



HERITAGE

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT - FOR THE FUTURE

No. 74 December/February 1995



AUSTRALIA YESTERDAY, BUT WHAT OF TOMORROW?

DARWIN 1942: Australians were confronted on their own shores. With determined effort they harnessed their resourcefulness and did something about it.

**Will we retain this resourcefulness and self-reliance
or will we surrender those values to internationalism?**

**SERVICE
ABOVE SELF**

*Oration delivered by His Excellency the
Governor of Western Australia, Major
General Michael Jeffery, AO MC.*

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but What of Tomorrow?
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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, pursuit of goodness and beauty, and unselfish concern for other people - to maintain a love and loyalty for those values.

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

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

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The New World Citizen

"[In order to de-racialize Nordics] ... any individual showing a trace of preference for his homeland, for his own people, for his own country, who displays any degree of independence of spirit or any manifestation of valour, must of course be resolutely exterminated. A tendency to run away from danger would have to be encouraged and commended."

Arthur Keith, Ethnos

EVERYWHERE we turn we are assailed with one-world propaganda. The global power "elites" and their light-headed lapdogs, the liberal-leftist "intelligentsia" assure us the New World Order is now upon us and will usher in a brave new era of universal peace and prosperity.

To inhabit this up-and-coming universal utopia, a new kind of man will be required. [Sorry, that should read "person". The New World language, the politically correct "Newspeak", excludes gender and race "bias" and indeed any word or phrase incompatible with current globalist orthodoxy. As such its vocabulary is limited to around 10% of that of the "antiquated, less efficient" English language.]

Synthetic and eclectic, this new type of human will be tolerant, multicultural, inclusive, pluralistic, androgynous and homogeneous. The U.N. has a sculpture of IT - a faceless, nameless, nationless, sexless, raceless, muddy-brown "person", the new Everyman.

Swarms of self-righteous Change Agents are dedicated to refashioning each and every man, woman and child in the Western World into this new image. These Social Engineers are fuelled by the belief that binds the naive of all the earth ... that differences are synonymous with injustices.

These Limousine liberal, Chardonnay socialist propounders of equality never seem to have had a hard life like the majority of humanity. They not only support themselves with this preaching but seem to rise to political power. Out of the equality of all human beings they magically create their own superiority.

A New World Order person will be, must be, a docile, malleable "global citizen" with a subservient disposition, who can be appeased by vacuous flattery and sustained on tinsel and fluff.

The Lowest Common Denominator of humanity becomes our role model, Mediocrity our holy grail. All people must descend to the level of the New Equal man, and any limitation he is incapable of transcending must be eliminated.

The New World Order of the Change Agents cannot happen without pervasive inter-racism throughout the White (but rapidly blackening, browning and yellowing) ethno-states. Humanity as a whole is not about to turn a uniform brown colour with nondescript features - only Whites are ... if we let it happen.

An entire race is being integrated to death, while the vast majority of all other races remains as segregated as ever.

For this pernicious futurology to succeed a ubiquitous Mono-Identity must be indoctrinated, one common enough to include everyone. Redistribution of not only material resources, but even of history, must take place. It must be shown that everyone invented and accomplished everything together. Panmixia must occur, and only the characteristics common to the lowest of the population must be upheld as standards for all.

Resistance to this trend does not make one a "forward-thinking, progressive human conservationist" but rather a "genocidal racist". The real faith of the entire U.N. liberal-leftist, pluralistic-multicultural establishment is a "civil religion", which ironically exhibits a most uncivil ferocity toward even the mildest public displays of pride, separatism and "true believerism" by the White Christian majority of all Western nations. But racial conservation is a legitimate concern to the true conservationist. Diversity and variety of genetic pools are just as important for humans as they are for plants and animals.

What we must do now is reject mediocrity and false ideology, stand up for ourselves, rekindle a sense of racial pride in our own people and serve it up to those vacuous, wimpish, chattering parasites who seek to destroy it.

AUSTRALIA YESTERDAY, BUT WHAT OF TOMORROW?

[Edited extract from a speech delivered by Eric Butler in Adelaide on 23/2/1995]

I SUPPOSE the most dramatic moment in Australian history – and we've had many – was the one we are currently viewing on our television screens – the bombing of Darwin and what was happening to our north during World War II.

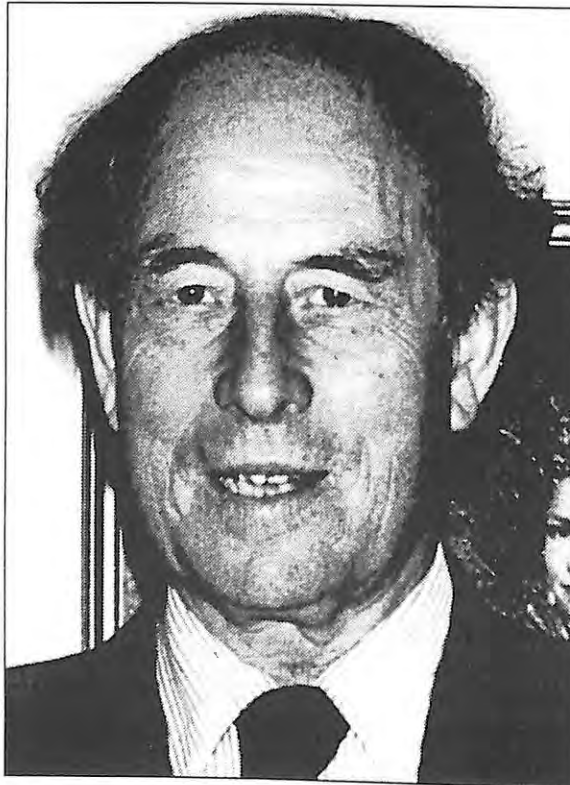
At that time Australians didn't have to be convinced we had problems. We had lost the Eighth Division; the British had lost the two big ships they had sent out. Those who were involved know that our defences in Darwin relied on a few Kitty-hawks. The British couldn't send any fighter planes – they were engaged in that mad policy (in my opinion) of putting so many resources into bombers that they had nothing left for fighters or defence planes. The Japanese were bombing where they liked and we had inadequately trained, poorly equipped, young Australians – most of them only kids – trying to hold the Japanese in the Owen Stanley Ranges in New Guinea.

We didn't have to be convinced Australia was in deep trouble! We knew we had a problem, but that did not solve the problem! We had to face the fact that we were confronted with a new type of warfare – it was not in the textbooks – and if we were going to turn the tide back it meant we had to equip ourselves to do something. We had to do it ourselves!

We had to train our own men to combat this new type of warfare. That is why we established, in Queensland, what some would regard as a 'hell-hole' – the Canungra Training School.

So we set out to try to learn all we could about jungle warfare and to train and equip the troops, because we knew that was the only way we were going to survive. We had to do it ourselves. We needed special types of equipment; we had found, for example, that in New Guinea, in the mud and slush, the old Thompson sub-machine gun jammed at the most unfortunate moments, so we had to devise a sub-machine gun of our own.

A young Australian, in his own backyard, did just that. It's named the Owen sub-machine gun. A young Australian – not a great Government Department, not one of those great monopolies – built the prototype in his own backyard. It is a classic example of Aussie resourcefulness. (Young Owen was never properly compensated for his efforts.) Then we had to manufacture it, and we did! We manufactured it with steel, made by Australians who were fed by other Australians and housed by other Australians.



"What about the finance?" you may ask. Did some politician rush off, like Geoff Kennett, to Wall Street and say, "Look! Here's a tremendous prospectus! This is a real going concern!! If we can get this thing off the drawing-board, there'll be a lot of money in it." No! And we certainly didn't go to the Japanese and ask them for some Yen!

What did we do? We financed it ourselves. And people say, "Well, I didn't learn that at school." Of course you didn't! But we did it! And we did a lot of things for ourselves that have been forgotten, and our children do not learn about them. We went on to do other things, and by the time the war ended we were even manufac-

turing aeroplanes – first-class aeroplanes.

Whether it be in farming, manufacturing or anything else, the Australian people, based on their history and on their foundations, are some of the most resourceful, innovative people in the world. But that resourcefulness has been suppressed. It has been thwarted, and will continue to be thwarted, under the programme of internationalisation supported by both major political parties. Our independence is being eroded by all political parties.

To be, or not to be? That is the question. Do we retain our independence, our resourcefulness and the mate-ship of self-reliance, or do we surrender those values to the internationalists?

SERVICE ABOVE SELF

Service above Self was the title of the Sir Wallace Kyle Memorial Oration delivered by His Excellency the Governor of Western Australia, Major General Michael Jeffery, AO MC, on 22 April 1994, at the Burswood Convention Centre.

IN 1969/70 I had the privilege of commanding an infantry rifle company in Phuoc Tuy Province of Vietnam. Of my 120 soldiers, over half were National Servicemen. We were highly trained, well equipped and good at our job.

In mid-1970, as my Company moved single file through heavy bamboo and jungle, we came under fire from the rear. At the same time, my leading scout detonated an M16 Jumping Jack anti-personnel mine, which blew off his legs to the thighs and those of the soldier behind. The Platoon Commander, a fine young Duntroon graduate, was hit in the shoulder and had most of his jaw blown away from the same blast.

Without a moment's hesitation, my orderly, a small, quiet and unassuming soldier, ran forward to the incident site and, with no thought for his own personal safety, sprinted across what was an unmarked Vietcong anti-personnel minefield to where the stricken soldiers lay. He removed his own bootlaces and, with some spares, tied tourniquets to the shattered limbs of both soldiers, thus saving their lives.

In the meantime, my rear Platoon was in action and my middle Platoon was busy constructing a helicopter landing zone to evacuate our casualties. Within 30 minutes the battlefield had been cleared and the helicopter arrived to winch up our casualties. A further thirty minutes later, they were on the landing pad at



Vung Tau Military Hospital where highly skilled Volunteer Army Reserve surgeons operated on all three soldiers, on salaries about one-fifth of what they would have been earning from their established practices in Australia.

Meanwhile, back with my Company at the incident site, 117 young men moved forward once again; alert, uncomplaining, a bit nervous, but determined to complete their mission to the best of their ability: typical of their attitude throughout 13 months of continuous operations.

One month later, back in Australia, the two amputees – with their new legs – were meeting RAAF casualty aircraft flying out of Saigon to Sydney. There they would ham it up in front of the wounded soldiers,

expressing not only good cheer, but showing their wounded mates that, even after the loss of two legs, it was still possible to lead a useful and reasonably happy life.

In all honesty, I have found the extrapolation of our oration theme, "Service Above Self", best exemplified through my experiences in an infantry battalion on combat operations, because it was on operations, far from home, in the heat, danger and physically punishing environment of Vietnam, that my soldiers and I actually lived the true spirit of ANZAC. All the glitz of civilian life was gone; money, power, fast cars, big houses, were of no concern. What was of concern was mateship, family, teamwork, mail, helping the other fellow at all costs; a sense of duty to the battalion and the nation.

In the four examples of my orderly, my soldiers, the two amputees and the Volunteer Army Reserve surgeons, I have tried to demonstrate the concept of 'Service Above Self' in one small area of activity out of hundreds that I have experienced in peace and war, and in military and civilian life.

