

HERITAGE

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT — FOR THE FUTURE

DECEMBER 1991 - FEBRUARY 1992

No. 62



STANDING BY: CONTRAST IN HEIRS



Front Cover: Chapel of St. John the Evangelist,
White Tower, Tower of London

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IN WHOSE SERVICE

In his New Year message, John Hewson, Leader of the Opposition, cautioned Australians that the push for populist policies was not the way to go in 1992; what was needed was strong leadership.

A number of questions spring to mind: Did he have himself in mind as the strong leader? Was he referring to the growing support for Citizens' Initiated Referendum within Australian communities?

What does he mean by 'strong leadership'? Does he mean physically strong? Does he mean men and women who will lead their communities through dedicated duty and sacrifice -- on their part? Or does he mean strong 'management' -- in other words 'control'?

It is because of the 'management' of our political and economic lives, by ones such as Dr. Hewson, that Australians, quite dissatisfied with the results, want, once again, to have some say in political and economic decision-making -- hence the call for C.I.R.

They want Government to start disgorging the power and control over their lives which it has taken to itself. They want the freedom to live their own lives, to develop their own personalities and talents without interference by Government in every area of activity. They want relief from oppressive taxation, from cruel interest rates, and from bureaucratic interference into family and business.

The true purpose of a free nation was summed up well by Dr. Geoffrey Dobbs in *Responsible Government in a Free Society*:

"A free nation is not an association for any specialised purpose, but exists to serve the general and innumerable and various purposes of all its members."

**He who would be greatest among you
must be the Servant of all.**

THE AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE SOCIETY

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

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

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

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

SIR RAPHAEL CILENTO
First Patron of the Australian Heritage Society

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The views expressed in articles appearing in "HERITAGE" are those of their authors and are not necessarily the view of The Australian Heritage Society.

THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE, 1991

In 1952, when I first broadcast to you at Christmas, the world was a very different place from the one we live in today. Only seven years had passed since the end of one of the most destructive wars in the history of mankind. Even the end of hostilities did not bring the true peace for which so many had fought and died. What became known as the "Cold War" sustained an atmosphere of suspicion, anxiety and fear for many years.

Then, quite suddenly, everything began to change, and the changes have happened with bewildering speed. In 1989 the Berlin Wall came down. Since then the rest of the world has watched, fascinated, as oppressive regimes have crumbled under popular pressure. One by one, these liberated peoples have taken the first hesitant, and sometimes painful, steps towards open and democratic societies. Naturally, we welcome this, and it may be that we can help them achieve their aims. But, in doing that, we need to remind ourselves of the essential elements which form the bedrock of our own free way of life -- so highly valued and so easily taken for granted.

This can be an opportunity to reflect on our good fortune, and on whether we have anything to offer by way of example to those who have recently broken free of dictatorship. We, who claim to be of the free world, should examine what we really mean by freedom, and how we can help to ensure that, once in place, it is there to stay.

There are all sorts of elements to a free society, but I believe that among the most important is the willingness of ordinary men and women to play a part in the life of their community, rather than confining themselves to their own narrow interests. The parts they play may not be major ones -- indeed they can frequently turn out to be thankless tasks. The wonder is, though, that there are so many who are prepared to devote much of their lives, for no reward, to the service of their fellow men and women. Without their dedication, where would our Churches and charities be, for instance? Without such people, many would be unable to enjoy the pleasure which the arts bring to our daily lives. Governments can encourage and support, but it is the volunteers who work away for nothing in administration or spend their weekends seeing fair play, who make sport and physical recreation so worthwhile. I am constantly amazed by the generosity of donors and subscribers,

great and small, who give so willingly and often towards the enjoyment of others. Without them these voluntary organisations simply would not exist.

The peoples of the former Soviet Union and Eastern Europe have broken the mould of autocracy. **I hope that we will be able to help them as they learn that the democracy which has re-**

placed it depends, not on political structures, but on the goodwill and the sense of responsibility of each and every citizen.

It is not, of course, as simple as that. All the selfless voluntary work in the world can be wasted if it disregards the views and aspirations of others. There are any number of reasons to find fault with each other, with our governments, and with other countries. But let us not take ourselves too seriously. **None of us has a monopoly of wisdom** and we must always be ready to listen to and respect other points of view.

At the Commonwealth Heads of Government Meeting in Zimbabwe this autumn, we saw an example of mutual tolerance and respect for the views of others on an international scale. Leaders of fifty nations came together to discuss the future. They met in peace, they talked freely, they listened, they found much on which to agree, and they set a new direction for the Commonwealth. I am sure that each derived strength and reassurance in the process.

That was just one event in the year of massive and historic change. This time last year we were thinking of the Service men and women in the Gulf, and of the hostages in captivity. Our prayers for their safe homecoming have largely been answered. This Christmas we can take heart in seeing how, in the former Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, where it has endured years of persecution and hardship, the Christian faith is once again thriving and able to spread its message of unselfishness, compassion and tolerance.

Next February will see the Fortieth Anniversary of my father's death and of my Accession. Over the years I have tried to follow my father's example and to serve you as best I can. You have given me, in return, your loyalty and your understanding, and for that I



First Christmas broadcast to all the peoples of the British Commonwealth of Nations

STANDING BY : A CONTRAST IN HEIRS

By *Randall J. Dicks, J.D.*

One of the advantages or attributes of hereditary monarchy is that one knows in advance who will be the next king or queen, and sometimes even beyond that. At the end of the long life and reign of Queen Victoria, one knew that her son Albert Edward would succeed her, and his son George would succeed him, and his son Edward would succeed him, just as, at present, one assumes that Queen Elizabeth II's son will become King Charles III some day, and his son will become King William V in due course. There is a fixed line of succession, in the British, Australian, or any other modern monarchy.

One does not have this advance knowledge in a republic. When Richard Nixon resigned as President of the United States in 1974, no one would have guessed that a relatively unknown southern governor named Jimmy Carter would be elected president at the next election in 1976. The closest one can come to predicting a future president in a republic like the United States is to look to the Vice President. So far in this century, eight American vice presidents have become president, either through election or the death of the president in office.

An American presidential candidate's choice of his running mate should be governed by the vice presidential candidate's ability to serve as president, should the need arise. A vice president should possess all the qualifications required of a president. In political reality, however, the choice of a vice presidential candidate is often a matter of geographical or ideological balance, of choosing a candidate who can win extra votes.

Why George Bush chose Senator Dan Quayle as his running mate in 1988 has been a matter for debate and discussion ever since it happened. There is inevitable speculation that Vice President Quayle may seek the presidential nomination in the future (probably in 1996, if President Bush is elected to a second term in 1992). There is naturally some discussion about what sort of president he would be in the event of the death or incapacity of President Bush during his term of office.

It is interesting to compare the "heirs apparent" of the great English-speaking countries on the opposite sides of the Atlantic and Pacific.

Vice President J. Danforth Quayle is a year older than His Royal Highness Prince Charles, Prince of Wales. They are both married, and have children. At this point, the personal similarities end.

There are similarities in their constitutional positions: both heirs have very little constitutional function. The Vice President serves as President of the Senate. Aside from succeeding to the Presidency in the event of the death or incapacity of the President, that is his only constitutional function.

Both the essentially unwritten British Constitution and the written Australian one are clear on this point. The Prince of Wales has no constitutional role, other than being available, waiting until the time comes for him to ascend the throne.

In both instances, that of the Vice President of the United States and the Prince of Wales, it has always been the case that the position is whatever the holder cares to make of it. If a Vice President, or a Prince of Wales can serve a useful purpose, fulfill worthwhile responsibilities, contribute to society, he is free to do so. Both



positions may be held either actively or passively.

Vice President Quayle chooses to do nothing to demonstrate his ability to take over the highest position in the land, if the need arises. He either chooses not to do so, or does not know how to do it. His major known interest appears to be golf. He was a mediocre student. His best known connection with military service was his attempt to avoid it. His most visible job as Vice President seems to be attending funerals. He is known -- indeed, infamous -- for his gaffes and unintentionally funny statements on public occasions. There is even a publication devoted exclusively to accounts of the ridiculous or embarrassing things the Vice President says or does.

Vice President Quayle has two formal positions, as head of the Space Council and of the Competitiveness Council. These tasks directly affect a relatively small number of Americans. Most people have never even heard of either Council. The Competitiveness Council has been dubbed the Incompetence Council by some critics, because of its lack of positive accomplishments. Most reasonable Americans have grave doubts about their Vice President's ability to take over as President, and they fervently hope for Mr. Bush's continued good health. Much concern was manifested about the Vice President's abilities when it was revealed that President Bush may have had some heart problems. (It turned out to be a problem involving the thyroid.)

The Prince of Wales presents a striking contrast. One journalist writes that he will "probably be the best and brightest king" that Britain (and Australia, New Zealand, Canada ...) has ever had. Yet he has not always had a happy life. His mother became Queen when he was less than four years old, and his life changed for ever. His childhood was often lonely, and a royal prince in a boarding school must constantly prove himself to his schoolmates. The Prince has never ceased to prove himself to his countrymen and future subjects.

Prince Charles does not need to do anything to prove himself; he does not have to face any election; all he has to do to

obtain the eventual position of monarch is wait. But he does not simply wait; he behaves as though it were necessary for him to demonstrate daily that he is fit for his eventual role as King. He works very hard, showing that he cares intensely and genuinely about people and their problems. He cares about the young, the poor, the elderly, the unemployed. He goes beyond caring; he does something concrete about these concerns. He has started programmes and projects to deal with contemporary social problems, and has established trust funds for training unemployed young people, and to provide housing for the homeless.

The Prince of Wales earned a degree at Cambridge University, the first member of the Royal Family to do so. He is a gifted artist. He has done extensive military service, in the various branches. He commanded a naval vessel. He is a pilot. He is an accomplished musician. He is amusing and quick. He is an intellectual. He is an excellent sportsman, and excelled at the difficult and dangerous game of polo. He writes his own speeches, and they are literate and witty. He is an effective and interesting speaker. He has made television films on subjects ranging from his own Principality of Wales, to monarchy itself, to contemporary British architecture. He has written a book explaining his personal views on architecture, and also a story for children.

The Prince is deeply concerned about declining educational standards, and about literacy. He is passionate about the environment, about architecture, about preserving historic landmarks. These interests are genuine. He has said, for example, that his interest in architecture is "not a result of trying to find something to fill my day". He is actively involved in urban planning, he visits cities and towns and slums. He talks to the poor, the inhabitants of the inner cities, and, most important, he listens to them. His popularity with the poor is enormous and real.

His Royal Highness' concern for the poor and disadvantaged goes far beyond the requirements of duty and polite ceremony. He is actively and personally involved in training programmes, education programmes, and other youth de-

velopment and education programmes. He is concerned about the quality of life, unlike some politicians who seem concerned only about the quality of their own lives. He is deeply conservative, while at the same time being among the most modern and forward-thinking of public figures. A popular journalist, not a monarchist, says that the Prince of Wales is an arbiter of taste and excellence, and describes him as "doing good while he bides his time".

Unfortunately, nothing of the kind can be said of the Vice President of the United States.

People sometimes wonder what is the good of modern monarchy, what is the good of a king who reigns but does not rule, how one can justify the supposed 'expense' of monarchy. One can certainly turn the tables and ask the same questions about republics. What is the good of Vice President Quayle? What is the good of a Vice President who does nothing? How can one justify the expense of a Vice President who does nothing -- his offices and staff, his official residence, his vacation home, his travel (like the President, he has a rather large jet), his security, his entertainments. This Vice President costs a lot, but the people seem to receive very little in return.

On the other hand, the Prince of Wales (and his wife, and even his children!) gives tremendous value, and is making a commendable contribution to the Commonwealth now, perhaps many years before he will assume higher office. The subjects of this Crown may rest easy in the knowledge that their heir apparent is a worthy successor to the thousand-year traditions of the British monarchy. The American people will probably continue to pray for the good health of George Bush, and hope that some other candidate will emerge from the Republican Party in 1996.

