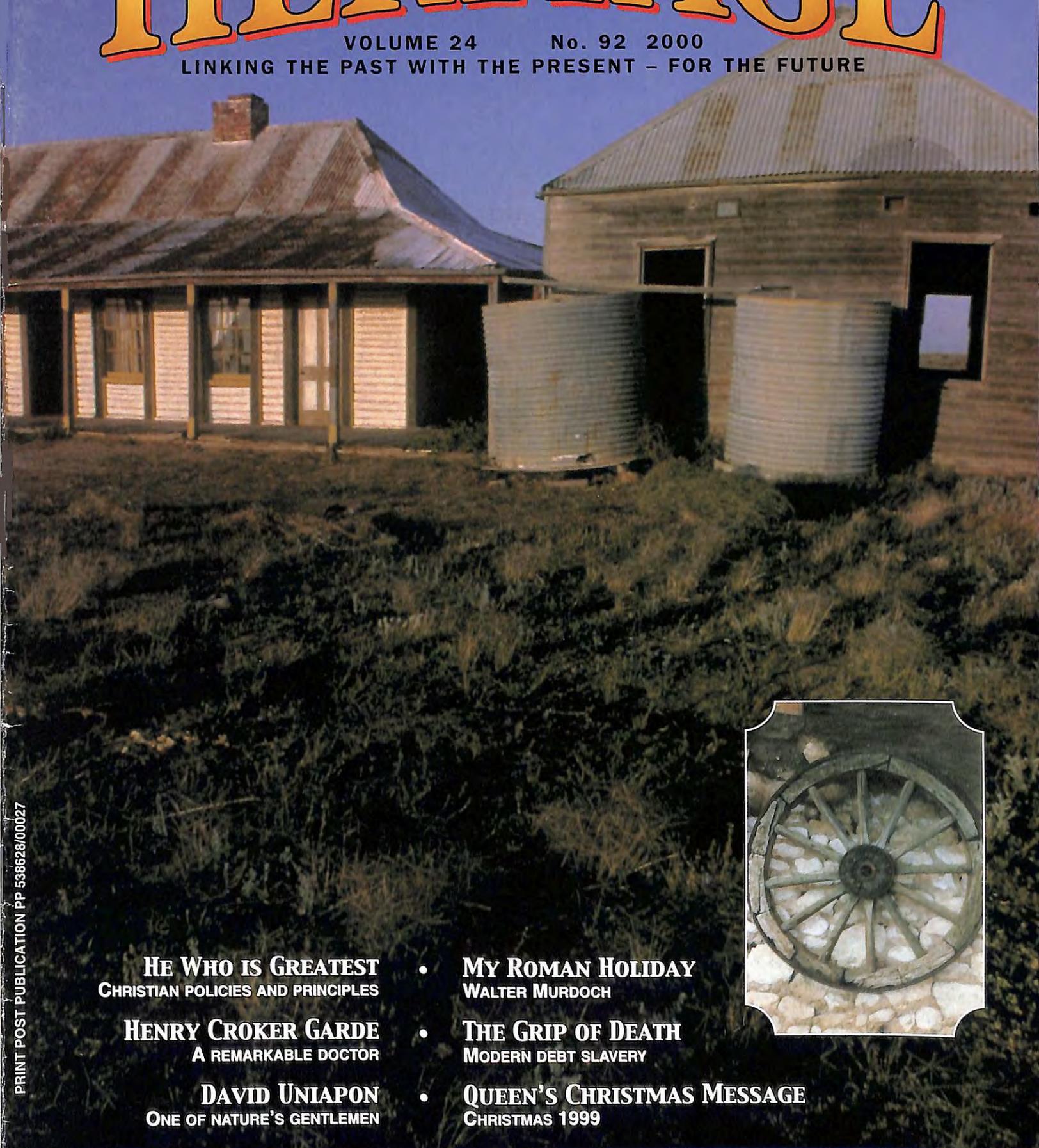


HERITAGE

VOLUME 24

No. 92 2000

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT - FOR THE FUTURE



HE WHO IS GREATEST
CHRISTIAN POLICIES AND PRINCIPLES

HENRY CROKER GARDE
A REMARKABLE DOCTOR

DAVID UNIAPON
ONE OF NATURE'S GENTLEMEN

- **MY ROMAN HOLIDAY**
WALTER MURDOCH
- **THE GRIP OF DEATH**
MODERN DEBT SLAVERY
- **QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE**
CHRISTMAS 1999

*Welcome to Australia Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II
and HRH Prince Philip*

HERITAGE

No. 92

PUBLISHED BY THE AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE SOCIETY

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The Australian Heritage Society

The Australian Heritage Society was launched in Melbourne on 18th September, 1971 at an Australian League of Rights Seminar. It was clear that Australia's heritage is under increasing attack from all sides; spiritual, cultural, political and constitutional. A permanent body was required to ensure that young Australians were not cut off from their true heritage and the Heritage Society assumed that role in a number of ways.

The Australian Heritage Society welcomes people of all ages to join in its programme for the regeneration of the spirit of Australia. To value the great spiritual realities that we have come to know and respect through our heritage, the virtues of patriotism, of integrity and love of truth, pursuit of goodness and beauty, and unselfish concern for other people - to maintain a love and loyalty for those values.

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

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

SIR RAPHAEL CILENTO

First Patron of the Australian Heritage Society

ADMINISTRATION & SUBSCRIPTIONS

The Secretary, Australian Heritage Society
P.O. Box 163, Chidlow, W.A. 6556
Telephone/Fax (09) 9574 6042

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

47 McHarg Road, Happy Valley, South Australia 5159
Telephone (08) 8381 3909 Tel/Fax (08) 8322 8665

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

P.O. Box 31A, Thornlie, Western Australia 6988
Telephone (08) 9452 2823 Facsimile (08) 9452 2824

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FRONT COVER (Inset Photo)

Murray Bridge South Australia
Lumps of timber ringed with steel made a sturdy wagon wheel



GUEST EDITORIAL

Edward Rock

VOLUME 24

AUTUMN 2000

ISSUE NO 92

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 the 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."*

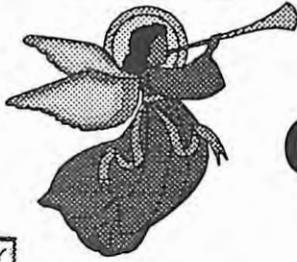
Let me remind the reader that historically the Christian religion, when aroused, has done more to change the course of world events than any other power. I can do you no greater service than recommend that you join the ranks of those Christians who so pray, not by just giving lip-service to the Lord's 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

The Queen's Message



Christmas 1999



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 ninety-ninth 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 oth-

ers. As always they are on duty over these Christmas and New Year holidays.

