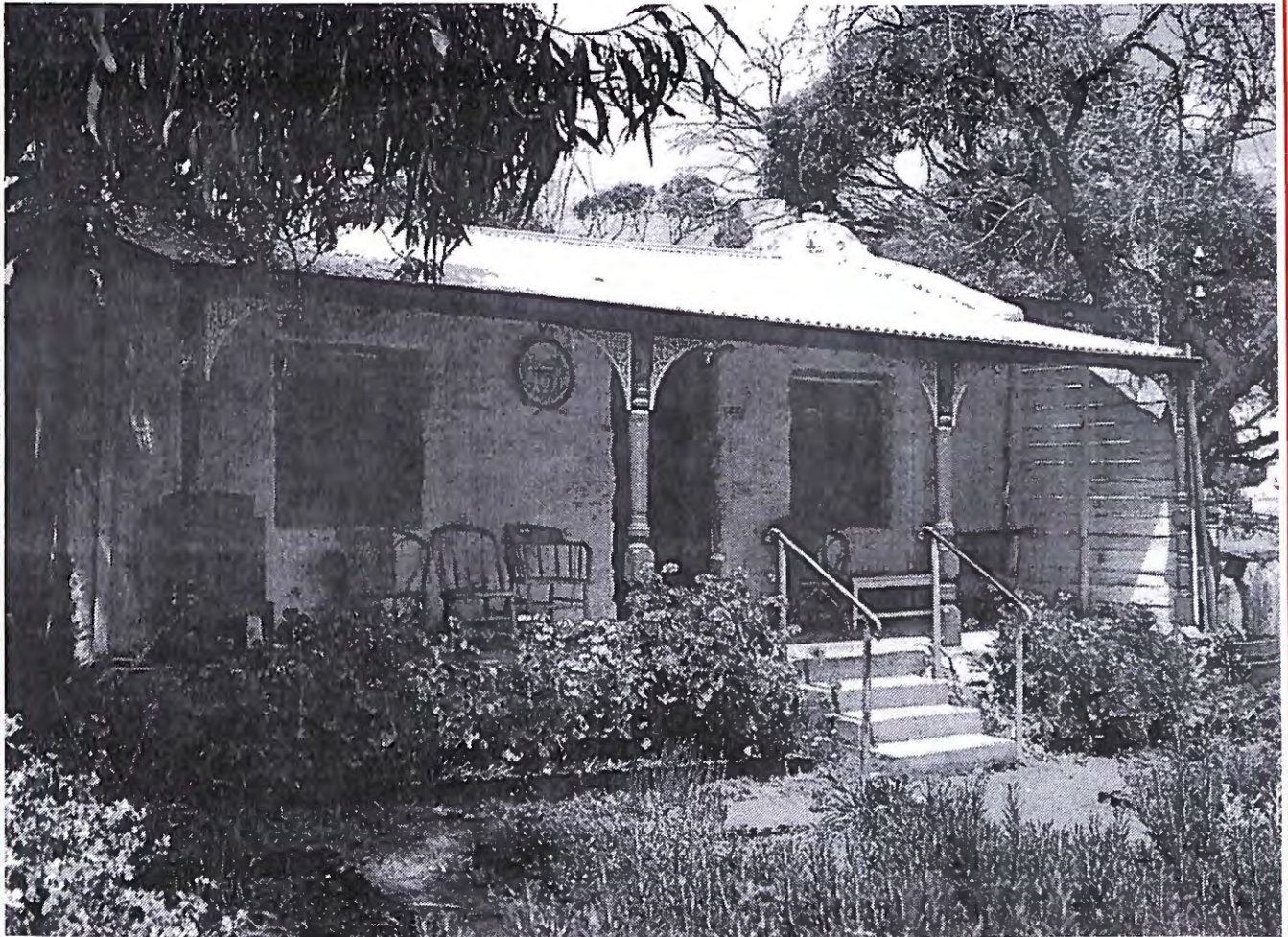




HERITAGE

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT - FOR THE FUTURE

No. 75 March/May 1995



A tribute to our Pioneers at KOPPIO SMITHY MUSEUM

We will remember them.

Also in this issue. . .



- The British Inheritance in Australia.
- Reign in Spain.
- An Anzac Day Warning.
- Where The Rainbow Ends.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE SOCIETY



No. 75

March/May 1995

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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.

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QUEENSLAND

2nd Floor, McConaghy House
460 Anne Street, Brisbane 4000
Telephone (07) 831 5481 Fax (07) 832 2518

CORRESPONDENCE & SUBSCRIPTIONS

The Secretary
P.O. Box 1035, Midland
Western Australia 6056
Telephone/Fax (09) 574 6042

EDITOR - Betty Luks

PUBLISHED BY
THE AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE SOCIETY

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

47 McHarg Road, Happy Valley
South Australia 5159
Telephone/Fax (08) 381 3909

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TRUE LOYALTY

THE strongest drive which we humans possess is the drive towards the perpetuation and the destiny of our kind. By "our kind" I mean, of course, our people, that people bound to us ethnically and by tradition, custom, history, language and sentiment; our true nation.

Thinking and feeling this way, we cannot cut ourselves off either from our past or our future. Our past has made us what we are and given us what we have. Had our ancestors not conquered and colonized large areas of the world, our present generation would lack living space and natural resources. Had our ancestors not achieved mighty works, we today would not only be unable to enjoy the practical benefits of those works, but would be unable to draw upon their creation as a sense of honour and pride.

Honour and pride are very real values because they are very real human emotions, without which mankind descends very quickly to a contemptible existence. This sense of honour and pride drives us to pass on to future generations the heritage which we have inherited from past generations.

But materialism, egoism and lack of responsibility to the future have become so prevalent that the spiritual and moral base

of western civilization is being worn away. There is no single answer to the multitude of problems which must be resolved. The reasons for such spiritual infirmity are too many and too diverse: rapid urbanization has severed the bonds between people and land; leaders have been selected for their subservience to Money rather than loyalty to their people; emotion-laden issues, such as the proper raising of children, have often been left to others with no children of their own and who are more eager to serve false egalitarianism than to honour achievement and excellence; there is a complete lack of a common morality, and in the television age, a massive dose of permissiveness has triumphed over discipline and order. Permeating all of this is the unmistakable odour of small 'l' liberalism, redolent of decay.

FUTURE OUTLOOK GRIM

How can anyone fulfil their obligations while living in an environment determined by values which are opposed to their own? How can they rear children in such an environment? All too often the answer is that it is irresponsible for us to have children in a world rapidly shifting from White to non-White, and compounded with the fact that the **quality** of Whites in their camp is fast declining too, the outlook is grim indeed.

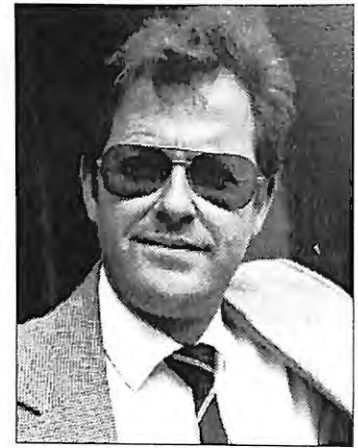
As the puppets of Money strive to insulate themselves fur-

ther against a worsening racial and social situation, most will continue to drift morally in the direction they have been taking for the last half-century. At the same time, the enemies of our people will grow more repressive as they do anything they can to keep the reins tight on their decaying world.

For a people in danger of extinction, we ought to start living it how it is. Even at this late stage we can still accomplish our goals, but we must first have the will to survive **as a people**, and that is certainly not the case today; and as bad as the moral condition of our people was before, it has become much worse since 1945. We cannot afford to become involved in yet another dysgenic, essentially fratricidal "world war". Furthermore, we should immediately abandon the ludicrous "Globocop" role, wherein our soldiers are sent to die among alien peoples in the four corners of the earth, ostensibly "to make the world safe for democracy", but, in reality, to serve our real enemies and their Money Power.

True loyalty is loyalty to ourselves, to our own people. We are vital links in a wondrous genetic continuum and our true purpose is to fulfil our obligations and responsibilities to our ancestors and to future generations ... to preserve our gene pool and to uphold the Promethean ideals of Genius, Beauty, Nobility, Courage and Destiny.

THE BRITISH INHERITANCE IN AUSTRALIA



by Reg. A. Watson

I am unashamedly proud to be Australian and I am unashamedly proud of and grateful for my British heritage and I will tolerate no politician or academic telling me I am not to be proud of it!

SEVERAL weeks ago I ventured up to the charming, historical village of Ross. I suppose I am a strange fellow; even as a boy when we went anywhere with friends or family, the first thing I did when I was set free from the bus or car was to search for the local cemetery. The graveyard of a locality tells the researcher so much about the people who lived there.

So in that little village of Ross, I searched out those who had come before us. The old cemetery situated on the crest of a hill up from the Methodist Church has many stories to tell of the early mortality rate, the tombstone of a settler who served at Waterloo, the mothers and wives who died in their 20's as did a number of their menfolk. Many well-known early local and Tasmanian families are interred there, some tombstones dating back to the 1820s. Leaving the cemetery I walked down to the old site of the female factory and I wandered through the old overseer's house, the only building left standing. There, you will read of the arduous existence of the female convicts. The village of Ross is indeed a place where one can ponder on the early days of our State of Tasmania and its heritage.

