Growing on a mound which rose above the low, sucking, hummocky marsh, it reached into the sky, holding up the

flat round shields of its hard crimson berries against the leaden menace of winter. Small winter birds with feathers as bright as frosty dawns - bullfinches and tom-tits - settled on it and picked the largest berries, stretching out their necks and throwing back their heads to swallow them.

There seemed to be a close living connection between the birds and the tree, as if the rowan had watched them for a long time, refusing to do anything, but had in the end had pity on them: as though, like a foster mother, she had unbuttoned herself and offered them her breast, smiling as much as to say: "Well, all right, all right, eat me, have your fill."

Mother Nature! The phrase may sound like a cliché but conveys the awesome truth that it is Nature which nourishes Man, and which nourishes all the different centres in him. Later the rowan tree is identified with Lara. It can also be seen as the Tree of Life.

And Pasternak's meditation on Nature rises to perhaps its greatest height in chapter XV Section 13 over the dead body of Yury:

... only the flowers took the place of the singing and the psalms.

They did more than blossom and smell sweet. In unison, like a choir, perhaps hastening decomposition, they unstintingly poured out their fragrance and, imparting something of their scented strength to everyone, seemed to be accomplishing a ritual.

The kingdom of plants can easily be thought of as the nearest neighbour of the kingdom of death. Perhaps the mysteries of transformation and the enigmas of life which so torment us are concentrated in the green of the earth, among the trees in graveyards and the flowering shoots springing from their beds. Mary Magdalene, not at once recognising Jesus risen from the grave, took Him for the gardener.

And perhaps we still really live in the Garden of Eden, the expulsion being something which occurred only in a part of our souls and which is by no means irreversible.

VI

In *Doctor Zhivago* the Russian Revolution is seen essentially as subhuman, for all its initial idealism in many honest hearts.

It is seen as the destroyer of the moral order. In Chapter IV Section 14 these are some of Lara's thoughts during 1917:

She had noticed a sharp change around her recently. Before, there had been obligations of all kinds, sacred duties - your duty to your country, to the army, to society. But now ... everything seemed to have been deposed, nothing was any longer sacred.

Everything had changed suddenly - the tone, the moral climate ... There was no one around, neither family nor people whose judgment you respected ...

Life becomes deformed by lying. In Chapter VIII Section 4 Yury responds to

Samdevyatov's defence of Marxism"

"Marxism is not sufficiently master of itself to be a science. Science is more balanced. You talk about Marxism and objectivity. I don't know of any teaching more self-centred and further from the facts than Marxism. Ordinarily, people are anxious to test their theories in practice, to learn from experience, but those who wield power are so anxious to establish the myth of their own infallibility that they turn their back on truth as squarely as they can."

In Chapter XV Section 7 Yury tells Misha Gordon and Nicky Dudorov how dangerous it is to live a life of lies:

"The great majority of us are required to live a life of constant, systematic duplicity. Your health is bound to be affected if, day after day, you say the opposite of what you feel, if you grovel before what you dislike and rejoice at what brings you nothing but misfortune. Your nervous system isn't a fiction, it's part of your physical body, and your soul exists in space and is inside you, like the teeth in your head. You can't keep violating it with impunity."

In Chapter XVI Section 2 Misha has grown closer to Yury's insight, as shown in his talk with Nicky, after each of them has had a taste of the Gulag:

"I think that collectivisation was both a mistake and a failure, and because that couldn't be admitted, every means of intimidation had to be used to make people forget how to think and judge for themselves, to force them to see what wasn't there, and to maintain the contrary of what their eyes told them. Hence the unexampled harshness of the Yezhov terror, and the promulgation of a constitution which was never intended to be applied, and the holding of elections not based on the principle of a free vote."

Related to this atmosphere of lies is a characteristic revolutionary trait noted by Lara as she talks to Yury in Chapter IX Section 15 - the living under an assumed name. Such a practice not merely assists covert and illegal operations, but erodes the revolutionary's sense of his own identity and, thus, his humanity. The practice should be contrasted with the traditional esoteric insistence that a vital part of the search for wisdom is the discovery of one's true name (as opposed to one's given name). Ursula le Guin wrote well about the meaning of the true name in her aforementioned *Wizard of Earthsea*. The true name is a word or words whose sounds exactly correspond to the specific sound - or vibrations - of one's own soul.