Up and down the country people like those firemen, nurses and ambulancemen 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 Wangarratta, Victoria, when I was about 14 years of age, which was over seventy years ago. He first stayed with my parents a couple of times and on two or three occasions he stayed with other folk in the district. I last had contact with him when I reached the age of eighteen years or so, as he continued to visit the parish under the auspices of the Australian Board of Missions, which was an Anglican Committee.

I am pleased to say that whilst he was with us he was able to relax, spending a great deal of his time studying the local wildlife and roaming around the local rivers. It seemed to me he was more interested in the natural order than anything else – he was a naturalist above all else.

I had much pleasure in accompanying him on many of those jaunts – along the riverbanks, or anywhere he found the bird-life and/or any little thing that crept or crawled. To begin with, for me at 14 years of age, David was a bit of a mystery, but I soon got to know and like him; he was such a likeable character and appealed to children in particular. When I knew him, he was a man

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 Australians 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.

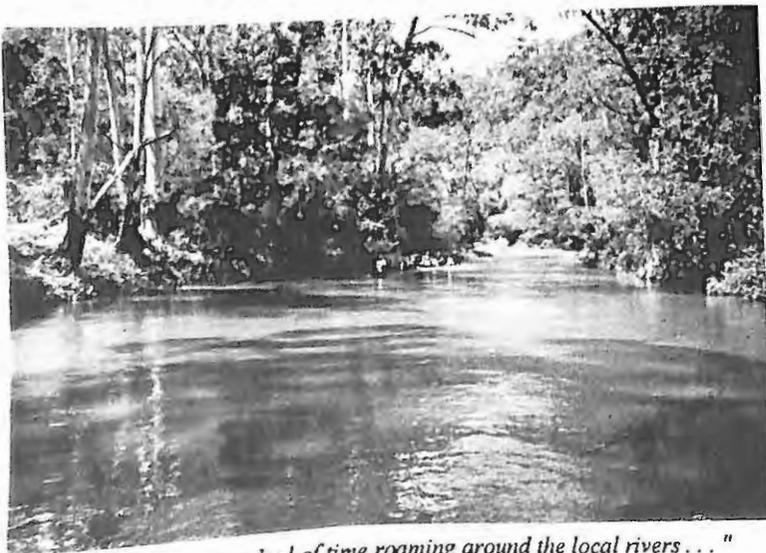
David explained it was not unusual, if there was a big hunting-party out, for one of the women to start up and say, “My fella hurt. Have to go to him.” With that, she would go to help her mate who was perhaps 20-30 miles away! But David said that as he grew older, when he went back to his tribe he found he was losing the ability to communicate in that way.

He had no problems coping

with primary school and then went on to do very well in high school. So well did he do at high school, the elderly couple saw it was worthwhile sending him on to university to complete his education. He attended the University of Adelaide and his studies were in the field of anthropology.

Once he emerged from the University with his B.A. and M.A. degrees, he began research and writing on subjects pertaining to anthropology, in which he was most interested. Apparently anything he wrote was more or less disregarded. One didn’t read, for instance, anything in the newspapers about the first Aboriginal to obtain his university degrees. We are currently led to believe that it is only in recent years that any Aboriginal attained university standards in education. David Uniapon earned his degree some ninety years ago!

It seems that the Government of the day didn’t recognise his credentials, but a German University did! The University of West Heidelberg used the books David had written as text-books and the authorities frequently corresponded with him. In fact, at one stage, they asked if he could possibly secure for them an Aboriginal corpse for dissection, because they wanted to know more about Australian Aborigines. They sent the money to cover the costs, and with the help of the then Member for Indi and Minister for the Exterior, John McEwan, the corpse of an elderly Aboriginal, who had died at Lake Tyres, was chosen.



“He spent a great deal of time roaming around the local rivers . . .”

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 Goanna 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 Goanna 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 Uniapon 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 about all kinds of birds and used to study that, but he had different names for them.

The story perpetuated by the ABC and the picture of him on the Australian \$50 note, accompanied by engineering

symbols and a hand piece of a shearing machine, that he invented the shearing machine is 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 mechanic 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 Uniapon.

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. Larks 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?

Matins
(at Eucumbene)
Rod Mackenzie



Henry Croker Garde (1855 - 1932)

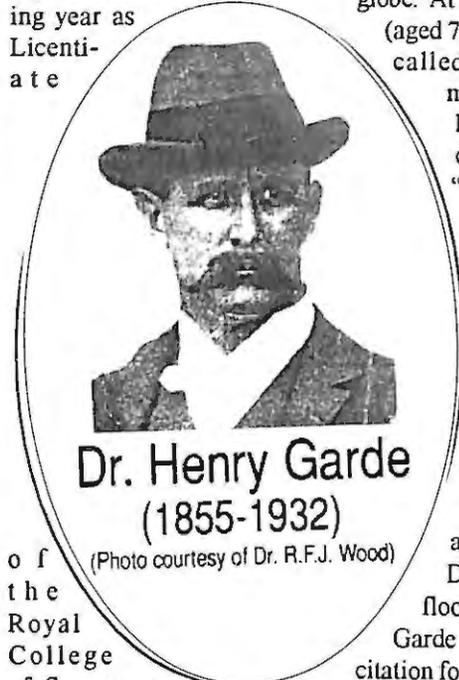
BY DAN O'DONNELL

Since its birth in 1859, Queensland has been served by countless outstanding citizens, few more worthy than Henry Croker Garde — medico, 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 forbears were Huguenots displaced from sectarian-torn France before they settled in southern Ireland. For some generations before his birth the family had been linked with medicine. 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 Middleton College and Queen's University, Garde became a Licentiate of the celebrated Apothecaries Hall in Dublin in 1877, graduating the following year as Licentiate



Dr. Henry Garde
(1855-1932)

(Photo courtesy of Dr. R.F.J. Wood)

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 the highest marks.

In 1879, the young medico worked his passage as ship's doctor to Queensland's Maryborough (pop. 10,500), a town which boasted the only hospital between Brisbane and Rockhampton. At the time it was in the hands of Resident Surgeon, Dr. J.H. Harricks — thereafter to be a

close friend and colleague. Aged but 24, young Garde was already richly experienced as a medical practitioner, having served 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 his honour by crew-mates for "saving life at sea". 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 surging down Maryborough's Sussex

Street to save 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 dis-



tingtion 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 up-

grading of surgical procedures within the hospital. In March that year he had advised the Hospital Committee that the hos-

pital 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

"Foreign GPs CURE bush crisis"
"Country practice in crisis"
(Courier-Mail 5/4/99)



BY DAN O'DONNELL

Henry Croker Garde . . . / 2

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 occa-

sionally 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

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

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 foetus 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 en-

countering 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

"Wooldridge announces radical solution to bush doctor crisis"
(Sydney Morning Herald 9/4/99)

effect on it, as one sees in cases of tubercular peritonitis, or could the grasping of the tu-

mour 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?"



