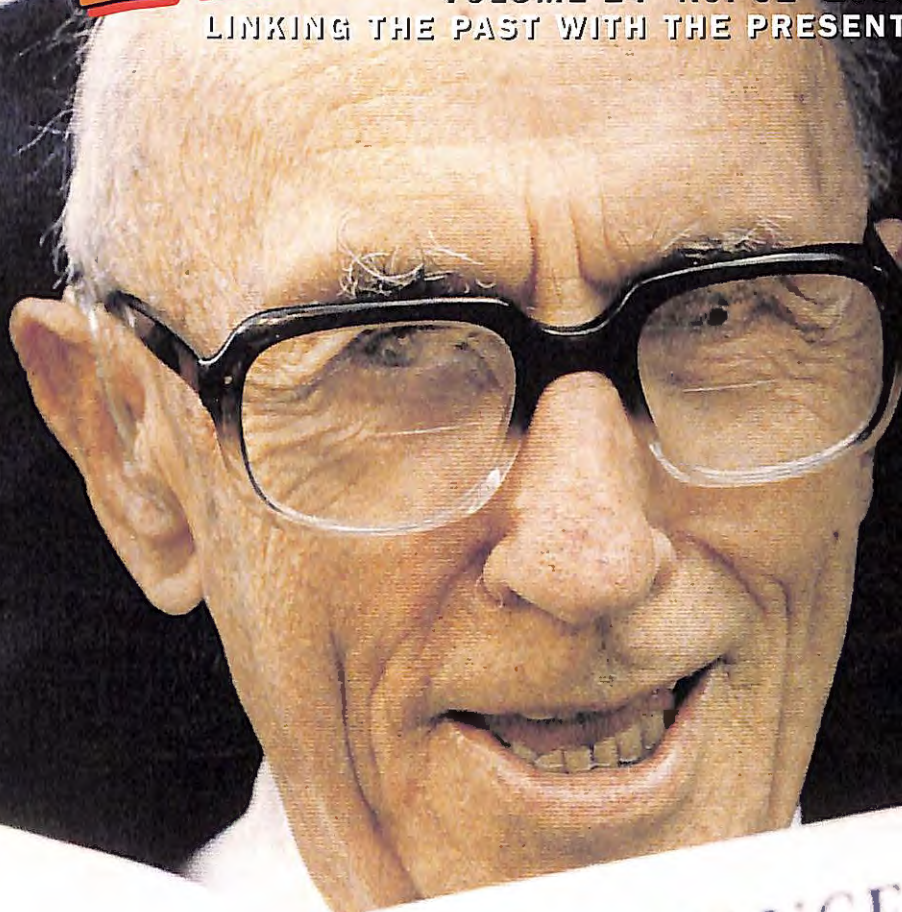


# HERITAGE

VOLUME 24 No. 91 1999/2000

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT - FOR THE FUTURE



## DON'T CHANGE OUR FLAG



**DR. RUPERT GOODMAN**  
President, Australian National Flag Association

### INSIDE ...

- A story for all seasons
- Stubborn eccentric who may be right
- British Australians now second class citizens
- Building bridges between Islam and the West

Our history, culture and traditions should be respected, not rubbished!



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# HERITAGE

No. 91

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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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# GUEST EDITORIAL



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Perhaps one of the significant aspects of the debate concerning the constitutional monarchy/republic is to be seen in the characters of some of the leading supporters of a republic. Bob Hawke, Gough Whitlam, Malcolm Fraser failed to understand how most Australians regard them with deep distrust and contempt.

There is an old truth that *"manners maketh man."*

Consider the difference between the Hawkes, Whitlams and Frasers of this world and former Governor-General Bill Hayden and the distinguished historian Professor Geoffrey Blainey.

The so-called "successful people" reveal, once again, they do not understand that one of the basic features of cultural differences is to be found in the views of what might be regarded as the little people. All the evidence points to the fact that the "new elites" loathe the Australian culture and want to "recreate it in their own image".

The comment is often made that Constitutionalism stemming out of British Constitutional development is not very logical. This brings to mind the story of the bumble bees: although lacking in the understanding of the principles governing the law of flight, *as presently understood*, they still continue to fly, indicating to those who have "eyes to see" that there are other "laws" that come into play, undiscovered by the so-called authorities on the subject.

The principles governing the British Constitution appear to be not very logical, but the reality is that they have evolved successfully over a long period of time to serve fundamental truths ir-

respective of how they are described to have worked successfully. One of the framers of the Soviet Union Constitution, Fabian-Marxist Professor Harold Laski, claimed that the Soviet Constitution would produce "a perfect world". The ultimate result was a hell on earth.

Laski was a bitter critic of any suggestion that British Constitutionalism could be found to have its roots in a practical Christianity. One of the basic truths discovered by the supporters of the Constitution is that which was enunciated by Lord Acton concerning the corruption of power. That truth remains irrespective of what is said by

*"I stand for the Constitution that we now have. I support the Australian Crown under the Australian Constitution because I am an Australian, and I believe that our history, culture and traditions should be respected, not rubbished."*

politicians. That truth remains, it does not alter. It is *the truth*. The corruption of power continues to corrupt the power-hungry of this world.

Those given the money and official sanction to "defend" the present system failed to explain - as opposed to that put forward by the republicans - that *at bottom*, there are two quite different ideas of social order at stake here.

The prevailing elitist political/social idea of a society or nation is that of a multiracial, multicultural undifferentiated mass of people vaguely defined as a "nation" with the leaders pushing for a further global, internationalist agenda. In fact, our nation at the present time is essentially a conglomerate of individualistic citizens with vague ideas of "democracy" held together by the remnants of the values of the past and

the present system of Law. The system of Law which is progressively invading and overriding the rights of the ordinary citizen.

Republicans did not point to any existing republican model to explain what they were aiming for; they couldn't use the former Soviet Union model or the present "People's Republic of China", that would have certainly frightened off supporters. And there is such social friction and disorder within so many nations around the world it would have been difficult to find a good model amongst the lot. The nearest would probably be the United States model, but that also presented problems: Americans have direct elections of their Presidents.

Americans swear loyalty to the Constitution and laws of the United States. The individualistic American citizens are busily pursuing their *individual* rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness within a legal framework.

Although the ideal of liberty or freedom is not exclusive to any land or language, in the "British" Constitutional Monarchy that "ideal" was highly developed with the view of a Society or Nation as a "community of persons" bound together by common values in an essential whole.

The founding fathers of the Commonwealth of Australia drew on a body of Constitutional understanding that had grown, organically developed, over hundreds of years of trial and error and learning. Within that "constitutional" framework we have a "Royal form" of democratic government and it is based on personal loyalty, personal responsibility and personal government. Our present Queen is the "embodiment" of that concept of national unity. It is based on "fundamental principles of human as-



sociation" and those principles change not.

The truth is that freedom will continue in this nation as long as the people are prepared to defend the attacks upon it. While it is true that the peoples' instincts are basically sound, their instincts need to be undergirded with knowledge.

RSL leader Bruce Ruxton touched on the real issue before us, "Obviously the argument for a republic is the perfect way of attacking our existing federal Constitution, for it falls apart if you take the

Crown away from it. What is there then to save our entire common law, with all its splendid and freely inherited rights and liberties? Because, after all, it is the Crown which is the direct link to all of these things.

"I stand for the Constitution that we now have. I support the Australian Crown under the Australian Constitution because I am an Australian, and I believe that our history, culture and traditions should be respected, not rubbished."

*Herald Sun , 5 November 1999.*

The defenders of tradition must make every effort to engage in the battles that are before us. The battle for the preservation of traditional Australian values, including the Constitutional Monarchy remains to be continued.

A Blessed and Holy Christmas - end of century- Season to all our Readers.

*Eric D. Butler.*

## ***Crawl faster, Stumpy!***

*by Neil McDonald*

Spring season is wake-up time for snakes and lizards. After a long winter-slumber underground-hibernation, incubating is time for exercise and exploration.

Belly-crawling across a bitumen country road brings risks never confronted during Dream-time. Slow progress over a minefield of speeding motor vehicles brings little awareness of peril in the path of advancing motor tyres. Through the windscreen, stumpy lizards look like short tree-twigs.

On Yorke Peninsula four stumpy lizards survived fatal crushing. After a slight swerve, much to my relief, I slowed and saw the escapees in the rear-vision mirror. One was trapped and trodden, almost on the road edge victory line.

Wearing camouflaged, armour-plate jump-suits, lizards are almost invisible in a forest of grass and shrubs - too much exposed when some inner force urges them to cross a busy roadway. Odds of a successful crossing are about 1:10 - halved when a succession of dual-wheel grain trucks cast a wider track.

When I paused to take a photo, the lizards seemed less courageous. One sought sanctuary in a tangle of grass; others retreated; another showed defiance, curling into a crescent shape and flicking a forked tongue.

"Don't get angry - I'm only trying to help!" I pleaded, toeing a bottle-length lizzie to safety. Given a fair chance, they will waddle their spots and stripes into

obscurity. I drove further, observing that all the little lizards had been heading south. "Perhaps the sun was a compass affecting their trails?" Suddenly, one loopy wanderer came in from the opposite direction, blowing that theory apart. I must confess I'm not a lizard psychologist. But we humans have invaded their territory and plagued reptile-roaming with gravel and bitumen. Lizards help keep nature in balance. they do not deserve the terror of rushing, crushing wheels.

In lizard language, one creepy-crawly coughed the secret of traffic escape: 'Stumpies' have less tail to trail than goannas and longer lizards - a smaller target for the charging columns of tyres, offering little escape." Much more dangerous than the hawk, kookaburra, eagle or vulture, is the tyre-terror on the roadway.

Give way to all uroadworthy lizards not wearing L-plates!



*Stumpy-tailed lizard*

Photo: Neil McDonald.

## **Welcome back Maureen!**

We are pleased to announce that our wonderfully competent, intensely loyal Maureen Burton is back on deck. In which case, dear readers, please take special note that when it comes to the *administration and correspondence* of The Australian Heritage Society, you are to address matters to the following address and Maureen will attend to it:

**The Secretary  
Australian Heritage Society,  
P.O. Box 163,  
Chidlow. W.A. 6556**



## STUBBORN ECCENTRIC WHO MAY BE RIGHT

Australians should protest the imprisonment in Germany

of Dr Fredrick Toben

So far there appears to be relatively little public indignation in Australia over the arrest in early April 1999, and subsequent conviction of Australian intellectual Dr Fredrick Toben in Mannheim, Germany, as a result of his public commentaries on the Jewish Holocaust.

There will be no regrets about this fact among his opponents, such as vice-president of the Executive Council of Australian Jewry, Mr. Jeremy Jones, who feared that Dr Toben's Adelaide Institute has been assisting in "the rehabilitation of Nazism" (*The Age*, 10 April 1999).

As for the great majority of thoughtful Australians who have considered the matter, they probably believe that Dr Toben is an eccentric trouble-maker who is out to attract attention. And, indeed, it can be argued that he was quite unnecessarily provocative in travelling to Germany while current restrictions on free speech about the Holocaust exist.

David Irving, the controversial British historian, has actually said that Dr Toben was naive and foolish in putting his head in the lion's mouth by deliberately consulting a German prosecutor known to be hostile to revisionists.

A strong case can, however, be mounted that Dr Toben's arrest and threatened imprisonment of five years is a very serious event in the cultural history of our nation and that its implications ought to be widely and deeply considered by our leading intellectuals.

I first met Dr Toben through *The Age*, on 18 April 1989, when the education editor published an article of mine

supporting private schools against criticisms that had been made by Colin Goodwin; and Dr Toben, himself a former schoolteacher, wrote to me about it. As I had already been interested in the saga of his dismissal from the school in Goroke, I responded and we developed a friendship during the next decade.

On one occasion we both delivered seminar papers to the same conference. His was a gloriously amusing and moving account, presented with superlative precision of detail and linguistic nuance, of his experiences as a young German-bom immigrant trying to fit into Australian society and schools.

I soon learned, of course, that Dr. Toben is an almost obsessively serious partisan of whatever cause happens to arouse his commitment and energy. It seemed that he should have been born in Germany early last century, when he could have become a philosophy professor in a university and any eccentricities of his behaviour would have been treated with amused sympathy rather than angry objections.

In setting up as a critic of the currently-accepted version on the Jewish Holocaust, Dr Toben has, of course, touched on a particularly sensitive issue. Defenders of the German law against the "defamation of the dead", under which he was arrested, argue that the danger of a resurgence of the events which led to the Holocaust is still so great in Germany that more than ordinary inhibitions against free speech about the Nazi era are justified in that country, if not elsewhere.

It can sound very persuasive - and naturally adds to the disinclination of Aus-

tralian intellectuals to defend Dr Toben; but it is in reality a very much more fragile claim than may appear.

In the first place, it needs to be understood that historical revisionists and Holocaust critics around the world have collectively amassed a persuasive case that a major change in our understanding of the Holocaust is required. It may not be conclusive, but it is too extensive and well-researched to be able to be fairly dismissed as crankery or worse. It should be examined in open public debate.

Their evidence includes scientific analyses of the alleged 'gas chambers' at the so-called 'death camps' such as Auschwitz by competent and authoritative figures like Fred Leuchter, Gennar Rudolf, Walter Lufll and the scientists of the Auschwitz State Museum itself, the analysis by American John Ball of aerial photographs of these camps taken during the critical years by Allied forces; and a host of essays on associated matters by men such as Paul Rassinier, Robert Faurisson, Roger Garaudy, Serge Thion and Henri Roque (France), Wilhelm Staglich, Ernst Nolte and Thier Christopherson (Germany), Jurgen Graf (Switzerland), Carlo Mattogni (Italy), and Arthur Butz, Charles E. Weber and Hans Schmidt (USA).

It is impossible to write such a large group of able researchers off as though they are Flat Earth addicts or Conan Doyle fairy fans.

Secondly, there is in place, in various forms, a legislative apparatus in a number of countries, such as France, Switzerland, Canada, Austria and Germany, which is designed to stifle dissent in this context by revisionists. The con-



tinued imprisonment in Germany of Gunther Deckert, the gaoling of Jurgen Graf in Switzerland, the extraordinary epic of harassment of Ernst Zundel in Canada and the fining of Robert Faurisson and Roger Garaudy in France are notable examples of an epidemic of intellectual suppression which is on the way to becoming one of the great cultural scandals of European history - like the Inquisition and the witch hunts.

Graf I met personally at the revisionists' symposium organised in Adelaide in July 1998 by Dr. Toben. He is a highly-gifted intellectual, a forceful speaker who can read in eighteen languages; and his speech on the Majdanek 'death camp' appeared to be a definitive rejection of genocide claims. It is an outrage that a man of this calibre should be in prison purely because the State has decided to proscribe certain opinions on historical events.

Looked at worldwide, the picture seems to be that a wartime propaganda myth has been transformed during the past two decades into a quasi-religious cult which is not allowed to be questioned by the normal public procedure or debate.

A failure to challenge this situation by Australian intellectuals now will set a precedent of inaction which is likely to facilitate the imposition of similar repressive legislation upon us in the not-too-distant future. Dr. Toben's arrest, like that of US citizens Hans Schmidt in Germany in 1995 and that of Argentinian General Augusto Pinochet in Britain more recently, also raises fears that the promotion of international law is menacing liberties which we have previously taken for granted, by detaching from us the protection of our own state and people.