The current Prince of Wales has made a reality of his princely motto, "Ich Dien" -- "I serve"

OUR FLAG

OUR HERITAGE

LET'S KEEP THEM! OUR FREEDOM



SOUTH AUSTRALIA: "IT WAS A GREAT STATE, MATE!"

by *Christopher Ashton*

In 1986 former Governor of South Australia, Sir Donald Dunstan, in his foreword to the *South Australian Civic Record* commented that "South Australia has been the cradle of many important and durable benefits in diverse fields -- social, political and technological. Developments such as the Torrens title system (whereby the Government guarantees freehold titles), votes for women and the application of trace elements in agriculture are well known. Not so well known is the fact that Adelaide in 1840 had the first elected Municipal Council in Australia. ... After its first 20 years the colony had 46 Local Government areas..." He went on to point out that "in England, local management of local affairs was long established, providing a driving force for rapid development ..."

I feel proud to be able to tell you, as a fifth generation South Australian, that one of England's best judges was not responsible ultimately for my presence here today, although in deference to anyone here today from the east, I can hardly imagine that the considerable degree of entrepreneurial spirit and healthy disrespect for authority evidenced throughout our short history could have come from voluntary migration.

Prior to Federation, South Australia had already made great strides, a bicameral parliament, a constitution reflecting hundreds of years of Common Law principles, well-established and competent Local Government, roads, railways, ports and gracious public buildings.

Although we live in the driest state in the driest continent -- as the saying goes -- primary production has been a major source of wealth to the state, especially in the areas above 10" rainfall and the Riverland areas whose potential was able to be realised following the Chaffey Bros. pioneering for large-scale irrigation at Renmark and Mildura.

A most important factor enabling the state's development was highlighted by Charles Fenner, former Lecturer in Geography, University of Adelaide, and a former Director of Education here in South Australia -- "that of a general **unity of conditions and a community of interest** among the inhabitants within the geographical region of South Australia". At the close of World War II things looked golden for the state and for the current generation of school children to realise the optimism which their parents and grandparents must have felt. Unfortunately, these children will have to rely largely on the 1950's-1960's schoolbooks in geography and history to understand why that optimism was justified.

Although primarily an agriculturally-based economy, South Australia has significant achievements in industry. With the discovery of great masses of ironstone or hematite in the Middleback Ranges, only 30 miles long and 3 miles wide, ore quarried from Iron Knob, Iron Baron, Iron Prince, Iron Monarch, enabled blast furnace operations to commence at Whyalla in 1937 when BHP announced plans to construct the furnace wharf and harbour; ore was also exported to Port Kembla and Newcastle. Because of strategic importance, a shipyard was built and the first ship, HMAS Whyalla, was launched in 1941. A fine large shipbuilding industry, with an international reputation for **quality** shipbuilding, grew up, only to be closed in 1978 in the Premier Dunstan era. Whilst the specialised steel production continues, the marine gear shop and fitting out wharf, with all their attendant trades and skills have closed. I can remember learning at school that specialty ore carriers and tankers were being built there from 'go to whoa', with 30 having been launched by 1964.

Limestone, used as a flux in the blast furnace and open hearths, was and still is

being mined at Rapid Bay, 63 miles south-west of Adelaide. Dolomite, used for maintaining the banks of open-hearth furnaces interstate, was mined at Ardrossan on the east coast of Yorke Peninsula and loaded onto ships, on a multi-purpose conveyor which also handled wheat and barley, on a kilometre-long jetty.

In 1984 Santos Limited commissioned a fractionisation plant at Port Broughton, 20 km. south-east of Whyalla, where a 659 km pipeline ended and a 2.4 km. jetty enabled the loading of ships. By then, however, the age of internationalisation was with us and it was no longer a case of South Australian or even Australian expertise from 'go to whoa'.

Uranium was mined at Radium Hill and Crockers Well, both closed now, while their replacement, Roxby Downs, is hampered in its export operations worth millions of \$, by a misinformed public who are consequently unable to recognise the benefits of nuclear-power operation over and above that of fossil fuel fired stations. One kilogram of uranium in a fast neutron breeding reactor gives about 24 million kilojoules, compared with 31 kilojoules for a handful of coal.

The huge, specially designed power station at Port Augusta which utilises the large brown coal deposits at Leigh Creek and is serviced by a specialty railway, is still generating electricity -- but in one of the many innovative moves by a debt-ridden state Labor Government, **ownership has passed to the Japanese**, with South Australians leasing back their own electricity-generating capacity!

The existence of the rich silver and lead lodes of Broken Hill led to the development of Port Pirie. It became the key port for the Barrier trades and saw the birth of a great new smelting and refining industry as well as becoming an agricultural

centre for grain shipment. No towns in Australia could match Port Pirie's rich diversity, and few could equal its unity as, on one Saturday morning in 1918, 2000 people turned out to build a large children's playground. By 1953 the *Civic Record* notes: "The Pirie Council had issued hundreds of private and commercial building permits; smelter operations were expanding; wharves, railways and all branches of commerce and farming were at fever pitch."

In one year during the 1950's, 122 new industries were established, either in Adelaide or in provincial centres. Decentralised industries were already established across the state: Port Lincoln - canneries and freezer works; Edithburgh - salt; Mannum - farm machinery; Lobethal - woollen mills; Mt. Gambier - limestone building blocks, timber and woollen goods. At the peak of the 27 years of government by Playford, the Commonwealth Statistician recorded that, out of a population of 797,000, we had only 46 persons, trade unionists or otherwise, classified as unemployed.

To help solve the 'dry' problems, pipelines were built from Morgan on the Murray to Whyalla and Eyre Peninsula, and to Woomera. Large country reservoirs were also built from 1890 onwards, to form the largest conservation and distributing scheme in the world for country lands, which was unique in the history of waterwork schemes. Since the 1960's larger and more extravagant schemes have been built, notably in America, but ours was, nevertheless, a great achievement. Today the problem is still with us and instead of practical water conservation measures being adopted, water courses in catchment areas are subject to building restrictions and there are agricultural restrictions on land use.

The building of the barrages at the Murray Mouth transformed agriculture in the lower Murray through irrigation -- again a locally-conceived and executed project.

In his *Geography of South Australia*, Charles Fenner, in the early 1950's, said, "Today, the whole of the state within the 10" rainfall area has a railway, coastal port or river port within 20 miles." Railways by the end of the war totalled

almost 4,000 miles! And main roads totalled 8,000 miles with over 2,000 miles being bituminised -- all without a fuel tax! The date of foundation of South Australia (1836), as far as transport is concerned, corresponds roughly with the introduction of railways as a means of transport. (In Europe, of course, preceding this period, canals had reached a zenith and were on the wane. The transition period is shown in the fact that the present wide road from Adelaide to Port Adelaide was provided specially by Colonel Light as a canal route to link the Port River to the River Torrens.) Owing to the need for economy, two rail gauges (5'3" and 3'6") were used. A further intermediate gauge, 4' 8.5" was used on the east-west line from Port Pirie to Kalgoorlie. Adelaide, of course, together with its metropolitan area, was extensively serviced by electric trams -- now all gone, except for the line to Glenelg, and replaced by the more expensive public buses.

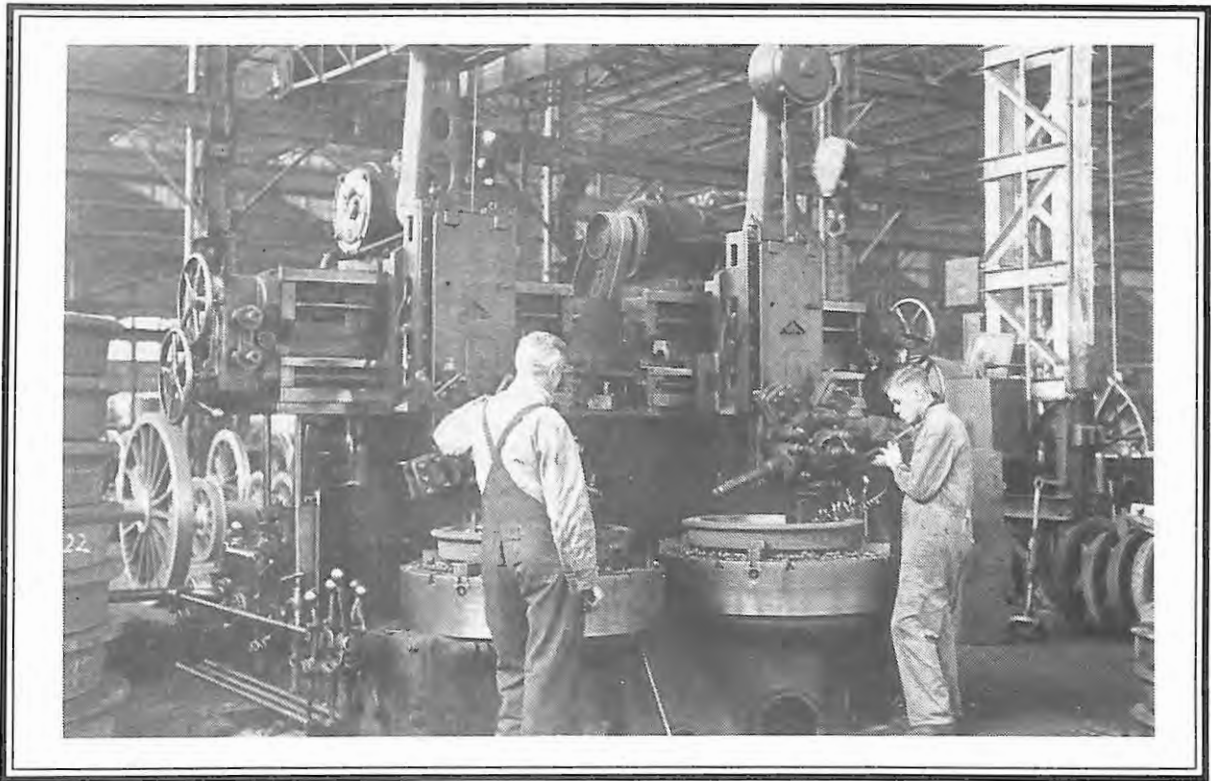
Adelaide also boasted General Motors Holdens and later, Chrysler (now Mitsubishi) with 111,000 tons of motorcar bodies, engines etc. being exported to other states and overseas in 1954. Now under the "Button" plan, we face the prospect of having no self-sufficient local motorcar manufacturer. South Australia also boasted the huge Islington Railway Workshops. From raw steel and timber, together with trades peoples, a huge variety of engines, rolling stock, tools and associated work emerged. Designers, welders, engineers, cabinet-makers, carpenters, parquetry makers, etc. etc., were in abundance. They taught their own apprentices, had classes and teachers. Steam engines were exported and work was undertaken for both the E & WS Department and the Highways Department. They even made their own tools.

When the Dunstan Government sold the railways to the Federal Government for a song, the Islington Workshops all but collapsed -- huge presses and lathes, 90-ton steam hammers to all intents and purposes irreplaceable, were broken up for \$20-per-ton scrap metal and a huge pool of tradesmen and inventive genius went at a cost to the nation that will only be reckoned in years to come.

The advent of superphosphate and trace element application as fertiliser opened up south-eastern South Australia to agriculture. In those happy days competition between companies like Cresco, Adelaide and Wallaroo, Adelaide Chemical Co., etc., ensured competitive pricing and service. Agronomy was furthered with our own research projects at Waite Agricultural Institute and Roseworthy (where an Oenology course to intending winemakers was offered), funded by industry and State Government research grants. Now the State Government has cut that funding, claiming that with Plant Varieties Rights legislation and private enterprise, the need no longer exists. If these research efforts are allowed to collapse, then the privately-bred hybrids (with their reliance on heavy chemical fertiliser application and spraying against weeds and disease) covered by patents, will destroy the self-sufficiency farmers have traditionally exercised with regard to keeping pure-bred, unpatented grain for seed, as well as partly losing genetic material. South Australia has a distinguished record of plant breeding for local conditions and markets.

