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Christmas 1999

Welcome to Australia Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II
and HRH Prince Philip
The Australian Heritage Society

The Australian Heritage Society was launched in Melbourne on 12th 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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He Who is Greatest must be Your Servant

The fate of what we once knew as a Christian civilisation rests on the resolution of the question as to who will control the creation and distribution of money throughout the world. If it is to be the institutions that presently have that control, our fate as a nation, and the fate of the whole world will be no different to that suffered by the peoples of the former Soviet Union. For seventy long years the peoples of Russia, and her satellites, were subjected to a complete government tyranny controlling all policy as well as every thought, word and deed.

This example of the use of power by government was correctly defined by Lord Acton as the use of absolute power that corrupts absolutely. If this nation continues along the John Howard-path of 'globalisation' it must inevitably lead to an even more horrendous application of that principle. The objective is to apply world-wide the policies that so patently failed in the Soviet experiment, and produced the greatest degree of misery in human history.

The alternative is patently clear to those whose minds synchronise with the mind of Christ. All power must be decentralised, all nations must reclaim their national constitutional, economic and financial sovereignty. National governments must exercise the power to create and distribute the financial means of monetising the economies of their own countries, no matter how mean and undeveloped that economy might be. The stronger nations, under God, have the responsibility of helping weaker nations to achieve self-sufficiency that will set them free from any external power. Such is the teaching of Christ in all human relationships.

One fundamental principle in national Christian financial policy needs to be grasped and firmly adhered to. The creation of all money by each nation should be free of debt, and its distribution should be as an act of grace. That is to say, the first recipients of all purchasing power from the point of creation should be individual citizens. Such a policy would enact the principle of ultimate decentralisation of power and it would break the power currently exercised over the people of the world by those who have chosen to worship and serve the power of mammon. Our Lord warned that this servitude was incompatible with the worship of God.

That act of grace - the creation and distribution of debt-free financial credit - reflects exactly Christ's policy and teaching. Its implementation should become the daily prayer of all Christians.

The Jubilee 2000 campaign was a response to such prayer, and indicates that the Christian Church is now taking up the most vital issue. I believe we are about to see the revival of Christ's Church built on this issue, leading to the victory Jesus Christ claimed for the world in the prayer He commanded us to pray: 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.'

Let me remind the reader that historically the Christian religion, when aroused, has done more to change the course of world events than any other power. I can do you no greater service than recommend that you join the ranks of those Christians who so pray, not by just giving lip-service to the Lord's prayer as is done daily in our national parliament, but by combining pursuit of the policy in conjunction with the prayer.

"Whoever will be great among you, let him be your minister, And whoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." - Matthew 20:26-27
Edward Rock's TRINITARIANISM - a booklet of some 50 pages - will enthral four groups of readers.

First, those Christian believers - many of whom have dropped out of the denominational scene - who feel the organisational church has become irrelevant to the crisis of human society.

Second, those who have come across Social Credit, but have not grasped that it is "The Policy of a philosophy."

Third, those who know that the current control of national and international finance is the greatest single threat to the freedom of ordinary people.

And, finally those many searchers who have recognised for what it is the devastating route to global power along which societies and communities are being coerced - and who are seeking an enlightened practical alternative which can release nations and individuals into their full physical and spiritual potential.

Writing in April 1940, just before Dunkirk, when Canadians, New Zealanders, South Africans and Australians were joining Britain against the Nazi war machine - C.H. Douglas, Social Credit's founder, said:

"The policies of centralisation and monopoly now being imposed on the world through the closely related agencies of Finance-Capitalism and Marxist-Socialism derive from a "philosophy" fundamentally different from, and opposed to, that of Trinitarian Christianity, which was, however imperfectly, expressed in our Constitution, our Common Law, and the progress towards personal freedom which has been made, especially, in Britain and the Commonwealth..."
A very happy Christmas to you all.

Listening to the choir from St George’s Chapel Windsor, reminds me that this season of carols and Christmas trees is a time to take stock; a time to reflect on the events of the past year and to make resolutions for the new year ahead.

This December we are looking back not just on one year, but on a hundred years and a thousand years. History is measured in centuries. More than ever we are aware of being a tiny part of the infinite sweep of time when we move from one century and one millennium to another.

And as I look to the future I have no doubt at all that the one certainty is change - and the pace of that change will only seem to increase.

This is true for all of us - young and old. On my mother’s ninetieth birthday last August I was struck by how the inevitability of change affects us all, and how different were my mother’s early years compared with those of my grandchildren.

For many of their generation the future is a source of excitement, hope and challenge. For others however the future is a cause of understandable anxiety. There are many, for example, of my age or amongst the more vulnerable in society who worry that they will be left behind. The sheer rate of change seems to be sweeping away so much that is familiar and comforting.

But I do not think that we should be over-anxious. We can make sense of the future - if we understand the lessons of the past. Winston Churchill, my first Prime Minister, said that ‘the further backward you look, the further forward you can see’.

It was this importance of history which was much on my mind when I opened the new Scottish Parliament in July this year. Devolution in Scotland and Wales, and more recently the very welcome progress in Northern Ireland, are responses to today’s changed circumstances, but they need to be seen in their historical contexts.

History and a common past have also played an important part in bringing together so many different nations into the modern Commonwealth.

This was a frequent theme last month at the Commonwealth conference in South Africa.

At that meeting many of us highlighted the way in which the varied strands of our shared history have been woven together so that we can more effectively address the challenges and opportunities ahead. The Commonwealth, as with the process of devolution in the United Kingdom reminds us of the importance of bringing the lessons of the past to bear on the aspirations for a better future.

To do this we need to draw from our history those constant and unchanging values which have stood the test of time and experience. Fairness and compassion, justice and tolerance; these are the landmarks from the past which can guide us through the years ahead.

These timeless values tell us above all about the way we should relate to people rather than to things; thinking of others, not just of ourselves.

Earlier this autumn in Manchester I visited some of the Emergency Services, whose responsibilities day in and day out are based on concern for others. As always they are on duty over these Christmas and New Year holidays.

Up and down the country people like those firemen, nurses and ambulance men I met are working tirelessly to help others. They remind us of the responsibility of each and every one of us to show concern for our neighbours and those less fortunate than ourselves. I believe that this provides us with the direction and resolve required for the years ahead.

The future is not only about new gadgets, modern technology or the latest fashion; important as these may be. At the centre of all our lives - today and tomorrow - must be the message of caring for others, the message at the heart of Christianity and of all the great religions.

This message - love thy neighbour as thyself - may be for Christians two thousand years old. But it is as relevant today as it ever was. I believe it gives us the guidance and the reassurance we need as we step over the threshold into the twenty-first century.

I for one am looking forward to this new Millennium.

May I wish you all a merry Christmas and, in this year of all years, a very happy New Year.
David Uniapon - One of Nature's Gentlemen
by Noel W. Clarke

I first got to know David Uniapon as I was growing up in my hometown of Wangaratta, Victoria, when I was about 14 years of age, which was over seventy years ago. He first got to know me around the age of 50-55 years. He regularly attended Church and although he did not preach, he spoke to the church's Men's Society and to the Sunday-School children in a most engaging way. The children loved him, he would weave in some of the Aboriginal legends, such as how the platypus got his beak and webbed feet. The children were spellbound listening to him.

The one thing that intrigued me was why he came to church carrying a boomerang. "Well", he said, "I am dressed like a white man, but I don't want people to think that I am trying to make out that I am the same as you people, because, if I did, I would be carrying a walking stick - perhaps. I carry a boomerang so that people will know I'm identifying myself with my own race. I don't profess to be different from what I am."

He had a most interesting background; it seems a retired South Australian couple - they had owned a fairly big station-property in S.A. - wanted to give an Aboriginal child the chance to be educated, if it was practicable. David was the one chosen, but I don't know how the choice was made, and while they formally adopted him, they had the wisdom to send him home to his own Central-Australia tribe during the summer holidays. This way, he continued to identify with his own family and tribe.

It was during these times with his family that he discovered he was losing certain attributes which Aboriginal folk had - attributes that were taken for granted when he was young. One was his telepathic powers. White people may think that strange, but David Uniapon told me about it, and he explained it fully to my father during the time he stayed in my parent's home. Telepathy was taken for granted by all members of his tribe, in fact, they thought white Austml.ians were terribly stupid people. They couldn't imagine why it was necessary to erect poles with wires on them to get a message from Adelaide to Alice Springs or somewhere else.

They had decided white people must have been a very backward sort of people because they couldn't use telepathy. David explained it was not unusual, if there was a big hunting-party out, for one of the women to start up and say, "My fella hurt. Have to go to him." With that, she would go to help her mate who was perhaps 20-30 miles away! But David said that as he grew older, when he went back to his tribe he found he was losing the ability to communicate in that way.

"He spent a great deal of time roasting around the local rivers..."

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The deceased had no other relatives who would be concerned about his body being sent to Germany, and so, the body was placed in a leaden coffin, in a bath of formalin (an aqueous solution of formaldehyde, a chemical compound used as a deodorant and antiseptic) and shipped on a German boat that was in port at the time and taken to Heidelberg.

When the corpse arrived there was a great to-do because they found the corpse was completely white! They were very upset and wrote to David complaining bitterly that they had definitely asked for the body of a full-blood Aboriginal. When David received the letter he laughed and laughed because he thought it was such a great joke. The letter came to him while he was living with us - it had been forwarded to him. He realised that what had happened to the body in the formalin was exactly what had happened to nearly every Aboriginal male who was buried along the Murray/Darling River system. In that area, it was the practice for the male Aboriginal to be buried 'white'. This was achieved simply by putting the body on a raft-platform of branches of stringy-bark or some other tree. A fire was built and the platform with the body was placed above it, with just strips of gum above it. When the body had been smoked for a while, the women would go to work on the body with the fat of the Murray Cod and Gonna oil; they would massage the body all over.