It is this sense of "Service Above Self" that epitomises the life and example of Sir Wallace Kyle, a distinguished third generation, Kalgoorlie-born Australian, with a splendid battle record in Bomber Command during World War II; followed by equally distinguished service from 1954 as Air Officer Commanding Malaya during the Communist emergency; Commander-in-Chief of Bomber Command from 1955 and, finally, just before his

der-in-Chief of Bomber Command from 1955 and, finally, just before his retirement, the First Commander-in-Chief of the United Kingdom's Strike Command, an amalgam of both Bomber and Fighter Commands.

The theme which honours his period as Governor, whilst always of relevance, is particularly fitting today, and I say this in the context of what is, without question, a greatly changing Australia. Let me explain.

In my early days as a youth, in the 1940's and early 50's in the Perth suburb of Cannington, I recall a society that seemed to be very much about family; the traditional school, with its emphasis on the three R's, individual and group discipline, respect for authority, pride in one's school cadet unit and in our school's sporting and academic achievements.

At home, we lived on a five acre property with a few hundred fowls, a small orchard and plenty of space for kicking a football or playing cricket.

We were two miles from the Canning River which provided plenty of fish, good swimming and canoeing, and there was also access to a big lake which had a wide variety of bird life and where we were avid collectors of birds' eggs.

My childhood responsibilities were to cut the wood, feed the chooks, water the orchard, make my bed, iron my school clothes, help set the table and help wash up.

We had no car, no refrigerator and little money. At Christmas we got one good present each year; a new six stitcher cricket ball, or perhaps a bat or a football.

I walked three miles to Cannington School and later rode a bicycle six miles to Kent Street High School. My teachers I remember by name and face to this day, because they were totally dedicated to their profession, yet stood no nonsense. Occasionally I got the cane for some misdoing or stupidity and I doubt that it affected my psyche, nor did it lessen my respect for my teachers, but it certainly made me wary of repeating the misdemeanour. Mum was always home when we got back from school,

at the critical time when we were bursting with news of the day's activities.

School Cadets was a wonderful experience. Shooting, bivouacs at Northam Army Camp, a good uniform and plenty of interesting activity. I was captain of the School Cadet shooting team when we won the State Championship in 1954, and I still remember that event with pride.

At home, children from around the district gathered for outdoor games, fishing, bush walking, bird nesting etc. Mum would make us thick slabs of bread, home-made jam and scalded cream for afternoon tea, washed down with copious quantities of home-made lemon juice.

The butcher, the baker, the greengrocer and the iceman called every day and reported all the district's daily happenings, including who of our neighbours might be ill

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and in need of a visit. I doubt that my mother was ever lonely, even when Dad was away for long periods during the war. The rain fell on a corrugated iron roof and we went to sleep to the radio voices of Jack Davey, Jimmy Edwards and the Village Glee Club.

Bonfire night on 5 November was great fun, with a huge bonfire which took weeks to build. Pocket money was saved for months to ensure plenty of crackers.

The house was left unlocked. My mother and my sister could walk lonely streets at night in total safety.

Sunday was for Sunday School, where the primary interest, I suspect, was in meeting girls, but looking back, I now realise that my basic code of ethics and fundamental faith came partly from that early experience. The rest came from Mum and Dad and school. Sunday lunch was generally with grandparents, a very loving and important relationship for all us grandchildren.

The radio was the primary means of indoor entertainment. Spine tingling serials like *The Lone Ranger*, *Danger Unlimited* and *The Shadow*, stimulated both mind and imagination. We would stay up all night to hear Lindwall opening the bowling against Hutton at the Lords Test. As Australians, we were proud state and international sporting competitors, playing it hard, but fair and with humour.

The flag was important; we stood at assembly to see it raised each morning at school; we knew about our ANZAC tradition, respected and celebrated it, and old Mr. Genetti, an Italian immigrant and neighbour who could speak little English, would sit on a tree stump for hours, watching us boys play cricket in the front yard. We would give him a bat and a bowl and the look of sheer pleasure on his face I can remember to this day.

In summary, we were happy; we were confident; we were caring and, although financially of very ordinary means, we wanted for nothing. We were proud to be Australians.

I have gone into this somewhat lengthy preamble to illustrate a time in our national life when I believe, as Australians, we mostly lived by the principle of 'Service Above Self'. That is, we tended to think and do as a family, a school, or a district, or a state, or a nation first, and to put each before our own personal ambitions and desires. This is not to say that the 40's and 50's were perfect in every respect, because in many areas they were not.

In 1994, however, I feel we are reaching a critical watershed in our individual and national life; a reversal, if you like, of our theme, which might now read 'Self Above Service'. The 'me' factor - what's in it for me, what will I get out of it - is becoming our way of life. There is much talk of rights, but little of responsibilities.

There are many contributing factors. Of prime importance, I think, is the breakdown in family life and values. In 1971, there were 13,000 divorces; in 1992, 46,000. Recognising the changes brought about by the establishment of the Family Court,

and the increasing propensity and capacity of dissatisfied partners to leave a bad marriage, the figures still represent a very worrying trend. Think about it: 46,000 divorces impacts directly on around 200,000 immediate family, excluding grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins and others. The overall impact could be as high as 500,000 people each year who are traumatically affected, and long term at that. How many of us in this room have not been witness to such a tragic experience?

While recognising that families now incorporate all sorts of blends, and many are successful in so being, I doubt that there would be much disagreement that the ideal family, the one with the greatest potential for happiness and success, is the traditional one; Dad, Mum and the kids. Each parent is important for different but complementary reasons in providing the love, the caring, the discipline, the guidance, the ethical and spiritual values and the security that help children to become responsible and useful citizens, who put others before self. Within blended families, for example, I note there is a much higher level of violence to children, and it is not hard to understand why.

Increasingly, too, our schools are forced into becoming surrogate parents and this is both unfair and unworkable.

The consumer society has become our god. We desire the biggest house, two or three cars, the boat, the spa, the outdoor pool and the Reebok sports gear. Blatant advertising, day and night, works us all into a buying frenzy, even during the most holy periods of the Christian calendar, Easter and Christmas. Is there any wonder that our children see nothing strange or wrong in a 'me first' philosophy?

Greed is becoming a way of life. Sadly, it is being reflected increasingly in those professions whom society once held in the highest regard. Medicine, the law, banking and private enterprise have seen, in recent years, a plethora of unprofessional or, indeed, criminal conduct which, if it

has not shattered community trust in those institutions, has certainly hit it hard. Some parliamentarians have been similarly involved, bringing disrepute on their calling as a whole, when in fact most work extremely hard, honestly, and under great pressure to do what they feel is best for the people. The earlier rotting on the waterfront and of social security benefits are part and parcel of the same malaise.

Patently, and many would say, quite disastrously, some elements of the media have betrayed their trust to present unbiased, factual reporting to allow the public to make up its own mind on particular issues, by quite often expressing the personal philosophies of the interviewer, journalist, or his employer. There is an increasing propensity to highlight violence, crime, and disasters; to intrude into personal lives and

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lifestyles, sometimes using covert means, all in the name of the right of the public to know. Over time, the continual emphasis on bad news has a debilitating effect on the national psyche, because it makes us all feel continually bad about ourselves and our nation. TV in particular should take a very close look at its responsibilities and modus operandi and be subject to the same tests of reliability, accuracy and performance as the rest of society.

In sport, we are reaching a stage where it is being programmed as a

gladiatorial contest. You will recall that later Roman emperors used the public killing of animals and human beings both as a means of satisfying the crowds' lust for gory spectacle, and as a public distraction. It is becoming clear that international sport in soccer, football, tennis, cricket and in motor racing is fast reaching that state of affairs. The display of grace, skill and good sportsmanship that most of us yearn for, is becoming subservient to what many would see as a genuine desire by some to witness bloodshed, violence and unacceptable behaviour. Some sections of the community have much to answer for too, with acts of abuse, both physical and verbal, being heaped on overseas players by drunken spectators. Spectacle as a means of satisfying baser instincts is evident in the TV displays of events such as the Mardi-Gras, where the so-called colour and spectacle of fancy dress camouflages, on various floats, a public display of simulated homosexual activity and the degradation of traditional religions in the name of so-called humour. Surely all displays of sexual activity should be kept strictly private.

But by far the biggest social problem impacting on our theme is unemployment; 1,000,000 people out of work, of whom 400,000 may never find jobs. The impact on young people is potentially catastrophic and is obviously linked to increasing rates of suicide, crime and family breakdown. The situation is exacerbated by an unwillingness of many of us in employment to make even the smallest sacrifices in our own conditions of work, to provide the necessary succour to the unemployed. "Self Above Service" again.

Statistics of serious crimes from police department annual reports for 1954, 1991 and 1993.

CRIME	1954	1991	1993
Breaking, entering and stealing	103	668	1,033
Rape	4	452	964
Murder	5	43	62
Indecent assault	5	715	2,595

Many people today seem to be crying out for a deeper meaning to life; for comfort in times of hardship and stress; to believe that a paltry 80 years on an earth which is four billion years old is not the end, but indeed the beginning of a richer eternal life. The Christian faith provides such succour and hope, but being a Christian can be hard work. It demands time, resource and commitment and generally parental direction and explanation in the childhood years. Many people want to be baptised into a faith, married in a church and buried by a priest, but not much commitment in between. Being a practising Christian is a commitment to service above self and, as Alfred North Whitehead observed:

We need the vision of something which stands beyond, behind, within, the passing flux of things. We need that life of the spirit entered in the hope of high adventure. We need the energising force of love. Without religious vision, human vision is but a flash of occasional enjoyments lighting up a mass of pain and misery.

The propensity to violence in our community is surely a social ill that is the total antithesis of service above self. The statistics of serious crimes from the police department annual reports for 1954, 1991 and 1993 are illuminating.

Even allowing for the fact that many women did not report rape or indecent assault for societal reasons in the 1950's, and the increase in our population, the percentage increase over 40 years has been in the thousands of per cent.

But in comparing 1991 with the similar population, social and economic conditions in 1993, figures for rape have doubled, serious assault was up by 300 per cent, stealing with violence up 70 per cent and murder up 50 per cent.

So what does all this mean? In summary, I believe we have seen in the past 30 years a general decline in our standards, our ethics, our code of behaviour and our respect and caring for one another. The reasons are many and I have highlighted some.

The 'me' syndrome is alive and well in many parts of the society. The question is, do we want to change, and if so, how might it best be done? How do we inculcate a 'service above self' mentality in the society?

From my reasonably wide observation of the human condition as a soldier and now as Governor, I believe people do want to change, to get back to core values, but feel somewhat powerless in being able to articulate, influence or implement the changes necessary.

I have no expert solutions, but I have some ideas, and here they are.

As a soldier I have long believed that the Army, and by and large the Australian Defence Force, has always tried to espouse fundamental core values of personal and group discipline, loyalty (both up and down),

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courage (both moral and physical), a clear understanding and acceptance of duty to the nation, a promotion structure based entirely on annual assessment and merit, an acceptance of fairly ordinary levels of remuneration and conditions (without overtime or penalty rates I might add), and a firm belief in looking after one another in the field or in base. Odd as it may seem, there is also a spiritual dimension to military service, particularly on operations.