Maryborough General Hospital 1887 - 1925



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 lumber 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 cut close to the spleen, and the lower portion of it drawn through the opening. Adhesions . . . were found . . . there was not much oozing from the broken-down adhesions; one of the arteries in the pedicle bled freely but was secured and ligatured; the abdomen was next washed out with a weak warm saline solution, about three parts of which was allowed to remain, and the abdominal wounds closed." The

tumour, almost 14 inches long and 18 inches in circumference, weighed almost 8 pounds. What of the patient? In Dr. Garde's words, "The operation was performed at 10 a.m. and he died at 11.30 p.m. of shock."

Unresolved dilemmas

It is noteworthy that some of the major social problems with which Garde grappled in his day are still perplexing the whole nation. First, the disbursement of rates and

**"Young doctors moving overseas"
"Medical specialists cling to Brisbane"
"Hospital desperate to recruit top staff"
"Waiting list crisis blamed for long overdue surgery"
"Wooldridge backs AMA chief in vote"
(Courier Mail 10/4/99)**

taxes. Across Australia there are periodic eruptions of 'new-State-itis' inspired by a perception of cavalier treatment from 'the big end of town'. Observe, Garde's fulminations in 1902 in the Queensland Parliament at the

**"Minister plays down crisis in aged care"
(Courier Mail 9/4/99)**

profligacy of Brisbane-based members when allocating funds: "At this moment, 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. Af-

ter 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 congealed, 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 health-care 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:

**"Schools should have longer teaching days, and even Saturday classes . . ."
(American Expert Dr. Al Mamary, Courier Mail 12/4/99)**

"There is no school on Saturdays, so that six days' work has to be done in five, and the children are sacri-



Henry Croker Garde ... / 4 BY DAN O'DONNELL

ficed for the sake of teachers, in order that they might get two holidays a week. School should finish at 3 p.m. to allow recreation before tackling homework. There are too many holidays. While parents pay for twelve months of education for their children, they get only eight months.

... A very large section of the public, for reasons of their own, do not send their children to state schools, and the consequence is that they are double-banked. They have to pay pro-rata for the education of other people's children as well as for the education of their own."

Finally, today's unresolved dilemma of treatment of criminals, and the very philosophical rationale that underlies our modern penal system, were issues with

which Garde also grappled. Should criminals, For example, be able to retain the right to vote, even in gaol? Moreover, should dole-bludgers be accorded the same rights as hard-working men and women? Look what Garde had to say about those matters in 1904: "If prisoners and the Dunwich inmates are to have a vote, I shall be absolved from my promise and vote against it. What is it that this Franchise Bill proposes to do? It proposes to put all men on an equality. Of course, men are born equal, but to say that one man is as good as another is the most nonsensical theory that was ever propounded. It is proposed to put the man who does not want to work, and the man who won't work, on a level with the hard-working, honest man who earns his living and brings up his fam-

ily respectably. Such a thing is contrary to reason. It gives a working man a lot of trouble, under this Government, to be honest and frugal and thrifty.

If he is frugal and thrifty, and puts by a little to keep him out of Dunwich in his old age, he is taxed for it. And the more thrifty he is, the more he is taxed. Is that the way to encourage thrift? I say, decidedly not. And the worst of it is that these hard-working and thrifty men are taxed to keep up the loafers of the State, and unfortunately the loafers of this State are a very considerable number."

Conclusion:

Dr. Henry Croker Garde epitomises, in many ways, exemplary citizenship. He gave to medicine in goodly measure,

"One in 10 students skips school daily" (Sydney Morning Herald 5/4/99)

but still found time for other deeds that reveal abundantly an honourable man wanting to help his fellow-men. His medical achievements merit special attention as significant contributions to his calling, but his whole life amply demonstrates a life of service. While he was unquestionably a man of conviction, not everyone agreed with him at the turn of the century, and not everyone concurs in his views today. But the point is that they made good sense then and to many people they still make enormous good sense. Some important things in the affairs of men never change. *Plus ça change, plus la mème chose!*

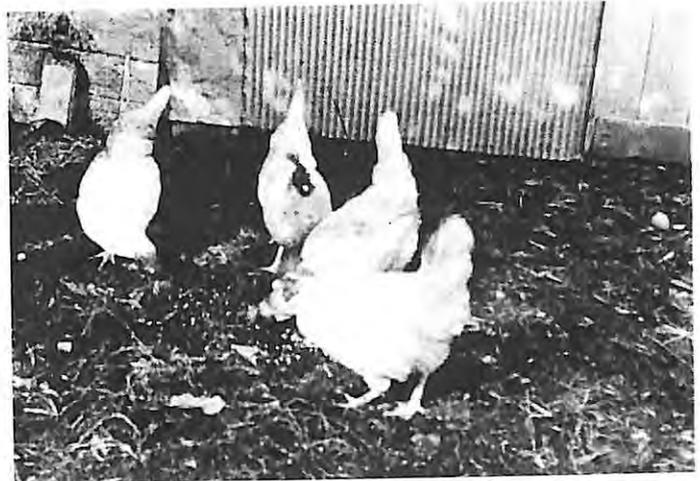


Keep chooks cackling

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



paradise — no clipped beaks or dribbles of water to supplement a measured mini-meal in this yard!

Backyard suburban hens are offered abundant space to flex feathers and to select perches. Regular rations of grain and household scraps keep our chooks in good nick. A nest-box with bedding of straw or grass can induce these lay-about hens to produce two dozen eggs each week. That's enough for Mum and me — plus excess eggs to offer others a welcome, "Thank you!"

There are no restrictions on fewer than one dozen fowls in suburban plots, but housing must comply with local regulations.

Space occupied by our fowl-house and its separate enclosure means less space for gardening or pulling weeds. It's an ideal

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 prowler, 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 breath 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. Heed 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 all the world knows, is the thing to drink when you are not feeling very well. My way led past the vast church of Santa Maria Maggiore, past the little church of Saint Praxed's (where Browning's bishop ordered his tomb), and past a little bookshop where I used to buy my 'penny dreadfuls'. On the morning I am telling you about I bought one of these little books - in two volumes at threepence each, with pictures on the cover so lurid that the bookseller looked at me with kindly scorn when I selected it called *L'Isolda del Tesoro*, by Robert Luigi Stevenson. (It is all about pirates and buried treasures - just the kind of thing I like. The villain of the yarn is a formidable cook with one leg, named Giovanni Silver, who was once quartermaster with the celebrated Capitano Flint. These pirates are the real thing; they sing, when not engaged in the practice of their profession, a rousing chorus:

*Quindici uomini sul cassero dell' Uomo Morto
Ho-ho-ho e una bottiglia di rhum!*

Where have I read something like this before?)