The South Australian Co-operative Bulk Handling organisation established a network of Australia's most efficient grain-handling silos and port facilities. Unfortunately, they were located on rail routes and with the demise of the railways, these rail terminals have had to turn to road transport to a large degree. This, ironically, applies also to the multi-million dollar Australian National rail freight centre at Loxton which was both opened and closed within ten years.

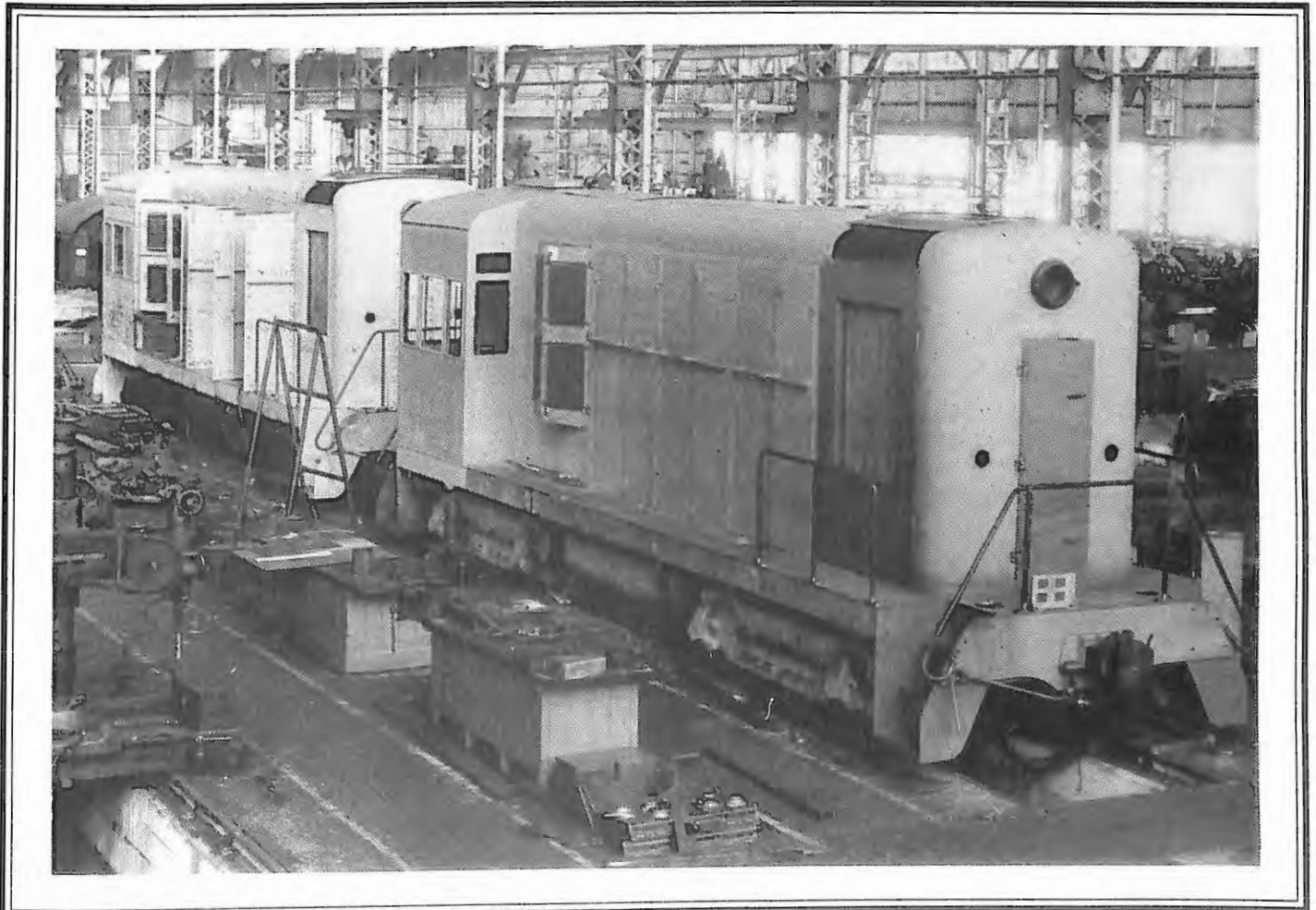
South Australia also had a strongly partisan and local bank. The Bank of Adelaide-- now part of the ANZ empire -- brought within the latter's grasp by the irresponsible management of its finance company subsidiary. There was also the Savings Bank of South Australia --now the State Bank of South Australia (currently under the spotlight of a Royal Commission). Whether the Bank goes the same way as the State Bank in Victoria or the Pyramid Building Society in Geelong is anybody's guess. The real loss is in a loss of potential to South Australians in that the State Bank could have become, for an independent State



They taught their own apprentices

Islington Railway Workshops

Rolling stock, tools and associated work emerged



Government, a bank of issue, funding South Australian projects 'in-house' -- something to be feared by any devotees of centralised banking.

Significant agricultural machinery advances made by pioneers like Ridley -- remembered, when passing through the huge gates named after him, on Goodwood Road (giving access to the Royal Agricultural & Horticultural Society Showgrounds) for his invention of the "stripper". Robert Smith invented the first stump jump plough; firms like David Shearer of Mannum, Horwood Bagshaw and John Shearer & Sons grew up as household names, designing and manufacturing farm machinery, some of it exported overseas.

What of the future?

In this age of internationalisation of everything, people must be aware that things are passing out of our control at a rapid rate. The myriad of small specialist primary producer bodies that we have had, once they are persuaded to join the 'big' primary producer representative in this state, The United Farmers & Stockowners, immediately lose all but the smallest voice in their own affairs because, unlike the Senate where all the states, regardless of size, have the same representation, the UF & S is like

our farmers are unprotected and unsponsored, their traditional hedges for bad times, like drought bonds, abolished. Our orderly marketing has been broken up by the necessity for us to fit in with the United Nations Trade and Development body, UNCTAD, which is now responsible for the world marketing of agricultural produce and minerals.

Farmers and manufacturers are now driven by a debt cycle that ensures that it is a mathematical certainty that the collateral offered as loan security *must* eventually pass to the bankers.

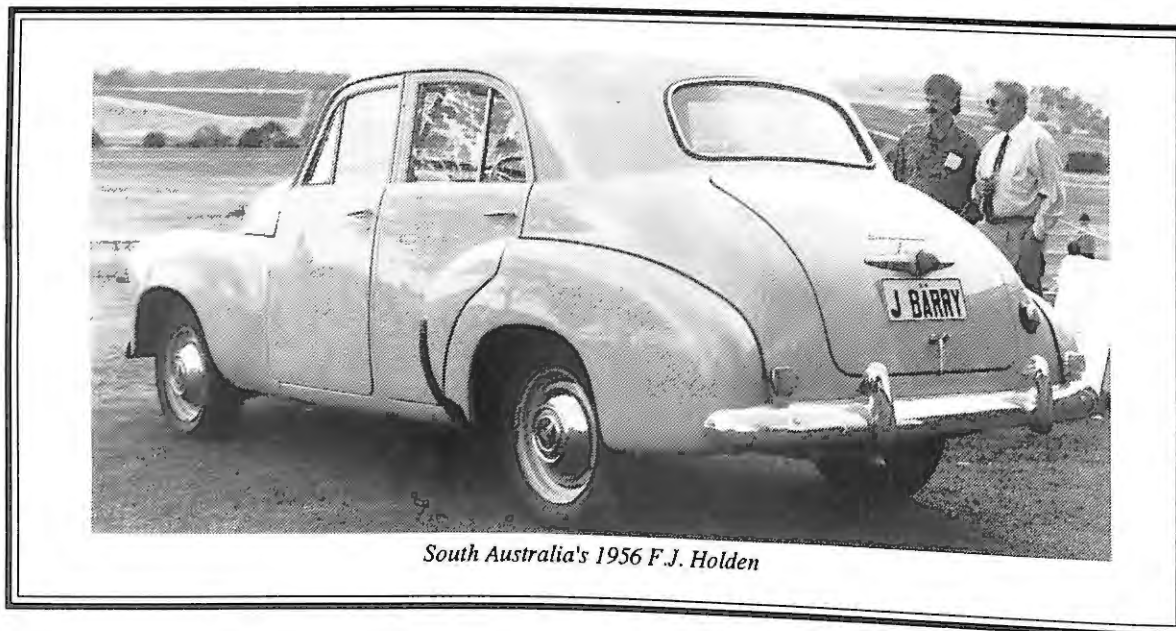
As boom/bust cycles and government policies destroy specialist primary production areas like medium-woolled merino sheep studs and the family partnerships and companies that run them, expertise built up over 150 years will be lost in a couple of decades. Absorption into large companies of national or international size only prolongs the death throes as the large operation is concerned almost exclusively with return on capital outlay. In such an environment, dedicated management that perseveres in adversity never flourishes -- witness the Collinsville Stud.

On the bright side of things has been the development of the Katnook gas fields in the South East, where natural gas is being used to provide an abundant, clean and efficient industrial and

domestic power source to Mt Gambier, the Apcel Mill at Millicent and the Safries plan (a subsidiary of Safeol Holdings) at Penola -- the latter being one of the world's most technologically advanced frozen French fries factories.

If indeed the past does hold keys to the present and the

future, then we in Australia have some very special keys: the Bible, our Common Law, our Constitutions (State and Federal), our trinitarian form of government. Our heritage seems to be that we achieve by trial and error, by practical experimentation; we like to set our own goals with minimal interference from bureaucracies. Most Australians today are agreed that they do not want this 'recession we had to have'. Could it be that responsible government by non-party independents and the introduction of Citizens' Initiative and Referenda are the keys we need **now** to unlock our internationalist fetters so that once again we become masters in our own Australian home?



South Australia's 1956 F.J. Holden

a large melting pot.

The effect of international treaty obligations, like the Lima Declaration and GATT which commit us to transferring some of our industries to Third World countries, is enormous. Not only are we importing food and small manufacturing items which we once produced ourselves, but long-established specialist companies like John Shearer of Kilkenny and Black & Decker of power tool fame are now going offshore to produce equipment that is then imported. Australia is importing steel, farm machinery, cars, wool, lamb leather, beef, poultry meat, sheep meat, vegetables, nuts, dairy produce, fresh milk, fruit juices, wine, canned fruit, fish, mushrooms -- to name but a few. All this while

ANNUAL SHAKESPEARE BIRTHDAY LECTURE

DELIVERED BY HRH THE PRINCE OF WALES
AT THE SWAN THEATRE, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON,
Monday, 22nd April 1991

Ladies and Gentlemen, it may prove to be exceptionally opportune -- in view of what I have to say to you today in this theatre -- that I take off for Brazil as soon as I leave Stratford, probably never to return until found in the last remaining patch of rainforest by a tribe of hunter-gatherer environmentalists ...

Now, I imagine that it is bad enough being asked to deliver the annual Shakespeare lecture if you are one of the many experts on the subject -- a frighteningly large number of whom seem to be gathered in the theatre here this morning. I have no claim to such scholarship and find it hard to decide whether I feel more humble or just downright stupid standing before you today ...

Of one thing at least I am certain. This year you will have a rest from scholarly expertise.

I am no orator as Brutus is,
But (as you know me all) a plain blunt man.
... And that they know full well
(- at least I certainly hope they do -)
That gave me public leave to speak of him.