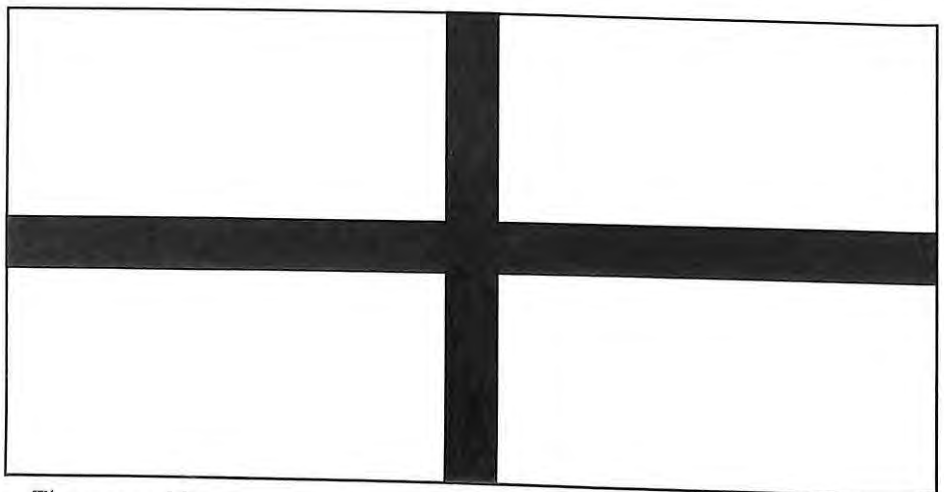
Certainly there was much, much brutality and injustice. There was a great deal of hardship, but it was a very different world from that which we know today and it is easy to be an

"armchair" expert and criticise our pioneers.

Ross was a British village and the island of Van Dieman's Land was a British settlement. When I went to school we learnt of the British settlement of Tasmania and of Australia. Later we were to learn of the European settlement, then in the 70's the politically-correct people got their busy pens out and now our children learn of the "European invasion".

In Ross, one will witness, with great admiration, all the trappings of early colonial society: the harshness, the convicts, the large landowners, the merchants, the military, the police, the cruelty, the success, the failures, the battling against the elements, the organization, the dependence upon one's own initiative, the sadness, the tragedy, the joys, the religion.

Despite the depravity, the immorality, the sadness and the like, out of it all grew the prosperous and respectable colony of Tasmania later to become part of the Federation of Australia. **There must have been reasons why this happened.** From the Mother Country, Great Britain, we chose to adopt and even to improve on these institutions and without them we would not have become such an admirable place. More importantly, there was a major element which really shaped the colony and that was the people. Despite the often sad and hard beginnings, there arose the colony of Tasmania. Here in the new colony of Tasmania, once the convicts' shackles were thrown away, it mattered not whether one was English, Scottish, Welsh or Irish. It mattered little whether one was Protestant or Catholic. We worked hard to enjoy the bounty that nature had given us and



The cross of St. George is more than just a mythological story of some fellow killing a dragon; it symbolises the triumph of good over evil.

were grateful for our inheritance which provided stability, vision and a sense of purpose. Under One God, one flag and one set of values, our nation emerged. The future looked bright.

Often we whites in Australia are dismissed on the grounds that our heritage goes back a mere 200 years. **Nothing is further from the truth.** Our heritage goes back thousands of years. We trace our heritage to the British Isles with all its thousands of years of history and, before that, from wherever we migrated, whether our origins were among the Franks, the Saxons, the Danes, the Jutes, the Angles, the Goths, the Celts, the Scots, the Picts, the Normans. History and archaeology tell us that even prior to finding a home in the "isles far off" our early societies were well constructed and well versed in knowledge and the skills of craftsmanship. We were great warriors.

In Australia the English married the Scot, the Scot the Welsh, the Irish the English and so on. Those in Australia who trace their family trees to early colonial times will see on those branches people from the four major sections of the British Isles. In my own ancestry I have them all -- English, Scot, Welsh and Irish -- and that is why the Society is called The Anglo-Saxon Keltic Society. In Australia and I dare say, in Canada, South Africa, America, New Zealand and perhaps even in Britain itself, one cannot separate the two main groups of people.

Naturally we inherited the English language. "Flash Al", Al Grassby, was so prejudiced against the British that he didn't want the language we speak in Australia to be termed "English"! The English tongue has developed over thousands of years as works by Shakespeare, Dickens, Hardy, Milton, Chaucer, Keates, Churchill, Muggeridge, T.E. Lawrence and Sir Richard Burton bear witness. From that off-shoot of the British Empire, as one modern writer recently described "England's most successful colony", the United States of America, came Finnemore Cooper, Dana, Hemingway, Somerset Maughan and Walt Whitman, to touch just the tip of the iceberg, and

here in Australia there were the Lawsons, Patersons and many others. Wherever the Empire spread, the English language went. Today it has long replaced French as the language of diplomacy; it has replaced German as the language of science and for a long time now has been seen as the international language of the world. Yet Australians don't even seem to appreciate it and in the land of Shakespeare it is not compulsory in the government schools to teach the greatest of all playwrights and poets.

Our heritage goes back thousands of years. We trace our heritage to the British Isles with all its thousands of years of history.

We inherited the British religion, Christianity, with all its implications, its strict morality and ethics. Australians, it is true, are not great church-goers, but nonetheless, the vast majority call themselves Christians. When the unknown soldier was laid to rest in Canberra a couple of years ago, Paul Keating would not allow him to have a Christian burial! [Quote: "He may not have been a Christian."] Our Christianity allowed us to move as "one people". The early Church founders of Van Dieman's Land, the Rev. Bobby Knopwood of the Church of England and the first Catholic priest, Father Philip Conolly, were great friends. In consequence, our ethics, our principles, our morals, our sense of right and wrong, our togetherness, our destiny were influenced for the good by our Christian heritage. This is reflected in our flag, with the three Christian crosses of the Union Jack. The cross of St. George is more than just a mythological story of some fellow killing a dragon; it symbolises the triumph of good over evil. Our flag then is Christian.

Christianity in Australia is today "a" religion and not "the" religion. On the heels of multiculturalism one has the natural progression toward multi-faithism. Harold Scruby, one of the

main organizers for an alternative flag, won't have the Eureka cross on any new flag because it is a Christian symbol.

One could argue that the Australian Constitution is a Christian document. It begins: "Whereas the People ... humbly relying on the blessing of Almighty God" and it should be remembered that those words, "on the blessing of Almighty God", were only included at the insistence of the Churches, except for the Seventh Day Adventist Church which campaigned against those words, fearing they would be forced to worship on Sunday and not their Sabbath day, Saturday. We have seen that this did not happen.

Even the American system has its roots in the British example. Our Constitutional Monarchical system of government is under great threat and that means much of what we now enjoy will disappear. In Australia, with our Federation and the extent of our thinly-populated land mass, we had to develop our own style of government. We borrowed the idea of a Senate from America. We are not "tied to Britain"; we are fully independent and the miracle is that we got where we are today with Britain's blessing. I believe that if King George III of England had been a little more sensible towards the American colonies, the United States of America would have developed in much the same way.

We have inherited our military traditions, which Mr. Keating is busily trying to weed out, even to the extent of doing away with the Victoria Cross and military pipe bands. Recently I saw on television that wonderful display, the Edinburgh Military Tattoo. I enjoyed the marching and music of a pipe band whose pipers had a very strong Chinese appearance. The band, it turned out, was from Singapore -- a legacy that goes back to their colonial background -- but they had sufficient admiration and sufficient sense to keep the better aspects of their British past. In Australia we have become ashamed of it. Why? What harm has it done? The British significance of our military tradition is a story in itself. **We must**

have done something right. Millions are fleeing to Anglo-Keltic lands world-wide. They are crossing the borders from Central and South America into the United States and Canada. South Pacific Islanders are pouring into New Zealand. Millions are banging on the doors of Britain itself, that tiny and over-populated country, not to mention the constant stream of people seeking to find a home here in Australia. Does this sound like the racist and bigoted people we are often accused of being? No! We are a very tolerant and generous people.