I have seen these core values of the Army put to the test successfully in war, in Malaya, Borneo and Vietnam, and in peace, through every field command from a 30-man platoon to a 15,000 man infantry division. Somehow the Army is able to take ordinary young men and women from all walks of society and turn them into not just good soldiers and good officers, but into good citizens, skilled tradesmen and hard, loyal workers as well.

In its Officer Corps it requires the highest levels of academic achievement, innovative thinking and strength of character, and by and large achieves this. You don't read too often, if at all, of an officer going to court or to gaol, and thousands have been put through the system.

Is there an extrapolation to civilian life? I think there is. For many it would be in the form of re-introduction of some form of national service, but I suspect this is not a practical solution on cost grounds alone. It costs about \$40,000 per year to fully maintain a single regular soldier, or say \$40m per thousand soldiers, so even if national servicemen were paid a little less, it would be a prohibitive bill, unless there was the national will for such a scheme.

A re-vamped cadet scheme could be another option. At present the Australian Cadets Corps has around 18,000 cadets, some of whom are partially supported by the Army by way of uniforms, support for bivouacs and annual camps. They are referred to as Regional Cadet Units and are open to all eligible members of the community. Army subsidy is about \$340 per head, per year.

Limited support units, on the other hand, are raised within secondary schools and sponsored by the school authorities and parents. They receive little if any support from the Army, averaging only about \$23 per head per year. For many parents and schools it is beyond their resources to virtually fully fund a cadet unit, even if those schools are highly supportive of cadets. As a result there are literally thousands of young boys and girls who no longer have the opportunity to be a cadet.

My concept would be to expand a fully funded, national volunteer cadet corps from secondary schools and eligible school leavers from its present 18,000 to 80,000, to the value of about \$350 per head per year. This would cost \$28m annually. Cadets would learn the fundamentals of leadership, living in the field, instructional techniques, bush craft, first aid, radio communications, ceremonial drill, cliff climbing, abseiling, ethics

and like subjects. Such training should be aligned with the Army Reserve basic recruit course so that on successful completion of three years in the cadets, a cadet could join a reserve unit, already basically trained. This would reduce the high wastage rates and training costs associated with current reserve recruit training, where youngsters recruited directly off the streets find service life not to their liking and leave halfway through their recruit course. Further substantial savings would accrue from the higher retention rates that would occur in the basic training of recruits for the regular Army, and for officer cadets of the Royal Military College Duntroon and the Australian Defence Force Academy, as it is a fact that youngsters with previous cadet service are far more likely to pass the required recruit tests and to stay in the regular or reserve forces longer. It is of interest to note that in my 1955 Duntroon class, 93 per cent of us had former cadet experience and became officers because of that experience. Today, with a much smaller cadet corps representing only 2 per cent of the secondary school population of Australia, ex-cadets still form 28 per cent of the Duntroon entry, 30 per cent of the Defence Academy entry and 10 per cent each for the regular Army and Army apprentice intakes. There could be further savings from a reduced recruiting public relations bill, as virtually all Army's recruits could come via the Cadet Corps.

From where would the instructors come? Primarily from regular Army Sergeants and Warrant Officers nearing the end of their service. They are amongst the best trainers in the country.

Such a scheme, I suggest, would not only improve the long term effectiveness of our defence force through better recruiting, but equally as importantly would provide youngsters with the opportunity to improve their confidence, their leadership skills, their ethical values and their employability, for what is a minimal outlay in real cost terms.

Unemployment is the second arena on which I would concentrate. We

have over 500,000 small to medium enterprises in Australia. They are by far the biggest employers in the country. I would think that encouraging small businesses to take on additional staff through such measures as tax incentives; cutting unnecessary red tape; a youth wage (but fairly applied and monitored); the reduction, if not the abolition of penalty rates, and the rapid implementation of micro-economic reform, would impact in a very positive way. Further, there could be merit in examining the feasibility of the 90 per cent of us in jobs making some contribution to the 10 per cent without jobs, perhaps by accepting a slightly shorter working week and/or less pay on some graduated formula. It would have to be all in or none. The resulting slack in the labour market would be taken up by the unemployed. This has to be a community decision – a real service above self decision. Have we the

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courage to do it, if it is a practical solution?

My other suggestion relates to the restoration of the family as the key element of a happy and functional society. In particular, it is time to recognise the pivotal role of the mother as the primary nurturing influence. Should she (or indeed her husband) not have a proper family allowance if one or the other chooses to stay home to look after their young children, as many spouses would so elect, if it was financially attractive to do so? Is income splitting a feasible option? Should we not make counselling on the responsibilities of marriage and parenthood a compulsory component of the marriage or celebrant service? Indeed, why couldn't counselling be a requirement for recognition of defacto relationships? Should not divorce applicants, separating say after fewer than five years of marriage require compulsory counselling? Counselling worked well in the Army when Mrs. Jeffery

and I instituted it, when I commanded a brigade in Sydney. Courses were run in the evening and covered subjects such as budgeting, parenthood and its responsibilities, home buying and mortgages, the spiritual dimension and so on. We should do everything in our power to nurture the family unit and to keep it together in its most complete and effective form; that is, with the natural father, mother and children.

There are areas where we can reduce crime, particularly with young first offenders, that is around the 13 to 22-year-old age group, and primarily male. It revolves around keeping that age group challenged, exercised and busy. I have mentioned previously Army Cadets. Let me give you an example in Karratha in our own state, where very recently, a cadet unit was established based on the Army Reserve Pilbara Regiment. In the 12 months it has been established, one hundred cadets have been trained and the youth crime rate in Karratha has fallen by 37 per cent in that time. A fairly convincing argument I would suggest.

The second example comes from Victoria where the Reverend John Smith, a 'bikie' priest, who called on me at Government House recently, is proposing a system for dealing with car thieves. In Victoria car theft costs the insurance companies and the public around \$116 million per year. Seventy-two per cent of the thefts are carried out by a hard core of young offenders from 13 to 22, typically from broken homes and with histories of institutionalisation, low self esteem and poor levels of education. What John Smith is doing, through a project called 'Handbrake Turn', is to organise government, business, industry and insurance companies, particularly in the motor vehicle trade, to provide materials and instruction to repair donated vehicles and to construct dragster and go-kart cars. Selected first offenders are to be released from prison to undertake instruction and repair of vehicles and construction of the dragsters. They are then to be taught appropriate driving skills and then will race

competitively on an approved racing track, perhaps against police pursuit drivers. The pilot scheme should commence this month in Victoria.

In a similar vein, I think the community does see potential merit in the concept of bush camps for selected offenders; that is the young, first offender who is neither psychiatrically disturbed nor a naturally violent person. Such camps, properly run, with a daily programme of physical fitness, carefully selected educational and vocational topics, under a sensibly disciplined regime, that is firm but fair, is likely to be far more effective and, I suspect, more cost effective in the rehabilitation process, than slamming a prison door on a youngster. It should also improve job prospects, in that the offender comes out better disciplined, more articulate and with higher self esteem.

It is, after all, what field training in the Army is all about. Just change the course content to reflect a differing need, but make sure the instructors, the leadership and the administration are first class. It's worth a try.

But I think we can go further. Take organisations such as the Scouts, Guides, Boys and Girls Brigades, Surf Life Saving Clubs, and other youth groups. Without question they do a splendid job for around 20,000 youngsters in this state. But I get the impression that each group has difficulty in attracting, training and retaining sufficient really dynamic leaders. And leadership, particularly at the grass roots level, is what it is all about. For my money, I would put far more capital investment into the identification, recruitment and training of leaders and the adequate equipping of existing youth groups. If school students and leavers know they are going to be thoroughly challenged, and properly taught, whether it is climbing a cliff, rowing a surf boat, or attending an interesting scout jamboree, such activities will automatically attract young customers, and in so doing will not only reduce the crime rate, but ensure the development of an ethical code of behaviour, and an inculcation of personal and group discipline from which flows a sense of service above

self. Perhaps it would be useful for the leadership of all youth groups in this state to meet together to discuss their philosophies, and ways and means by which they might pool and rationalise resources, develop leadership programmes, assess potential government involvement and like matters. It would be of critical importance to ensure easy access to all these organisations of those young people in the community who do not have sufficient funds to buy uniforms for example, or pay transport or bivouac costs. These are often the very people who would most benefit from the experience.

Now to the question of the restoration of a strong religious faith in the 74 per cent of our community who profess to be Christians but who, in 70 per cent of cases, provide lip service only to that faith. There is no easy answer, but of this I am sure. The Church must be uncompromising in standing up publicly on issues of fundamental ethical and Christian importance. In teaching and proclaiming the real value of the Christian faith, it must also better extrapolate those values to everyday living in this century. That is, the Church must be seen as relevant, dynamic, caring and evangelical.

Schools are burdened with colossal responsibilities these days, but I think in the case of religious instruction, including ethics, they, with the Church, should play a more positive role. Because we have, for example, a minor percentage of Muslims, Hindus and Buddhists in our schools, that of itself is no good reason why we should abrogate on basic Christian instruction for the Christian majority. Such instruction should in no way preclude learning about the fundamentals of the other great religions, perhaps as part of a social studies syllabus.

Might I quote the words of Leo Tolstoy:

One of the most vulgar of all prejudices is that of the clever, who believe that one can live without faith. If you feel that you no longer have faith, you should know that you are in the most dangerous situation in which man can find himself on earth.

Or as Leon R. Kass of the National Academy of Sciences has put succinctly:

Here, perhaps, is the most pernicious result of technological progress – more dehumanising than any actual manipulation or technique present or future. We are witnessing the erosion, perhaps the final erosion, of the idea of man as something splendid or divine, and its replacement with a view that sees man, no less than nature, as simply more raw material for manipulation and homogenisation.

Sobering words; but true I think.

Finally, I offer a suggestion on our theme 'Service Above Self'. Would it not make a splendid national motto; one that could inspire all Australians as a living, breathing statement of intent and hope. Because if it was our national motto, it would attract the appropriate discussion and interest in our homes, our schools, our universities, our institutions, and our clubs. Why could it not be on government, business and professional people's letterheads? Could it not be a primary statement of focus on ANZAC Day?

To conclude. We live in a country that, by comparison, offers us everything. Clean air, pure water, a diverse and fundamentally strong economy, the rule of law, a truly democratic system of government, freedom of speech, association and religion, the English language, a diverse and rich culture and a heritage of which we can all be proud. By and large most people in the society try to be good, honest, motivated citizens. This is what being Australian really means.

But something is going wrong. Society in part appears to be losing its direction in terms of its core values, its ethics and its Christian philosophy. It is becoming increasingly a 'me first' society.

I have tried to give a personal view on how and why this has occurred and what might be done to correct a worrying trend.

'Service Above Self'. Not a bad motto for the nation to live by.

CHINESE TALES

by Randall J. Dicks

"If you go to South Wales, you will hear that, in 1910, the Government used troops to shoot down Welsh miners who were striking for their rights.

You'll probably hear that Winston Churchill, who was Home Secretary at the time, was responsible. South Wales, you will be told, will never forget Tonypandy! ...