(In Italy, I may mention in passing, the traveller often comes across things like this, - things that awaken faint echoes of something seen or heard in a former existence. In the bookshops, for instance, one sees books bearing the name of Giorgio Bernardo Shaw, or of Guiseppe Conrad, or even of G. Shakespeare. It is the same with the picture-theatres; one day I noticed a poster announcing the imminent arrival of *La Lettera Rossa* by "il grande romanziere americano, Nat Harriell Haw Horn". Who is this Mr. Horn, anyhow?) Having secured this admirable work, I trudged on and bought my bottle of homogenized milk. Then I walked down to the Via Nazionale, because I wanted a warm bath.

Some people think too much time has been spent on teaching children Latin, and also that there has been too much talk about the grandeur that was Rome. 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.

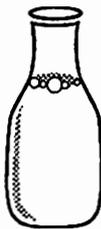
In the morning you awake early to hear the chambermaid telling the boots about it. There is a great scurrying to and fro till the hour of fate strikes. When it does, there is an agitated knocking at your door; your bath, you are told, is absolutely ready. You proceed to the bathroom followed by a procession 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



impart to him. Neither was I consumed with missionary zeal like a fellow-countrywoman of mine, who was surely the most enterprising heroine of modern times - for she went to Rome with the express purpose of converting the Pope to Presbyterianism. I have often wondered what would have happened if she had succeeded, and the Pope, being infallible, had 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 ticket 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 sac 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.

The facts speak for themselves

At the end of the 'eighties a small Australian-owned company producing printing ink for the trade, which had existed for 120 years, went out of business. The printing ink industry went from 80 per cent to 95 per cent foreign owned.

Harry M. Wallace, who owned that company, decided to do something about it. Forming a non-profit association called The Australian Companies Institute, Harry Wallace began the publication of a regular booklet *The Ausbuy Guide*.

Designed to help the non-technical shopper identify Australian-made goods, from Australian-owned companies on store shelves dominated by foreign-owned and made goods, the booklet was simplicity itself, and a reliable tool for those who had hitherto not known the difference.

Open its pages, and items are immediately classified easily and simply. If you care about Australian-made, you'll not only be able to identify the source of everything from Baby-products to Whitegoods, Baked beans to office needs, drinks, dairy products, frozen foods, bedding, laundry needs and financial services, but you'll also learn which supermarkets, fast-food retailers, and outlets belong to Australians.

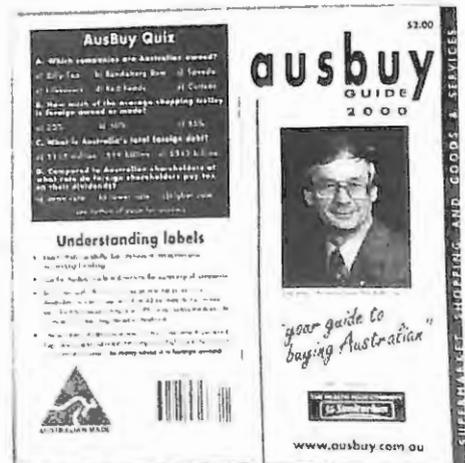
The Ausbuy Guide is not a political tract. It gives you the facts, carefully checked and documented, and leaves the judgement to you.

Now and again it will quietly insert an assessment of the position. The latest issue for 2000, for instance, makes these abbreviated comments:

- 85% of the contents of the average Australian supermarket trolley is now foreign-owned or made.
- Every unnecessary purchase of a foreign-owned or made item reduces Australia's wealth, reduces Australian jobs and adds to our already large foreign Current Account deficit.
- From 1991 Australia has spent a total of \$186 billion more than it has earned. A staggering 88% of this total was the net amount of interest and dividends paid to foreigners.

If every second Australian had a copy of *The Ausbuy Guide*, this nation would change.

Want to know more? Contact "Friends of Ausbuy", P.O.Box 589, Milsons Point, 1565.



The Annie Dorrington Story

by Phillip Kennedy

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

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

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 'Asu' 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, four of which are currently displayed in the W.A. section of the Gallery.

Annie and Charles had no children and, apart from painting busily, we know that Annie also taught others to paint. Despite seeing great beauty about her, Annie, sadly, suffered periods of depression and died of cancer in 1926 at the age of sixty years. Despite the periods of unhappiness in her life we can cling to the belief in the great pleasure she undoubtedly gained from painting.

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 co-operation 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.

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

A King's defence

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:

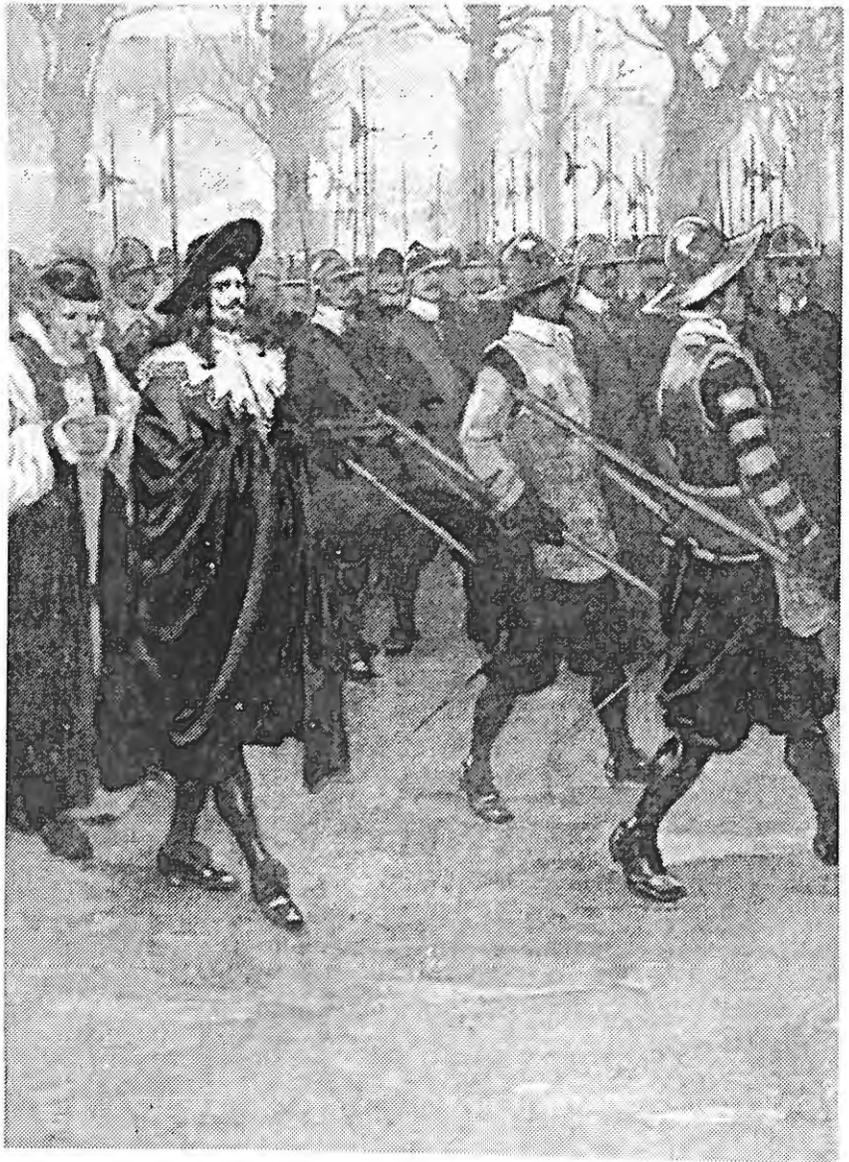
"I would know by what power I am called hither ... I would know by what authority, I mean lawful; there are many unlawful authorities in the world; thieves and robbers by the high-ways ... Remember, I am your King, your lawful King, and what sins you bring upon your heads, and the judgement of God upon 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