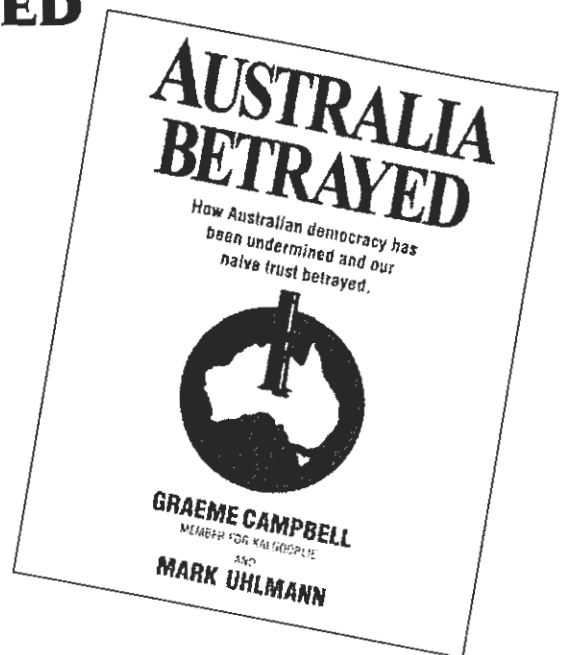
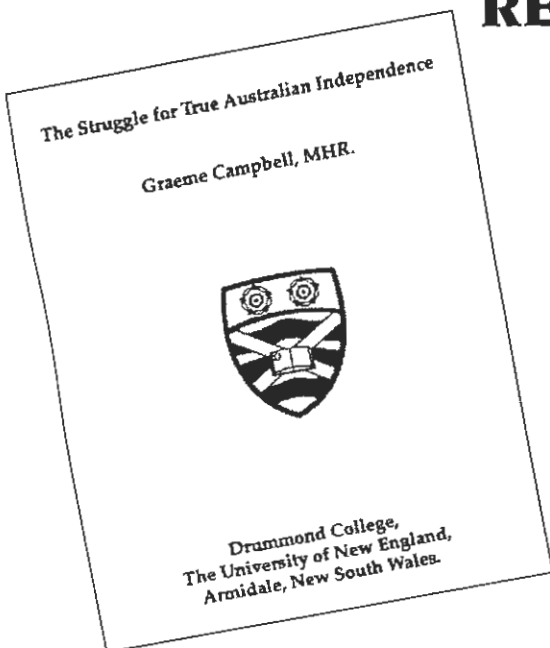
The Bible says, "Honour your mother and father" and notice, it does

not say when that should stop. It does not say to honour father and mother until one is 18 or 21. No! It means to honour your father and mother until they die and even beyond the grave. I believe the Bible has as much to say to the nations as it does to the individual. We in Australia should honour our Mother, Great Britain, for in not doing so we become rebellious, ungrateful children who break a Divine Commandment. We should honour Britain, feel a great affection for her, and respect her. **This in no way hinders our seeking our own national destiny.** When the politically-correct social manipulators wish to denigrate our past they refer to the British past;

when they cannot denigrate it, the past is referred to as European settlement. Let me tell you, it was a British settlement, not European, and it was from the British that we have inherited great traditions. I am proud to be Australian; I love this land; I am stirred when I hear *Pomp and Circumstance* or *Rule Britannia*; I enjoyed the recent broadcast of the Proms; I delighted to see so many Union Jacks. **Paul Keating eat your heart out!** I am unashamedly proud to be Australian and I am unashamedly proud of and grateful for my British heritage and I will tolerate no politician or academic telling me I am not to be proud of it!

RECOMMENDED READING

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See inside front
cover for addresses.



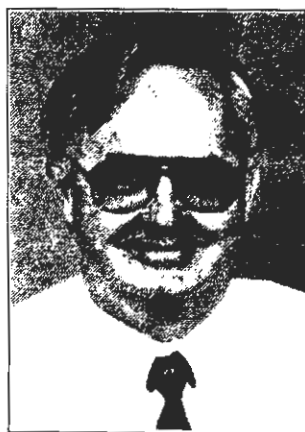
THE STRUGGLE FOR TRUE AUSTRALIAN INDEPENDENCE

by Graeme Campbell, MHR

Member for Kalgoorlie

being The Fourth Annual
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presented at Drummond College,
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Armidale, New South Wales,
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THE AUSTRALIAN NORTH-SOUTH RAILWAY

by K.T. Borow

WHEN Miss Mabel Hardy visited the mansion, Estcourt House, near Port Adelaide, South Australia, she admired the Bucknell coat of arms and the cedar staircase. She was told that Frederick Estcourt Bucknell, its owner, had named the pile after the family of his wealthy wife. He, himself, may have been related to the Bucknell of the well-known Ellerman & Bucknell steamship-line of Liverpool. He was said to have had his yacht lying at anchor 'a pistol shot from his mansion'. The house was built in about 1882.

In later years Bucknell became interested in building a railway to Darwin. Miss Hardy lists the numerous proposals, none of which succeeded. It may be supposed that the railway would have ended in sight of Estcourt House.

In August, and October, 1828, William IV wrote to Lord Melville, then the Duke of Clarence, drawing attention to the danger to "New South Wales" of the discovery of superior inland navigation in Australia. He recommended that a sloop-of-war be kept cruising in the neighbourhood of Roebuck Bay, on the north west coast. The discovery in that area of a river of the first magnitude risked opening to France or the Netherlands a way of attack. No doubt, at the time, the term "New South Wales" was used loosely both for the convict settlement at Botany Bay and the Australian continent.

In 1859, John McDowell Stuart, the explorer, expressed the hope that he would be enabled to open up a line for rail and telegraphic communication from Adelaide to London. On 24th

May, 1858, Sir Roderick Murchison mentioned Col. Gawler's contention that the "country to the west of Lake Torrens is the true and practicable line of communication for rail and common road and electric telegraph between the south-eastern provinces of Australia, the great interior, Stokes's Victoria River, and the north-west coast in general". On 13th August, 1840, Col. Gawler stated that he was prepared to supervise the exploration of the whole of the centre of the Australian continent, from the heads of Spencer's Gulf and the Great Australian Bight in the neighbourhood of Fowler's Bay. This would be honourable to the British Nation and useful to South Australia and its sister colonies. He recommended the employment of camels or dromedaries, say two pairs.

Capt. Sturt had already, on 25th July, 1833, confided to Sir William Hooker, his own desire to penetrate into central Australia. In about 1842, John Ainsworth Horrocks, when in London, unsuccessfully sought from the Royal Geographical Society a grant to enable him to lead a party from South Australia to the northern coast. On 12th September, 1843, the Sydney *Herald* opened a campaign to establish a route from Sydney to Port Essington, to enable the obtaining of cheap Asiatic labour for New South Wales.

All these proposals were made with little understanding of the two rival theories of colonization propounded by the leading theorists, Col. Torrens and E.G. Wakefield. Consequently the British Government retained the ownership of North Australia by Act of Parliament, as it does to this day. The Appendix records some of the details of the present situation.

Appendix : Summary of an address by K.T. Borow to the Royal Commonwealth Society (Adelaide Branch), on 30th March, 1995, on Aboriginal Land Trusts in the Northern Territory of Australia.

1. The validity of the Trusts depends on the validity of the "take-over" of the Northern Territory of Australia by the Commonwealth of Australia in 1911.

2. The "take-over" cannot be reconciled with the Royal Letters Patent of 1863.

3. Two groups of Anti-British land-hungry colonists, one in South Australia, the other in Queensland, took possession of, first the Northern Territory and second, of what may be called the three degree strip, to the west of Queensland.

4. The Colonial Office in 1884 refused to confirm the title to the Northern Territory. When the Chinese population was far greater than the White, the South Australians thought of handing it to an Australian Federation. John Langdon Parsons proved that this was illegal. C.C. Kingston, a South Australian politician interested in the matter, dismissed his Parliamentary Draftsman, with no reason given. This was Dr. Smith, from Natal, a prolific writer on legal subjects.

5. Alfred Deakin, a Victorian Federationist, concocted spurious arguments to pretend that the Northern Territory was part of South Australia, which it was not.

6. The result of all this is that an Australian Republic would have to buy this fifth of Australia from the Queen. Perhaps a capital levy could be made to find the money.

7. Capt. H.V. Barclay who wrote an article on the title to North Australia was appointed explorer for the Commonwealth of Australia at a high salary before he could write his second announced article.

8. The historians will have to recount that the Australian Federation began its career in a near treasonable manner.

[Editor's note: It seems to me not unlikely that the Commonwealth of Australia will attempt to include, among voters on a referendum, the aborigines in North Australia, while talking of human rights. To judge by its past actions, it would be ready to ignore its own absence of any title to that area. It might even try to call North Australia a "State", irrespective of legality. This matter will be discussed further in the next issue of Heritage.]

REIGN IN SPAIN

Randall J. Dicks

THERE had not been a royal wedding in Spain since May 31st, 1906, when King Alfonso XIII married a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, Princess Victoria Eugenia of Battenberg. The splendour of that occasion was marred by an assassination attempt just around the corner from the Royal Palace in Madrid.

Spain's next royal wedding, 86 years and a Civil War and a restoration later, was a glittering, thoroughly happy occasion, and the highlight thus far of the twentieth year of the reign of Alfonso XIII's and Victoria Eugenia's grandson, King Juan Carlos I.

The marriage of Her Royal Highness the Infanta Elena, 31, eldest of the three children of King Juan Carlos and Queen Sofia, took place in Seville, in Europe's third-largest cathedral, on March 18th. The groom was Jaime de Marichalar y Saénz de Tejada, also 31, a banker with *Crédit Suisse* in Paris. The Princess met her husband-to-be in 1987, while she was studying French literature at the Sorbonne, and, remarkably, they managed to carry on their long courtship without publicity until last year. Both bride and groom are described as reserved, and made every effort to avoid the limelight. The wedding ceremony itself was the culmination of several days of celebrations in which not only family and friends, but most of the nation participated. One newspaper declared, "It's not just a wedding; it's a social phenomenon participated in and applauded by the whole country." The 90-minute wedding mass, captured by 76 television cameras and seen live by 400 million television viewers, demonstrated what an important place the monarchy and Royal Family have come to occupy in Spain, which was a fascist dicta

torship under Generalissimo Francisco Franco for 36 years before the monarchy was restored in the person of King Juan Carlos in 1975.