Pasternak deplores the revolution's destruction in many people of the power of independent thought, of genuineness. Back in Moscow in 1917 in Chapter VI! Section 4 Yury is disappointed at changes in his friends:

His friends had become strangely dim and colourless. Not one of them had kept his own outlook, his own world ... How effortlessly, how happily, had they given up the habit of independent thought!

In Chapter XI Section 14 Lara discusses the same malady with Yury:

"The great misfortune, the root of all the evil to come, was the loss of faith in the value of personal opinions. People imagined that it was out of date to follow their own moral sense, that they must all sing the same tune in chorus, and live by other people's notions, the notions which were being crammed down everybody's throat."

And in Chapter XIV Section 6 she adds:

"Look at that instinct for domesticity. It just shows, nothing can destroy the longing for home and for order. Children are more honest, they aren't frightened of the truth, but we are so afraid of seeming to be behind the times that we are ready to betray what is most dear to us, and praise what repels us, and say yes to what we don't understand."

Related to the loss of authentic individuality is the erosion of conscience, which Alexander Gromeko deplores in Chapter VI Section 4. That is why the revolutionaries tend to be as Lara describes them to Yury in Chapter IX Section 15: "They are made of stone, these people, they aren't human, with all their rules and principles." In Chapter X Section 6 Pasternak refers to some veteran revolutionaries as "men in whom everything alive and human had been driven out by political conceit."

Such ideologues acquire deformed personalities. To be a simple fisherman in Chapter VII Section 27, to be "politically conscious" is to suffer "a misfortune". He has seen through a typical Bolshevik euphemism to the fact of an indoctrination that dehumanises. In Chapter XIV Section 16 Yury observes the damage in Pasha:

It was the disease, the revolutionary madness of the age: that is his heart everyone was utterly different from his words and the outward appearance he assumed. No one had a clear conscience. Everyone had some reason to feel that he was guilty of everything, that he was an imposter, an undetected criminal. The slightest pretext was enough to launch the imagination of an orgy of self-torture. People slandered and accused themselves, not only out of terror but of their own will, from a morbidly destructive impulse, in a state of metaphysical trance, carried away by that passion for self-condemnation which cannot be checked once it has been given free rein.

An important set of insights into Pasha (as Strelnikov) is provided in Chapter VII Sections 29 and 30. Yury sees him as "a finished product of the will". This is that "false will", known to tradition, which is so often mistaken for true willpower. Probably the same false will drove Anna Gromeko to urge Yury to court her daughter. Yury considers that Strelnikov appears superbly gifted but suspects that it is not "the gift of originality". "His talent ... might equally be one of imitation". Pasternak then comments on the man's "unbridled revolutionary fervour", "fanaticism" and

ruthlessness. Several plangent summaries get to the heart of his failure:

But to the task of a scientist breaking new ground, his mind would have failed to bring an intuition for the incalculable: the capacity for those unexpected discoveries which shatter the barren harmony of empty foresight.

And in order to do good to others he would have needed, besides the principles which filled his mind, and unprincipled heart - the kind of heart that knows of no general cases, but only of particular ones, and has the greatness of small actions.

Filled with the loftiest aspirations from his childhood, he had looked upon the world as a vast arena where everyone competed for perfection, keeping scrupulously to the rules. When he found that it was not like that, it did not occur to him that he was wrong in oversimplifying the world order.

There we see another of the life-inhibiting characteristics of the ideologues: reductionism. Later, in Chapter IX Section 14, Yury succinctly comments on revolutionaries like Strelnikov in words that echo the teaching of Gurdjieff: "Revolutionaries who take the law into their own hands are horrifying, not as criminals, but as machines that have got out of control, like a run-away train." A final snapshot of Strelnikov appears in Chapter XIV Section 15 in Yury's memory: "Cut and dried ideas, a one-track mind, harsh principles and unlimited self-righteousness."

A prime aspect of the revolutionary destructiveness can be seen in their attitude to language. Here, a range of quotations from the novel will be quickly given:

The current spy mania reduced all talk to a stale official patter: conversation was discouraged by ostentatious loyalty. (Chapter IV Section 8)

"By the way, we don't say rooms any more; it's called 'living space' nowadays." (Chapter VI Section 2)

Food and firewood were replaced by the 'problems of alimentation and fuel supply'. (Chapter VI Section 5)

(Yury's diary) *"What is it that prevents me from being useful as a doctor or a writer? I think it is not so much our privations or our wanderings or our constantly changing and unsettled lives, as the power in our day of rhetoric, of the cliché - all this 'dawn of the future', 'building a new world', 'torch-bearers of mankind' ... The reason it is so pompous is that there is no imagination at the back of it, because the thought is second-rate."* (Chapter IX Section 7)