I have to confess that my acquaintance with Shakespeare began in singularly undistinguished fashion. You have probably already guessed that the 'O' level text we ground our way through at Gordonstoun was *Julius Caesar*. The experience left me largely unmoved. That is perhaps not surprising, since it became only too apparent to me that I was a late developer -- of a particularly virulent kind. It was only quite recently that I re-read the play and appreciated for the first time the fascination of that complex character Brutus, the reluctant revolutionary; the excitement and rhetoric of Anthony's great speeches, and the extraordinary timelessness of Shakespeare's presentation and analysis of riot, revolution, intrigue and internecine strife which is at the heart of the play.

One of the problems, I suspect, was that I failed to realise just what fun Shakespeare could be.

Brush up your Shakespeare
Start quoting him now.
Brush up your Shakespeare
And the women you will wow.
Just declaim a few lines from *Othella*
And they'll think you're a helluva fella.
If your blonde won't respond when you flatter 'er
Tell her what Tony told Cleopater-er.

And if still to be shocked she pretends, well
Just remind her that "All's well that ends well".

Such was the advice given by Cole Porter, that Twentieth Century master of popular culture, in his musical "Kiss me Kate". Cole Porter's teasingly affectionate acknowledgement that Shakespeare can actually be fun seems to me to be something which each generation has to discover anew for itself.

All of us who have been fortunate enough to develop an acquaintance with, and love of, Shakespeare -- and that is a thought to which I will return later -- have our favourite plays. One of mine happens to be *Henry V*. This probably has something to do with the fact that it was the first Shakespearean play in which I was able to play a part. As the Duke of Exeter, I was allowed one rather splendid speech at the French Court, but then faded from view, apart from a couple of reappearances on the battlefield at Agincourt and a modest walk-on role in the final scene.

I have seen the play a few times since then. I was spell-bound by Kenneth Branagh's performance at Stratford (how on earth did he manage it at the age of 23?) and I have seen his film of *Henry V* at least three times. Some find it a rather jingoistic play, glorifying war. Certainly there are great speeches of resolute action. But each time I have seen or read the play, it has been the humanity of the King that has moved me most.

Upon the King! Let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children and our sins lay on the King!
We must bear all. O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's ease
Must Kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have Kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony? ...

Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; ..."

When I re-read this play nearly 20 years after performing in it at school, I found myself wondering in amazement at Shakespeare's insight into the mind of someone born into this kind of royal position. When I was at school I was too young and inexperienced in life to appreciate such subtleties. But now that I have lived life, made mistakes and suffered a bit here and there, I realize how profoundly wise and ageless is Shakespeare's perceptiveness.

Of course, that speech from *Henry V* is not just about the innermost concerns of Kings. It is about the loneliness of high office, the responsibilities and stresses which afflict all those who shoulder great burdens, run industries or schools -- or perhaps nurse invalided relatives.

And, then, what about Henry's speech before Agincourt? Visiting British troops in Saudi Arabia just before Christmas last year, and knowing that a friend of mind was commanding a regiment in the desert, the words that Shakespeare puts into the King's mouth became even more poignant to me. They say everything that ever needs to be said in such circumstances, no matter what age we live in:

This day is called the Feast of Crispian.
He that outlives this day and comes safe home
Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall see this day and live t'old age
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours
And say 'Tomorrow is Saint Crispian'.
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words -
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester -
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son,
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by
From this day to the ending of the world
But we in it shall be remembered,
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.
For he today that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition.
And gentleman in England now abed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day."

One of the unique qualities of Shakespeare -- which has, like every other aspect of his genius, survived almost 400 years -- is his all-encompassing view of mankind. All human life really is

there, with an extraordinary range and subtlety of characterisation, of historical setting, of place. His understanding of domestic life, of the minds of soldiers and politicians, of the fundamental relationships between men and women was so vast that it remains eternally relevant. Contrast this passage from *Hamlet*:

"What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason,
how infinite in faculty, in form and moving how express
and admirable, in action how like an angel, in
apprehension how like a god -- the beauty of the world,
the paragon of animals!"

with this more recent statement from Francis Bacon, proclaimed by the media as the greatest English painter since Turner:

"I think that man now realizes that he is an accident, that he is a completely futile being, that he has to play out the game without reason ... You see, all art has now become completely a game by which man distracts himself; and you may say that it has always been like that, but now it is entirely a game."

Which do you think will ultimately be more relevant?

Time and again in Shakespeare's characters we recognise elements of ourselves. Othello's jealousy, Hamlet's indecision, Macbeth's ambition are all horribly familiar. Shakespeare has that ability to draw characters so universal that we recognise them alive and around us today, every day of our lives.

The evidence shows wonderfully clearly that Shakespeare was a consummate technician and psychologist, with a remarkable ability to understand what makes us all what we are. But it is worth remembering that it is not entirely coincidental that he confronts us so often with such eternal truths, such blunt reminders of the flaws in our own personalities, and of the mess which we so often make of our lives.

His plays are a direct inheritance of the humanism of the Mystery plays, so popular in later Medieval Europe, which deliberately set out to hand on to future generations essential knowledge and experience under the guise of entertainment. No formal education -- just the communication of wisdom through the evocation and study of human emotion, thought and behaviour.

Shakespeare plays a similar game. He has a moral standpoint: his plays helped people to understand themselves, and to recognise the laws of emotion and nature which govern their lives. Listen to Prospero in *The Tempest*:

"... Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

*'Agincourt ranks as
the most heroic of
all the land battles
England has
ever fought'*



*The hero king: Henry prays on the field of Agincourt.
This glittering victory on St Crispin's Day 1415 put the
French crown within Henry V's grasp*

Shakespeare holds up a mirror for us to see ourselves and to experience ourselves, so that we gain in the process a more profound understanding of ourselves and others, appreciating right from wrong, and the factors which make us behave as we do.

Art in its broadest sense provides us with the most remarkable access to some of the essential truths about the meaning and significance of life. Poetry and drama are the forms in which, from the most ancient times, human values have been expressed, if not created. In every age of our history, poets and painters, musicians and dramatists have transformed crude fact into human meaning, adding new regions to the kingdom of the imagination.

Artists -- and, again I use the term in its widest possible sense -- have a unique capacity to illustrate, to educate, and to inspire. It is the poet who reveals to us true beauty. Think back, for example, to Enobarbus's glorious description of Cleopatra:

"The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne
Burned on the water. The poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love sick with them. The oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description."

In the same way, it is the painter who gives depth to those everyday items so familiar that we fail to appreciate them. It is the pen of the cartoonist or satirist which lays bare the hypocrisy and deceit with which we all, politicians and individuals alike, seek to camouflage our real intentions. Such is the truth and morality which springs from art. Shelley had it right 200 years ago: "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

I am one of those who do not believe, as the scientific rationalists seem to, that human consciousness is the product merely of brain processes, or that the cosmos is a huge machine to be examined, experimented with and manipulated by man for his own all-knowing purposes. There is more to mankind, in my view, than a mere mechanical object functioning in a mechanistic world, which has evolved from the clockwork universe of Newton to the computer models now deemed to possess artificial intelligence.

Despite all the dramatic changes that have been wrought by science and technology, and the remarkable benefits they have brought us, there remains deep in the soul of each of us, I believe, a vital metaphysical ingredient which makes life worth living. This awareness of a spiritual dimension greater than, and beyond, the confines of our everyday self, and of a purely superficial perception of the physical world in which we exist, has a particular link to aesthetic experience, and to literature.

Great literature offers one of the keys to understanding these truths, and to understanding ourselves. Shakespeare understood this point very clearly. There is a marvellous, definitive rejection of the rootless, soulless, mechanistic view of man in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratigems and spoils;

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratigems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted."

It is our enormous good fortune that the world's greatest playwright -- perhaps the world's greatest poet -- wrote in our own language.

The truths he illustrates are universal. In this sense we can read not only a good story into all his plays, but also psychological insights and archetypes with all their engaging interplay. There are also insights into the contemporary political climate, heavily overlaid with symbolism. But, above all, as with all mature art of any civilization, Shakespeare gives us his own version of the journey of the soul from differentiation to unification. Just listen to Lorenzo talking to Jessica in *The Merchant of Venice* -

"Sit Jessica - look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patens of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou
 behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed Cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

Shakespeare's message is the universal, timeless one, yet clad in the garments of his time. He is not just our poet, but the world's. Yet his roots are ours, his language is ours, his culture ours -- brought up in this gentle Warwickshire countryside, educated at the Grammar School in Stratford, baptised and buried in the local parish church.

For us all, roots are important: roots in our landscape and local communities; roots in our cultural and literary heritage; roots in our philosophical and spiritual traditions. If we lose touch with them, if we lose track of where we have come from, we deprive ourselves of a sense of value, a sense of security and, all too frequently, a sense of purpose and meaning.

Today's world is changing rapidly; too rapidly, sometimes, for the human psyche to adapt. International barriers are coming down. Economic and political integration are getting ever closer. At the same time peoples all over the world remain as conscious as ever of their national and cultural identities. Look at the fragmentation of the Soviet Union, the resurgence of nationalist sentiment in Central and Eastern Europe, the situation of the long-suffering Kurds -- even the anxieties of many Western Europeans not to allow their national identities to be subsumed in some characterless, grey, multinational bureaucracy.

Hanging onto our cultural roots is one way of preserving those identities, and indeed the stability of our civilizations. Other

countries, particularly those with a strong cultural tradition of their own, understand the importance of this and the value of acquainting each new generation with their literary inheritance. In France, the curriculum for all students doing the baccalaureat obliges every student to study a major dramatic work of the 17th century, a philosophical work of the 18th century, a poetical work or novel of the 19th century, and a selection of poetry, novels and drama of the 20th century.

Why is it, then, that we in this country seem to see things differently? There are now several GCSE English Literature courses which prescribe no Shakespeare at all. There is at least one A-level English Literature syllabus on which Shakespeare is not compulsory. Thousands of intelligent children leaving school at sixteen have never seen a play of Shakespeare on film or on the stage, and have never been asked to read a single word of any one of his plays. Even the Bank of England has caught the disease, with last week's news that the bard's picture is to be removed from the £20 note!



For us all, roots are important: roots in our landscape and local communities

I find all this difficult to understand. In an age when we are bombarded, perhaps saturated, with instant information of every bewildering kind -- the sort of information which, if we are not careful, can overwhelm and deeply depress us (only to be forgotten a few days later) -- has anyone stopped to consider whether all this actually helps to make us wiser human beings? Wisdom comes through insight, and our greatest poets and literary geniuses are invariably the means by which we can obtain this insight into the workings of the Universe and into the timeless imperatives to which we, as individuals, are subject.

I am not, of course, suggesting that great classical literature and art can be set up as a completely separate alternative to the culture of our times. As a practical man, with practical human concerns, Shakespeare doesn't ask to be canonized, but to live alongside and illuminate the modern realities of life. Look how school groups can respond to live experiences and experimentation! Six year old children can be enthralled by *Twelfth Night*,

slightly older children become frenzied at the sword fights in *Hamlet*. And during school matinees children call out "Don't do it!" when Romeo is on the point of committing suicide, not knowing that Juliet is still alive.

Shakespeare may be less than fully appreciated in his native land. But he is studied and admired the world over. I shall never forget the number of Danes who came to see *Hamlet* performed at Elsinore three years ago, by the Renaissance Theatre Company when I was also present. Their knowledge of this foreign play was remarkable and it was worth going all the way to Elsinore just to hear the audience's reaction to the statement that -- "Something is rotten in the State of Denmark!"

Whether we realise it or not, Shakespeare is a part of our daily lives. We all shake our heads in despair "more in sorrow than in anger"; all weddings, we hope are built on "the marriage of true minds"; and gardeners like me throughout the country wonder why even the fullest respect for organic principles produces "things rank and gross in nature" in our flower beds.