In any case, the censorship of dissident views of historical events and political

philosophies is fundamentally antithetical to the free society, being an inevitable first step to any kind of tyranny as well as a danger to the unfettered exchange of ideas upon which human advancement depends.

As well, the German law under which Dr Toben was arrested and convicted is a fundamental violation of equitable justice, masquerading under euphemistic terminology, which should be firmly opposed. It needs to be remembered, too, that the *bona fides* of the current Ger-



Dr. Fred Toben in Adelaide, 1997

man state itself are not free from question, since the present constitution was imposed by Germany's enemies at the end of a war and has never been endorsed by free vote of an informed German public.

At the time of writing, the Melbourne newspapers have not given this issue the prominence it should have received. And, apart from Dr Toben's political allies, few intellectuals have criticised the arrest and conviction. A disingenuous article, "When Holocaust revisionist seeks martyrdom", by pro-Zionist propagandist

Gerard Henderson appeared in *The Age* on 27 April 1999. This article was well-documented and skilfully written to diminish any sympathy a reader might have with Dr Toben. Henderson studiously ignored the essential issue of whether or not it is just to proscribe dissident views of the Holocaust. Glibly pronouncing that Dr Toben deserved "a fair hearing", Henderson entirely avoided analysing whether such is possible under German legislation and current legal practice, under which, as David Irving and others have found, all kinds of relevant evidence are simply not allowed to be put.

Henderson attempted to link the completely legitimate academic endeavours of Holocaust revisionists with "the emergence of the extreme right", "the lunar right", (Henderson's own mindless insult-term for a whole corpus of right-wing political opinion) and Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf*.

Henderson's loyalties were made obvious by his attempt to assert away into nothingness the well-known extensive presence of Jewish influence in the Bolshevik capture of Russia in 1917. He concluded by trying to bluster the useful phrase "political correctness" off stage.

In *The Australian* (Letters, 10 April 1999) Daniel Feiler, research officer for the NSW Jewish Board of Deputies, made the utterly false and defamatory statement that Dr Toben's work "has never exhibited any form of tact, consideration or intellectual responsibility."

Feiler's letter was typical of intransigence and even impudence shown by Jewish groups and spokespersons when perfectly legitimate criticisms are made in public of inappropriate attacks on the principles of free speech on contexts affecting Jewish interests. Feiler used the damning phrase "Holocaust denial" to mask the fact that Dr Toben does not deny the





whole but rather supports criticism and revision of current models of that event, which is a quite reasonable position to take.

Feiler showed over-sensitivity and special pleading of a most anti-intellectual kind in attempting to pretend that such research and writing "is neither history nor historical revisionism but blatant anti-Semitism". Jews and the Jews generally ought to stop pretending to some quasi-divine exemption from public criticism of their public activities.

These remarks are not made gratuitously. The public record in Australia shows ample evidence to warrant such comments. For two or three decades most of our intellectual leaders have "walked on the other side of the road" rather than confront the antisocial aspects of Jewish political campaigns. Regardless of his foolishness, Dr. Toben has now become "the man who was waylaid and beaten by thieves on the road to Jericho."

He has also placed us in a position where to defend his right to free speech as an individual is also to defend our own right to that freedom as a people.

This task is not going to be easy to accomplish. When the news of Dr. Toben's arrest first broke, I predicted to myself that the Establishment would allow it a small amount of publicity and then bury it. Such appears to have already occurred.

As soon as his arrest had been confirmed and I could find time to do so, I wrote letters defending his right to free speech to the three daily newspapers I read, *The Age*, *The Australian* and the *Herald Sun*. Only *The Australian* published my views (slightly shortened).

Rapidly *The Australian* published Mr. Feiler's response to my letter (from which I quoted above), but has declined to allow me (or John Bennett of the Australian Civil Liberties Union) space to reply to him.

The *Herald Sun* later published a letter defending Dr. Toben by his Adelaide Institute deputy, Geoff Muirden. *The Age* has been very reluctant, it seems, to pub-

lish anything by a supporter of Dr. Toben in its letters columns.

Next I sent letters to *The Sunday Age* and the *Sunday Herald Sun*. The *Sunday Age* published my letter; the *Sunday Herald Sun* also published my letter, but cut out the last paragraph relating my remarks to Dr. Toben! Subsequently *The Sunday Age* published a reply by Jewish writer, Dr. Philip Mendes.

With the utmost courtesy I approached *The Age*, the *Herald Sun* and *News Weekly* (magazine of the National Civic Council), to see if they would publish an article by me sympathetic to Dr. Toben and free speech. *The Age* and *News Weekly* showed initial interest but rejected my submissions. The *Herald Sun* showed no interest.

I give these details for the record, and to show how difficult it is to get consideration shown for significantly unpopular dissident views. It is easy to publish in the journals of what the media stigmatise as "the extreme right", but extraordinarily difficult to carry the case to the attention of the larger audiences of mainstream publications - yet it is exactly they whom we need to reach.

Fear of Jewish displeasure is no doubt one reason for the rejection of space in public forums, but another is the characteristic reluctance of adult human beings to seriously question a major part of the worldview they have come to hold and thus have become attached to. Even highly-intelligent people are often unaware how much their perspective has been conditioned by decades of propaganda through the mass media.

Nevertheless, it seems crystal clear to me, as I have said in a letter sent on 2 May 1999 to *The Australian*: "If it does not matter that an Australian citizen is arrested and gaoled in Germany for expressing a dissident view of the Holocaust, then it does not matter if in the future Australians receive the same treatment within Australia, once appropriate legislation has been enacted. And, if that does not matter, then it does not matter if, later on, Australians are arrested and gaoled for expressing dissident views of other historical and political scenarios which the State has declared to be beyond criticism."

We must continue, strengthened by faith in the power of truth, to try to bring this simple message before our countrymen.

\*\*\*\*\*

## An Old English Prayer



*Give us, Lord, a bit o' sun  
A bit o' work and a bit o' fun.  
Give us in all the struggle  
and sputter  
Our daily bread a bit o' butter.  
Give us health our keep to make  
And a bit to spare for  
other's sake.  
Give us, too, a bit of a song  
And a tale and a book  
to help us along.  
Give us, Lord, a chance to be  
Our goodly best, brave,  
wise and free -  
Our goodly best for ourselves  
and others  
Till all men learn to live  
as brothers.*

# A Sense of the Sacred

Building Bridges between Islam and the West

by H.R.H. Prince Charles

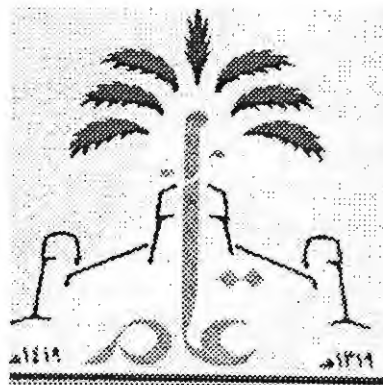


If those who are loyal to the Australian Constitutional Monarchy thought there would be 'peace' after the resounding defeat of the republican cause on November 6th, then they were wrong. The very day after the overwhelming rejection of the 'politicians' republic referendum', one Melbourne newspaper, the "*Sunday Herald Sun*", made a vicious attack upon Prince Charles. It is important that the Prince speaks for himself, therefore, we have great pleasure in presenting the text of his speech to an Islamic Society at Wilton Park in West Sussex, U.K.:

Islamic civilisation at its best, like many of the religions of the East – Judaism, Hinduism, Jainism and Buddhism – has an important message for the West in the way it has retained an integrated and integral view of the sanctity of the world around us. ● Science has been valuable in unveiling a world much more complex than we ever imagined, but we should not assume it can explain everything. The separation of science and technology from ethical, moral and sacred considerations have led to horrifying results: genetic manipulation; BSE. ● The gulf between the worlds of Islam and the other major Eastern religions, and the West, may continue to widen unless we can explore together practical ways of integrating the sacred and the secular in both our cultures. ● Medicine, the environment, architecture and urban planning would all benefit from integrated thinking on material and spiritual levels.

I am particularly pleased to help celebrate 50 years of Wilton Park's existence. It has become an important and internationally respected institution for the study of international issues. I am sure that some of its reputation comes from its position in the lee of the South Downs. A wonderful place for reviving the spirit and inducing a sense of calm and quiet contemplation. Not at all surprised that people should therefore want to come to Wilton Park to try to analyse and solve some of the world's more difficult problems. I wish the Centre all possible success for its next 50 years.

I hesitated a long time before suggesting that it might be worth trying to use this occasion to hold a seminar on a Sense of the Sacred and its relevance to the problem of understanding between the Islamic and Western worlds. I am only too aware that this is not a typical or, for some people, an easy or comfortable way



of looking at what is often seen as intensely practical issues. But I am encouraged by the fact that, whenever I have summoned up my courage to speak about this subject in the past – even to groups of hardheaded, practical people like international financiers or property developers, it seems always to have struck an extraordinary chord, and captured a remarkable degree of attention. My belief is that in each one of us there is a distant echo of the sense of the sacred, but that the majority of us are terrified to admit its existence for fear of ridicule and abuse. This fear of ridicule, even to the extent of mentioning the name of God, is a classic indication of the loss of meaning in so-called Western civilisation.

I start from the belief that Islamic civilisation at its best, like many of the religions of the East – Judaism, Hinduism, Jainism and Buddhism – has an important message for the West in the way it has retained a more integrated and integral view of the sanctity of the world around us. I feel that we in the West could be helped to rediscover those roots of our own understanding by an appreciation of the Islamic tradition's deep respect for the timeless traditions of the natural order. I believe that process could help in the task of bringing our two faiths closer together. It could also help us in the West to rethink, and for the better, our practical stewardship of man and his environment – in fields like healthcare, the natural environment and agriculture, as well as in architecture and urban planning. I want very briefly to explain why this might be so.

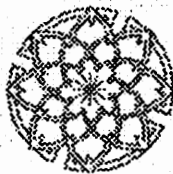
Modern materialism in my humble opinion is unbalanced and increasingly damaging in its long-term consequences. Yet nearly all the great religions of the world have held an integral view of the sanctity of the world. The Christian message with, for example, its deeply mystical and symbolic doctrine of the Incarnation, has been traditionally a message of the unity of the worlds of spirit and matter, and of God's manifestation in this world and in mankind. But during the last three centuries, in the Western world at least, a dangerous division has come into being in the way we perceive the world



around us. Science has tried to assume a monopoly - even a tyranny - over our understanding. Religion and science have become separated, with the result, as William Wordsworth said, "Little we see in nature that is ours". Science has attempted to take over the natural world from God, with the result that it has fragmented the cosmos and relegated the sacred to a separate, and secondary, compartment of our understanding, divorced from the practical day-to-day existence.

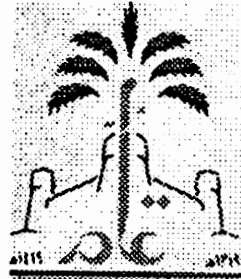
We are only now beginning to gauge the disastrous results of this outlook. We in the Western world seem to have lost a sense of the wholeness of our environment, and of our immense and inalienable responsibility to the whole of creation. This has led to an increasing failure to appreciate or understand tradition, and the wisdom of our forebears, accumulated over the centuries. Indeed, tradition is positively discriminated against - as if it was some socially unacceptable disease.

In my view, a more holistic approach is needed in our contemporary world. Science has done the inestimable service of showing us a world much more complex than we ever imagined. But in its modern, materialist, one-dimensional form it cannot explain everything. God is not merely the ultimate Newtonian mathematician or the mechanistic clockmaker. Francis Bacon said that God will not produce miracles to convince those who cannot see the miracle of a growing blade of grass or failing rain. As science and technology have become increasingly separated from ethical, moral and sacred considerations, so have the implications of such a separation become more sombre and horrifying - as we see, for example, in genetic manipulation, or in the consequences of the kind of (scientific) arrogance so blatant in the scandal of BSE.



I believe there is a growing sense of the danger of these materialist presumptions in our increasingly alienated and dissatisfied world. Some may say that the tide is, perhaps, beginning to turn, but I fear there are still large herds of conventional

sacred cows blocking the path... Some scientists are slowly coming to realise the awe-inspiring complexity and mystery of the universe. But there remains a need to rediscover the bridge between what the great faiths of the world have recognised as our inner and our outer worlds, our physical and our spiritual nature. That bridge is the expression of our humanity. It fulfils this role through the medium of traditional knowledge and art, which have civilised mankind and without which civilisation could not long be maintained. After centuries of neglect and cynicism the transcendental wisdom of the great religious traditions, including the Judaeo-Christian and the Islamic, and the metaphysics of the Platonic tradition which was such an important inspiration for Western philosophical and spiritual ideas is finally being rediscovered.



I have always felt that tradition is not a man-made element in our lives, but a God-given intuition of natural rhythms, of the fundamental harmony which emerges from the union of those paradoxical opposites which exist in every aspect of nature. Tradition reflects the timeless order of the cosmos, and anchors us into an awareness of the great mysteries of the universe so that, as Blake put it, we can see the whole universe in an atom and eternity in a moment. That is why I believe Man is so much more than just a biological phenomenon resting on what we now seem to define as "the bottom line" of the great balance sheet of life, according to which art and culture are seen increasingly as optional extras in life. This view is so contrary, for example, to the outlook of the Muslim craftsman or artist, which was never concerned with display for its own sake, nor with progressing ever forward in his own ingenuity, but was content to submit a man's craft to God. That outlook reflects, I believe, the memorable passage in the Qur'an, "withersoever you turn there is the face of God and God is all embracing, all knowing". While appreciating that this

essential innocence has been destroyed, and destroyed everywhere, I nevertheless believe that the survival of civilised values, as we have inherited them from our ancestors, depends on the corresponding survival in our hearts of that profound sense of the sacred and the spiritual.

Traditional religions, with their integral view of the universe, can help us in an important way to rediscover the importance of the integration of the secular and the sacred - as I tried to argue in my speech in Oxford in 1993 on Islam and the West. The danger of ignoring this essential aspect of our existence is not just spiritual or intellectual. It also lies at the heart of that great divide between the Islamic and Western worlds over the place of materialism in our lives. In those instances where Islam chooses to reject Western materialism, this is not, in my view, only a political affectation or the result of envy or a sense of inferiority. Quite the opposite. And the danger that the gulf between the worlds of Islam and the other major Eastern religions on the one hand, and the West on the other, will grow ever wider and more unbridgeable is real, unless we can explore together practical ways of integrating the sacred and the secular in both our cultures in order to provide a true inspiration for the next century.

This rediscovery of an integrated view of the sacred could also help us in areas of important practical activity. In Medicine, whatever some scientists might say, the rupture between religion and science, between the material world and a sense of the sacred, has too often led to a blinkered approach to healthcare, and to a failure to understand the wholeness and the manifest mystery of the healing process. Hospitals need to be conceived and, above all, designed to reflect the wholeness of healing if they are to help the process of recovery in a more complete way. Modern medicine remains too often a one-dimensional approach to illness which, however, sophisticated and miraculous in some of its achievements, cannot of itself understand more than a fraction of what there is to know, and

can still be enriched and enlightened by more traditional approaches. There are, I am glad to say, beacons of light seeking to integrate the modern and traditional approaches which I have come across over the years, such as the Marylebone Health Centre in London or the Bristol Cancer Help Centre.

