

HERITAGE

VOLUME 24 No. 93 2000

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT - FOR THE FUTURE



The First Australians

AN ANCIENT ODYSSEY BY NIGEL OFFER

Tripe and Onions

BY WALTER MURDOCH

Molly Clark

PIONEER WOMEN'S HALL OF FAME

Anti-Globalist Mussulmen

BY DR ANDREW FEAR

Homage to Russell Kirk

BY NIGEL JACKSON

Clamor Wilhelm Schurmann

BY AUDREY MCMURTRIE

Hero of the Regiment

BY FRANK O'MAHONY

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The Australian Heritage Society

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

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

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

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

SIR RAPHAEL CILENTO
First Patron of the Australian Heritage Society

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FRONT COVER

(MAIN PHOTO) Tasmanian Aborigines

(SMALLER PHOTO) Negrito Family Group

GUEST EDITORIAL

by Alfred King

VOLUME 24

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WINTER 2000

I have a confession to make.

I am completely and utterly in love. In love with Australia and the Australian people. It is an entirely natural and true love that one has for one's own kind. As Eric Butler has correctly pointed out, every species naturally discriminates in favour of its own kind, if it did not, it would soon be extinct. Yet extinction is what we are being conditioned and bludgeoned into. The fact that I love my own family and my own people has no bearing whatsoever on my feelings towards other people, who are also God's blessed creation. I want the best for them also. But I have no doubt that we can only help them from a position of strength ourselves - if Australia is a strong, independent and free country, which can offer an example and a practical help to others.

The Establishment media reflect the world back to us

through their magic mirror, which gives an entirely perverted view of reality. In waging their psycho-political warfare on the Australian people, the natural expression of love for one's own country, which led so many of our finest young men to give their lives in battle, has been branded as 'race hatred'. The truth is that hatred does not come into the issue at all. I simply love my own race and want to preserve it. I have no hostile feelings towards members of other races: different individuals among those races are agreeable or disagreeable, just as is the case with my own people. But we must recognise the reality of cultural differences which cannot be circumvented, and which will ensure the doom of our present experiments with multiculturalism. Meanwhile, the resulting social agonies are borne by the ordinary people, and are completely isolated from the elitist individuals

who insist on imposing the multicultural lifestyle. In fact, when the miserable fruits of their policy are manifested, and the system eventually breaks down, they merely blame their opponents and insist that we all try harder to make it work. A classic trait of liberal thinking is to never accept the consequences of its own policies. Power without responsibility is evil.

One truth which is ignored in the current obsession to Asianise our European country is that the majority of Japanese and Chinese are much more racially minded than the Australian people. Japan, for example, is a far more homogenous country than Australia. On the admission of her own leaders, this is a major reason for Japan's success. The quality of life is also better. For example, homogeneity also has a lot to do with a low crime rate. While there is one armed-robbery yearly for every 10,000 people in Tokyo, the

figure in the polyglot city of New York is over 286!

No man is capable of loving his neighbour as himself if he is not able to first love himself. If he has no respect for his own life, property, nation and reputation, he is not likely to grant them to another. These assets must be protected from evil attack by thought, word or deed, the law of love is liberty, not socialism. Yet the premise of the establishment's type of 'love', is that to love your neighbour as yourself is to hate yourself, (perhaps for being white /successful / happy) your life and your property, and therefore to ultimately hate your neighbour as yourself. The commandment of love is made in essence a law of hate because of this unwritten premise.

The type of 'love' that we are compelled to embrace today is a perverted, Marxist variant. It says that enforced love and sharing will eliminate all the misery and problems of any kind from the world. From this point of view, any national success (other than in sport) must be turned into defeat as a moral obligation. The UN and IMF are monuments to this faith. Part of it too are the demands that we love and even encourage the criminal, the homosexual, the insane and the deprived, the cruel and the sadistic, the modern heresy of love is actually the law of hate. It requires a supine submission to evil. Unity becomes all important — more than truth or justice. True love requires discrimination, rather than compromise, surrender and the reign of the lie. □

"Heart of Life and Day to Day Affairs"

Custom slowly generated the principles of Common Law; with Canon Law as a natural bridge connecting legal ideas with interpretation of the New Testament and theology based upon it.

The *synthesis* of these varying strands of thought and practice embodied the structure of the Constitution; a synthesis consonant with growth, for the technique was in the heart of life and day to day affairs, dealing with problems as they arose; each decision constituting another link to take the stress which caused the problem to arise, much as the budding of new leaves requires a greater strength to carry them, which is supplied by growth. Magna Carta itself was a *case*, and that decision a precedent, not a completion.

This continuity of growth received articulation in the Year Books; "a matchless record of the dealings of the King's Courts with free men and women of England and of their relations with one another as this appeared in evidence before the Court."

From out of this practice of the principles of Christian philosophy England became a society of free and responsible men and women, living in a free and responsible community.

Hewlett Edwards from "The Australian Social Creditor" 25th February, 1950



Tasmanian Aborigines - this is the last known photo of Tasmanian Aborigines taken over 100 years ago. Note short, stocky appearance. Also broad plump faces and unusual shape of their mouths. Totally different from mainland Aborigines.

THE FIRST AUSTRALIANS: AN ANCIENT ODYSSEY BY NIGEL OFFER

MOST AUSTRALIANS are surprised when told that the Australian continent was inhabited by a race other than the present-day Aborigines. It is a part of Australia's history that has gone down George Orwell's *memory hole*, although those who make the effort to do some research will learn about them. This earlier race does not appear in mainstream school history books, and tertiary level "Australian History" courses are silent on the existence of these first inhabitants of the land. This lack of knowledge is not a matter of mis-information as it is a matter of *no* information!

The *Council for Aboriginal Reconciliation* has called for "Australians to be educated in schools and the community about the 'truth' of Australian history, including indigenous perspectives." They are calling for the recognition of the present-day aborigines as being descendants of "the first people of Australia." For Australian history to be accurate it will have to include the known facts of the Negrito people, who were the original inhabitants.

The Little People

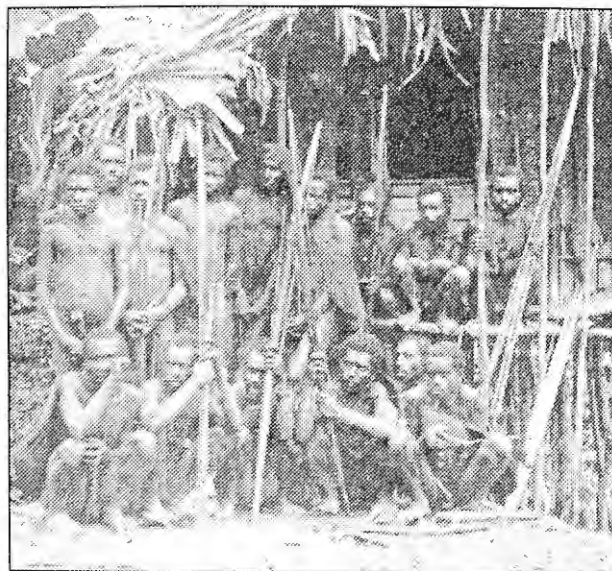
Happily, although it will come as a surprise to most people, there is a slim chance that a remnant still exists. Many anecdotal stories circulate in West Australia of contact with the *wild Negritos* - as they are known. Most of the stories I know have come from my father, Ian Offer, who lives in the south-west region of West Australia. Over time he has collected a number of accounts from people who had contact, or knew of other people who had

contact, with the Negritos. Here are some of the stories:

- Around the 1950s an Aboriginal girl from Collie, West Australia was out in the wheat-belt country with relatives when they sighted in the distance what at the time they thought were three Aboriginal children. However, it was seen that one of the 'children' had a beard. The comment was made that these people were *Marmargs*, or 'little people'. The very same Aboriginal girl related a story told of her uncle, who, as a small boy, was kidnapped by the *Marmargs*. He was returned unharmed some days later, but his family had a difficult job in scrubbing the smell of human excrement off him.
- Another account was of pig-hunters who, after shooting a wild pig, slit its throat and left it to bleed while they went further afield for more herds. Upon returning some hours later, they found thick deep strips

of meat had been cut out of the carcass; by the nature of the cuts it was obvious that a very crude tool or implement had been used.

- An aboriginal man from the town of Narrogin retold the story that when hunting with friends and relatives, they always left a part of, or full, kangaroo carcass some distance away from the campsite, and invariably, sometime during the night it would be taken by 'the little people'.
- During the 1960s two horsemen came across a Negrito in the district of Boddington in the Darling Ranges. They gave chase, but he easily outdistanced them and disappeared into the bush.
- Around the same period and in roughly the same area, a farmer went to work on a property he had recently purchased with his aboriginal workman. But the worker refused to work in a certain



New Guinea Negritos this picture taken around 1920 of a group of Negrito pygmies from Papua New Guinea. Apparently, their average height is only 4 feet 7 inches.

section and in answer to the concerned farmer, replied "that he was afraid of the little people". The disbelieving farmer went with the aboriginal to the area to prove there was no one there and nothing to be afraid of.

After coming upon a hole in some rocks, the farmer poked a broken branch down the hole, wiggling it to prove there was no one there. Both were startled and alarmed when the branch was snatched from his hands and pulled into the hole. The shaken pair left the spot rather hurriedly.

- During the 1950s a small white boy became lost in dense bush-country east of Boyup Brook. A group of searchers asked an Aboriginal tracker to help find the boy. After a short time the tracker returned without the boy and when asked why, he said the lost boy was a fair distance away near such and such a place "and was asleep behind a log". When asked how he knew this the tracker replied that "the little people told me." The searchers did find the boy at the very place the tracker had described.
- A licensed trapper complained of someone or something raiding his traps, despite the great pains he took to hide them in the bushes. Later he discovered it was the Negritos, they watched him setting the traps whilst hiding in the surrounding bush.

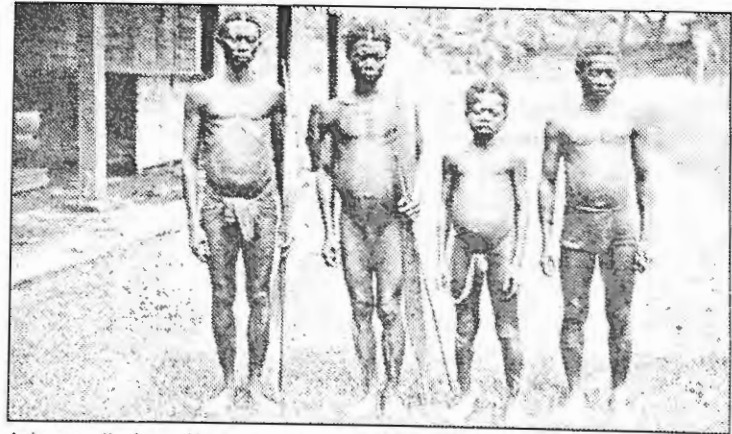
There are Aboriginal legends and traditions of 'the little people' right across Australia, from Cape York in North Queensland right down to Esperance and the south-west of Western Australia, each group having their own name for them. There were also many taboos associated with them. They were known by such names as: Wilijadis, Burgingin, Mermargs, Ningowies, Willagee, Guridid, in reference to their small size.

The Negrito people were once spread over South East Asia, including the Andaman Islands, Malaysia, Philippines, Irian Jaya, New Guinea and Australia including Tasmania.

Anthropologist John Greenway, *Down Among the Wildmen*, thought that, "In

every part of the tropical Old World... there were Negritos, small and simple people so poor in material culture and so significant in physique as to suggest to racists that they were little children playing at being men. Though they had the land first, there was no recognition of ownership through possession in the savage era of man's development, and they were accordingly and inevitably displaced by the larger, later comers – in Africa by the Negroes (except in South Africa, (Kalahari Bushmen) where they ran into the Dutch about a hundred years before the large Negroid invaders arrived), in Asia by the Mongoloids, in Australia by the Australoids. Everywhere they were driven into what we call 'refuge areas' or 'culture pockets', places where no sensible human being would enter without the most compelling reason."

John Greenway suggested, "Three waves of distinctly different people surged down the Indonesian corridor into the country... The first of these were the Negrito ancestors of the Lake Barrine (Qld) folk, simple hunter-gatherers, pygmoid in stature ... resembling in many respects their bushman cousins in Africa ... The next wave of immigrants carried the true Australoids ... to displace their tiny predecessors, exterminating most ... driving others to dismal refuge areas ...



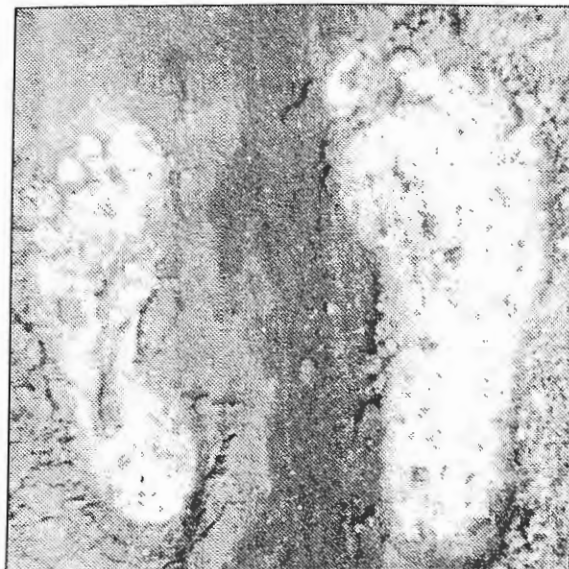
Andamanese Negritos - this picture taken around 1920 is one of Negrito people of the Andaman Islands, which lies between India and Burma in the Bay of Bengal. The three Negrito men in the picture are approximately 4 feet 10 inches in height. Distant cousins to our Negritos.

Finally, some ten thousand years ago, to put an arbitrary date on the movement, the third wave of 'Carpentarians' entered Australia... All of these people - the pygmoid Barrineans, the hairy golden Murrayians, the part-blood Tasmanians who remain, and the tall black Carpentarians - are physically distinctive and can properly be called 'a people' as distinguished from 'a culture'."