It is easy to forget how close we came to losing much of Shakespeare's genius. He made no provision for publication during his lifetime so it is largely his friends and admirers whom we must thank for collecting his writings together after his death. In their first Folio dedicated to his work, Heminges and Condell wrote in their Preface of Shakespeare

"Who, as he was a most happy imitator of Nature was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works, to praise him. It is yours that read him. ... Read him, therefore; and again and again: And if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him."

It ought not to be beyond the ability of our schools and our teachers to protect their pupils from that "manifest danger". For the aids to understanding today are such that it should be easier than ever to ensure that all the young are able to appreciate their cultural inheritance. Just as Peter Schaffer's magnificent film *Armada* introduced Mozart's music to millions who had barely a passing acquaintance of it before, so films and practical theatre workshops are there to open a window to Shakespeare for untold numbers of uninitiated, and to make it comprehensible and contemporary. And here, let me say how much I admire the work in this area of the Royal Shakespeare Company, whose guests we are today, and of the Renaissance Theatre Company of which I am a proud but thoroughly non-acting Patron.

As we move towards a National Curriculum for our schools -- sometimes known as an entitlement curriculum -- I find myself wondering why the students of our schools are not as entitled to Shakespeare as to other parts of the syllabus? Do those who disapprove of Shakespeare, arguing for some extraordinary reason that he is elitist, wish to deprive those not already familiar with his work from acquiring an understanding of it -- or of other great literature?

This marginalising of Shakespeare seems to be symptomatic of a general flight from our great literary heritage. Do we really want to sanction a situation where children are rarely introduced nowadays to the literary masterpieces of bygone ages; where the majority leave school without any awareness of Chaucer, Donne, Milton, Pope, Austen, Wordsworth, Keats, Tennyson, Hardy, Dickens ...? Are we all so frightened and cowed by the shadowy "experts" that we can no longer "screw our courage to the sticking place" and defiantly insist that they are talking unmitigated nonsense? You forget -- I have been through all this before with the architects! I've heard it all over and over again, and it is high time that the bluff of the so-called 'experts' was called. If our newspapers rose to the challenge and conducted a survey amongst their readers, the silent majority might finally be able to say what it really thought on this subject.

I am sure that most teachers would willingly rise to the challenge of introducing their pupils to an experience which, whilst perhaps initially difficult, will be with them for the rest of their lives -- although I am only too aware that there are many teachers who have so despaired of the hostility and indifference of some of the pupils confronting them in their classrooms that they have felt it better to teach them something, rather than nothing at all. Isn't this an area where the National Curriculum should be helping them? I know that the Attainment Targets for English state that children should be introduced to -- and I quote -- "some of the works which have been most influential in shaping and refining the English language and its literature e.g. the Authorised Version of the Bible, Wordsworth's poems ... the novels of Austen, the Brontes or Dickens ... some of the works of Shakespeare." This is an encouraging injunction, but I do seriously wonder whether it is enough to counteract what many consider to be an accelerating erosion of serious literary study over the last 20 years.

There are terrible dangers, it seems to me, in so following fashionable trends in education -- trends towards the 'relevant', the exclusively contemporary, the immediately palatable -- that we end up with an entire generation of culturally disinherited young people. I, for one, don't want to see that happen in this country. Nor, I suspect, do countless parents up and down the nation, who probably feel utterly powerless in the face of yet another profession, this time the 'educationists', which I believe has become increasingly out of touch with the true feelings of so-called 'ordinary' people.

Many 'ordinary' parents, I suspect, would agree that education is not about social engineering, but about preparing our children as best we can for all the challenges in front of them. This means not only training them for work through the acquisition of knowledge, but also giving them an understanding of themselves and of the deeper meaning of life. The process is of course complex -- and I think it worth underlining that it is every bit as much the responsibility of parents as of teachers -- not least because it begins at a very early age.

Here in Britain, we seem to get it wrong almost before we have begun. In France, Italy and Belgium every child under 5 receives nursery education from the state. Here, less than half of our children have that right. When they reach primary level, what

awaits them? Certainly a great many devoted and committed teachers, many no doubt inspirational, but as often as not too great an emphasis on the child-centred approach, the open-ended learning situation, and too much stress on process rather than content. Of course, this can engender enthusiasm and interest in the classroom, but seems correspondingly less likely to instil fundamental standards of accuracy in the basic skills.

It is almost incredible that in Shakespeare's land one child in seven leaves primary school functionally illiterate. Moreover, it appears to be an increasingly common impression that standards of handwriting, spelling, punctuation and numeracy are not at all what they should be. In most schools children are deemed incapable of learning foreign languages before the age of 11 -- yet by the age of 14 half of them have given it up. As if that wasn't enough, present indications are that after the age of 14 children will not be required by the National Curriculum to study any aesthetic subject.

Perhaps most alarming of all, only a third of our 16-18 year olds are still in full-time education. In France the figure is 66%, Japan 77%, the United States 79%, the Netherlands 77%. Forty per cent of our children leave full-time schooling with no significant educational qualifications at all.

On reflection, it is not all that surprising that so many leave school as soon as they can. Sixth-form education is, after all, geared mainly to preparing pupils for universities, polytechnics or other forms of further education. This inevitably frightens off those who are less academically-minded, if it does not simply

disqualify those who would like to do so, from staying on.

Meanwhile, those of our pupils who do stay on for the sixth form study three, or at most four, subjects. The advantage of such specialisation is that those subjects tend to be covered in a depth which gives our undergraduates a strong start when they begin their university studies. The disadvantage is that they often miss out on education in a whole range of other subjects. Are we sure that mathematicians do not need to learn to write English, or speak foreign languages? Or that our historians can survive without an understanding of economics and philosophy? It is almost unknown in other countries (including Scotland, where the advantages of a broader education seem to be much better understood) for

there to be this exclusive concentration on such a limited range of subjects.

It would be encouraging to think that an attractive programme of



Prince Charles with his two sons and Princess Margaret

vocational training was available for the large numbers of our young people coming out of full-time education at sixteen. In Germany there is virtually no labour market for 16-18 year olds outside the apprentice system. Moreover, employers are legally obliged to give *all* young adults at least one day off a week for off-the-job training.

Here at home it is a sadder story. Most of those who leave school the moment they can, go straight on to the labour market -- or more depressingly, and I have seen it often enough -- onto the register of unemployed. What a way to begin adult life! Only now are we coming to terms with the price we have paid for allowing the apprenticeship system to wither away. Only now are we putting in place arrangements to give our young people the vocational qualifications which they -- and the country -- need.

It is heartening that commercial firms are increasingly involved in such training schemes, and are partners with government in the Training and Enterprise Councils set up two years ago. But, as a nation, we have been appallingly slow in bridging the huge gulf between the start we give our young people and the preparation for work which they receive in other countries. We have also been slow to see the disadvantages of forcing our children to choose between either an academic education or a technical, vocational one -- a divisive practice almost unknown in other countries. What worries me so much is how we are going to survive in the Europe of 1992 and beyond shackled with such manifest handicaps.

We must have missed a few tricks when, at the beginning of the last century, Napoleon set up the Lycée system in France together with the prestigious state-run Grandes Écoles accessible to anyone able to satisfy the rigorous entry qualifications. In Prussia Prince William von Humboldt was doing the same thing with the Gymnasien. We persevered, instead, with our reliance on the ancient universities and public schools as centres of excellence.

In our times education has suffered badly from the process of lurching from one set of policy initiatives to another, as governments change, and a seemingly endless squeeze on resources. The result -- sadly, at a time when education faces greater challenges than ever before -- has been a major onset of innovation fatigue, a teaching force which invariably feels underpaid and demoralised, with inadequate attention being paid to their accommodation and equipment needs.

Encouragingly, there is now a greater consensus perhaps than ever before that education is the number one priority for the future. The overall concept of a National Curriculum seems to be agreed by all political parties -- and most teachers. So too, is the need to do something about the education -- and training -- of our 16-18 year olds. There is talk of the establishment of a new National Commission to look into educational opportunities for *all*. And last week's announcement of a new pay review body for the teachers could go a long way towards encouraging more first-rate people to choose teaching as a career. The prospects for getting things right may therefore be better than they have been for a long time.

Let us, therefore, Ladies and Gentlemen, grasp this opportunity and resist the temptation to deny the cultural heritage of our country to so many young people simply because of expediency or because of a mistaken utilitarian approach. We live in an age obsessed with the tangible, with discernible results and with that which is measurable. While applauding the stress that has to be placed on the technical, the practical, the vocational and the commercially viable, I would like to stress, again, that I believe that education is more than just training. After all, there is little point in becoming technically competent if at the same time we become culturally inept.

In pleading for a restoration of sanity, I have to admit to a feeling of profound sadness that a very great deal of damage has already been done; and that in the unlikely event of anyone taking serious notice of what is said by those of us who care deeply about the value of a grounding in our greatest literature, it will take far too long to put things back on course. I feel an overwhelming shame that in a country like Britain we should have allowed such a short-sighted approach to predominate. As Parolles says in *All's well that ends well* --

"I shall lose my life for want of language."

If we fail to change the present situation, from what roots shall we produce our future poets, playwrights and authors? What, then, will become of

"... This royal throne of Kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed and famous by their birth?"

I don't want my children -- or anybody else's -- to be deprived of Shakespeare, or of the other life-enhancing elements which I have suggested should be part of the schooling entitlement of all the children of this country.

And I don't want our future generations to be the poor relations in a Europe in which there will be less and less room for those who can't keep up. But I fear that these are real dangers if we evade those key questions about the nature and purpose of education which I have touched on today, and if we fail to give our schools and our teachers the resources, and the philosophical framework, they need to produce the right results.

HOW THE SAILOR RODE THE BRUMBY

From "The Lass who rode the Rover"

There was an agile sailor lad
Who longed to know the bush.
So with his swag and billy-can
He said he'd make a push.
He left his ship in Moreton Bay,
And faced the Western run,
And asked his way, ten times a day,
And steered for Bandy's Run.

The watchers tumbled off the rail,
The boss lay down and roared
While Jack held tight by mane and tail
And rocked about on board.
But still he clung as monkeys cling
To rudder, line and flap;
Although at every bound and spring
They thought his neck must snap.



Said Bandy: 'You can start, my son,
If you can ride a horse.'
For stockmen on the cattle-run
Were wanted there, of course.
Now Jack had strode the cross-bars oft
On many a bounding sea,
So reckoned he'd be safe enough
On any moke you see.

They caught him one and saddled it
And led it from the yard,
It champed a bit and sidled round
And at the sailor sparred.
Jack towed her round with a grin,
He eyed her fore and aft;
Then thrust his foot, the gangway in,
And swung aboard the craft.

They stared to see him stick aloft
- The brum. bucked fierce and free,
But he had strode the cross-bars oft
On many a rolling sea.
The saddle from the rolling back
Went spinning in mid-air;
Whilst two big boots were flung off Jack,
And four shoes off the mare.

The bridle broke and left her free,
He grasped her round the neck;
'We're 'mong the breakers now,' cried he,
'There's bound to be a wreck.'
The brumby struck and snorted loud.
She reared and pawed the air,
It was the grandest sight the crowd
Had ever witnessed there.

For Jack with arms and legs held tight
The brumby's neck hung round
And yelled: "A pilot, quick as light,
Or strike me I'm aground."
The whites and blacks climbed on the rails.
The boss stood smiling by
As Jack exclaimed, 'Away she sails!'
- The brum. began to fly.