Our Environment has suffered beyond our worst nightmares, in part because of a one-sided approach to economic development which, until very recently, failed to take account of the interrelatedness of creation. Little thought was given to the importance of finding that sustainable balance which worked within the grain of nature and understood the vital necessity of setting and respecting limits. This, for example, is why protection of our environment is a relatively recent concern; and why organic and sustainable farming are so important if we are to use the land in a way which will safeguard its ability to nourish future generations.



A third area in which this separation of the material and spiritual has had dramatic consequences is Architecture. I believe this separation lies at the heart of the failure of so much modern architecture to understand the essential spiritual quality and the traditional principles that reflect a cosmic harmony, from which come buildings with which people feel comfortable and in which they want to live. That is why I started my own small Institute of Architecture some five years ago. Titus Buckhardt wrote: "It is the nature of art to rejoice the soul, but not every art possesses a spiritual dimension". We see this spirituality in traditional Christian architecture which incidentally was also inspired by a far more profound symbolic awareness than could ever be imagined by those who categorise such architecture as a question of mere style. This spiritual dimension also infuses the intricate geometric and arabesque patterns of Islamic art and architecture, which are ultimately a manifestation of divine Unity, which in turn is the central message of the Qur'an. The Prophet Mohammed himself is believed to have said: "God is

beautiful and He loves beauty".

Look also at urban planning. The great historian, Ibn Khaldun, understood that the intimate relationship between city life and spiritual tranquility was an essential basis for civilisation. Can we ever again return to such harmony in our cities? As civilisations decay, so do the crafts, as Ibn Khaldun again wrote.

All these principles come down in the end to a battle for preserving sacred values. It is a battle to restore an understanding of the spiritual integrity of our lives, and for reintegrating what the modern world has fragmented. Islamic culture in its traditional form has striven to preserve this integrated spiritual view of the world in a way we have not seen fit to do in recent generations in the West.

There is much we can share with that Islamic world view in this respect, and much in that world view which can help us to understand the shared and timeless elements in our two faiths. In that common endeavour both our modern societies, Islamic and Western, can learn afresh the traditional views of life common to our religions, as well as the sacred responsibilities we have for the care and stewardship for the world around us.

In my Oxford speech in 1993 I argued for a much greater effort to be made to encourage understanding between the Islamic and Western worlds. My firm belief in the importance of that process has not changed. The harm that will be done to both cultures if ignorance and prejudice persist - or grow - will be incalculable. There are many ways in which this understanding and appreciation can be built. But even if we begin with a simple understanding of the sacred, which permeates every aspect of our world, there is the potential for establishing new and valuable links between Islamic civilisation and the West. Perhaps, for instance, we could begin by having more Muslim teachers in British schools, or by encouraging exchanges of teachers. Everywhere in the world people are seemingly wanting to learn English. But in the West, in turn, we need to be taught

by Islamic teachers how to learn once again with our hearts, as well as our heads ... The approaching Millennium may be the ideal catalyst for helping to explore and stimulate these links, and I hope we shall not ignore the opportunity this gives us to rediscover the spiritual underpinning of our entire existence. For myself, I am convinced that we cannot afford, for the health and sustainability of a civilised existence, any longer to ignore these timeless features of our world. A sense of the sacred can, I believe help provide the basis for developing a new relationship of understanding which can only enhance the relations between our two faiths - and indeed between all faiths - for the benefit of our children and future generations.

A paper presented at The Wilton Park Seminar, Wilton Park, West Sussex, December 13, 1996.-

## NATIONALITY

*I have grown past hate and  
bitterness.  
I see the world as one;  
But though I can no longer hate,  
My son is still my son.*

*All men at God's round table sit,  
And all men must be fed;  
But this loaf in my hand,  
This loaf is my son's bread.*

by Mary Gilmore





## Life in the 1500s

Most people were married in June because they took their yearly bath in May and were still smelling pretty good by June. However, they were starting to smell, so brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odour.

Baths equalled a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the other sons and men, then the women, and finally the children. Last of all, the babies. By then, the water was so dirty one could actually lose someone in it. Hence the saying, "Don't throw the baby out with the bath water".

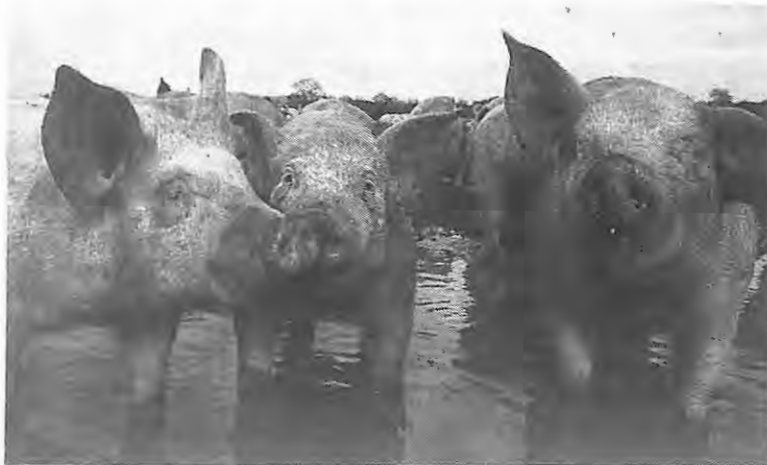
Houses had thatched roofs. Thick straw, piled high, with no wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm so all the pets - dogs, cats - and other small animals like mice, rats and bugs lived in the roof. When it rained, it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof. Hence the saying, "It's raining cats and dogs".

There was nothing to stop them from falling into the house. This posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and other droppings could really mess up one's nice clean bed. So they found, if they made beds with big posts and hung a sheet over the top, it addressed that problem. Hence, those beautiful big four-poster beds with canopies.

The floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt, hence the saying, "dirt poor". The wealthy had slate floors which would get slippery in the winter when wet. So they spread thresh on the floor to help keep

their footing. As the winter wore on, they kept adding more thresh until, when one opened the door, it would all start slipping outside. A piece of wood was placed at the entry-way, hence a "thresh-hold".

Cooking was done in the kitchen in a big kettle that always hung over the fire. Every day the fire was lit and things were added to the pot. Vegetables were the main fare, rarely meat. One ate the stew for dinner, leaving



*Bringing home the bacon . . .*

leftovers in the pot to become cold overnight, then starting over again the next day. Sometimes the stew had food in it that had been there for a month. Hence the rhyme, "Pease porridge hot, pease porridge cold, pease porridge in the pot nine days old."

Sometimes pork could be obtained; this was a very special event. When company came over, one would bring out some bacon and hang it to show off. It was a sign of wealth and clearly showed that a man could really "bring home the bacon". A little would be cut off to share with guests who would all sit around and "chew the fat".

Those with money had plates of pewter. Food with a high acid content caused some lead to leach into the

food. This happened most often with tomatoes, so tomatoes ceased to be part of the dietary intake for 400 years.

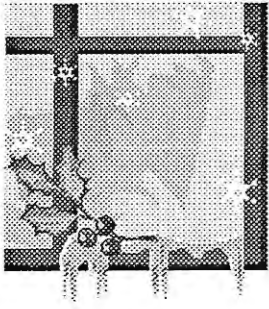
Bread was divided according to one's status. Workers were given the burnt bottom of the loaf, the family shared the middle, and the guest was given the top, or the "upper crust".

Lead cups were used to drink ale or whiskey. That combination would sometimes knock them out for a couple of days. Someone walking along the road would take them for dead and prepare them for burial. They were laid out on the kitchen table for a couple of days and the family would gather around and eat and drink, and wait to see if they would wake up. Hence the custom of holding a "wake".

England is old and small, so places to bury people were in

short supply. Coffins were dug up and the bones therein were taken to a house so that the grave could be re-used. In reopening these coffins, one in twenty-five coffins were found to have scratch marks on the inside, and it was realised that people had been buried alive. It became the custom to tie a string on the wrist of the body, lead it through the coffin, up through the ground, and tie it to a bell. Someone would have to sit in the graveyard all night to listen for the bell. Hence, on the "graveyard shift" one would know that someone was "saved by the bell" or that he was a "dead ringer".

Source: *View from the Hill* (Newsletter, O'Halloran Hill, S.A. July 1999)



# A STORY FOR ALL SEASONS

364 days of the year

by GRISelda COCHRANE-SHANKS

*"God rest you merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay"*

"... And do let us see to it that on one day of the year, at least, we manage to make everybody happy!"

The Rev. H. M. Chilham, Bishop of Filchester, folded the neat notes his secretary had typed for the sermon to be given in the Cathedral on the Sunday before Christmas.

Chilham gave a sigh of satisfaction and settled himself more comfortably in his wing-backed armchair to wait for Jepson – Jepson who came over to play chess with him every Saturday evening after dinner. The Bishop gazed happily into the glowing fire and thought how snug it was in his study and how cold it must be outside in contrast. The frosty weather made the fire burn well and crackle cheerily. There was one large piece of coal that looked as if it would topple over at any moment. Perhaps he ought to poke it back a bit. No, couldn't be bothered. . . . .

*"God rest you merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,"*

Sweet and clear the words of the old carol rang out suddenly on the still night air.

*"For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born upon this day."*

Never before had the Bishop heard carol singers with voices of such ineffable beauty. They might have been angels calling him out. He really must give the boys half-a-crown. Such splendid singing should be encouraged. Chilham rose and went to the door. What! Not a trace? All he could see was the snow falling steadily, but not a sign of the singers remained, not even a footprint in the

snow. The Bishop could, however, hear something else – the bells of Filchester Cathedral ringing out through the otherwise silent night.

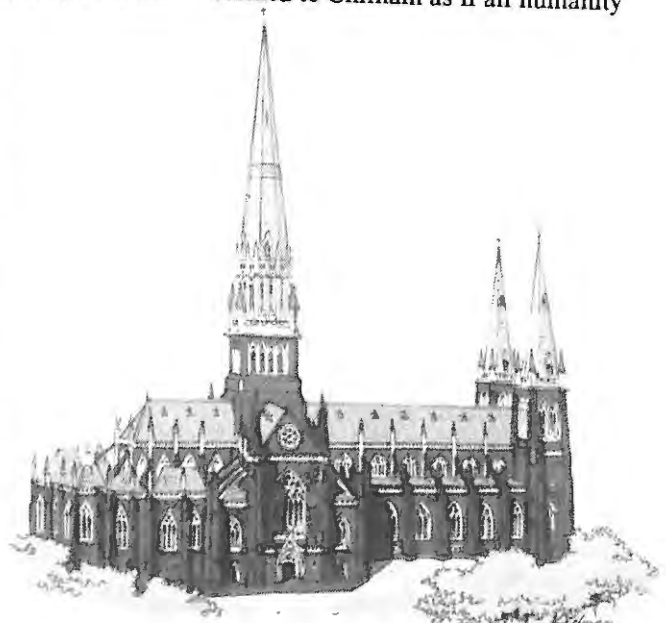
Good gracious! It must be Sunday evening and time for the Bishop to deliver his sermon. Fortunately he was dressed in his vestments, and, clutching his notes, he hurried to the Cathedral. As he swept through the empty streets he noticed one curious thing; instead of walking he was being borne along in the air with his feet a few inches above ground, his robes fluttering with the swiftness of his motion. To make sure of this the Bishop looked back the way he had come, and, sure enough, not a footprint was to be seen in the snow. This is the way a Bishop should always proceed, thought Chilham, much more dignified than walking.

Not a soul did the Bishop meet as he passed through the narrow over-crowded streets of Filchester, but as he turned the corner the bells sounded louder and Chilham thought he had never heard them ring before in such harmony or variety. They might have been the bells of Heaven itself.

At last the Bishop reached the rich pile of the Cathedral which rose above the mean streets. A door opened by some unseen agency

and the Bishop swept in and floated up the winding stair to the eminence which was the pulpit.

Looking down, the Bishop got a shock. The Cathedral was crowded. Crowded out in fact, with people standing at the back and hanging precariously on to the pillars. And such people! Well, they certainly weren't all church-goers, for some of them looked as if they had never been in a church before, and apparently they didn't know how to behave once they were there. Some of them were down-and-out tramps sleeping with their heads resting on their folded arms and their arms on the pew in front of them. There were painted and bejewelled women, there were cynical men of the world, and nearly everyone was talking, laughing or quarrelling, smoking or waving to friends. The motley crowd stretched out and back to the confines of the building, the end of which was lost in mist, and it seemed to Chilham as if all humanity





was stretched out before him, all waiting to hear what he had to say.

However, the choir boys were just the same, neatly ranged in their purple and white vestments. It cheered the Bishop to see them and gave him a sense of security. He clutched the lectern, and that also gave him a sense of security, for now he felt an almost irresistible desire to keep on floating, and he felt that unless he held on to something he would sail about all over the place. He would like to fly up among the arches of the cathedral and see what the carving was like near at hand and also what the rest of the building looked like from a height, but, of course, that was a tendency that must be resisted.

**“Let us pray,” said the Bishop. “Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name,” . . .**

A sudden hush fell on the people, the laughter and conversation and argument died away. Chilham was pleased to see that his sonorous voice had impressed them.

**“Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven.”**

As he said these words, Chilham felt something rushing past him as if someone had opened a door and a soft south-west wind was blowing over him. Looking up he was surprised to see that in place of his seemingly choir boys there were now bright beings who radiated an aura of glory and strength. They may, of course, have been human beings, but they were too beautiful, too straight, too wise, and too happy to be men. The nearest thing Chilham had seen to them were the Greeks on the Parthenon friezes, but every one knew there were no men left like that – not nowadays.

Looking further the Bishop was still more dismayed. For along the length of the aisles, in every passage and every space, even right up by the altar itself, there were tables spread and laden with food as if for a great feast. Indeed, thought Chilham, it is a display which would not disgrace a City guild. And the Bishop could judge these things – he had been to City banquets.

Instead of the coarse ware and plated spoons one usually associates with church teas, there was sparkling silver, scintillating glass and crystal, exquisite flowers, and fine china. And the food! There was *real* turtle soup. There was not only meat, there was game. There was not only fish, there were cunning savoury sauces. There were not only sweets, there were rare and succulent tropic fruits. There was every kind of drink – milk, liqueurs, beverages, wines, fruit juices, spirits.

The Bishop considered himself something of a connoisseur, but not even in his wildest dreams had he ever imagined such a spread as this. Here was no Sunday School Treat with grudging buns. This was no ‘Social’ for tired working women, with cheap tea. Here was the heaped-up abundance of God Himself.

Anything more unsuitable in God’s house, thought the Bishop, it would be hard to imagine. However, having begun the service he must continue. **“Give us this day our daily bread.”** There was a scuffling noise and, as if they had only been waiting for the signal, the congregation rose as one man and made for the tables, where they sat themselves down and started eating heartily. They gobbled the food greedily as if they were famished, or savoured it slowly and with relish, according to their circumstances in life.