After the body had been heated and smoked in the first firing, before very long the pigment would be exuded from the pores of the skin. Although it would take many hours, by the time the women had finished massaging and rubbing the body with the fat and oil, that body would be completely white. And it was in that condition that the Aboriginal male would be buried.

So, David realised that the formalin in the coffin had exactly the same effect as the Murray Cod and Gonna oil in the Aboriginals' own burial practices here in the Murray River valley. I don't know why the Aboriginals had this custom. David simply said that it was their practice.

I thought it was interesting in so far as it showed that the Aboriginal race was obviously not so very different from the white race, in as much as they were not Negroid or Oriental. They were virtually as much Caucasian as the whites. Naturally, he wrote to Heidelberg telling them the body was definitely a full-blood Aboriginal and they apologised for doubting him.

David Unapon had a great influence on me. He was a most unpretentious person, not in any way boastful, but gentle and polite with a beautiful nature. He was simplicity itself. Children loved him and I think that speaks for itself. We lived on a bank of the King River and that was one of his favourite spots.

I remember he was amazed at the savagery of white people shooting birds. He would say that an Aboriginal, when he had occasion to kill a bird or animal, he did so only for food. He didn't go out and kill just to show how skilful he was. He gently criticised my brother who was a pretty keen shooter of quail and other birds. He was a great admirer of Gould, the 'bird man'. He had Gould's book accompanied by engineering symbols and a hand piece of a shearing machine, that he invented the shearing machine was a load of nonsense. It is typical of the type of dis-information put out by the ABC these days; information that is not always as reliable as it should be.

Obviously there are also present-day Aboriginals who believe this story. But, the shearing machine was invented 22 years before David was supposed to have invented it! Any good library will have material on the inventors of the shearing machine. Around 1888, at the Dunlop Station on the Darling River, Frederick York Walesley, aided by an English mechanist by the name of John Howard, invented the first machine.

By 1915, the invention was in use in most shearing sheds around the country. The facts about the shearing machine do not in any way take away from the respect and tribute due to Aboriginal-Australian, and one of nature's gentlemen, David Unapon.

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**Morning calls softly, lightens westward clouds,**
**And rosellas sing in still, tall trees**
**Their tentative answer,**
**Light flows down the hills,**
**Drowns in clear splendour**
**Valley and plain - and river,**
**Whose tranquil pools glide slow through**
**Timeless quiet,**
**Murm’ring low soft tunes,**
**Save where the rapid breaks in jocular tumult**
**Bounding laughing down the stones ... Ah!**
**How that river music stirs my heart**
**With deep enchantment**

**Listen. Jarks by Eucumbene**
**Sing their morning song of joy**
**And fill the air with gladness**

**All their joys are blended**
**In carols poured from heaven.**

**How could my heart**
**Not sing there too?**
Henry Croker Garde (1855 - 1932)

BY DAN O' DONNELL

Since its birth in 1859, Queensland has been served by countless outstanding citizens. Few more worthy than Henry Croker Garde — medical, politician (state and municipal), sugar-planter, horse-breeder, soldier. His words and deeds demonstrate a timelessness in the affairs of men. A century ago he was railing against inadequacies in our public hospitals, arguing passionately that poverty ought not to be a factor in health care. He also strenuously opposed the fledgling Labor Party, welfare cheats, closure of schools at weekends, double-taxing of parents wanting to send children to private schools, and the right of criminals to vote at elections. In many respects his life exemplifies the old French adage that the more things change, the more they stay the same.

Background:

Henry Croker Garde was born on 9 February 1855 in Cloyne, County Cork, son of Thomas W. Garde (Church of England Rector) and Elizabeth (née Croker). His grandfather, Abraham Colles (1773 - 1843), served as Professor of Anatomy and Surgery at Dublin's College of Surgeons from 1804 to 1837. It was Colles who gave his name to the standard treatment of the fracture at the carpal end of the radius. Educated at Dublin's Middle Temple and Queen's University, Garde became a Licentiate of the celebrated Apothecaries Hall in Dublin in 1877, graduating the following year as Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons and the Royal College of Physicians in Edinburgh. In 1886, he satisfied requirements for Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons (Edinburgh), also gaining a Diploma as Lecturer in Midwifery from the King's College of Physicians (Ireland), along with the Gold Medal awarded for highest marks.

In 1879, the young Garde worked his passage as ship's doctor on a freighter, also serving as ship's doctor on freighters plying to all corners of the globe. At his death in 1932 (aged 77), his family recalled one special medal struck in honour of a gift from those who know best the lonely sea and the sky. Details are still shrouded in mystery but not the tangible evidence of a gift from those who know best the lonely sea and the sky. During the great floods of 1893, Dr. Garde received another citation for service to mankind when he flung himself into the floodwaters and saved a drowning man. For that he received the Royal Humane Society's Certificate of Merit. Helping his fellow man was simply part of his nature, further exemplified in 1915 when, aged 60, he enlisted during World War I to do his bit. With the rank of Major in the Australian Army Medical Corps, he served with distinction in Egypt and Gallipoli, his part in the latter theatre of war largely being aboard hospital ships. Repatriated with severe shrapnel wounds, he resumed duties at Maryborough Hospital.

Commitment to a healthy hospital system

Garde's years at the Maryborough Hospital best capture his life's work. There he made an enduring mark, locally and nationally, with some of his operations being written up in medical journals. One of his turn-of-the-century eye operations was still being cited as a valuable cataract case-study decades later. Garde took up the position of Resident Surgeon at Maryborough Hospital in 1884, almost immediately demanding an urgent upgrading of surgical procedures within the hospital. In March that year he had advised the Hospital Committee that the hospital instruments were "wholly insufficient" - at a time when surgery was in its infancy. "There is a plethora of knives and saws and other ominous weapons," he told them bluntly, "but the variety of instruments is..."
nevertheless confined." The same bluntness characterised his brief sojourn in Parliament as Member for Maryborough from 1902 to 1904.

When a new hospital was built in Maryborough in 1887, Garde was reappointed Resident Surgeon on a salary of £300 per year. Within months his salary was boosted by 50% to $450. The authorities never had occasion to regret their decision since, through his achievements, the reputation of this rural hospital spread throughout the state. Locally, a number of citizens confirmed the wisdom of his appointment with huge monetary gifts to the Hospital to further his work. Under him, the Maryborough Hospital became the equal of its counterparts anywhere in the Colony, including Brisbane. The point was reinforced by Dr. Garde himself twelve years after his initial appointment. Patient care was his only concern, as an 'off-the-cuff' report in the local paper explained in July 1896. He had striven to make Maryborough Hospital the equal of the best hospitals in the land, and the hospital "had been running very smoothly" during the last three years in particular. "Of course, it was impossible to please everybody, and occasionally they met with a few cantankerous patients, but they were very few and far between," he observed. "The work . . . he liked, and he endeavoured to perform it to the best of his ability. He did not think there had been any necessity of late for patients to leave the town or district to have operations performed, as the institution would compare favourably with other institutions in the colony. They took everything that came. Nothing was turned away." It was a statement of fact, not a boast, but his very words highlight concerns voiced in today's Australia where proper medical care is not immediately available to those in need. Indeed, there is a widespread perception that today's health care is a monumental disgrace.

The Hippocratic Oath

Undoubtedly possessed of the identical human frailty of other men, Henry Croker Garde led a life of service in keeping with his Hippocratic Oath. Nowhere was that commitment more evident than at the funeral of his friend and colleague, Dr. J.H. Harricks, who died in 1896. "In losing him I have lost a colleague who would scorn to do an unprofessional act," said Garde, "and who always strove to act up to the highest traditions of the medical profession." The words mirror both the man and the public image, then and now, of the noble profession in which he laboured.

His medical achievements

In July 1884 Garde read a paper entitled "Case of Absorption of Fibroid Tumour of Uterus after abdominal Section". It concerned his Maryborough patient (Mrs. J.S.), married four years, pregnant four months, who sought his advice about "an enlargement above the brim of pelvis, mostly in the left hypogastric region". Garde found a hard tumour, fairly movable, which he advised her to leave untreated. Ten days later she had a severe haemorrhage during which she miscarried, discharging the fetus but retaining the tumour intact. Garde's internal examination revealed it to be a mass "about the size of a foetal head at full term". Mrs. J.S. "soon got about again but was determined on having an operation performed with a view to removing the tumour". Accordingly, on 18 November 1892, Garde operated, making an incision about five inches long in the mesial line to expose the tumour, but upon encountering difficulty in removing it from the pelvis, he seized it with large, sharp-toothed forceps and drew it forward to make a manual examination. Finding it firmly wedged to the uterus, he followed what he deemed the prudent course by replacing it in the uterus despite the strong temptation "to complete an operation when once begun". Within three weeks (on 17 December) the tumour had shrunk, and by the end of December had almost gone. By 17 January 1893, no trace remained at all. Within eighteen months, Mrs. J.S. appeared to have regained good health. "Could it be due to the fact of her having had a miscarriage two months before operation, the progress of involution of uterus going on to absorb the fibroid?" he asked. "Could the abdominal section have had any decided effect on it, as one sees in cases of tubercular peritonitis, or could the grasping of the tumour with the sharp-pointed forceps, along with the manipulation it received when exposed, account in any way for the absorption or atrophy, or at any rate disappearance of it?"

"Bush means professional suicide" (Courier Mail 9/4/99)

"Wooldridge announces radical solution to bush doctor crisis" (Sydney Morning Herald 9/4/99)
Then, as now, there is a scholarly interchange of information. Little has changed except the swifter access to such data through the Internet. In this case Garde had pored over some thirty-seven cases in the Transactions of the Obstetrical Society of London, yet holding grave doubts as to the accuracy of some of the diagnoses.

