

# HERITAGE

VOLUME 22 No. 88 1998

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT - FOR THE FUTURE



Empire Dress 1905

- **Rebirth of Australian Democracy**

437,777 Queenslanders flex muscles

- **Australia Rejected Black Box**

Huge loss for Australian Industry

- **Australia: A way through the whirlwinds?**

- **Defence of Australia**

Our leaders' pathetic gestures

- **The Global Juggernaut**

Absurdities of economic rationalism

- **Ghost of Beranga Creek**

**TOWARDS 2000: Australia has lost control of her own financial system. What's next?**

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# HERITAGE

No. 88

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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 gleaned from past ages; the heritage of tomorrow - good or bad - will be determined by your actions today."**

SIR RAPHAEL CILENTO  
First Patron of the Australian Heritage Society

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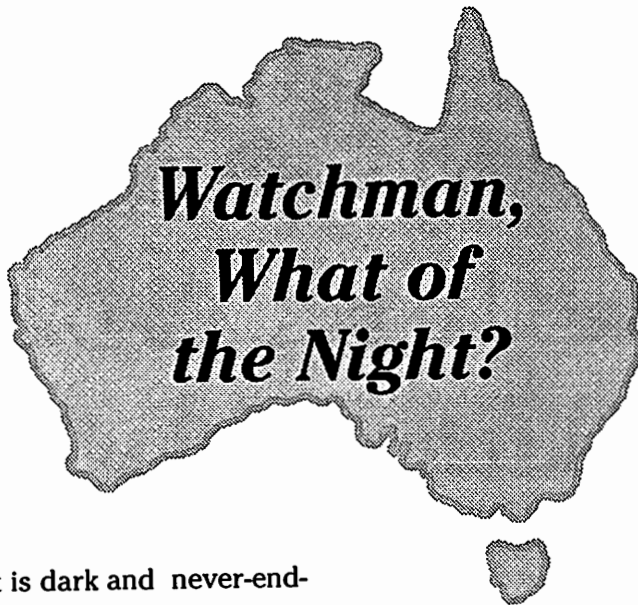
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### FRONT COVER PHOTO

The Empire Day dress was made by  
Miss Mary Ryan, who learned her art at the  
Lillydale Convent. Photo courtesy of  
Lillydale Museum, Shire of Lillydale



"The night is dark and never-ending, Sire; the People are groping for the Dawn."

"Watchman, does not Wisdom call out? Does not Understanding give guidance to the Light?"

"No, Sire. Wisdom is no more and Understanding is fragmented, dis-united."

*[In times gone by, it was the watchman's duty to stand at his post, on the alert for any sign of danger that might threaten the peace of the inhabitants of the walled cities. A similar idea of guarding the people from untruth and spiritual danger was expected of the priestly caste. Wisdom, truth and understanding were expected to be found on the lips of the priests.]*

**"Watchman, what of Australia's night?"**

**"It is far gone, Sire, and yet the People can see no Light:** More than five million Australians now live below the official poverty line. Families are breaking up at an alarming rate. The standard of living is maintained on borrowed money; the national debt is \$225 billion and rising. Economic Rationalism is turning the economy into huge private corporations for transnational companies and foreign investors; they have commandeered the best of the land and industries; they are exploiting the labourer. Wages have not

risen significantly for, at least, the last ten years. The middle-class is fast disappearing. The gap is widening between the very rich and the poor. The Australian farmer is fast disappearing as his overheads far exceed his monetary returns. Education and Health service standards are declining as fewer taxes are allocated. Australia has lost control over her own financial system and is now fully at the mercy of Mammon's cunning craftiness.

**"Watchman, raise the alarm!**

**"Sire, I would, but what am I to say?"**

**"Say:** The true aim of all social activity should be to help individual members of the social body, but never to destroy or absorb them. You must rebuild a society based upon genuine Christian principles, or completely succumb to the devilish policy of centralisation – this time in the guise of economic rationalism.

**"Say:** It is an injustice, a grave evil, and a disturbance of right order, for a larger and higher organisation to take, to itself, functions that can be performed more efficiently by smaller and lower bodies. The smaller the political and economic unit, the

more chance the individual has of developing his own sovereignty – his own liberty, freedom and personality.

**"Say:** Your economic system must, once more, be made subservient to its true purpose. Life is more than food, and the body than raiment. The proper goal of economic activity is to satisfy the needs of man and not to accumulate wealth for wealth's sake.

**"Say:** As the common good sets the general rule, so also does it authorise the exception. 'For it is rightly contended that certain forms of property must be reserved to the State, since they carry with them an opportunity of economic domination too great to be left to private individuals without injury to the community at large.'\*

**"Say:** Australia will not find her way to the Light as long as she listens to the cunning craftiness of Mammon.

**"Watchman, tell the People:** The mouth of the righteous man utters wisdom; his tongue speaks that which is just. The wicked lie in wait for the righteous, seeking their substance and their lives, but the Lord will not leave them in their power.

\**Quadragesimo Anno*

Peace  
on  
Earth

*A blessed  
and Holy  
Christmas  
Season to  
all our  
Readers.*





# Australia Rejected Black Box Invention

BY REG A. WATSON



*The development of the 'Black Box', the recording instrument which contains all the information about an aircraft's flight, is an amazing story. What is more amazing was the rejection of the invention by Australian aviation authorities. This resulted in the loss of a huge industry for Australia, with the British more attuned to its benefit and potential, and later, the Americans dominated the 'Black Box' industry.*

THE inventor of the 'box' was a Tasmanian scientist, Dr. David Warren, son of the popular Rev. Hubert (Bert) Warren, who once served the Anglican parish of Cullenswood on the east coast. David's story and efforts to have his invention accepted is more than incredible. Both the Department Civil Aviation Authority (DCA) and the Royal Australian Air Force saw no merit in it at all, with the DCA stating, "Dr. Warren's instrument has little immediate use in civilian aircraft" and the RAAF stating, "Such a device is not required. Opinion is that in fact the recorder would yield more expletives than explanations."

Today, the 'Black Box' is a required element in the thousands of commercial airlines. It has not only saved lives by revealing why aircraft have crashed, enabling improvements to be made, but it has also given explanations to incidents that otherwise would have remained mysterious for ever.

There is little doubt that the death of his father, resulting from an air disaster, was an influencing factor on Dr. Warren.

The Rev. Warren was a missionary to the Aborigines in the Northern Territory and when David was born in 1925, he was the first white child to be born among them on Groote Eylandt in the Gulf of Carpentaria. The Rev. Warren was in charge of the Rectory at Cullenswood, St. Mary's Parish, between 1933 and 1934. He then received an offer to take up a position at St. Thomas' Enfield, Sydney, which he accepted. On 19th October 1934, he boarded the De Havilland 86 aircraft, Miss Hobart, which left Western Junction airport at 9 a.m. Mrs. Warren and

the children, including David, were to follow by steamer.

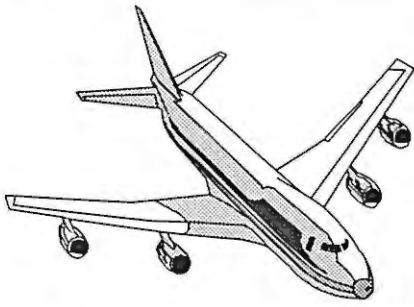
The Miss Hobart never made it to Melbourne. What happened to it remains a mystery as no wreckage or oil spill was ever found. The Rev. Warren, with eleven other passengers and crew, went missing.

By the time the British-built Comet, the world's first jet passenger aircraft had taken to the air in 1947, David had become well qualified in chemistry and later, when working in Britain as a rocket-range trainee, the connection between chemistry and aircraft began.

In 1953, the wonderful story of the British-built Comet went terribly wrong. In May that year, one Comet broke up for no apparent reason and all hands were lost. Later there were other Comet disasters. What had caused them? Was it a design fault? The repercussions for Australia were important as the Comet was to be used on the Australian route.

With other scientists and officials from the DCA, Dr. Warren was invited to discuss possible answers. Dr. Warren pondered on the idea that much could be revealed if what occurred minutes before the crash were to be recorded. He was fascinated by the German invention which recorded sounds on fine steel, as thin as a human hair, rather than on magnetic tape. This wire could withstand high temperatures, to red-heat, without losing the information recorded on it.

To Dr. Warren the answer was simple: a flight recorder, a device that recorded everything the crew had said in the cockpit, and at the same time, re-tained the in-formation



on the flight instruments.

Although a chemist and not an instrument-maker, he endeavoured to put his concept into reality. He wrote a substantial

report to the DCA, outlining the use of the box and the need for it, but the DCA didn't respond. He submitted his report to every airline in Australia and even to the American Civil Aeronautics Authority, but, again, not one response. It was thought best to make a prototype, but funds were required and neither the DCA, the Department of Defence nor the Australian Aeronautical Research Council would come to his aid. Nonetheless, £600 was raised and the world's first flight recorder was constructed and tested in a Fokker Friendship propeller-driven aircraft. This test proved to be a success and the results were shown to the DCA, but once again they rejected the concept.

With the help of scientist and technical assistant, Ken Fraser, Dr. Warren spent the next four years developing it further, but Australian officialdom took no interest. However, British aircraft scientists did, and David and Ken were invited to England where they were treated like VIPs. They were interviewed on both BBC radio and tele-

vision, and the aircraft manufacturer, Bristol, expressed considerable interest.

Back in Australia in 1961, a Fokker Friendship crashed. This jolted the lethargy of Australian authorities. On 9 March 1961, they announced that all Australian airlines would carry voice and data recorders, and Australia was the first country in the world to make that mandatory.

In England, the instrument-manufacturing company, S. Dovall and Sons, went into production of flight recorders using the Warren model as a prototype. Incredibly the DCA then rejected the Warren model, stating that it was inappropriate for the nation's needs and that "it is not sufficiently developed". Instead, they accepted an American model which used the inferior, scratch-on-foil recorder for data and plastic tape for speech. In 1967 the DCA was forced to admit Warren's magnetic wire was superior.

Dr. Warren correctly states that Australia "fumbled and lost every opportunity to get in at the beginning of the world-wide business. The new industry was worth millions. Instead, fear of a novel innovative idea, fear of taking risks, meant the invention was lost to other countries."

In 1981 Dr. Warren was appointed scientific adviser on energy resources to the Victorian Parliament. In retirement, Dr. Warren now lives in Victoria. He is a Morris Minor enthusiast.

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# REBIRTH OF AUSTRALIAN DEMOCRACY

BY DAN O'DONNELL

*"I do have concerns for my country and I am going to do my best to speak my mind and stand up for what I believe in."*

THAT was Pauline Hanson's pledge to Australia on 10 September 1996 in what was to become the most rigorously scrutinised and maligned maiden speech ever delivered in any Australian Parliament. Despite unremitting hysteria, not one critic has been able to diminish its impact as refreshingly unpretentious good sense. "Mr. Acting-Speaker, I congratulate you on your election and wish to say how proud I am to be here as the Independent Member for Oxley!" her speech had begun. Oxley, where her constituents had witnessed at first-hand the crude attempts to crush her, was proud too, and so were thousands of Aussie battlers across the nation eager to support her crusade to save the things we cherish. One of these was democracy which was seriously at risk, with secretive machinations by Government over foreign treaties, Aboriginal rights, the waterfront, immigration, profligate foreign aid, and the host of other matters supposedly too complex for the Great Unwashed to comprehend.

## Assault on Democracy

Is there anyone unaware of the sustained and vicious attacks on Pauline Hanson, former Member of Parliament? They commenced with her maiden speech when politicians of all persuasions – Ministers and forgettable backbenchers – began their loutish behaviour, and encouraged assorted odd-bods in the community to do likewise. The vicious campaign to demonise her reached a pinnacle when the motley alliance of political, ethnic, religious and weirdo minority groups (Greens, Democrats, Gays and Socialist Lefts) united to tell Australians how they should vote and how to distribute their preferences. It was not simply Party support they sought with the usual parochial bids to win ministerial leather. What their words and actions screeched stridently to the world was that **they and they alone** knew what was best for Australia. Grave punishment, they insinuated, would befall any heretic who disobeyed. All of them berated,

bullied and hectorated the mass of voters, with the backing of the media – print, radio and television – to subvert the democratic process. Remember Sixty Minutes and the failed Hong Kong politician they paid to pursue Pauline all over the country?

"Put Hanson last!" the politicians commanded. "Yes, put her last! She's evil!" agreed the top Churchmen in the land, their minions in lesser parishes echoing their words. Had God himself revealed to them that Pauline Hanson was not only racist but anti-Semitic? She was, our leaders declaimed hour after hour, day after day, simply an unlettered purveyor of fish-and-chips, without any worthwhile policies to get Australia out of the mess they had created. She was destined – they ranted – to be wiped off the electoral map as soon as the Queensland State Election was held. The ultimate threats were that they would ignore any One Nation candidates actually elected, or worse, that they would compel us to go back to the ballot box until we got it right!

On all the big issues they erred! They did not have the slightest inkling of what was going on in their own electorates, and worse still, they failed to comprehend the spirit of democracy. June 13, 1998 marked a wonderful day for democracy when 437,777 Queenslanders defied not only our political masters but the Holy Men **and** the mindless rent-a-mobs recruited from Melbourne to Cairns, from Sydney to Perth, specifically to intimidate anyone brave or foolhardy enough to attend a pro-Hanson Rally. On 13 June 1998, democracy flexed its potent muscles, and eleven One Nation candidates were elected to the Queensland Parliament. While these candidates and their supporters were stigmatised as racist pariahs or bigoted rednecks, one-quarter of Queenslanders ignored the hysterical thuggery.

For the record, it should be noted that the Labor Party polled 750,534



primary votes (or 38.87 per cent of the total vote), the Liberal Party 310,494 (or 16.08 per cent), and the National Party 292,850 (or 15.17 per cent). The minor Parties are already facing oblivion, the Greens attracting a mere 45,477 votes (or a minuscule 2.87 per cent), the Democrats 31,055 (or 1.61 per cent), the Australia First (under Graeme Campbell 9,560 (0.49 per cent) and the rag-taggle remainder not even qualifying for a refund of their nomination fees. One of these, the Australian Women's Party, attracted a paltry 298 votes. The figures starkly reveal the magnitude of the One Nation achievement. A brand new political party has been born in Queensland, with a support base greater than either the State Liberal or National Party, with roots already extending deep into southern and western states.

## Conservative perfidy

In the post-election analysis, it is beyond dispute that the Borbidge Government would have been easily returned had pre-election agreement been reached with One Nation. It was not to be since Labor's campaign to demonise the fledgling Party had spooked both Liberals and Nationals. While the ugly split in the Liberal camp over preferences certainly cost it votes on account of its indecisiveness, many voters were appalled to discover that some Liberal candidates were secretly and furtively seeking One Nation preferences at



the very time they were ostentatiously going through the motions of placing One Nation second last, just above Labor. On the one hand, they volubly supported the Party line that One Nation was racist, even deranged or rabid. On the other, they surreptitiously ingratiated themselves into One Nation quarters in quest of preferential treatment on the voting paper. At least one Liberal candidate in Brisbane offered to pay for new One Nation 'how to vote' slips a week before polling day in return for One Nation preferences. Both Libs and Nats deserved to lose because of their contemptible treatment of the so-called pariahs with whom they swiftly sought to bed down after the elections. On the matter of preferences, some monumental aberrations occurred during the Queensland elections. Dean Wells in Murrumba was dead in the water on primaries, yet Liberal preferences saw him elected. In Crow's Nest, One Nation was home and hosed until Labor preferences helped Russell Cooper retain his seat. In Ipswich, David Hammill stared defeat in the face until his neck was saved at the last moment by a Liberal renegade.

### The Electorate of Lockyer

One of the most revealing case studies of the Queensland experience is the seat of Lockyer, west of Ipswich. It has always been National Party territory, and until the elections was held by Tony Fitzgerald, Government Leader in the House and Minister for Primary Production. There seemed little chance of any One Nation impact on the National's iron grip on the seat, especially given the inauspicious start to the One Nation ventures in the district. Early in 1997, the Aratula Fire Brigade found itself so cash-strapped in its attempt to purchase a fire engine that they sought the help of Pauline Hanson as Guest Speaker at a fund-raising dinner. These hard-working country-folk at the eastern foot of the Great Dividing Range on the Cunningham Highway linking Ipswich and Warwick, already owned a fire station. As is the wont of such country people, they decided to buy the much-needed fire engine themselves. It goes without saying that all efforts to convince government of their needs went unheeded. Suddenly all

hell broke loose when a local high school teacher objected to their choice of public speaker. "How dare they pick Pauline Hanson as Guest Speaker?" he ranted in a letter to the *Fassifern Guardian* on 10 September 1997. "I have before me a complete transcript of the Hanson maiden Parliamentary speech," this history teacher wrote, "and it contains worrying, dangerous and ignorant statements." What irked him more than anything was Pauline Hanson's "frequent claim that she represents and speaks for mainstream Australians." Then followed a couple of self-promoting paragraphs advancing his own claims to represent the *Dinki Di's*.