And it wasn't a bit like that?

The actual facts are these. The rougher section of the Rhondda valley crowd had got quite out of hand. Shops were being looted and property destroyed. The Chief Constable of Glamorgan sent a request to the Home Office for troops to protect the lieges. If a Chief Constable thinks a situation serious enough to ask for the help of the military, a Home Secretary has very little choice in the matter. But Churchill was so horrified at the possibility of the troops coming face to face with a crowd of rioters and having to fire on them, that he stopped the movement of the troops and sent instead a body of plain, solid Metropolitan Police, armed with nothing but their rolled-up mackintoshes. The troops were kept in reserve, and all contact with the rioters was made by unarmed London police. The only bloodshed in the whole affair was a bloody nose or two. The Home Secretary was severely criticized in the House of Commons incidentally for his "unprecedented intervention". That was Tonypandy. That is the shooting down by troops that Wales will never forget ...

The point is that every single man who was there knew that the story is nonsense, and yet it has never been contradicted. It will never be overtaken now. It is a

completely untrue story grown to legend while the men who knew it to be untrue looked on and said nothing."— Josephine Tey, *The Daughter of Time*, 1951.

There are some facts of history which are universally known and accepted, but which are, in truth, not facts at all, but rather canards and black legends. Sometimes these "facts" are perpetuated through simple ignorance, but more often they are the deliberate product of political rivalry, personal animosity, or greed. Monarchs who have reigned in what the old Chinese curse calls "interesting times" are frequent victims: Richard III, Marie Antoinette, Nicholas II, Farouk of Egypt.

One of the greatest victims of historic black legends is Tzu Hsi, 1834-1908, Empress Dowager of China, concubine and consort of the Hsien Feng emperor, mother of the Tung Chih emperor, and aunt and adoptive mother of the Kuang Hsu emperor¹.

The Encyclopædia Britannica says of Tzu Hsi that she "maintained an iron grip over the Manchu imperial house, becoming one of the most powerful women in the history of China". A clever plotter and intriguer; "it was even rumoured she hastened the demise of the young emperor (her son, Tung Chih) by leading him into excesses and disrupting his person-

al life", and "flagrantly violated the succession laws" by naming her nephew as successor to the throne². Chambers Biographical Dictionary calls the Empress an "inveterate intriguer who worked to frustrate the country's late 19th-century modernization program", who confined her reforming nephew to the palace and "helped foment the anti-foreigner Boxer agitation, and a day before her own death, she organized the murder of Kuang Hsu."³.

Standard reference works and books on China echo such vilification and supercilious condemnation. In short, "The last empress of China is remembered as one of history's monsters – an iron-willed concubine who, after usurping power in 1861, ruled from the Dragon throne for half a century. Her reign, in the aftermath of the Opium Wars and through the Boxer Rebellion until the collapse of the 2,000-year-old empire, has traditionally been seen as one of murder, poison, and intrigue"⁴.

This has been the picture of Tzu Hsi which started to circulate even years before her death, and flourished in the years afterward. Indeed, the picture took on a life of its own, for none of it was true.

Some twenty years ago, the principal architect of the legend of the Empress Dowager was revealed to be a con-man of colossal proportion. In *Dragon Lady*, the first

full-length reassessment of Tzu Hsi since then, the legend is exposed by Sterling Seagrave as an outright hoax. Seagrave demonstrates that the Empress Dowager was a woman of limited education, barely literate, who enjoyed dogs, flowers, and children, more of a "Chinese Granny" than the reptilian Borgia intriguer of the Tzu Hsi legend. "Although Tzu Hsi was assigned any number of perverse characteristics by people who knew nothing of her – and scholars who should have known better – the simple truth is that she was as unremarkable as drinking water. The rest is all nonsense, slander, and mischief, motivated by greed, racism, sexism, and plain everyday wickedness. That is why any study of her must really be a study of those who demonized her. Drinking water, of course, is only unremarkable until you need it"⁵.

The lurid legend can be primarily attributed to four individuals – British, Chinese and Australian – and, through negligence if not by design, to one of the world's great newspapers.

The principal Chinese villain was Kang Yu-wei, a charlatan who nurtured inflated notions of his own capabilities, who fancied himself becoming grand counsellor to the Emperor and the power behind the throne. In reality, he first failed and then barely passed the civil service examinations, and was offered a minor secretarial post. He declined this job which matched his abilities, and became an ardent pamphleteer, continuing to seek higher office and eventually becoming involved with radical reformers. He had to flee for his life, and from the safety of exile, began a campaign of slander against the Manchu Dynasty, even sending assassins to do away with the Empress Dowager, the main target of his vitriol. He manufac-

tured tales of palace intrigues and sexual misbehaviour, falsely claiming to know the young emperor and Dowager personally. At the end of the 19th century, even diplomats in Peking knew next to nothing about the Ching Dynasty, the reigning emperor or the Empress Dowager, or about Chinese history in general, and Kang's lies, promoted by him as a reforming insider's revelations, found ready audiences both in Peking's diplomatic quarter and in the west.

Next in line was Dr. George E. Morrison, Peking correspondent for the Times of London. An Australian wanderer educated in Geelong, his early life sounds like that of a character from Jules Verne: at 18, he walked across Australia alone, covering 2,000 miles in 123

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days. Three years later, he led an expedition to New Guinea, where he was gravely wounded by a spear. The barb was removed in Edinburgh, where Morrison found time to complete his medical studies. However, like Arthur Conan Doyle, he was bored by the practice of medicine, and made his way to China, where he completed another monumental trek, a 3,000-mile journey from Shanghai to Rangoon. His 1895 book on this adventure brought him to the attention of the Times, and he was offered a job in China, where he became the only full-time journalist resident in Peking.

But Morrison the wanderer never seemed to be quite content with his role as Peking correspondent for the Times. He coveted a knighthood; he yearned to be Prime Minister of Australia; he became bored with the Peking

"scene", and was preoccupied with preparing for his retirement, although he was only in his thirties and forties during the time in Peking. He assembled a great library of Chinese books and manuscripts, a treasure to be sold to secure his future comfort. Although he spent twenty years in China, Morrison never learned to speak Chinese, which put him at a great disadvantage as a reporter (and as a bibliophile), forcing him to rely on others for his information. This was the key to Morrison's part in the legend of the Dowager, for his friend and assistant was the *éminence grise* of the tale.

Morrison's "influence on history, deliberate and unconscious, altered the international equation for nearly a century afterward. ... What his editors did not know was that many of Morrison's articles contained distortions and inventions provided by his Chinese-speaking assistant and that Morrison himself kept a secret chronicle of events that was strikingly different from his newspaper accounts. As journalism's first China watcher, Morrison was responsible for many of the slanders and half-truths about China that persist to this day"⁶.

Another Times correspondent in China was their man in Shanghai, J.O.P. Bland, a pompous, strait-laced fellow who was meticulous in his attire but fatally gullible as a journalist, even though he, unlike Morrison, could read and speak Chinese fluently. Apparently he sometimes filled in for Morrison when the Peking correspondent was off hunting snipe; one of the times was in 1908, when the Kuang Hsu emperor died, followed the next day by the Empress Dowager.

And finally, there was the man whom Sterling Seagrave calls "one of history's greatest swindlers": Sir

Edmund Trelawny Backhouse, Bt. Seagrave concludes that Backhouse's blend of audacity, timidity, and compulsive mendacity was the result of lifelong insanity, which Backhouse brilliantly managed to conceal – most of the time.

Backhouse came from a wealthy family; his father had been a banker, but sold his interests to Barclays, and became a country gent, active in Liberal Unionist politics, an interest which eventually earned him a baronetcy. Two of Edmund's brothers became admirals. He had an extraordinary gift for languages, seeming to absorb them rather than learn them. He had every seeming advantage, but "what nobody knew was that Edmund was the product of a bizarre and miserable childhood that would have made fascinating study for a Freudian psychiatrist". There was no joy in his parents' lives; his mother was subject to "cataclysmic" rages; his father beat him, and relations with his siblings were equally unsatisfactory. He was brilliant but highly unstable, says Seagrave, a liar, cheat, thief, and ostentatious homosexual. "None of these attributes was unusual among his contemporaries, singly or in combination, but Edmund had the additional disadvantage of being functionally insane"⁷.

He attended Winchester, where he was known as a liar and a cheat, and enrolled at Merton College, Oxford, but dropped out in his last term, after a nervous breakdown. He fled England £22,000 in debt, a colossal sum at the time, and was lost from sight for several years.⁸ He emerged in Peking in 1899, a remittance man paid by his father to stay away from home.

Morrison met Backhouse soon after the latter arrived in Peking. "They had much in common," writes Seagrave; "both were bachelors with intellectual pretensions,

interested in books and manuscripts, obsessed with sexual peccadilloes of every sort, and both pretended to be stuck in Peking."⁹ And, for good measure, Backhouse knew Chinese, and could provide vital assistance to Morrison in his duties for the Times. Unfortunately for everyone who relied on that newspaper for accurate information about distant people and places, Backhouse was deranged, and Morrison believed every word he was told, until it was too late.

Backhouse made himself useful and eventually indispensable to Morrison, although he was paid nothing for his translations and information, much of which was attributed to nameless courtiers. Even though the information which Backhouse provided could never

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be verified by Morrison, it was passed on to the Times, and to history, on the word of the reclusive "white mouse" Backhouse. Backhouse made a point of being in Peking when Morrison was absent, so that no news would be missed. What Morrison did not realize was the Backhouse was making most of it up as he went along, adding forgery to his dark talents. Morrison on his own had distorted or misstated facts; in concert with Backhouse, the inaccuracies were to reach epic dimensions.

The reasons for Backhouse's scandalous lies are not easy to explain, except that he was not a rational being. It amused him to fabricate grotesque tales, and be believed. Perhaps it gave him a feeling of importance; owing to his reclusive nature, he might have gone unnoticed and unknown otherwise. Certainly the Chinese

monarchy and dynasty had done him no wrongs personally. Seagrave suggests that Backhouse's decades of animosity towards the Empress Dowager were the result of a transference of his feelings toward the mother who had "mocked [his] childish tears".

Backhouse scored a great coup in 1908, when Kuang Hsu and Tzu Hsi died in quick succession. Morrison was away from Peking, and Bland was in the city, responsible for sending reports to London. Backhouse obligingly fed information to Bland, for submission to the Times, on the deaths of the Emperor and the Dowager. Gullible Bland believed every word. The articles were published, attributed only to the newspaper's unnamed correspondent in Peking, and the accounts went around the world. What Backhouse had written was complete fiction. In later writings, with Bland as his partner and dupe, Backhouse cited those Times articles as the authoritative source of what he was repeating in his books. He pulled off the hoax, publishing two books after the Dowager's death, filled with what Seagrave calls "sly pornography".

Incredible as it seems in the age of instant media analysis and news as it happens on satellite television, Backhouse was able to pull off his hoax and make fantasy reality because the west was so ignorant of China. After Tzu Hsi's death, the New York Times published an obituary in which the Dowager's name was given incorrectly, and a photograph of someone else was published as hers. Westerners were apparently willing to believe anything about the mystic Orient, and they did. First Kang's and then Backhouse's obscene fantasies were accepted without question. Perhaps the West wanted to believe the worst of China and its rulers, to justify intervention and acquisition and outright looting.