The bride wore an ivory silk organza dress with heavily embroidered bodice. Her mother, Queen Sofia, wore sky blue silk chiffon with a single strand of pearls. Her father, the King, wore the dress uniform of the army. The service was attended by some 300 members of 38 royal families. After the Infanta said "I do", a roar of "Long live the bride and groom!" burst from the thousands waiting outside the cathedral. More than 100,000 people lined the streets of Seville, cheering as the newlyweds made their way in a 200-year-old horse-drawn carriage to the Church of El Salvador, where they prayed and where the Princess laid her wedding bouquet on the tomb of her great-grandparents.

King Juan Carlos personally paid A\$550,000 toward costs of the wedding. Even though the newlyweds have received the titles Duke and Duchess of Lugo (a royal duchy since 1577, although the title has never before been bestowed), they will receive no official allowance. They will live in Paris.

There were 1,300 guests at the wedding luncheon -- royalty from all parts of Europe, the Empress of Iran, the Sultan of Brunei; representatives of Spain's 17 regional governments; the diplomatic corps; and leaders of



King Juan Carlos of Spain

trade unions. In short, the luncheon guest list presented the role of the King of Spain in a nutshell: as international representative of his nation and dynasty, as chief of state, as King of all the Spaniards. It is a role which King Juan Carlos has mastered, and one which did not exist 20 years ago. Marius Caról, royalty correspondent for Spain's leading daily, *La Vanguardia*, says, "This is a country where there are not monarchists, but Juan Carlists. There are very few people who would call themselves monarchists, but everyone thinks the monarchy is a good thing. ... They feel it is theirs. I think this is its secret." Caról says that the very announcements of the wedding came as a balm, "it lowered the tensions of national life" at a time of economic and political crises.

It is not unusual that Spain does not have so many overt monarchists; neither do most monarchies. Where the monarchy is an accepted fact of everyday life, it does not need active supporters. Similarly, one would find few active republicans in the United States or Egypt or Peru. It is when the status quo is challenged that partisanship develops, as in Australia, where there are now active and even militant monarchists and republicans, division where there used to be national unity.

This wedding in Spain, which focussed world attention on the success of this restored monarchy and its extraordinary monarch, brings

inevitable recollections of the wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales, as well as reflections on the surprising survival of the House of Borbón in the late 20th century.

NOT NEWS IN SPAIN

The most interesting comparison to the story of the Prince and Princess of Wales in the aftermath of their resplendent wedding is in the treatment of the Royal Family by the Spanish press. The 8-year romance of Doña Elena and Don Jaime sounds like an irresistible story, but the romance was unknown to the public until January of 1994. The story has been thoroughly explored since then by the Spanish media, but without intrusion or innuendo, without telephoto lenses and electronic eavesdropping. As Justin Webster recently wrote in *The Independent*, "Allegations about people's private lives -- especially unproven ones -- are simply not news in Spain."

Julio Bou, editor of the weekly picture magazine *Lecturas*, explains that stories about personal scandals, "however scandalous", do not sell in Spain. "Either people regard them as completely normal, or they find them repulsive."¹ In either case, the Spanish press does not devote space to royal scandals, real or imagined.

For many people, the fact that King Juan Carlos is still on his throne, after nearly 20 years, is the surprising thing. Before he ascended the throne, "the widespread view on the left and within the Falange (the Francoist fascist party) [was] that the tall, handsome twenty-eight year-old Prince was an empty-headed mediocrity comfortably installed as Franco's stooge, [whose] diffidence and reserve did nothing to dispel that image".² When he ascended the throne two days after Franco's death, there were jocular references to "Juan Carlos the Last". The revised view is that Juan Carlos was biding his time; "From mid-1976, the new King played a central role in the complex process of dismantling the Francoist apparatus and in the creation of a democratic legality."³

The turning point came on

February 23rd, 1981, when the King showed his mettle.

When a group of armed military officers held the Cortes (Parliament) hostage, the King appeared on television, telling the nation that the King's support fell firmly on the side of Spain's new democratic constitution. The coup failed, and the King, more than any other individual, has been acknowledged as the prime mover in ensuring Spain's successful transition to democracy. It was the monarchy -- derided by some critics as old-fashioned, anachronistic, outdated -- which saved Spain from the likely alternative of chaos and military dictatorship, a continuation of the fascist state which had existed since 1937.

The Spanish monarchy, despite its

REIGN IN SPAIN

ancient and glorious traditions, operates modestly, with a cost to taxpayers of around A\$11,000,000 for the royal household. The Royal Family lives in a small palace -- or large villa -- in suburban Madrid, and uses the ornate Royal palace only for ceremonial occasions. The King pays taxes. The Royal Family does not own any property; this is in part due to the fact that it was exiled for many years, after the civil war. (The Imperial Family of Japan is in a similar situation, relying entirely on the government for its financial support. On the one hand, this may have a positive public relations impact, especially in times of general economic problems. On the other hand, such an arrangement does put the monarchy in a position of reliance, which could jeopardize its independence in adverse circumstances. Happily, so far the impact in Spain has been entirely positive.)

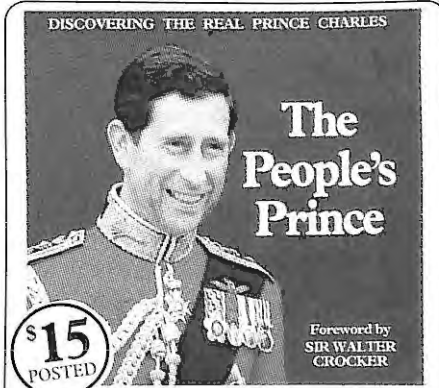
King Juan Carlos does not have direct political power; he could have had such power, but gave it up in favour of a democratic constitutional monarchy. All monarchs are meant to be symbols of national unity, but in the case of the King of Spain, the role is much more than symbolic. Spain is far from being a homogeneous

entity; it has four official languages, and some strong nationalist and separatist movements, movements which sometimes resort to violence as statements of their positions. The King seems to have won over the Catalan nationalists and Basque separatists, and has gone a long way to being truly King of all the Spaniards.

Spain is a modern, progressive nation, an integral part of Europe, a centre of cultural activity, fiercely proud of its history and identity. The same could not be said 20, 30 or 40 years ago, and could not be said now were it not for the man who never sits on the Spanish throne, but stands in front of it, Juan Carlos I. Spain did not choose monarchy; monarchy was chosen for Spain by Francisco Franco. But the monarchy has transformed Spain, and Spain has embraced the monarchy. It may be difficult for many Spaniards to articulate their support for the monarchy, but they know that it has been of great benefit to Spain, and continues to be a source of unity, stability, and continuity in a country where such things are by no means taken for granted. The monarchy works in Spain's multilingual, multiethnic, multicultural, mixed economy. Its advantages should not be overlooked elsewhere.

1. "Blue Blood Wedding" by Julian Wester (*The Independent on Sunday*, March 12, 1995).
2. *Franco: A Biography*, Paul Preston (Basic Books, New York, 1994), p. 726
3. *Franco*, p. 786.

DISCOVERING THE REAL PRINCE CHARLES



The People's Prince

Foreword by
SIR WALTER
CROCKER

\$15
POSTED

What emerges from a study of Prince Charles' speeches is a most cultured and literate man with a very deep concern about what is happening to Western Civilisation. Dispels the current media hype about the man behind the alleged Royal Crisis. A publishing first.

Available from the Australian Heritage Society

Where The Rainbow Ends

Anthony Cooney

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

IT MAY seem unusual to write about a book first published in 1911 and which had its last reprint in 1961, but *Where the Rainbow ends* by Mrs. Clifford Mills is a remarkable and beautiful fairy story of the 20th century which sounded a warning not all those decades ago, which has unhappily been proven well founded.

The story concerns two children, Crispian, a Royal Naval cadet, and his sister Rosamund. Very much a hero in his own right is their pet English lion cub, "Cubby". Their parents have been lost at sea, returning from India, and their guardian, Cousin Matthew has died suddenly, so they come under the care of the wicked Uncle Joseph and his sister, Aunt Matilda. Uncle Joseph is determined to sell the children's home and pocket the money, and to save money, take Chris out of the Royal Navy and employ him as an office boy in his own firm. It is at this point that Rosamund remembers *The Rainbow Book* which tells of the "Land Where All Lost Ones Are Found". The book relates that they must travel through the kingdom of the Dragon King, and to reach the frontiers of this dread region, they must find Faith's Magic Carpet.

She convinces Chris that the carpet in Cousin Matthews' library is indeed the magic carpet, and they summon the genie, who tells them that they must each make two wishes. Chris wishes for his friend from Dartmouth, the Scot, Blunders and his sister, Betty. Rosamund, hearing



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

Uncle Joseph and Aunt Matilda coming in from dinner wishes that they have dinner served all over again. Then, with a sudden inspiration she wishes for St. George of England. A hermit appears in the room. The children are terribly disappointed, but the hermit explains that he is indeed St. George, but has been banished and neglected by Englishmen who have been blinded by the gold dust the Dragon King has thrown in their eyes.