Another of his operations — to remove a massive abdominal tumour — was written up in the Australasian Medical Journal of 20 October 1898. Four months earlier Garde had operated on a 37 year old patient experiencing unbearable pain: “An incision from the ribs to the pubes, a little to the left of the median line, was first made, but as it was found impossible to get the spleen through the opening, one was made at right angles extending back to the lumbar region; the hilum was found to be short and flattened in the antero-posterior direction, so some trouble was experienced placing large pressure forceps in position, and applying the ligatures which were of strong silk. The hilum was next drawn through the opening, and ligatured; the abdomen of the arteries in the pedicle of the hilum was profligacy of the number of illegitimate every single patient. Remember Garde’s words as Resident Hospital Surgeon at the North Hospital. The rule 1896: “At Maryborough, ships cannot get up or down the river at low tide for want of dredging — a work of much more importance than building a number of shops at the southern end of the Victoria Bridge.”

Second, there are still regular and justifiable outbursts of criticism directed at those who abuse the welfare system — as there were in Garde’s day — but those in genuine need (he argued passionately) were fully entitled to help. Witness his lone voice of support in 1902 for unmarried mothers, including those requiring admission to maternity hospitals for second and subsequent children: “The Lady Musgrave Lying-In Hospital has obtained money from the public by misrepresentation, and seeing that it received endowment from the Government, the poor should be the very first to be recognised. One purpose for which the hospital was used was for taking in single girls for confinement, thereby preventing the tendency to infanticide. It suited that purpose admirably. After a while, married cases were taken, and it proved a very admirable institution, and continued to do so until within a couple of years. Owing, however, to the inquisitorial examination to which girls were subjected when they entered the institution, that class of patients has disappeared altogether... the number of illegitimate births has not decreased... The hospital should be kept to its legitimate purpose as a lying-in hospital. The rule that unmarried mothers cannot be admitted more than once should be expunged, and such patients should be maintained. What is the government for if not for the maintenance of poor patients? The rich can look after themselves.”

Third, long before the ideological divide between Labor and Conservative concealed, Garde anticipated and articulated what many still regard as the fundamental differences between the two, including rigid party constraints and ideological planks of Labor (then spelt 'Labour'). Note his words of 1903: “We have nothing to hope for from the Labour Party. I wish to leave no person under the impression for one moment that I agree with the Labour side in the slightest. . . . The Labour Party have always been crying out about cutting down salaries, especially the big salaries, but when it comes to cutting down their own salaries, they voted against that — every one of them, to a man. . . . I would do away with the payment of members. I am not tied up by Trades Hall.”

Fourth — especially topical in light of today’s massive explosion of healthcare problems across the nation — there were health-policy concerns yet voiced within a climate of opinion that accepted the obligation to make the very best medical treatment available to every single patient. Remember Garde’s words as Resident Hospital Surgeon at Maryborough Hospital in 1896: “At Maryborough they took everything that came. Nothing was turned away.”

Fifth, the sheer wastage of costly infrastructure and resources accompanying the closure of almost every school in Australia on Saturdays and Sundays troubled Garde in 1903. So too did the question of State Aid. Note his very words: "There is no school on Saturdays, so that six days' work has to be done in five, and the children are sacri-
Keep chooks
cackling

by Neil McDonald

If fowl hens are presumed happy while jailed for life in a tiny wire-mesh cage, my roaming whitewinged scratchers are in a poultry dump-place for lawn cuttings. The fowls scratch vigorously, shake lice, gather wriggling worms and shell out their fair share of

delicious eggs. Nourishing rich-yellow yolks, laced with toast and bacon, make breakfast a delight. Essential is clean drinking water, in a shady place.

Backyard chookeries are sometimes blamed for attracting rats and mice but this is avoided by lack of surplus food plus our prowling cat, Wandering Winfield, on patrol. He is 25 jumps ahead of the rest and pounces swiftly on any rodent intruder.

From sunrise, when triple claws hit the deck, healthy hens are active. They perch about sunset and can be easily caught at night. They are great company for human landlords and, if sentiment can be banished, Christmas fowl-fare is no problem — choice poultry, near the little nest-egg at the bottom of the garden.
My Roman Holiday

By Walter Murdoch

"The suburban atmosphere is heavy to oppressive; if we breathe it too long, we degenerate into poor spiritless conforming creatures, making comfortable livings and losing our souls ... A divine instinct prompts us to wander, whether in strange lands or on strange seas of thought. Need that instinct, lest the suburban spirit master you and you end by letting your mind grow mossy."

That is the essence of the advice Walter Murdoch gave to his readers as he introduced them to his collection of seventy-two essays published in 1947. We feel sure our readers will be so glad to have been introduced to this one:

A valued member of my family was not feeling very well, and it had become my morning duty to go to a place - about two miles away - where I could buy a bottle of homogenized milk, which, as well, I am not an historian nor an antiquarian; all I want to say is that in the matter of warm baths Rome seems to me to lead the world.

Why did I want a warm bath in the middle of the morning? The question is perhaps a trifle intimate; still, it is natural enough, and I shall not resent it. The fact is, that in Italian Hotels - at least, in the inexpensive ones, the only ones I know anything about - it is not altogether convenient to have a bath. It is quite possible, of course, but it involves too much ceremonial.

When you mention in the evening, that you would like a bath in the morning, the announcement seems to throw the whole establishment into commotion. Various members of the staff have to be told, it seems, that the Signore desires a bath. They shout the news to one another along corridors. Three times during the evening someone comes and asks you at what hour you want to have your bath. After you are in bed, there is a knock at your door, and a voice assures you that your bath will be ready at the desired hour.

In the morning you awake early to hear the chambermaid telling the boots about it. There is a great scurrying to and fro till the hour of fate strikes. When it does, there is an agitated knocking at your door, your bath, you are told, is absolutely ready. You proceed to the bathroom followed by a procession bearing soap and towels. Once you have locked yourself in, your attendants rush away to tell the rest of the hotel that the Signore is now having his bath. You have an idea that your fellow-lodgers have been wakened early to hear the great news. When you go into the dining-room for early lunch you quickly perceive that the waiters have heard. They look at you and at one another, as who should say, "There is the Signore who has had a bath." As a matter of fact your bath has been quite a success, but you quail, rather, at the thought of going through all this again. It would be too exciting for the proprietor, the boots, the chambermaid, the cook, the lift-boy, the head-waiter, and the other waiters. Have I sufficiently explained why I went to the Via Nazionale to get a warm bath?

So I went in, planked down my two lire - approximately six-pence - deposited my hat, coat, and bottle of homogenized milk in a waiting room and was shown by a silent and bulky lady, carrying an enormous towel and a tiny piece of soap, into a spacious room containing a marble bath obviously designed for the use of a hippopotamus. She turned on a tap, and the whole water-supply of Rome would soon be exhausted, one felt, if two such taps were turned on at once. When the lake was half full of steaming water, she turned off the tap and retired without uttering a syllable - a pleasant contrast to the garrulity of the hotel staff.

Then I had my bath. I am often accused of being too personal. I shall therefore pass abruptly to the moment when, in the midst of my wallowing, I realized that it was half-past ten, and that I had only half an hour in which to dress, go out and buy a black tie, and cross half Rome to get to the Vatican where I had an appointment with the Pope at eleven.

You think that sounds rather magnificent. I meant it to. But as a matter of cold fact, to be granted an audience by a Pope does not imply that one is at all an important person. Travellers come back to Australia and speak about their audience with the Pope, meaning you to believe that they had a heart-to-heart talk with his Holiness. What it really means is that they managed to get a ticket for a certain ceremonial at the Vatican in which the Pope takes part. Such tickets are not to be bought for money, but any friend connected with the Church can, I understand, get one for you without much trouble. You see the Pope, and that is all. It will be a more troublesome matter, I fancy, if you wish to converse with him. I had no desire to converse with him; I was not conscious of having any valuable piece of information to
and wait. Is there any more
than feeding the hungry - that is
honourable work in the world
passes my comprehension.
Therefore the altogether ignoble
for a German university student.
I was
over. It was not at all likely that,
in Rome, I should be mistaken
students going up for an
inexplicable, but there it is.
and I admit the feeling is
wondered what would have
happened if she had succeeded,
and the Pope, being infallible,
become a Presbyterian, and
announced to an astonished
Church that its true head was in
Edinburgh. The lady, however,
was not successful. On the
 contrary, the Pope spoke to her
with such tolerance, generosity,
and humility, that she conceived
an enthusiastic admiration for
him and ultimately joined the
Church of Rome, (You will probably
not believe this story).

Well, to go back to my bath.
The acquaintance by whose
good graces I had obtained my
tick had informed me that if
you were granted an audience by
the Pope you must, of course,
wear evening dress. Now, for
some occult reason, I have a
strong repugnance to going
about a city, buying homogenized milk, in
evening dress. You may not sympathize,
and I admit the feeling is
inexplicable, but there it is.
There are only, so far as I can
remember, three classes of
people who wear evening dress
in the daytime. First, German
hangmen (but only when they
are acting in the way of
business); secondly, university
students going up for an
examination, also in German;
thirdly, waiters, all the world
over. It was not at all likely that,
in Rome, I should be mistaken
for a German hangman. I was
not even likely to be mistaken
for a German university student.
Therefore the altogether ignoble
feeling at the bottom of my
consciousness must have been
the fear of being mistaken for a
waiter. Why anyone should
not wish to be mistaken for a waiter
passes my comprehension.

They also serve who only stand
and wait. Is there any more
honourable work in the world
than feeding the hungry - that is
what waiters do. No one who
has travelled but must feel
respect and affection for the
good-humoured, polite, friendly
and helpful waiter, who tries so
hard to make the exile feel at
home. An admirable class
of men, on the whole. Why should
anybody fear to be mistaken for
one of them? And yet - well,
there you are. There is no
explaining the mysteries of
the human heart and its absurdities. I
decided to risk a suit, but felt
that a black tie was the least I
could do. So I went out, found
the right kind of shop not far
away, bought a black tie, hailed
a taxi, and said, 'The Vatican,
and will you kindly step on the
gas!' which he did, and brought
me to my destination in plenty
of time. And the first person I saw,
when I got past the Swiss
Guards and into the reception
hall, was an American in a
chocolate-coloured suit with a
bright blue tie.