In the normal course of events such a foolish letter would have found a suitable home in a recycling bin but this one had an advantage. Its author had a captive audience of senior history students at the Boonah State High School, deep in Lockyer country, and all were pliant stooges in his hands. On 24 September 1997, all eleven of them despatched to the *Fassifern Guardian* a letter supporting their teacher's views on Pauline Hanson. It was a confused mish-mash of teenage ramblings regurgitating the dogma of their mentor. One of the student signatories was the School Captain who predicted two months later in the Yearbook that she would make her first million dollars from "payments from the public purse due to assassinating Pauline Hanson". When Boonah's *Fassifern Guardian* and Ipswich's *Queensland Times* evinced curiosity about this appallingly inappropriate behaviour from a schoolgirl, the principal simply dismissed the whole episode as a joke. It is important to remember that at that very time Pauline Hanson was being subjected to the cruellest of taunts from all her parliamentary colleagues because of her *Assassination Video*. There is a disturbing footnote to this incident that probably has relevance to the final voting figures on June 13. On Australia Day 1998, the Young Citizen of the Year Award for Boonah and District went to that very same School Captain! Were the community leaders of the Boonah Shire – the majority National Party members – telling the rest of the world to rack off? Were they aware that the message they were sending out to

disturbed and misguided youths was that it was perfectly all right to make assassination threats to elected politicians if their name was Pauline Hanson? Were they telling ratepayers and voters that activist teachers had every right in the world to instruct volunteer fire-fighters just whom they could invite to fund-raising meetings? All told, it was a sorry event that might well have contributed to Tony Fitzgerald's loss in Lockyer. Peter Prenzler, a Veterinary Surgeon from Kalbar who only nominated in March 1998, won handsomely. At close of poll of June 13, he had scored 8,824 votes to Fitzgerald's 5,554, Labor's 4,580 and another 2,485 to an Independent. At the 1996 elections, Fitzgerald had polled 15,390 to Labor's 6,183. In 1998, the final count was Prenzler 11,710 and Fitzgerald 10,110.

### The Lesson of Lockyer?

There are many lessons from this erstwhile safe National Party seat. The first is that no Party anywhere should take the people for granted, as the Queensland Nationals did in Lockyer. Across the electorate, Tony Prenzler won in every voting booth except two – a massive show of support for a candidate who was unknown to the majority of voters until he threw his cap in the ring two months before polling day. The activist roll played by the Boonah history master was probably of secondary importance but there is reason to believe that it was a factor. There can be little doubt that some old-fashioned types – including me – believe that teachers have absolutely no place in politics and religion. Their job is to teach, and the fact that many of their graduates leave school as social misfits with an abysmal ignorance of reading, spelling and basic mathematics is an indictment of their competence. If Queensland teachers wish to intrude into politics, they should stand for public office, and let those who really want to teach take their places. The school which allows a student to make a death threat against anyone – let alone an elected politician – has failed. So has the Government which sanctions such behaviour!



# The Merry Windmill

by Neil McDonald

**S**AVIOURS do not always come in human form.

Across Australia, lonely windmills defy gravity with an upsurge of precious water. Early settlers probed and divined to locate underground streams. A daunting task to wander and ponder the risk of a trial soak-hole.

Decision -- then instructions to a tradesman, "Build a windmill, good and strong, to last many a hot, dry summer."

Sturdy lengths of angle-iron anchored to stony earth; pipes, blades and platform were added to attract a welcome breeze. The proud circle of blades wore a halo of happiness. With a steady beat, every blade chased another to change circular motion into vertical lift.

"Clunk, clunk, clunk," echoed a steady thump which, from depths midst unseen soil, produced liquid at first murky, then clear and drinkable.

The farmer installed a trough. In the cool of summer evenings, he built a circular tank to hold more water.

Sometimes the wind would rest to confuse and silence the eager blades. A curious magpie perched on one of the loitering blades. Its tiny weight lowered the blade - - so slightly. Then another magpie perched on an opposite blade and created perfect balance. Both birds glided, seeking water, just below the rim. One magpie, stretched, fell and was drowned. Later the farmer discovered floating feathers. He picked up a fallen twig, floating a raft for recovery if more birds stumbled.

The farmer loved the pulsing energy of the merry windmill. He heard the blades whisper, "Don't leave us alone. Stay a while!"

Time turned the blades, millions of revolutions. Farm animals refreshed at the trough. The farmer grew older and saw his sons change the farm from animals to grain. The windmill spun a steady cascade for more than half a century -- often producing an excess of water.

Windmills are memorials to human enterprise. But, water can be lured in other ways. Famous inventor, Thomas Edison, was criticised by visitors for a stubborn entrance at his home. "Don't complain," he explained. "Every time you push that turnstile around, it pulls gallons of water into my underground well!"

## The People's Prince Celebrates His 50th Birthday

**P**RINCE Charles celebrated his fiftieth birthday on 14 November last.

Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, paid tribute to her son at the 850-guest-packed celebration in the Palace Ballroom. "Charles, tonight's party is a tribute to all that you have achieved. I can think of no better recognition of your first half-century than this remarkable gathering." Her Majesty continued: "Our guests represent the rich diversity of national life - from science to architecture, from farming to inner cities, from young people to the elderly, from politics to poetry. Everyone here has benefited from the breadth of your interests and from your vision, compassion and leadership."

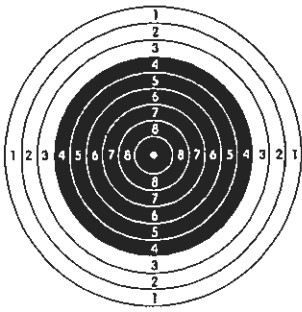
Prince Charles replied to his Mother's tribute, "Mummy - coupled with Your Majesty - I really am enormously grateful for your kind words and for allowing this party to take place here. I really am hugely touched that it has been possible to have arranged something for all the wonderful organisations that I am enormously proud to be part of, either as president, or patron, or as a member, and all I can say is that all of you have played an enor-

mously important part in my life, and the fact that you still do is even more important.

"I also wanted to say I don't quite know how either of my parents have put up with me since 1948, but the fact that they have is enormously appreciated - and so are you, if I may so. As the Queen said, you represent such an important part of the whole life in this country. It is a very special country indeed and you make sure that it is, and all we can do is try to bring out the best in you.







# DEFENCE OF AUSTRALIA

## *An Analysis*

BRIGADIER F.P. SERONG, DSO, OBE

**T**HE world to our North is boiling – boiling with people. Too many people with not enough food. Hungry, desperate people led by crooks presenting as politicians. For food, they need land. There is land here, lots of it; not good, but good enough for their needs. It is here – Australia, The Great South Land; The Empty Continent; The New Golden Mountain; Uc Chau (Australia).

The longtime threat has become reality. Populations are exploding exponentially. We've had one serious warning. Not so long ago, Japanese bombers were hitting our northern towns; Japanese submarines were attacking our southern ports. Now, with the disintegration of Soviet power, immense stocks of weaponry and military transport are on the world market – cheap. Indonesia has acquired a great amphibious capability. She needs it for the internal security of her restless island Empire; but equally, it is usable against us. Likewise, she has acquired major international missiles. They are now targeted northwards; but a minor adjustment could target them here. We believe that the present Indonesian government has no designs on Australian territory – yet. But how long will they continue in office? And what will be the aims of their successors? We know that an Indonesian version of 'history' lays claim to Northern Australia. The claim is nonsense, but good enough to fuel internal political fires, and to build pressures in hungry, landless mobs, themselves subject to pressures from larger and hungrier mobs to their north.

And what are we doing about it? The standard answer is to grow more grain and feed them. Good. As long as they agree, accept our prices, and we can grow enough. Failing satisfactory answers to these points, we must defend.

To defend our continent we need people – 50 million. We now have 18 million, all spread around eastern and south-eastern littoral, with a token element in the south-west. Exactly in the wrong place.

In our favour we have time and space. The time available to us is a guess – my educated guess is fifty years. We cannot afford to waste a single one of them. We must use those fifty years to get that fifty million, and to deploy it for effective defence.

Immigration? On our terms.

We must ensure that the fifty million are the right material. One sure way to destroy the strength we aim to develop is to import a 'Fifth Column'. Our current immigration policies – money oriented – are doing less than nothing to ensure that our future population will have the political, social and cultural orientation to see them pick up a weapon in national and personal defence as naturally and readily as they would breathe. We want no nests of constitutional doubt, no elements of treachery. ("It couldn't happen here," you say. Look around you. Why not?)

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***We, who have the best  
combat techniques in the  
world, invite the troops  
of neighbours  
(prospective opponents)  
into our training  
establishments to  
learn our methods!***

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And, in extension of the readiness to "pick up a gun", where are the guns to come from? The ammunition? The vehicles for tactical and strategic movement? The 'sinews of war'? Present policies, either by malign design or strategic stupidity, ensure that, at crunch time, we will have none. We are to be a quarry, exporting materials from which others make war equipment, exporters of food to sustain the armies of invasion forces. This must change. We must sustain and develop heavy industry. We did it once before – built tanks, bombers, trucks, artillery, machine guns. We can do it again. To hold this continent, we need fighting men, organised, trained and equipped.

And positioned. The current littoral deployment is an understandable, unfortunate product of our history. Strategically, it is a mistake. We must

have combat capability in the north and the centre. The centre is dry? Of course it is. So, do we neglect it? No. We bring it water. We turn those rivers inland, Bradfield fashion – Snowy Mountains engineering techniques. Along with that, we pipe in gas of which we have plenty – in the wrong places.

With these two elements we can make the Red Centre, if not green, at least a great deal less red and capable of sustaining population. And population sustains troop deployments. We have above briefly outlined an immense National Development project – a vehicle on which to advance our national defence. Money? We pay for this with Government bonds. No foreign funds. No IMF. There will be screams from the overseas bankers (and their local agents – overt and covert) who these days control our economy and our lives. Ignore them. We are probably the only country in the world with the peacetime geopolitical structure to stand alone. We can ignore outside economic hostility; and we must, while we build a viable defence structure and redeploy our population, while in the meantime increasing it to 50 million by the year 2050.

Problems? Yes. Lots of them. Mostly the product of faint-heartedness, cunning external pressures or political conflict of interest. But nothing we can't handle. We have the brains and the resources to stand with our own feet planted on our own soil, and to defend this land of ours with men and guns – our men; our guns. If we sag at the knees, and allow our politically-correct, me-now urban yuppies to prevail, we face a destiny as peasants and quarrymen. And we would deserve it.

So far, our leaders have addressed the problem with pathetic gestures: We, who have the best combat techniques in the world, invite the troops of neighbours (prospective opponents) into our training establishments to learn our methods! We send half our combat troops to the far north with no hope of tactical or logistic support, thus ensuring we lose half of everything at the very outset of hostilities. We plan to send the nation's combat headquarters up there to join them. Could we dare to hope that the even-

tual War Cabinet goes along as well?

We are weak, and relatively getting weaker. Our once 'great and powerful friends' are going or gone. Our potential enemies get closer and stronger. The way out of this strategic mess, and the associated socio-economic mess, is a finely calculated blending of National Development and Defence enhancement. The two are logical partners. You can't have one without the other.

It can be done. We need time. Our subjective judgement – as it must be; these matters are not for precise calculation – says we have fifty years. Barely enough. We dare not waste a single year. And we need leadership. The leaders who will handle the end product of this problem are not born yet. We must develop them. That is our first task.

Political correctness will not do it. Nor will our current educational machinery.

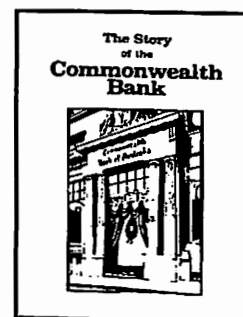
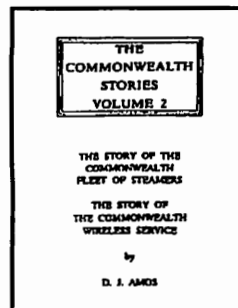
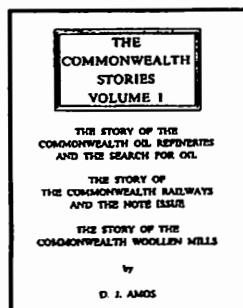
## The programme in outline:

1. Develop the interior with water and gas for agriculture and light industry.
2. Population target of 50 million by 2050.
3. Selective migration – excluding non-integrative elements.
4. Generate five divisions in the interior from a redeployed population.
5. Protect industry by tariffs to ensure defence/heavy industry deployment.
6. Disperse military and industrial assets from present south-east orientation.
7. Withdraw regular troop deployment from Darwin area; replace by locally-generated reserves.
8. Gradually evolve a self-contained financial system, based on Government bonds.
9. Orient national education policies to support the above.
10. Specifically direct military education and training policies to the same end.
11. Reintroduce National Service.

A much fuller treatment of this subject is to be found in *Defence of Australia* by Brigadier F.P. Serong, DSO, OBE. (Available from Australian Network for Success, PO Box 2333, Mount Waverley, Victoria 3149, Australia; Aus\$10)

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# The Unbearable Heaviness of the Global Juggernaut

BY LEONARD GRAY

\* Juggernaut: Any terrible force, especially one that destroys or that demands complete self-sacrifice.

**T**HERE should be a special word for the feeling of dread caused by reading the works of macro-economists. As the pages turn, you gradually realise that you are merely the tiniest of tiny cogs in a global machine with no one at its helm, and that your culture, your life and even your own private beliefs are products of economic forces that you cannot comprehend" (New Scientist, editorial, 1996).

The dominant religion in the world today is 'Economism'. Like the religions it has superseded, such as Christianity, Economism has a tripartite organisational structure – a Holy Trinity, if you like. The 'science' of economics corresponds to the Father; high technology and the faith that scientific investigation will solve humanity's major environmental and social problems (a doctrine known as 'scientism') corresponds to the Son, and the Holy Spirit is the process of economic 'globalisation', the increasingly free movement of physical and financial capital, information and labour around the globe.

Even some orthodox, establishment figures, such as Ethan B. Kapstein, a Director of Studies at the US's Council on Foreign Relations, are questioning globalisation: "The global economy is leaving millions of disaffected workers in its train. Inequality, unemployment and endemic poverty have become its handmaidens. Rapid technological change and heightening international competition are fraying the job markets of the major industrialised countries. At the same time, systematic pressures are curtailing every government's ability to respond with new spending. Just when working people most need the nation-state as a buffer from the world economy, it is abandoning them."

I believe that the religion of economism is a bankrupt worldview that is not only rationally and scientifically untenable but is also leading humanity toward disaster. The big question of our time is: Can modern civilisation survive the

clash of the 'irresistible force' of economic globalisation and the 'immovable objects' of ecological scarcity, the environmental crisis and the limits to growth? We are faced with a 'fateful dilemma': either we pursue economic growth and ecological collapse, or we seek ecological sustainability and economic collapse.

'Economic rationalism' is the altar of the church of economism, supported upon legs of free trade, deregulation, privatisation and 'the market'.

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***Thus we have the economic treason of Australia being flooded with Brazilian orange concentrate while 3,000 Australian farmers, who supply fresh local fruit, crash into bankruptcy.***

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"Economic rationalism is a dogma which says that markets and money can always do everything better than governments, bureaucracies and the law. ... Don't even think about public policy, national goals or nation building. It's all futile. Just get out of the way and let prices and market forces deliver their own economically rational solutions." (Pusey, 1991)

Economic rationalism is a relatively recent term for laissez-faire or 'neo-classical' economics, and traces its history back to Adam Smith's 1776 classic, *The Wealth of Nations*. Its supporters include F.A. Hayek, Milton Friedman and most contemporary economists.

The congregation of the Church of Economism comprises clones of Rational Economic Man (also known as homo economicus), a mythical being who exists only in the minds of economists, and who is characterised by extreme selfishness. He is an independent economic agent whose decisions are always rational,

and who interacts with others of his kind by competition in the market-place.

Understandably, a society based upon such self-centred individuals is not noted for justice, welfare or community of purpose, but rather for intrinsic materialistic meanness. Indeed the pews are usually empty, as homo economicus cannot justify time in church, even this church, which could be better spent in the relentless pursuit of profit in the market-place. The absence of a congregation is, of course, irrelevant, as it is essentially a church run by elites (high priest economists) for elites (financiers, senior bureaucrats, big business and insider politicians).

Garrett Hardin in his *Tragedy of the Commons* scenario, debunks the notion of a successful society based upon individuals motivated solely by self-interest. For Hardin, universalism and the ideal of 'One World' in which the rights of all are equal, whether friend or foe, leads to the tragedy of the commons, to ecological destruction plunging everyone into the depths of Malthusian misery. Not only are the world's resources finite, but the Earth faces an environmental crisis caused by population pressure and economic growth.