Rosamund and Betty beg his protection against the Dragon King, and immediately he is transformed into the knight they imagined him to be. Just as the wicked Uncle and Aunt are about to enter the library the children with Cubby and St. George order the carpet away and with a flash of light it begins its journey. Unfortunately William, the boot boy, and a sneak and coward, has been hiding behind the curtains all the time. He has heard the genie warn that if anyone tears away so much as a thread of Faith's carpet, he can summon the Dragon King to pursue them. William snatches a thread from the carpet as it rises and presents it to the evil Joseph. Uncle Joseph makes his first appearance in the book hiding Cubby's *Colonial Mixture*, for he knows that this makes British Lions grow strong. Let the

book tell Joseph's reasons in its own words.

If Cubby had been an American lion or an Asiatic lion or a German or a French lion, Uncle Joseph wouldn't have minded a bit how enormous he had grown, but he just hated anything belonging to his own nation to be big or strong or powerful -- and yet, if ever lions of other countries wanted to hurt him or take anything of his, he expected the British Lion he did his best to starve, to protect him and fight the other lions for him."

To what heights has he not led Britons in the past?

Uncle Joseph lives up to this introduction to his character. He summons the Dragon King without hesitation; the Dragon King is delighted to obey, as he later explains to Dunks, his Prime Minister.

"These children have, to shield them from my wrath, invoked the aid of their own Patron Saint, my mortal enemy, St. George. He whose spirit it has been my plan to deaden in the hearts of Englishmen. Almost had I worked the downfall of his land -- I flung my gold-dust in the people's eyes and lulled them into false security. Yes, I had won -- but honour, so slight a thing I deemed her nought, did from this death sleep bid the land arise, and at her call Britain's Empire woke, and hailing my enemy as her champion led him out once more on life's arena. To what heights has he not led Britons in the past, to what greater heights may he not lead them in the future!"

However, by the time the Dragon King with Uncle Joseph and Aunt Matilda catch up with the children they are safely on St. George's ground on the very edge of the

Dragon Wood. Here where the Red Cross of England floats on the breeze the Dragon King is powerless, so he storms off into the woods to plan how he can lure the children into his domain during the hours of darkness. Uncle Joseph, however, thinks patriotism and flags a lot of rubbish and is not the least bit afraid to rush onto St. George's ground and seize the children: "Oh dearie, dearie! To think the Dragon King should be afraid of *that!* Of its power! Its protection! What's its protection worth so far away from home, too!" he sneers, pointing at the flag.

But as the wretched Joseph and Matilda lay hands on the children,



there is a blinding flash and St. George appears, gazing down on them with contempt. "Unworthy son of your great country," he cries. "Behold the power at which you scoff. What England holds she guards -- her flag means sure protection." Terrified, Joseph and Matilda flee into the Dragon Forest.

Meanwhile, the Dragon King has laid his plans well. He lures Betty into the forest with a troupe of elves. Rosamund, finding her missing, goes after her and the two boys follow.

Cubby also has taken up the search. The children are lost in the dread Dragon Wood as the sun sets.

Uncle Joseph now makes a terrible discovery, the bottle of Colonial Mixture he has stolen from Cubby has dislodged the piece of carpet from his pocket. He can no longer summon the Dragon King. Hyenas are abroad. They are on Joseph's scent, so he dodges up a tree and lets them pursue Aunt Matilda, reflecting as they devour her that it will save the expense of a funeral. He feels faint with hunger and is mad with thirst. He remembers the Colonial Mixture and takes it from his pocket and drains the bottle. Only then does he look at the label and warning printed at the bottom: **POISON TO TRAITORS.**

A worm-like creature leaving behind a trail of slime

This episode is of course excised from the bowdlerized version which has been published for acting: in that version Uncle Joseph finds the bottle of Colonial Mixture when he first enters St. George's ground, he tastes it and says, "Ugh! It tastes awful!"

Meanwhile, Chris and Blunders, searching for the girls, meet a young Englishman. He explains that he also was going to the "Land Where the Rainbow Ends" but got fed up. He has stayed in the Dragon Wood where he is able to live an idle life fishing and eating the Dragon fruit. He has to pay for this by surrendering his letters from home unopened, and by wearing the Dragon's badge. In return he is surrounded by Dragon Light which keeps the wild beasts at bay.

"People call me **THE SLACKER,**" he explains, and jeers at the two

boys for wanting to press on. Suddenly, Blunders asks him what the end of it all will be. The Slacker points, and the boys, speechless with horror, see a worm-like creature with a human face and blind eyes slithering towards the swamps, leaving behind a trail of foul slime. They urge the Slacker to come with them, to start anew. "How do you know you'll get there?" sneers the Slacker. Chris sets his teeth: "Well, we shall have done our best," he says. Blunders joins in: "Of course. Nelson said, 'ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN SHALL DO HIS DUTY' NOT 'ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO WIN'."

This has an extraordinary effect upon the Slacker. He falls to the ground in fear and the Dragon Light fades. "Stop! Stop!" he cries. "It cannot burn because you have recalled the noble influence of the heroic dead. Leave me, leave me. Would you have me eaten by the beasts?" Again the boys urge him to act like an Englishman and come with them to *Where the Rainbow Ends*. "Come with you?" cries the Slacker, "To fight, to work -- perhaps to starve? Never. I'll stay here!" Immediately the Dragon Light is restored to the craven, who runs off to continue his life of idleness until the dread day when he too becomes a hideous worm-like creature.

The boy's horror and shame for their countryman is soon dispelled however, for they find the girls and the joyful Cubby who has been protecting them. All four make their way to the edge of the Dragon Wood, and it is at this moment that the Dragon King strikes, sending his flying dragons to snatch them up and take them to his castle high up on the Thundercloud Mountains, where they are beyond the protection of St. George.

The Dragon King enters and sits upon his throne to pronounce judge-

ment on the children: "You children of England stand guilty to the charge of having dared to place yourselves under the protection of an Ideal, one George of England, Saint and Patron. Know then Ideals are the dragons' greatest enemies, for where Ideals are honoured our power is unknown, and this one in particular is here most hated. For he alone can build about your country, England, a sure, impregnable defence -- the wall of patriotism, quoting to boy and girl of Crecy, Potiers, of Waterloo and Trafalgar, and thus inciting valour in each British heart, build on your country's past a great future. Therefore what you have done is a capital offence and the punishment is death!"

Cubby, however, has other ideas. Like a true British Lion, he is game to the last. He communicates to Rosamund the idea of taking off his red, white and blue ribbons and from the red ribbon and Chris's handkerchief she makes a flag of England. The boys scale the staff tower and even as the execution party arrives they strike the Dragon Standard and hoist the Red Cross of England.

In a blinding flash of light St. George appears upon the battlements. A thrilling fight ensues in which he slays once more the Dragon King. The castle crumbles into dust and the dragon soldiers fall headlong into the abyss. St. George points the way down a steep mountain path and the children following it come to the golden beach where their parents await and a ship of England rides out to sea. As they row out to the ship St. George appears at the helm and the sailors, seeing him, cheer. St. George is returning to England with them "Not to be lifeless stone in a cold cathedral, but to live henceforth and forever in the hearts of the children of his race.

The noble influence of the heroic dead

Where the Rainbow Ends was once an annual play. It is estimated that twenty-million people had seen the stage performance by 1961. A natural for television you might say. Why then has it been banished from our stage and from library and bookshop shelves? It is a powerful and potent story. Its influence could only be for good. But it is a book which describes exactly the type of mind and the type of traitor who would censor it. It is easy to see why it is loathed by the education and media establishment of to-day. It relates, in simple allegorical form, every educational aim normal to any society which has the healthy instinct to survive: honour, courage, integrity and kindness.

It also portrays in devastating terms the type of liberalist whose personal littleness, greed and self-interest is extended in his hatred of his own country. It underscores the vital part in the National life of the past -- of the noble influence of the heroic dead. It holds up to scorn the idler and the unenthused and forecasts the dread end which awaits him. It is not the sort of book, for those who plan to reduce the Nation to a rootless, idle, malleable rabble, which may not be allowed to have any part in the spiritual and cultural formation of succeeding generations. But to their horror, dismay and loathing, the spirit of the book is not dead, nor the spirit of St. George. It is merely asleep, waiting to be awakened.

St. George's Day Assoc., 17 Hadassah Grove, Lark Lane, Liverpool, U.K. L17 8XH



HERITAGE

GIFT SUBSCRIPTION

A gift of knowledge

See inside front cover for details

AN ANZAC DAY WARNING ON HOW POLITICIANS IGNORE LONG-TERM MILITARY

EVERY Anzac Day sees the presentation of many excellent addresses, devoted to some theme linked to the meaning of a day which has developed organically into the nation's most significant event. Our attention has been drawn to the 1995 Anzac Day address at Three Springs, Western Australia, in which the speaker, Major General Ken Taylor made some highly relevant observations of the failures of politicians to heed the warnings of military leaders concerning long-term military defence requirements. The following is the text of Major General Taylor's address:

What do I remember?

I remember too some of the events mentioned by your president, Jack Thorpe. I too share in those tributes. I also remember how we got ourselves into the mess of World War II and how much suffering and loss was avoidable.

This is a special day, a very special day for us and for all Australians. The 25th April is the real day the nation came of age. The day the nation recognised its heritage and looked to the future as a nation. Until then we probably thought of ourselves as the sprawling offspring from our colonial forefathers.