(Lara talking to Yury about her marriage with Pasha) *"Instead of being natural and spontaneous as we had always been, we began to be idiotically pompous with each other. Something showy, artificial, forced, crept into our conversation - you felt you had to be clever in a certain way about certain world-important themes."* (Chapter XI Section 14)

Dudorov's pious platitudes were in the spirit

of the age. But it was precisely their correctness, their transparent sanctimoniousness, that exasperated Yury. Men who are not free, he thought, always idealise their bondage ... Yury could not bear the political mysticism of the Soviet intelligentsia. (Chapter XV Section 7)

As a poet, Pasternak resented the corruption of language intensely. He saw how the promotion of an "accepted style" of discourse stifled independent criticism, obliterated the terse grace of traditional vocabulary, separated people from reality and poisoned personal relationships.

Other defects of revolutionary ideologues exposed by Pasternak included their useless violence (Chapter VII Section 5), their inability to create and build a new culture (Chapter IX Section 14) and their cult of rudeness (Chapter X Section 6).

Most importantly of all, Bolshevism is seen in the novel as fundamentally opposed to life, to healthy human living. For example, here is Yury's passionate response to Liberius Mikulitsin, the Red partisan leader, in Chapter XI Section 5:

The idea of social betterment as it is understood since the October Revolution doesn't fill me with enthusiasm. Secondly, it is so far from being put into practice, and the mere talk about it has cost such a sea of blood, that I am not at all sure if the end justifies the means. And lastly, and above all, when I hear people speak of reshaping life it make me lose my self-control and I fall into despair.

Reshaping life! People who can say that have never understood a thing about life - they have never felt its breath, its heart - however much they have seen or done. They look on it as a lump of raw material which needs to be processed by them, to be ennobled by their touch. But life is never a material, a substance to be moulded. If you want to know, life is the principle of self-renewal, it is constantly renewing and remaking and changing and transfiguring itself, it is infinitely beyond your or my inept theories about it.

Urban conditioning, opportunism, impatience and many other vices have caused the revolutionaries to lose adequate contact with life itself.

VII

Another topic that should not be overlooked is Pasternak's Jewishness - he was three-quarters Sephardic Jew and one-quarter Russian. Clearly he is a worthy descendant of the writers of the Psalms and the Song of Solomon. I am not sure, however, that I agree with his advice to the Jews given in Chapter IV Section 12 and Chapter IX Section 15. He preaches assimilation and the adoption of Christianity. This suited Pasternak, but it will not suit many Jews. Judaism remains a great and valid sacred tradition, with its culture and its people. Its

validity is not affected if some of those people turn their backs on it and break its moral commandments.

I understand that David Ben-Gurion, the founding leader of the State of Israel, was displeased by Pasternak's attitudes. We may not by any means approve of all of Ben-Gurion's Zionist views and behaviour, but we can concede that he had some sound reasons for complaint. The world of Judaism portrayed so movingly by Isaac Bashevis Singer in *The Slave, The Magician of Lublin* and other works is noble and deserves to be perpetuated. It is true that the Jews need to be freed from certain malign influences within their ranks, but this will only be achieved by a person or persons born and brought up within their race and traditions. Judaism needs a saint, a sage, someone even greater perhaps than the Ba'al Shem Tov, the Besht, the Good

Master of the Name, so beautifully described in Chapter 6 of Chaim Potok's *The Chosen*.

VIII

It must be left to others to analyse and evaluate Pasternak's comments about art in this novel. Needless to say, he believed fervently in the reality of inspiration and in the power of art to create new life.

My conclusion will be in the form of a brief intimation. My study of this address (in my fifty-first year) has led me to realise that, no matter about his technical limitations as a novelist or dramatist, Pasternak has, in *Doctor Zhivago*, fashioned a huge and complex metaphor, like a multifaceted jewel, in which

Life itself is the ultimate hero. The novel is far tighter and more carefully organised than appears on a first or even second reading. Merton's essays reveal some awareness of this mystery. The use of a web of interlocking coincidences in the novel is a sign that Pasternak's worldview moved in the same direction as did Carl Jung's when he wrote his essay *On Synchronicity*. Pasternak had little taste for fantasy and was not much of a metaphysician; but he grasped that human life can only be adequately understood and lived as a continuing transaction between the contingent soul and the transcendent Beyond. He is thus, and because of the fruits of his literary genius, one of the great prophets of the Twentieth Century.