In Australia, the evidence for the failure of economic rationalism is apparent to all. It is visible in every city and country town, in widespread unemployment, bankrupt businesses, in empty skyscrapers, state governments scrounging for money to fund hospitals and schools; in foreign debt and foreign ownership. It is obvious in the impoverished rural sector, where many families have been forced from the land they have worked for generations.

Here is an example of the absurdity of economic rationalism in action. More than half of all international trade involves the simultaneous import and export of essentially the same goods (Daly, 1993). Thus we have the economic treason of Australia being flooded with Brazilian orange concentrate while

3,000 Australian farmers, who supply fresh local fruit, crash into bankruptcy. The Brazilian citrus industry does not consist of local farmers making good – it is largely transnationally-owned fruit corporations who have planted orchards after extensive clearing of rain-forests, and which pay their pickers \$40 per month (Kennedy, 1995).

An Australian example is appropriate, for it is evident that our ruling 'elites' feel that they must embrace more absurd doctrines and make bigger mistakes than anyone else in the world. Not content to drag the unwilling public over the edge of the cliff, the elite in Australia compete with each other to hit the bottom first.

Who is responsible for forcing Australia down the road of economic rationalism? Michael Pusey, in *Economic Rationalism in Canberra* (1991), discovers that a new breed of fanatical mandarins have infested the elite policy departments – Finance, PMs and Treasury – since the early 1980s. These dedicated 'economists' "have wired themselves up to highly abstract, mathematical models of a fantasy economy, and then deluded themselves that they are making realistic policy."

These econocrats are merely instruments of a higher authority and modern 'orthodox' economics can be accurately described as a facade of plausible lies to conceal the treachery of international finance. An extensive, albeit largely 'underground' literature exists on this nebulous, omnipotent entity (yes, this is the very 'God' of the economism religion), including Quigley's monumental *Tragedy and Hope*, which has resurfaced on the new-purchases shelves of the Barr Smith Library at Adelaide University.

Now, just when you think Australia has clawed its way out of a recession and is beginning to gain strength as a nation, I bring you the global bankers' latest ploy – the Multilateral Agreement on Investment. Since 1995, Australia, along with the other 28 OECD nations, has been negotiating this treaty which is intended to streamline international trade and investment. Its rules will force governments to treat all investors and corporations equally, and any transnational corporation that feels

it is being unfairly treated can sue the offending host government, through an MAI International Tribunal, for loss of profits.

This will effectively mean open slather for the TNCs, which collectively have a woeful record on the environment, workers' rights and tax evasion. The treaty, which is binding for twenty years, will, if signed, be the final nail in the coffin of Australia's sovereignty. Under MAI it will not only be the poor, but also our governments and their entire disenfranchised electorate who will be flattened by the global juggernaut.

Health implications of the MAI will include the powerlessness of governments to implement their health policies; funding of public hospitals would have to cease unless provided equally to foreign-owned competitors; pesticide residue standards would be relaxed, along with quarantine, environmental protection and Occupational Health & Services regulations: globalised disease would threaten with the introduction of gastarbeitsmen, and the rich-poor gap would yawn wider and the hollowing out of the middle class would gather speed.

The juggernaut has no central control, being guided by its own momentum. William Greider, author of *One World, Ready or Not: The Manic Logic of Global Capitalism*, observes: "The wondrous machine of global revolution is oscillating out of control, widening the arcs of social and economic instabilities in its wake." (Greider, 1997)

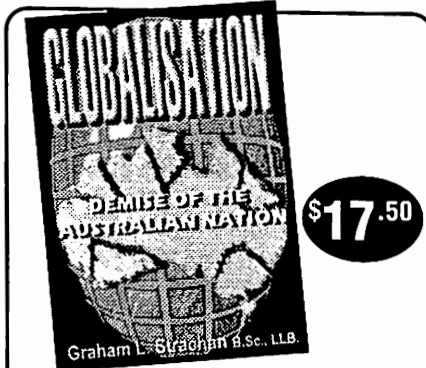
We can gain hope however, from the realisation that the New World Order contains the seeds of its own destruction. The church of Economism was erected on shaky ground, and its foundations are shallow. Extensive cracks appear in its facade and indeed the entire edifice would have collapsed but for massive funding from its faceless backers.

Is there an alternative to the unbearable heaviness of the global juggernaut? There is, and the key word is autarky. Space disallows its discussion here, except to mention the major components of intelligent nationalism, protection of vital industries, government-controlled credit-creation and a consumer society based on community. Can it be achieved? Society, like a clock, is a human construction and thus is sub-

ject to human intervention. With sufficient force it can be changed in any direction one desires. Autarky is inevitable, either by design or default.

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**GLOBALISATION**  
Demise of the Australian Nation  
by Graham L. Strachan

People ask what would a lawyer know about economics, but this book is not really about economics. It is about dishonesty . . . dishonesty born out of greed for wealth and power by people persuaded that they can have all the benefits of civilisation without the need to behave in a civilised manner, in accordance with moral principle.

Dishonesty of that nature should be the concern of every lawyer.

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## AUSTRALIA

### Is there a way through the whirlwinds?

**O**N November 17th I viewed the film *Elizabeth* at the local cinema, the Belgrave Cameo. What British patriot could fail to make a pilgrimage to the latest art-biography of Good Queen Bess, the Virgin Queen who presided over England's Golden Age, who ruled forty-five years (from 1558 to 1603) and who encouraged a brilliantly creative community of poets, playwrights, musicians, explorers, sailors and statesmen?

Australian actress Cate Blanchett was as spectacular and dramatic in the title role as the newspaper critics had led me to believe, presenting a heart-warming portrait of a young woman of exceptional spirit, high intelligence, bountiful joie de vivre and unusual leadership capacity. Additionally, her Elizabeth credibly embodied the English talent for moderation, sensible compromise and respect for individual conscience.

What was the 'message' of the film? After all, not only did it have an Australian leading lady (rather than an English one), but it was also directed by a man of other cultural origins, one Shekhar Kapur, a Hindu director of other films including *The Bandit Queen* and someone of whom I would like to learn more. Was it snidely anti-monarchy and pro-republican? Or was it deformed by modernist vulgarity and post-modernist rejection of true values?

It is pleasing to report that *Elizabeth* is none of that, but a noble film which celebrates unequivocally the greatness and glory of England's all-time most renowned woman. For example, it begins with exquisitely chanted Christian church music, exultant, exalted and spiritual. When Elizabeth is proclaimed Queen by the Earl of Sussex, a huge oak tree is shown flourishing nearby (the Tree of Life, the tree of the English monarchy) and Elizabeth pronounces with lovely sincerity and bliss: "This is the Lord's doing and it is marvellous in our sight." At once further beautiful music of uplifting and spiritual singing is

bracketed with the declaration as she is crowned that she is England's 'undoubted Queen'. Finally, more than once in the film plangent voices call out in adoration: "Domine! ('Lord!'). In no way is irony used to slight the deep commitment to religion regularly conveyed.



The essential theme of *Elizabeth* is the role of human *character* in making possible high achievement and notable passages of national history. Elizabeth the woman had many strengths and virtues. She had, for example, the warm affections of a lover, as shown in her relationship with Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, with whom she twice dances the energetic volta; but she also had the welfare of her whole people at heart and is finally shown as *choosing to be married* to England rather than to any human suitor. During the critical debate of the bishops on her proposed Act of Uniformity, she says, "Upon this moment lies the future happiness of my people and the future peace of this realm."

Her quasi-divine status as the 'Faerie Queene' (of Sir Edmund Spenser's famous poem) is denoted by the crescent silver moon on the top of her mask during a party in boats on the River Thames. Later she listens carefully to advice of Sir Francis Walsingham: "To reign supreme, you

must be touched by nothing - All men need something greater to look up to and worship. They must touch the divine here on Earth. They have found nothing worthy to replace her." (And he points to an icon of the Virgin Mary.) Elizabeth heeds his words. She had already angrily declared that she would have only one mistress in England and no master (this was in response to importunings by Leicester and politick demands by Cecil that she should marry to secure her rule). Now she has her beautiful rich hair cut short, says wryly to herself: "I have become a virgin." (she had an excellent sense of humour) and displays herself to her courtiers like the White Goddess with a whitened face. The divine connotations are further emphasised when she sits on the throne at the end with the words of a royal motto visible behind her: "Video. Facio." ("I see. I do.")

The times were dangerous as Elizabeth first came to the throne. She herself had been three when her mother was executed and she was declared a bastard by her unbalanced father. Later we see her arrested, interrogated, imprisoned in the Tower of London and even fearing for her life under the reign of her half-sister, Mary, a zealous Catholic who, urged on by bigots and fanatics, had allowed some three hundred or so burnings of Protestant 'heretics', for which she gained the nickname 'Bloody Mary'.

Sir Arthur Bryant in *Freedom's Own Island* described the shocking situation in which Elizabeth found herself upon her accession: "She faced tremendous risks. Her kingdom was near bankrupt and defenceless, divided by bitter religious differences in an age of increasingly embattled faiths, with unscrupulous profiteers battenning on the spoils of the monasteries, the ruins of the feudal state and of the mediaeval Church. She inherited an exhausted treasury, a depreciated currency, a society vitiated by lawlessness and vagabondage, and a countryside impoverished by a run of bad harvests. Abroad the prospect was still darker. Dominating half Europe, imperial Spain, with its invincible infantry, its dazzling conquests



cible infantry, its dazzling conquests in central and south America and its world-wide oceanic power, had all but absorbed England through Philip's short-lived, but childless marriage with Mary Tudor. Nearer home the traditional alliance between a giant France and Scotland, the upper and lower millstones, threatened to crush Protestant England and substitute for Elizabeth her half-French Catholic cousin and heir presumptive, Mary Stuart, now Queen of both France and the Scots "England was a weak, unimportant half-island on the fringe of a continent dominated by two great Catholic powers" To most Englishmen the great days of their country and its one-time military glory seemed altogether things of the past."

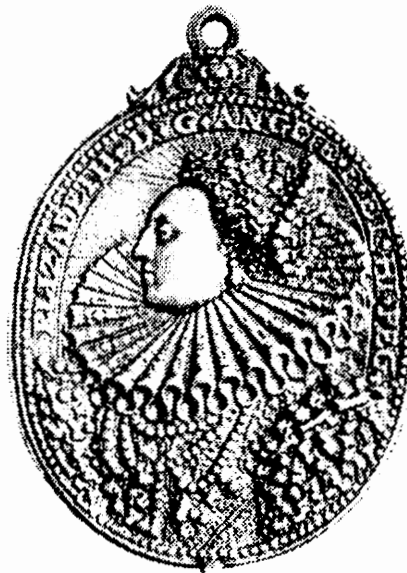
Shekhar Kapur shows this dangerous environment with graphic force, as well as the integrity, good sense and personal bravery of Elizabeth in dealing with it. He does not, for example, hesitate to mock the Duke of Anjou as a fatuous, egocentric cross-dresser under the psychological domination of his aunt, the ruthless French aristocrat, Mary of Guise. Anjou was the French suitor for Elizabeth's hand, competing with her brother-in-law, the Spanish king, to bring off a dynastic marriage. The scene in which Elizabeth confronts him amidst his debaucheries while he is wearing a dress and is drunk, exemplifies the traditional values which the film upholds: a balanced grasp of reality, daring and normality easily dispose of folly and degeneracy.

The theme of homosexuality also attaches to the second most important figure in the film, Walsingham, played superbly by Geoffrey Rush. It is not made certain, however, that Walsingham indulges a taste for younger men or only uses them for his espionage activities. Shekhar Kapur's presentation of this enigmatic figure is, in my view, the key to the meaning of the film; and it appears to have been misunderstood by critics.

For example, Paul Fischer referred to him as 'brooding' and 'sinister'. And many others clearly regarded him as no more than an unpleasant and machiavellian politician, motivated by self-interest. Yet, at the end of the film, which deals only with the first five years of Elizabeth's reign, a final and simple message is flashed on to the screen: "Elizabeth reigned for another forty years. When she died, England was the most powerful and prosper-

ous country in Europe. Sir Francis Walsingham remained her most trusted adviser throughout that time." **Clearly, then, Walsingham is a hero of the film as well!**

Indeed, on reflection, it soon becomes apparent that it was only owing to this man's superlative statesmanship that Elizabeth negotiated those five critical years, the foundation of her achievement, in security. He first made an impression on her by disagreeing with her whole council and advising against an ill-fated sortie against French troops in Scotland. 'A prince,' he told Elizabeth, 'should be slow to take action and watch that he does not become frightened of his own shadow.' **He advocates self-possession, a quality he possesses eminently himself.** Later he assists her to win the debate on the Act of



Uniformity (a bill of religious toleration which is an important part of the early history of the Church of England). "The bishops are against you. They do not expect you to survive." he tells her - then craftily locks up a clutch of her opponents so that she wins the day by five votes! He cunningly keeps the ambitious Earl of Norfolk, a Catholic zealot and eventual leader of a rebellion, under effective surveillance. There is an **inner strength** in Walsingham, which comes out when he tells Elizabeth (after the assassination of Mary of Guise, which he personally carried out on his own initiative): "A prince should never flinch from being blamed for ruthless acts necessary for the safety of the state and her person. If Your Majesty does not act soon, they (the rebels) will."

Finally, he acts with decisive strength on Elizabeth's firm order to quell the rebellion, telling Norfolk, as he watches his arrest: "You were Norfolk. The dead have no titles. You were the most powerful man in the kingdom and could have been even more so, but you had not the courage to be loyal, only the conviction of your own vanity."

Walsingham's personal courage is insisted on twice. Early in the film he is the subject of an assassination attempt by foreign Catholic interests - by a young man he has possibly met by assignation. He talks the would-be assassin out of stabbing him to death, touching on the issue of whether God even exists, telling him: "Do it without regret- And be certain why it needs to be done" Lose innocence and you may lose your soul." When the youth has been paternally lulled into bemusement, Walsingham suddenly stabs him in the throat with his own dagger, with impeccable adroitness. The other instance of Walsingham's exceptional courage is his manner of dining with Mary of Guise, fooling her with a pretended disloyalty to Elizabeth as well as a feigned interest in her sexual favours, and then killing her in intimate contact with her in her own bed.

It is in various of his statements to Elizabeth and others that it becomes apparent that Walsingham is strangely wise. And certain themes of significance crop up and are then referred to in the conversations of others: innocence, certainty and uncertainty, the nothingness of men. When Walsingham talks to the Catholic priest he is having tortured in order to extract vital information about the membership of Norfolk's rebellious conspiracy, he makes the significant remark: "Tell me the truth as if you were face to face with Him (God) now." This hints at Walsingham's possession of the stature of 'a realised man', as some initiatory societies describe one who has attained true metaphysical knowledge. Early in the film he tells Elizabeth: 'It is my business to protect Your Majesty against all things.' And while we have heard Cecil tell the Queen: 'I have appointed him to take care of Your Majesty's welfare.'; it is not at all clear how and why that convention-minded, bumbling courtier (reminiscent indeed of Shakespeare's Polonius in *Hamlet*, who is said to have been modelled on him); **and the question is left open as to the real source of Walsingham's authority and mission.** Nor does the film offer a clear answer to the question thrown at





him by one of the Catholic bishops he locked up during the debate on the Act of Uniformity: 'On what authority have you kept us locked up here?' Nor is there the slightest sign of egoistic inflation in Walsingham (whereas by contrast Norfolk is literally stiffened by it into doll-like absurdity). At one stage he says gently to Elizabeth: "It is not for me to judge you." Finally, it should be noted that **white horses** (symbols of goodness and of the Goddess) are seen drawing his carriage towards his fateful meeting with Mary of Guise.

A remarkable book published in 1983, **The People of the Secret** by Ernest Scott (The Octagon Press, London), may give a clue as to who or what (according to Shekhar Kapur) Walsingham was. The theme of Scott's book is that a secret community of advanced human beings, Sufis (as many might call them), probably long centred in Afghanistan, has directed human evolution and been responsible for many of the sudden efflorescences of culture of which the English Elizabethan period, dominated by the Queen and by 'William Shakespeare', is one.

These supermen (or 'Sufis', which is only one of the many names by which they have been called at different times in different places and cultures) are mediators between the divine and the human, illuminators and enlighteners who act in the knowledge that "many (**not all!**) are called, but few are chosen". They form initiatory societies or schools, such as have been described in our times by writers such as P.D.Ouspensky, John Bennett and Idries Shah. They are opposed to atheism, materialism and also dogmatic religion, especially when such religion becomes further deformed by fanaticism and insanity.

The danger of such 'religion gone bad' is strongly emphasised at the beginning of **Elizabeth**, when three heretics are burned at the stake, while Catholic bishops pronounce that 'the Lord's work is being done'. Almost immediately Shekar Kapur switches us to an extraordinary point of view shot, in which we look down on the courtiers of Queen Mary's reign in a great hall. From such a height do we look that they appear as ants. This is a Sufi perspective, for, from the point of view of illumination, men and their daily doings are as **though nothing**. Their lives are brief and **lacking in the certainty which is normal to the realised man**.