Today, first of all, I would like to take you back to your youth, to those pleasant times you remember, all the enjoyable experiences that come to the young, like feeling the warm sun on one's back as one lay on the beach, or the thrill of surfing and catching the big ones, or walking through the tall forests or the bush, or playing footie. All these, and many other wonderful experiences are for ever denied to those who left Australia's shores and did not come back.

"Sacrifice". What do we mean by that word?

Theirs was an enormous act of self-denial, but it was a price they were prepared to pay for their mates, for us, and for Australia's future. We must never be short of gratitude to them.

This is not a day for long speeches but it is worthwhile pausing for a

moment to look at the events leading up to that mess we got ourselves into.

Unfortunately we have already seen, in the media, some gross distortions of what happened in WWII. There is already far too much irresponsible journalism about and you should be aware of these untruths.

We must not let them pass without comment or correction. The youth of today are entitled to hear the real truth and not the spectacular meanderings of some novice historian or news-hound. Let me give a brief overview of Singapore and the Japanese threat in the years between the wars.

In 1919, Admiral Jellicoe on a visit here said the Japanese were a growing threat and anticipated that they would act when Britain was involved in Europe and unable to send her main fleet to the Pacific. He advocated the creation of a Far Eastern Fleet based on Singapore.

In 1920, Lt. Gen. Sir Harry Chauvel (of Light Horse fame) and six war-time commanders advised our government that Japan would attack Australia when Britain was occupied elsewhere. They recommended that a CMF of 130,000 men in peace and 270,000 in war should be formed to secure the country against Japanese invasion.

In 1923, General Blamey advised our Chief of the General Staff that the British Staff College had concluded that the Japanese would land a force of 100,000 with supplies for three months **before** the main fleet could arrive at



General Sir Thomas Blamey

Singapore.

General Chauvel in his Inspector-General Reports of **1923, 1924, 1926, 1927** and **1930** warned our government of the dangers of relying on Singapore and the British main fleet.

In 1932, nearly all nations were reducing their forces. Japan, however, was spending 38% of her revenue on the fighting services. (Australia was spending 4.4%.)

In 1934, in the Australian Defence Committee, the CGS, Maj. Gen. Bruce disagreed with the Chief of the Naval

Staff, Vice-Admiral Hyde over the value of an 'impregnable' Singapore. In Army's view, Admiral Hyde's assertion that an impregnable Singapore would prevent war with Japan, was 'unsupported by any evidence and does not appear to be in conformity with the published opinion of the Committee for Imperial Defence'. General Bruce then wrote to the Minister for Defence, Senator Pearce, and stated that the government's policy entailed 'grave risks'.

In December 1938, the government launched a recruiting campaign to increase the militia from 35,000 to 70,000. This was achieved by April and a few months later 80,000 was reached.

In mid-July 1940 the government suspended recruiting for the AIF on the grounds of lack of equipment, the depletion of the militia and the loss of men from industry.

In 1941, on 29 November, R.G. Casey, the Australian Minister in Washington, reported that a Japanese task force of five divisions was assembled for a southern advance. On 4 December the C-in-C of the Netherlands East Indies' navy told us that the Japanese navy had begun to move.

Pearl Harbour was attacked on **7 December, 1941**.

Hodgson, the Secretary of the Department of External Affairs, told General Rowell on 8 December that until two days before the attack they thought that war in the Far East could be averted. Until the war started Army Headquarters was '**forbidden**' to issue any instructions to commands that war with Japan was inevitable'. Nevertheless personal letters were sent to the GOC's advising them of the approaching war. The Minister for External Affairs was Dr. Evatt.

One might observe at this point that the security of the nation is too serious a matter to be left in the hands of politicians.

I remember also the enormous disaster that was the Fall of Singapore:

When the fortress surrendered there were more servicemen on the island than there were Japanese soldiers attacking them. Eighty-five thousand men went into a long and dreadful captivity. The history of events behind this debacle are very interesting and we should learn from this experience.

Let me now read you some extracts from the Official History, Vol. 1: **In 1932**, the Admiralty and the War Office held that an overseas base must always be safe against surprise. They thought that Japan would be unlikely to give any warning of attack and might well strike when Britain was engaged elsewhere, and therefore insisted that the defences at Singapore must be permanent.

In July 1938, General Dobbie, GOC Malaya, gave a warning that an enemy landing in Johore and an attack on Singapore from the north should be regarded as the greatest potential danger, that such an attack could be carried out during the north-east monsoon between **October** and **March**, and that the jungle in Johore was **NOT** in most places impassable for infantry. (1937)

In mid-1941 Japan completed her final preparations for war. She decided to neutralise Singapore so that the base would not interfere with her assault on the Dutch East Indies and its oilfields. In just 70 days Japan conquered Malaya and Singapore.

On 24 January 1942, just three weeks before the fortress fell, 1900 untrained Australian reinforcements arrived. The decision to send these untrained recruits was unfortunate. There were in mid-December some 16,600 reinforcements in the Middle East. Alternatively there were 87,000 militiamen in Australia on full-time duty, many thousands of whom had already had months of training.

I hope that short description of those days will enable you to put some things into perspective. Maybe it will help fill in some parts of the frame surrounding your picture of those epic days. For all of us there are the lessons of history which we can ignore at our peril. The pain and the anguish of those days cannot be easily forgotten by us. Yet those

lessons are being ignored by others.

Most of the terribly bad decisions made in the first part of the war were made by untrained officers. Why were they not ready for their vital tasks? Most of the blame for this sorry saga of neglect can be squarely laid at the feet of self-serving politicians who have only a short-term outlook.

The really sad part is that we are in danger of repeating the same mistake. Our current defence funding is the lowest it has been for two decades. The Army has **only four** regular battalions! This is not only farcical and dangerous; it is almost treachery. This will not change until the people tell the politicians that it is pathetic and totally unacceptable.

Those of us who have survived the horrors of war have a duty to those who did not. We have to make sure, by advising our families and friends and others, that those tragic blunders of the years of peace before 1939 are not repeated again.

KING APATHY RULES

Unfortunately we seem to be doing it again. We have allowed King Apathy to rule this land. We have allowed those federal donkeys to wander around in the top paddock all by themselves for far too long. It's time they were brought to heel. It's time for the people to join the political process, to write and tell them what we want and don't want. We know the sort of Australia that would be best, but if we don't tell 'em, we won't get it.

So I encourage you to use your democratic rights before it's too late. You, the mature, the respectable, the informed, have a duty to preserve and shape our future. Those Australians who gave their lives for this great country can rightly say, "I did my bit for Australia. Now, it's your turn."

We owe them more than we can ever repay. Let us, at least, do this for them. Lest we forget.

Thank you for asking me to join you today. I am proud to be here. Thank you.

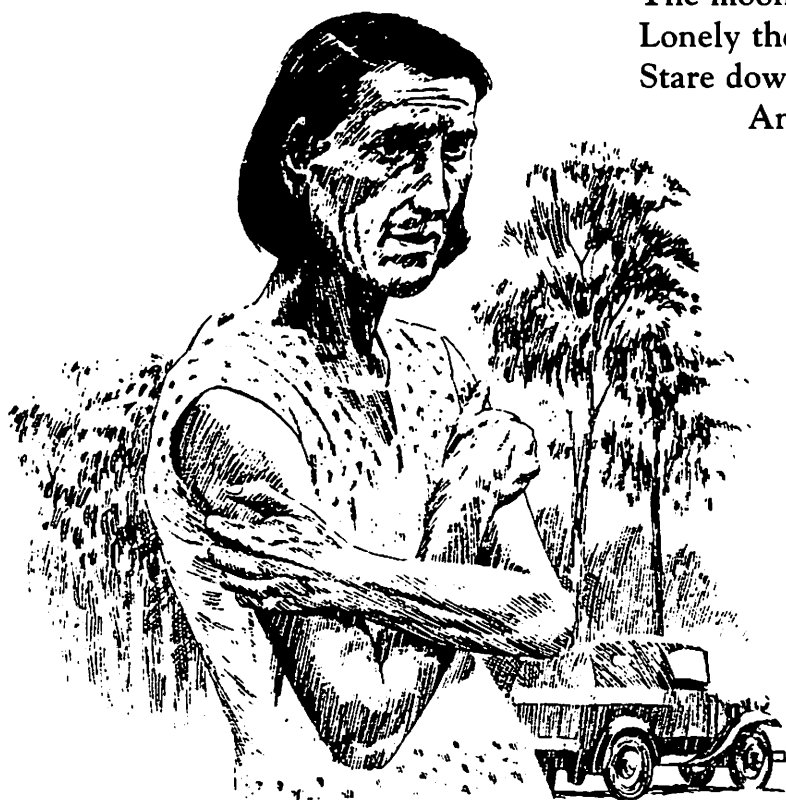
The Shearer's Wife

Before the glare o'dawn I rise
To milk the sleepy cows, an' shake
The droving dust from tired eyes,
Look round the rabbit traps, then bake
The children's bread.
There's hay to stock, an' beans to hoe,
An' ferns to cut in the scrub below.
Women must work, when men must go
Shearing from shed to shed.

I patch an' darn, now evening comes,
An' tired I am with labour sore,
Tired o' the bush, the cows, the gums,
Tired, but we must dree for long months
more

What no tongue tells.
The moon is lonely in the sky,
Lonely the bush, an' lonely I
Stare down the track no horse draws nigh,
An' start . . . at the cattle bells.