The Bishop rose in dignity and in disgust. It was manifestly impossible to continue praying. He had not meant the people to take his words so literally, but as they were not church-goers it was not, after all, surprising. **“I should like to know who is paying for all this,”** Chilham’s voice boomed out. The Bishop had not meant to blurt it all out quite like that, but anyhow that was what he was thinking.

None of the people feasting paid the slightest attention, but one of the Beings came forward. **“Do not worry,”** it said. **“It is the Gift of God.”** That was not quite what the Bishop had meant, of course, but he thought it best not to argue at that moment.

However, one of the Beings came to him and said, **“Will you not take your place at the feast? And, looking down, the Bishop saw that surprisingly enough there was actually one seat left vacant. And now Chilham was sorely tempted. He would dearly have liked to float down and join the merry-makers, who by this time were not only eating, but toasting each other, throwing flowers at each other, and waving to friends across the table.”**

It was as if some Great and Beloved Personage had arranged a huge Birthday Party for all mankind, and the Great Personage had been called away and was not able to attend personally, but it was his wish that the festivities should go on. So the guests, unable to make the Beloved One happy, concentrated on making each other happy, knowing that in this way they would best please their Host.

But the Bishop, pondering these thoughts, took them to be the voice of the devil. For there was another voice inside him which said, **“Of course, you mustn’t go down. It is most unsuitable. Whoever else lowers himself, don’t let it be *you*.”** This the Bishop took to be the voice of duty. He turned to the Being, who was waiting for an answer. **“Er, thank you, no.”** he said.

Yet, as the Bishop stood there, the pulpit seemed higher than ever, and he felt very lonely as if he were cut off from his fellow creatures enjoying themselves below, and he began to wonder if, perhaps, what he had taken to be the voice of the devil, had not, after all, been the voice of conscience, and if the voice of duty had not been the voice of the devil.

Chilham was interrupted in these thoughts by the people rising from the tables. They had apparently had enough to eat, though there seemed to be as much food left, as there had been when they began. But, after all, this wasn’t surprising, for as quickly as they had eaten, the bright Beings that waited on them brought forth more fare from an apparently limitless store.

And now as the Bishop looked he saw that the people were waiting to come up to the altar; and he saw that in front of the altar there rose a gigantic Christmas Tree. So huge was it that it seemed as high as the roof of the Cathedral, in fact higher, for both it and the roof seemed to be lost in space, as if they reached right up to Heaven. Although there was no label on it, Chilham knew instinctively that this was the Tree of Life which bore on its branches every good and perfect gift the heart of man could desire. Every man, woman and child came up to the Tree in turn and asked one of the Beings for that which he or she wanted most in the world and whatever it might be, it was found on the Tree and given to the person who had asked for it

Most of the children asked for a toy, but many of the men and women asked for money, and, whenever they did, so it was given to them. This the Bishop strongly disapproved. It was one thing to give a poor child a toy, or an unemployed man hot tea and bread and dripping; it was quite another to give people money for nothing. That would only encourage sloth and wasn't proper charity.

In an incredibly short time, however, all the people had received their gifts and returned to their pews, though the Tree seemed as much weighed down as ever with lovely presents. One of the Beings turned to the pulpit. "And what would

you like?" it said. "I am the Bishop," he replied. "That makes no difference," said the Being, "there is plenty for all."

After all, thought the Bishop, these are no ordinary Beings, and this is no ordinary charity scheme, so perhaps there might not be any harm in asking. In any case, while it would not be suitable for a Bishop to ask for something for himself, there could be no harm in asking for something for others, so he turned to the Being.

"Well, since you have so kindly asked me," said the Bishop, "there is just one thing I would like to have and that is a cheque for the Fabric Fund. You may not have noticed," he explained, "that the walls of this Cathedral are in very great need of repair. There is also one of the bells which is cracked and rings out of tune."

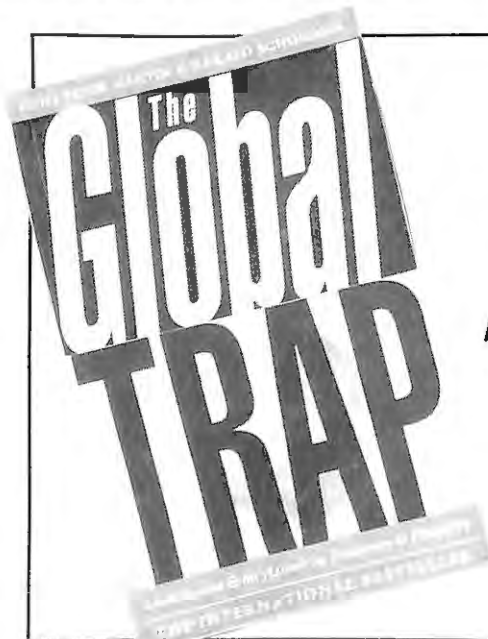
"But the walls have been restored. Look," said the Being, raising its arms; and as Chilham looked, sure enough every crack had disappeared, and even the worn stone carvings and figures appeared as beautifully sharp and clear cut as if they had just been finished yesterday. "And the bell, too, is now perfect," said the Being. Now the Bishop remembered that as he had been coming along how clear and melodious the bells had been, with never a false note.

"Is there anything else you would

like?" said the Shining One. "That will be all thank you," said the Bishop. And now, decided Chilham, he really must be getting on with his sermon. The events of the evening had rather disturbed him, but fortunately he had his notes with him.

He looked down and read. "Freely ye have received, freely give," he intoned. The effect was electrical. The congregation rose as one man and cheered and cheered and cheered. "Good old Bishop," shouted one man. "Hear, hear," said another. Really! Thought Chilham, taken aback, it was all very irregular, of course, and not the way to behave, but in all the time he had been in Holy Orders – how many years was it? – he had never been so popular before. It was all very gratifying and would have been more gratifying, only, as a matter of fact, that was not how he had intended to begin at all. His notes, like everything else, had been changed. He would have to rely on his memory.

"At this time of the year," he said, as the cheering died down. "At this time of the year, when we try to fill our hearts with goodwill towards all and hatred towards none – at this time of the year, I say, when we have been forgiven our sins and should forgive others, when we have been forgiven our debts and should forgive others..."



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Here there was another interruption, and a little man at the back got up and said: "Wot I should like to know is this, if I forgive others will the landlord forgive me the rent and not distraint on me?"

"If I forgive others," said a cynical young man, "will my creditors forgive me and not send me to Carey Street?"

"And if I forgive others," said a woman, "will the furniture people forgive me the instalments and not take away the dining-room suite?"

The Bishop shut his eyes and held up his hand in the way he always did when he wanted to be emphatic. "All debts will be forgiven," he said. If the cheers had been loud before, they were wild now. But it was something more than that. There was a feeling of immense relief as if a huge burden had fallen off the backs of the people, and there was a feeling of friendliness which had been lacking before. Hitherto the people had gathered in groups with individuals in their own circumstances or 'set'; now they seemed to look about them as if they were seeing something good in humanity at large for the first time.

The Bishop alone was uncomfortable. His tongue, like everything else had been playing strange tricks. He had meant to say, "All debts must, of course, be paid." However, he reflected, he would be able to correct the mistake in next month's Diocesan Gazette, so it did not matter much. And now he really must concentrate in getting his sermon right. He gripped the lectern and plunged straight into it, and this time he got it correct. But there were no more cheers.

The people listened in silence at first, but after a bit they began to murmur and then to interrupt. Nothing, however, would deflect Chilham from his purpose now, and he swept on, drowning all others with his powerful voice,

until he finally rolled out his concluding sentence: "And do let us see that on one day of the year, at least, we manage to make everybody happy."

The little man at the back rose again. "I 'ave listened to everythin' wot the speaker 'as 'ad to sye" ("Speaker," indeed! thought Chilham, as if this were a political meeting!), "and wot I should like to sye is this, as 'ow there don't seem to be much 'ope for 'umanity if we can only make people 'appy on one dye in the year. Wot about the other 364 dyes in the year?"

"Surely there is some way we can make the people happy all the year round," said the woman. "It doesn't seem to me that our civilisation is worth much," said the cynical young man, "if we can only make people happy for one day in the year. "What about trying something with the other 364 days in the year?"

Then all the people stood up and began shouting, "What about the other 364 days in the year?" The bells began clanging, and Chilham noticed that they had lost all their sweetness of tone and he could hear the discordant note of the old cracked bell again. As they rang so harshly they seemed to say, "364 days in the year; 364 days in the year." Now they seemed to be ringing inside the Bishop's head, and he, too, heard himself saying, "364 days in the year; 364 days in the year."

The Bishop clung feverishly to the lectern for support, but he felt it slipping away from him and he had nothing left to hold on to. He found he could no longer float in the air, but was falling from the great height of the pulpit. Falling, falling . . .

"I am afraid I woke you up letting the fire-irons fall," said Jepson. "I was just putting back a piece of coal which had fallen out. Been dreaming?"

"Yes. Why?" said Chilham.

"Just wondered. You said something about '364 days in the year'. One short - surely?"

"I don't remember. Nothing of importance, I fancy. I can only remember I was preaching to some people, and - well - they certainly weren't ordinary church-goers."

"I shouldn't worry," said Jepson, "I shouldn't think there is much likelihood of that happening." The Bishop sighed . . .

- FINIS -

Taken from "The Fig Tree" Dec. 1938.



## POLLY WANT A CRACKER?

David received a parrot for his birthday. This parrot was fully grown with a bad attitude and worse vocabulary. Every other word was an expletive. Those that weren't expletives were, to say the least, rude. David tried hard to change the bird's attitude and was constantly saying polite words, playing soft music, anything he could think of to try to set a good example. Nothing worked. He yelled at the bird and the bird behaved even more badly. He shook the bird, and the bird became more angry and more rude. Finally, in a moment of desperation, David put the parrot in the freezer. For a few moments he heard the bird squawking, kicking and screaming — then, suddenly, there was quiet. David was frightened he might have hurt the bird and quickly opened the freezer door. The parrot calmly stepped out onto David's extended arm and said, "I'm sorry that I might have offended you with my language and action and I ask your forgiveness. I will endeavour to correct my behaviour." David was astonished at the bird's change in attitude and was about to ask what had brought about such a dramatic change when the parrot continued, "May I ask what the chicken did?"



# BRITISH AUSTRALIANS NOW (OFFICIALLY) SECOND-CLASS CITIZENS

by Alan Jones

**C**hief Justice Murray Gleeson & Justices Bill Gummow, Ken Hayne & Mary Gaudron.

These are the four judges of the High Court of Australia who ruled, on 23rd June 1999, that Britain is a "foreign power". (The remaining three judges dissented, arguing that the High Court had no right to address the issue in question.)

For those who may have missed it, the issue was the election of a Queensland senator, Heather Hill, a British migrant. She had taken up Australian citizenship, but had failed to "renounce" her British citizenship.

An Asian migrant, Chuck Hong, had complained that by not renouncing her original citizenship, the senator-elect failed to comply with Section 44 of the Australian Constitution.

Section 44 excludes certain people from representing us in Parliament. They cannot be undischarged bankrupts or insolvent. They cannot have been attainted of treason, or convicted and subject to sentence for an offence carrying a jail sentence of at least one year. They cannot be under allegiance, obedience

or adherence to a foreign power.

The High Court effectively ruled that Heather Hill could not assume her elected responsibilities because:

- (a) she had not "renounced" her British citizenship, even though she was a naturalised Australian, and
- (b) Britain had been a "foreign power" since at least 1986, when the Australia Acts were passed.

At a single stroke the High Court ruling officially made second-class citizens of over one million British-born residents of Australia.

Other migrants are also affected. Some countries, such as Greece, do not allow renunciation of citizenship under any circumstances — even by children born here of Australian/Greek parents. It has been estimated in the print media that up to five million Australian residents may be barred from public office as a result of this ruling.

What does this mean for British migrants who are residents of Australia?

First, it means that even if we have taken up Australian citizenship we must go through the motions of formally "renouncing" our British citizenship.

Yet the repudiation process has no validity in British law. No matter what contrived declarations we may make here we still remain British subjects.

There is ample precedent for this, the best-known probably being the case of 'Lord Haw Haw', who first

acquired American citizenship, and then German citizenship at a time when Britain and Germany were at war, but who was still tried in the U.K. after that war for treason. No one could have given a clearer indication of his desire to "renounce" British citizenship. The British Government hanged him anyway.

None of our readers will be tried for treason, but that is, in theory, the acid test. If the circumstances were extreme enough, could, and would, the British Government try for treason a migrant to Australia who had "renounced" her original citizenship? The answer is clearly, "Yes". Therefore the High Court-preferred process is a sham — and a very undignified one. We are being asked to pretend to deny our legal identity.

Then there is the question of second-generation British migrants. They are automatically Australian citizens as a consequence of having been born here, but many Australian-born children of a British father are entitled to British citizenship if their parents were legally married. (Even some third-generation migrants can have British entitlements.)

Those who take up this right, for the purpose of study or travel or work or whatever, will presumably be in the same situation as Heather Hill.

What of those who don't? They're banned too! Section 44 of the Constitution says: "Any person who... is under any acknowledgment of



allegiance, obedience, or adherence to a foreign power, or is a subject or a citizen of a foreign power . . . shall be incapable of being chosen or of sitting as a senator or a member of the House of Representatives.”

Those of us who are not politically inclined might say they don't particularly want to stand for the Senate or the House of Representatives. That is not the point. The point is that we are now **banned** from doing so. And so are most of our children.

What about voting rights? Those of us who have not taken up Australian citizenship - and what is the point now? - but were on the Commonwealth electoral roll before January 1984 will still be entitled to vote. That is, until a new High Court sitting on a different issue uses the June 1999 ruling as a precedent, and decides we're not entitled to vote, either.

What's next? Well, perhaps we won't be entitled to jobs in which our status as people 'entitled to the rights of citizens or subjects of a foreign power' might disqualify us. Like, say, the defence forces, the public service, the police? It is already the case that promotion beyond certain levels in these careers is banned to migrants who haven't taken out Australian citizenship. It is only a short step to applying the June 1999 Heather Hill precedent to these and other areas of employment.

The irony, of course, is that migrants from some groups who have had nothing to do with the development of Australia will be exempt from any such provisions.

Welcome to being a second-class citizen in your own country.

(Source: *Endeavour*, Journal of the United Kingdom Settlers' Association, July 1999)



## RUPERT D. GOODMAN

(whose character mirrors Barbara  
Frietchie, heroine of J.G. Whittier)



by Dan O'Donnell

*From south of the border, the call first was heard  
Of dismantling the Crown, and with it the word  
Of republican changes that sought to subvert  
Our history and heritage — and our Flag convert.*

*Not all could resist the inexorable push  
Of republican schemers who despised the bush  
And diminished our forebears with rolled-up sleeves.  
Now cruelly discarded like crumpled leaves.*

*The Flag was their target, the Republican goal,  
The National Flag which captured our soul,  
With its symbols of Saints — Patrick, Andrew and George --  
Proclaiming with pride that God did us forge.*

*Up rose Dr. Goodman, a Rat-of-Tobruk,  
Whose service to mankind would fill a thick book!  
“Don't change our Flag!” he sternly commanded  
And around him, inspired, some followers banded.\**

*A grand eighty-four when the hordes descended,  
With valour the ramparts he stoutly defended.  
“Destroy if you must, this old grey head,  
But spare your country's Flag!” he said.*

*Of all the great men in old Brisbane-town,  
Not one could approach his signal renown  
For steadfastness, courage and gallant example  
In preserving our Flag on which traitors would trample*

[\*Rupert Goodman (B.A., B.Ed., Ph.D., F.A.C.E.) — scholar, educator, historian — has given a lifetime of service to Australian education as teacher, headmaster (Malvern Grammar School) and Reader in Education at the University of Queensland. During World War II he was a Rat-of-Tobruk. His dozen or so books include titles on Australian education, Australian nurses at war, Australian hospitals during war, and a centenary history of Toowoomba Grammar School. *Don't Change Our Flag* is his latest book.]