At sometime in the not-so-distant past much of Asia was connected with New Guinea and Australia - Tasmania was then part of the mainland - but with the rising of the sea levels the low-lands were inundated and the islands and the Australian continent were formed.

A 1921 Encyclopaedia had this to say about the Tasmanian natives under *Peoples of All Nations*:

"Far more difficult it is to explain the very curious differences to be observed at the time of the first white settlement between the Aboriginal population and her flora and fauna and those of the



Negrito footprint - this rare photo was taken in September 1976 in remote bushland on the south coast some distance from Walpole W.A. It is believed to be Negrito. Note Negrito footprint on left and on right a white person's footprint, compare the size, shape and position of toes. The heel is smaller and rounder and the little toe of the left hand footprint comes a distance down the side of the foot.

neighbouring continent”.

Rodney Liddell *Cape York: the Savage Frontier* traces the *Carpentarians* to the same roots of the Pre-Dravidian Indian tribes such as the Veddah of Ceylon, the Sakai of Malaya and the Toala of the Celebes. Daughter of anthropologist Alfred Cort Haddon, Kathleen Haddon wrote of the Australian aborigines in 1930:

“Long headed, broad nosed people of Pre-Dravidian stock, they are connected racially with the ‘Veddah’ and certain jungle tribes of South India, rather than the neighbouring Papuans and Melanesians. These ‘Pre-Dravidians’ appear to have displaced an earlier woolly-haired people, who had come into Australia via New Guinea and who survived until recent times only in Tasmania.”

A number of opinions have been expressed as to the origins of the Tasmanian aborigines. Huxley concluded they were a Negro modification who had migrated eastwards to New Caledonia and south to Tasmania. Another thought they were a cross between the Negroid and invading colonists of Polynesians. Yet another, Barnard Davis classed them as a peculiar and distinct race. Although it was thought that the last of the Tasmanian race was the tragic female Truganini, John Greenway claims that Norman Tindale discovered that she was outlived by two Tasmanian women on Kangaroo Island, South Australia, found in the harem of an American pirate.

The Tasmanian aborigine did not know of the *boomerang* or the spear-throwing *woomera*, both so common on the mainland. Norman Tindale and co-author Beryl George, *The Australian Aborigine* also believed that “The little people appear to be the first human inhabitants of Australia.”

Douglas Lockwood *I The Aboriginal* wrote, “The legend of the Burgingin (little people) – if it is a fable - extends from the Roper River, down east through the Anula and Garawa country into Queensland. They believe it at Turn Off Lagoon and Doomadgee Mission on

the Nicholson, as we do on the fringes of Arnhem land, five hundred miles away.

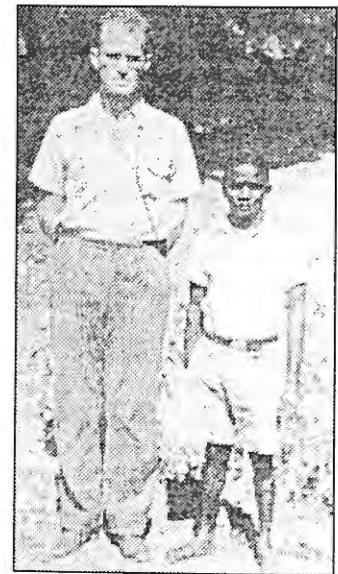
The geographers say that Australia and New Guinea were once connected with a land bridge and there are strong warrior pygmies in New Guinea today.”

Ingrid Drysdale and Mary Durack *The End of Dreaming* write of the legends of the Bardi tribe, about the Guridids, a race of little people who had inhabited part of their territory in the ‘time beyond memory’ but whom they had felt, regretfully, obliged to dispatch – because of their being too clever.”

Glenville Pike *The Wilderness Coast* wrote, “The rainforests of North Queensland hold the secrets of a lost race – the small Negrito people who came from South East Asia many thousands of years ago and have links with the present Negritos of the Philippines and Malaya. They had learned to live in the rainforests for protection from the larger, more aggressive Aborigines – the Murri – who also came down from South East Asia and eventually overwhelmed the small generally inoffensive Negrito. The Negritos were already on the way to extinction before the white man arrived.”

A Remnant Found

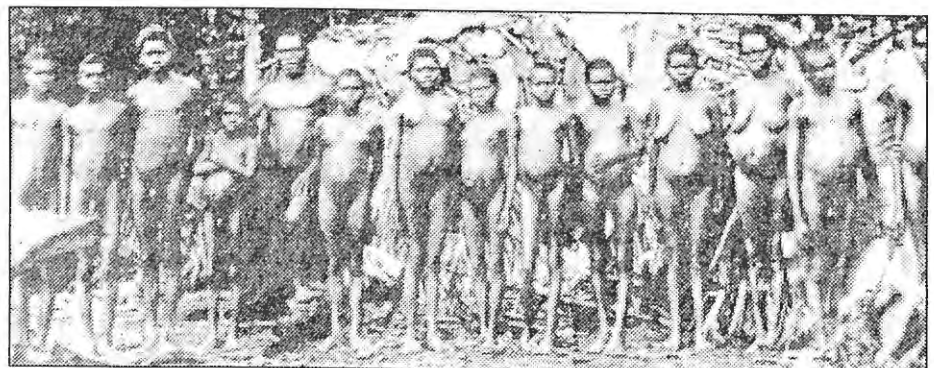
“In 1935 Norman Tindale found a handful of old photographs at the Warburton Mission which had purportedly been taken in the far northwest of Western Australia”, revealed John Greenway *Down Among the Wild Men*. One picture showed a line of naked aborigines of a rather



Dr Birdsell & Negrito - Dr J B Birdsell is pictured here with a small Negrito. The picture was taken in 1938 in Northern Queensland. Dr Birdsell is 180cm tall. In 1938 Dr J B Birdsell and N B Tindale studied in detail a remnant group of Negritos who were living in the Atherton Tablelands.

infantile physique in front of a brush-and-leaves shelter. By anthropological detective work ... Norman deduced there was too much foliage for the Great Sandy, where Colonel Egerton Warburton was supposed to have taken the pictures in the few periods when he was not worrying about death from thirst. Moreover, it seemed... that the leaves of the shelter were banana leaves, and if they were in fact ... banana leaves, the photograph could not have been taken in the north-west but about two thousand miles away in the north-east in the only place banana plants grow wild in Australia – specifically in a small tropical rain forest around Lake Barrine on Queensland’s Atherton Plateau...”

In 1938 Norman Tindale and J.B. Birdsell went up into Queensland jungle



Negrito Family Group - this unique photo taken near Cairns, Queensland in 1890 is believed to be the only one of Negritos living in their natural state. It helped establish a link with the Negritos living in South East Asia. Note short stature and frizzy hair.

– and found them! To quote Greenway, “It was that simple. Just a comparative handful of a few hundred souls remaining from what once had to be a continental population. These people were not unknown; indeed most were living on isolated mission stations, but they were hidden like a lost book in a library. Some Australian anthropologists ... still ignore the existence of these people or dismiss them as dwarfs...”

What were these people like? Former director of the Perth Zoo, Mr. Tom Spence once remarked that there were many similarities between the Negrito and Aboriginal languages, however, the Negritos spoke backwards! From the stories and legends I have heard I would say they are extremely fast runners and could outrun a horse. Footprints found in remote bushland show a big stride which indicates fast travel. They are cunning in the extreme and experts at avoiding detection.