Charles the King walked for the last time through the streets of London

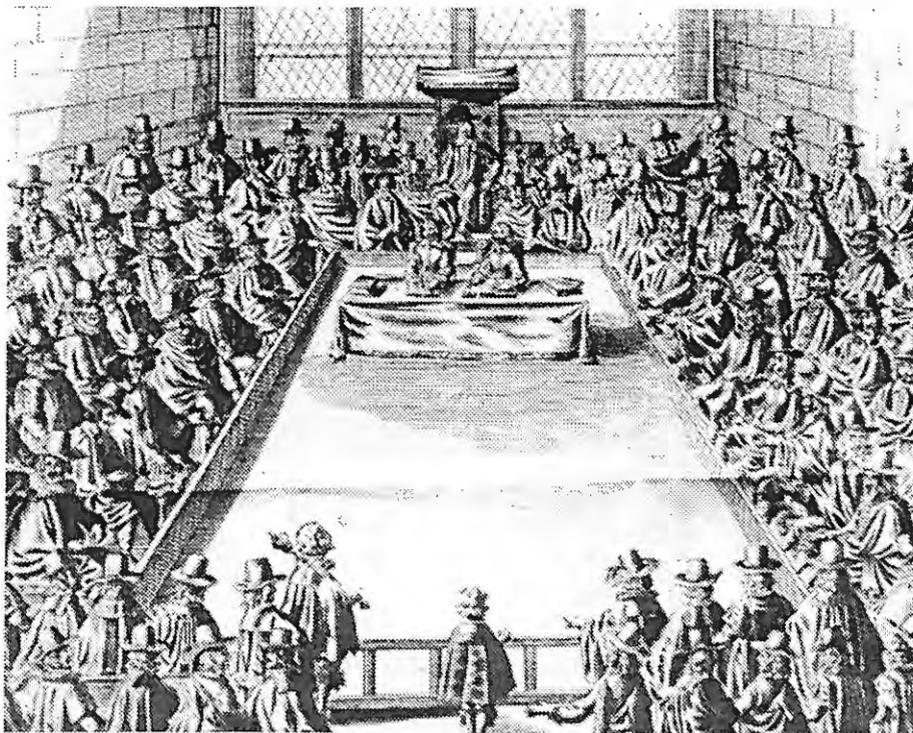
power, to account.

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 any thing 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



The House of Commons in the time of Charles I

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 as 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 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.

NEWCASTLE HERITAGE TREASURE RESTORED



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 sur-

faces 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:

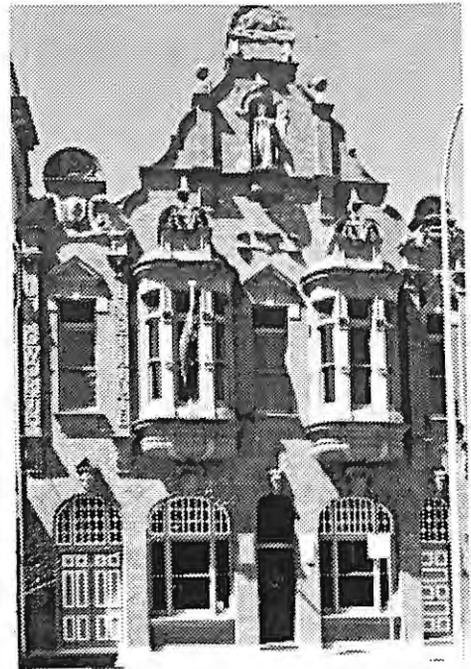
The Longworth Institute was designed by prominent Newcastle architect, Frederick Burnhardt Menkens (1855-1910) and is considered his masterpiece.

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-



Longworth Institute restored



Original curved staircase

ried on his practice from the first floor of the building.

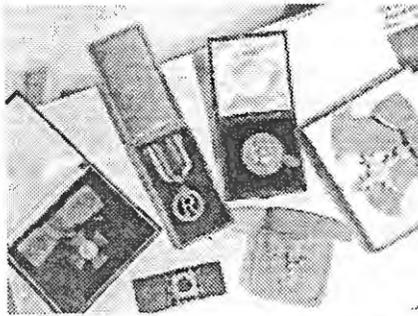
From this magnificent address — apart from his brief stay in Her Majesty's Prison — Frederick Menkens designed many of Newcastle's landmarks, including Bond Store for Earp Gillam and Co., Telford Street; St. Andrew Presbyterian Church, Laman Street; Cohen's Warehouse, Bolton Street; St. Stephen's Church of Eng-

land, 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.



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.

After inspecting the medals, medallist and Member of the Order and Medal Research Society (London), Mr. Roger McNeice of Hobart stated that the ribbon and oak leaves declare that during World War I she was mentioned twice in despatches. Mr. McNeice, when viewing the ribbons, has identified an Afghan one. Said Mr. McNeice, "To wear the ribbon she certainly must have served to receive it. The Afghan medal was not among the display, but possibly the ribbon was issued without the medal."