Fanatical religion tends to be exclusivist. When Elizabeth is interrogated by Mary's Catholic inquisitors, she says, 'We all believe in God.' 'Ahh, no, Madam,' they reply. 'There is but one true God; all others are heresy.' Sufism does not mistake religious forms (dogmas, doctrines, rituals, icons, holy books and so on) for the One Source. Elizabeth, by standing for the right of private conscience, unknowingly adopts a Sufi position, **which is perhaps why Walsingham is assigned to protect her**. She refuses to promise to the dying Mary that she will defend the 'one true faith' of Catholicism, but instead promises that she will act as her conscience dictates. Another characteristic of fanatical religion is that it tends to denote as 'the Devil's work' anything which challenges its prejudices; thus, in **Elizabeth** the locked up bishops angrily view Walsingham as the Devil, while the grief-stricken Anjou embraces the dead body of his aunt and cries out: 'Elizabeth is a witch and her minister is a servant of the Devil!' Walsingham, by contrast, remarks after an attempt to assassinate Elizabeth by archery on the River Thames: 'There is always madness.' So-called 'normal life' does not seem normal to the Sufi at all.

In **The People of the Secret** Ernest Scott refers to a legend that Raymond Lully came to England 'sometime in the second half of the Thirteenth Century, made alchemical gold for Edward 11 and 'founded the Bank of England'. Scott comments (page 141): "Whatever the literal value of this story, it may not be without symbolic significance" If 'Bank of England' is taken to symbolize the later emergence in Elizabethan times of England as a temporal power which has played a decisive part in world history, the message would appear to be that this impulse derived from some action taken by Raymond Lully."

Certainly there is a mysterious secret at the heart of the Elizabethan phenomenon, and that is the lack of evidence existing as to the identity of the extraordinarily gifted person who wrote the plays and poems attributed to Will Shaksper of Stratford. (See **The Mystery of William Shakespeare** by Charlton Ogborn, Cardinal, London, 1988 and **Who Wrote Shakespeare?** by John Michell, Thomas and Hudson, New York, 1996.) The prodigious effect on the British soul of that amazing literary and psychological achievement is very difficult to assess, because of its unique nature; but the relative

**humanity** of the British Empire was surely one result.

The **quality of character** espoused by the film thus resided in Walsingham as well as in Elizabeth; and perhaps he is really to be understood as a **Merlin playing to her Arthur!**

The importance of Merlin as a symbolic, as well as historical figure in European history is well defined by French expert on Celtic civilization, Jean Markale, in **Merlin: Priest of Nature** (Inner Traditions, Vermont, USA, 1995). 'What is most interesting to us as members of an industrial, technologically advanced civilization dedicated to a concrete universe and to the imperatives of a centralism with universalist tendencies, is the contemplation of Merlin's separation from the society of his time.' (Walsingham is shown, throughout **Elizabeth**, as an enigmatic loner, a cat walking by himself.)

Markale places Merlin in the context of the lopsided growth of European culture. 'Lost in a false synthesis of eastern Jewish mysticism and the aggressive rationalism of the Romans, western spirituality was crushed by a politically strong Christianity, in which the Church was at first temporal because it could take the place of the civil order inherited from the Roman Empire. Only the great mystics of Christianity such as Francis of Assisi, and most of the great heretics, would keep alive the flame that sought only to illuminate the world. But it burned in the darkness of crypts, within the walls of certain monasteries, and also in forest hermitages where human beings relearned contact with God in total harmony with nature. It is in this perspective that the figure of Merlin appears. He is not a Christian priest; he is not a monk; he is not a hermit in the mediaeval sense of the word. But he is the druid, the shaman, to whom everyone looks.' (pages 140-141)

On this analysis, **Elizabeth** has an important message for Australians. Is not our present disastrous state of national disorder and weakness, in a chaotic world of Asian tigers and collapsing economies, comparable to that of England in 1558? And is it not possible that our nation is ripe for a "Sufic" initiative which could, within fifty years, make it a fortress of culture and illumination for the whole of the south-east Asia and Pacific regions?

It must be admitted that patriots of various kinds have recently made a considerable mess of the nationalist



cause in our land. Graeme Campbell evidently lacked the vision to add religious and cultural symbolism effectively to his sensible eight-point plan for national recovery; he also, perhaps, lacked the ability to find adequate funds to empower his **Australia First party**.



The Pauline Hanson **One Nation** episode has been a debacle, despite the million or so votes cast

for that party. Bickering, incompetence and follies have marked the story of this movement, which in any case was largely the creation of the mass media, whose controllers knew or correctly predicted that it would self-destruct. The failure of **One Nation** to attack openly and honourably the menace of Zionist Jewish influence in our society, together with its destruction of the man who did take up that challenge (Campbell), means that it can never again serve as a rallying point for defenders of Australian sovereignty.

The **National Action** group, led by Michael Brander (an admirer of the political philosophy of the Spanish Catholic Primo de Rivera leader of the Falangists during the Civil War of the 1930's), is aware of many of the pragmatic realities and necessities for effective resistance to the internationalist Establishment; but Brander makes great errors in imagining that a national renaissance can be structured around the petty symbolism of

Eureka and the discredited authoritarianism of the Church of Rome (and received Christianity generally). The **Australian League of Rights**, too, must, in the next phase of its development, incorporate a more profoundly traditional understanding than was available to Major Clifford Douglas earlier this century. René Guénon, Ananda Coomaraswamy, Frithjof Schuon and other metaphysical writers of the Perennialist school have defined the ambits of the New Awareness; but it has to include, for us, an element of the druidic sacred tradition of Merlin as well, to be viable for the future. Patriots all must rise beyond their attachments to limited and sometimes outdated cultural and religious dogmatisms.

A programme can now be fairly enunciated in brief. The immediate challenge is to ward off the tired old republic of the Establishment mediocrities, whose writings one day will have about as much interest for our descendants as the rantings of Seventeenth Century Puritan zealots, with their fantastically ugly names and tedious thoughts.



The next task will be to replace the British Crown in an entirely authentic and independent Australian offshoot, whose first representative should be a person of royal blood married to an Australian consort. Difficult this goal may be to attain, but not impossible. A NO vote in the republic referendum will give it wings. Perhaps

it will be more easily achieved, too, when Prince Charles has succeeded to the throne - a man whose outspoken dedication to tradition has made him a greater threat to the internationalists than the present Queen.

There will be need to rephrase the Christian language associated with the Australian Crown and Constitution to take into account the wide range of religious faith within our citizenry. This is not a call for syncretism but for subtlety and tactfulness of language.

Nothing, probably, can be achieved without the kind of 'Sufic' intervention to which I referred earlier in this essay. 'The right people at the right time in the right place.' If such is not, it cannot be. But ordinary Australians can try to create a better context for intervention. Such 'Sufic' operations are by no means always successful. The Elizabethan activity was destroyed within a century by Puritan Revolution financed from Holland. Other failed programmes include, probably, the Celtic Church (murdered, according to Ernest Scott), the Knights Templars and the Cathars.

Nevertheless, we could be on the brink of our own equivalent of England's Elizabethan efflorescence - to the benefit of our own descendants for many generations as well as our Asian neighbours.

And was it not, perhaps, a good omen that, without my knowing it, the day on which I viewed **Elizabeth** was the 440th anniversary of the day on which Elizabeth Tudor succeeded to the English throne!?

## RECOMMENDED READING



### AUSTRALIA BETRAYED

How Australian democracy has been undermined and our naive trust betrayed.

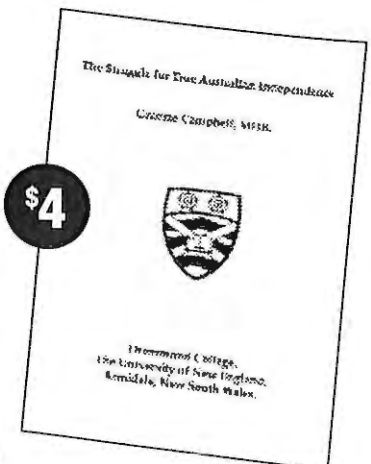
BY GRAEME CAMPBELL MHR  
and Mark Uhlmann

\$24

### THE STRUGGLE FOR TRUE AUSTRALIAN INDEPENDENCE

BY GRAEME CAMPBELL MHR  
Member for Kalgoorlie

being The Fourth Annual D.H. Drummond Memorial Address presented at Drummond College, The University of New England, Armidale, New South Wales, on September 2, 1994



\$4

Available from the Australian Heritage Society



# What Depth Aussie Patriotism?

BY BRIAN WATKINS

**W**ITH the new millenium dawning upon us, and some politicians inclined to 'wipe the slate clean', I set out to plumb the extent of Australia's old-style patriotism in our young people. To get to grips with this question of How much? To what depth? I found myself at sixty three years of age deciding to tread those same footsteps as did some of our thousands of earlier New South Wales volunteers when setting off to sign on for their war time training at Bathurst and Sydney.

So, with my wife flying off to Europe for a holiday, and having been accepted into the initial group of 35 men, I arrived to take up my place with them in Captain Brian Byewater's "1916 Kookaburra Re-enactment Recruitment March". This became a very hot and grueling 340 kilometres march and was held exactly eighty years after the real event. It was held in the height of summer, from 14th to 27th of January 1996 from Tooraweenah to Bathurst.

In 1988 I first caught sight on television of Captain Byewater's "Cooee Marchers" re-enacting a 1915 Australian back-blocks recruitment march which ended in Sydney.

The Kookaburra Re-enactment became a very painful foot-slogging event, but after a couple of days it dawned on me exactly how privileged I was in having been accepted into the group; these

men had come from all over Australia, two brothers having travelled from as far away as West Australia.

Having spent eight years in Her Majesty's Royal Marines and been trained in precision drill for high profile displays, I did think the marchers, (no! I shall not use the word 'rabble') kept step poorly. But then, I was a bit slow in realising they weren't meant to be 'pucker'. But oh Lord, weren't they trying hard! Each was determined to play his part, mainly out of respect for Brian Byewater, their Captain and Dubbo member of the Citizens Military Forces.

I soon gathered that these Aussie comrades were of one mind, and they taught me that there was something between them with a much deeper meaning. In young and old, I was to observe a powerful mix of Australian Mateship combined with Patriotism that would win through any eventuality. The reader would have to have been there to recognise the true Aussie spirit that came shining through.

En-route, people joined the original men, these proudly carrying the Australian and Union Jack flags. One fellow from interstate quit his vehicle and joined the march for three days. People came from

great distances, young and old, with cameras in hand to record the march. Some kindly ladies took in our washing, returning it the next day. Early in the march we were joined by a dozen army cadets, male and female; one was a spirited 17-year-old aboriginal girl by the name of Diamantina, splendid in her CMF uniform.

Another passer-by riding her horse at some point near Munderoran accepted my invitation to join us. She didn't have to, but went home and grabbed her sleeping bag and

marched the major part of the kilometres with us. Is this not the patriotic spirit?

This was no easy country walk; it was a hard military style march in exceptionally hot and humid weather. What started out as an average age of fifty three years ended up averaging less than thirty-three years. This was not due to dropouts as it was due to the young-uns joining up with us. Most of the originals finished the full march without taking a ride - one of the originals was seventy years of age.

Late on Monday 16th, we arrived at Munderoran to a long speech by local dignitaries and the playing of the Last Post by James Morrison on his famous trumpet.

"So why did they do it?" I asked myself. "And what of the St. John Ambulance men and women? Surely their efforts qualify as patriotic? They were unpaid volunteers who cared for us night and day, acting beyond the call of duty. Returning three times to replenish exhausted medical supplies! And what of the support team members? These people are 'the salt of the earth'.

One way or another we became 'the walking wounded'. Feet blistered in the extreme heat, in some cases so badly blistered that blood oozed from boots! One of the men had to have his socks cut from his feet. Volunteers, who could have quit at any time, but didn't, yet never complaining.

And what of our Captain? No truer Aussie patriotism could be shown than his. Few realised he was ill. I wasn't the only one worried that his strong will and dogged determination would push him too hard against the illness he was suffering. At one stage I put forward the



First War March memorial plaque - Tooraweenah  
Captain Brian Byewater (kneeling) and Brian Watkins

suggestion that we should make up a 'snatch squad' to rescue him from himself. We thought we would have to tie him down to the ambulance stretcher if need be.

Little did I think it would be me who was going to be the hospital case. Despite my initial exuberance and intention to finish brisker and smarter than any of the others - Royal Marines and all that - I ended up being the only one to be hospitalised. Will you believe it; I heard my leg muscle go 'pop' one-hour out of Mudgee. The muscle had broken through its lining. Streuth it was painful! I was taken 'post haste' to that town's hospital spending two of the last five days of the march with my left leg hoisted high.

There was no way I was going to be left behind and at the mercy of those wonderful Mudgee nurses, God bless them! With help from Mudgee's local radio announcer (never did get to know what he broadcast about me) I succeeded in thumbing a lift with a St. John Ambulance chap in his own car.

My fear of 'letting the side down' was heavy within me indeed. Because of the examples the other men set, I determined to at least try and finish despite the incredible pain of my "acute anterior syndromed" leg. I **did** make it to Bathurst, cadging lifts and aided by a walking stick.

In 1997 Brian Byewater was presented with the Australia Medal in recognition of his feats. If ever a Digger deserved an A.M. Brian Byewater did. He was and is our Captain and has won the respect and admiration of us all.

Brian's recent "Kooka News" tells us that he is about to launch his fourth Re-enactment March". Called the "Boomerang March" the ten day march will start from Parkes, N.S.W. on the 6th February 1999 and end at Bathurst on the 16th February.

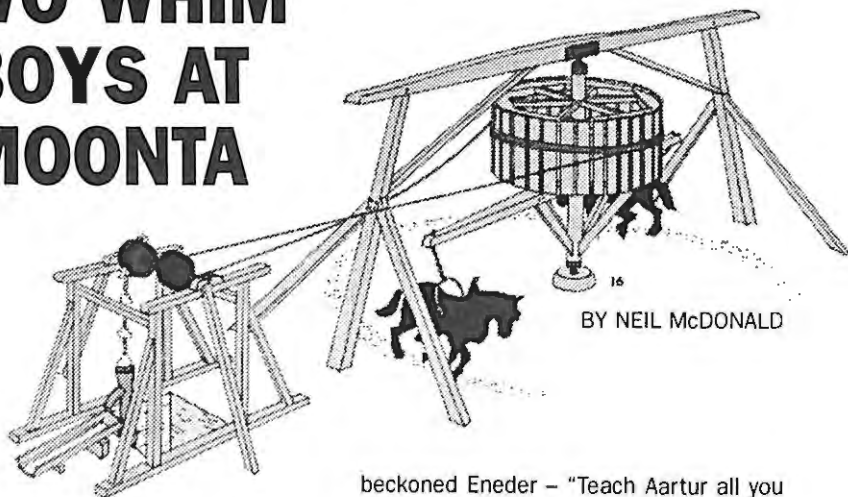
### Aussie patriotism runs deep.

Editor's Note: Mr. Brian Watkins is writing a book about Letitia Leake's life story and would appreciate hearing from anyone who has any knowledge about her. Formerly an Australian, Letitia Leake, 1859 - 1923 was 'exiled' in the U.K. with her husband. They set up residence at Harefield Park Estate and during the First World War made a gift of the Estate to the London based AIF Headquarters, to be used as a convalescent hospital for Australian soldiers. Eighty years later Letitia's gift has grown into Europe's finest heart and lung hospital.

Contact: Brian Watkins, 19 Davenport Terrace, Hilton, S.A. 5033. Tel.08 8234 0042;

Email address <http://briwatk@hotmail.com/>

# TWO WHIM BOYS AT MOONTA



**C**LOSE to the edge of Spencer Gulf are three towns of South Australia's 'Copper Triangle'. More than a century ago, underground mining attracted hardy pioneers from Cornwall, England. Slowly the villages, later towns of Kadina, Moonta and Walleroo.

Steady employment with a weekly adult wage of near two pounds (\$4.00), attracted energy and ambition to risk a long sail-ship voyage and then start from scratch on a bleak, arid landscape.

Families developed, living in small cottages with scarcity of drinking water. Many children died, but survivors still felt that the mine was their destiny. Boys were desperate to leave school and seek a job.

At Moontam a frail-looking lad wasn't bothered with study skill tests - just a few commonsense questions. "Can you count?" Applicant Aartur (named because of his Dad's bad spelling) struggled for an answer . . . "Up to ten," flexing his fingers.

"How old are you?" Aartur hesitated, then replied, "About ten or twelve." Across the picky table, the job foreman fired another question. "Does you ever think about chasing girls?" Aartur answered, "I'm not that stupid!" "You must only be ten" answered the picky boss. "Are you ready to leave school?"