They live in caves in rocky country and emerge to hunt and forage for food – only rarely venturing forth during the day. They can clamber down into holes in the rocks with only a few centimetres’ gap.

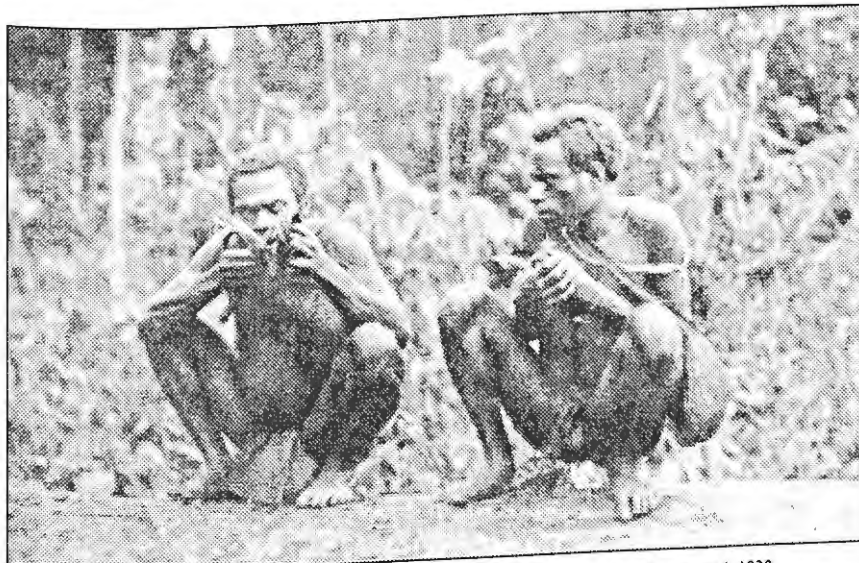
It appears they do not emerge from their hiding places even to defecate; those who have found a Negrito abode can testify to the horrendous stink that emanates from it; possibly this practice may be a tactic for survival. Perhaps at one time they lived in wooden huts

which they built just like their New Guinea cousins, but that knowledge would have long been forgotten. They have been known to be very dangerous if cornered and under threat; this may be why Aboriginals came to fear them.

It would seem they now live in very small family groups, possibly in loose contact with other groups spread over enormous areas – like the Kalahari Bushmen of Africa, with whom I once worked. In fact, although far more secretive and do not live as openly, these people share quite a few ways with the Kalahari Bushmen.

These little people – whom I believe still survive – have proven themselves masters at survival. Whatever their beliefs are now, and how they think, we may never know, but there will always be an aura of mystery surrounding them and many legends about them – a left-over remnant from a long-forgotten age. My hope is that as ‘civilisation’ encroaches these ancient little people will be left in peace to live out their simple lives, unmolested and uncorrupted. Who is to say when the world is a very different place that they won’t be the last?

In the meantime, the very fact of the existence of the Negrito people as the *first people* of this continent places the claims of present-day Aboriginals to ‘land rights’ and ‘compensation’ in an entirely different light. □



New Guinea Negritos - this picture of 2 New Guinea Negritos was also taken around 1920. The one on the left is trying to get a spark from some sort of a fire starter.

JAUNTS OF THE JOURNEYMEN

by Neil McDonald

Construction contractors – tradesmen and builders picked up a lot of country jobs in the market place. Once each week, farming families would travel to town in buggy or early motor vehicle. They would bring in a sheep, ducks or fowls to sell and buy household items.

Smart tradesmen soon learned that the market was the place to make contact. My late father would spin a brick or flourish a trowel – standing near a sign:



Fireplaces,
Chimneys
Laundry
Coppers
Walls,
Fences
Anything in
Brick or
Concrete
Live in
Fair Prices

The advertising bait hooked curiosity ... and landed jobs. Most farms were a full or half day away, so agreement on price, including board and lodging was a prelude to an early morning departure. Dad’s little Chevrolet sedan-car carried tools, cement and bricks. The farmer would agree to find sand and aggregate-stones and pebbles... also water.

Many farm improvements started with the journeyman; today, their efforts are still visible. Sturdy homesteads with brick chimneys above ridge level, verandahs spread all around the houses, built by carpenters and versatile workers, skilled in timber lathes and plaster – also roofing iron. Fireplaces were a measure of expertise, the hearth, flue, chair-back and mantel cleared smoke up the chimney and not into the room. Neat joints between bricks were occasionally accentuated with tuck pointing. No mechanical drills, cranes, or pipe scaffolding in earlier times; scaffold poles were place in empty drums firmed with earth. Pudlicks were lashed, then carried planks, bricks were lifted in a hod and mortar mixed by hands.

Tougher physical work, but a link between town and country. The sturdy independent nature of farm folk deserved the home comforts which the qualified tradesmen were eager to display.

TRIPLE AND ONIONS

by Walter Murdoch

Another from his "72 Essays" (1947)

The Australians have a reputation for hospitality; and the hospitality of their newspapers is simply extraordinary. For instance, I myself have, in the past few years, been given space in various newspapers for discourses on every kind of topic, from rabbits to the league of nations, from the poetry of Keats to the proper way of killing fowls, from cabbages to kings. But, curiously enough, I seem to have omitted, hitherto, to write an essay on tripe and onions.

It is not, of course, easy to be sure of this. I could make certain by hunting through the files; but looking back over one's past life is an insidious habit justly condemned in the Scriptural story of Lot's wife. Apart from the danger of being turned into a pillar of salt, few experiences are more painful than reading an old newspaper article of one's own. I confess, with Macbeth, I am afraid to think what I have done; Look on't again I dare not.

Still, without looking I feel tolerably certain that I have not communed with you, heart to heart, on the subject of tripe and onions.

The reason probably is, that the subject is too great for a mere essay. It has ever so many different aspects. For example: taking it quite

literally, I could easily write a column in vigorous defence of a dish which has been shamelessly underrated; making this the text of a sermon on our neglected blessings. Why should tripe – I might passionately ask – be singled out for contumely? Why should it be used

as a

symbol for trash – as when we say that the late Ella Wheeler Wilcox wrote tripe, or that the novels of Mr. So-and-so, or the political speeches of Mr. Blank (you must really fill in the names for yourself) are unmitigated tripe?

A friend of mine refuses to touch tripe because he objects to eating what he calls the 'works' of any animal. (Yet he swallows oysters with gusto complete with all their works.) His objection will not explain the general attitude towards tripe. Devilled kidneys are ranked among the aristocracy of foods. Liver is not considered quite so dashing; there is a touch of the bourgeois about liver; we

are a little shamed to be seen in its company, and we call it 'lamb's fry' to veil its commonness. But tripe! Tripe is a social pariah.

When someone collects into an anthology the best English poems about eating – why has it never been done? – one omission will be conspicuous.