The Afghan ribbon is a mystery. Research so far by this author does not bear out her service in Afghanistan, but as she was 40 years of age when she went to the Boer War, there would have been

plenty of opportunity to serve in Afghanistan, then to return to Tasmania, after which she sailed to South Africa. By serving in Afghanistan she certainly would have been one of the first Australian nurses to serve overseas.

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 too owned Norton Mandeville, had failed in a whaling venture which saw him sell-

ing 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.

One of Australia's forgotten heroines

by Reg A. Watson



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.



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 Troop ship *Alaunia* 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.

Subsequently Elizabeth was placed in charge of the 2500-bed desert tent-hospital at Del-el-Belah, where temperatures of 40+° 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

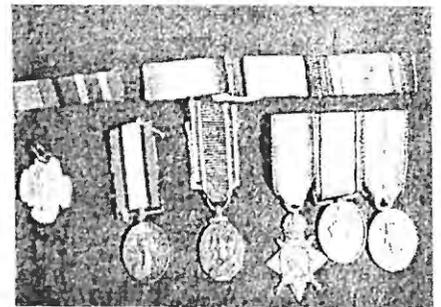
of State for War."

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 Vacluse 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 Cornelian 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".



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

Jeremy Lee's latest book is both chilling - and inspiring! It is not pretty reading - until you reach Part II. It's all there - the massive debt cloud behind the insanely-optimistic claims of Government, the welfare crisis as 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.

Provides not only the meticulous 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 . . ."



*"Or, are there circles like the wind,
or waters in the streams,
That turn again in time's rebound,
to haunt us in our dreams . . ."*



Line-hut in the Dargo Plains

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.

*Cattleman, mystic and poet,
Jack Treasure
from the Dargo High Plains*



BIRTH OF A CATTLEMAN

*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.*

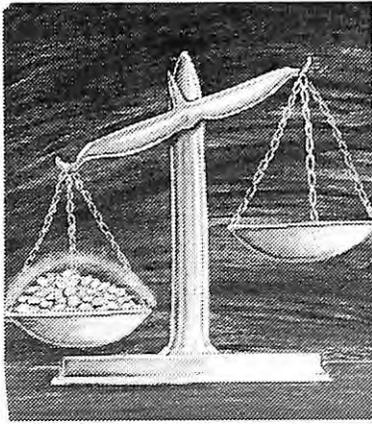
*Cold starlight turned to wintry blasts.
The sun seemed ever gone,
A pattern change on the mountains high,
As a pregnant phase moved on.*

*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 Grip of Death

A Study of modern money,
debt-slavery and
destructive economics

by Michael Rowbotham

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 doos off these machines, Mr. Reuther?"

"Sonny," 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.

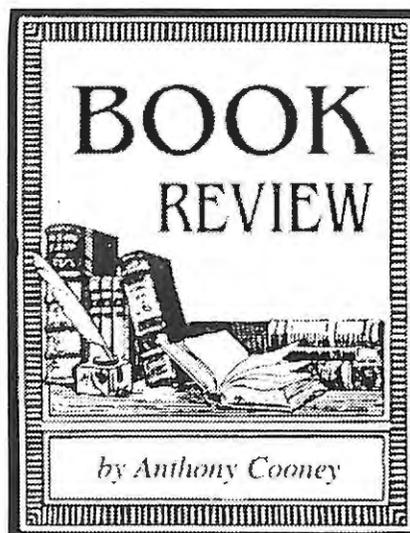
The other 97%, "number-money" as Rowbotham calls it, is created by the banks and building societies against the assets of both society and of individual borrowers. It is secured by the "grip of death", that is, **mortgages**.

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

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-



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 bye-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

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 floating 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,

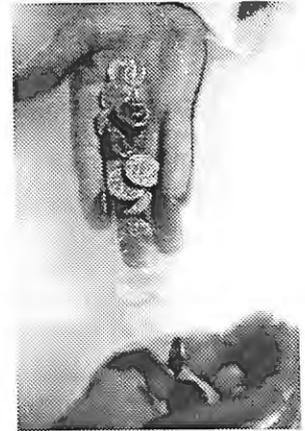


in effect, transfers a proportion of the debt from the home market to the defeated state in the 'trade-war'. Real war is, of course, a useful way of getting rid of surplus production in the form of high explosives. Another method is sabotage — the destruction of perfectly good and usable equipment as 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", "Multinationals", "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 soy 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.

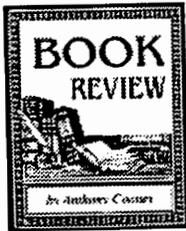
The solution offered in *The Grip of Death* is for the Crown to increase its issue of 'real' money, using it to redeem Treasury Bonds, as they mature, and eventually to pay all citizens a "National Dividend", thus increasing the rate of flow of purchasing-power. Rowbotham devotes a chapter to developing 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 Grip of Death : A study of modern money, debt-slavery and destructive economics by Michael Rowbotham. [Papers, perfect bound, 343 pages with index; published by Jon Carpenter, 2 The Spendlove Centre, Charlbury, OX7 3 PQ. (U.K.) £15, including postage. Credit card orders 01689 870437]



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 susceptibility 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 must be studied in the context of the Guild Socialist Movement. That Movement in turn, had its roots in the "distributism" of Belloc and the teachings of John Ruskin, mediated by William Morris.

This was evidently Douglas' view of the matter: "It is profoundly significant that what is now called 'Socialism', and pretends to be a movement for the improvement of the underprivileged, began as something closely approaching the "Distributism" of Messrs Belloc and Chesterton, of which the financial proposals embodied in various authentic Social Credit schemes form the practical mechanism. ... It (Socialism) was penetrated by various subversive bodies and perverted into

the exact opposite of "distributism" - 'collectivism'." (C.H. Douglas, *The Social Creditor*, 16 January 1943.)

It is the failure, the authors contend, of Douglas' critics, to see his proposals in the Guild Socialist context, and not in the context of 'labourist' wage-slavery, which explains their inability to understand them.

"Attempts to review individual Social Credit proposals in the light of orthodoxy are counterproductive: each theme exists within the framework of an alternative economic theory and social philosophy." (p.31)

Douglas' empirical observations of cost accounting and Orage's "Guild Socialism" created a powerful and entirely new critique of both capitalism and Marxist socialism. In orthodox economic theory, time and money do not exist and no account is taken of the 'rate of flow' of prices and purchasing power. Therefore, the Douglas/New Age analysis appeared incompatible with the general assumption of underlying competitive equilibrium. According to "Sayes Law", 'supply' and 'demand' balance, which appears to mean that 'effective demand' (i.e. money) is always equal to prices. This may be true in a replacement economy, carried on by single-stage production, but the authors, with Douglas, contend that it is not true in a surplus, powertool economy. On the contrary, Douglas' 'A+B Theorem' "demonstrates the dynamic relationship between incomes dispersed in the early period of multiple-stage production,

accumulated costs and money supply".