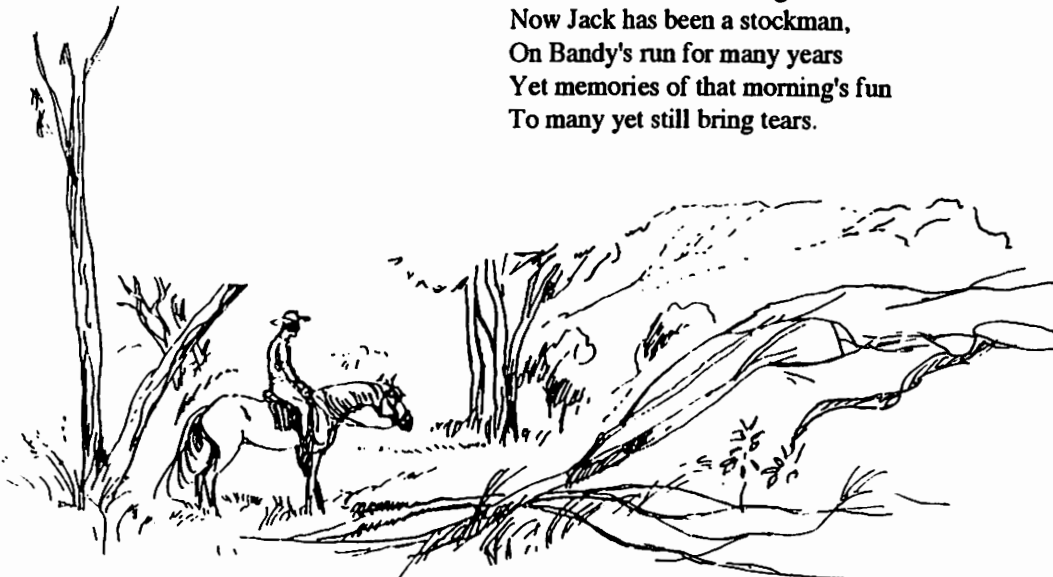
She bounded first against the gate,
And Jack cried out, 'Astern';
Then struck a whirlpool -- at any rate
That was the sailor's yarn.
The brumby spun him round and round,
She reared and kicked and struck,
And with alternative bump and bound
In earnest began to buck.

A tree loomed on the starboard bow,
And 'Port your helm,' cried he.
She fouled a bush and he roared 'You scow'
And 'Keep to the open sea.'
From ears to tail he rode her hard,
From tail to ears again,
One mile beyond the cattle-yard
And back across the plain.

Now high upon the pommel bumped,
Now clinging on the side,
And on behind the saddle lumped
With arms and legs flung wide.
They only laughed the louder then
When the mare began to back
Until she struck the fence at last
Then sat down and looked at Jack.



He gasped, 'I'm safe in port at last,
I'll quit your bounding mane.'
Dropped off and sang, 'All danger's passed
And Jack's come home again.'
Now Jack has been a stockman,
On Bandy's run for many years
Yet memories of that morning's fun
To many yet still bring tears.



BOOKS THAT SHOULD NOT BE FORGOTTEN

by Nigel Jackson

PÉTAIN: PATRIOT OR TRAITOR? by *Sisley Huddleston*

This book was published in 1951, the year of Marshal Pétain's death, by Andrew Dakers Limited in London. Its unequivocal thesis is that the great French hero of Verdun in World War I was also the great French hero of the armistice during World War II, so that the official attempt after the war to present him as a traitor who collaborated with the Nazis was a disgraceful falsification. Sisley Huddleston was a retired diplomatic journalist of English birth who had become so devoted to the France in which he made his career that he chose to live there and even remain there throughout the period of German occupation. Early in the war he moved from his home in a mill in Normandy to the principality of Monaco. He was the author of over twenty previous books. He was thus ideally placed to observe the Vichy Government at first hand; and the whole style and tenor of this book suggest that he had the integrity to offer a faithful record. His analysis of the evils of the Resistance, the postwar distortions of history and the appalling purges and 'trials' that occurred steadily from 1944 to 1951 will be of immense interest to all Australians who are opposed to the current 'war crimes' trials and the developing programme to outlaw the findings of revisionist historians under euphemisms such as 'banning racial vilification and racial hatred'.

Huddleston first established that Marshal Pétain came to power in 1940 with the overwhelming support of the people and the parliamentarians. "The whole case against Pétain, as it was presented later, was that he was a usurper, that his government was illegal. The contention is completely baseless." (p. 61) At the time that Pétain was called to head the French state, the condition of his nation was disastrous. There were ten million refugees from the north blocking the roads; the retreat of the British from the Arras region had robbed General Weygand of the last base for a counter-offensive and made the military defeat of France inevitable. "The French administration broke down completely." (47) Every day the Germans were advancing, without encountering opposition, deeper and deeper into France. "The parliamentarians were well aware of the reactions of the public, the overwhelming demand for the cessation of hostilities, and, with a few exceptions, the Cabinet and the deputies and senators were in accord with the people." (48)

A perfectly legal and quite regular transmission of powers to Pétain by President Lebrun took place. Reynaud, the previous

premier, had summoned Pétain "to act as a banner". (44) Having been defeated in his cabinet, he had the privilege of naming his successor. "There was only one man available -- the Marshal ... Reynaud, in preferring Pétain to Chautemps, did so in the conviction that Pétain's first duty ... was to conclude an armistice." (52) Pétain had already made his "first important intervention". (50) He had called on the politicians to behave courageously, stated he would stay and that France must have a government. "This was surely a dignified attitude -- to refuse to run away and constitute a mock government." (51) "It would have been easier for him to decline the dubious honour. To accept it showed a rare spirit of abnegation." (53) On June 17, 1940 Pétain made his famous speech, informing the public that he made to France the gift of his person, in the hope of attenuating the misfortunes of his country. He would ascertain on what conditions the fighting could be ended. "Not for a moment," wrote Huddleston, in his enthusiasm over-stating his case a little, as he periodically did, "did any reasonable man question his decision." (54) Herriot, the President of the Chamber, Jeanneney, the President of the Senate, and even Reynaud

"were for the Marshal, or at any rate not actively antagonistic". (54-55) Huddleston listed some of the qualities that fitted Pétain to take control of the ship of state in this terrible crisis. Apart from his immense prestige as the winner of the greatest battle of World War I, he had efficiency, probity, calm and courage in the face of danger, and patience. He was an *attentiste*, a man who could wait for a long period and then act at the right moment. He was far-seeing, had innate dignity, was religious but not clerical, was gentle and compassionate and (according to Léon Blum) was "the noblest and most humane" of French soldiers.

Huddleston stressed that Pétain did not operate like a grasping dictator, as certain folk claimed after the war was over. "In view of the falsification of recent history, I am bound to insist that the armistice was not in reality the work of Pétain. President Lebrun was still in office, and it was at a Council meeting under his presidency that the German terms were unanimously accepted. Yet nobody dreamed of inculcating President Lebrun. The whole blame fell on the aged Marshal, whose responsibility for the unhappy events was not comparable to that of his predecessors." (58) That the armistice was approved by Parliament cannot be doubted when the dates are consulted. On June 22, 1940 the armistice was signed with Germany and two days later a separate armistice was signed with Italy. Fifteen days after that, on July 9, the deputies and senators assembled at Vichy ... (and) voted full powers to Pétain, who was not present, in the National Assembly. The text provided "that full powers be given to the Government of the Republic to promulgate acts, over the signature of the Marshal, embodying a new Constitution of the French State". (60) Before the National Assembly met, the Chamber, sitting apart, had voted for a revision of the Constitution by Pétain by 593 to 3. The Senate passed a similar motion by 229 to 1. The National Assembly then met as a even

perfectly legal body, with no-one questioning its authority. On July 9 there were 569 affirmative votes, 80 against and 7 abstentions. Many of those 80 framed a still more radical measure, giving the Marshal the mission of concluding a peace treaty. (60-61)

Against this background, Huddleston considered the opening moves of De Gaulle. He began by remarking that traditionally the French dislike *émigrés*, "for they have suffered in the past from the bitterness of *émigrés* who return in the wagons of foreigners. That their instinct was right is clearly demonstrated by the ruthlessness of the returning *émigrés* in 1944". (54) On June 18, 1940 the voice of De Gaulle, of whom very few Frenchmen had heard, spoke from London. "He was at that time in no way qualified to speak on behalf of France." (55) Huddleston was emphatic on the way most Frenchmen viewed this intervention. "The appeal of De Gaulle, from his place of safety, over the head of the Marshal, over the head of Parliament, over the head of the people, fell on deaf ears. ... The insubordination of De Gaulle, who was now apparently supported by the British Government (on whom he was dependent financially), could not pass without censure." (55) "Only on the ground that De Gaulle was commissioned to make speeches which Pétain was unable to make while wrestling with Germany, did De Gaulle's attitude seem, to the bulk of the French in 1940, at all justified." (57) Nobody in Vichy mentioned De Gaulle, or dreamed that he, self-appointed, was the head of a legal government. Few refugees from France were Gaullists. The French Colony in London was openly Pétainist. De Gaulle after three months had only 3,000 adherents, and "the numbers spread very slowly until Allied victory was in sight". (61) The army in North Africa remained loyal to Pétain. There was no Gaullist Resistance Movement in France until the end of 1941, but there was, long before, a Pétainist Resistance. There was more sympathy for England among Pétainists than among Gaullists. "The French generals refused to place themselves under his orders, and the sailors interned in England indignantly refused, for the most part, to join him." (62) Huddleston insisted that the spirit of resistance in France in 1940 was best embodied in the Legion, a purely Pétainist body consisting of former combatants.

Huddleston was actually asked to act as a secretary to one section, but declined to accept, on grounds of propriety. He was in touch with many of the Legion's members and wrote that he could "testify that Pétainism was compatible with the most ardent patriotism". (62)

July 3, 1940. Huddleston persuasively remarked: "Had Pétain been hostile to the British, had he really wished to 'collaborate' with Germany, had he really been a 'traitor', nothing would have been easier for him than to obtain far better terms from Hitler by using the bargaining counter of the French fleet.

Yet neither in 1940 nor in 1942 was there the slightest indication that the thought crossed his mind." (66) Huddleston concluded that the butchery of over 1,200 seamen serving an unfortunate ally was militarily unjustified. "England was certainly misinformed about the intentions of the French; and De Gaulle was completely out of touch with French sentiment." (67) Huddleston pointed out that on June 19, 1940 Admiral Darlan had told the First Lord of the British Admiralty, Mr. Alexander, and Sir Dudley Pound at Bordeaux that in no case would the ships be placed at the disposal of the Germans or em-

ployed against the British. "That was an engagement of honour, which was repeated by Admiral Auphan." (68) President Lebrun sent a confirmatory telegram to King George VI. Yet De Gaulle on London radio reproached the French Government with "delivering intact" the Fleet and the Air Force to the enemy for use against the British and persisted in this error after Mers-el-Kebir. Huddleston dryly commented about De Gaulle: "It is contradictory that he should have permitted French admirals to be condemned, after the Lib-



Marshal Pétain with Pierre Laval

II

Having established the legality of the Vichy Government under Pétain (subsequently recognized by the USA, the Vatican, the USSR and all countries not engaged in the war), Huddleston proceeded to study Pétain's behaviour in office as head of France. One of the first crises of his period in power was the British attack on the French fleet at Mers-el-Kebir on

eration for having exactly the same preference as he professed, and for ordering the destruction of the French ships in 1942 to prevent their seizure by the enemy." (69) David Irving's Chapter 28 of *Churchill's War* (Volume 1) gives the British background to Mers-el-Kebir, an attack bitterly resented by most officers of the Royal Navy and which Pétain attributed to the "unbalance" of Churchill. Irving also points out that the issue is quite inexcusably misreported by Martin Gilbert, the Jewish academic who is Churchill's official biographer.