Quotations from the third edition of 1966, Collins and Harvill Press, translated by Max Hayward and Manya Harari.

BLACKSMITH MARY - A SPARKLING FORGER

by Neil McDonald

Blacksmiths of a past era needed strength. "Brawny arms, strong as iron bands," the poet said.

Today, on the outskirts of Murray Bridge in South Australia, Mary Arnold hides her muscles under the denim of a boiler suit.

While tourists sit on bench seats Mary dons hat and safety glasses, explaining that eye protection is now a regulation, whereas the old timers took their chances with smoke and sparks.

She took a length of iron rod and rested it on an ancient anvil.

"This anvil is 200 years old, probably travelled with the First Fleet. The forge is nearly as old. My dad, Louis, was a blacksmith at Shepparton, Victoria. He kept the horses in footwear when he wasn't making gates or wheelbarrows."

Mary turned her attention to the iron bar, picking up a heavy hammer. After a few strokes and a change of hammers, she bent both ends differently.

"Here's a poker to deal with old flames!" She plunged the piece into a cold bath to sizzle, cool and harden.

"When I was a toddler, watching dad work fascinated me, as he held a horse's hoof and hammered on the sturdy metal shoes he had rounded on this anvil. Little girls weren't encouraged to learn trades then, so I dreamed of other things."

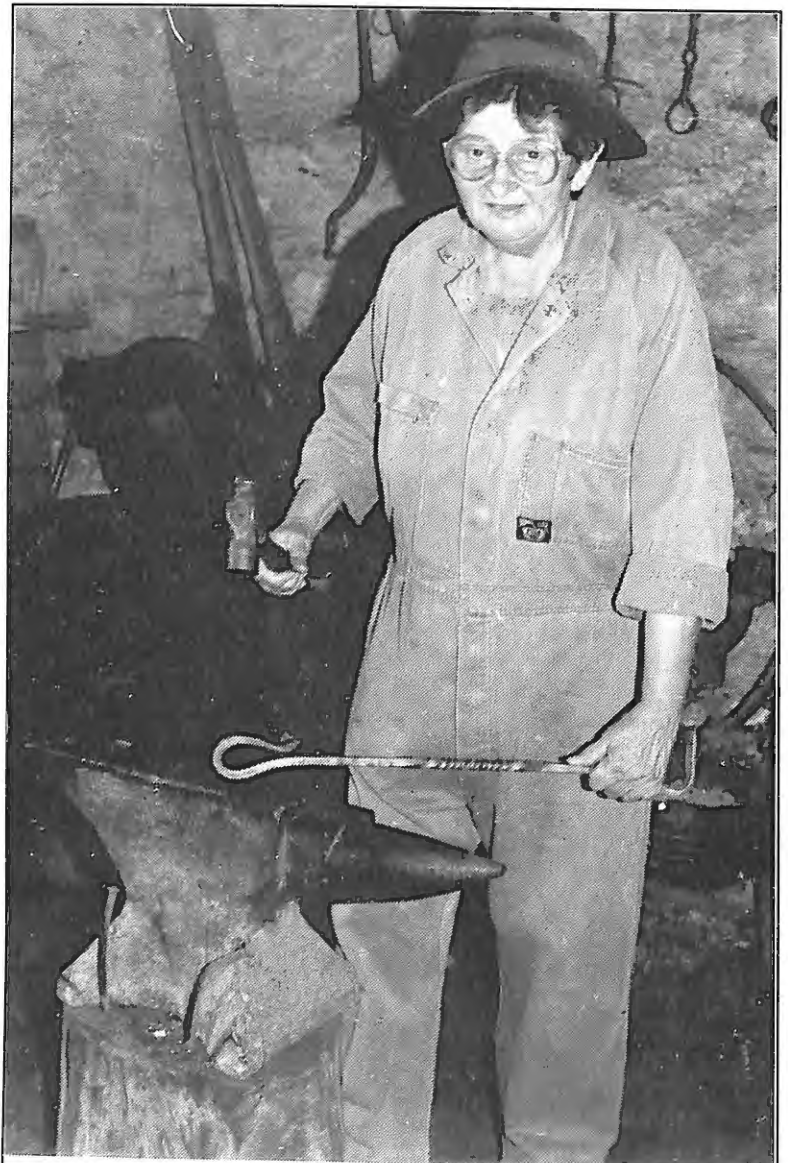
A few years ago Mary studied a TAFE course in blacksmithing. Before completing the course she searched for a place with a touch of village and eventually bought an old dairy.