There will be numbers of songs about the Roast Beef of Old England; but nobody has thought tripe worth making a song about. Mr. Chesterton has

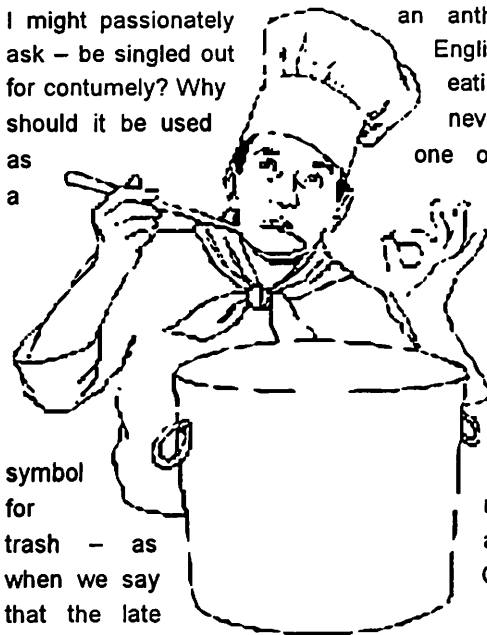
introduced sausages and mash into one of his poems: but even this democratic singer draws the line at tripe. There is felt to be something essentially prosaic and even vulgar about it. I do not know how to account for this injustice. When you consider the varied beauty of its appearance, and the incomparable delicacy of its flavour – such delicacy that it has to be reinforced with onions, to fit for our course human palate what would otherwise be more suitable for angels – you can but stand amazed at the perversity of mankind.

My enthusiasm, however, is carrying me off my feet. This

was not the line I meant to take. Faithful readers expect from me something more than a rhapsody about a mere dish, however delectable. They expect a serious contribution to thought; they look for a Deep Inner Meaning; and they shall not be disappointed. To unfold that meaning, I must be a little personal, and tell them how tripe and onions came into my life, so to speak.

It came with a little anecdote. Lady Dorothy Nevill, that incomparably witty woman who may briefly be described as the fine flower of English society in the Victorian era, was once in the company of certain ladies when the topic of conversation was food. Each of them was naming her favorite dish; there was a considerable exhibition of what, in the language of today, is called swank; the talk was all of wonderful things which only a *chef* of genius can prepare, and which are to be seen only on the tables of the very rich. Lady Dorothy was silent. When at last they turned to her and asked her to name the delicacy that she liked best of all, this fastidious, refined, aristocratic old lady replied – "Me? Oh, gimme a good old blow-out on tripe and onions."

That reply – which I advise you to learn by heart – has comforted me in some of my



darkest hours. Until I knew it, I was in the habit of using another formula, the saying of a character in Dickens – in *Great Expectations*, if I remember rightly – “Wot larks!” That too was a comfort; but Lady Dorothy’s formula is more invariably comforting.

What I mean is this. On our way through the world we are constantly reading or hearing of things which would depress us horribly if we had to receive them in silence. The soul demands to be allowed to comment on them. Something in the nature of the human mind makes it suffer unless a satisfying comment suggests itself. (I ought to say something, here, about complexes; but I do not know the jargon.)

When I read in Walter Pater, “*To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life,*” I reply at once, “Wot larks,” and feel that the danger is past. But a more satisfying reply is, “Quite; but can you really burn with a hard, gemlike flame when you are in the middle of a blow-out on tripe and onions?”

Similarly when I read in Mr. Bertrand Russell an account of the universe as modern science presents it to our

view, ending with the words, “*Only within the scaffolding of these truths, only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair, can the soul’s habitation henceforth be safely built*” – the obvious comment that springs to one’s lips at once, is “Wot larks!” But this, though comforting, is not wholly convincing. The right comment is, “All right; and now, let’s have a blow-out on tripe and onions.” The moment you have said that, you know that your soul is saved. There has been a battle between high-sounding nonsense and humble common sense, and the nonsense has been beaten.

A few years ago a well-known Japanese statesman died. He was a reactionary, an aggressive imperialist, and a militarist of the most fire-eating kind; for the sake of the world’s peace, he was better dead. But, of course, it would not have been proper to say this at the time. The then Governor-General of Australia said the proper thing. He informed the Japanese Government that Australia had heard the news and been saddened by it, and that all Australians felt as if they had suffered a personal bereavement. Confronted with a statement like that, what is one to say or do? You feel at once that

unless you can make some comment, find some fitting outlet for your feelings, you will explode. I don’t mean that you need say anything aloud; but you must – you simply *must* – find something to say to yourself about the situation. To make an imaginary addendum to the Governor-General’s message, – something like “To mark the universal grief, the Government House blow-out on tripe and onions has been postponed for a week” – relieved the tension of one’s mind.

The other day I read, in a textbook of economics, that “*personality is the synthesis of individuality and sociality, and as it grows the forms of society evolve, they take more specific characters, opening out into manifold associations within the community just as the organs of an evolving body are differentiated within the unity of its life.*” After reading this three times, I felt that God’s worse curse had fallen on me; my mind was gone. Then I remembered my good old talisman, and was saved. Rewrite the sentence, beginning “Personality is the synthesis of tripe and onions,” and sanity returns.

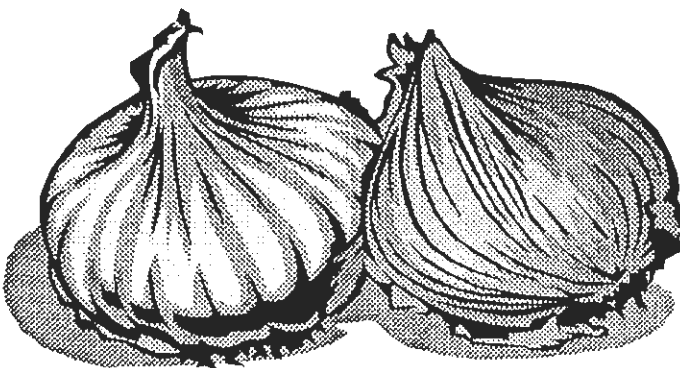
You see, then, that my formula is enormously useful; with a little ingenuity you can adapt it to meet all sorts of situations. Whenever you are distressed by high-flown verbiage, by pomposity, by grandiloquence, by humbug, by the jargon of the crank, by the smooth insincerities of the public speaker, by political platitudes, by rhetorical nonsense – and the only way to escape these things is to be wrecked on an

uninhabited island – remember Lady Dorothy Nevill, and murmur “tripe and onions.” One application brings relief.

In conclusion I may let you into the secret of another formula for use in desperate cases. In Professor Eddington’s book, *The Nature of the Physical World*, we read that: “The atom is as porous as the solar system. If we eliminated all the unfilled space in a man’s body and collected his protons and electrons into one mass, the man would be reduced to a speck just visible with a magnifying glass.” This, I think, one of the cheerfulest facts that modern science has laid bare. When some large



impressive politician, or some well nourished ecclesiastic – or in short, any of our great men – is laying down the law from a public platform I find it alleviates the pain immediately if I reflect. “My good sir, you are doubtless a tremendous fellow; but if the empty space were subtracted, all that is really solid in you would have to be searched for with a magnifying glass. I could gather you up on a slip of paper and put you into my waistcoat pocket, where you would be lost. Where would your eloquence be then?” But that is too cruel for use except under extreme provocation. For common emergencies, the tripe-and-onions formula is quite effective. □



MOLLY CLARK

Founder of the Pioneer of Fame Women's Hall

"I was born in Mount Barker, South Australia and lived at Little Hampton till six years. This was when Dad passed his Overseer's certificate and secured a position with the Council at Elliston, a small town on the west-coast of South Australia. At 18 years of age I went nursing at the Wakefield Private Hospital, but contracted TB – known then as 'fluid on the lung' – at twenty six. Barred from nursing for two years because of the TB, I headed for home which was now a sheep station on the Broken Hill line.