Aartur rushed to the two-roomed cottage to ask his mum. "Can I leave school - there's a job - six hours on night shift for one shilling a shift . . . Monday to Friday." An offer too good to refuse won Mum's approval she realised that her son's school days were finished - and proceeded to bake a Cornish pasty.

Excited, Aartur survived a long weekend and arrived at Moonta mine one hour early. Surprised not to be starting on the picky table, Aartur was led outside. "Meet your workmate Ender." The foreman

beckoned Ender - "Teach Aartur all you know - that won't take long!"

Ender led Aartur to a fenced corral. "Meet whim horses, Clydesdale Penzance." From an apparatus like a heavily timbered rotary clothes hoist, a yolk was connected to the arm of the whim. Ender told Aartur to listen for signals to raise or lower the kibbles.

Aartur soon got the hang of things; he would lead the large draught horse forward to unwind a wire cable, which rolled the edge of a large iron wheel. Forward movement lowered the cable. Reversed movement retrieved and raised a kibble - a large bucket of ore.

The ore went into the picky shed, where the 'grass captain' - a pannikan boss directed the boys to grade it into prill and alvins and attle.

Soon Aartur realised that he alone was walking and working. Ender was curled in a cosy shelter. Alone for the next few night shifts, he wondered for a better and more restful way.

After a mid-crib break, nourished by his mum's Cornish pasty, Aartur rigged a swing seat, slung from the opposite arm of the windlass. He carried a few pebbles and urged Penzance with sharp words and an accurate shot. Not always a success, but easier and less boring.

Ender began to envy Aartur and shared verbal signals. The Clydesdale began to respond to shakes of the connecting line; one knock meant stop, two knocks lowered the jib and three knocks urged an uphaul.

Young mine workers like Aartur and Ender helped produce record copper yields shipped from Walleroo to Britain and beyond.

Additional details are provided in the book, "Australia's Little Cornwall" by Oswald Pryor. A book popular with visitors to the Mine Museum at Moonta, South Australia.



# MR TAYLOR

by ALAN BARTON

**I**F ever anyone tried to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, it was my parents when they sent me for five years, as a boarder, to the Sydney Church of England Grammar School, better known as "Shore".

The School's masters were a famous lot – from the Headmaster, L.C. Robson, down. Shore then had a fine Cadet Corps whose citizenship-building potential is sadly overlooked these days.

I have always believed I would have been better off at a common-garden-variety school. Perhaps I was just one of many insignificant boys who went through Shore. I did achieve more there than the better known ex-Shore boy, Errol Flynn, who left before his time, much to Hollywood's gain.

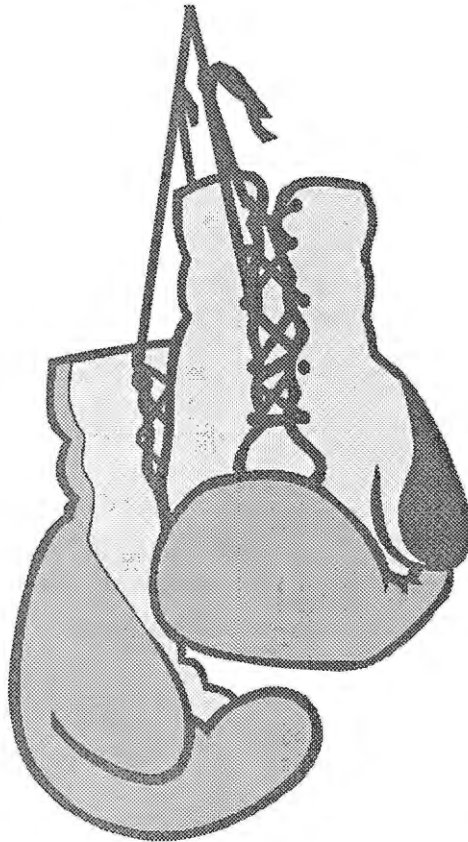
Among those impressive masters the man who impressed me most, and whom I still remember to this day, was Mr. Taylor who came to the school on regular afternoons to teach the noble art of self-defence (boxing) to a small group of boys.

These were the years before the 1956 Olympic Games in Melbourne. Mr. Taylor would have been proud had any of his boys taken part in these Games. Mr. Taylor himself had represented his country at Olympics in both boxing and wrestling. After much pleading from us, one day he brought his Silver Medal to school to show us. He would never tell us what 'his country' was but my guess is it was Scotland. He had been boxing champion of Scotland, second-best man in England at wrestling, and had held some Australian titles.

While I tend to think some masters acted their roles, Mr. Taylor was simply Mr. Taylor – a cheerful, medium-sized man, no longer young, but nimble on his feet, with lightning reflexes. He was so great a Christian gentleman that this wasn't obvious to most who met him. He used to under-

estimate, never exaggerate.

The lessons proceeded as follows: We boys would pair off and spar for a while; then a break while we listened to his words of wisdom before another spar. Mr. Taylor's talks covered a wide spectrum. He taught us the rules



and how to referee a bout. He expounded on the noble art of self-defence, showing us simple holds that would immobilize an opponent, and how to react to a knife thrust from any direction. These demonstrations I have never seen equalled. Once he showed us how he had overpowered a man who had a cut-throat razor.

Apart from these more flamboyant lessons, he taught his boys, in a subtle

way, a high code of moral behaviour for life. Our Creator's Son used parables to teach; Mr. Taylor also taught in a non-dogmatic, non-apparent style.

We didn't know much about Mr. Taylor but one day he said, "Sometime I will tell you how boxing saved my life in the 1914-1918 war." In our imaginations we could see him in a trench-fight with half-a-dozen Uhlans (??) in field grey, using jabs, uppercuts and even the 'blanc and pivot', seeing no referees were present. Many months were to pass before he would say more and, maybe again understating: "The British regiments were marching up to the Somme, six hundred strong, and only six or so returning. The odds of survival were not good. I was such a good boxer they made me a P.T. instructor behind the lines, saving my life."

On occasion he would quote from rare Scots ballads. There was one boy in his class whom no one else at school could see any worth in, yet Mr. Taylor could.

At the end of each bout Mr. Taylor produced a bag of boiled sweets and gave one to each boy. Always he would hand the sweets to the boys at the back first saying, "The first shall be last and the last first." We didn't know it then, but this is from St. Mark's Gospel, Chapter 10, verse 1.

When one of us had a bleeding nose from a glove tap, Mr. Taylor would say, "Don't worry about that, that's only the common red stuff; there's plenty of that around. It's the blue blood that's valuable and needs keeping." I find this quote makes a good 'throw away' line at blood-donation time.

Mr. Taylor would be long dead now, and civilisation the poorer for his passing.

*1. A light cavalryman in semi-oriental uniform; a Prussian lancer.*

*A  
Great  
Gift*

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## CONTRIBUTIONS WELCOMED



ARTICLES and other contributions, together with suggestions for suitable HERITAGE material, will be welcomed. However, those requiring used or unused material to be returned, should enclose a stamp and addressed envelope.

# HAPPY BIRTHDAY, NEWCASTLE - 30<sup>TH</sup> MARCH

by Dan O'Donnell

**I**n our obsession today with political correctness and the rights of minorities, Australians sometimes manifest a cavalier attitude to the accuracy of their own story. Take the birth of Newcastle, New South Wales, the date of which varies confusingly in modern accounts. In actual fact, Newcastle was born on Friday, 30 March 1804, with the arrival of a small fleet of three vessels dispatched from Sydneytown on the orders of Governor Philip Gidley King. Originally called Coal Harbour, at the mouth of Hunter's River, Newcastle was, in perfect weather, roughly one day's sail north of Sydney Heads. On this occasion the trip took slightly longer. From the time of Lieutenant John Shortland's discovery of the Hunter River in 1797, there had been periodic visitors to the locality in quest of cedar and coal, and even an abortive attempt in 1801 to establish a settlement. On 18 March 1804, Governor King annulled the General Order of 3 July 1801 which permitted such trade, declaring that henceforth all coal and timber was the exclusive property of the Crown. Moreover, no private vessels were allowed to round the forbidding rock (later known as Nobbys) and enter the river without government approval. Absolutely no one was permitted to land without the permission of the newly-appointed Commandant, Lieutenant C.A.F.N. Menzies.

Freshly arrived in the colony aboard HMS Calcutta, First-Lieutenant Charles Menzies had actually requested the appointment on 14 March. Governor King swiftly agreed, promulgating at the same time the information that the area in the immediate vicinity of the mouth of Hunter's River was to be re-named Newcastle, a part of the County of Northumberland which was to extend southwards to the County of Cumberland at 33 degrees 20 minutes south latitude.

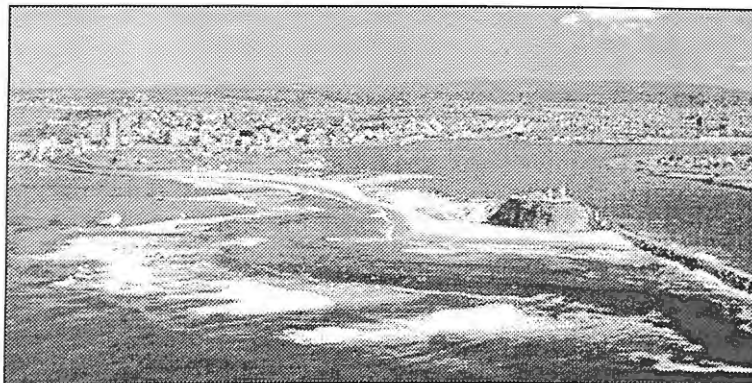
For Newcastle, 30 March remains an historic day, meriting special celebration as its birthday. The tiny fleet – comprising the colonial vessel Resource, the sloop James, and the armed tender Lady Nelson – had actually set sail on Tuesday, 27 March, the Governor himself in the company of his family, making an excursion down Sydney Harbour to farewell them. Unfortunately, a strong nor-easter prevented the vessels from clearing the Heads until Wednesday morning, and the fleet had to seek refuge overnight in Lookout Bay. Within the youthful frontier township of Sydney, there was huge optimism that the new venture at the Hunter River – the first on the mainland of Australia since 1788 – would "prove immediately advantageous and lastingly beneficial to this part of His Majesty's Territory as well from its proximity as its natural productions" as the Sydney Gazette put it on 1 April 1804.

Who were these first Europeans to set foot formally in Old Newcastle Town? Their names spring out from the scanty records still existing. Aboard the Lady Nelson with Lieutenant Menzies were James Mileham (Assistant Surgeon), Ferdinand Bauer (who was identified at the time as Natural Historical Painter), John Tucker (Storekeeper), one Overseer

of Convicts, six Privates of the NSW Corps, and twenty-two convicts. Included amongst those prisoners were two carpenters, three sawyers, one gardener and one saltboiler – all of whom were to earn their keep and possible remission of sentence in the forthcoming months. Aboard the Resource were Isaac Knight (Superintendent of Convicts), one Sergeant, four Privates, and twelve convicts. Aboard the James were George Caley, three Coal-Miners, plus "all necessary implements and stores, with provisions for six months".

On 29 April 1804, the Sydney Gazette (quoting from a letter from an unidentified scribe) painted a glowing picture of the convict outpost at Newcastle – or King's Town as Menzies re-named it. "This has certainly the appearance of a very desirable spot for the establishment of a Settlement," he wrote: "The distance from Hawkesbury by land is computed at only fifty miles. The strata of coal is immense. Quantities of fish are easy to be procured, and up the River there is abundance of wild fowl of various descriptions."

A superb sketch of the virgin settlement came from the gifted pen of Ferdinand Lukas Bauer (1760-1826). He was only in Newcastle a couple of weeks to record for posterity the infant settlement, returning to Sydney on 18 April. On 26 August 1804, he was off to Norfolk Island to continue his priceless work of recording visual history before the invention of photography.



By far the most informative and reliable account of the settlement came from Menzies himself, his report to the Governor on 18 April showing that all three vessels had disembarked all passengers at noon on Friday, 30 March 1804. The site chosen for the settlement was "a most delightful valley about a quarter of a mile from the entrance and south head, and close to the mines". Those had

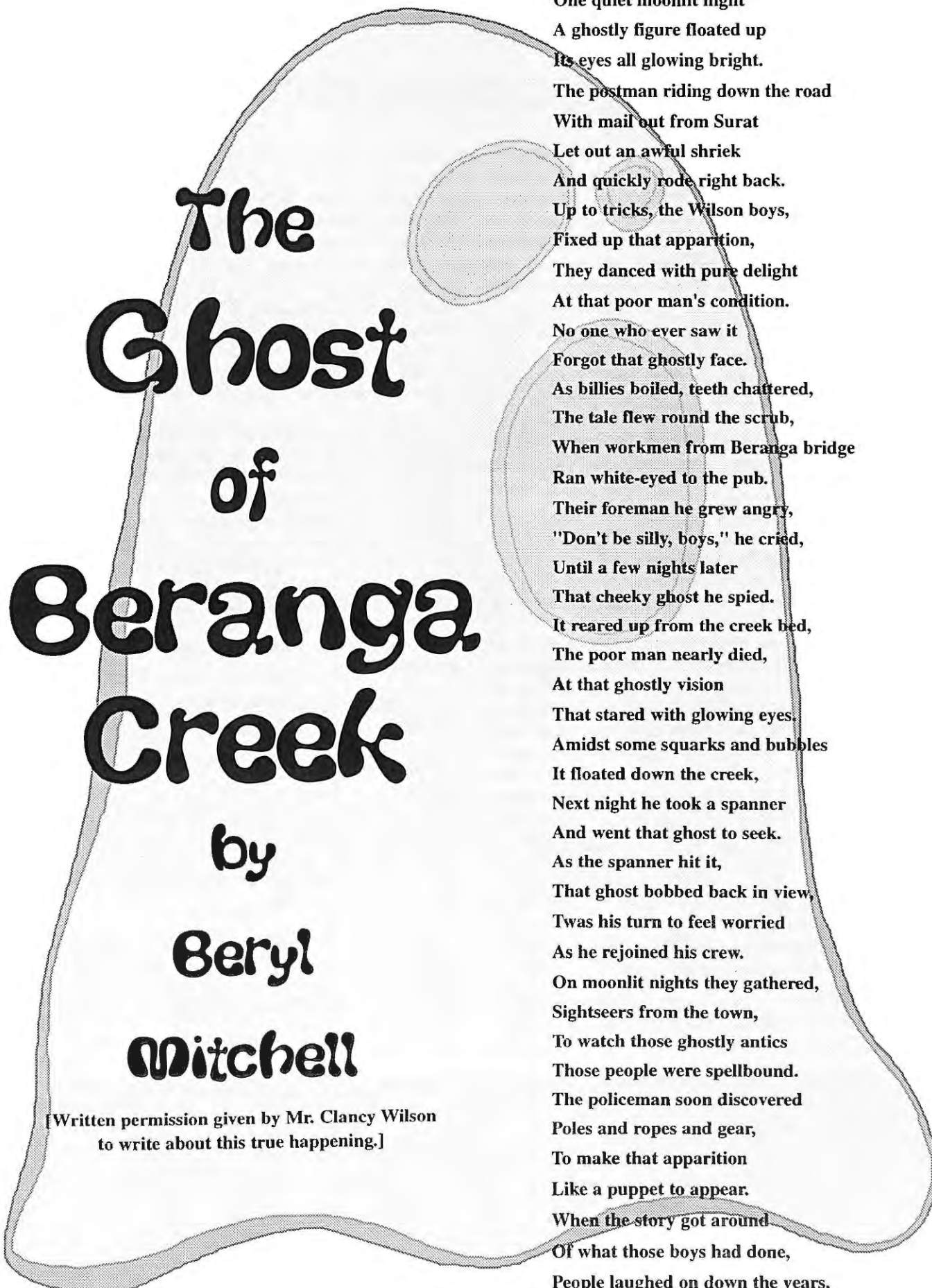
been crudely constructed by individuals since 1801 near today's Fort Scratchley, and were all in danger of collapsing because of the absence of proper supports. "Mr. Bauer will present you with a sketch of this delightful spot which I have taken the liberty of naming after your Excellency," Menzies wrote to the Governor. It was the first-ever sketch of King's Town – or Newcastle.

In March 1805, a year after his appointment, Menzies was replaced as Commandant by Ensign Draffin. That same month, Assistant Surgeon Throsby (who had replaced James Mileham some months before) was appointed Commandant. Charles Throsby (after whom Throsby Creek is named) reported that on arrival he found Draffin had gone insane. Throsby was in charge until September 1808.

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[Dr. O'Donnell is the author of fifteen books on Australian history and education, including James Hannell; A History of Early Newcastle; Montessori Education in Australia and New Zealand; A History of Clermont; Nora Baird, MBE, Bach Society of Queensland, and Cecilia McNally, MBE.





**The  
Ghost  
of  
Beranga  
Creek**  
by  
**Beryl  
Mitchell**

[Written permission given by Mr. Clancy Wilson  
to write about this true happening.]