I left my bottle of homogenized
milk with a door-keeper, feeling
that to enter the Vatican with,
under my arm, something that
looked suspiciously like a bomb
wrapped in an old newspaper
was hardly respectful. The
ceremony lasted for more than
an hour, and when I came out,
what I had seen had chased the
thought of homogenized milk
out of my mind; I forgot to
retrieve it from the door-keeper,
and it was only when I got home
that the loss was discovered.

What would you have done
about it? That is the question to
which I have been, all this time,
leading up. Would you have
gone back to the Vatican, and
made a fuss, and possibly set a
lot of Cardinals hunting round
for a bottle of homogenized
milk, price fourpence? For me,
I decided that the door-keeper
would probably think I had left it
intentionally as a present for the
Pope, and I let it go at that.
Fourpence, after all, even with
the addition of cab-fare and the
price of an unnecessary black
tie, was a small price to pay for a
memorable experience.
Unquestionably, the accidental discovery of the unmarked grave of co-designer of the Australian National Flag, Annie Whistler Dorrington, in Karrakatta Cemetery has been a highlight for the Australian National Flag Association (Western Australia). Her remains now lie beneath a handsome monument befitting a woman who contributed much to our Australian heritage.

Annie was born in 1866, the daughter of Richard and Sarah Whistler of Foliejon Farm, Winkfield, Berkshire, England. The Foliejon Estate adjoins Windsor Great Park and its history dates back to the 1300's. Richard was a tenant farmer on that estate.

Annie spent a happy childhood at the farm with her six sisters and two brothers, riding their donkey, skating on the lake which froze in winter and teasing the old farm-hand Ned, a veteran of the Battle of Waterloo. The children often glimpsed Queen Victoria riding through the Park in her carriage. Later Annie and some of her sisters enjoyed painting scenes on the banks of the River Thames nearby.

The family claimed relationship with the famous American painter, James McNeil Whistler, but this has yet to be conclusively proved.

In 1887 Annie's father died at the age of 52 and three years later, in 1890, Sarah Whistler emigrated to Melbourne, Victoria, with all nine children on the steamship SS Britannia. Shipboard life was their first introduction to electric light! It was an act of great courage for a widow with such a large family to 'take a leap' to the other side of the world.

On arrival in Melbourne the Whistlers made their home in Dandenong Road and all set about earning a living. Frank, one of Annie's brothers, set off to the gold fields in Western Australia soon afterwards and later, with Harry Dorrington, pioneered land in the Merredin district. The farming gene survives — a number of Whistlers still farm at Merredin and in other parts of Western Australia.

Stepping back in time for a moment: At the time of Annie's father's death at Foliejon, it was necessary to appoint a bailiff to run the farm. The day the bailiff arrived, the sisters were all agog and pestering their mother to know what his name was. She replied rather tersely, "It could be Ahasuerus for all I know!" (Ahasuerus was a King in Ancient Persia.) From then on the bailiff, Charles Dorrington, was known as 'Asai' for short. Annie used the nom de plume 'Ahasuerus' for her winning entry in the National Flag Competition.

Charles and Harry Dorrington had also emigrated to Melbourne, and in 1892 Charles married Annie at St. Alban's Church in Armadale, Victoria. Charles and Annie moved across to the west in 1895, where Charles was initially manager of the Swan River Shipping Company and later shire clerk at Mundijong. Annie, about as far away on earth as one could get from the lush green meadows of Berkshire, found great beauty in her new environment — especially its wildflowers.

Apart from her winning entry in the Flag Competition of 1901, her legacy to us is the one hundred and twenty-four exquisite wildflower paintings held by the Art Gallery of Western Australia.

The family claimed relationship with the famous American painter, James McNeil Whistler, but this has yet to be conclusively proved.

In 1887 Annie's father died at the age of 52 and three years The discovery

Halfway through 1998 Eric Carpenter, tireless Flag volunteer, noticed a car flying an Australian Flag in the Perth suburb of Balga. Seeing the same car in a supermarket carpark a few days later, he spoke to the owner who turned out to be Lesley Little, daughter of Annie's cousin, Mrs. Thelma Prestwood. So it was that the Association came to know of Annie's remains close at hand in an unmarked grave at Karrakatta, and also learned that the Cemetery Board had been apprised of the signifi-
cance of Annie's grave by her niece, Kath Dowsing. The challenge was impossible to resist!

After gaining approval from Annie's surviving relatives (nieces and nephews) and from the Cemetery Board, the 'lease' was renewed by the Association and a handsome monument now stands on the previously bare sand. None of this could have occurred without trust and goodwill from the relatives, great cooperation from the Cemetery Board, some very generous donors and the efforts of the Flag Association volunteers!

When you visit Annie's grave (featured in the Karrakatta "Historical Walk Trail") you will be impressed by the fine work of Claremont Monumental Works, the excellence of the Admiralty bronze plaque and the superb ceramic tile Flag, which was wrought by Ms Jodi Stone of Ceramica, with lots of love and for a pittance!

The memorial grave was consecrated by the Dean of Perth, Dr. John Shepherd. Relatives from far and wide (Gippsland, New South Wales, etc.), Flag Councillors, ANFA officials from other States, volunteer workers, donors, Cemetery Board representatives and friends of the Flag, in all numbering about one hundred people, were present.

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Who'll bell the cat?

by Neil McDonald

It is so easy to be critical but much more difficult to achieve a satisfactory 'solution.'

The merry mice of Mouseville had a problem. Almost every night one rodent resident failed to return home beneath the floor-boards - victim of sudden, surprise attack, leaving body-bits in shady places.

The sole suspect was Stalker, the household's black cat.

A furry killer, Stalker blended with the night and could see in the dark. Equipped with velvet paws and retractable claws, Stalker had patience to wait, invisible in ambush. Whiskers protruded just beyond body-width to measure safety in pipes and drains. Stalker could swiftly pounce and secure another scalp.

Stalker's favourite fling was to murder mice on shopping strolls.

President Marmy of Mouseville called a crisis meeting to determine how to get rid of Stalker. The most popular suggestion was the need for a warning alarm. "Something noisy like a human baby's rattle, perhaps a little bell?"

"A great idea!" was the uni-mouse response. "We can't go wrong with a 'ding-dong' attached to Stalker's collar."

It was no great problem for mousey-raiders to gnaw a bell from a rattle or from a Christmas tree. President Marmy beamed and announced, "Stop growling! Start prowling in search of a bell!"

A soft voice from the back row interrupted. "If we find a bell, who will connect it to Stalker's collar?"

"Who'll bell the cat? Any volunteers?" asked President Marmy. There was a stony silence. "I promise martyrdom if Stalker can be collared and a bell quickly wired in a moment of snooze. Any volunteers? Or must we continue to provide a regular feast for that furry beast?"

Stalker carried on — unchallenged. No mice remain to offer a meal. They were all talk and no action — just like the humans from Gunnadoo. Many are 'gunna', but few 'do'.

Sketched, with imagination, from an old Aesop's fable of my pre-war school days.

Winfield - a layabout cat
In January 1649, Parliament (the House of Commons had been previously purged by Colonel Pride of some 150 members in December 1648, leaving a small rump of some 80 members totally dependent upon Army leaders) established a High Court of Justice, under the presidency of John Bradshaw. On 20 January, the trial of Charles I began in Westminster Hall before some 70 Commissioners; it lasted until 27 January.

Charles was accused of devising ‘a wicked design to erect and uphold in himself an unlimited and tyrannical power to rule according to his Will, and to overthrow the Rights and Liberties of the People’. In carrying out this strategy, he had ‘traitorously and maliciously levied war against the present Parliament and the people therein represented’, and renewed the war after his defeat with the sole objective of ‘upholding of a personal interest of Will and Power and pretended prerogative to himself and his family against the public interest, common right, liberty, justice and peace of the people of this nation’. On behalf of the people of England, the King was impeached ‘as a Tyrant, Traitor, Murderer, and a public and implacable Enemy to the Commonwealth of England’.

The following extracts are from contemporary accounts of the trial. Those present noticed that Charles, who had never been a good speaker throughout his life as he had a speech impediment, spoke fluently, strongly and clearly almost throughout his trial:

"I would know by what power I am called hither ... I would know by what authority, I mean lawful; there are many unlawful authorities in the world; thieves and robbers by the high-ways ... Remember, I am your King, your lawful King, and what sins you bring upon your heads, and the judgement of God upon this land. Think well upon it, I say, think well upon it, before you go further from one sin to a greater ... I have a trust committed to me by God, by old and lawful descent, I will not betray it, to answer a new unlawful authority; therefore resolve me that, and you shall hear more of me.

I do stand more for the liberty of my people, than any here that come to be my pretended judges ... I do not come here as submitting to the Court. I will stand as much for the privilege of the House of Commons, rightly understood, as any man here whatsoever: I see no House of Lords here, that may constitute a Parliament ... Let me see a legal authority warranted by the Word of God, the Scriptures, or warranted by the constitutions of the Kingdom, and I will answer.

It is not a slight thing you are about. I am sworn to keep the peace, by that duty I owe to God and my country; and I will do it to the last breath of my body. And therefore ye shall do well to satisfy, first, God, and then the country, by what authority you do it. If you do it by an usurped authority, you cannot answer it; there is a God in Heaven, that will call you, and all that give you..."
A King's Defence

power, to account.