Louis Esson



WE WILL REMEMBER THEM

by Frank Skuce

THE HERITAGE

by Rudyard Kipling

[Dedicatory poem to the volume entitled *The Empire and the Century* (London, 1905)]

Our Fathers in a wondrous age,
Ere yet the earth was small,
Ensured to us an heritage,
And doubted not at all
That we, the children of their heart,
Which then did beat so high,
In later time should play like part
For our posterity.

Then, fretful, murmur not they gave
So great a charge to keep,
Nor dream that awestruck Time shall save
Their labour while we sleep.
Dear-bought and clear, a thousand year
Our fathers' title runs.
Make we likewise their sacrifice,
Defrauding not our sons.



SIR EDWARD WEARY DUNLOP.
One of Australia's best known sons.
He survived the infamous WWII Japanese
prison camps.



LIEUTENANT "DIVER" DERRICK
South Australian Soldier Hero



MRS JESSIE VASEY.
War Widows' Guild



HENRY MURRAY

IN WORLD War I, a Tasmanian, Henry Murray, who enlisted in Western Australia, left as a private in the 13th Battalion. Harry was 30 when he enlisted and had been working as a timber-getter. He was an experienced bushman and had spent six years in the militia in Tasmania before moving to Western Australia.

Only weeks after landing at Gallipoli, Murray had been promoted to Lance-corporal, and been awarded the D.C.M. Because of heavy officer casualties in the British 29th Division, suitable candidates for commissions were sought from the Australians and Harry's name was submitted and recommended for transfer. However Brigadier Monash blocked the move and Murray was instead commissioned in the A.I.F. as Second Lieutenant, machine gun officer, in his battalion. In France, as a captain, he was awarded the VC near the Somme "for his superb action which ranked as one of the most outstanding of the war".

By war's end he had received more fighting decorations than any other infantry soldier in the British Army, of which the AIF was a part, having been awarded the VC, two DSOs, the CMG, the DCM and the Croix de Guerre.

Murray was not a fearless soldier, for he was not ashamed to admit that he fought many a hard battle between duty and funk. After the war he went to Queensland and ran a huge sheep property until well into his seventies.

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

Middleton's orders, along with those of his seven crew members and other bomber crews from RAF 149 Squadron taking part in the mission, were to raid the Fiat motor works at Turin, northern Italy. Although Middleton, a former NSW jackeroo, was fated not to return from that mission, his supreme valour that night was to make him the first member of the Royal Australian Air Force to win a Victoria Cross.

"This splendid youth in far Australia grieved for England's suffering in the blitz. He flew to her aid and although blinded would not inflict another scar on our soil by crashing his machine." His one thought in flying the crippled bomber back to England was to save his crew from bailing out over enemy territory and being taken prisoner. His final heroic action saved the lives of most of his all-English crew, one of whom later wrote to Middleton's father in Australia: "It is a magnificent story and an example of the unwritten law of the RAF that a crew always endeavours to get back. It is also an example of another law -- that a pilot must think of his crew before himself." English newspapers wrote glowing tributes to Middleton, awarded a posthumous VC for the unselfish action that led to his death.

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



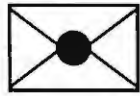
FLIGHT SERGEANT
RAWDON MIDDLETON



ALBERT JACKA

THE LEGENDARY Albert Jacka, a Victorian, was awarded the first Australian VC at Gallipoli and subsequently, an MC on the Somme. It was widely felt that this award of the MC should have been another VC. His battalion, the 14th, became known throughout the AIF as "Jacka's Mob". Jacks survived the war and finally returned home in 1920 after spending almost two years in hospital recovering from a gas attack. After returning he married and established a firm of merchants and importers. He entered local politics, subsequently becoming Mayor of St. Kilda, and looked set for a comfortable, secure life. However, the depression caused his business to collapse, partly helped by the fact that Jacks spent quite a lot of his time helping former comrades. In December 1931 Jacka's health failed him and he died a month later at the age of thirty-nine.

Jacka was more than just a born leader; he was also an extraordinary fighting soldier who became a legend. His progress through the ranks was rapid. In August 1915, after having won the VC while a private, he became a Lance-corporal, then only days later, a Corporal. In September he was made Sergeant, then in November became a company Sergeant-Major. By April 1916 he was a Second-Lieutenant, with subsequent promotions to Lieutenant and Captain.



TO *The Editor*

KOPPIO SMITHY MUSEUM

The Koppio Smithy Museum is situated 42kms from Port Lincoln, on the site chosen by the Brennand Family in 1903 when the area was 'broken up' to farmer settlement. Previously it had been a large grazing property.

Tom Brennand chose this position because it was at the 'cross-roads' and therefore suitable for his business as blacksmith and farmer. Tom Brennand, his wife and their three children came from Lochiel and the smithy soon became the central meeting point. At a later date they also acted as a Post Office and this of course meant that their home became a social gathering point. A tennis court was also built about half a mile behind their home and this was a general meeting place for local and visiting teams. Tom and Adeline, and his parents who joined them towards the end of their days, are all buried in the small Koppio Cemetery. The three children, Ron, Myrtle and Lester, all married, but Ron was the only one who had children who reached adulthood. It was Ron and his son Frank who donated the land on which the Museum stands to the National Trust in 1967. The Brennand family have now left the area and settled in and around Esperance, Western Australia.

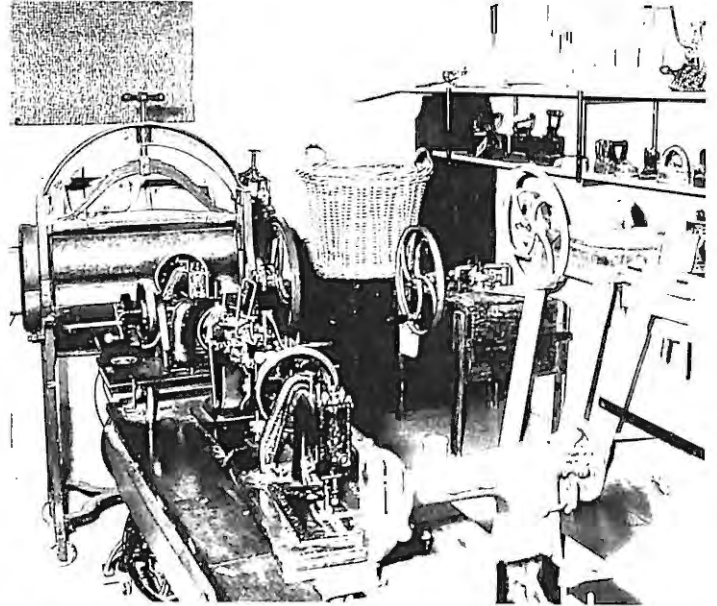
Their cottage and the blacksmith shop have been restored and form the central attraction of the Museum. To compliment these there are sheds containing tractors, farm machinery, horse-drawn vehicles, etc. and some early motor vehicles. There is also an extensive display of stationary engines, and in the Pioneer Women's Room many items used in the early days for cooking, sewing, washing and ironing, as well as in the dairy can be viewed.

The Koppio Rural School closed in 1974 and was then donated to the Museum. Over the years it had displayed many items of interest including the old school desks and blackboard. Weather, time and 'progress' have resulted in this building now needing a new roof, another coat of paint, the floor

stabilised, and the interior refurbished -- this is currently being done.

Heritage Hall displays many of the family treasures belonging to the Jericho family, who lived in the area from 1908, which were donated to the Museum by Gerhardt Jericho. Greeting cards, jewellery, account books, catalogues, correspondence lesson books, family and personal trinkets and possessions, photographs, etc. are on display.

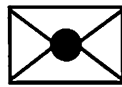
All in all the Koppio Smithy Museum enables visitors to see how the early settlers of the area lived and worked. Life was hard, but not 'stressful'.



Mr Norman Jericho (a Gerhardt cousin) & Christine Calderwood at the opening of Heritage Hall.

Editor's note: A copy of the very first edition of The Heritage journal is on display in this Heritage Hall.





V.E. DAY -- 50 YEARS

Greetings from the Highlands of Scotland!

As way of introduction -- we are a Christian work with our H.Q. here in Britain. My wife and I are Australians and left our homeland nearly 20 years ago to further missionary work in Europe.

Much has happened in our country and not much of it has caused us joy. We have seen how the moral standards and basics upon which we were brought up have been undermined by "modern philosophy" and corrupt teachings.

My father served in the Second World War, was born British and our roots were clearly based upon the fact that our nation was founded upon the Westminster Parliament.

Soon, we are returning to Australia and will carry on with our Christian work.

We first heard of *Heritage* through one of our German converts now living in Sydney. Frank migrated to Australia this year. He was converted from a destructive life of drugs and corruption and now espouses values which our fathers would have been proud of.

Our work here in Europe is "**under the Australian flag**", and this has often been a "safeguard" as foreign authorities have been reluctant to move against our missionary efforts. I served nearly ten years in the Bundeswehr -- as the only Australian to have been inducted into the German Army. We are most distressed as we hear and read more and more of a "republican move" in Australia. With the influx of many migrants who are not of basic Christian background, we are jeopardising our future to one of internal unrest and disorder. Please let us know more of your work in my homeland.