**O**UT of Beranga Creek  
One quiet moonlit night  
A ghostly figure floated up  
Its eyes all glowing bright.  
The postman riding down the road  
With mail out from Surat  
Let out an awful shriek  
And quickly rode right back.  
Up to tricks, the Wilson boys,  
Fixed up that apparition,  
They danced with pure delight  
At that poor man's condition.  
No one who ever saw it  
Forgot that ghostly face.  
As billies boiled, teeth chattered,  
The tale flew round the scrub,  
When workmen from Beranga bridge  
Ran white-eyed to the pub.  
Their foreman he grew angry,  
"Don't be silly, boys," he cried,  
Until a few nights later  
That cheeky ghost he spied.  
It reared up from the creek bed,  
The poor man nearly died,  
At that ghostly vision  
That stared with glowing eyes.  
Amidst some squarks and bubbles  
It floated down the creek,  
Next night he took a spanner  
And went that ghost to seek.  
As the spanner hit it,  
That ghost bobbed back in view,  
Twas his turn to feel worried  
As he rejoined his crew.  
On moonlit nights they gathered,  
Sightseers from the town,  
To watch those ghostly antics  
Those people were spellbound.  
The policeman soon discovered  
Poles and ropes and gear,  
To make that apparition  
Like a puppet to appear.  
When the story got around  
Of what those boys had done,  
People laughed on down the years,  
At the Wilson rascals' fun.



## THE QUEEN'S CORONATION SPEECH

*Below is the text of the Queen's speech which was broadcast at 9 p.m. on her Coronation Day*

**W**hen I spoke to you last, at Christmas, I asked you all, whatever your religion, to pray for me on the day of my Coronation—to pray that God would give me wisdom and strength to carry out the promises that I should then be making.

Throughout this memorable day I have been uplifted and sustained by the knowledge that your thoughts and prayers were with me. I have been aware all the time that my peoples, spread far and wide throughout every continent and ocean in the world, were united to support me in the task to which I have now been dedicated with such solemnity.

Many thousands of you came to London from all parts of the Commonwealth and Empire to join in the ceremony, but I have been conscious, too, of the millions of others who have shared in it by means of wireless or television in their homes. All of you, near or far, have been united in one purpose. It is hard for me to find words in which to tell you of the strength which this knowledge has given me. The ceremonies you have seen today are ancient, and some of their origins are veiled in the mists of the past. But their spirit and their meaning shine through the ages—never, perhaps, more brightly than now. I have in sincerity pledged myself to your service, as so many of you are pledged to mine. Throughout all my life and with all my heart I shall strive to be worthy of your trust. In this resolve I have my husband to support me. He shares all my ideals and all my affection for you. Then, although my experience is so short and my task so new, I have in my parents and grandparents an example which I can follow with certainty and with confidence.

There is also this. I have behind me not only the splendid traditions and the annals of more than

a thousand years, but the living strength and majesty of the Commonwealth and Empire: of societies old and new, of lands and races different in history and origins, but all, by God's will, united in spirit and in aim. Therefore I am sure that this, my Coronation, is not the symbol of a power and a splendour that are gone, but a declaration of our hopes for the future, and for the years I may, by God's grace and mercy, be given to reign and serve you as your Queen.

I have been speaking of the vast regions and varied peoples to whom I owe my duty, but there has also sprung from our island home a theme of social and political thought which constitutes our message to the world and through the changing generations has found acceptance both within and far beyond my realms. Parliamentary institutions, with their free speech and respect for the rights of minorities, and the inspiration of a broad tolerance in thought and its expression—all this we conceive to be a precious part of our way of life and outlook.

During recent centuries, this message has been sustained and invigorated by the immense contribution, in language, literature, and action, of the nations of our Commonwealth overseas. It gives expression, as I pray it always will, to living principles as sacred to the Crown and monarchy as to its many Parliaments and peoples. I ask you now to cherish them, and practise them too; then we can go forward together in peace, seeking justice and freedom for all men.

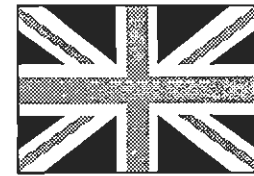
As this day draws to its close, I know that my abiding memory of it will be not only the solemnity and beauty of the ceremony, but the inspiration of your loyalty and affection. I thank you all from a full heart. God bless you all.





# ENGLISH NEWS

*Australian Colonies Government Bill, House of Commons, 1 August 1850:*



ON the motion for taking into consideration the Lords' amendments on this Bill, Mr. F. Scott wished to know from the Government if it was their intention to assent to all the amendments which had been proposed and agreed to in the House of Lords. Sir de Lacy Evans was, on general grounds, in favour of two chambers for the colony, but upon maturely considering the question, he doubted that there was sufficient material in the colony for a second chamber, and he therefore thought the Bill should pass without an actual enactment with respect to the second Chamber. Upon the whole, he thought the Government was right in leaving to the colonists themselves to decide as to the establishment of a second Chamber.

Lord John Russell said, he proposed that the House should agree to the amendments of the Lords. Those amendments did not interfere with the object of the Government in their immediate operation, although they to some extent interfered with it in its prospective action. When, however, the colonists desired additional powers, the Government would be willing to concede them. Considerable discussion had taken place with respect to the establishment of two Chambers; but after due consideration the Government was of opinion that two Chambers should not be fixed in the present state of the colonies. The Bill was then substantially the same as it was when it was sent to the House of Lords; for the alterations made in the House of Lords did not materially affect the provisions of the measure. He considered the Bill as amended, calculated to be a great benefit to the Australian colonies, and he therefore hoped the amendments would be agreed to.

Mr. Gladstone protested against any measure which would restrain the constitutional freedom of Australia. Mr. Gladstone said the Bill before them was not a satisfactory Bill, but might produce good results. The amendments of the House of Lords appeared to him as a breach of faith with the colonists, inasmuch as those amendments deprived the colonists of the power conferred upon them by the Bill, of changing or altering their own institutions. He protested against any

measure which would restrain the constitutional freedom of Australia, and keep the legislation of that colony in perpetual uncertainty.

Mr. Roebuck would enter his serious and earnest protest against the Bill. The Bill altogether was so confused and unsatisfactory, that the colonists would come again to Parliament, and demand a proper measure. He contended that the nominees of the Government which the Bill proposed would hold the sway over the whole legislation of Australia; and he denied that the constitution which they were sending out there was the measure of the House of Commons of this country.

Mr. C. Anstey complained of the alterations made in the Bill by the House of Lords, as giving the franchise to ticket-of-leave holders and those who received conditional pardons. The Bill altogether was contemptible; and he hoped the noble lord would change his mind and agree to withdraw it.

Mr. M'Gregor thought the Bill would prove beneficial in its operation, notwithstanding the amendments of the Lords had impaired its original provisions. Rather than keep the colonists, and those having commercial connections with the colonists, any longer in suspense, he would vote in favour of the Bill.

The Lords' amendments were then agreed to.

*[Supplement to Sydney Morning Herald, Wed. 20 Nov. 1850]*

*The Sydney Herald* became *The Sydney Morning Herald* in 1842 under the proprietorship of Charles Kemp and John Fairfax. It continues today as Australia's oldest surviving newspaper.

**John Fairfax** (1804-1877), born at Warwick in England in 1804, was at the age of 12 apprenticed to a local printer and afterwards worked on the *Morning Chronicle*. In 1825 he settled at Leamington as a printer, and published a small newspaper, the *Leamington Spa Chronicle*; but an action for libel brought against him by a town official, although he won it, ruined him commercially, and he migrated to Australia in 1838, reaching Port Jackson in the *Palmyra* on 26 September. On 1 April

1839 he obtained an appointment as librarian to the Sydney subscription library (which afterwards became the public library of New South Wales). Shortly after this he was engaged by F.M. Stokes of the *Sydney Herald* to set up type and do other work after office hours, and proved so valuable an assistant that the management of the paper was gradually transferred to his hands. On 2 September 1840 the *Herald* began its daily issue; on 8 February 1841 it passed into the possession of John Fairfax and Charles Kemp (a reporter on the staff), and on 1 August 1842 appeared for the first time as the *Sydney Morning Herald*. Fairfax had in February 1841 resigned his position at the library, and thenceforth devoted himself to the management of the paper, of which in 1853 he became sole proprietor. In 1857 he took in his sons as partners. Outside his office he was a prominent and useful citizen, and took a large part in establishing the Australian Mutual Provident Society on a firm basis. In 1871 he was appointed to the council of education, and in 1874 was nominated to the legislative council. He died at Sydney on 16 June 1877. His second son, Sir James Reading Fairfax (1834-1919), born at Leamington on 17 October 1834 and educated at Parramatta and Sydney under Dr. Woolls and Henry Cary, was at the age of 17 given employment in his father's office, taken into partnership in 1857, and in 1888 took over the active management of the paper. Like his father, he devoted his life to the *Herald*; but he was also a founder and high official of the national art gallery, the Prince Alfred Hospital, the royal naval house, the national rifle association, the boys' brigade, and the Y.M.C.A., a director of two banks and several business firms, vice-president of several musical societies, and commodore of the royal yacht squadron. He died at Sydney on 28 March 1919.

*The James Jardine*, hired convict ship, has arrived at moorings at Royal Arsenal. Dr. Campbell, surgeon-superintendent, is to take on board about 300 male convicts for conveyance to Van Dieman's Land. About 80 convicts will be put on board at Woolwich from the convicts here and from Millbank Penitentiary; the others will be taken

from Portsmouth and Portland convict stations. These men will receive tickets-of-leave on arriving at their destination. Among the convicts sent out in this vessel there will be twelve irreclaimable characters, who will have to pay the penalty of their misconduct in the highly penal settlement of Norfolk Island, all attempts to reclaim them in this country having been found useless, and their longer continuance here being a bad example to others. (*Supplement to the Sydney Morning Herald, 20 Nov. 1850, quoted from the Times, 27 July 1850*)

**Memorised:** The workings of the juvenile mind are always interesting to follow, especially when ingenuity is displayed in dodging an awkward question. One can sympathise, however, with those who have the training of the same juvenile mind on their hands. It must often be a sad trial of patience.

Billy Robson, brilliant but erratic, would insist upon the fact that Columbus 'discovered' America in 1493. No amount of repetition of the correct date could impress accuracy upon his mind. At last

the master improvised the following rhyme for his pupil's benefit:

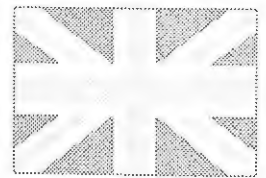
"In fourteen hundred and ninety-two  
Columbus crossed the ocean blue."

Billy got this off by heart all right, and the difficulty appeared to have been surmounted. But when the next history lesson came round, and the same old question was fired at Billy, the young hopeful piped up:

"In fourteen hundred and ninety-three  
Columbus crossed the deep blue sea."

## A Modern Australian Fairy Tale

by B. T. Harper



**I** LOOK around me and see how the strongest, most civilised and envied countries in the world are all English speaking, and how English is becoming more and more the language of the business world. Then when I listen to and read the opinions of all the sneering knockers, I wonder how it all came about.

All we are is a bunch of diminutive, pale-faced cowards, born in dirty terraces in a land where the sun never breaks through the smog, and where the rain only stops to make way for the snow. We are a bunch of fish-and-chip gobbling, whingeing, thieving drug addicts and drug ped-

dlers dedicated to football hooliganism and union rabble-rousing.

We came to this country 200 years ago for the specific purposes of wiping out the Aborigines, and spoiling the perfect conditions that prevailed at the time. We introduced foxes, wasps, sparrows and starlings -- in fact, everything that's wrong with this country, we are responsible for.

Fortunately, Australians came along just in time to prevent this country being completely spoiled, and they have been struggling ever since to put right the damage we inflicted. I feel thoroughly ashamed. Don't you?

Yet, in the first World War, of the men who immediately rushed to the colours, 51% were British-born settlers and a fair percentage of the rest were migrants from other countries. However, at Gallipoli, a magical thing happened and these little red-faced (from the unaccustomed Australian sun) men became tall, sun-tanned young athletes deeply imbued with the spirit of ANZAC and mateship, which endures in all Australians to this day. And though many of them died, unlike their filthy erstwhile countrymen, they did so in the way that heroes should.

I prefer Grimm's Fairy Tales myself.

[Taken from Endeavour: Journal of the United Kingdom Settlers' Association, September 1998]



\$5

## Sovereignty in Australia

by Arthur Tuck

The Coronation Service and its Relevance to Australia Today

This attractively produced booklet focuses on the coronation service and its relevance to Australia today. Within the context of the republican assault on the constitution, this booklet offers an excellent educational tool to highlight almost unknown but, vital aspects of our Constitution. Christianity offers a philosophical bedrock upon which our social, political and legal heritage is based, beginning with the crowning of our Head of State during a holy Communion Service in a Christian church. The monarchy symbolises the sovereignty of God, and represents and protects the political sovereignty of its subjects, submitting government itself to the law of God. This book indicates the spiritual richness of Australia's constitutional heritage, and by comparison the various republican models 'appear shallow and barren'. This book is available from The Australian Heritage Society.





# The Woman Most Likely Cheryl Kernot

by David O'Reilly



**T**HIS is a mesmerizing look at a larger-than-life character able to dominate the news while representing a minuscule five percent of the Australian population. According to the cover blurb, the book is "an in-depth look at the woman who (sic) many see as prime-ministerial material". While it is arguable that the claim is justifiable as a marketing strategy to promote the book, it is not an objective, in-depth study. Moreover, Kernot is already yesterday's woman, fighting desperately for political survival at a lower and less glamorous level than head honcho. Although the book is a raw apologia for the new recruit to the Australian Labor Party, it is nonetheless eminently readable, with first-hand accounts of politics, education, the protest movement, and the birth and rise of the Democrats. Despite O'Reilly's best efforts to idealize his subject, she emerges a flawed and fragile human permanently tainted by gory scandals – notably her defection as Leader of the Australian Democrats, a much-publicised affaire d'amour with one of her pupils (with whom she co-habited for five years while teaching at the prestigious Brisbane Church of England Grammar School), and a perception of utter disloyalty born of her betrayal of her Democrat colleagues.

The tone of the book is set in the opening paragraph of the Preface, with Cheryl agonising in the Canberra office of Gareth Evans, Deputy Leader

of the Federal Opposition, about how to break the news of her defection to her former Democrat colleagues. "It was the hardest thing she ever did in her life," O'Reilly gushes, à la Barbara Cartland: "Drawing strength from one last big breath, Kernot lifted the phone and began to track down the Democrats' National Secretary." Was this really harder than looking parents in the eye at Sydney's St. Leo's Catholic School where Cheryl had fallen in love with Tony, the seventeen-year-old school captain? Breaking up with Phil, her first husband? Separating from Tony in Brisbane after five years together? Facing the terrible Queensland policemen during those awful street marches? The depiction is a bit over the top since Cheryl had been plotting unconscionably with the Labor leaders for weeks while volubly pledging devotion to the Democrat cause.

## CYST OR LOVE BITE?

In apparent effort to appear objective, O'Reilly cites an anecdote about the early Kernot wearing to school a tartan scarf "across her neck" (around). A teaching colleague recounted that it was to cover up a love bite acquired as the result of a weekend tryst with her boyfriend in Sydney. "Kernot clearly remembers the scarf covering a nasty cyst she was having treated," O'Reilly writes: "She never saw herself as sexy, insisting for example, that she never had a love bite in her life." The breakdown of her marriage with Phil received more O'Reilly gloss. Married in 1971, Cheryl was beginning to have doubts by 1973: "Perhaps it was simply a case of two young people settling down too early. And a case of her struggling to find a direction in her life as she grew away from her small-town background. There were the routine tensions that come with the territory in marriage. Not much overt disputation, just a surrender to the rituals." Small-town background? Someone should tell Kernot that Maitland is the Big City compared with Brewarrina, Bourke and the Black Stump. At St. Leo's, Cheryl first taught Tony in 1974, and came into greater contact with him the next year, his final, sitting around and talking "about all sorts of things, life generally, not just school matters". According to O'Reilly, Tony was "sober, athletic and mature for his age". How fortunate for St. Leo's that he wasn't a seventeen-year-old drunk! At Easter 1975, Cheryl and Phil separated, divorcing the next year. At the beginning of 1976, Cheryl began teaching at Brisbane's Church of England

Grammar School. In the manner of Boons and Mills, O'Reilly spouts forth: "Torn by guilt over her failed marriage and the hurt to her husband, confused about the direction of her friendship with Tony Sinclair and desperate that nothing escalate that could damage St. Leo's, Cheryl just wanted to get away to a place where she could think things through."

When Tony followed from Sydney to enrol at Griffith University, he and Cheryl shacked up, neither the school officials at Churchie nor the august custodians of the Anglican Church itself showing the least concern. It is of interest to remember that at the time Australia was undergoing radical change especially in education. The Social Studies kit MACOS, devised by Jerome Bruner, was being trialled in many Queensland schools, and as is well known after a national furore, MACOS was banned outright in 1977 in Queensland, and surreptitiously withdrawn immediately afterwards by every other State Department of Education. In 1977-78, another bitter dispute arose in Queensland over the Social Education Materials Project (SEMP) which, like MACOS, aimed at total moral autonomy. Instead of such timeless rules as the Ten Commandments to guide them through life, pupils were being exhorted to develop their own codes of behaviour.