De Gaulle then made another blunder on September 23, 1940, when, escorted by British ships, he presented himself before Dakar and called on the Governor-General (Boisson) to yield up the colony to him. De Gaulle was repulsed. His act had endangered the armistice, but Boisson's response protected it. De Gaulle's rash act "could only have been taken in ignorance of the possible consequences. Boisson was, without question, in spite of the harsh treatment he subsequently received, a good and courageous patriot." (78)

Huddleston carefully considered the famous interview between Hitler and the Marshal at Montoire. He began by pointing out (73) that the small minority of pro-German activists in Paris were always "in total opposition to Vichy". The meeting at Montoire has been represented as disgraceful, and it is partly on the photographed handshake of Pétain and the German Dictator that an accusation of treason has been built up against the Marshal. ... "Nothing did the Marshal more harm in the eyes of the uninformed masses, whether in England or eventually in France. ... It was entirely misunderstood." (79-80) Huddleston pointed out that in fact Pétain acted cleverly in soliciting the interview. "All that the Marshal could do was to let drop the word 'Tilsit' with a knowing look, in conversation with his intimates", pointing to "an analogy between his position and that of Czar Alexander I, who pretended to accept the friendship of Napoleon -- with disastrous results for Napoleon!" (81) while the word 'collaboration' was used, it did not have its later sinister meaning. "The purpose of the Marshal -- certainly of his advisers -- was at all costs to keep Germany out of Spain, out of the Mediterranean, out of North Africa." (81) Huddleston several times stated that Hit-

ler's armistice with France was a major strategic blunder by him; he agreed with Girard, who proclaimed Montoire "a diplomatic Verdun". (82) Huddleston's overview of Hitler is remarkably similar to that reached by Irving many decades later in his *Hitler's War*. Huddleston wrote: "The truth is that Hitler was not a man of great perspicacity, and if sometimes he acted with remarkable speed, he was often extremely hesitant. He was flattered and overawed by the meeting with the Marshal, whose prestige as a soldier was at its topmost peak, and whose presence was imposing by its dignity and air of nobility. ... If he had great vanity, he had also the doubts and timidities of an upstart." (82) Huddleston and Girard believed that the armistice enabled Hitler's cardinal blunder of attacking the Soviet Union.

By contrast, Huddleston believed that Pétain and his advisers erred in instituting the *procès de Riom*, whereby Deladier, Gamelin, La Chambre, Reynaud and Blum were put on trial for neglect of duty. "The Marshal must bear his share of blame for setting a lamentable precedent that was later turned against him. For, in my opinion, all political trials are improper and unjust, in that they cannot, in changed conditions, take into account the circumstances ... which influenced decisions, or lack of decisions, afterwards seen to be unfortunate." (83) However, public sentiment was strongly against the men and mob justice could have led to lynchings. Herriot had called "for a searching enquiry into the causes of the catastrophe" of the French defeat; and the men were given full facilities for self-defence.

Further evidence that there was no collusion between Pétain and Hitler is the accord with Britain, reached behind the backs of both Hitler and De Gaulle through Pétain's secret emissary in London, Professor Rougier. The Vichy Government secretly promised in 1940 to bring the Empire back into the war at the right time and always prepared for that eventuality. A document was drawn up with Churchill's annotations. "It furnishes ... indisputable evidence of the disposition of the Marshal, and it would have been generous to acknowledge it as such at the proper moment." (86-87) The negotiations were almost ruined by a false report in an American newspaper of a Franco-German peace treaty, according to which

Alsace-Lorraine had been surrendered to Germany and Nice to Italy. Huddleston astringently commented that "it would be interesting to learn the origin" of that report.

Later a trap was laid by Germany for the Marshal, involving the proposed translation of the ashes of Napoleon's son from Vienna to Paris. On December 13, 1940 Hitler and Pétain were to meet at the new tomb and clasp hands in silence as the coffin descended. This would magnify the policy of "collaboration" and "seal the reconciliation of France and Germany". "The Marshal's refusal would be regarded as hostile. Yet his acceptance would indeed be a betrayal of France." (99) Pétain answered this attempted piece of theatre with a coup of his own, demanding on the eve of the ceremony the resignation of his chief minister, Laval, and obtaining it. In the upshot, neither Pétain nor Hitler attended the event. Huddleston clearly believed that Laval followed a mistaken policy during the war, but did not lack sympathy for him. What was wrong was to show the smallest zeal in the service of the enemy, to obey his behests willingly. ... Now the Marshal represented for the French the spirit of prudent resistance, while Laval, rightly or wrongly represented the spirit of conciliation." (95) Pétain had only chosen him as chief minister under pressure. "It may be that Laval had more or less satisfactory explanations to make as to his intentions if not as to his conduct, had he been allowed to defend himself in 1945." (95-96) However, in complete contrast to the Marshal, in 1940 he was "the most unpopular man in France". (96) Charles Morgan, the distinguished novelist, playwright and essayist, who was a lifelong Francophile and honoured with membership of the Institut de France, wrote to Louis Bonnerot on April 27, 1945: "What are you going to do with Pétain? A difficult problem. Why not condemn him to death and then let the Head of State immediately grant him a free pardon 'on account of his age'? This would give it to you every way. You would be merciful to the old gentleman personally; you would condemn his policy; and you would leave yourselves free to hang Laval and all the rest. Personally I think that to deprive Pétain of his baton and exile him from France would meet the case ..." (*Selected Letters*, MacMillan, London, 1967). Personally, I support the position of full op-

position to war crimes trials expressed by Huddleston and also by Laurens Van Der Post in *Night of the New Moon*. Morgan may have been misled by wartime propaganda. He may even have misjudged Laval. An important defence of Laval was published in Britain in 1948: *The Unpublished Diary of Pierre Laval* (The Falcon Press Ltd.), with an introduction by Laval's daughter, Josée, Countess R. de Chambrun. At any rate, despite intense German pressure, Pétain refused in 1940 to take Laval back into his cabinet. "For him, the policy of subservience to Germany, the policy of repeated concessions, the supposed policy of Montoire, was ended and the dismissal of Laval was the sign and symbol of a new resistance to German encroachments." (101)

In 1941 Admiral Leahy's appointment as US ambassador at Vichy was seen by the French as moral support. "There can be no doubt about the connivance of the Marshal, Weygand, Leahy and Murphy (US chargé d'affaires) in the measures which finally led to the Germans being driven from North Africa." (103) Huddleston felt that Pétain then exceeded his moral and legal right in nominating Admiral Darlan as his successor in the event of his death or incapacitation -- and that the very choice of man was an error. Darlan on May 10, 1941 agreed to help the Germans by according them the very facilities in the overseas bases that the Marshal had promised the British he would never concede. The resultant Protocols of Paris violated the Churchill-Rougier accord (over Syria, Bizerta and Dakar), but were immediately disavowed by the Vichy Government and never ratified. (109) A number of Darlan's associates, however, were wickedly mistreated after the Liberation. For example, there was a brilliant technician named Pucheu. "Later he went to join the forces of General Giraud in North Africa on the assurance that his services in the Resistance would be welcomed, only to discover that his action against the Communists in France was an unpardonable crime, for which he was shot. (106) Another was Pierre-Etienne Flandin, subsequently reproached for his telegram of congratulations to Hitler after Munich. (President Roosevelt had done exactly the same!) Flandin spent years in prison in North Africa and France, was defended before the Tribunal by Randolph Churchill, was acquitted but was still deprived of his right to re-enter Parliament.

A third victim of post-Liberation injustice was General Dentz. When British and French (Gaullist) forces attacked Syria, Dentz was in honour bound to defend it as Pétain's representative. An armistice was signed at St. Jean d'Acre, between the British and Vichy armies, according the honours of war to Dentz and stipulating that he and his men should not afterwards be prosecuted. Yet, in flagrant violation of this, he was "arrested at the Liberation, condemned to death, and although he was not executed, he spent months with irons on his legs and died in the most miserable conditions in prison". (106-7, 111)

In his New Year's message for 1942 Pétain referred publicly to his 'partial exile' and



General Franco with Pétain, Montpellier, February 1941

'half-liberty'. This was a definite disavowal of measures to which he had not freely consented. He warned that there was no "collaboration" but only a German Diktat. He had at this time decided that he would never accept German military help to protect the French colonies. Pétain's balancing act became untenable after the American landings in North Africa. General Giraud was the man for the Americans, not De Gaulle. "Having listened to the Marshal, who explained his policy, Giraud wrote a letter which was published, affirming that he was fully in accord with Pétain. He was therefore officially a supporter of the Marshal, and as such would be welcomed in North African circles. Later tergiversations, concealments, lapses of memory, cannot alter the fact that it was in the capacity of the Marshal's man that he was chosen, in opposition to De Gaulle, to

represent France in North Africa." (147) Huddleston believed that Laval's behaviour at this stage was detestable: he flew to Berchtesgaden and threatened to resign if Pétain did not comply with a German ultimatum. The question was raised as to why Pétain himself did not leave Vichy at this juncture and fly to Algiers to take command himself. A French patriot who was close to the Marshal and anti-German, designated as M, gave this reply: "If the Marshal had considered his own reputation, as did nearly everyone else, he would have gained glory by placing himself at the disposal of the Americans. ... The Marshal ... had old-fashioned ideas of Duty, of Self-sacrifice, of Service; and he believed that he could still offer some protection to

the people by staying in Vichy, by interposing his person between the Germans and the French. ... He thought only of the dreadful reprisals that the Germans would take if he went. ... Surely he has never done anything nobler than to stay." (152) It was also significant that when the Americans had reconciled Darlan and Giraud by giving one political and the other military command, Giraud "in his proclamation called for the liberation of the Mar-

shal, the prisoner of the Germans, together with the liberation of France". (153) Pétain was, of course, powerless to stop the German occupation of southern France which now followed. This occupation largely nullified the Pétainist resistance preparations.

The French then scuttled their fleet at Toulon. Huddleston recorded the explosion of joy at the fulfilment of the Marshal's pledge, as well as the exclamations of disappointment and anger from the Germans. This action was admired by Churchill, the USA and the Communists in France; it scuttled all possibility of a Franco-German alliance and was further disproof of the theory of a sinister "collaboration" between Vichy and the Germans. Yet, commented Huddleston, "To my astonishment, I learned at the Liberation that the sinking of the French Fleet was a deliberate act of treachery, a final proof of the connivance of Pétain and

(Continued on page 24)

BOOK REVIEW

by Dawn Thompson

YOUR WILL BE DONE and WHITLAM'S REPUBLICAN DREAM & EVIDENCE THAT DEMANDS A VERDICT (two booklets by ARTHUR CHRESBY)

Mr. Arthur Chresby was Federal Member for Griffith in the Queensland House of Representatives, and also a member of the Menzies-McEwen Government Members' Taxation and Finance Committee. At the same time he had for 53 years researched and studied Constitutional Law, writing many papers on his findings.

Following his death, the Australian Constitutional Education Campaign Fund Committee has collected and published several of his works in small paperbacks. Short, simply written and readably produced in clear type, broken up into handy paragraphs with helpful headings, the two presented here contain 16 and 30 pages respectively.

The first, *Your Will Be Done* is quoted as a simple, non-technical beginner's book of the true legal functions of the Queen, Governor-General, State Governors, Parliament, Parliamentarians and the People. In his excellent introduction, Chresby points to the vast conspiracy of silence surrounding the true place of these players in the game of governing our country.

We are being led, with passion and sincerity of purpose, headlong down the road to republicanism by those who truly believe that their brand of totalitarianism will solve all our problems. We are never taught nowadays about the beautifully balanced workings of our Constitutional Monarchy which, if used correctly, could free us of so many of our ills. With shining simplicity, Chresby explains how it works.

He sets out what the true Constitutional powers are, and how we can lawfully use these powers to obtain the results we want our

A Whiff of History by Alan Barton, W.D.A. (Longreach, Qld., The Longreach Printing Co. Ltd., 1989) 63 pp, price plus postage \$5; available from the author, Lovat Park, Longreach, Qld. 4730.