Morrison caught on, but it was too late. Backhouse's first book with Bland had been based, supposedly, on the diary of a high Manchu court official. The diary and translations were supplied by Backhouse, as well as other information, all of which was crafted by Bland into its final book form. Morrison and others questioned the authenticity of the diary. Ching Shan, the person who had supposedly written it, was a minor bureaucrat, not a high official; Backhouse claimed that there was a confusing similarity in names. Seagrave writes that Morrison challenged the diary not because he disagreed with the point of view it supported, for he, too, had distorted facts "in the interest of empire" over the years. It was quite a different matter, however, for Backhouse to make facts for his own amusement, "falsifying an entire period of history, motivated only by mischief. Nearly a century later, such a fine distinction is blurred"¹⁰.

Bland saw the light, but much too late; he did not mention Backhouse's name in his memoirs. Neither Morrison nor Bland could press the issue without destroying their own reputations for ever, as fools if not co-conspirators. Morrison enjoyed being known as "Morrison of Peking".

Backhouse's misdeeds never did catch up with him in his lifetime. He inherited his father's title, and gained even further credibility as Sir Edmund Backhouse, China scholar and historian, privy to the most intimate secrets of the Manchu court ... or such was his reputation in the years after the fall of the empire, when the republican government had no interest in the reputation of the Ching Dynasty, and those who knew better were dead, had left Peking, or did not care to expose Sir Edmund for rea-

sons of their own. Backhouse remained in China, dressing in Chinese robes and growing a long, white beard, for the rest of his life, thoroughly unrepentant. At one point, he conned an American firm into signing contracts for the printing of Chinese banknotes, and received a hefty commission; it turned out that Chinese officials knew nothing about the deal. The contracts were forgeries.

Backhouse wrote two volumes of memoirs during World War II, shortly before his death, which have not been published. In these salacious works he reveals his losing struggle with reality, describing an imaginary affair with the septuagenarian Dowager.

The fraud involving the Empress Dowager and the imperial court of

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China which has now been revealed is perhaps more extraordinary than any of the fiction ever concocted about Tzu Hsi. Perhaps this manipulation of history has some relevance to the present time, when so much is written about the Prince (and Princess) of Wales: detailed descriptions of events and incidents which never took place, first-hand accounts by people who have never met the persons being described, purloined documents, intrusive cameras, racy fiction where the facts are too mundane.

Various individuals, institutions, and nations had motives for discrediting the Dowager Empress of China, the Emperor, and the Chinese monarchy. Some people may likewise have motives today for disparaging the House of Windsor and its scions. The Prince of Wales has a strong personality, and is a keen observer and perceptive critic

of society and its operations. He has not only a social conscience but a cultural one, as well. He has ideas which he articulates and tries to put into action. Such a person, such a prince, might be an inconvenience to those with a vested interest in the status quo.

It is worth remembering that sometimes what we know to be true is not, that events which we know happened and perhaps even remember never did occur. The Boston Massacre was no massacre. No troops shot anyone at Tony-pandy. The Dowager Empress Tzu Hsi did not murder three emperors of China, or build a marble boat with funds intended for the Chinese navy, or foment the Boxer Rebellion. Fortunately truth – "the daughter of time" – sometimes prevails.

1. There are many systems of transliterating Chinese names. Tzu Hsi is also known as T'zu-Hsi, or, in the current Pinyin system, Cixi. Hsien Feng is also Xianfeng; Tung Chih is Tongzhi; and Kuang Hsu (or Kuang Hsü) is Guangxu.
2. *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 15th edition. The entry for Tzu Hsi is unsigned.
3. *Chambers Biographical Dictionary*, Sir Magnus Magnusson, editor, London, 1990.
4. From the dust jacket of *Dragon Lady: The Life and Legend of the Last Empress of China*, by Sterling Seagrave. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1992. This biography is perhaps the most important book about the Chinese monarchy to be published this century.
5. *Dragon Lady*, p. 262.
6. *Dragon Lady*, p. 7. Morrison's papers are preserved at the Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales.
7. *Dragon Lady*, p. 282.
8. Colossal, indeed; after his father settled Edmund's debts in England, he lived in Peking on £300 a year provided by his father.
9. *Dragon Lady*, p. 277.
10. *Dragon Lady*, p. 451. The Backhouse and Bland books are China under the Empress Dowager and Annals and Memoirs of the Court of Peking. There is a biography of Backhouse by the distinguished historian Hugh Trevor-Roper called *The Hermit of Peking*, published by Penguin Books in 1978.

[Editor's note: Other books by Sterling Seagrave include *The Soong Dynasty*, *The Marcos Dynasty*, *Yellow Rain* and *Soldiers of Fortune*.]

CAPTAIN COOK: THE COLUMBUS OF THE PACIFIC

by Reg A. Watson



WITH the replica of the Endeavour pulling into ports around Australia, interest in the amazing Captain Cook has been on the increase. Intricate research by the designers and builders of the replica got it right. Only the modern navigation and safety equipment, plus engines, have been added. These are required by law.

"These modern facilities are hidden below," the latter-day captain of the Endeavour, Chris Blake, said, while the vessel was docked in Hobart. "In those areas, Captain Cook would have stored three years of rations, firewood, water, an ox, a goat and chickens."

The vessel was open for public inspection and the general feeling was that one left with a greater respect for the achievements of James Cook and all who sailed with him.

Of course, in these politically sensitive times, Cook has his critics; not so much because of his historical activities, but because of the results of his remarkable voyages and discoveries. Dr. Jan Kociumbas, a senior lecturer in history of the University of Sydney believes Cook brought to Australia, "massacre, rape, starvation, disease and dispossession." "In some northern Australian communities he has become an icon of immorality," she said, but did not explain which communities. Well of course Dr. Kociumbas may not have become a senior lecturer in history, if not for Cook – a matter missed by this modern-day arm-chair critic.



However, like the original, the replica carried 93 crew. All those past seafarers shared in Cook's achievements which resulted in the British settlement of eastern Australia.

Cook was indeed an amazing man; his epic voyages, his meticulous maps (used up to one hundred years later), his humanitarian treatment of the crew, has given Cook, deservedly, an heroic reputation. He was to be sure, not a Prince Charming. He was a man of his time and could by today's standard, be harsh when dealing with the native Pacific people. His journals testify to this, but

we are dealing with historical facts and while modernists may condemn him, his achievements, as said, were of "epic" proportions. So, who was this "Columbus" of the Pacific?

In essence he was a scientific explorer. He had a great thirst for knowledge and was fortunate enough to live in the great age of English sea exploration and travel.

Cook was born at Marton, a village in Yorkshire, on 27 October, 1728. At age 13 years, after some school

ing, he took an apprenticeship at a grocer's shop, but he left after eighteen months. It was obvious the sea was calling him and he took another apprenticeship with a company of Quaker ship owners. He first took to the sea on a coal vessel, sailing as far as the Baltic. When 25 years old, he joined the Royal Navy and was sent to North America where he assisted General Wolfe in an attack on the French at Quebec.

As a navigator Cook undertook the important work of sounding the St. Lawrence River. He narrowly escaped death through a concerted attack by natives in canoes. After further important survey work and assisting in the capture of Newfoundland, he returned to England and married Elizabeth Batts from Essex in 1762 at St. Margaret's Church, Barking. Elizabeth was thirteen years his junior and lived to 93 years of age. She saw everyone in her family die before her, all six of her children and James.

A year after his marriage he was back in Newfoundland as Marine Surveyor and while there, explored the country, compiled charts and observed the eclipse of the sun. For this work he was rewarded with a special grant of fifty pounds when he returned to England.

Cook's observations of the eclipse took the notice of the Royal Society and they promoted the idea of a ship proceeding to Tahiti to observe the transit of Venus. There was some opposition to the concept, but eventually a sum of £4,000 was put aside by the Admiralty with Cook as commander.

Many suitable vessels were inspected for the journey, but choice fell upon The Earl of Pembroke of 370 tons, to be renamed the Endeavour Bark. After a refit

everything was ready and the Endeavour (as it had become known) sailed out of Plymouth Sound, 26 October 1768 at 2 p.m., under secret orders. On board, beside Cook, were a number of scientists, including the well-known Sir Joseph Banks, Fellow of the Royal Society and close friend of Cook. There were also three artists, John Reynolds, Buchan and Sydney Parkinson.

Cook's orders were to proceed to Tahiti after which he was to



Replica of Cook's Endeavour Leaving Hobart, November 1994

make discoveries in the South Pacific Ocean till he came to New Zealand and then to return to England.

Cook reached Tahiti in safety after proceeding by way of Brazil, the Falkland Islands and Cape Horn. His great achievement was to carry fresh supplies of water, meat, vegetables, fruit and wine to prevent scurvy. At Tahiti a fort was organized called Point Venus.

The results of the observation were successful. However, he did have problems with the natives because of their thievery, an art at which they were "prodigious

experts". Sadly, the artist Buchan died of an epileptic fit. Leaving Tahiti, Cook took two native men and on 7 October 1769 he sighted the north island of New Zealand which he named Young Nick's Head. The Endeavour soon anchored in a bay which he called Poverty Bay. Cook, mistakenly, for a short time, thought he had discovered "Terra Australis Incognita" but in reality, of course, it was Tasman who had discovered New Zealand.

Cook came into contact with the natives whom he described as cannibals, but he treated them well. Relations were good and on the last day in March 1770 he left after claiming the land for the King and hoisted the Union Flag at an inlet he called Queen Charlotte Sound.

He sailed westward and sighted the east coast of New Holland. On 29 April 1770, after following the coast, he anchored for the first time in Australian waters, at a spot now known as Kurnell. Cook, Banks, the Tahitian men and a number of the crew were to land. It is believed a midshipman (Mrs. Cook's cousin) Isaac Smith was ordered by Cook to "jump out Isaac", and if this is true, Smith was the first known Englishman to set

foot on the soil of New South Wales. They stayed for a week, after observing a number of natives. There was a minor altercation with them, but efforts of friendship were in the end fruitful. After leaving, further exploration and landings occurred. Port Jackson, Port Stephens, Cape Hawke, Moreton Bay, Cape Townshend, the Barrier Reef, Magnetic Island, Whitsunday Passage and many other points and localities were named. Off the coast of Queensland, the Endeavour struck a reef and after 23 hours on the rocks, Cook succeeded in heaving her off into deep water.

There were many adventures on the way, too many to mention in this small work. Before bidding farewell to New Holland, Cook took possession of the country on behalf of the King, the ceremony taking place on a small island lying about two miles off the west coast of Cape York Peninsular. "Hoisting the English flag, we took possession of the whole eastern coast by the name of New Wales," so wrote Cook. Copies of his journal gave the name "New South Wales" and Cook himself later referred to his discovery as "New South Wales".

He then sailed through the strait between Australia and New Guinea and landed at Batavia, where a number of his companions and crew died from malaria. Finally, Cook returned to England where he became the hero of the day.