# Dorothy Mabel Vernon Smith

by Betty Luks

What a delightful surprise it was for one of our *Heritage* families when they visited the National Pioneer Women's Hall of Fame at the Old Courthouse, Alice Springs, to come across a section dealing with Dorothy Mabel Vernon Smith (1909-1994). Dorothy was well known to many South Australian readers of *Heritage* as she was one of the volunteers who worked in the Heritage Bookshop in Adelaide for many years.

A true patriot and devout Christian, Dorothy spoke of the social credit writings of men such as Eric Butler and C.H. Douglas as "sublime". It is our pleasure to dedicate this article to Dorothy, thereby recording her history in the *Heritage* journal.

Dorothy was the first woman to qualify as a marine radio officer in Australia. In 1949 she had read an article in the *Merchant Navy Journal* which said that twenty-seven Norwegian women had graduated as ships' radio operators, and felt there was no reason why she should not enter what was then a male preserve.

She gained acceptance at the Amalgamated Wireless of Australasia Training School in Melbourne, but when she had passed the examination for her certificate of competency, she had some difficulty in finding a ship's owner willing to employ her. She finally obtained a berth in the *Karuah*, then trading between Sydney and Tasmania, and served one year on this ship before being forced to return home because of her mother's illness.

She boarded at Williamstown, Victoria, in order to study at the Marconi School in Melbourne, graduating as a wireless operator. It was in May 1951 that she joined the *Karuah* as Radio Officer. *The Women's Weekly* made quite a story out of a barge-in-tow in bad weather which broke loose from a steamer, and the part Dorothy had played on the *Karuah* in helping to get the barge safely in tow again.

A unique individual — some might even describe Dorothy as having been an eccentric — she was born at Semaphore, South Australia, and died at "Karingal", West Hindmarsh, South Australia. Educated at Walford and at Wilderness Schools, she went on to attend the Port Adelaide Business College, studying shorthand and typing, and subsequently worked for legal firms in Adelaide.

Always an adventurous soul, she was employed as a governess at "Mulgathing" and other sheep stations, as well as doing occasional stints of fruit picking along the River Murray. A yachtswoman, she sailed the *Naiad* from the Henly Sailing Club and the *Asprey* from the S.A. Yacht Squadron. For recreation Dorothy rode a bicycle alone, along the Coorong, from Adelaide to Melbourne. She was musical and played the piano, violin and harmonica; for



sport she played hockey with the Largs Hockey Club.

It was in the 1970's that I got to know Dorothy; she was then a keen supporter of the Australian League of Rights. She drove a Zeta, a two-stroke car, designed and manufactured by Lightburn in Adelaide. A much sought-after collector's item, she eventually sold the Zeta and purchased a van which she managed to roll or crash twice to my knowledge. Once she ended up in the rose garden of a property-owner at McLaren Vale, and the other time she had an accident at Horsham on her way home from a League function in Melbourne. I remember that occasion well because my son drove across to bring her home and she stayed with us until home-help was organised for her.

Dorothy was a 'free spirit' and had her own "time zone" — her day was about 72 hours. In her later years she turned up for the funeral of a dear friend just when everyone was going home, and another time she turned up for an appointment 24 hours late.

She kindly offered to drive me around a number of country towns to meetings in the election year of 1980, the year of a devastating drought in South Australia. Fierce, gusty northerly winds blew away the dry top-soil of the bare land, except for that which was banked up against the fences. The Adelaide skyline and surrounding areas were blotted out by a thick pall of dust. We turned up for the meetings about an hour late each time; Dorothy could only drive at her 72-hour-day pace. I would ring ahead and ask the organizers to be patient, as we would eventually get there — which we did.

A most generous and loyal person with firm integrity, Dorothy never wavered in her beliefs. It was a pleasure to know her and it is now a privilege to acknowledge her in *Heritage*.



# Tasman - Who was he?

by Reg A Watson

Abel Tasman was an interesting fellow, Tasmania is named after him, but who was he? Yes, he was a Dutchman, but why did he come? Did he land? Interesting questions but, self-testing, how many answers do we know?

The first British settlement of Tasmania occurred under the command of the brave young man, Lieutenant John Bowen RN, 13 November 1803. Amazingly, that was 161 years after Tasman's first sighting. On 24 November 1642, Tasman wrote in his journal, "In the afternoon, about 4 o'clock, we saw land, at about ten miles distance from us by estimation." Even so, for the next century and a half, Tasmania was left alone by other Europeans simply because, according to Tasman, there was little or no commercial value to be made. Nonetheless, the exploits of Tasman in the southern waters and then on to New Zealand and Fiji, were studied by much later explorers such as Captain James Cook.

Tasman was born in Groningen in Holland about 1603 and by the time of his second marriage in 1632, he was described as a "common sailor". He sailed to the Dutch East Indies (Indonesia) and in those heady, somewhat wild days, there was opportunity to rise in the ranks, if one was brave and bold. By 1642, now as "skipper", he was appointed Commander of the South-land Expedition. He was authorised to sail with two ships, *Heemskirk* and *Zeehaen*, to discover and explore the "unknown and known south-land". This command was given to him by the Governor of the Dutch East Indies, Anthony Van Diemen. Tasmania was originally known as Van Diemen's Land.

But why venture south into the unknown? Tasman was instructed to "find out what commodities the country yields, likewise inquiring after gold and silver and whether the latter are held by them (the natives) in high es-

teem."

Tasman was instructed to show no eagerness for these precious metals and was informed, "If they should offer you gold and silver in exchange for your articles, you will pretend to hold the same in slight regard, showing them copper, pewter or lead, and giving them the impression as if the minerals last mentioned were, by us, set greater value on."

So Tasman sailed with the instruction to take possession for the Netherlands and to plant "our Prince flag". He did indeed plant a flag on 3 December, through the efforts of his master-carpenter, Pieter Jacobz. On the orders of Tasman, the carpenter swam from a small boat to the shore, carrying with him a pole with the Company's mark on it and a "Prince flag" to be erected once ashore.

Tasman wrote in his diary that the carpenter performed the work entrusted to him and "the carpenter aforesaid thereupon swam back to the pinnacle through the surf. Having been duly executed, we pulled back to the ships, leaving the above-mentioned as a memorial." Tasman, however, did not set foot on our soil.

In 1923, the Royal Society of Tasmania, was able to erect at the site, Prince of Wales Bay (Forestier's Peninsula) a memorial cut in a block of Maria Island granite with the words inscribed, "At this spot the expedition under Abel Jansz Tasman, being the first

white people to set foot on Tasmanian soil, planted the Dutch flag on December 3rd 1642."

By the time the British came (and before them, the French) Dutch influence and power within the region had waned and any talk of having possession was not even considered.

After leaving our shores Tasman sailed on a north-easterly course taking them to New Zealand. A number of his ships' company were killed by Maoris. He then proceeded to Fiji, returning near the coast of New Guinea and back again, from whence he sailed to Batavia, near modern Djakarta.

Sadly for Tasman and for those who



Mt. Wellington, Van Diemen's Land, by Joseph Lyceff

sent him, the results of his voyage were not considered very satisfactory. True, he had discovered much which he recorded in great detail and his was noted as a "remarkable voyage", but he brought back nothing of commercial value. He was criticised by Van Diemen and his Council for leaving the main parts of his task to be executed by some more inquisitive successor. While he had discovered new things, according to the Council, his

big mistake was not making more thorough investigations because he had failed to discover if the lands would be profitable to the Company.

Nonetheless Tasman went on to make more voyages, even attacking Spanish and Portuguese forts in the area.

The actual date of his death is not certain. It is believed to have occurred before October 1659. He is buried somewhere in Batavia.

Regardless of what was considered

in 1642 to be a failed venture, Tasmania does him great honour by giving his name to our island home. There is little doubt he was the greatest navigator of the seventeenth century. He proved, without question, among other things, the existence and whereabouts of the mysterious south-land. It would take the explorations of Bass and Flinders, 150 years later, to prove that Van Diemen's Land was separated from mainland Australia.

## RESTAURATEURS BREATHE NEW LIFE INTO OLD WORLD CHARM

Dunbar House, proudly overlooking Sydney's Watson's Bay for nearly 170 years, has seen its colonial splendour rekindled by ambitious new owners, Sydney restaurateurs, the Schaber Family.

The heritage-listed mansion restaurant has been extensively upgraded inside and out, to maintain its landmark reputation as one of Sydney's oldest buildings.

"As Dunbar House was built in the 1830s, we bought the restaurant licence with two major objectives in mind for the business," said proprietor, Mr. Kerim Schaber. "One was to maintain the unique period exterior - which is such a rare asset in this city. The other was to refurbish its interior by revitalising as much original material as possible, as well as using suitable substitutes wherever necessary to retain that colonial charm our diners come to experience."

Internally, newly-fitted polished timber floors, colonial-style ceilings, cornices and skirting boards maintain the 19th century theme synonymous with Dunbar House history. An upstairs Weddings and Function Centre caters for up to 110 indoors and 60 on its balcony. A downstairs à la carte dining section seats up to 60 inside and as many as 30 on a ground-level balcony.

Under the auspices of the National Trust, its exterior has been reconditioned and repainted in appropriate heritage tones.



When Watson's Bay was a fishing village in the 1830s, Dunbar House was the private dwelling of shipping pilot and lighthouse-keeper, Richard Siddens, before being sold to the then Colonial Treasurer, Pieter Campbell, who transformed it into the mansion it is today and named it *Zandiolet*.

Eventually named after the *Dunbar*, a vessel wrecked just beyond Sydney Heads in 1857, the property also endured a colourful history over the years as an hotel under various names, and even as Vaucluse Council Chambers in 1934. More recently it operated for a short time as *Sopra Sotto Italian Restaurant*. Immediately prior to this it was *Fisherman's Lodge Restaurant* for 25 years.

"Society, nowadays, is in such a hurry to reach the next millennium that many of our diners comment on how much they appreciate a setting that offers a little bit of charm from Australia's past," Mr. Schaber said. "Although Sydney may have many modern restaurants, no matter how much effort is taken, it is almost impossible to re-create the atmosphere, the light, the ambience and the aromatic presence you get in a building of yesteryear."

For more information, please contact Kerim Schaber, Proprietor,  
Dunbar House, 9 Marine Parade,  
Watson's Bay, NSW 2030.  
Ph: (02) 9337-1226;  
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# A GODLESS REPUBLIC? HEAVEN FORBID!

by Rupert Goodman

It is appropriate that as we give thanks for the Referendum "NO" result we should honour Dr. Rupert Goodman. The following address, originally presented to the Presbyterian Fellowship of Queensland on 6 March 1999, the poem by Dr. Dan O'Donnell, and the front cover photograph of Dr. Goodman, B.A., Dip.Ed.(Hons.), B.Ed., T.P.T.C., Ph.D.(ANU), F.A.C.E., Communicant Member of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church Brisbane, are featured in this edition of *Heritage* as our way of acknowledging Dr. Goodman as a truly great Australian, soldier, scholar, educator and historian, he has given a lifetime of service to this nation.

There is currently much debate about the forthcoming Centenary of Federation in the Year 2001, with possible changes to our Constitution from a Constitutional Monarchy to a Republic. A referendum is to be held in November 1999 to decide the issue. More recently the question of including reference to God in the Preamble has arisen.

In 1901 Australia was very much a Christian society, with 96.5 per cent of the population professing Christians. The Preamble to the Constitution included the phrase, "humbly relying on the blessing of Almighty God", put there at the insistence of the people and the churches as part of their British heritage. (The only opposition was from the Seventh Day Adventists who thought this might prevent their having their services on Saturday — but this didn't happen!)

Everywhere church services were held, seeking God's blessing on the new nation. The first National Anthem was *God save the Queen*. (Queen Victoria died on 22 January 1901.)

Articles, poems and songs were written all in the same theme. There was no question Australia was a Christian society. Thomas Spencer's *God Defend the Commonwealth* said it all.

The flag is very much a part of our Christian heritage.

Sunday was a very special day in this Christian society. Churches were crowded for two services and Sunday School was a must for most young people. As far as possible no work was done on the Sabbath. Shops were closed.

There was no public transport. Laws were quite specific and, indeed, it was a holy day. The ten Commandments were frequently quoted when it came to making laws with respect to the sanctity of marriage, family matters, immoral acts such as adultery, stealing, murder, false testimony, coveting goods of others. The so-called Judeo-Christian ethic, now derided by the media, had enormous influence in the first fifty years of Federation.

Most importantly, in view of discussions to remove reference to God from the Preamble to our Constitution, we should note the first commandment: "Thou shalt have no other God before me."

At that time Australia was regarded as a Christian society, the whole of the social fabric interwoven with ideas which came through Christianity. The calendar continued to relate to events before or after the birth of Christ. There continued to be widespread celebration of Christian holy periods, such as Easter and Christmas, and Sunday was written into industrial awards, if it was necessary to work on the Sabbath. Parliament was to open daily with prayer, including The Lord's Prayer. The legal system continued to have frequent references to Christian Justice; witnesses swore an oath on the Bible; the New Year commenced with traditional church services. The former Chief Justice of the High Court, Sir John Utham, himself an agnostic, maintained Australian law was based on the Christian ethic and he would interpret it accordingly. Christian practices governed the lives of most people



from birth through to death. Most were married in a Christian Church, were baptised in a Christian church, accepted a Christian name and, on death, expected a clergyman to give them "a Christian burial service". The State education system was expected to operate within the moral, ethical and spiritual framework of Christianity and special times were allocated each week for "religious instruction". Some denominations set out their own systems of church schools.

Undoubtedly, in the first fifty years, Australia was very much a Christian society.

## The Queen's Coronation Service, 1953:

Let me now make some brief comments on the Queen's Coronation Service which has important implications.

This was a ceremony without parallel in modern society, with traditions dating back hundreds of years. The first Coronation Service, it is believed, was composed by Saint Dunstan for King Edger in 972, an unambiguous statement that all sovereignty comes from God.

I can only hope to touch on some major aspects of this service:

1. The Queen took an oath, to the utmost of her power, to "maintain the laws of God and the true profession of the Gospel". So at the start, she acknowledged that Supreme-Power-Sovereignty comes from God.

2. The Queen was then given a copy of the Holy Bible, with the words, "our Gracious Queen, to keep Your Majesty

ever mindful of the Law and the Gospel of God as the Rule for the whole of life and government of Christian Princes, we present you with this Book, the most valuable thing this world affords. Here is wisdom. This is the Royal Law.”