"Then followed a time as governess to the children at Mungeranmie Station. I met the man whose wife I became in 1946 ... and the rest is history."

This is Molly's story. She is naturally reticent about her achievements but her friends and colleagues have managed to piece together some of which she has left out of the story.

MOLLY: THE BATTLER

Molly arrived at the 3410 square kilometre station at Andado, (around 330 km SE of Alice Springs, Northern Territory) with her husband Mac and three small children in 1955. Previously they had been working on grazing properties between Broken Hill, Birdsville and Tennant Creek, but it was her dream to own their own property.

They lived in the original 1920's homestead for a few years, building a new one a few kilometres west. The old homestead was left to fall down, but in 1969 Molly decided to resurrect it and turn it into a 'homestay' operation as an alternative income during drought years.



The project took almost 20 years to

fulfil during which time she physically worked on getting the building and surroundings habitable.

The 1970's witnessed a catalogue of personal crises. In 1975 her son Megs had a life-threatening accident. Three years later she lost her husband who suffered a fatal heart attack after crash landing his light plane. The following year, eldest son Graham was killed by a freight train whilst driving his prime mover across a railway line at night.

By the end of the decade Molly had also lost her livelihood, when the NT government were forced to destroy all her cattle following a brucellosis scare. Just two years short of her owning her property outright she had to sell up, retaining just 45 square kilometres.

TOURISM PIONEER

Undeterred, she continued to fight for compensation for lost income as well as working on her tourist venture



– one of the first of its kind – at Old Andado, now her home. It was finally listed on the Heritage register in 1993 and her achievement in tourism was recognised by the NT Tourist Commission who presented her with a special Brolga Award in 1995. She welcomes paying guests looking for a 'real' outback experience at her corrugated iron and timber home dating from 1922, set amongst alternate landscapes of flat gibber and giant sand dunes. Guests generally stay in the adjoining bunkhouse or camp nearby but are all welcome for a cuppa and yarn in her kitchen with its traditional range and coolgardie safe. The homestead has no air-conditioning and summer temperatures can rise well into the 40's centigrade.

'Going shopping' for Molly is taking her familiar battered red Toyota Landcruiser back to Alice Springs via what has become known as "Molly's

Molly Clark - founder of the pioneer women's hall of fame

Track" – a 4-hour drive through scrub and bulldust. It is a route that Molly personally pioneered and tourists can likewise take this 4WD adventure to Old Andado although there is also a longer road via Kulgara, which is sealed half the way.

MOLLY'S DREAM

In the late 1980's, Molly had a new dream prompted by the founding of the now famous Stockman's Hall of Fame in Longreach, Queensland. Disappointed by its profoundly male domination, she called a public meeting in February 1993 to gauge interest in establishing a Hall of Fame dedicated to the pioneering women of Australia. Within a few months an interim committee was formed and the national Pioneer Women's Hall of Fame was officially launched on 8th May 1998 at Old Andado. Not only that, but she managed to persuade the likes of national identities Ian McNamara, Ted Egan and bush band Bloodwood to do the honours, along with 200 devotees. "Molly's bash", as it has now become known is in its 8th year and firmly fixed in the NT Tourist Commission's calendar of events.

Within a year the NPWHF had a temporary home in the Old Courthouse, leased to the organisation by the Museums and Arts Galleries of the Northern Territory. A committee of locals now took over the running of the Hall of Fame, ably led by Pauline

Cockrill, a qualified museum curator from the UK who became their first salaried curator in 1997. Her exhibition "*Ordinary Women / Extra-ordinary Lives: Women First in Their Field*" has received considerable praise.

Molly has travelled throughout Australia promoting her cause, attending fundraisings, talking to the media, government agencies and to anyone willing to listen as well as corresponding with numerous wellwishers. In recent years she has been further recognised for her accomplishments. In 1998 she was granted one of the inaugural NT Chief Minister's Women's Achievements Awards. In 1999 – the International Year of the Older Persons she received a Commonwealth Recognition Award for Senior Australians in the Northern Territory electorate.

However, despite the successful establishment of the NPWHF as a viable project with government support and some funding, recognised both within the Territory and on a national level, Molly at 76 has one more dream to fulfil – a permanent home for the Hall of Fame in Alice Springs. □

Support for preserving the heritage of Australia's Women is sorely needed. By paying \$20 a year, members receive four newsletters a year and support the day-to-day running of the organisation. For further information you can contact the curator: Pauline Cockrill, Phone 08 8952 9006 or Fax. 08 8952 9406. P.O. Box 9193 Alice Springs, NT 0871.

NATIONAL PIONEER WOMEN'S HALL OF FAME



OPEN DAILY

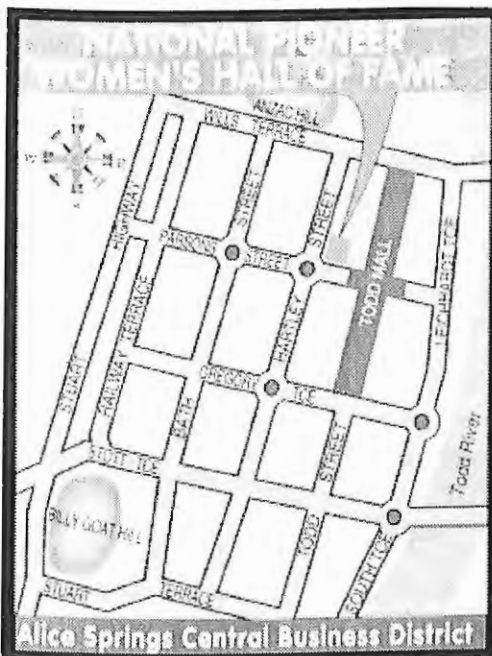
10:00 am to 2:00 pm or by appointment

Closed mid December & January



Old Courthouse
27 Hartley Street, Alice Springs,
Northern Territory, Australia

Preserving Women's Heritage





WAITING FOR THE BARBARIANS

by C.V.Cavafy (

What are we waiting for all crowded in the forum?

The Barbarians are to arrive today.

Within the Senate-house why is there such in-action?

The Senators making no laws what are they sitting there for?

Because the Barbarians arrive today.

What laws now should the Senators be making?

When the Barbarians come they'll make the laws.

Why did our Emperor get up so early in the morning?

And at the greatest city gate why is he sitting there now,

Upon his throne, officially, why is he wearing his crown?

Because the Barbarians arrive today.

The Emperor is waiting to receive

Their Leader. And in fact he has prepared

To give him an address. On it he has

Written him down all sorts of names and titles.

Why have our two Consuls gone out, both of them, and the Praetors,

Today with their red togas on, with their embroidered togas?