If it were only my own particular case, I would have satisfied myself with the protestation I made the last time I was here, against the legality of the Court, and that a King cannot be tried by any superior jurisdiction on earth; but it is not my case alone, it is the freedom and the liberty of the people of England; and do you pretend what you will, I stand more for their liberties. For if power without law, may make laws, may alter the fundamental laws of the Kingdom, I do not know what subject he is in England that can be sure of his life, or anything that he calls his own.

I do not know the forms of law; I do know law and reason, though I am no lawyer professed: but I know as much law as any gentleman in England, and therefore, under favour, I do plead for the liberties of the people of England more than you do; and therefore if I should impose a belief upon any man without reasons given for it, it were unreasonable. The Commons of England was never a Court of Judicature; I would know how they came to be so.

It was the liberty, freedom, and laws of the subject that ever I took - defended myself with arms. I never took up arms against the people, but for the laws ... For the charge, I value it not a rush. It is the liberty of the people of England that I stand for. For me to acknowledge a new Court that I never heard of before, I that am your King, that should be an example to all the people of England, for to uphold justice, to maintain the old laws, indeed I do not know how to do it.

This many-a-day all things have been taken away from me, but that that I call more dear to me than my life, which is my conscience, and my honour: and if I had a respect to my life more than the peace of the Kingdom and the liberty of the subject, certainly I should have made a particular defence for my self, for by that at leastwise I might have delayed an ugly sentence, which I believe will pass upon me. Now, sir, I conceive that an hasty sentence once passed, may sooner be repented of than recalled: and truly, the self-same desire that I have for the peace of the Kingdom and the liberty of the subject, more than my own particular ends, makes me now at least desire, before sentence be given, that I may be heard ... before the Lords and Commons ... If I cannot get this liberty, I do protest, that these fair shows of liberty and peace are pure shows and that you will not hear your King.

Bradshaw refused to call a meeting of Lords and Commons to hear what the King had to say and the Court proceeded to sentence. Bradshaw's address to the prisoner made an important point: 'there is a contract and a bargain made between the King and his people, and your oath is taken: and certainly, Sir, the bond is reciprocal; for as you are the liege lord, so they liege subjects - This we know now, the one tie, the one bond, is the bond of protection that is due from the sovereign; the other is the bond of subjection that is due from the subject. Sir, if this bond be once broken, farewell sovereignty! ... These things may not be denied, Sir ... Whether you have been, as by your office you ought to be, a protector of England, or the destroyer of England, let all England judge, or all the world, that hath look'd upon it ... You disavow us as a Court; and therefore for you to address yourself to us, not acknowledging us a Court to judge of what you say, it is not to be permitted. And the truth is, all along, from the first time you were pleased to disavow and disown us, the Court needed not to have heard you one word.'

The House of Commons in the time of Charles I

The Clerk to the Court concluded with the sentence 'this Court doth adjudge that he the said Charles Stuart, as a Tyrant, Traitor, Murderer and Public Enemy to the good people of this Nation, shall be put to death, by the severing his head from his body'. Bradshaw refused to allow the King to speak in Court after sentence (as a prisoner condemned was already dead in law), and the King was led away still protesting 'I am not suffered to speak; expect what justice other people will have.' Fifty-eight Commissioners signed the King's death warrant, nine others who were present when the King was sentenced refused to sign. John Downes, a Commissioner who argued in vain that Parliament should have been called to hear the King's final offer of negotiation, and who withdrew from the Court before sentence was passed, was later to recall: 'I did my best, I could do no more. I was single, I was alone; only I ought not to have been there at all'.

On 30 January, Charles I was executed, by being beheaded with an axe, on a scaffold outside the Banqueting House in Whitehall.
Over the past two years The Longworth Institute has undergone a major overhaul with sensitive restoration and conservation undertaken to restore it to the glamour of its early years. The former Airforce Club in Scott Street (designed by Newcastle's most famous colonial architect, Frederick Menkens) faces the harbour, and is opposite the Newcastle Railway Station and close to the Customs House. The building is the former Longworth Institute, regarded as one of Newcastle's most significant heritage buildings, with a breathtaking carved sandstone baroque façade.

Originally built in 1892, the building had lain in disrepair for decades, and its million-dollar revitalisation has created a prestige precinct that significantly enhances both the commercial and public life of the city.

Gale Thompson, a director of Laservision Macro Media, grew up only a stone's throw from the Airforce Club, loving its fairytale appearance and charming façade. She always considered it an important building, and when it came on the market several years ago, she felt she would like to put something back into Newcastle and help restore it. Since the purchase of the property she has worked tirelessly with conservation architect, Newcastle's Brian Suters, to ensure the integrity of the restoration work while integrating into development the high-technology demands for future needs.

Over a period of two years, all surfaces were stripped back to display, wherever possible, the rich history of the spaces, revealing marvellous textures and colours of original clinker brickwork, panelled kauri pine ceilings, cedar cornices, Oregon trusses and pine floorboards. A tour de force is the treatment of the original hallways which link the two buildings of the site. The spectacular two-storey high spaces have been glass-capped and work like clerestories, opening the spaces to floods of natural light.

Heritage overview:
The Longworth Institute was designed by prominent Newcastle architect, Frederick Burhardt Menkens (1855-1910) and is considered his masterpiece.

Menkens came to Australia in 1878, arriving in Newcastle in 1882 via Adelaide, Echuca, Melbourne, Sydney and Maitland. Approached by Joseph Wood to design "superior office accommodation and auction premises", the Woods Bros. Co. were wholesale wine and spirit merchants and brewers) Menkens took his inspiration from his homeland in Germany — the unique baroque façade featuring the heads of Atlas and Hercules; the lady of commerce with her globe; grimacing monsters, delicate princesses and the fan-like vault of the oriel windows. At the time of its completion it was acclaimed as the finest of its kind in the city. Menkens regarded it as one of his greatest creations and car-
ried on his practice from the first floor of the building.

From this magnificent address — apart from his brief stay in Her Majesty's Prison — Frederick Menkens designed many of Newcastle's landmarks, including Bond Store for Earp Gillam and Co., Telford Street; St. Andrew Presbyterian Church, Laman Street; Cohen's Warehouse, Bolton Street; St. Stephen's Church of England, Adamstown; Commercial Chambers, Cnr. Scott and Pacific Streets; Residence, Pitt Street (now Queen Street), Wallsend Hospital.

Later the building was purchased by the Longworth Family. In 1928 William Longworth donated the building to the Australian Society of Patriots to be used as a lecture hall, museum, art gallery, library and herbarium. However the membership of the Patriots dwindled over time until one trustee remained.

In 1946, after the Second World War, the RAAF Association became the primary tenants and eventual owner of the building that was known as the Airforce Club until they disbanded in 1996, having sold the building, the previous year, to the Sandhills partnership who commenced restoration of the building.

One of Australia's forgotten heroines

by Reg A. Watson

THERE LIES, IN THE NURSES' MUSEUM IN HOBART, A SET OF MEDALS BELONGING TO AN OUTSTANDING TASMANIAN NURSE. Attached to the British Nursing Service, Elizabeth Orr served not only in the Boer War (1899-1902) and World War I (1914-1918) but possibly in the Afghan War (1878-1880). As she was attached to the British Nursing Reserve, her name does not appear in Australian records. It is now time for her to receive full Australian recognition.

Her medals include the Queen's South African; the 1914-18 Star; the War Medal 1914-18; Victory Medal 1914-19 and the Coronation Medal. Separately on display is the Royal Red Cross Medal.

According to Australian nurse historian, Jan Bassett, one or two Australian women had apparently nursed with the British during the Anglo-Zulu War of 1879 in Africa. Has this period of Elizabeth Orr's life been lost to history? This article may help to bring it to light. Nurse Orr would have been 18 years of age when she served in Afghanistan. She was born on the property of Norton Mandeville, near Hamilton, Tasmania, in 1860. The house where she was born is no longer there.

She was descended from William Morgan Orr who arrived in Van Diemen's Land in 1825. In February 1829 he obtained a grant of 2,000 acres near Launceston, but in 1831 exchanged it for a grant at St. Paul's River, Fingal Valley. Later he purchased 3,000 acres in the Hamilton area from Lt. Governor Sorell. He died in 1843 after falling off his horse at O'Brien's Bridge, Glenorchy.

Elizabeth Orr's father, Robert, who also owned Norton Mandeville, had failed in a whaling venture which saw him selling the property but returning as its manager. This was where Elizabeth was born. Elizabeth went to school in Hobart, but her great love was horses; she became an excellent horsewoman. Records indicate that it was not until 1881, with recommendation from Dr. Sharland, that she started her nursing career at the Hobart General Hospital, taking her mount, Beeswing, with her. However, it must have been prior to 1881 (then aged 21) that she served in Afghanistan. It was, possibly, her service there in a nursing capacity that prompted her to return to Tasmania and begin training in earnest. Prior to the Boer War she served the country districts by riding on horseback to attend the sick. In appreciation of her dedicated service, the people of Zeehan gave her a diamond ring.

When the Boer War was declared, she was close to 40 years of age. As stated by Dr. Barbara Orchard (Member of the Royal College of Nursing), the origins of the modern nursing profession lie in the horrors of the Crimean War (1854-56), primarily because of Florence Nightingale's genius.

While NSW sent fourteen army nursing reservists to South Africa, Tasmania, as a colony-cum-state, did not. In consequence Tasmanian nurses who wished to serve in South Africa did so at their own discretion and, it should be added, usually at their own expense. Such was their dedication.
In January 1900 Miss Orr travelled to South Africa and joined the Queen Alexandra Imperial Military Nursing Reserve, where she served with great distinction, being placed in charge of war hospitals. For her service she was granted the Queen’s South African Medal. She chose to stay in South Africa for the next twelve years as Matron of various hospitals. On one occasion she was in charge of a large contingent of nurses who went to the scene of a mining catastrophe, receiving a diamond ring in appreciation.