On his second voyage Cook sailed round the north and south islands of New Zealand and chart-

ed the Australian coast from Cape Hick to Cape York, thus proving these lands were not attached to a great southern continent. He had two ships, the Resolution and the Adventure, built by the same people, Fishburn of Whitby, who built the Endeavour. The discoveries of the second voyage included New Caledonia which eventually passed into the hands of the French. He also sailed closer to the Antarctic continent than any previous navigator. Upon returning to England, Cook was again received with honour. The Royal Society made him a Fellow.

His third and final voyage proved conclusively that no great continent existed within or near the Antarctic Circle, but an age-old question remained: Did a north-west passage exist? Cook was actually in retirement at the time, but the desire to discover this 'passage' excited him and with his old ship Resolution, together with the Discovery, he sailed from Ply-

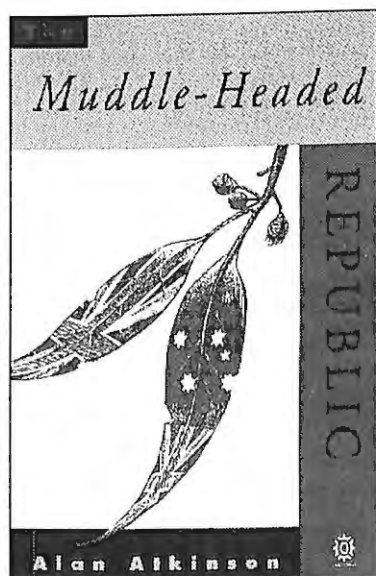
mouth on 11 July 1776 and proceeded to the Pacific Ocean. On 26 January 1777 the vessels landed in Adventure Bay, Van Dieman's Land, before leaving for New Zealand. He then proceeded to explore the Pacific. This voyage lasted two years and was terminated when Cook was butchered by natives in the Bay of Karakakoa at Hawaii in the Sandwich Islands, 14 February 1779.

Lieutenant Clerke later wrote: "They (the natives) immediately made a general attack upon him and the marines who were drawn up by him; the soldiers immediately fired, but before they could reload their pieces, the Indians broke upon them, killed Captain Cook, four of his party and wounded the Lieutenant, Sergeant and two others."

How do we sum up Cook? Do we need to say anything more than what we have learnt? Only that Cook was a success.

Recommended reading on heritage issues...

Books available through the Australian Heritage Society.



MUDDLE-HEADED REPUBLIC

ALAN ATKINSON \$18⁹⁵ POSTED

Succinct and provocative, The Muddle-Headed Republic is the most eloquent defence of the monarchy to be published in this country. Written by one of our leading historians, it shows what the monarchy meant in the past for Australians, and what it means still. It also shows where the new vision of a republic has come from. Alan Atkinson argues the the vision is muddle-headed, full of tension and contradictions.

Ideal gift

A HISTORY OF DISTRIBUTISM

(Address to the Third Way International Conference, London, 16 October 1994)

by Anthony Cooney

IHAVE been asked to speak today on the history of Distributism. If I were to confine myself to a narrative history, I think that that could be disposed of in short order. G.K.'s Weekly was launched in 1925 and the DISTRIBUTIST LEAGUE was founded in 1926.

G.K. Chesterton's contribution was the editing and financing of G.K.'s Weekly. The value of that journal is not to be underrated. It influenced the thinking of a number of M.P.'s. ranging from High Tories such as Anthony Fell to Honest Labour Men such as Simon Mahon. Perhaps the greatest success of G.K.'s Weekly was the exposure of the Mond-Turner plot to govern Great Britain by a Fasces of bankers, industrialists and trade union bosses, and reduce Parliament to a Committee Which Received Reports. The plot was rejected by an alerted House of Commons.

After G.K.'s death in 1936 his paper became The Weekly Review and continued publication until 1948. Assigned to "expose" the "clandestine Fascists" who published that paper, Douglas Hyde, the news editor of The Daily Worker, was converted by it to both Catholicism and Distributism. Distributism also played a part in the conversion of Hamish Frazer, a member of the Communist Party's National Executive and a former commissar of the International Brigade. It is perhaps noteworthy that both Bob Darke a leading London communist and Jimmy Reade of the Glasgow shipyards adopted Dis-

tributist ideas upon becoming disillusioned with Communism.

In 1948 The Weekly Review became a monthly, called, in reminiscence of Cobbett, The Register. When that too folded, Mr. Aidan Mackey gallantly launched a little monthly, first called The Defendant and later The Distributist. It became a quarterly in 1957 and ceased publication in 1959. It seemed then that Distributism had at long last been carted off to the bone yard of history. Except for one thing. In 1954 a small group of Liverpool subscribers to The Distributist launched a duplicated magazine called Platform. They even took their Distributism to the polls, contesting seats for the Liverpool City Council. In January 1960, after the folding of the Distributist, Platform became Liverpool Newsletter and has been published continuously ever since, and from January 1995, beginning with Issue No. 416, it will be placed in the safe hands of Third Way Publications and the editorship of Mr. Kevin Aspen.

In 1981, as editor of Liverpool Newsletter, I received a request from a new journal, National Consciousness, enquiring what exactly was this "Distributism" which Liverpool Newsletter was always carrying on about. The result was a series of articles by me, in that magazine, and in 1987 I was invited to contribute an article to Vanguard, the journal of the then National Front. You will forgive me the vanity of supposing that those articles sowed the seeds of the rebirth of Distributism which we see today.

That then is the narrative history of Distributism to date, a tale soon told, which looks forward to a brave sequel.

THE FIRST DISTRIBUTIST WAS ARISTOTLE

However I think you expect something more than a mere chronicle. Distributism is not a series of events; it is an idea and the history of ideas is always complex. The first thing to understand is that the idea of Distributism existed long before that word was coined. As Sagar says in his little booklet Distributism, "The immediate point here, however, is that it seemed such a normal thing that men did not think of naming it until it had been destroyed. Even then only a few men saw it so clearly as to think it worthy of a particular name."

We might claim that the first Distributist was Aristotle. Rejecting the communism of Plato's Republic he argues in his Politics, that "Property should be in a general sense common, but as a general rule private. ... In well-ordered states, although every man has his own property, some things he will place at the disposal of his friends, while of others he shares the use of them."

We could say that the first Distributist law was that decree of the Roman Senate which provided that a retired Legionary should not be granted more land than he and his family could farm.

We might argue that Wat Tyler was the first English Distributist, leading a peasants' revolt against

the re-imposition of feudal dues by the great magnates who needed the money to pay the usurers' interest.

THE FIRST BUILDING SOCIETIES

I think, however, that in modern times we must name William Cobbett as the first Distributist, he whom Chesterton called

"The horseman of the shires,
The trumpet of the Yeomanry,
The hammer of the Squires".

Ruskin also belongs to us. His Guild of St. George was the first practical attempt to establish and defend small-holders and master-craftsmen. William Morris' Arts and Crafts Movement, although calling itself "socialist" had much the same idea. To these might be added those practical working men of Halifax and Huddersfield who saw that they could never be free men whilst they lived in tied cottages, and who started the first "Building Societies" to make themselves freeholders. We may also cast our net to take in the founders of both the Consumer and Industrial Co-operative Movements.

All these many strands were brought together at the beginning of the century by A.R. Orage in the National Guilds Movement, which sought to establish ownership of guilds of workers on the medieval model. It was in Orage's New Age that Chesterton and Belloc first expounded the ideas which were to become known as "Distributism", and it was in those pages also that the historic meeting between Distributism and Social Credit took place. Orage described its impact in an article in *The Commonwealth* of 17th February 1926.

"The doubts that haunted me regarding the practicability of national guilds were concerned with something more important

than the viability of the idea. ... Somehow or other it would not 'work' in my mind ... the trouble was always of the same nature – the relation of the whole scheme to the existing, or any prospective system of money. ... One day there came into my office ... a man who was destined to affect a beneficent revolution in my state of mind, Major C.H. Douglas ..."

NOT WEALTH ALONE BUT IMMENSE POWER

Douglas had also written of the relationship between Distributism and Social Credit: "It is profoundly significant that what is now called 'Socialism' and pretends to be a movement for the improve-

'It seems to me to be axiomatic that distributed ownership cannot survive, much less co-exist, with a centralized system of debt finance'...

ment of the underprivileged, began as something closely approaching the Distributism of Messrs. Belloc and Chesterton, of which the financial proposals embodied in various authentic Social Credit schemes form the practical mechanism, although developed without reference to it (Distributism). It (socialism) was penetrated by various subversive bodies and perverted into the exact opposite of Distributism – viz. Collectivism."

It seems to me to be axiomatic that distributed ownership cannot survive, much less co-exist, with a centralized system of debt finance, as Belloc also recognized when in *The Essay on the Restoration of Property*, he wrote: "The

bank credit at work being about ten times the actual deposits, holds the throttle valve of the whole economic machine. It is of no use attempting to restore the institution of property here in England now until we have given the small owner some power of reaction against this universal master." (My emphasis)

Belloc indeed was here repeating the warning given by Pius XI in his sequel to Leo XIII's famous encyclical *Rerum Novarum*: "In the first place it is patent that in our days not wealth alone is accumulated, but immense power and despotic economic domination are concentrated in the hands of a few. ... This domination is most powerfully exercised by those who, because they hold and control money, ALSO GOVERN CREDIT AND DETERMINE ITS ALLOTMENT ... so that no one can breathe against their will."

I would only add here that the means to break the monopoly of credit are those proposed by C.H. Douglas, to which Orage gave the name "Social Credit".

Distributism, as Belloc insisted, places great emphasis upon the land, upon the widespread distribution of ownership of land. That being so, it has had, inevitably, a close association with the Back to the Land Movement, and with Organic Husbandry. Distributists were "greens" before anyone dreamed of that label. Distributism however, is not just a 'back to the land' ideal that must be insisted upon.

Back in 1973 I was talking about Distributism to one of those superior persons who inhabit the Conservative Party. "It sounds like 'back to the oil lamp age' was his supercilious response. A few weeks later the only growth industry in Great Britain, thanks to his Party and Mr. Heath, was candle-making. People would

have been glad of a few oil lamps as they sat out the power cuts! Distributism makes no secret of the fact that one of its chief objectives is the re-creation of a yeomanry, and side by side with that, a larger body of husbandmen, cultivating their own land.

Nevertheless, we must beware of so emphasizing the need for the re-population of the land that we lay ourselves open to the charge that Distributism is a scheme for driving everyone out of the towns and ordering them to grow their own cabbages. We can leave schemes for "plainer living, higher thinking and more painful dying" to Pol Pot and the Third and Fourth Internationals!

Paradoxically one task for Distributists is to stop 'townees' buying cottages and small holdings in rural areas for use as week-end cottages. That has put the price of even the simplest home beyond the reach of young couples who actually work on the land, and is driving them from it – AND THAT IS DIABOLICAL! Scarcely less of an evil is the purchase of country homes by people who commute to work in the cities, but whose only connection with the soil is the planting of a lawn and a few apple trees.

The first task of Distributists is to lobby for legislation to assist those who live and work on the land to remain there. A scheme to achieve these objectives is given in a paper by C.H. Douglas entitled *The 'Land for the People' Racket*.