Why are they wearing bracelets, and all those amethysts too,

And all those rings on their fingers with splendid flashing emeralds?

Why should they be carrying today their precious walking sticks,

With silver knobs and golden tops so wonderfully carved?

Because the Barbarians will arrive today;

Things of this sort dazzle the Barbarians.



And why are the fine orators not come here as usual

To get their speeches off, to say what they have to say?

Because the Barbarians will be here today;

And they are bored with eloquence and speechmaking.

Why should this uneasiness begin all of a sudden,
And confusion. How serious people's faces have become.

Why are all the streets and squares emptying so quickly,

And everybody turning home again so full of thought?

Because night has fallen and the Barbarians have not come.

And some people have arrived from the frontier;

They said there are no Barbarians any more.

And now what will become of us without Barbarians?-

Those people were some sort of solution.



Translated by John Mavrogordato: The Hogarth Press 1952]

ANTI-GLOBALIST MUSSULMEN

by Dr. Andrew Fear

Recent years have seen the emergence of a liberal political hegemony in the world, one which, as events have shown, is perfectly prepared to kill in order to enforce its will. Yet, for all its successes, the rulers of this new world order rest uneasily on their thrones; a spectre troubles them. That spectre is Islam.

An observer of modern international politics is compelled to admit that Islam is the only force which frightens the advocates of a globalised, deracinated world. In the West there is little opposition of any worth to the global project. The Left, reeling from the collapse of communism, is barely recognisable, and what radical socialists remain are nothing more than court jesters whose only use is to provide a conscience for the leaders of Leftwing parties, a conscience which can be, and is, safely ignored in the name of 'realism'.



The Right fares no better. Vast numbers of those who style themselves conservatives are fervent advocates of globalising liberalism. Their vision is not one of Great Britain and its people, but the darker and very different fantasy of UK plc (public limited company) and its shareholders. As for the radical Right, it is true that unlike the radical Left which merely provokes an understanding sympathy for

its unrealistic idealism, it is hated. Nevertheless it is weak enough to be treated as a convenience. Just as the animals in *Animal Farm* were kept in line with the spectre of the return of Jones the Farmer, so any sign of nationalism gaining support is firmly stamped on by the duplicitous threat of the return of Hitler. In short, the West is a citadel of the new order of global capital and likely to remain so in the foreseeable future.



If, however, we turn to the Middle East, things are different. February 1979 saw one of the most momentous political events of this century, and certainly the most important since the end of the second world war. A genuine grassroots revolution occurred in which the people of a nation swept aside a ruler backed by powerful outside interests and dared to install not merely a variant on fashionable power structures, but a completely different political system with radically different values. This was the Iranian revolution. What is even more remarkable is that this revolution — despite the best efforts of the United States of America which, in its attempts to exterminate it, has created its current *bête noir* in the region, Saddam Hussein — has endured. The Iranian Revolution has demonstrated that a nation's will can overcome that of global capital and force it into a

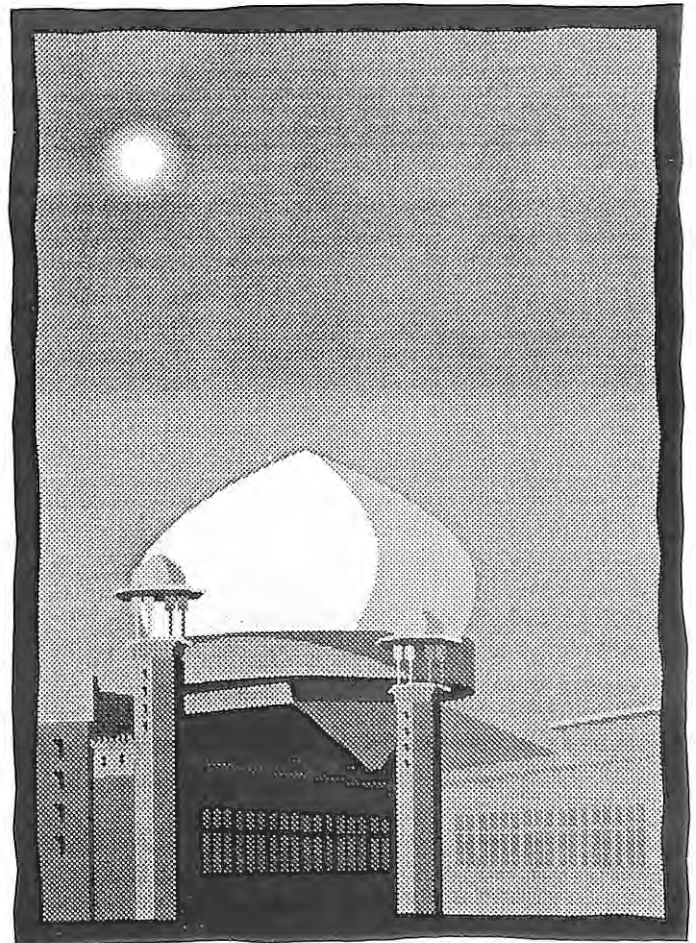
subordinate role. Its survival has provided a rallying point, if only by example, for others to challenge globalism and globalism's arrogant assumption that all inhabitants of the earth are liberals under the skin.

Islamophobia



The penalty to pay for such a challenge to the world's dominant ideology has, of course, been high. Islam and its adherents have been subjected to an extraordinarily venomous hate campaign. Those who

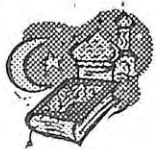
participate range from the racist Right to self-styled "liberals" who nominally proclaim themselves on the side of the 'Third World'. The worst of this propaganda is a naked racialism which implies that Islam is the crude faith of a primitive people. While it may afford a wry smile to hear, as one often does, 'globalists' and 'cosmopolitans' invoke the language of racial prejudice when talking about Islam, a brief comparison of Islamic theological writing with much of that produced by the contemporary Christian churches or a visit to the south of Spain ought to leave no one in any doubt about the cultural



achievements of the Islamic World.

In addition to this cultural black propaganda, pundits opining about the "Islamic menace" to the world are two a penny. Yet, when we look at their allegations in the cold light of day, we can see that such fears are groundless.

Like Christianity, Islam is indeed a universalist and proselytising religion, but neither has succeeded in breaking down local particularism. The Islamic world of today is no more a united entity, nor likely to become one, than was the 'Christendom' of the Middle Ages; rather it is a culturally-linked mosaic of separate states, races and nations. The evil Islamic monolith about which we are so often told exists only in the minds of a few ideologues and those so corrupted by globalist modes of thinking that they are unable to perceive, let alone respect, national differences. The nearest credible 'threat' produced by this school of thought has been Saddam Hussein — a man who poses no danger to the wider world and is not an Islamic politician at all, but rather was intended as the USA's counter to such politics.



All too often the 'crime' of radical Muslims is nothing more than to defend themselves and their communities against those who have attacked them or those whom they perceive, often with good reason, might do so. It is unfortunate that anti-Islamic rhetoric has taken such a firm hold on the Conservative Right. Many of the most shrill voices of

anti-Muslim sentiment are those which are also raised in protest against the destruction of our own nation's values, in a global market where everything has a price and nothing any value. This all too often unreflecting anti-Islamic position blinds its adherents to the fact that they have much in common with radical Islam, such as an insistence on high standards of morality, on the importance of right and wrong, the firm enforcement of such values, and the right of nations to choose their own destinies and futures, free of foreign interference.