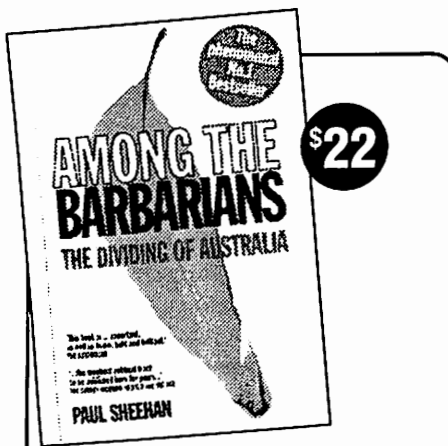
## PROTEST MOVEMENT

At Churchie, Cheryl "blossomed into an innovative teacher" in an environment which suited her perfectly, according to O'Reilly. At the time, it was headed by Bill Hayward, an enormously respected educator, although this book will do little for his image. One anecdote cites a school assembly at which Hayward uttered the words: "Your mother sucks cocks!" Did this anecdote come from the plum-in-mouth Kernot? Another features Hayward, flat on his back on the floor, interviewing job applicants and dozing off mid-interview. Yet another shows him "happily concurring" to the art teachers' request for nude models. At this very time, Kernot was involving herself energetically in the protest movement. In O'Reilly's words: "Every night she would see Bjelke-Petersen, Hinze or Vince Lester speaking on television, and with every prevarication, every piece of transparent, cynical manipulation, her anger would mount." Joh and Russ Hinze have their own defenders but may I make a plea for my friend Vince Lester, please? Over the years, I have developed a deep and enduring regard for

this man. A self-made millionaire as a baker, Vince is the most generous benefactor Clermont and Keppel Country have ever known. He is also the most scrupulously honest politician in Queensland, never ever guilty of the vile innuendoes of the Kernot quote.

Other libellous anecdotes are also included in this panegyric to the Precious Princess. At one street march - (Did Mr. Hayward know or approve of her militancy?) - one of her former pupils (then doing first-year law) was ordered to join the crowd of protesters, instead of marching with "one foot on the gutter and one on the street". He refused and was arrested. Cheryl was horrified. It was another of those Damascus-type experiences when the cruel and unjust world was revealed to her. Destiny was calling or was it simply unbridled ambition?

O'Reilly argues that it was the big issues of modern Australia that catapulted Kernot into politics, including Aboriginal rights, but always with a Kernot spin. Take Aborigines and education. Surely the "Woman Most Likely" would not simply nit-pick about White Australians' shortcomings. But yes, she does, telling O'Reilly that even "the design of white man's schoolrooms offended the Aboriginal sense of space!" What design would you suggest, Cheryl?



**AMONG THE BARBARIANS**  
The Dividing of Australia  
by Paul Sheehan

**\$22**

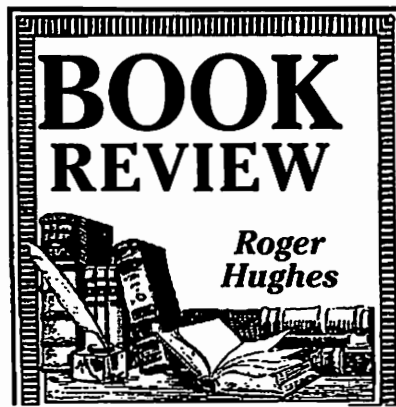
*'This book is . . . important, as well as brave, bold and brilliant.'* THE AUSTRALIAN

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THE SYDNEY MORNING HERALD and THE AGE

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## Our Stolen Future

by Theo Colburn,  
Dianne Dumanoski  
& John Myers

In 1989 scientists in Canada researching the declining numbers of beluga whales opened up a dead specimen for examination. They were not quite prepared for what they found.

Whales previously examined often had tumours, ulcers, gum diseases, twisted spines and other abnormalities. This particular specimen not only had the common abnormalities but it had two sets of gonads - one female set and one male. It also had much of the other male and female 'plumbing'.

Other such 'freaks of nature' have been found. In Florida a large number of male alligators were found to have under-sized and malformed penises. In different parts of North America female gulls have been found trying to nest with other females. In fact they were dubbed the "gay gulls".

These are just some of the freakish occurrences described by the authors of *Our Stolen Future*. Others include thinning eggshells of eagles, frequent abandonment of their eggs by other bird species and declines in the average testicle size of certain fish species. Many types of wildlife have suffered a substantial drop in population.

These weird occurrences are not really 'freaks of nature' but have been caused by the thousands of artificial chemicals created and brought into use over the last fifty years. Most are not poisonous in the normal sense but their effect is much more insidious. The creature which ingests molecules of these chemicals is often not itself harmed. Its progeny, however, are the ones to suffer. For instance a number of artificial chemicals mimic naturally

occurring hormones such as oestrogen, resulting in bizarre physical abnormalities or strange behaviour. Fortunately most of the more freakish results occurring in animal species have not, as yet, become common in humans. This does not mean that we are safe.

The authors point out that a number of cancer types are becoming more common. They also point to research which shows that human sperm counts have tended to drop significantly in recent decades.

Some of the chemicals known to be dangerous, like DDT and PCB's (polychlorinated biphenyls) have already been banned in many countries. However, with something like a thousand new artificial chemicals being introduced each year it is virtually impossible to ensure that some won't cause serious but unforeseen problems in the future. Most of us will have ingested some of these chemicals and children nowadays can have a veritable cocktail of them inside when they are born.

The authors have given some hints for the individual to minimise the risks. For instance, washing our hands regularly is important as we often touch chemicals unknowingly. Keeping our use of pesticides and plastics to a minimum is also recommended.

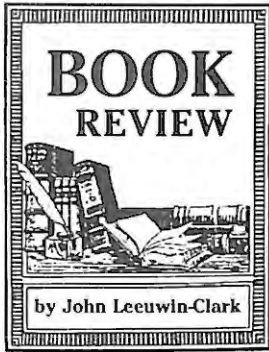
On a broader level they believe hormone-disrupting chemicals should be phased out and laws introduced to take into account the effect of the cumulative exposure to chemicals. They also call for much more research.

Although the authors are American and the book deals mainly with the situation in the United States and Canada, the same types of problems are no doubt arising in Australia. Our lower population and smaller industrial base has probably meant we are not faced with the same quantity of chemicals as the North Americans. We should not be complacent, however, especially as small amounts of chemicals can travel considerable distances.

The book deals with a worrying phenomenon that affects us all. I recommend that you buy or borrow a copy and study it well.

In Book Review, Heritage No. 86, we wrongly attributed a review to Anthony Cooney. Mr. R. Hughes reviewed *The Intellectuals and the Masses* (London, Faber & Faber, 1992). We apologise for the error.





# Masked Eden

## *A History of the Australians in New Guinea*

by Anne McCosker

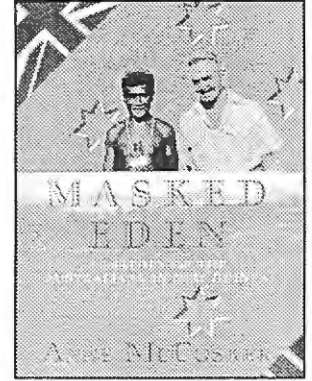
*Masked Eden* is a story of love and beauty, gallantry, courage and betrayal. The wonderful pioneering spirit of Australians is seen – often in co-operation with the New Guineans – struggling with the incompetence and ignorance of a small elite in Canberra and Rabaul.

The fall of Rabaul to the Japanese in 1942 – when over 1000 Australian civilians and soldiers were lost; the greatest purely Australian tragedy in her history – is, for the first time, fully examined using original material gathered from the nation's archives and the author's personal collection.

Anne McCosker writes with passion about New Guinea, the country she has loved since her birth in the capital of the Mandated Territory of New Guinea – Rabaul. She has a feel for the beauty of the land and its indigenous people and has written with authority from the valuable original material given to her by pre-World War II residents. A B.A. History Honours degree from the University of London gave her the discipline and discernment needed to collect and correlate the large amount of available material. This was added to her personal knowledge. Her father first went to New Guinea in 1924. He married Marjorie Martin in Rabaul in 1929. Later the partnership 'McCosker and King' bought Matala Plantation. She was educated in Queensland.

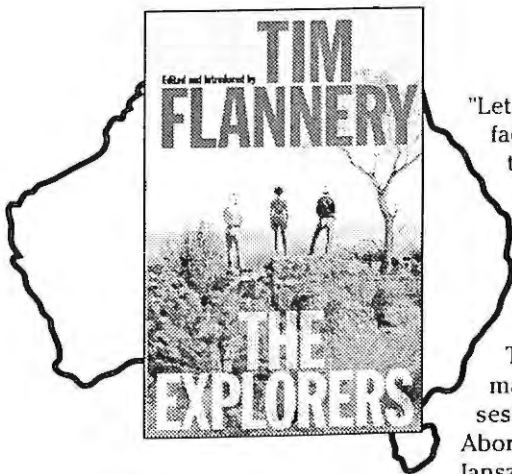
Reviewer: John Leeuwin-Clark, Flight Lieutenant during World War II.

Available from Matala Press, PO Box 829, MALENY, Qld 4552;  
\$57 plus postage, \$4 in Qld, \$6.50 interstate.



# The Explorers

edited by Tim Flannery



"Let any man lay the map of Australia before him, and regard the blank upon its surface, and then let me ask him if it would not be an honourable achievement to be the first to place foot in its centre," (Charles Sturt, 1845).

"The frightful, the appalling truth now burst upon me, that I was alone in the desert." (Edward John Eyre, 1641)

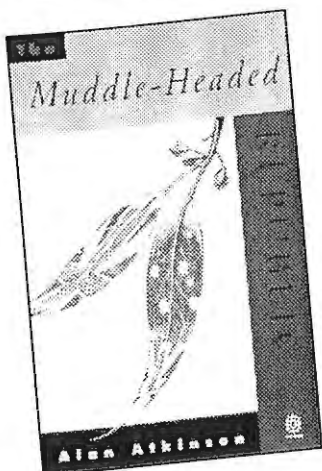
"The hills to the west were twenty-five to thirty miles away. ... Oh, how ardently I longed for a camel!" (Ernest Giles, 1874)

The writings of the explorers of Australia are an epic story, told in many ways and many places, of courage, suffering and endurance. They also tell a tale of dispossession and of conquest, of a moving frontier between European invaders and Aboriginal land. Tim Flannery's anthology, which begins with the arrival of Willem Jansz in 1606 and takes the reader through to the explorers of our own time, takes

account of both indigenous and European points of view. The explorers of territory that seemed to them as strange as the moon were very often stumbling onto land that its inhabitants knew like the backs of their hands.

Tim Flannery was born in Melbourne in 1956. He lives in Sydney where is a Principal Research Scientist at the Australian Museum. In 1998 he was appointed Visiting Professor of Australian Studies at Harvard University.

Available from The Text Publishing Co. Pty. Ltd., 171 La Trobe Street, Melbourne, Victoria 3000, Australia.  
Paperback, 400 pp, Aus\$24.95.



\$18

## THE MUDDLE-HEADED REPUBLIC

*The most eloquent defence of the monarchy to be published in this country*

by Alan Atkinson

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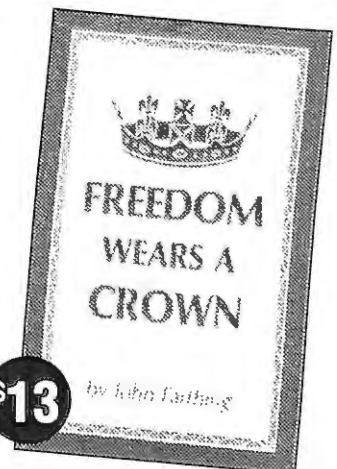
## FREEDOM WEARS A CROWN

*Few appreciate or understand today the impact of Christianity on the development of British Constitutionalism and the priceless heritage of Common Law.*

by John Farthing

Available from The Australian Heritage Society

\$13





# Letters to the Editor

**I**N your latest edition of *Heritage* you asked for contributions. The enclosed picture of a child with animals is quite old, the original all but falling to pieces and less than half the size of this reproduction. I've no idea who the artist is (was), but the photograph of the painting would have been taken in the times of the early development of the camera. However, it belonged to my mother's mother originally. I am in my mid-70s and can remember this picture as far back as I can remember anything, and I would ask to look at it from time to time. (No television in those days!)

The other reproduction, quite old and on some kind of metal, probably copper, is of my father's grandmother. The family lived in Liverpool, and the Grandmother helped provide for her family by making anchor bolts. These bolts were inserted in the middle of the huge links in the anchor chains of those days to prevent them stretching and caving in, and breaking under strain. It would have been very hard work, entailing the use of a heavy hammer and a forge.

Tony Greene-McCosker, Montville, Queensland.



My father's grandmother



.....and a little child shall lead them. Isa-11-6.  
Photograph would have been taken in times of early development of the camera

## Every Australian should read this!

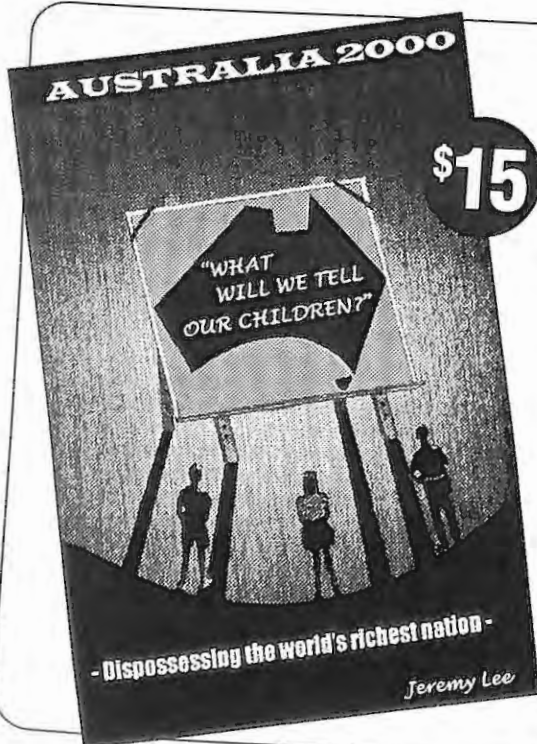
**Australian 2000: What will we tell our children?**  
Jeremy Lee

This is the story of the near-dispossession of the richest country in the world, and one of the youngest in terms of industrial economics. It is a story of how a virile and intensitive people have been sapped of faith and will.

Some of this material appeared in a booklet written in July 1991. It outlined a predetermined policy, discernable throughout the world, for the transfer of political and economic decision making away from parliaments elected otherwise to a global government.

The idea has appeared under many names: globalism, the new world order, global governance, the new international economic order and so on.

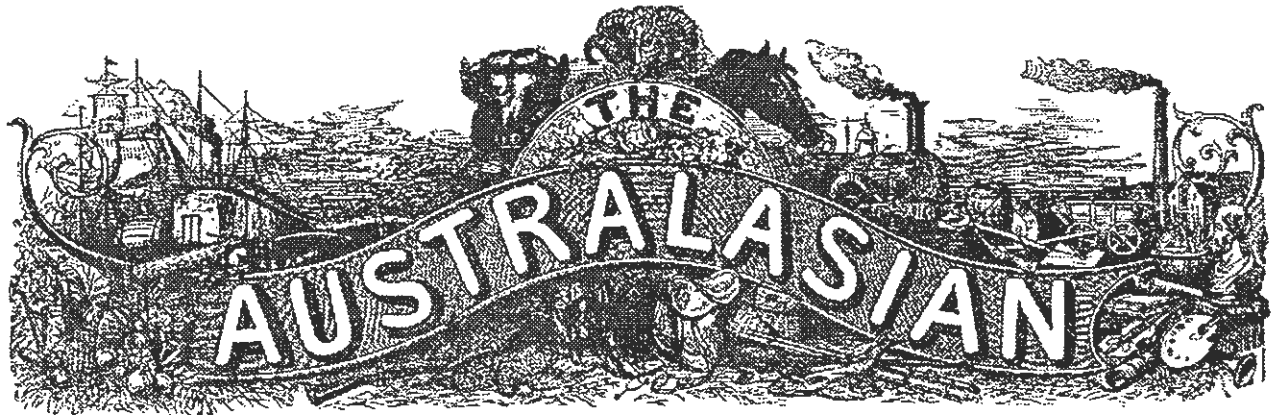
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Pages from our Past



THE AUSTRALASIAN.

July 22, 1876.]