Now, Mary Arnold gets the forge roaring and makes things for tourists to buy - wrought iron fireside sets and plant hangers.

She is a good performer. "Every session I try harder to smarten up my act. Maybe I would be easier to find on the main highway, but Doyle Road is becoming better known all the time."

Mary Arnold is watched by tourists who call by car or coach. She dreams of queues reaching to the gatepost.

"If patronage increases, I'll happily forge a metal turnstile and engrave a bigger 'Mary the Blacksmith' sign."



Mary Arnold hammers a poker into shape

SHEEP DROVE SCOTS TO AUSTRALIA

by Neil McDonald

Not all of Australia's early settlers arrived as convicts. Other pressures drove British families from their homeland to the risks and doubts of an uncertain future in distant lands.

Until I visited Scotland a few years ago, I thought little of the reasons for that forced migration. At Portree on the Isle of Skye I bought two small books: *Mightier than a Lord* by Iain Fraser Grigor and *The Highland Clearances* by John Prebble.

These books covered the period of the Scottish 'clearances'. The Isle of Skye had been under the control of two lords: MacLeod controlled the northern area from Dunvegan Castle; MacDonald of Sleat controlled the southern part from Arisdale Castle.

All land, as well as fish, birds and game legally belonged to the lords. The best land with forests was reserved only for deer hunting. The rest of the land was rented to the people who were crofters and subsistence farmers.

The small plots - often less than the area of an Australian football field - were not blessed with more than wind-swept grasses. The stone walled cottages with thatched roofs and earthen

floors, in which then lived, were built by these families.

Food was basic: vegetables, poultry and goat's milk and meat. An agent of the Lord - a factor or tacksman - called to collect rent which was often in arrears. Tenants were denied written leases but were expected to answer the call to arms when needed.

The ultimate threat to the security of tenants was not a rival army. It came on four legs, clad in a woollen overcoat. Black-faced Cheviot sheep became a more economic proposition for the lords than the miserable human tenants. From northern England, 200,000 sheep moved into Scotland every year.

On Skye the lords' problem was how to displace tenants and run more sheep. Forced migration was a ready answer.

Cottages were burned and evicted families were forced to choose an unknown destination - Canada or Australia. In the mid 1800's thousands of such displaced persons came

from Scotland to Australia, crammed beneath hatches on sailing ships.

Yet, with courage and adaptability, most survived and flourished. In a climate so different, Scots moved, together with other pioneers, into Australia's open spaces to develop skills in business and farming.

My late mother's grandparents were among the victims of what became known as the 'Scottish Clearances'. My maternal great-grandmother arrived in Australia as a widow with eight children, her husband having died before the ship left England.

Who can imagine the mental stress of separation from family to rear one's children alone in a strange unknown faraway land? Yet the Scottish lords were not entirely to blame.

They too were victims of a great famine caused by failure of the potato crops and disease in black cattle. The colonies offered a solution to the lords' problem.

The Skye Scots had little option but to accept the challenge, leaving the prospect of starvation at home to struggle for survival here. They, too, helped build our nation.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir - Re: Australian flag debate.

My qualifications to be called an Australian are: Born October 3, 1923, in WA; spent 4 1/2 years in the army; joined 2/16th Battalion - one year's active service in the Pacific; Rotarian volunteer ambulance - civil defence.

That piece of blue cloth represents Australia and its people. The Union Jack represents the pioneers who moulded this continent under the Southern Cross. This is our own flag. The world knows our flag. Change it and we have lost our identity.

I spent 12 years in New Guinea after the war. On Independence Day in October 1975, many old people cried when the Australian flag was lowered. In Chimbuin in the highlands, warriors in large numbers tried to pull down their New Guinea flag.

In Madang I made a movie of the lowering of the Australian flag. It was lowered very slowly and folded up meticulously then the New Guinea flag was raised. There was no cheering - white and indigenous people mingled together in harmony.

This is what you call the piece of blue cloth. Immigrants sign their allegiance to the flag. The saying goes: "A leopard does not change his spots".

Don't change our flag.

The young people of Australia have been confused enough. I am proud of our flag and wish it to be draped over my last journey.

Fred Grosser, Yanchep
reprinted from "Wanneroo Times: (WA)
12.3.91

Dear Sir,

I have just watched the Edinburgh Military Tattoo 1990 on TV.