Only when we have staunched the flow from the land can we begin the real task of re-settlement. Ultimately re-settlement will require two things – training in how to live from the land whilst maintaining both its fertility and beauty by good husbandry, and the bringing into cultivation of areas now wilderness. John Seymour in his books *The Fat of the Land*, *The Complete Guide to Self-Sufficiency*, *Bring Me My*

Bow, etc. has shown that the first is possible; he has shown it by doing it. Philip Oyler in such books as *Feeding Ourselves* and *The Generous Earth*, has shown that the second is also possible. This is not the time to go into detail, but broadly speaking, Oyler recommends a return to the medieval system of land ownership known as "strip farming" as opposed to the modern "ring fence" system. The ring fence system means that families live in isolated farmhouses, far from doctors, midwives, schools and entertainment. It means that some farms have chiefly good land and others chiefly poor land. The strip system, on the other hand, means that families can be clustered together in villages, and that each farm has its share of good and poor land.

Great Britain is not an overpopulated country, compared with, say, Holland, which is a food exporter, but it has a problem as Ruskin pointed out, of maldistribution of population. For re-settlement of the "new lands" now wilderness, we must look to our young people, to their idealism, their desire for endeavour, achievement and adventure. Taught the good husbandry that John Seymour teaches, they can bring the wilderness back to fruitfulness, changing perhaps its natural beauty for a more human kind, the kind praised by that great pre-Distributist, Charles Kingsley, in his poem to Tom Hughes:

*"Where's the mighty credit
In admiring Alps?
Any goose sees "glory"
In their snowy scalps.
Give me Bramshill Common
St. John's harriers by,
Or the Vale of Windsor
England's golden eye.
Show me life and progress,
Beauty, health and MAN
Homes fair, trim gardens
Turn where'er I can."*

Before leaving this all important question of Distributism and the Land I will merely point out that there are many forms of private property – the doctor's, solicitor's or accountant's practice for example – we must defend them against the community health centre and law centre beloved of the Marxists. There is all manner of private property proper to industry and the town – from the corner shop to the family-run factory. I would not readily agree that ownership of shares in a joint stock enterprise, much less, through unit trusts, amounts to Distributism, but I would readily agree that railways owned by railwaymen and coal-mines owned by miners, by means of a distribution of shares, would be a form of Distributism, and a form suitable for all necessarily large-scale industry.

WHAT, WHY AND HOW

What then is Distributism? First of all it is not a programme or a scheme to put the world right over night. It is not a 'solution to all our problems', like Esperanto, phonetic spelling, decimal coinage or, God help us, comprehensive education. Distributism is the policy of a philosophy. That may not leave you much wiser at first hearing, for, like all organic things, Distributism demands study before it yields understanding.

We can ask three questions of any organization or group which is pursuing an idea: WHAT? WHY? HOW? WHAT to you want to do? WHY do you think it is a good thing to do? HOW are you going to do it?

The answer to the question "What?" will reveal a policy – action directed toward particular objectives. The answer to the question "Why?" will describe a philosophy – a way of seeing the world, a way of seeing Man, a

viewpoint of reality. The answer to the question "How?" will be a specification of methods for realizing the policy.

It is important to understand that every policy is derived from a philosophy. Behind every course of action we observe there is a viewpoint of Reality, a belief in how things SHOULD be. If a group is dedicated to getting people to go to Church, they are not doing that because they believe in atheism; they are doing it because their viewpoint of Reality is the Christian viewpoint. If a group are promoting class hatred, they are not doing that simply because they are unpleasant people; they are doing it because their viewpoint of Reality is the Marxist viewpoint. The philosophy which generates the policy may be and often is hidden; further a philosophy may generate more than one policy, and a policy may be realized by more than one method.

A policy is the application of a philosophy to the world we live in. Distributism, like Social Credit, is Applied Christianity. It is for distributists to devise the methods, in response to every changing circumstance, by which the policy may be realized.

Perhaps the most explicit statement of Distributism as a policy is that contained in the encyclical letter of Leo XIII, *Rerum Novarum*, which simply means "Of New Things". Leo XIII first states that the right to property derives, not from any man-made law or human convention, but from the Law of Human Nature. It resides in the nature of language and its future tense, that Man is the only creature who is both aware of the future and who can structure it through language. Because of this men can provide not only for their own future, but for that of their children and their children's children, by bequeathing property.

PROPERTY, LEO XIII SAYS, IS PROPER TO MAN

The encyclical then examines the 'new things' – Capitalism and Socialism. Capitalism is found to be an abuse of property, a deprivation of the many by the few. It has imposed "a yoke little better than slavery". It is significant that the language used to describe Capitalism is far stronger than that used to denounce Socialism, for Socialism is denounced. It is not merely an abuse of, but is contrary to Natural Right. Leo XIII concludes his examination of Socialism with a prophetic warning of the misery it will bring upon mankind if it is imposed.

What then is the solution to the problems created by these "new things"? Leo XIII says that there is a way that accords with the Law of Human Nature, a Proper Way, and that way is to achieve widespread ownership of property – ideally by every family in the land. This is what he says:

"We have seen therefore that this great labour question cannot be solved save by assuming as a principle that private ownership must be held sacred and inviolable. The law, therefore, should favour ownership, and its policy should be to induce as many as possible of the people to become owners. ... If working people can be encouraged to look forward to obtaining a share in the land, the gulf between vast wealth and sheer poverty will be bridged. ... A further consequence will be the greater abundance of the fruits of the earth. Men always work harder and more readily when they work on that which belongs to them; nay, they learn to love the very soil that yields ... not only food but an abundance of good things for themselves and those that are dear to them ... men would cling to the country of their birth, for no one would exchange his country for a foreign land if his


own afforded him the means of living a decent and happy life. These important benefits however, can be reckoned on, only provided that a man's means be not drained by excessive taxation." (Para. 35)

It was *Rerum Novarum* which inspired Belloc to begin his search for a new solution to old problems. It is our good fortune that, in company with two men of genius and a score of others of exceptional ability, he found it. It is called DISTRIBUTISM or THE THIRD WAY.

1. Pope Leo XIII (1810-1903) was Pope from 1878 till his death in July, 1903.

[Rose Cottage, 17 Hadassah Grove, Lark Lane, Liverpool L17 8XH, United Kingdom]

DISCOVERING THE REAL PRINCE CHARLES




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Prince**

Foreword by
SIR WALTER
CROCKER

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CONTRIBUTIONS
WELCOMED

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

HITTING THE BRICK WALL

by Professor W.T.C. O'Grady

"Woe to the man who seeks to shed a brilliant light in a place where people want to keep in darkness and shadow."

BENEDETTO CROCE

We live in a time when our race is confronting fundamental issues that are staggering in their importance and possible consequences. Yet to watch the coverage of public affairs on television or to read mainstream newspapers and magazines is usually to be confronted with a monumental exercise in trivia and irrelevance. One suspects that much of this serves as a diversion, as the free hand of the magician diverts the eye from what is really going on.

In a climate of such pervasive deceit, eager Truth-seekers could surely be forgiven their naivete in thinking that any glimpse of reality would be seized upon and devoured by the Truth-starved populace. But, sadly, such is not the case. My own experience is probably typical. In some eight years of expounding "the cause", in both a subtle and a not-so-subtle manner, I could count on the fingers of one hand the number of people who have reacted with, "Hey, that's really interesting. ... How do I find out more about it?"

In the vast majority of cases the response has varied from utter indifference to overt hostility. This syndrome can be partially explained in the words of Nietzsche: "I don't like it." "Why not?" "Because I am not up to handling it." Did ever a man answer thus? and of Lord Halifax: "A man that

should call everything by its right name would hardly pass the streets without being knocked down as a common enemy."

We activists must remember that not all people are gifted with the same vision, the same ability to understand or to comprehend, and often distrust or fear what they do not understand.

Whites have been turned against themselves. They have accepted a dominant ideology that denies and violates their vital rights and interests, promotes their diminishment and destruction, prohibits them from acting to save themselves, and condemns as immoral those who do. This perverse ideology is inter-racism. The conditioning is so successful in some people as to evoke a veritable Pavlovian response, an unthinking knee-jerk reaction of blind indignation against vital White interests and those who support them.

And there are those who simply cannot see the effects of inter-racism, or just do not love or care about the White race. They, too, support inter-racism.

Then there is the fear factor. The threat is out there. It is real and it wants to get us. Acknowledging that, we must learn to circumvent the threat. We simply cannot be paralysed into inaction. That is what "they" are counting on. Any terrorist will tell you that instilling fear in people is better than killing them. Fear is a more superior pacifier of the masses than an arsenal of weapons.

BETRAYAL OF FUTURE GENERATIONS

But fear can be overcome. Unlike the physical realm of weaponry, fear is a manifestation of the mind and can be banished by the right thinking. Hiding our heads in the sand and hoping that we can still slip through life enjoying the few comforts we worked so hard for is not only cowardly, but a betrayal of generations to come. We must learn to conquer fear to turn our rout into a rally.

Complacency is another factor we are up against. It stems from the desire to believe that all is well, or if something is wrong, it is only a minor problem and does not require decisive action. Complacent people conform to the dominant or established culture, accept its beliefs and values, comply with its doctrines and dogma. They do not like to be informed that something is seriously amiss, that something important is in dire peril and requires action to save it. They do not like to be disturbed from their inertia and false sense of well-being by knowledge that imposes a moral responsibility or duty to act, and resent those who confront them with such knowledge.

There is another reason to avoid reality, embrace ignorance and fear knowledge. People frequently wish to be spared knowledge that will cause them pain. The ability to perceive reality, when one's people are undergoing a process of destruction by a ruling power so dominant it seems impossible to stop, is a source of great pain and suffering to

those who have it, and who care. To Whites who love their race, knowledge of its ongoing diminishment, and awareness of the racial death that awaits it a few generations in the future down its present path, brings the pain of an open, continuously bleeding wound that will not heal. But pain serves a positive and useful purpose. It is a warning. It makes us aware that something is causing us harm, even potentially killing us, to give us a chance to avoid it, to act to protect ourselves before it is too late. There are two types of Whites who do not feel pain at the destruction of their race - those who do not know and those who do not care.

Decadent and degenerate nations have a large inertial component. Unless you realize that the struggle to halt and reverse the decomposition of the White race will be exasperatingly protracted, you will never be able to sustain the high morale required for such an exhausting and long-winded project. Low morale is the automatic result of false optimism and unrealistic timetables.

Our destiny can only be reached by following the path of creation. It is not an easy path. Degeneration, the path of anti-creation, of decadence and decline, of surrender and collapse, of low values and lower morals, is always the easier path to follow, the path of least resistance to

which both the weak and the wicked succumb, and attempt to drag everyone else down with them.

Few achieve their maximum potential of quality, nobility, excellence, accomplishment and the procreation of quality children who will travel further along the same path. Herd-man does not even try, and resents and fears those who do, for it is beyond his comprehension and appreciation.

Don't become disillusioned. Keep up your spirits, for our noble fight is long and arduous!

[Professor of Ethnology & Sociology at the University of Mallow, County Cork, Ireland]

THERE'S PLENTY YOU CAN DO!