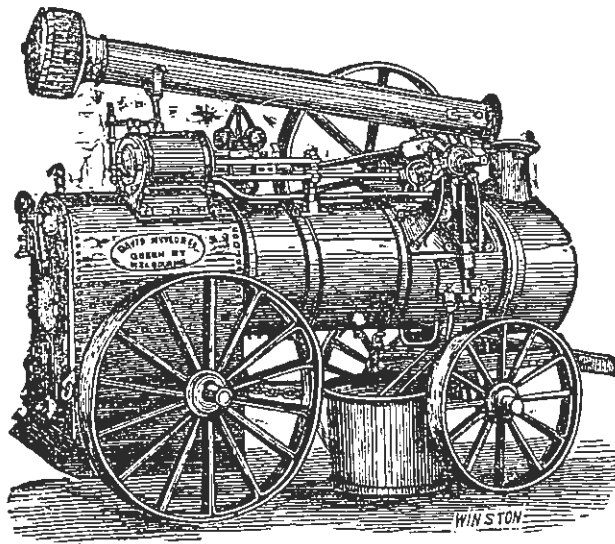
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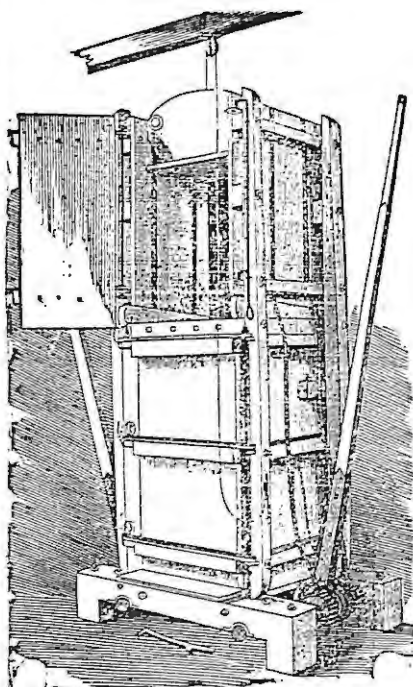
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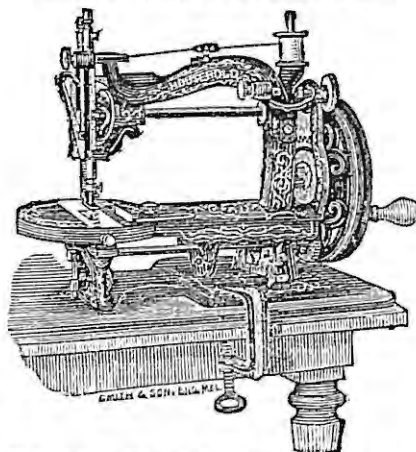


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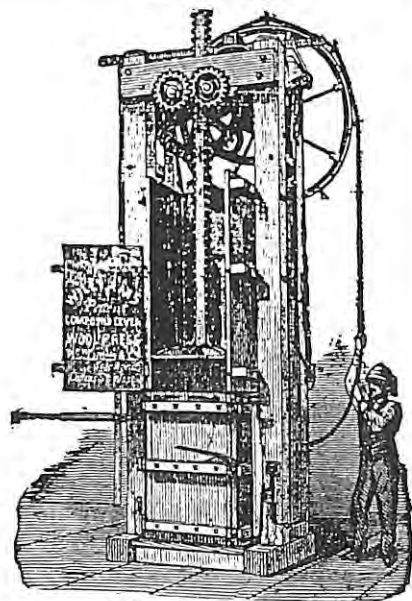
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### SOME REFERENCES:—

**W. RUTLEDGE, Esq.,** Warrnambool.  
**J. ALISON, Esq.,** Toolong, near Belfast.  
**J. N. C. FLOWER, Esq.,** Manager Arings Station, Belfast.  
**A. URQUHART, Esq.,** Yangery.  
**HENRY PHILLIPS, Esq.,** Warrnambool.

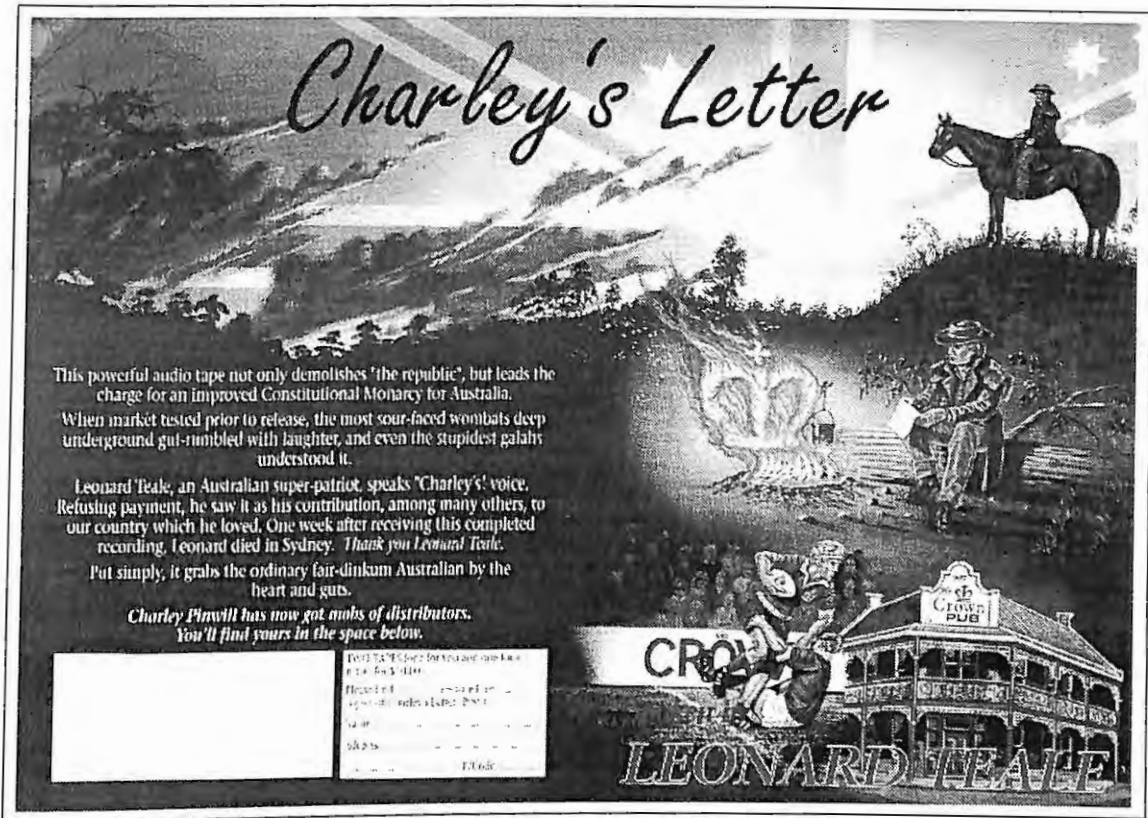
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# HERITAGE

## Pages from our Past

READERS' CONTRIBUTIONS WELCOMED  
FOR THIS SECTION

Please send clear photocopies only (no originals)  
and any additional information you feel may add  
to readers' interest.



This powerful audio tape not only demolishes 'the republic', but leads the charge for an improved Constitutional Monarchy for Australia.

When market tested prior to release, the most sour-faced wombats deep underground gut-rumbled with laughter, and even the stupidest galahs understood it.

Leonard Teale, an Australian super-patriot, speaks 'Charley's' voice. Refusing payment, he saw it as his contribution, among many others, to our country which he loved. One week after receiving this completed recording, Leonard died in Sydney. *Thank you Leonard Teale.*

Put simply, it grabs the ordinary fair-dinkum Australian by the heart and guts.

*Charley Pinwill has now got mobs of distributors. You'll find yours in the space below.*

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## CHARLEY'S LETTER

*Written by Charles Pinwill. Read by Leonard Teale.*

**This powerful new audio tape not only demolishes the republican argument, but leads the charge for an improved Constitutional Monarchy for Australia.**

This tape takes the form of an open letter from "Charlie" to his Aussie mates. In contemporary language, it uses the analogy of the sporting umpire to make the point that a completely independent Head of State is essential. The Monarchy is the best system yet....mate.

"Charlie's Letter" is read by Leonard Teale to some mates around a cattle camp-fire. Teale carried a deep and abiding concern for the country he loved, and it's heritage. Having served in the Air Force in World War II, he knew what sacrifices his own mates had made to preserve that heritage.

So deep was Teale's concern for developments in Australia, that in 1992 he recorded a cassette tape, "The Lucky Country Versus the Rest of the World". It was an attempt to shake a generation of privileged Australians out of their complacency before it was too late. The response so overwhelmed Leonard, that he felt obliged to run for the Senate in N.S.W. as an independent at the 1993 election.

Although not elected, Leonard Teale continued to speak out whenever possible. Early in 1994, he received considerable press attention when he refused to supply the Department of Veteran's Affairs with his tax file number to continue receiving a War Service pension. Leonard rea-

soned that a huge campaign in the 1980s had rejected the idea of Australians being reduced to mere numbers, and that privacy was sacrosanct. Besides, although he would survive financially without a pension, many of his ex-serviceman mates might not. Eventually, the Department backed down.

In speaking "Charlie's" voice for this tape, Teale refused payment, simply regarding this as yet another contribution to the preservation of the institutions of a great country. One week after receiving a completed recording of "Charlie's Letter" Leonard Teale died in Sydney.

The Heritage Society salutes the passing of Leonard Teale, and holds his last professional recording - "Charlie's Letter" - in high regard.

Couched in robust language, this tape will have an influence in circles where academic argument has slight impact. According to Charlie, "when market-tested prior to release, the most sour-faced wombats deep underground gut-rumbled with laughter, and even the stupidest galahs got the message.... It grabs the fair-dinkum Aussie right by the guts." Perhaps, in the end, that's how this battle will be won.

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1 copy \$6.00 posted.  
2 copies \$10.00 posted.  
(One for you, one for a mate).

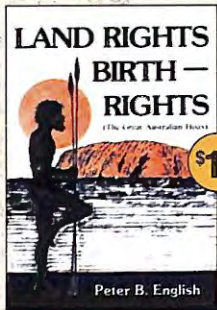


# HERITAGE

## SUGGESTED READING

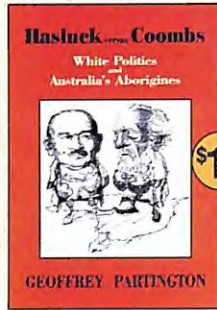
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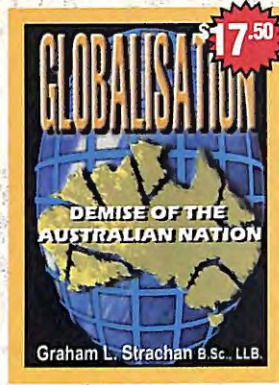
**LAND RIGHTS BIRTH RIGHTS**  
Peter B. English

An authoritative investigation of the landrights issue. Asks poignant questions about who the real players in the landrights battle are and what benefit the majority of Australia's Aborigines would gain from victory. Peter English calls the landrights battle 'The Great Australian Hoax' and puts forward a strong case that is sure to place questions in the minds of all readers.



**HASLUCK vs COOMBS**  
Geoffrey Partington

By contrast the principle slogan behind the Australian Federation movement at the end of the nineteenth century was 'One nation for one continent'. This book examines changing government policies since Federation towards the accommodation of Aborigines within 'that' nation.



**GLOBALISATION**  
Graham L. Strachan

People ask what would a lawyer know about economics, but this book is not really about economics. It is about dishonesty... dishonesty born out of greed for wealth and power by people persuaded that they can have all the benefits of civilisation without the need to behave in a civilised manner, in accordance with moral principle. Dishonesty of that nature should be the concern of every lawyer.



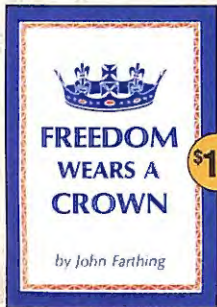
**RED OVER BLACK**  
Geoff McDonald

This book is the chilling story of the Marxist manipulation of the Aboriginal land rights movement. Geoff McDonald reveals a long standing plot to establish an Aboriginal Republic under Communist control. This book is essential reading for those Australians who value their security and freedom.



**THE HIGH COURT OF AUSTRALIA IN MABO**

Two papers delivered to the Samuel Griffith Society by The Hon. Peter Connolly QC and Mr SEK Hulme QC.  
The High Court brought down its decision in Mabo on 3rd June 1992. Since then, Mabo and its consequences have become a major political, economic and constitutional issue and have embroiled the High Court in a political debate which is unprecedented in Australia's history.



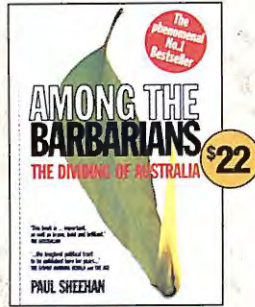
**FREEDOM WEARS A CROWN**  
John Farthing

Few appreciate or understand today the impact of Christianity on the development of British Constitutionalism and the priceless heritage of the Common Law. Monarchists will find this new edition most opportune as the question of Monarchy continues to be debated. It is not too much to say that the future of Western Civilisation may be decided by the outcome of this debate.



**THE MUDDLE HEADED REPUBLIC**  
Alan Atkinson

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



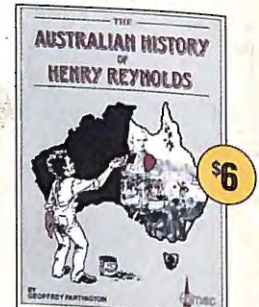
**AMONG THE BARBARIANS**  
Paul Sheehan

'This book is... important, as well as brave, bold and brilliant.'  
THE AUSTRALIAN  
... the toughest political tract to be published here for years...  
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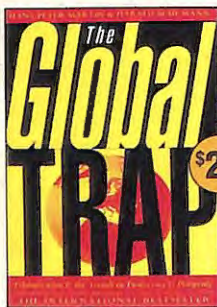
**DISCRIMINATE OR BE DAMNED!**  
John Fairbanks Kerr

No greater deception has been perpetrated on the public in recent years than the allegation that we should not discriminate. John Fairbanks Kerr describes the many injustices and absurdities that have resulted from anti-discrimination measures in Great Britain, America and Australia. Many are denied their natural rights by the tyranny of anti-discrimination administrations.



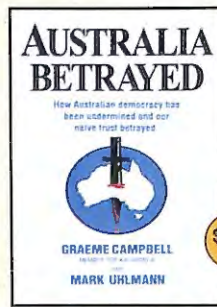
**AUSTRALIAN HISTORY OF HENRY REYNOLDS**  
Geoffrey Partington

This short monograph considers the contribution made by Dr Henry Reynolds to the High Court of Australia's conscious rejection of Australia's history in the Mabo Judgement of 1992.



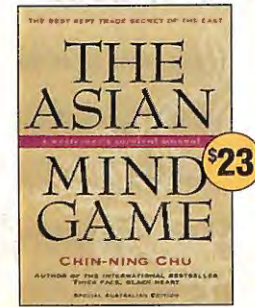
**THE GLOBAL TRAP**  
Hans-Peter Martin and Harold Schumann

This remarkable book explores the spread of globalization and the likely consequences for jobs and democracy. Written by experienced journalists on *Der Spiegel*, it is informed, up-to-date, thought-provoking and compelling reading.



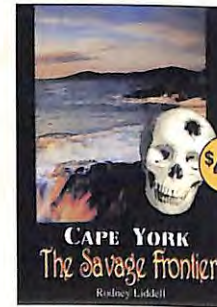
**AUSTRALIA BETRAYED**  
Graeme Campbell MHR and Mark Uhlmann

Australian leadership elites in politics, the bureaucracy, academia, big business, the churches and the media have effectively cut themselves adrift from the interests of the majority of Australians. Many have betrayed the trust of the people they are supposed to represent. If you want to understand at least part of the reason why Australia is in serious difficulties, you should read this book.



**THE ASIAN MIND GAME**  
Chin-ning Chu

The Best Kept Secret of the East. The Asian Mind Game is must reading for every Westerner dealing with Asia. International best selling author, Chin-ning Chu unlocks the hidden agenda of the Asian business culture, taking a fascinating look at the Asian mind set. She reveals the deep secrets that influence every aspect of Asian behaviour from business to politics to lifestyle... Learn from this book.



**THE SAVAGE FRONTIER**  
Rodney Liddell

Portrays history as it really happened, rather than the many fictionalised accounts that academics have inserted in recent years. Many of the lies and deceptions published by academics are also exposed and where possible, copies of the hand written reports of the last century are included as evidence of academic deceit and naivety.



**NATIVE TO AUSTRALIA**

Three addresses to The Samuel Griffith Society by The Rt Hon. Sir Harry Gibbs, Mr Justice Roderick Meagher and the Rt Hon. Sir Paul Hasluck. This publication provides, particularly for the benefit of members of the Society, the texts of the three addresses in question - each of them in its own way, memorable.

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