Subsequently Elizabeth was placed in charge of the 2500-bed desert tent-hospital at Del-el-Belah, where temperatures of 40°C taxed the most energetic nurses. On 1 April 1916 Matron Orr attended the first Anzac Memorial Service in Cairo. Three months later she attended a memorial service for Lord Kitchener whom she knew personally, perhaps from her days in South Africa. She went on to serve in the Palestine campaign and in Egypt until 1919. She was mentioned in despatches twice. Her late niece, Mrs. Annie Rule (née Orr) who was entrusted with her collection of medals, had a document which read: “I have it on command from the King, to record His Majesty’s high appreciation of services rendered — signed Winston Churchill, Secretary of State for War.”

Broken in health because of the physical, emotional and psychological strain, she was invalided back to England in June 1919. The following month she received, from King George V, the Royal Red Cross Medal, the highest award for nursing.

Her post-war career was just as distinguished. She was placed in charge of a hospital for blinded soldiers, but eventually she returned home to Tasmania and for the next eleven years was Matron of Vaucluse Hospital.

On 2 May 1945, on page 10, The Mercury recorded the death notice of Nurse Orr who had died on 20 April. A large service was held at St. David’s Cathedral and she was cremated at Cornellan Bay.

In anyone’s estimation Nurse Elizabeth Orr was an outstanding lady. Her contribution to the betterment of her fellow man was immense. At times she was stern and autocratic, often clashing with the authorities. She was, however, everything Florence Nightingale wanted in her nurses. A daughter of Tasmania, she should now be given her place as one of our most esteemed heroines. Yet that is probably what she would not want. Her motto, no doubt, was “I serve.”

Later she travelled to England, a country which she loved, returning to Australia to open a private hospital in Maitland, NSW.

When World War I broke out Nurse Orr was 54 years of age. Nevertheless she set forth for England, once again to join the Queen Alexandra Military Nursing Reserve.

Her service was extensive; late 1914 saw her with the 21st British General to Egypt where for eighteen months she served as Matron of Transports and Hospital Ships in the Mediterranean, Gallipoli and Salonika areas. This included duties on the Troopship Alienia and the Hospital ships Morea and Nevassa; then she went to the Persian Gulf.

The work was strenuous and difficult. Facilities and good food were often inadequate and she needed all her skills as the nurses battled against not only war wounds, but rampant diseases and sickness such as diphtheria, dysentery, measles and malaria.

As a lover of horses, she knew how the Australians loved their mounts and wept with them, as she later reminisced, over the plight of the poor creatures who too were killed and dreadfully wounded.

Jeremy Lee’s latest book is both chilling and inspiring! It is not pretty reading — until you reach Part II. It’s all about the massive debt cloud behind the sanitarily optimistic claims of Government, the welfare crisis and tens of thousands of stricken Australians invade our relief agencies, the ruthless and arrogant bank dictatorships, the Y2K millennium bug, the transnational muscle behind the drive to become a republic.

But there’s inspiration too, as the signs of an Australian “fight back” begin to appear.

Pavlova not only the meek and mild documentation which is a feature of Jeremy Lee’s material — it offers some stimulating “lateral thinking” on what ordinary people can do in their own defence and to get the changes they want.
A home was built with sweat and toil,
Down where the warm wind blows,
Carved from the trees by axe and adze,
And a pit saw’s sweeping throes.

But disaster fell, by the hand of fate,
When fire laid it low,
The Winter home of a cattleman,
A refuge from the snow.

And so it was in years gone by,
When a sterling job was done.
There was nothing left but to face the cold,
And the needs of an unborn son.

Bitter loss, life savings gone,
The wooden cradle too,
And a new born life was on the way.
To share disaster through.

Cold starlight turned to wintry blasts.
The sun seemed ever gone,
A pattern change on the mountains high,
As a pregnant phase moved on.

The sound of a wild dog’s parting howl,
Heard now far away,
The call of a nightbird on the wing,
And a door was closed to stay.

There came a cry on the twelfth of June,
E’re the midnight hour had passed.
To let a cold world know that a son
Had arrived in a wintry blast.

Who was there in that mountain home
To help with mother and child?
A speeding horse has carried a man
Thru thirty miles of the wild.

To bring the help of the Dargo nurse,
Through the snows, ‘neath a cold faced moon;
But all was well when the door swung wide,
On the thirteenth day of June (1913).

The burned-down house referred to was at Mayford on the Dargo River, seven miles down the steep mountain sides from the summer mountain home on the Dargo High Plains. Later the family moved down to Mayford for the rest of that winter. Harry Treasure, Jack’s father, had prepared two log cabins for the occasion.
When, in 1956, Ford's opened their first fully-automated car plant in Detroit, they offered a courtesy tour to Walter Reuther, leader of the Automobile Workers' Union. As the party strode along the assembly lines, a smart-alec young executive jestingly asked, "How are you goin' to collect dos off these machines, Mr. Reuther?"

"Sorry, " replied Reuther, 'How are you goin' to sell automobiles to these machines?'

We may not like Reuther's politics, but we must grant him his quick wit. His reply succinctly posed the problem of a power-tool economy; a problem which began with Hargreaves' invention of man's first true machine, and which has developed exponentially ever since. It is the problem of a 'surplus' economy as opposed to a 'replacement' economy. It may seem a truism to say that the controlling mechanism of a monetary economy is the monetary system, but as Rowbotham shows, it is precisely this fact which 'orthodox' economists ignore, treating money and the physical economy as two distinct systems, on the assumption that monetary 'demand' is always equal to physical 'supply'. Like Ptolomaic astronomers faced with the apparent phenomenon of 'loops of regression', we are for ever endeavouring to solve algebraic problems with arithmetic.

The 'orthodox' solution to the problem posed by Reuther is debt. The new money made necessary by power-tool production is created by the banks and building societies, not as a credit, to society, but as a debt, repayable to the money-creating system, at interest - clearly an arithmetical impossibility. The 'monetary base' (Crown notes and coins) of the system is a mere 3% of the 'money' sloshing around the economy. The other 97%, "number-money" as Rowbotham calls it, is created by the banks and building societies against the assets of both society and of individual borrowers. It is secured by the "grip of death", that is, mortgages.

Rowbotham supports this thesis with an edifice of fact built upon fact in an unassailable argument, literally illustrated with graphs and tables from official sources. He is not content with stating general principles and leaving it to the logic of readers to convince them. No detail is neglected; he not only marches down the highway of his argument, scattering the frontal forces of dispute, but systematically searches every by-way, seeking out would-be opponents lurking in ambush, to dismay and disarm them.

This does not make The Grip of Death easy reading, but it does make it compulsive and absorbing reading. Expect to have all the comfort of the conventional wisdom of the economists stripped away, leaving you naked before the icy blast of the terrible truth!

'Inflation' is not "too much money chasing too few goods". It is an increase in purchasing-power accompanied by an equal or greater rise in prices; the increased purchasing-power is due entirely to an increase in total indebtedness, and is, therefore, a cost component of all prices. A 'favourable balance of trade' is not, at least in a sane world, a desirable thing to be striven for with might and main. It is, in fact, a loss of real, physical wealth to the home economy. 'Full employment', as a policy, is disastrous, not only to the economy, but even more to the ecology. It is a waste, because the purpose of distributing purchasing-power is to distribute the earth's mineral and energy resources, which are certainly limited. Forced 'economic growth' - a collateral of 'full employment' - is equally mischievous, creating the huge transport problems, that we experience daily, and generating them, world-wide. Our food is provided by a world-market which institutionalizes the evils of single-cropping, over-grazing, soil exhaustion, malnutrition, and, in order to maximize production of exportable foodstuffs, 'genetic modification'. All this in order to meet the impossible demands of servicing the 'Third World debt' which, in any case, can never be repaid. We do not live in a consumer society. On the contrary, the consumer is obliged to take what he is offered by a decreasing number of multinationals and super-market chains. His choice is ever more restricted to the standardized, the cheap, the shoddy and the nasty.

The technical arguments are complex, which renders attempts to summarize difficult since no step may be omitted if the conclusion is to be firmly established. Another risk of summarizing is that of over-simplification. With an awareness of that risk the attempt will be made.

All costs of production must be re-
covered in the price of the product; if not, the failure of the producer is certain.

Costs are of two kinds: those which distribute money to individuals, as wages, salaries and dividends ("A" costs) and those which are payments to other organizations ("B" costs). All "B" payments are, ultimately, repayments of bank loans. The "rate of flow" of purchasing-power to individuals is £A but the "rate of flow" of prices cannot be less than £A+£B. Since £A cannot purchase £A+£B, a portion of the product, at least equivalent to £B, either cannot be purchased, or must be distributed by a form of purchasing-power which is not included in £A costs. It is Rowbotham's contention that this additional purchasing-power is provided by bank credit or export credits, the former as a debt of the home-market and the latter as a debt transferred to the importing country.

If it is the case that there is a chronic shortage of purchasing power, how does the system continue to work? Why are the shops not overflowing with merchandise, the warehouses stacked to capacity and the factories and mines closing? It is odd that those who pose this objection do not seem to notice that they are! As Rowbotham asks in his demolition of the accepted notion of inflation — "Just where are the 'too few goods' which the 'too much money' is chasing, and indeed, where exactly is the 'too much money'?'"

The system works, Rowbotham insists, by a continuous creation of debt: national debt, municipal debt, industrial debt and personal debt. The economy is floats on a sea of debt; every house mortgage, every bank overdraft and every bank loan increases the total of debt. But the debt and its interest has to be repaid, which means that everyone must chase money, either by employment or by trade. What, however, is to be done with the increasing surplus production which results from this hectic activity? Many ill effects arise as 'solutions' to the problem of selling the surplus production to somebody, or indeed to anybody. The first 'solution' is to export more than is imported. This, in effect, transfers a proportion of the debt from the home market to the defeated state in the 'trade-war'. Real war is, of course, a useful way of getting rid of surplus production in the form of high explosives. Another method is sabotage — the destruction of perfectly good and usable equipment as part of a 'rationalization' process. An ecologically vicious method is 'built-in obsolescence' combined with shoddy materials and poor workmanship to produce goods which fall to pieces in a short time.