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 inductive 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 1935. 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 a political party 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 Prodnoses. As Douglas put it: "*Fix your objective in relation to your resources. This is rather more 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 uni-

versity library. If you can't obtain it, demand to know why!

The Political Economy of Social Credit and Guild Socialism by Frances Hutchinson and Brian Burkitt (Routledge Studies in the History of Economics, Routledge, hardback 197 pages with index;

ISBN 0 415-14709-3).

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.

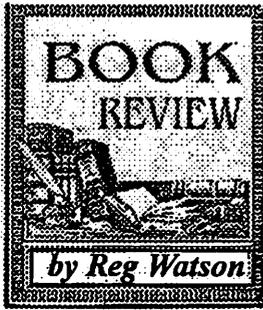
Actually, Homer was not written by Homer but by another man of that name.

Socrates was a famous Greek teacher who went around giving people advice. They killed him. Socrates died from an overdose of wedlock.

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 is famous only because of his plays. He wrote tragedies, comedies and hysterectomies, all in Islamic pentameter. Romeo and Juliet was an example of a heroic couplet. Romeo's last wish was to be laid by Juliet.

Writing at the same time as Shakespeare was Miguel Cervantes. He wrote *Donkey Hote*. 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 Dresser

Author John Dresser 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

place. It has been said that such a debate would have been too divisive. I think it is clear that not holding the debate has been even more divisive.

The debate, of course, centres on gun control and the proceeding hysteria and legislation that followed the tragedy of Port Arthur. Mr. Dresser adds, "Unlike the United Kingdom which set up Lord Cullen's inquiry after Dunblane and New Zealand's similar inquiry by Judge Thorpe, neither Australia nor its federated States conducted any public investigation into Port Arthur and the associated issue of firearms laws. This

lack is especially felt as Martin Bryant pleaded guilty and the spotlight of the trial process on these events never eventuated and this has allowed conspiracy theories to spread unchecked. Mr. Dresser's work is worthy of inspection, well researched and informative. Easily written, thus easily read, it is a necessary addition to the library of anyone interested in the Port Arthur tragedy and how the rights of the citizen have been over-ridden. Orders to: GPO Box 1384, Hobart Tasmania 7001. \$16 each. This

Saltbush

by Nancy Albrecht

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 school-teacher 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

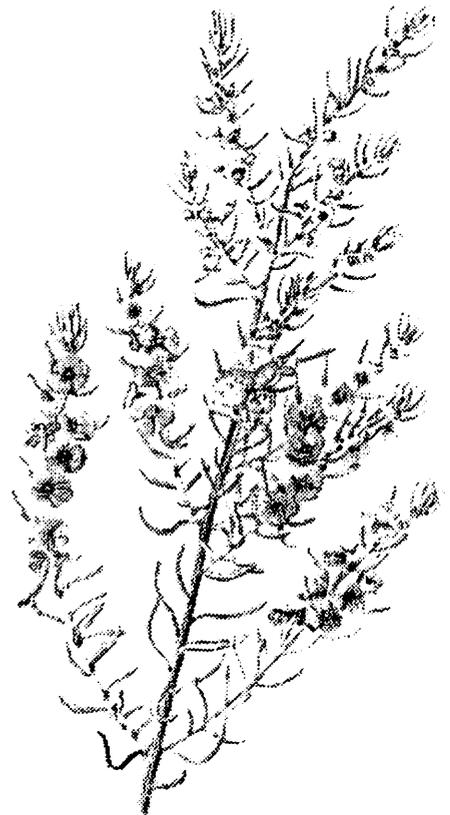
shape of a goose's foot, hence the family name of 'Goosefoot'. 'Fat Hen', that comes up in my herb garden, is an introduced, cosmopolitan saltbush.

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.



Maireana triptera
Three-winged bluebush

Letters to the Editor



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.



ARTHUR PHILLIP, 1738-1814

Captain Phillip was the first Governor of New South Wales. He brought out the "First Fleet" to Botany Bay in 1788 and selected Sydney Cove for his settlement. For five years he fought against famine, poor soil and inefficient labour, till the colony was firmly established. He settled Parramatta and Norfolk Island, explored west to the Nepean and north to Broken Bay. He predicted the colony "would be the most valuable acquisition Great Britain had ever made." He left Sydney in December, 1792.

What a refreshing surprise to read Dr. Rupert Goodman's article, "A Godless Republic? Heaven Forbid!" in Vol. 24, No.91, *Heritage* magazine.

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.

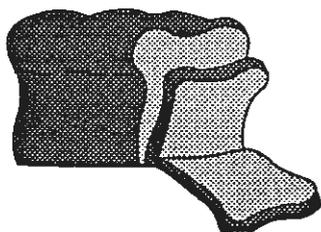
Our Queen Elizabeth II, being a direct descendant of King David, is on the throne because of the eternal, unconditional covenants and promises God made to David, her ancestor. There are far too many Biblical references to prove this for me to mention here, but they're there for those with eyes to see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

DENYING BREAD TO THE HUNGRY



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

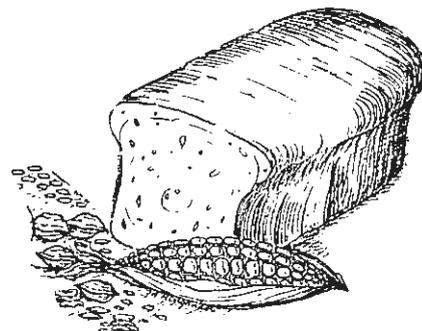
by

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 forlorn
Of rats that only consume the corn."*

*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 morn
And the rats had eaten all your corn!"*



*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.*

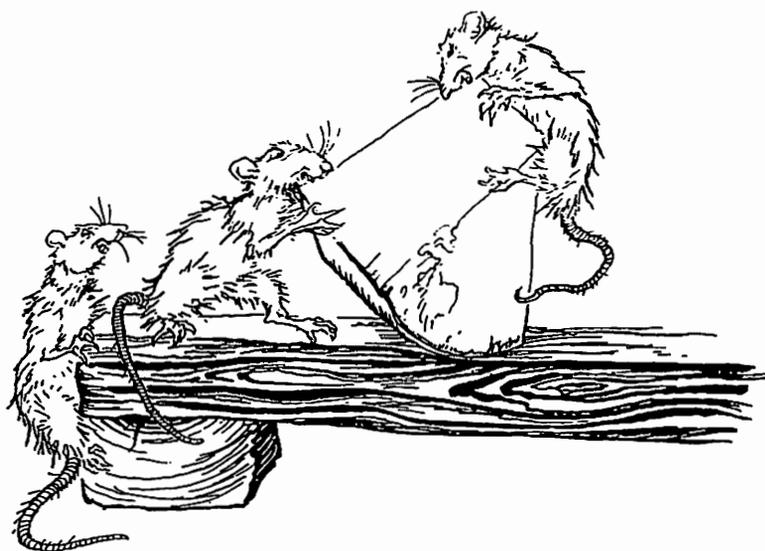


*He laid him down and closed his eyes,
But soon a scream made him arise;
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow from whence the screaming came.*