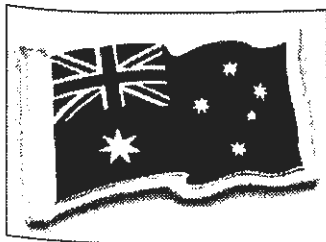
It is a national disgrace that our Constitution and structure of Government has been wilfully neglected by the education system. The least we can do is inform ourselves, our family and fellow Australians.

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Queen Elizabeth II

CHRISTMAS BROADCAST, 1994



I SHALL never forget the events in Normandy last June, when the representatives of the wartime allies commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of the D-Day landings. We who were there, and millions of others through television and radio, paid fitting tribute to the courage of those who took part in that epic campaign.

As Prince Philip and I stood watching the British veterans march past on the beach at Arramanches, my own memories of 1944 were stirred – of how it was to wait anxiously for news of friends and relations engaged in that massive and hazardous operation; of the subsequent ebb and flow of the battles in France and then in Germany itself, and of the gradual realisation that the war really was at last coming to an end.

Since those D-Day commemorations, Prince Philip and I have been to Russia. While we were in St. Petersburg, we had the opportunity to honour the millions of patriotic Russians who died fighting the common enemy. To see British and Russian veterans standing together, in memory of the sacrifices of their comrades-in-arms, was a moving experience.

I never thought it would be possible in my lifetime to join with the Patriarch of Moscow and his congregation in a service in that wonderful cathedral in the heart of the Moscow Kremlin. This Christmas, as we pray for peace at home and abroad – not least in Russia itself – we can also give thanks that such cathedrals and churches will be full and that the great bells, which greeted us, will be ringing out to celebrate our Saviour's birth.

We are frequently reminded, of course, that violence and hatred are still all too much in evidence. We can take some comfort, however, from the fact that more people throughout the world, year by year, have real hope of their children growing up in peace and free from fear.

Last Christmas we were witnessing the signs of a new dawn after the long night of bitterness, and this year these signs have become steadily stronger. If

that new dawn is to be a real, and not a false one, courage, patience and faith will be sorely needed – those same qualities which kept the flame of hope alive in the war-torn countries of Europe and the Far East in the dark days of the last war.

Christ taught us to love our enemies and to do good to them that hate us. It is a hard lesson to learn, but this year we have seen shining examples of that generosity of spirit which alone can banish division and prejudice. In Northern Ireland, peace is gradually taking root; a fully democratic South Africa has been welcomed back into the Commonwealth; and, in the Middle East, long-standing enmities are healing.

What it is that makes people turn from violence, and try to bring peace to their community? Most of all, I believe, it is their determination to bring reality to their hopes of a better world for their children.

The sight of the happy faces of children and young people in Russia, in South Africa, where so much has changed with such extraordinary speed in the last year, and in Northern Ireland, where there is real hope of a permanent end to the bitterness of recent years, should be enough to convince even the most hard-hearted that peace is worth striving for.

Next year, we shall commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the end of the Second World War. The celebrations will no doubt be spectacular, and I hope we all enjoy them. But we can also, each in our own way, ensure that they leave a lasting mark in history. If we resolve to be considerate and to help our neighbours; to make friends with people of different races and religions; and, as our Lord said, to look to our own faults before we criticise others, we will be keeping faith with those who landed in Normandy and fought so doggedly for their belief in freedom, peace and human decency.

The poet Siegfried Sassoon, amidst all the horrors of the war, still found himself able to write these words:

“Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted

And beauty came like the setting sun”.

If he could see the beauty from the trenches of Flanders, surely we can look for it in our own lives, this Christmas and in the coming year.

THE VINDICATION OF HILAIRE BELLOC

- Two Recent Books

BELLOC'S admirers will not only enjoy but will be gratified by Bob Copper's newly published *Across Sussex with Belloc* (Alan Sutton Publishing Ltd., Stroud, Gloucestershire, G.B. and Dover NH 03820 USA. 148 pp, illus. with index, hardback £14.99).

The book is an account by Bob Copper of his recent walk "in the footsteps of 'The Four Men'". Copper is a folk-singer of repute, having recorded numerous English folk-songs for the BBC and an "Author of the Year" (Country Book section). A Sussex man himself, he first read *The Four Men* in 1939 and has been a Belloc enthusiast ever since. He made his walk across Sussex in the "Quadragesimo Anno" of Belloc's birthday in heaven.

The Four Men is one of Belloc's best loved books. Written in 1911 it recounts a walk across Sussex in 1902. It is also his most atmospheric and mysterious book, for on this walk he (designated "Myself") is joined by "Grizzlebeard", "The Sailor" and "The Poet". On their journey they discuss deep matters, drink much ale and sing many songs but, before crossing the border from his home county, "Myself's" companions announce that they must all leave him.

Was this an account of a real journey, or an allegory of human life? Speculation about the meaning of *The Four Men* distracted attention from the account of the five-day walk. Critics assumed that it was an imaginary journey, a mere platform for Belloc's observations on life and death. Copper's book is a vindication of the actuality of Belloc's pilgrimage. Practically turning the pages of what he calls "The Book" as he walks, he discovers again and again things which convince him "that Belloc walked this way". He meets Sussex men who know Sussex songs and Sussex ways, just as Belloc did; he finds inns where they should be, and even the "little house" in the woods where the "Four men" spent a night. A man using an Ordnance Survey map to do his "walking" at his desk, would have seized upon prominent details which Belloc ignores, and have missed the small ones which Belloc emphasizes.

Sadly, stretches of the road which Belloc must have walked are now too risky for pedestrians, but happily footpaths more or less on line-of-march are still there. Nevertheless, outside the towns and away from the roads much of Sussex is as Belloc saw it; the people are there, the downs, the woodlands, the inns and the farms. This book has been a labour of love, and the spirit it breathes makes this reader at least, want to get up and go.

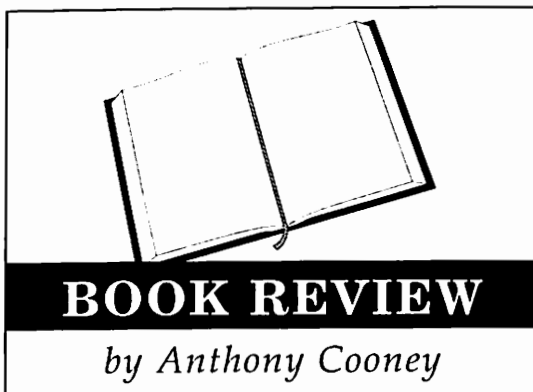
No historical theory was more radical in its time than that which Belloc advanced in *Europe and the Faith*. In opposition to the accepted orthodoxy, Belloc maintained that there had been no overwhelming invasion of Britain by Germanic tribes in the 5th century, but only a mutiny and *coup d'état* by a few thousand "Saxon" mercenaries, re-inforced by fellow ruffians. Having established themselves in control of "petty kingdoms" along the east coast of Britain, they severed the connection of the whole island with the Roman world. One result was the relapsing of the population into paganism, reversed by the Mission of St. Augustine, but there was no mass displacement of populations.

Belloc's theory was generally dismissed by academic historians, not least because Whiggism had a vested interest in the "Heroic German Farmer" myth, but now Belloc has been vindicated by an academic historian. Nicholas Higham is Senior

Lecturer in History at Manchester University. His *Rome, Britain and the Anglo Saxons* (Oxford University Press) is a scholarly monograph and as such is not easy reading. It synthesizes the findings of a range of disciplines: archaeology, paleobotany, philology, topography, geography, etc. which have influenced the study of history in the past two decades. Higham reviews and interprets the scant documentary evidence of the time in the light of the new findings of these disciplines. Whilst *Rome, Britain and the Anglo Saxons* is not about Belloc, its conclusions are broadly those of Belloc.

Higham proposes that the "adventus" of the Anglo-Saxons involved a small number of warriors. The aim of their mutiny was not to drive the indigenous population out, seize the land and work it themselves (not in any case a "warrior" ambition) but to usurp the taxation powers of the Romano-British successor kingdoms and enjoy the rents of the (often absentee) estate owners. The indigenous population remained; indeed their departure would not have been permitted. They were working for new landlords and finding it advantageous to adopt their language, customs and paganism, that is all.

We can await, with confidence, further vindication of Belloc's theories. Indeed in the economic field the vindication is all around us.



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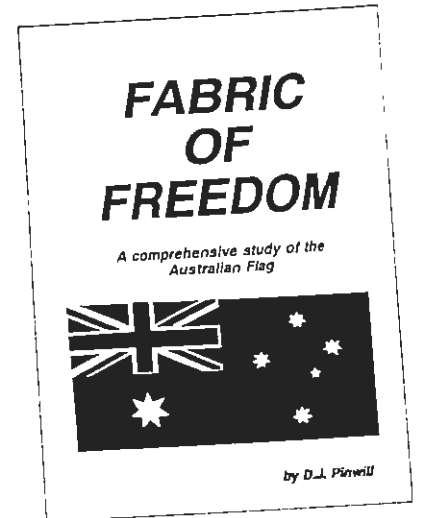
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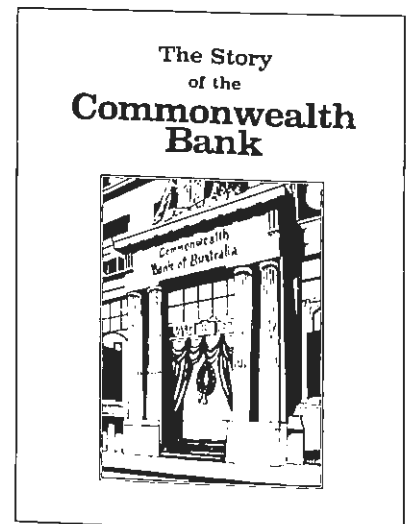
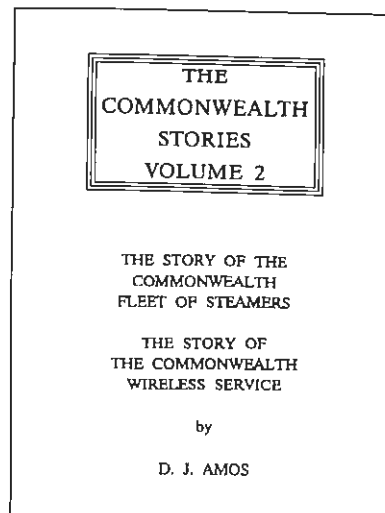
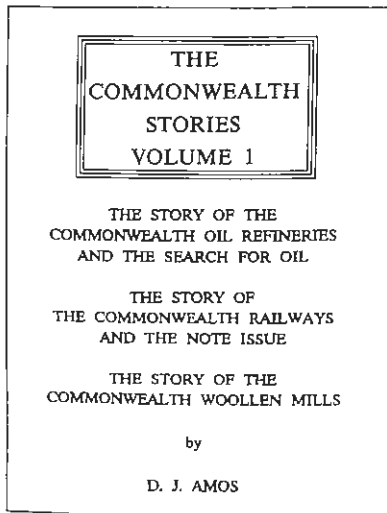


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