Some readers will find echoes in Rowbotham's case of the 'Social Credit' of C.H. Douglas — a debt which Rowbotham gladly acknowledges. Rowbotham's book however is comprehensive. Taking the Douglas axioms, he tests them against the facts of our present situation, and finds them valid. Chapters deal with "Food and Farming", "The Killing Fields of Debt", "Multi-nationals", "The free-trade religion" and, amusingly, with "The National Debt". It is some forty years since Professor Parkinson examined the national debt and discovered that the ownership of almost 50% of it was unknown. The 'national debt' is the complex means by which the Government expands the money supply without actually 'owning' it. Rowbotham describes its absurdity in detail and asks that if the Crown is able to create paper Treasury Bonds for sale to the bank for paper credit, why can't it create the paper credit in the first place? The answer appears to be that the Treasury are still firmly convinced that the amount of money in the Universe is, like the amount of matter and energy, conserved and constant, in spite of all evidence to the contrary — back to Ptolemaic astronomy again!

Multi-national debt is a different matter. Here the relationship of states to the World Bank (WB) and the International Monetary Fund (IMF) is the same as that of individuals to their local bank. States are granted loans under increasingly onerous conditions, one of which is that the loan must be spent in the country whose currency provides it. The effect, as already mentioned, is to force a permanent trade deficit on the debtor country and to subject its affairs to direction by the WB. This situation can be summed up as: "You will grow genetically-modified soya beans for export to pay your interest; you will not devote land and work to growing the food which provides you with a healthy diet."

Rowbotham devotes a chapter to Lincoln and Douglas, and a further chapter to the history of debt finance, beginning with the parchment receipts issued by the goldsmiths for gold deposited with them. They, in fact, issued bills up to ten times the value of the gold deposited with them, since it was a matter of observation that only one in ten receipts came back to the goldsmith with a demand for gold. Essentially, the 3% base of Crown-money created today acts in the same way as gold-deposit-receipts did in times past, but, freed from gold, the deposits created by the new "number-money" provide the basis for further loans.

The solution offered in The Grip of Death is for the Crown to increase its issue of 'real' money, using it to redeem Treasury Bonds, as they mature, and eventually to pay all citizens a "National Dividend", thus increasing the rate of flow of purchasing-power. Rowbotham devotes a chapter to developing this idea, meeting every objection. Whilst I do not dispute his reasoning, his method seems, to me at least, rather more complex than necessary. The core of the problem is not the increase in money supply, necessary in a surplus economy, but the debt which that increase creates. As the 'new' money rightly belongs to the Crown, all loans by banks etc., above a given multiple of their holdings of 'real' money, should be treated as a loan from the Crown to the banks. I suggest that the multiple be two. If a bank's deposits equal £X, then it may lend £2X without penalty. If it lends £3X or £4X, it should be deemed to owe, and should be required to repay the Crown £X or £2X,
and so on. This revenue, on Rowbotham’s evidence, would be sufficient to replace the present income tax by a “negative income tax”. All incomes above a bank “£Y” would be free of tax, whilst those below “£Y” would receive a tax “refund”. The bank “£Y” would need to be sufficiently wide and graded to obviate most problems of ‘differentials’ between grades of work.

Although Rowbotham is concerned, as far as particulars go, with Great Britain, his general criticism is relevant to the position in the United States, and indeed, in any developed economy. Perhaps the first step in a solution would be to make The Grip of Death required reading for politicians and Treasury officials of all countries, followed by a viva voce examination. Meanwhile let Rowbotham’s ‘Epistle’ be read in all the Churches, but especially in the ‘churches’ of Threadneedle Street and Wall Street.

The Political Economy of Social Credit and Guild Socialism

by Frances Hutchinson and Brian Burkitt

FRANCES HUTCHINSON is a member of the European Association for Evolutionary Political Economy and is the author of Environmental Business Management (1997) and of academic papers on Social Credit, environmental sustainability and feminist economics. Brian Burkitt is a Senior Lecturer in Economics at the University of Bradford and is the author of several textbooks on economics and over 150 articles in academic journals. Both have come to Social Credit objectively, even, initially, sceptically. They pursue two themes: First, that the “Douglas/New Age” texts derive from, and and Marxist socialism. In orthodox records the reactions to Social Credit were only Part I. Part II, however, officially, will fascinate Social Crediters as it proves it! Douglas put this neatly in his radio debate with Denis Robertson:

“The authors devote considerable space to an examination of the “A + B Theorem”, its implications and the concept of the “Just Price” derived from it. They rightly identify the Just price, achieved by a “National Discount” and the “National Dividend” as the essential requisites of a sustainable ecology with sufficiency of economic growth.

At the risk of spoiling the plot by telling you the end of the story, the conclusion of Part I of the book is that Douglas was right and his critics wrong.

The book would be invaluable if it were only Part I. Part II, however, will fascinate Social Crediters as it records the reactions to Social Credit of both capitalist and Labour critics. Essentially the neo-classical response was first to state the Douglas theorem wrongly and then triumphantly disprove it! Douglas put this neatly in his radio debate with Denis Robertson:

... he very kindly makes a completely new speech on my behalf which consists ... of his own interpretation. He then expresses his own disagreement with his own paraphrases." (pp. 88-89)

The Labour response, led by Sidney Webb, was more complex in that it completely accepted orthodox theory, and hence, began from the same starting point — Douglas is wrong because neoclassic conventions are right, but carrying two pieces of inert cultural baggage: First, the ne-
cessity of “nationalization of the means of production, distribution and exchange”; secondly, the Marxist worship of ‘growth’ and material production, with its con-comitants, ‘work’ and ‘full-employment’."

Part III is equally absorbing as it provides an outline history of the Social Credit Movement and the “Alberta Experiment”. The authors are critical of Douglas’ prose style, arguing that his presentation of his case was diffuse and sometimes obscure, clarity being given by Orage’s all but anonymous collaboration. It is perfectly true that even a single sentence of Douglas will support a considerable exegesis, something which the present writer has endeavoured to demonstrate in practice in two booklets, “Social Credit: Obelisks” and “Social Credit: Asterisks”. It is also true that Douglas had a dry, laconic, wit which expressed itself in ‘asides’ to the main argument. For my own part, coming to Douglas from a background of ‘distributist’ thought, I do not recall any great difficulty in holding together the many threads of thought in Douglas, and following where they led. To take but one example: I saw that the implication and desired result of the “National Discount and Dividend” would result in less but better production and not in an orgy of consumerism and shoddy goods. I saw at once that they would be inducive to a wider distribution of property.

The authors’ second criticism is of Douglas’ leadership after 1930, and particularly of his insistence on the “Electoral Pledge” campaign of 1933. Here, I feel, the authors are in the same position as the opponents of Social Credit monetary reform. They begin from, and accept the ethos of ballot-box democracy, its norms, its conventions and its prejudices. Nobody imagines, surely, that a Social Credit Party ‘could have won seats, let alone power’. Anyone who does should consider the fate of Mosley’s “New Party”, and, more latterly, “The Social Democratic Party”, both of which began with greater advantages than a Social Credit Party could have commanded.

The Electoral Pledge Campaign, initiated in 1934, was an experiment in the use of the vote for purposes desired by the electors rather than by the party-system. It was not an easy option when forming political parties and fighting an election. It was, in fact, the more difficult option. Douglas called off the campaign when its lessons had been learned, but nevertheless, several pledged candidates were elected in contrast to the failure of the Social Credit Party to win a seat.

From that Electoral Campaign was developed the highly successful “Local Objectives Campaign” and the “Voters’ Veto” in local elections — both exercises in popular sovereignty. From these grew the “Lower Rates and Lower Assessments” campaign which saved British rate-payers many millions of pounds. The techniques developed by these campaigns are still in use and are, indeed, part of the standard armoury of resistance to Planners and Frontrunners. As Douglas put it: “Fix your objective in relation to your resources. This is rather than to say concentrate on a narrow front — it means narrowing your front until you must break through. There are hundreds of spots in the present position which are vulnerable to quite weak forces. The Housewives face many of them.” (Development of World Dominion, p. 132). It was a number of Social Credit women who launched the “Housewives’ League”, which, among other things, brought an end to rationing (after World War II), whilst the Liverpool Newsletter group developed the idea of the “Limited Objective Campaign”.

Douglas’ last proposal for the rehabilitation of democracy, was for a “Responsible Vote” in which the financial consequences of his open electoral choice would be, for a time, differentially paid for by the voter in proportion to his income — a truly radical idea! Douglas’ last advice to those who would follow him was: “First defeat the Money Power, then reform the money system.”

The Political Economy of Social Credit and Guild Socialism is a splendid book. One hopes that it will be read by Social Crediters for, as Chesterton said, “I always preach to the converted, for the converted do not know their own religion.” To that end I conclude with the suggestion of a small “Limited Objective Campaign”. Request this book from your local library, your college library or your university library. If you can’t obtain it, demand to know why!


HOWLERS:

Some people fear that our modern school system isn’t producing well-educated children. They might be right. This is said to be a list of actual student ‘bloopers’ collected by teachers:

1. The Greeks were a highly sculptured people, and without them we wouldn’t have history. The Greeks also had myths. A myth is a female moth.

Actually, Homer was not written by Homer but by another man of that name.

2. The greatest writer of the Renaissance was William Shakespeare. He was born in the year 1564, supposedly on his birthday. He never made much money and was famous only because of his plays. He wrote tragedies, comedies and hysterecomies, all in Islamic pentameter. Romeo and Juliet was an example of a heroic play. Shakespeare’s last wish was to be laid by Juliet.