Frank Hu. has been deeply moved by ANZAC DAY which he and Judi attended in Sydney. He has sent stickers, flags and badges which all call upon Australians to keep H.M. The Queen as Queen of Australia and not become a republic. Once Europeans begin living in countries of the former British Empire, their eyes are opened to our "Israelite heritage".

Yours faithfully, in Christ,
A.S. Williams (Pastor)

Christian Assemblies Europe,
PO Box 3, Stirling FK7 8YA, Scotland.

FRANK WRITES ABOUT ANZAC DAY

Greetings from the land of the ANZACs. Judi and I have just returned from Sydney's ANZAC Day march. We got up at 8.30 a.m. and went to Martin Place where the parade started. They marched all along George St., past the Town Hall, then turned left into Park St. and marched to Hyde Park where the parade ended at the War Memorial.

Bob Carr (Premier of N.S.W.), G. Priest (State President of the R.S.L.) etc. addressed all the veterans and people there and urged us not to forget what these soldiers did for us. Then everybody joined, in singing "Abide With Me". Later on we went to the 5.00 p.m. sunset service at the Cenotaph at Martin Place where the flags were lowered. As you can see on the orange leaflet, they finished the service with "God Save The Queen" and the Australian National Anthem.

Many times today I was moved to tears to see these old men and women march with "pride" behind the banners and flags of their battalions or squadrons. These men couldn't wait to fight the enemy and free the world of a corrupt and evil Germany, Japan, etc. With a joyful heart they went to war, for many never to return, so that a German migrant like me can today enjoy the lifestyle and blessings of a free Australia.

The eyes of these returned service men and women speak history. They also show confusion and sadness as they watch today's young people grow up with no morals, no discipline and without respect, taking for granted all the values for which they risked their lives. These men and women gave the ultimate sacrifice and they did it willingly and joyfully. What do we say on Judgement Day when we stand beside them? Can we say to Jesus that we have done everything in our power and might to keep these values alive? Can we look into these men's eyes without being ashamed? I can't.

The only people I know who fought and do fight with the same willingness on the spiritual battlefield are you, Ree and Günther. You risked your life many times for our sakes. You live and pass on the values for which these men fought. Can we look into your eyes without being ashamed. I can't.

Today God opened my eyes and gave me a glimpse of the old Australia that you left those many years ago. May God grant us another chance to show ourselves worthy of Him, the ANZACs and an overseer sent by God.

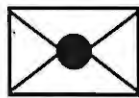
LEST WE FORGET.

FRANK.

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



TO *The Editor*

AUSTRALIA'S HEAD OF STATE

I have been buying the 45¢ stamp showing a beautiful picture of our Queen. Every time I write a letter I use one of these stamps as a reminder that we do have a Head of State. Your readers may like to do the same. It will catch on.

C.W. Ray,
Lagoon Pocket, Qld.



REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT NOT WINNING

Malcolm Mackerras (Senior Lecturer in Politics, University College, University of NSW, at the Australian Defence Force Academy in Canberra) had this to say about the widespread support for an elected president causing alarm inside the Government and that that is the reason for the delay in the response to the Turnbull Committee's report.

Meanwhile, what does the Keating Government do? They rely on the republican sympathies of most journalists to ensure that the public is brainwashed into imagining that the Australian Republican Movement is winning, when in fact it is

losing and becoming more and more alarmed at how badly it is losing.

Our job is to put an end to this pretence. We must explain to the journalists and the public what is really going on. Some journalists are already honest - for example, Milton Cockburn. We must keep *everyone* honest.

Of course, the sooner the Government publishes a Constitution Alteration Bill the better. The trouble is that they will not do so for the simple reason that once they publish the Bill they will lose the argument, and be seen to be losing the argument.

Meanwhile, over the longer term I am wholly confident that we will win.

Don Paine,
Marden, South Australia.

RESPONSIBILITY AND FREEDOM

It might be poignant to note, in reference to your article *The Federal Constitution and Individual Freedom*, that you have failed to espouse the centralising policies of the likes of Adolf Hitler, Benito Mussolini, or Augusto Pinochet Ugarte. It is to be hoped that the Australian public does not miss the relevance of this omission.

Recent events in Oklahoma can show the dangers of too much individual freedom.

Craig Daly
Kensington, NSW.

[Editor's note: Craig, you must distinguish between freedom and licence. The other aspects of freedom are responsibility and accountability.]

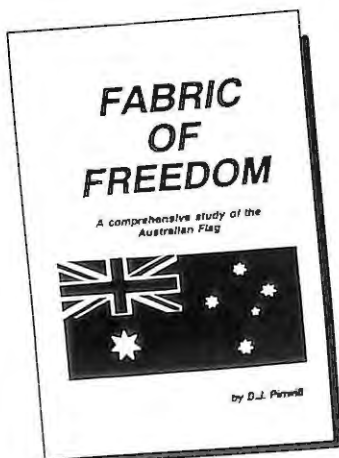
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THERE'S PLENTY YOU CAN DO!

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.

We must learn to understand why we enjoy a priceless freedom.

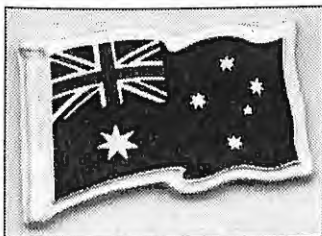
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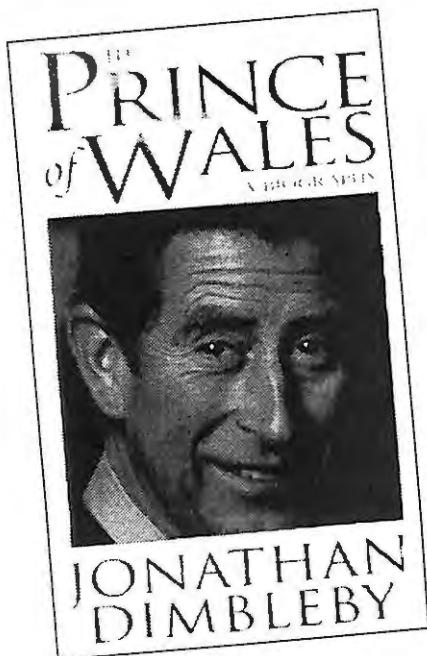
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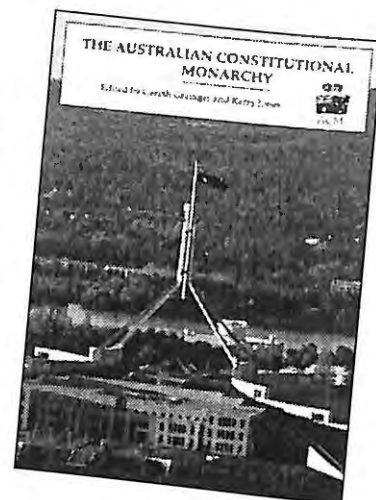
Jonathon Dimbleby (from the Preface)

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Edited by Gareth Grainger and Kerry Jones

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Gareth Grainger



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.

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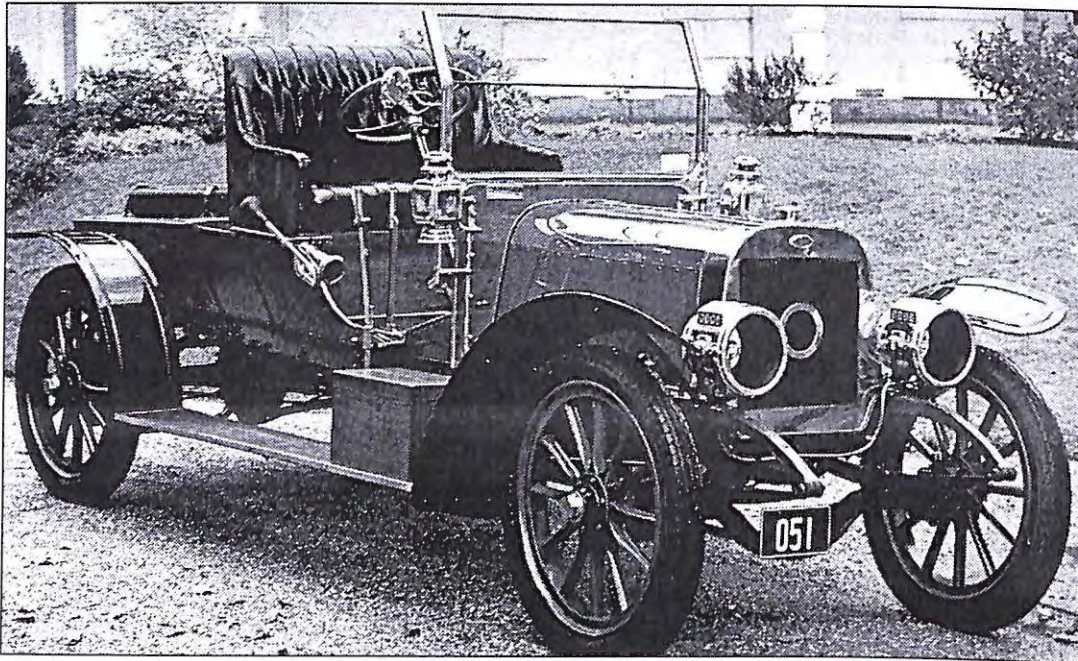
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No. 3



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