I was particularly impressed by the "Australian segment" which consisted of the South Australian Police Band the South Australian Girl Dancers (World Champions). They "did us proud".

I found the dancers attire quite ingenious and was most impressed on realising the sash across the chest was in fact OUR FLAG. Further, at the end, when "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport" was being played, a "kangaroo" came onto stage and was surrounded by the girls.

When they stepped back, each had part of a huge AUSTRALIAN FLAG, which

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FARMER WINS POLICE TRESPASS BATTLE

By David Bevan

The High Court yesterday underlined the sacredness of a person's home and the strict limits on police powers of entry.

The decision was made in a case which involved a curious mixture of legal judgments from as far back as 1604 and an incapacitated farmer from South Australia's Mid North.

Five High Court judges unanimously found that two police officers who delivered a summons to Mr Sydney Plenty, at his property near Port Pirie in December, 1978, were trespassers because they knew he did not want them on his land. The decision is a clear statement of the limitations on police entering a person's private property without authority. Speaking from his 4ha property at Napperby, near Port Pirie, where he grazes 16 sheep as "lawnmowers", Mr Plenty said: "The whole issue of civil liberties was on the line - as to whether an Australian's home ... is his castle".

In handing down the judgment, the court quoted 18th-century British statesman William Pitt, who summed up the sanctity of a person's home by saying that although "the rain" may enter the cottage of "the poorest man" the King of England "dares not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement".

The case began in October, 1978, when police tried to serve a summons on Mr Plenty

over an alleged shoplifting offence involving his daughter, then aged 14, who they alleged stole a chocolate bar worth 56¢. When the family failed to appear in court, a fresh summons was issued and on December 5 two officers delivered it to Mr Plenty.

The daughter was acquitted of the offence but Mr Plenty sued the officers and the State of South Australia for trespass - in the Supreme Court and then in the Full Court.

He failed, but yesterday the High Court ruled the officers were trespassing because they had no authority - either from common law or from parliamentary law - to go on to the farm.

The court said there was an implied consent that people on lawful business may knock on a person's door unless the occupier withdraws permission to do so.

The Full court said police knew "full well" Mr Plenty did not want them delivering summonses personally.

The court said police do have authority to enter a property with a warrant or in other special cases but it ruled that delivering a summons did not carry any such authority.

"We would unhesitatingly reject the suggestion that this trespass was of a trifling nature," the judgment says. "If the courts of common law do not uphold the rights of individuals by granting effective remedies they

invite anarchy, for nothing breeds social disorder as quickly as the sense of injustice which is apt to be generated by the unlawful invasion of a person's rights - particularly when the invader is a government official."

The High Court sent the case back to the Full Court of South Australia for a decision on damages and costs which will be awarded in Mr Plenty's favour.

A spokesman for the Crown Solicitor's Office said police had always been required to be careful when entering private property.

He said the ramifications were "fairly clear and limited".

In most cases police deliver summonses before an occupier says they are unwelcome.

Mr Plenty, 57, said he had fought for 12 years against "all the forces of the crown" to prove his home was his castle.

It cost him about \$25,000 to go to High Court but he is now waiting for costs and damages to be awarded in his favour.

Mr Plenty also had been convicted of assaulting one of the officers and as a result he said he was "dis-fellowshipped" from his church and some of his family would not talk to him.

He said yesterday's decision meant his assault conviction also should be overturned.

Reprinted from "Advertiser" Adelaide 8.3.91

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From page 21

they held up high. It was quite thrilling. Indeed both the Police and the Girls deserve heartfelt congratulations!

The final touch was their evident respect, when "God Save the Queen", was being played. It was heartwarming for one born in the days of the Old British Empire.

I felt it was appropriate to mention this to you, partly because of the general stance of "Heritage" and more specifically in the light of the poem "Our Flag - Our System" printed on page 13 of the September-November, 1990 "Heritage" (No 58).

Shirley Thomas
Sans Souci NSW

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THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS

The golden key to unity;
Old in years, yet ever new,
"Do unto others as you would
That they should do to you."
The law and prophets both are there!
Christ's major mission crystal clear.
No need to see Him through the haze
Of argued words or ritual maze;
To miss the forest, lost in trees.
Recall condemned Pharisees
Who versed so well in scriptural law
Were yet, in charity poor.