It is not often realised how much of our system of Common Law and our rights and freedoms come to us from the Bible. Over 1000 years ago King Alfred made the Ten Commandments the law of England.

3. Then came the *anointing* with oil, signifying her need for the Holy Spirit to carry out her oaths.

4. Then the Queen was given the *Sword of State*, taken from the altar by the Bishops, with these words: “*With this Sword do justice, stop the growth of any iniquity, protect the Holy Church of God, restore the things that are gone to decay, maintain the things that are restored, punish and reform what is amiss and confirm what is in good order.*”

5. We pass on to the ceremony when she was given the *Bracelets*, as “*tokens of the Lord’s protection, embracing you on every side, and also pledges and symbols of that bond which unites you with your people.*”

6. Then the *Imperial Robe* was put on her with the prayer, “*The Lord clothe you with the Robe of Righteousness and with the garments of Salvation.*”

7. *The Orb* — a golden ball set with a cross on top, was given her, with the words: “*Receive this Orb, set under the Cross, and remember that the whole world is subject to the Power and Empire of Christ our Redeemer.*”

She is never to forget she is not the Sovereign; she is the servant of the true Sovereign.

8. *The Ring* is placed on the third finger of her right hand to consecrate her as our “*Head and Prince and as the defender of Christ’s Religion.*”

9. *The Sceptre and Rod of Mercy* The Royal Sceptre has the cross on top, ‘*the sign of kingly power and justice.*’ The *Rod of Mercy* has a dove on top to remind her not to forget mercy in dispensing justice.

10. We come then to the *Crowning* — St. Edward’s Crown, with a cross on top, with the prayer, “*that she may be filled with abundant grace and all princely virtues, through the King Eternal, Jesus*

*Christ our Lord.*”

11. *The Enthroning.* The actual crowning took place with the Queen seated in the ancient Coronation Chair of King Edward II. Then the Queen went to her own throne, on a raised dais, with the Archbishop saying: “*Stand firm and hold fast the seat and staff of royal and imperial dignity, which is this day delivered unto you, in the Name and by the Authority of Almighty God . . .*”

12. *The Communion Service* is a reminder that she was to be a servant of God to her people, a reminder that Christ gave His life for her, a reminder that even the Son of God did not come to be served, but to serve.

How fortunate we have been that our Queen has kept her Oaths and led such a goodly and Godly life. How sad for her as she looks around and sees the wrecked lives of those who did not keep God’s Commandments!

The whole Coronation Service is rich



*The Crown of St. Edward*

in meaning and symbolism and is a priceless part of Australia’s heritage, an essential and integral part of our Constitutional system of government.

Let me now review the last fifty years to see what changes have taken place in our society, particularly with respect to the place of Christianity and Christian attitudes and beliefs.

In terms of national statistics, the percentage of stated Christians has declined from 96 per cent to 89 per cent (1954) to 70 per cent (1996) — not that any other religion, such as Buddhism, has shown any marked increase. These non-Chris-

tian religions represent but 4 per cent. What is significant is the large increase of the ‘no religion’ or no answer to the religious question to 26 per cent (over one quarter of the population).

**Move to remove reference to God from the Preamble to the Constitution**, meaning the Judeo-Christian God:

Statistics, 1996 Census:  
 12,582,000 (70%) Christians;  
 4,798,000 (26%) Roman Catholics;  
 3,903,000 (22%) Anglicans;  
 1,334,000 (7%) Uniting;  
 675,000 (3.9%) Presbyterians;  
 616,000 (3.4%) Non-Christians;  
 200,000 (1%) Buddhists;  
 200,000 (1%) Islam;  
 80,000 (0.4%) Devotees of Judaism.  
 4,693,000 (26%) didn’t answer or were of no specified religion.

An alternative argument, in view of the claim we are now a multi-religious society, is that any reference to God in the Preamble is not a reference to the Judeo-Christian God, but to every God — Buddhist, Islamic, Judaic — or to any graven image.

Where does this leave this predominantly Christian society? With more than 12.5 million Christians and about 616,000 non-Christians, this is a very weak argument for removing reference to the (Christian) God in the Preamble to our Constitution.

In practice, the basic foundations of Christianity have disappeared or are under attack. Sunday is no longer a holy day, but a day given over to sport, entertainment, shopping and going to the cinema. All churches report a decline in attendance at Sunday services; Sunday Schools have virtually disappeared. Governments encourage the use of ‘given’ names, rather than Christian names.

Perhaps the greatest changes have occurred with the Marriage Sacrament and to family life, with the introduction of marriage celebrants, marriage anywhere but in a church, living together before marriage, and the introduction of new terms such as ‘partners’ and the concept of ‘no fault’ easy divorce.

These changes did not come about by chance. They are the results of long-term planning by the secular humanists and



their fellow-travellers, the atheists, the agnostics, the libertarians, the Marxists and the behavioural psychologists. The latter assumed positions of power in the days of Hawke, Whitlam and Keating, with leaders such as the late Lionel Murphy, Don Dunstan and, more recently, Senator Evans.

Few people may have read *The Humanist Manifesto*, or be aware of the activities of the Queensland Humanist Society. In brief, the author of *The Humanist Manifesto* maintains:

- (a) There is no God;
- (b) Every man is his own creator;
- (c) There must be no feelings of patriotism or nationalism because everyone must be conditioned to living in a global village under one-world government;
- (d) The modern Republican state endorses civil liberties, with the individual having the right to decide on matters such as suicide, abortion, euthanasia, prostitution and the use of drugs, such as marijuana and heroin;
- (e) The right to see and hear all forms of media, no censorship, pornographic material freely available to all;
- (f) The State to encourage freedom for different moral, political, religious and social attitudes. There are no moral absolutes;
- (g) Moral ethics are autonomous and situational — a person making his own decision and that makes it right.

Thus the humanists throw out the window two thousand years of the Judeo-Christian tradition, the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, and the whole concept of the Christian heritage and tradition which has given us such a stable and well-ordered society — a Godless republic indeed!

The secular humanists have promoted their doctrines through the schools and destroyed a whole generation of young people.

They could only do this with the help of the politicians. At the last induction of Members of Parliament, 49 Australian Labor Party members refused to take an Oath on the Bible and made an affirmation instead. It was Lionel Murphy who destroyed the Marriage Sacrament, Don Dunstan who recognised homosexuality and lesbianism. It was Hawke who said, in an address to the Fabian Society: “. . . the whole mood and mind and

attitudes of the nation must be permanently changed.” It was Gareth Evans who said: “Children want a right to sexual freedom and education and protection from the influence of Christianity”.

Numerous writers have associated the elements of the Union Jack with Christianity. Leaving aside the three crosses in the flag, the colours of red, white and blue have also had a fascination for some research workers who have placed the relevance of these colours in biblical history.

D.J. Pinwill, for example, in his comprehensive study of the Australian flag (*The Fabric of Freedom*), argues that these three colours have a history and a purpose in Christianity. In Biblical history, blue has always been a special colour associated with holiness and loyalty. He quotes Numbers 15 (38-41): “. . . and the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringes of the borders a riband of blue: And it shall be unto you for a fringe, that you may look upon it and remember all the Commandments of the Lord . . .”

Blue was also used exclusively in the tabernacles for the sacred vessels according to Pinwill (Numbers 4), while Solomon used blue in his temple for the veil (2 Chronicles, v. 3-14).

While it has traditionally been used to symbolise purity and innocence, in the Bible white signifies righteousness. In Revelation 19 there is reference to the army of saints dressed in white line and riding white horses.

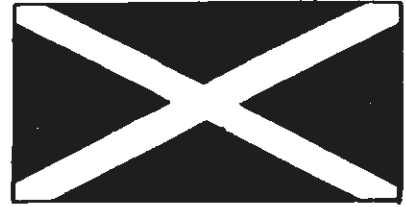
Red or scarlet, of course, occurs many times in the Bible as it is the colour of blood. At the time of the Passover it was the red blood of the lamb that redeemed the Israelites.

Red, white and blue have been associated with the Union Jack and its component crosses for many centuries and, according to Pinwill, have deep religious significance.

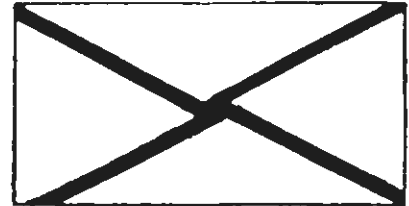
These, of course, will disappear in a republic. Hawke already dispensed with them in favour of the “green an gold”!

Pinwill (*op. cit.*) puts forward a number of extraordinary coincidences with respect to the three crosses in the

SCOTLAND—ST. ANDREW



IRELAND—ST. PATRICK



ENGLAND—ST. GEORGE



THE UNION OF JACOB



Union Jack, their arrangement and their meaning. He suggests these three crosses represent the three covenants made by God to multiply and increase the seed of Abraham (Genesis 17:7).

The sign of the St. Andrew's Cross is the sign for multiplication in mathematics, and the Cross of St. George is the sign for addition. The word “British” means “Covenant Man” in Hebrew. The word for “covenant” is “Berith or ‘B’rith” and the word for “man” is “ish”. Pinwill goes on to outline other aspects of this web of intricate and amazing coincidences. He concludes: “The magic and poetry of the symbolism of the Union Jack is a miracle in itself. What an honour to have this holy sign on our Australian flag”.

A “godless republic” indeed,!

# THE BRITONS WHO EXPLORED AUSTRALIA

by George Colley

Some travelled with an ideal. Others searched in greed. Some were map-makers or travellers in search of trade; others went to spread their own form of religion; some simply to claim new lands for their country.

For many explorers, curiosity itself was sufficient reason to travel to the unknown, to risk their lives in searching. For them, just to survive the experience, and later to tell of it, was enough.

Whatever their varied reasons, they all shared a single fundamental experience. They all endured that particular brand of fear and discomfort, that special brand of homesickness and weariness, even the acceptance of death and, just occasionally, that rare, ecstatic arrival that made it all worthwhile.

During the 1988 bicentenary celebrations, the prime minister of the day, Robert Hawke, was obliged to respond to a speech by Prince Charles. He couldn't bring himself to mention one aspect of British achievement here since the 1788 landing. George Colley watched this pathetic spectacle in sadness, thinking of the intrepid Britons who put their lives on the line exploring and opening up this continent:

**1813:** George Blaxland from Kent organised the first exploring party to cross the rugged Blue Mountains from Sydney. With him were Lt. Lawson of London and William Wentworth, born on Norfolk Island.

**1817:** John Oxley from Yorkshire explored the Macquarie and Lachlan Rivers and also discovered the Liverpool Plains. Later he found and named the Brisbane River.

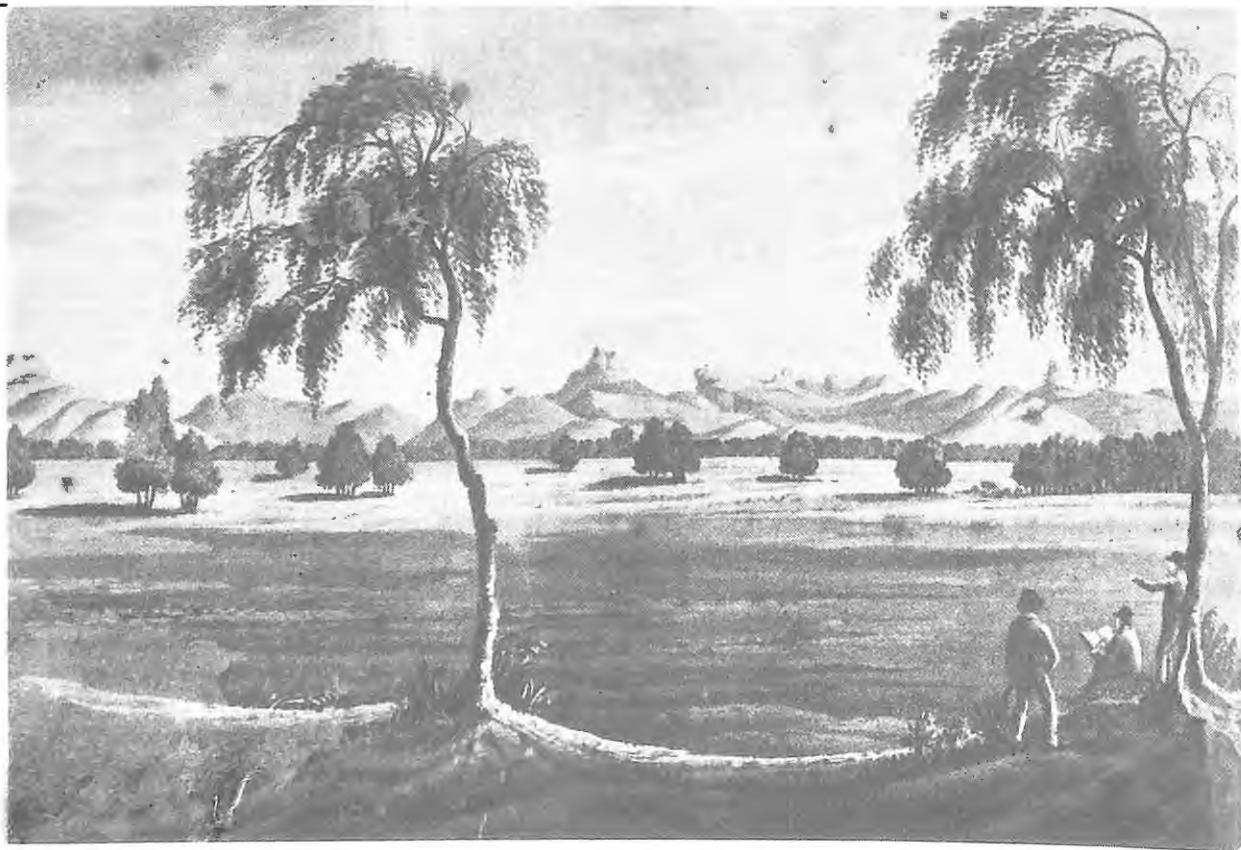
**1824:** William Hovell from Yarmouth, together with the first Aus-

tralian-born explorer, Hamilton Hume, crossed the Murrumbidgee and reached Geelong.

**1826:** Captain James Stirling from Lanarkshire surveyed the Swan River, beside which Perth now stands.

**1828:** Captain Charles Sturt, born in India of Dorset parents, followed the Macquarie River further than Oxley and discovered the River Darling, naming it after the Governor of New South Wales.

**1829-30:** Charles Sturt followed the Murrumbidgee and discovered the River Murray, naming it after the Colonial Secretary. He and his small band of men rowed a naval whaleboat 1,000 miles to the open sea at Encounter Bay and then had to row back. Sturt was called "the Prince of Australian explorers".



*The Warrumbungles, a "stupendous range of mountains, lifting their blue heads above the horizon".  
From a sketch by George Evans*



**The Britons who explored Australia -2.**

**1835:** John Batman, son of a convict father, crossed from Van Diemen's Land to Port Phillip Bay. He liked the look of the land so much that he made a treaty with the natives. Melbourne arose as a result of his pioneering.