As Mr. Barton points out in his introduction, people have little time for reading these days and history is rarely their choice of reading material. For so many school children history is presented as a boring list of dates, wars, clauses of treaties, more wars -- all of it seemingly quite illogical. First and foremost history is the record of actions by people: what you get is the result of what was done and what is being done. However, the further time distances us from an historical event, the more selective general historians have to be and usually their personal philosophical bias determines what they see as the causes and effects in history. Few historians state their personal bias, but this author makes no apology for the fact that his personal philosophy determined his particular presentation of two events that took place in France approximately 500 years apart.

The first relates the inspiration given to a nation by a single individual, a teenage country girl known to history as Joan of Arc, which led to the restoration of the throne of France to its rightful

electd parliamentarians to produce. We need no revolution, no street marching, no sacking of governments. We have -- still -- the power in our hands to use, did we but know it, and had the will to use it.

All that is required is that we inform ourselves, and act on this knowledge. Then spread the word, tell our friends, teach our children what the power-brokers are starving them of: their inheritance, hard-won, fought for and held over the centuries.

Thy Will Be Done is particularly opportune at this moment when so many are utterly disenchanted with the party political system. Four pages are devoted to discussing this, and ways to avoid the tyranny of the party -- over both members of Parliament and their constituents.

The second booklet, *Whitlam's Republican Dream* (a dream also shared by a great many others in power), enlarges on the party system in *Evidence That Demands a Verdict*. Its diverse nature and how it militates against the proper functioning of a Constitutional Democracy is discussed.

These excellent little books deserve a very wide appreciation. Apart from showing what treasure the republicans would have us jettison irretrievably, they point the way for us to grasp true democracy, which we certainly do not enjoy at present.

Published in 1986 and printed in Toowoomba by Instant Print, both booklets are available from Heritage Bookshops in your capital city for \$3.50 and \$2.50 respectively, plus postage.

king, and ultimately to her trial and her execution by burning at the stake. The second relates the success of the co-operation of many people in the evacuation of the British Expeditionary Forces from the beach of Dunkirk in May 1940.

In his final chapter, in a remarkably brief summary, Mr. Barton shows that history records that the struggle has ever been between those who want power to rule as a dominant, irresistible force and those who seek to preserve and promote freedom for each individual. On page 50 Mr. Barton makes extremely brief mention of a Christian English king, Caractacus (Roman version of Caradoc). The reviewer feels free to add: Tacitus (*Annals*, 12:37) recorded part of a speech made by Caradoc at his trial in Rome, circa 53 A.D. The quotation is taken from George F. Jowett, *The Drama of the Lost Disciples* (London, Covenant Publishing Co., 1961): Had my government in Britain been directed solely with a view to the preservation of my hereditary domains, or the aggrandizement of my own family, I might long since have entered this city an ally, not a prisoner. ... I was lord of men, horses, arms, wealth; what wonder if at your dictation I refused to resign them? Does it follow that, because the Romans aspire to universal domination, every nation is to accept the vassalage they would impose?

No Easy Path : The Life and Times of Lilian Violet Cooper MD, FRACS (1861-1947) - Australia's first woman surgeon by Lesley M. Williams (Brisbane, Amphion Press, 1991) pp. xiv, 138, illustrated. \$24.95.

This beautifully-produced biography of Queensland's first woman doctor -- Australia's second -- is long overdue, a true heroine of frontier Queensland at long last accorded belated recognition. The work owes its appearance to the indefatigable zeal of its authoress, Lesley M. Williams, herself a doctor, in tracking down a wealth of biographical detail, here and overseas, and collating it in eminently readable form. It also owes a huge debt to Amphion Press, Brisbane's fledgling publishing house conducted by two remarkable citizens, Dr. John Pearn, Professor of Child Paediatrics at the University of Queensland, and Mrs. Peggy Carter who has guided every one of Amphion's dozen or so publications in Queensland's medical past, from rough manuscript to polished text.

As with most pioneers, Lilian V. Cooper's life is the story of moral courage and resolute determination, no less impressive even given her superior natural endowments. Born in 1861 in Chatham, Kent, some 45 kilometres from London, the child of an officer in the Royal Marines Light Infantry, she set her heart on a medical career at the very time the British Medical Association was vigorously opposing women doctors. Attitudes in the colonies mirrored the views at home, the *Australian Medical Journal* actually declaring in 1985:

A woman who dissects, who makes post-mortem examinations, who tests urine, who perhaps carries diseased specimens in her dress pockets, is not a person in whom you would look for the tenderer domestic qualities. (p. iv)

Against such entrenched prejudice, Lilian Cooper, aged 25, paid her one guinea in September 1886 (along with two other women and 184 men) to sit for the entrance examinations, finishing twenty-first (Second Class Honours) and qualifying for entry to the London School of Medicine for Women (still only twelve years old). In 1891, a year after graduating, she migrated with her friend and confidante (Mary Josephine Bedford) to Brisbane where she rapidly won acceptance in this male-dominated field. By 1896, she was Honorary Medical Officer of the Outpatient Department at the Hospital for Sick Children, her association with the Children's Hospital continuing until her retirement in 1945, aged 84.

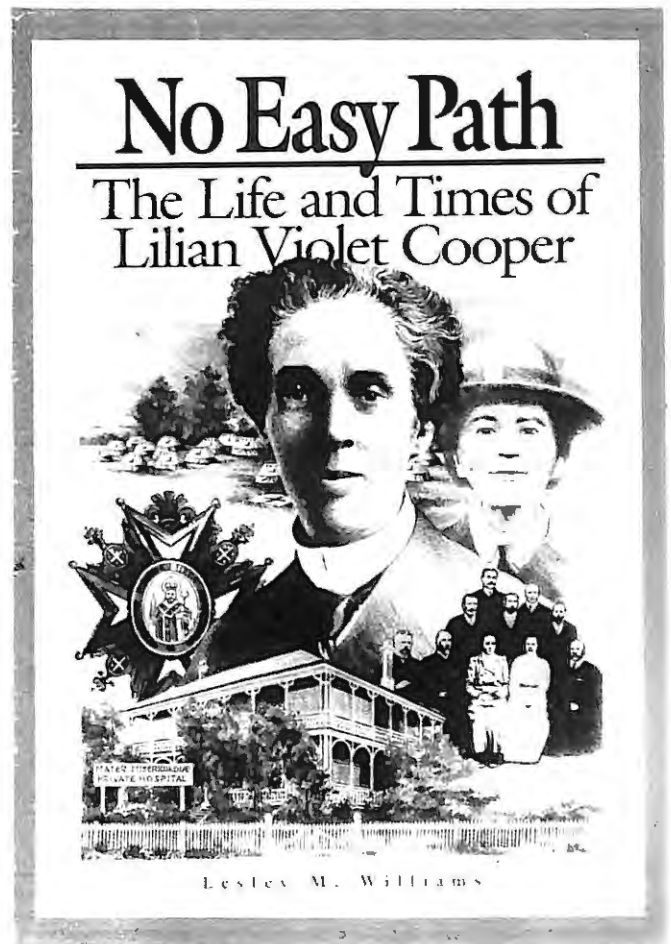
In 1916, aged 54, with a flourishing private practice in Brisbane, Dr. Cooper determined to make a larger contribution to the war effort. She and Miss Bedford arrived in Salonika in September, within days forming part of a team of women manning a 200-bed tent hospital in Macedonia where life-saving operations were conducted on the bloody battlefield: amputations, removal of shrapnel and bullets, endless sterilisation of ghastly wounds. The battlefield M.D. in charge recorded in her diary:

Miss Bedford (Ambulance Driver) and Dr. Cooper are simply splendid and going to be an enormous help to me. (p. 59)

And so they were, both receiving distinguished honours from the

King of Serbia before returning to Brisbane by Anzac Day 1918.

Even apart from her continuing work in women's health, with a growing reputation as physician and surgeon specialising in the diseases of women and children, Lilian Cooper's wider community contributions also merit acclaim: involvement with the National Council of Women, with the establishment of children's playgrounds, with the formation of the Playground and Recreation Association and the Creche and Kindergarten Association, and even with the election of women to Municipal Shire Councils.



The year 1923 was harrowing for this skilled surgeon who had performed over 1,000 operations in the primitive battlefields of Serbia during that wartime stint. It was the year of the celebrated legal case in which she was charged with leaving her forceps inside one of her patients. There was a massive show of support from her medical colleagues, support vindicated by the verdict which exonerated her completely.

Today her memory lives on in the stained glass windows in the Warrior Chapel at St. Margaret's Church, Kangaroo Point, and in her Serbian medal which is "sewn into the altar frontal" (p. 93), and her personal Bible "in the safe keeping of the Rector". The home she shared with her friend, Miss Bedford, was bequeathed to the Sisters of Charity "for a hospice for the aged and dying" (p. 114), the site today of Brisbane's much-loved Mt. Olivet.

The importance of this biography lies not merely in the formal documenting of a great Queenslander, hitherto unsung, but as well in its enduring function as a superb role model for women



NUTCOTE FOR THE NATION

Dear Mrs. Luks,

Thank you very much for sending the copy of *Heritage* No. 61, Sept.-Nov., 1991 in which was printed the excellent article by Dr. Peter Bernhardt about May Gibbs, the botanical nature and value of her work, and Nutcote and the appeal to save her home.

With support from publications such as *Heritage*, and the generous donations of thousands of school children and adults all around Australia, the North Sydney Council has been persuaded to own Nutcote and to lease it to the Nutcote Trust for restoration and the establishment of "May Gibbs' Nutcote Centre for Literacy, the Arts and the Environment". This is wonderful news -- the money raised to date can now be put to this end and we hope to raise a further \$100,000 in South Australia to make Nutcote a world-class centre and tourist attraction and a fitting tribute to May Gibbs in continuing those interests which were dear to her and to many Australians.

Thank you very much for your continuing support.

Yours sincerely,

Mary Wilson,
(South Australian Nutcote Trust)

(The Queen's Message *continued*)

give you my heartfelt thanks. I feel the same obligation to you that I felt in 1952. With your prayers, and your help, and with the love and support of my family, I shall try to serve you in the years to come.

May God bless you and bring you a Happy Christmas.

(Book Review *continued*)

(and men). For fifty years, Dr. Cooper served Brisbane, "vital and actively interested in improving the welfare and status of women" (p. 115), but equally important was the example she provided other women, especially those aspiring to enter medicine. In 1990, exactly a century after her own graduation, there were 557 women undergraduates in the University of Queensland Faculty of Medicine, some 42 per cent of total enrolment. The barriers had been broken down by Lilian Cooper. Much still remains to be done, however, since fewer than 2 per cent of those 557 student doctors are specialising in Lilian Cooper's own area of expertise -- surgery.

Dan O'Donnell (Brisbane)

(*Pétain, continued from page 21*)

Hitler! The admirals, it now appeared, were traitors! ... De Laborde, the blunt, bluff sailor with a splendid record of seamanship was condemned to death, though in view of the weakness of his accusers' case he was, after a period in irons, permitted to pass the remainder of his life in prison." (157-158) Huddleston did not hide his contempt for this travesty of justice.

Then followed the mysterious assassination of Darlan by a young French Catholic, Bonnier de la Chapelle, on December 20, 1942. "The wounds were fatal. With extraordinary haste the young man was tried and executed. He had been persuaded that he would find protectors. Who were these mysterious protectors? They did not intervene." (159) The result was that Giraud took over as French commander-in-chief and was later easily out-manoeuvred by De Gaulle. Is it possible that this murder was arranged by the same forces that had tried to sabotage the Churchill-Rougier accord? Is it possible that a long-term strategy was secretly in play to foment major disunity among the French and to discredit (if not destroy) a significant number of authentic French nationalist leaders? Huddleston did not go so far as to ask this; but we may consider treatment that was meted out in Canada to the authentic German nationalist, Otto Strasser, as possibly comparable.

(*To be continued*)

**Back Cover: A Network of Grain-handling Facilities,
South Australia.**