Must I believe Christ's truth was bent!
That more or less was said than meant?
"This is the law and prophets too:
Do unto others as you would

That they should do to you."
Here is the way, the truth, the life,
And where church doctrines lead to
strife
The golden rule has been forgotten
And much in "Denmark's state is rotten."

by
Harold Darwin

SHARON'S FLAG DEBATE

On the day of the debate with the team at Wanganui High School, Sharon was well prepared, even to her long fair hair being tied with ribbons of red, white and blue. She made her points convincingly, and her team won handsomely.

The success of the team was due partly to its patriotic mindedness, and the coaching of their teacher, Mr Garry Golding.

The Opposition declared that the flag should have an Australian symbol, to which Sharon's team countered that the Southern Cross was an Australian symbol. That colour and design were not reasonable excuses for changing the flag was another point. The flag is a symbol, having significant features and an important history. It was accepted by the people, when the nation was federated in 1901, in Corowa.

The flag contains the Union Jack, which represents our British heritage, and the Christian reference to St George, St Andrew and St Patrick. The Southern Cross

signifies the birth of a new nation in the southern hemisphere. The seven-pointed star symbolizes the joining of the States and Terri-

tories into one united nation.

The flag of the United States of America cannot be compared with the Australian national flag. America underwent a revolution. Its constitution contains no reference to Britain.

Australia united under our present flag; unless the Debate Opposition would like to change our entire political system, throw out the Governor General, and denounce the Queen, it is pointless to change the flag because of its British link.

Canada changed to a mapleleaf flag when it removed the Queen and her influence from its constitution, so Ladies and Gentlemen, it is easy to see that there is NO justifiable reason to change the flag, unless it is intended to change the entire political system.

A different flag would be an outcome of a major political change within a nation. The Debate Opposition is "putting the cart before the horse."

Let us be serious; our flag is something of which to be proud. Let us not interfere with our birthmark!



The debating team: Rosemary Fehring, Justin Oliver and team leader, Sharon Collins from Mooroopna High School.

SCRUB JOY

Hear the feathered dads and mums
Laugh and sing when springtime
comes;
See baby magpies swallow worms
With greedy gurgles, gasps and
squirms.

Listen to the bittern's boom
And shudder as you think of doom,
It's seldom seen but often heard,
A lonely hermit of a bird.

At night the boo-book boos and books
And the banshee curlew wails of
spooks.
A time to snuggle up in bed
And pull the blankets o'er your head.

One dismal night-bird wants more pork.
All night it calls, "More-pork, more-pork".
That seems to be its only talk;
Surely it's a funny gawk.

Within a hollow, wide and round
Of an ancient gum-tree, not too sound
Kooks' kids lie full of snake and mirth.
Their front door's eight feet from the
earth.

Nearby the jackies laugh their best
And bob and shake from tail to breast,
Their busy heads work overtime
To chortle out their joy sublime.

In a patch of new-burnt scrub
Black cockatoos have formed a club.
One cockie calls, "Who'll have a cider?"
All chorus back, "No! no! A spider!"

Roasted underneath the bark
With centipede, is such lark!
"Oo-ah, oo-ah," they call and cry,
"Don't come too near. We're very shy."

From Currency Creek, past Wellington
The old lakes sparkle forth their fun.
Here the water slaps and pounds
To a million different springtime sounds.

Made by courting birds and frogs
Rejoicing in the reeds and bogs.
The Murray bull vamps out the bass;
The mullet jump, the baldcoots race.

Black swans, and ducks, and pelicans,
Play in orchestra and band;
Their music swelling to the land.
If you've not heard, spell-bound you'll
stand.

by Harold Darwin

BOOK REVIEW

by Dawn Thompson

BANJO PATTERSON'S PEOPLE

Selected poems and prose, illustrated by Dorothy Gauvin

Of course "Banjo" Pattersons poems need no introduction, as they have been delighting Australian readers since the 1880's.

A son of the NSW station country, Andrew Barton Patterson grew up a lonely youth, and became head of the household at the age of 25, when his father died, and his mother and five sisters joined him in Sydney where he was a clerk in a solicitors' office.

His first notable ballad, in 1888, was "*Old Pardon, the Son of Reprieve*", published in the "*Bulletin*" - that nursery of Australian talent - under the nom-de-plume of "The Banjo", which happened to be the name of his favourite horse. His true identity was not revealed until 1895 when "*The Man from Snow River and other verses*" was published.

In 1900 Patterson gave up the law to become a full-time and most respected journalist and editor. He was a war correspondent in the Boer War, and held several editorial positions, but the call of the bush re-asserted itself, and he moved to the Snowy River country, and later to a wheat farm near Grenfell, while still pursuing his journalistic career.