*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.*



*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*

Your subscription is an investment in Australia's Future

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

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

Australia's Future – A Vision Splendid

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

Sir Raphael Cilento; First patron of the Australian Heritage Society

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

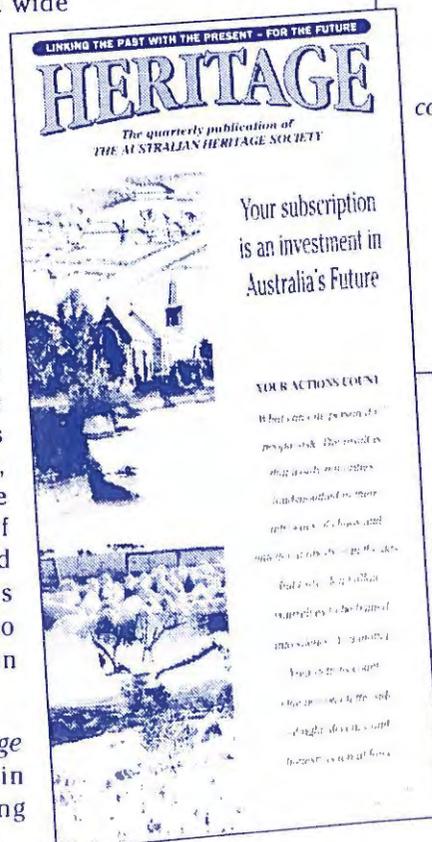
Agonised discussions are occurring with increasing frequency all over the land as worried citizens ponder how they can wrest control of excessive government back from the treacherous elites who presently steer us down the path of destruction as a nation.

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

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

Further expansion took place in 1976 when the quarterly publication, *Heritage* was first published. Over twenty years later *Heritage* still enjoys a wide and increasing readership with contributions from around the English-speaking world. *Heritage* will appeal to those who agree with the old saying; "Don't believe everything you read in the papers". There is a side to Australian and world events that is never discussed in the "popular" press because too much controversy is not good for business. *Heritage* is an independent publication, striving to articulate a noble and comprehensive vision of Australia. That which could be – if enough Australians strengthen their resolve to make it happen – a vision splendid.

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



OUR POLICY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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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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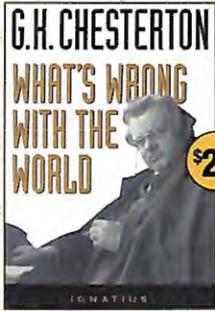
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HERITAGE

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Many of these publications are unavailable through book outlets

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD

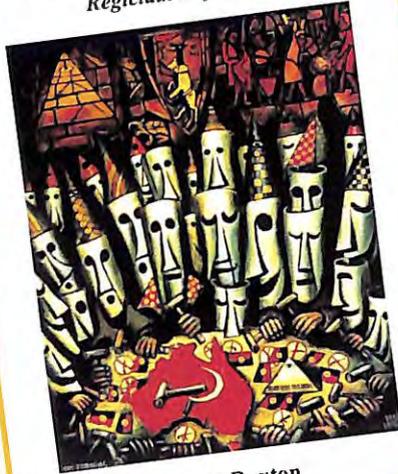
G. K. Chesterton

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

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THE REPUBLIC OF THE RICH

Rejecting the Ruling Regimes' Regicidal Republic



Bruce Ruxton

\$12

THE REPUBLIC OF THE RICH

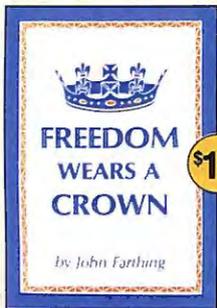
Bruce Ruxton & George Merritt

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

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

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

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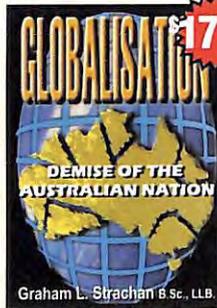


FREEDOM WEARS A CROWN

John Farthing

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

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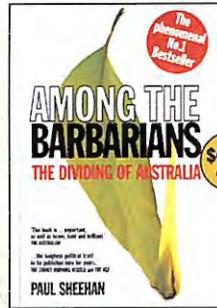
GLOBALISATION

Demise of the Australian Nation

Graham L. Strachan B.Sc., LL.B.

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

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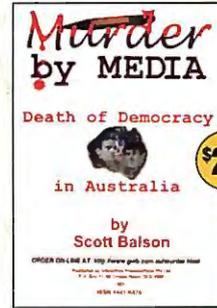
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The Dividing of Australia

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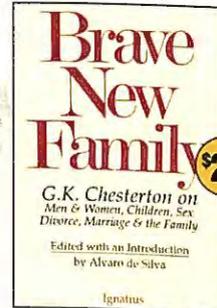
MURDER BY MEDIA

Death of Democracy in Australia

Scott Balson

This is a first hand account of the real power driving Australia into the future. The many documented accounts of media bias in this book reflect what is wrong with having such polarised media ownership in this country.

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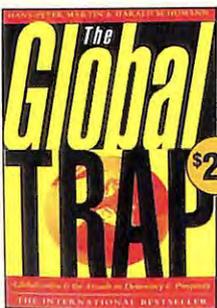


BRAVE NEW FAMILY

G. K. Chesterton

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RED OVER BLACK

Behind the Aboriginal Land Rights

BY GEOFF McDONALD

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

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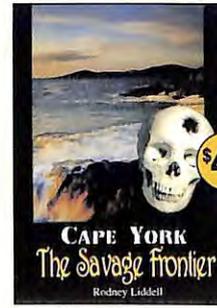


AUSTRALIA'S CONSTITUTION

The establishment of the Australian Constitution in 1901 is a much neglected and underrated event in this nation's history.

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

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THE SAVAGE FRONTIER

Cape York

Rodney Liddell

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

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HERE WE GO AGAIN!

Doug Collins

Being a compendium of columns from the writer the New Democratic Party government of B.C. and its Human Rights Commission tried to silence

AND

His Fight Against Censorship

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