Writing at the same time as Shakespeare was Miguel Cervantes. He wrote Don Quixote. The next great author was John Milton. Milton wrote Paradise Lost. Then his wife died and he wrote Paradise Regained.

3. Later, the Pilgrims crossed the ocean, and this was called Pilgrims’ Progress. The winter of 1620 was a hard one for the settlers. Many people died and many babies were born. Captain John Smith was responsible for all this.
**Port Arthur: the other Side of the Divide**

*by John Presser*

Author John Presser is a retired forensic scientist and a past President of Tasmania First Party. He has been involved in collecting and reporting scientific evidence in major cases for 25 years, including the Port Arthur murders – the subject of this book.

"This book is an attempt," states the author's foreword, "to construct the public evaluation debate that never took what surprises one has in the fun of botany! When I lived at Moulamein on the Billabong Creek, in the Riverina, in New South Wales, I was in saltbush country.

I first became aware of saltbush when I was seven, in Bellerive, on the opposite shore of the Derwent estuary from Hobart, Tasmania. There was only one bush of it in our garden. Later, a Quaker schoolteacher pointed out *Salicornia*, a succulent, salt-tolerant saltbush, that grew around the lagoon just behind the Bellerive beach.

Fancy saltbush found so far south of the Riverina! Gradually I was to discover the wide distribution of saltbush in Australia. At Moulamein, farmers declared that sheep grazing on saltbush grew glossy wool, and produced delicious mutton. I borrowed *Pastoral Plants of the Riverine Plains* from Deniliquin, to learn more about these fascinating plants. The authors of this book, Cunningham, Mulham, Milthorpe and Leigh, in 1992, produced *Plants of New South Wales*, a precious volume of 766 pages.

Old Man Saltbush is now planted in rows overseas. It is fire-resistant. The leaves of many species of saltbush are the shape of a goose's foot, hence the family name of 'Goosefoot'. 'Fat Hen', that comes up in my herb garden, is an introduced, cosmopolitan saltbush.

There are 146 native species, of all shapes and sizes - some with four-centimetre spines and some that are breathtakingly beautiful. Some have tiny, sausage-shaped leaves. *Rhagodia hastata* climbs. 'Bluebush' stand out in greeny-yellow scrub.

Further inland, the saltbush helps to prevent the desert sands being blown away by the wind. Vehicles should keep to the roads to maintain the delicate balance in which plants protect the topsoil.

Last week I noticed what I took to be *Atriplex* growing in the coarse gravel in front of the Tatura Post Office, one hundred miles north of Melbourne. However, that is an introduced species, *Scented Goosefoot*, a few plants of which are growing between the Tatura Indoor Community Activities centre and the drainage channel from Lake Bartlett to the racecourse.

One marvels that wild plants, occurring naturally in outback Australia and far to the north of Tatura, have "relations" living in our town centre.

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**Saltbush**

*by Nancy Albrecht*

Maireana triptera

Three-winged bluebush
The following is an extract from *Australian Banking Currency and Exchange* by H.E. Teare (1926), p. 6 of Section 4, "Earliest Australian Currency".

"... when Governor Phillip landed at Sydney Cove in January, 1788, with his party of 756 prisoners, 168 marines, with their officers, a few mechanics, women and children, they were not blessed with a superabundance of coin.

With increasing population, the need for an adequate supply of currency became greater; this need could only be met by obtaining supplies from Great Britain or from India. As there was little or no export trade from Australia at this time, all imports into Australia had to be paid for in cash, with the consequence that the supply of coin soon approached the point of exhaustion, and the people had to resort more or less to barter. From the first day of landing, rum appears to have been the most acceptable form of currency, though corn and other marketable produce were in high favour for purpose of settling claims...

Barter was first established at Parramatta in 1791, the settlers giving small quantities of rice or bread for fish. In the same year, the Spanish dollar, valued at from four shillings and six pence to five shillings, varying from the points of view of masters and labourers, was found to be the current coin of the Colony. The following year, two chests of dollars, with an estimated value of £1,001, arrived by the Kitty, but the amount was so small, and the demand for rum so great, that no material difference was apparently noticeable.

Is our present-day expression, "How much is left in the kitty?" a reference to the vessel that brought those earlier Spanish dollars to Australia?

Anne Russell, Wangaratta, Victoria.


May I say to Dr. Goodman and *Heritage* readers that it is no coincidence that the Biblical colours of Biblical Israel are in the Union Jack and the Australian flag.

Our Queen Elizabeth II, being a direct descendant of King David, is on the throne because of the eternal, unconditional covenants and promises God made to David, her ancestor. There are far too many Biblical references to prove this for me to mention here, but they're there for those with eyes to see and ears to hear!

Truly this is the true Christian heritage of our flag and peoples. No wonder, as Dr. Goodman confirms, that our enemies seek to dispense with that heritage.

Can we please have more about the Biblical heritage of our peoples in your magazine?

Don McColl, Research, Victoria.
The denial of bread to the hungry has been a grievous sin, and has been rightly condemned through the ages.

The Old Testament prophet Amos did not mince his words:

"Hear this, you who trample the needy, to do away with the humble of the land, saying: "When will the new moon be over. So that we may buy grain, And the sabbath, that we may open the wheat market, To make the bushel smaller and the shekel bigger, And to cheat with dishonest scales, So as to buy the helpless for money and the needy for a pair of sandals, And that we may sell the refuse of the wheat?"

Amos 8, 4-6

In 590 AD the famous St. Gregory amplified the message of Amos:

"We must make men clearly understand that the land that yields men income is the common property of all men and its fruits for the common welfare.

It is therefore absurd for people to think they are not robbers when they do not pass on what they have received to their neighbors. Absurd!

Because almost as many folk die daily as there are rations locked up for use at home. Really when we administer any necessities to the poor, we give them their own. We do not bestow our goods upon them, we do not fulfil works of mercy. We discharge the debt of justice. What was given by a common God is only justly used when those who receive it use it for the common good."

Not much, it seems, has changed. Latest figures show about 32,000 die each 24 hours in the world through lack of food. Yet wheat producers are told there is now a global glut of grain which has driven the Australian price of wheat to a lower level than in 1933 - the height of the Great Depression! At that time the price of a bushel of wheat would buy four loaves of bread. Today's bushel-of-wheat price will pay for just one loaf of bread.

There is enough bread for everyone in the world - if only the monopoly of money could be changed so that bread was available for all who need it.

Who remembers the famous poem of Bishop Hatto and the rats? Written about 200 years ago, it is a sobering fable to the monopolists of the Year 2000:

Bishop Hatto and the Rats
by
Robert Southey (1774-1843)

The summer and autumn had been so wet
That in winter the corn was growing yet;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last year's store,
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flocked from far and near.
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;
And while for mercy on Christ they call
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all.

"I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire!" quoth he,
"And the country is greatly obliged to me
For ridding it in these times fororn
Of rats that only consume the com."

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to his supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man,
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.
In the morning, as he entered his hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked, there came a man from his farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm;
"My lord, I opened your granaries this mom
And the rats had eaten all your corn!"

He laid him down and closed his eyes,
But soon a scream made him arise;
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow from whence the screaming came.

He listened and looked: it was only the cat;
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that;
For she sat screaming, mad with fear
At the army of rats that was drawing near.

For they had swum over the river so deep,
And they have climbed the shores so steep,
And up the tower their way is bent
To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score -
By thousand they come, and by myriads and more;
Such numbers had never been heard of before,
Such a judgment had never been witness of yore.

Another came running presently,
And he was as pale as pale could be.
"Fly, my Lord Bishop, fly!" quoth he,
"Ten thousand rats are coming this way!
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he,
"'Tis the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high and the shores are steep
And the stream is strong and the river deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,
And he reached his tower, and barred with care
All the windows, doors and loopholes there.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell
As, louder and louder, drawing near,
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the window, and in at the door,
And through the walls helter-skelter they pour,
And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him.
HOW TO SAY GOODBYE TO THE GST

A proliferation of seminars across the country by accounting firms is now showing there really is a "devil in the detail" of the tax package. Support for the tax package in the hope of paying less overall tax is evaporating as it is discovered that five separate Pay-as-you-go (PAYG) income tax returns will have to be lodged per annum as well as GST returns.

TAX REFORM - YES, But not this package!

Section 59 of our Constitution permits the Governor General to annul a law within one year of its passing. He will not do this lightly - it will require many thousands of signatures to convince him to exercise this power.

Your help is essential for the success of this campaign.

Please promote the petition attached.

Please note also, that if we had become a Republic, the protective Section 59 of the Constitution would have disappeared.

Get your supplies of the petition - send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to:

Ken Grundy,
PM Bag 21, Naracoorte,
SA 5271

A PETITION TO DISALLOW THE GOODS AND SERVICES TAX
To the Governor General and Commander-In-Chief
His Excellency the Hon Sir William Deane AO, KBE.

We, the undersigned Petitioners note that Section 59 of the Commonwealth Constitution Act 1900, provides that:

"The Queen may disallow any law within one year from the Governor-General’s assent, and such disallowance, on being made known by the Governor-General by speech or message to each of the Houses of the Parliament, or by Proclamation, shall annul the law from the day when the disallowance is so made known."

In duty bound, we therefore do humbly pray that Your Excellency exercise the powers of the Crown vested in you to disallow and annul the A New Tax System (Goods and Services Tax) Act 1999.

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GET YOUR SUPPLY OF BUMPER STICKERS:

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Australian Heritage Society "DEFENDING OUR FREEDOM"
P.O. Box 163, Chidlow, W.A. 6556 • Tel/Fax (09) 5674 6042
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 <i>Heritage</i>

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

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, <i>The Australian Heritage Society</i> 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, <i>Heritage</i> was first published. Over twenty years later <i>Heritage</i> still enjoys a wide and increasing readership with contributions from around the English-speaking world. <i>Heritage</i> 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. <i>Heritage</i> 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 <i>Heritage</i> 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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