**1936:** Major Thomas Mitchell from Craigend, Scotland, discovered the verdant pastures of western Victoria when crossing overland to Portland Bay.

**1837:** Lieut. George Grey, born in Lisbon of British parents, landed at Brunswick Bay, in the far northwest, to explore the country from there down to the Swan River. He was speared in the hip by natives.

**1840:** Angus McMillan from Skye discovered lush pastures in Gippsland, Victoria. He was followed by Paul Strzelecki, a bogus Polish count, who falsely claimed McMillan's discovery for himself.

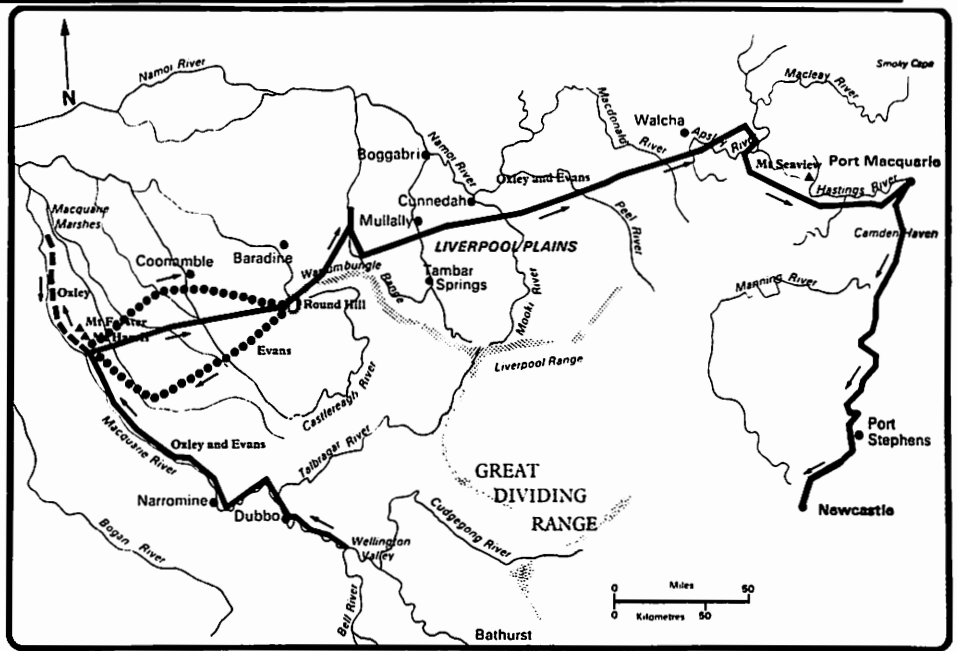
**1840:** Edward John Eyre, son of a Yorkshire parson, headed north from Adelaide and encountered an impassable barrier at Lake Torrens. He turned West from Mount Hopeless, crossing the Nullabor Plain with his white overseer, John Baxter, and three Aborigines. Two of the natives killed Baxter then fled. On 7 July 1841 Eyre and the remaining Aborigine reached Albany — a grim, exhausting journey.

**1844:** Ludwig Leichardt from Prussia trekked from Moreton Bay to Port Essington, discovering the Roper, Flinders and Gilbert Rivers. Three of his men were speared by natives and one died. In 1848 he set out to cross from the Darling Downs to Western Australia. Together with his seven men and 300 animals, he disappeared without trace.

**1848:** Edmund Kennedy from Guernsey landed at Rockingham Bay with a party of thirteen men in order to explore to Cape York. He left some men at Weymouth Bay. Finally there was only Kennedy and his faithful Aborigine, Jacky-Jacky, alive. Kennedy was killed by natives. Jacky-Jacky escaped to Port Albany. Only two of Kennedy's other men survived.

**1858:** John McDouall Stuart from Dysart, Scotland, explored around Lake Torrens and Lake Eyre. No one had reached the centre of the continent before, or travelled up to the northern coast, but on 22 April 1860 he hoisted the British flag at the centre. In 1862 he and his party reached Port Darwin from Adelaide. The privations on his return journey ruined his health and he died during a visit to England in 1866.

**1860:** Robert O'Hara Burke, an Irishman, and William John Wills from Devon tried to reach the northern coast from Melbourne. They achieved their aim, but couldn't see the



**Routes taken by Oxley and Evans, both together and individually, on the expedition to Port Macquarie.**

ocean because mangrove swamps blocked their view. Burke and Wills both died on the return journey, as did four other members of the expedition.

**1861:** Alfred Howitt from Nottingham set out to search for the missing Burke and Wills. He located their remains.

**1861:** John McKinlay from Sandbank, Scotland, also set out to find Burke and Wills. He located the grave of one of their party, Charles Gray. In 1865 he was sent to the northern Territory to report on the country. Floods hemmed in his party on the Alligator River and placed them in grave danger. McKinlay made wooden frames from felled trees and covered them with tightly-stretched horse-hide to make light-weight boats which the party steered to safety.

**1872:** Colonel Peter Warburton of the Bombay Army led a party from Alice Springs across the Great Sandy Desert. On Christmas Day the party were down to their last remaining camel and consumed the lot — hide, hooves and entrails — in order to survive.

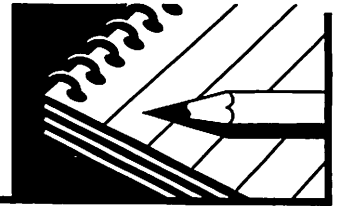
**1872:** William Gosse of Hertfordshire also left Alice Springs on a more southerly route than Warburton. He named Ayers Rock after Sir Henry Ayers, the Premier of South Australia.

**1872:** Ernest Giles from Bristol led an unsuccessful expedition from Lake Eyre to Western Australia. He named the Gibson Desert after a young man who perished on the trek. In 1875 Giles attempted the expedition a second time, this time successfully.

These are just a few of the men who opened up Australia for our benefit. They should never be forgotten - but they were - by our own Prime Minister.

[Source: *Endeavour*, UKSA Newsletter, July 1999]

# Letters to the Editor



You may find the accompanying poem by Thos. Spencer of interest. Spencer is one of our great poets. His poetry ranges from the dignified to the humorous, one of the latter type being *How M'Dougall topped the score*. Born in London in 1845, he died in Sydney in 1911. He visited Australia at the age of 18, returned again when he was 30 and became a successful builder and contractor; Goulbum Gaol and the Sydney University Physics Laboratory were among his achievements. He became chairman of many wages boards, served on the NSW Arbitration Court bench with honour. He was a prominent contributor of light verse and prose to *The Bulletin* in the happy days of that publication.

*God Defend the Commonwealth* has a ring of honest patriotic sentiment about it. (It could well have been our anthem.) Such refreshing earnestness would be unwanted in to-day's new world order of things, the trend now being superfluous amounts of media mawkishness and pathos, to say nothing of copious quantities of twee trivia, while the new age unmentionables, Christianity and Nationalism, are conspicuous by their absence.

God defend the Commonwealth. Preserve our southern nation.

God protect its sons and make them brave and free.

Watch and guard the cradle of Australian Federation.

Grant that in its manhood it may serve and Honour Thee.

God defend the Commonwealth,  
Bless our new Australian nation,  
Grant our people peace and health,  
God preserve our Federation.

Grant that all our rulers may have strength and power to guide us;

Wisdom, truth, and justice to determine all their ends.

Plant the blessed Spirit of a lasting Peace beside us,

Make Australians brothers, and make all mankind their friends.

God defend the Commonwealth,  
Bless our new Australian nation,  
Grant our people peace and health,  
God preserve our Federation.

Guard our new Britannia and maintain the old one's glory,

Weld the bond of kinship that encircles all the earth;

Grant that on each page that we may add to Britain's story,  
Glory may be added to the land that gave us birth.  
God defend the Commonwealth,  
Bless our new Australian nation,  
Grant our people peace and health,  
God preserve our Federation.

God defend the Commonwealth and all its sons and daughters;  
God preserve the flag that flies beneath our sunny sky,  
Emblem of Fraternity, it floats across the waters,  
Grant us strength and courage to defend our flag or die.  
God defend the Commonwealth,  
Bless our new Australian nation,  
Grant our people peace and health,  
God preserve our Federation.

Tony Greene-McCosker (Montville, Qld.)

## Republic Claptrap

*The Australian's* religious correspondent, James Murray, in an article with a strong republic bias (30 July 1999) poses the question: "But who in fact does royalty represent?"

We all know it is those who stand for elections who are seeking votes, seats in parliament seeking power; it is they who "represent".

The matter was well put by the late Yehudi Menuhin in his autobiography, *Unfinished Journey*: "The Monarchy ... commands a loyalty owing nothing to power. Power must always be partisan; it belongs to money or the military, Republican or Democrat, left or right, capital, labour or bureaucrat - to those in power — to have a non-power above power seems to me to be the ultimate safeguard."

What we risk was well explained by Professor David Flint in the *Bulletin* (3 August 1999): "Unlike any other democratic republic in the world, the President in the Keating-Turnbull republic would hold office at the whim of the Prime Minister. Imagine a football game where the referee is about to rule against the home team and the captain sends him off."

As Liberal legend Reg "Toecutter" Withers claimed: "Under the constitution, it will be easier for the Prime Minister to sack the President than his driver."

This part — the key point of this proposed republic — won't even appear in the question.

We are being offered not only a Politicians' President, but one who will be the Prime Minister's Poodle.

K. Fuss, Toowoomba, Qld.





## [In response to the Dorothy Sayer's article in *Heritage*, No. 90]

Throughout all history there have been some folk who have had experiences that are described as mystic. Mystics, universally, have concluded that there is something invisible underpinning all physical reality. This 'invisible' has been referred to as 'spirit', 'God', 'Allah', 'non-being', 'noumen'.

The reason why different religions seem to teach vastly different doctrine is that each has expressed their understanding in terms of their own cultural heritage. As such understanding became crystallized in teaching and dogma, each religion became mutually *exclusive* of all others. Instead of appreciating the diversity of expression and cultural interpretation, we have arrived at the position where each religion considers itself to be 'right' and the others to be 'wrong'. From this follows the urge to convert others to the 'right', and the tendency to distrust and fear those who are perceived as being 'wrong'. This, in turn, leads to a defend-attack response, or a survival technique of "if you can't beat them, join them".

When any religion becomes accepted as a 'state' religion (most likely originally to promote cohesion of the social group), it also becomes more rigidly fixed in its dogma, and the whole is backed by the power and force of government. In order to maintain power, religious principles can then be harnessed to be used, abused or neglected, as is expedient. In short, religion becomes quite dictatorial in both temporal and spiritual terms. [e.g. *Whoever will* (Latin *vult* = would wish/desire/want to) *be saved: before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic Faith. Which Faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled; without doubt he shall perish everlastingly. And the Catholic Faith is this: ". . . The Creed of Saint Athanasius.*]

From the end of the 6th century AD, England came more and more under the influence of the Church of Rome, so much so that in 1401 the English Parliament passed a law: "The Suppressions of Heresy Act 1401 (2 Henry 4, Cap 15) was designed to suppress the Lollards, 'a religious sect who, according to the Act, *'perversely and maliciously in divers places within the said Realm under the colour of dissembled Holiness, preach and teach these days openly and privily divers new doctrines, and wicked heretical and erroneous opinions'*. A number of measures were to be taken against the sect, with the ultimate punishment of being burnt 'in a high place' should the accused refuse to recant. . . The Act was actually repealed by the Act of Supremacy 1558 (1 Eliz. 1 c.1), passed by Elizabeth I when she came to the throne." <sup>2</sup>

From my understanding of Rudolf Otto's *Mysticism: East and West*, there seems to be an emotional form of mysticism that was known as 'Bride Mysticism' in Christianity. Speaking-in-tongues and the Toronto Blessing would seem to come in this category. The folk who experience this form of mysticism don't seem to be able to discuss it in a rationally coherent way afterwards, hence there is no charge of heresy and they are accepted as having been greatly blessed.

But those who experience the rational form of mysticism that has been called 'Mystical Unity' in Christianity and

'Mutual Identity' in Buddhism, are able to discuss their experiences rationally afterward. When Christians discuss these experiences, quite honestly, using Christian doctrinal terms and language, they are labelled as 'heretics'. Put simply, mystics have always said, "It's very much like you say, except that it is different." Broadly this is the equivalent of "in becoming EXclusionist, universal INclusion has been lost". (Cf. "There is more in heaven and earth than is dreamed of in your philosophy" — Shakespeare.)

Over forty years ago when, in my early twenties, I had to work closely with two non-Australian senior gentlemen whom I didn't like. I asked an Anglican priest for advice: "*Treat them as you would treat your friends.*" (I think this is the best advice I have ever been given!)

In my later reading, I found a statement attributed to an American-Indian shaman: "*Treat everything as a Thou!*" The Bible puts it this way: "*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.*" (St. Matthew, Ch.25, v.40).

But the shaman went beyond people, acknowledging the 'invisible spirit' infuses all the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms (i.e. the whole of creation). In other cultures this understanding has been expressed in the words, "*The whole world knows my name*". Christianity criticises this understanding as being 'pagan' animism, pantheism or panentheism, and possibly even theism as well.

Whenever we try to define or explain anything, we have to resort to language. We see a relationship between speed and distance, and we call it 'time'. Then, because one day follows another, we see 'time' as linear — past, present and future. What, then, is our concept of eternity? Lots and lots of our earthly linear 'time'? How can we possibly conceive of a state of 'no-time', 'non-time'—a state of 'ever-present now-ness'?

Similarly, we see life as beginning with birth, proceeding through time, and culminating in death. What can we say about 'everlasting' life? How can we conceive 'life' in a state of unconstrained now-ness? Is 'life' an 'is-ness', a 'being-ness', an 'aware-ness'? If so, what is IT that 'is' or 'is aware'?

We have no choice but to use language to extend our knowledge. How, then, can we conceive knowledge that is conveyed to the human mind in 'now-ness' silence, such that "knowledge of the Divine is knowledge of the Self; and knowledge of the Self is knowledge of the Divine"? [Cf. "*I and my Father are one*" (St. John, Ch. 10, v. 30).]

I cannot help but be greatly saddened by the limitation orthodox Christian dogma-language has put on the Wonder of the Love that does indeed pass all understanding, and, in so doing, is far beyond the constraints of language.

1. The Lollards didn't believe in the Doctrine of Transubstantiation or in the necessity of private confession to a priest; they promoted reading the Bible in the vernacular. (Two translations were available.)

2. Personal communication from Chris Sear, House of Commons Information Office, House of Commons, London SW1A 2T (hcinfo@parliament.uk)

Jenifer Jefferies, Seaford, South Australia

# VANDAL-VULTURES ECLIPSE THE TERMITES

by Neil McDonald



Between Port Vicent and Stansburg

**T**here are a lot of wounded houses, abandoned near roads on the Yorke Peninsula. Once fine farm homes bustling with families, they are the product of flight to the cities.

Children were first to leave the nest. Enrolled at distant schools, they returned at weekends, then obtained jobs and moved away. Their parents carried on until one became ill or died. The sole survivor moved to stay with relatives or in a nursing home.