He was a handsome gentleman, of sober character, who enjoyed a happy marriage and family life, being always quite modest about his writings.

From his works we perceive that he was ever the champion of the under-dog, the little man, the worker or, in fact, the down-and-out or the rascal, which may partly explain his enduring appeal to the Australian character.

This coffee-table type book has 27 selections of Patterson's works, two of them prose, which deserve to be better known. Many of the old favourites are there - reflective, merry and tragic, and some that are not so well known.

However, as well as the certain attraction of these well-loved works, this book is literally illuminated with the most beautiful colour reproductions of paintings especially done to express the subtleties of meaning behind the author's words.

No mere book illustrations, each picture is a sizeable painting, many of which have sold for thousands of dollars. Painstaking research and great care has been taken to authenticate materials in the period depicted, and the results are entirely delightful, be it in the mischievous shaving scenes of "*The Man from Ironbark*" or the shadowy blacks in "*Saltbush Bill's Inquest*", to the touching old horse in "*The Drovers Days*" or the brilliant and furi-

ous "*Wild Cattle*".

The artist responsible for capturing such beautiful and evocative scenes is a pretty and plucky little Queensland lady, Dorothy Gauvin, who believes first and foremost, that to avoid being a mere decoration, a picture must have "something to say" as indeed hers do.

While battling the crippling disease of rheumatoid arthritis she has painted extensively and held several successful exhibitions, drawing on her bush childhood and her father's recollections to reproduce the lives and characters of early Australians. Not the least entertaining part of the book is her descriptions of how some of the pictures were created, and the rationale behind them.

The front cover carries a splendidly lively picture of a trio of successful bookmakers at a country race-meeting revelling in a private joke - a great introduction to a most enjoyable book.

Published by Angus and Robertson in 1987, and available from good bookshops for \$19.95 plus postage.

PROPHECY AND POLITICS

Militant Evangelists on the Road to Nuclear War

by Grace Halsell

Formerly a speechwriter for Lyndon Johnson, and the author of some ten books, Grace Halsell is a skilled researcher and writes with a simplicity that makes this complex subject very easy to follow.

She is a Christian herself, reared in Texas in a simple fundamental faith and has travelled the world in the course of her work as a writer. Researching this book took her on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, which was sponsored by the evangelist Jerry Falwell, and she also attended the first Christian Zionist Congress in Basle.

In this book she traces the development from 1967 of the surprising but powerful alliance between the American evangelists and the state of Israel.

Following Hal Lindsey's book, "*The Late*

Great Planet Earth", millions of people in America, including Ronald Reagan, became interested in the interpretation of Biblical prophecy to promote the belief that a nuclear war was inevitable, that it was the will of God, and a necessary precursor to the second coming of Christ. This belief, along with that of the Jews being God's Chosen People, and Israel's sacred right to all the Palestinian territory, including Jerusalem and the Temple Mount, was taken up and promoted with an hypnotic fervour by several popular evangelists, who, it is believed, are reaching an estimated 80 million Americans with their message of an inevitable nuclear holocaust, and this influence is permeating right through to top-level decision-makers throughout America, and indeed elsewhere.

Known as the New Christian Right, although the author finds their theology very distorted and far from the teachings of Christ, these militant evangelists have access to enormous funds to support their objectives, and their influence impacts on the policies of the USA as a nation.

Not only the Zionist lobby, but vast numbers of evangelical Christians are voting for policies in support of the beliefs so fostered; they influence public opinion and provide vast financial support.

The Palestinians, many of whom have been Christians traditionally since the time of Christ, seem to be regarded as invisible non-persons in this scenario, and indeed the rest of the world is regarded as disposable as well. The values taught in the Sermon on the Mount, Grace Halsell points out, just don't seem to register in this fanatical fervour to fulfill a version of prophecy that seems to promise a new heaven and a new earth, with Christ returning to reign.

As events unfold in the Middle East, the insight provided by this book into the pressures influencing our ally, the USA, will be very helpful in understanding why things happen as they do. How should Australia regard these influences that are shaping events of which we are a part? Are the same pressures perhaps at work in our own country? It certainly bears thinking about, and deserves some investigation.

This 200 page paperback is dedicated "To those who seek peace", and it is a most worthwhile book for the thoughtful reader.

Published in 1987 by Veritas, it is available from Heritage Bookshop, PO Box 1035, Midland 6056 WA, or any League Bookshop for \$14 posted.