Empty-looking from outside, the garden became a wilderness and tree-limbs lacked pruning. Farm animals were sold, along with tools and furniture. Lonely, the house idled, while

leaves littered the verandah and debris filled spouts and downpipes.

One day a stranger knocked. No answer. The stranger wandered and observed. Evenings later, a fly-wire door was removed. "Won't be missed," smiled the culprit. No rebuke — so another raid captured another door. The temptations of theft were stilled with the improbability of being caught. "Not much risk and, if penalised, may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb"?

While distant farm-folk were relaxing over tea and television, the human vulture accelerated. Inside, surrounded by silence, he removed doors, frames, windows and sashes. The wind blew while the house wept, but no friends came to the rescue.

On a dark, moonless night, the loosened roof-iron was removed. Spouts, rafters, ridge battens and ceiling joists were sneaked into a vehicle tray and driven somewhere else. No outcry or detectors on the trail. Caution was needed, as was time to retreat. The house still had walls and flooring, but the risks seemed greater.

Stresses of storm cracked the limestone, but still no saviour came. Damage could not have been greater if the farmhouse had been the target of artillery shells.



Near Port Vincent, S.A.

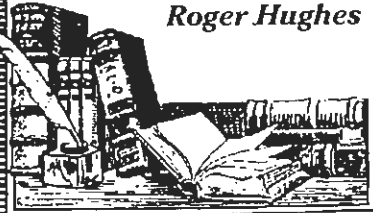


Near Alford, S.A.

(Photographs: Neil McDonald)

# BOOK REVIEW

Roger Hughes



*Mawson: A Life*

by Philip Ayres

(ISBN 0522 84811 7, Aus.\$39.95  
hardback)

Sir Douglas Mawson is one of Australia's national folk heroes. He is best known for leading intrepid expeditions into Antarctica which resulted in Australia's claiming 40 per cent of the sixth continent. But there is much more to this man than Antarctic exploration.

*Mawson: A Life* is the first definitive biography of a man who adorns banknotes and stamps, yet remains a mystery beyond his heroic polar exploration.

Philip Ayres draws on a wide range of sources to craft this compelling biography, including Mawson's vast collection of letters and papers (he kept almost everything he ever wrote or received) and recollections of friends and colleagues who knew Mawson from as early as the 1920s.

The result is a biography which reveals the strengths and flaws of an extraordinary man. Mawson, a geologist with influential friends and rivals, in 1942 offered his services to Prime Minister Curtin as Ambassador to Washington. In the Antarctic darkness of 1913, he confronted the bewildered delusions of a companion who believed himself to be Jesus Christ. He once took an advanced monoplane to the ends of

the earth and forgot to pay for it. During the Great War, he compiled detailed reports on chemical weapons during visits to the vast war factories of England. He was also a devoted husband of Paquita and a litigious man, suing or threatening suit against associates who failed him.

*Mawson: A Life* also features the amazing tale of survival on the 1911-1914 Antarctica expedition where Mawson and two colleagues began a 500 km mission of research and discovery. Only Mawson returned alive, after devouring his own sledge dogs, then hauling the sledge himself, with all its geological specimens and expeditionary records, for the last 160 km of the deadly trek.

Among the book's many illustrations are reproductions of exquisite early colour photographs from the Antarctic expedition of 1911-1914.

**About the author:** Dr Philip Ayres is Associate Professor of English Literature at Monash University. His main fields of interest are eighteenth-century England and Australian biography. His previous books include *Malcolm Fraser: A Biography*.

## Some doom among the gloom



*The Domesday Book* is a survey of England commissioned by William the Conqueror in 1086. It is a very thorough record, based on a large number of minute questions. From it one can learn all about the country as it was in the period 1042-1086. That is, one could — if one could read Norman French and if one can afford £6,000 (Aus.\$15,000) for a modern leather-bound copy.

By next year, though, anyone with a computer will have access to a new translation of the *Domesday Book*. The Website, to be set up by the Hampshire-based Millennium Mapping Company, will be even better than the original. Every part of Britain is being photographed in an aerial survey that will eventually produce a three-dimensional map of the nation.

Visitors to the Website will be able to type in a postcode and read the *Domesday Book* records of that area. They will also be able to "fly" over it, at any height they like, similar to the simulations used by jet pilots. Objects on the ground as small as 25 cm (10") will be visible.





# MAGNA CARTA

**M**agna Carta is the birth certificate of the rights and freedoms enjoyed by Australians today. Originally sealed by King John at Runnymede, beside the Thames, on 15 June 1215, the legal concepts it contains have been passed on through the British parliamentary and justice system to be enshrined in Australian Parliamentary Acts, states and in the common law.

That great charter, drawn up to protect subjects from their sovereign, now symbolises the individual's right to protection from arbitrary authority of executive government, presidents, dictators, military juntas and bureaucrats.

This legal inheritance of individual freedom from the unfettered power of governments is one which contemporary Australians understand and accept as being of value, which came to them from the past and which remains permanently relevant.

The issue of *Magna Carta* on permanent display at Parliament House, Canberra) was not sealed at Runnymede, but some 82 years later, in 1297, by King Edward I. The original issue of the charter was annulled by Pope Innocent III at the request of King John only two months after its acceptance. It was reissued after the death of King John, in 1216, again in 1217 and yet again in 1225, but it was not until the charter was confirmed by Edward I and adopted by Parliament, in 1297, that its precepts became law.

## Magna Carta Sculpture and Magna Carta Place, Canberra:

The Magna Carta Sculpture will be erected after an open competition to produce a suitable landscape and structural design. It will incorporate a time-capsule containing the names of all donors to the sculpture project.

The site, in the Parliamentary Zone — commonly known as the parliamentary Triangle — Canberra, is Magna Carta Place, to the west of the Old Parliament House, bounded by Langton Crescent. It was Archbishop Langton who persuaded King John to agree to the provisions in Magna Carta in 1215.



Magna Carta Place was dedicated in 1997 on the 700th anniversary of the adoption of Magna Carta.

The one-hectare sculpture garden area was first planted with trees in 1926 by Charles Weston, a British-born horticulturalist, and Canberra's first Superintendent of Parks and Gardens. The garden and sculpture will be a place for reflection on the significance of Magna Carta, as well as a place where Australians, Britons and others who respect the great charter may celebrate its contribution to the world.

Magna Carta sets out unequivocally to make all in authority obey the rule of law in 'ust the same way as the ordinary individual is expected to obey the law.

Magna Carta is common law, the supreme law and is still cited in cases today from matters of great constitutional moment to parking offences. It remains the foundation stone on which dozens of varied legal systems around the world are built.

It is as vibrant today as it was when England's barons persuaded King John to abide by a set of universal rules for the conduct of good governance.

Its provisions to protect the ordinary citizen from arbitrary justice continue to influence legislation, court decisions and the behaviour of governments. Its main features of freedom, of Justice without delay, of fair trials are, today, reflected in the Universal Decla-

ration of Human Rights proclaimed by the General Assembly of the United Nations on 10 December, 1948.

## HOW YOU CAN CONTRIBUTE

You can contribute to the Magna Carta project to help with costs of design and construction of the sculpture.

Contributors will be permanently recorded, all names being placed in the time capsule that will be part of the landscaped area.

Individual contributors may donate any sum.

Please fill in the form below and enclose it with your cheque made out to:

Australia-Britain Society  
Foundation

I wish to contribute \$.....  
and request it be used for the Magna Carta Sculpture,  
Canberra, Australia

Name(s) .....

Address .....

.....P/Code:.....

PH..... Fax:.....

Please post it to:  
The Treasurer,  
Australia-Britain Society Foundation,  
PO Box 9088  
Deakin, ACT 2600

Donations of \$2 or more are  
tax deductible



# Your subscription is an investment in Australia's Future

*"What can one person do?" people ask.. The result is that wordy minorities, loud-mouthed in their advocacy of chaos and unfettered liberty, win the day. But I say, don't allow yourselves to be bullied into silence. You matter. Your actions count. One person on the side of right, decency and honesty is a real force.*

Sir Wallace Kyle, former Governor of WA writing in 1977 *Heritage*

## Australia's Future – A Vision Splendid

**Our heritage today is the fragments gleaned from past ages,  
the heritage of tomorrow – good or bad – will be determined by our actions today.**

*Sir Raphael Cilento; First patron of the Australian Heritage Society*

**A** AUSTRALIANS have come to realise that their country is being steadily stolen away from them, but few know what to do about it.

**Agonised discussions are occurring with increasing frequency all over the land as worried citizens ponder how they can wrest control of excessive government back from the treacherous elites who presently steer us down the path of destruction as a nation.**

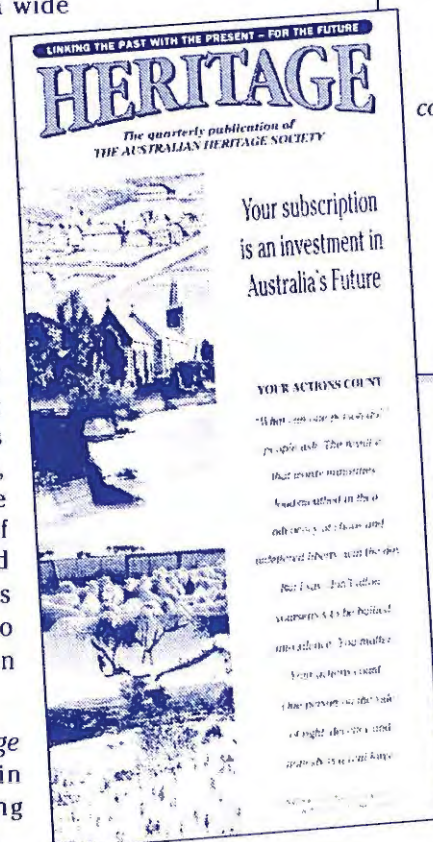
Out of concern at the erosion of our traditional heritage, *The Australian Heritage Society* was launched in 1971 as a specialist division of The Australian League of Rights.

Believing the Truth will always prevail, The League continues to provide its services, including books, literature, tapes, videos and regular newsletters, many not obtainable elsewhere. The League proudly celebrated its 50th Anniversary in 1996. More information is available on request.

Further expansion took place in 1976 when the quarterly publication, *Heritage* was first published. Over twenty years later *Heritage* still enjoys a wide

and increasing readership with contributions from around the English-speaking world. *Heritage* will appeal to those who agree with the old saying; "Don't believe everything you read in the papers". There is a side to Australian and world events that is never discussed in the "popular" press because too much controversy is not good for business. *Heritage* is an independent publication, striving to articulate a noble and comprehensive vision of Australia. That which could be – if enough Australians strengthen their resolve to make it happen – a vision splendid.

A subscription to *Heritage* can be your first step in defending and upholding Australia's traditional values.



### OUR POLICY

*To promote service to the Christian revelation of God, loyalty to the Australian Constitutional Monarchy, and maximum co-operation between subjects of the Crown Commonwealth of Nations.*

*To defend the free Society and its institutions – private property, consumer control of production through genuine competitive enterprise, and limited decentralised government.*

*To promote financial policies which will reduce taxation, eliminate debt, and make possible material security for all with greater leisure time for cultural activities.*

*To oppose all forms of monopoly, either described as public or private.*

*To encourage all electors always to record a responsible vote in all elections.*

*To support all policies genuinely concerned with conserving and protecting natural resources, including the soil, and an environment reflecting natural (God's) laws, against policies of rape and waste.*

*To oppose all policies eroding national sovereignty, and to promote a closer relationship between the peoples of the Crown Commonwealth and those of the United States of America, who share a common Heritage.*

### NEED FURTHER INFORMATION?

*A comprehensive list of literature and tapes is available on a wide range of topics. A catalogue will be posted on request.*

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\$22

## WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD

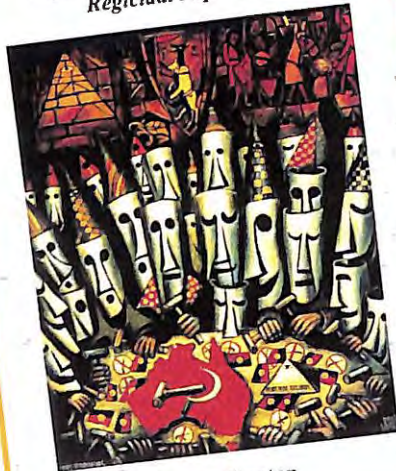
G. K. Chesterton

A most important book by Chesterton giving his remarkably perceptive analysis on social and moral issues, more relevant today than even in his own time.

## THE REPUBLIC OF THE RICH

Rejecting the Ruling Regimes' Regicidal Republic

\$12



Bruce Ruxton

## THE REPUBLIC OF THE RICH

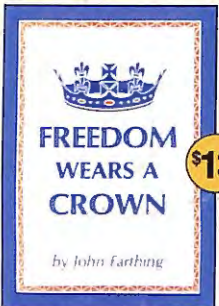
Bruce Ruxton & George Merritt

The cover of this book immediately catches the eye as it features a copy of Pro Hart's painting of "The Fabians" (1991) complete with the earlier Fabian symbol of the wolf in sheep's clothing, the "All-seeing Eye", map of Australia featuring the Hammer and Sickle, etc. There is no mistaking from whence the writers believe the push for a republic originates! Republicans are globalists and internationalists who, in following Paul Keating's lead in their bid to Asianise Australia, wish to break our cultural and political ties with Europe.

Don't think the push for a republic is over - these people will not be satisfied until they have completely destroyed our culture and sovereignty.

The republic is about changing the Constitution to recreate Australia, to destroy its old culture and traditions - which the ruling class elites loathe - and to recreate a new nation in their own image. This book exposes and criticises their agenda.

Single copy: \$12.00 posted  
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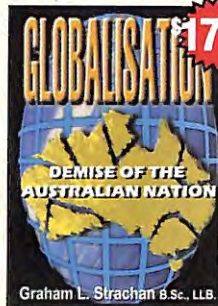
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## FREEDOM WEARS A CROWN

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.



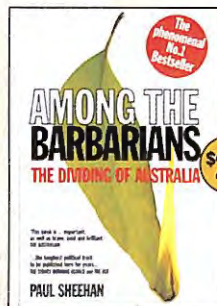
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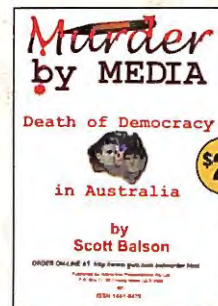
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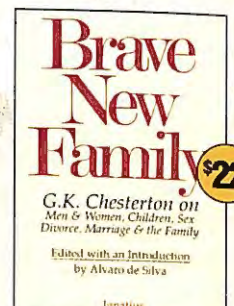
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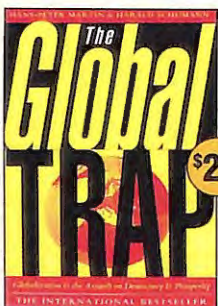
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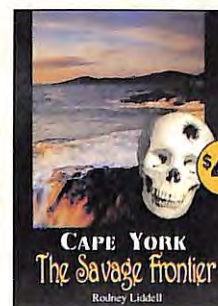


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## AUSTRALIA'S CONSTITUTION

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It is time for the Constitution to be reclaimed by those whose interests it is designed to serve - the people of Australia.



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