In sum, both groups stand in antithesis to the globalist in their insistence that man is *homo sapiens*, not *homo economicus* and that therefore materialism is not and ought not to be at the centre of life, but rather should be subordinated to higher concerns. The only difference is that whereas such opinions in the West remain ineffectual talk, the Islamists have put them into practice.

The enemy of our enemies



Paradoxically then, the Western anti-Islamist not only criticises a kindred, and frankly more successful, spirit, but his attack merely helps the globalists in their crusade to tear down the last bastion which is likely to foil them. In other words, his stance, far from being in the national interest, aids the destruction of his own country's culture which he claims to cherish.

Having said this, it is, of course, not the case that radical Islam is the solution

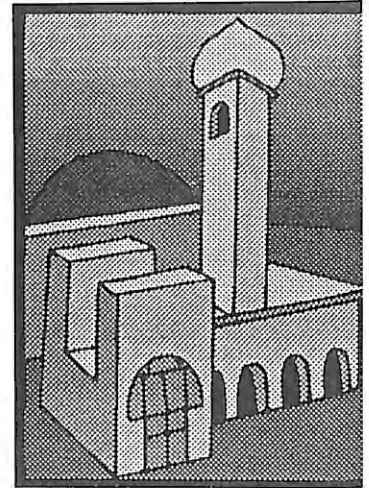
for the problems of this country (or for those of Spain for that matter, where the *reconquisia* was the just liberation of their own land by the native Spaniards). It would be neither right nor sensible to advocate such a course. Britain has a Christian history and must seek her own way out of the cultural jungle she has created for herself.



Nevertheless we must realise that the Islamic world is our friend and that we need not be Muslims, or indeed even approve of radical Islam, for this to be the case. Such a friendship should not, however, be one merely of cynical convenience. There is much talk on the Right about 'diversity'. Unfortunately much of this, with some honourable exceptions in the European New Right, is profoundly dishonest. Diversity is used as a rallying cry to evoke a right to disagree with the prevailing ideology of the time.

Nevertheless one can detect a strand of thought which implies that if this ideology were of the Right rather than that of liberalism, then no such allowances would be made. If we are serious about global diversity and the rights of peoples, it is clear that we will not want the world to be a 'global village' populated by people who might wear funny clothes, but deep down all like Coca-Cola and rock and roll, and who, in the end, will also see that jeans are the only sensible thing to wear.

This is the diversity of the liberal globalist, where plurality in theory means



stern conformity in fact on any issue which matters in the life of a nation. But we must also realise in turn that neither will the world of a 'Global Britain' where everyone thinks and acts as we would like to see our nation think and act. Nor should we wish it to be so.

Conservatism differs from its rivals precisely in the fact that it is not, like socialism and liberalism, a totalitarian philosophy which asserts that a single ideology can remedy all the world's problems. Edmund Burke warned about this theoretical approach to life when he spoke about the way that reality necessarily defracts abstract principle into many different forms, just as a prism defracts light, like those sentiments of the Roman philosophers Celsus and Symmachus, who declared that there was not merely one path to the heights of the 'godhead'.



The conclusion to be drawn from this insight is that other peoples will have other ways of working out their destinies. This means that large parts of the world will never adopt the political forms of Western Europe. There are few reasons why

they should, and many why they should not. Cultures are not easily exported nor to be abandoned lightly. Conservatives least of all should expect or demand such conformity, as at the very heart of conservatism is a concern for the particular and concrete as opposed to the general and abstract.

This degree of difference is not a cause for regret, but rather one for rejoicing. If respected, it will produce the greater good for us all. The world is enriched by genuine cultural diversity among

nations, the very thing which globalism wishes to take away, and while any given individual might not find all the varied forms of human polity congenial, this hardly matters. He, unlike the liberals' abstract 'man', will not have to live in them all.



Furthermore, he is far more likely to find an anchored and meaningful existence in the traditions of his own community than in the soulless global

marketplace where all he is offered is a number of competing 'lifestyles' as if living was merely another consumer activity, like selecting sweets at a pick-and-mix stall. This applies for the Western European and it also applies for the Arab, Asian, or African. There is a pragmatic side to this argument too – the more living cultures there are, the harder it will be to force any one of them to succumb to the anaemic 'world culture'. In the fight against globalisation, there really is safety in numbers.

Rudyard Kipling, a

man profoundly sensitive to the cultures of others while never wishing to abandon his own, took the Islamic proverb "Blest be God for his Diversity of Creatures" as the title for a collection of his stories. The modern conservative could do worse than take this as his watchword and embrace the Islamist, not as a soul brother perhaps, but certainly as a fighter in a common cause which will bring 'salvation' for both.

(From *Right Now, UK*, Jan-March 2000)

BE A GOOD SPOKE

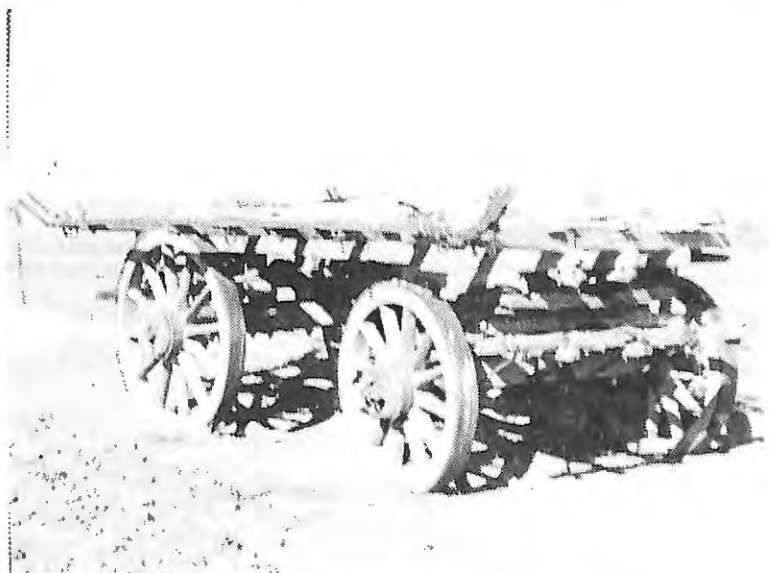
BY NEIL MCDONALD

Ladies and gentlemen - sheilas, blokes and folks - members of a club - all vital spokes in a revolving wheel. The executive - President, Secretary and Treasurer - get glory or raspberry. They are the club hub, linked to the laity rim by a circle of spokes.

Look at your bicycle - probably in retirement on flat tyres in the garage? Remember when someone poked a stick or broke a spoke? You twisted the casualty onto another spoke and the bike wheel didn't seem to notice. But when two or more spokes lost touch with the rim, things got grim. A slight wobble demanded remedy. How many more spokes would be lost before the wheel collapsed?

One bicycle spoke is more than a special piece of wire. It has a head on a bent neck and a slim long body to slip through a hole in the outer rim. Each stainless steel spoke stretches full length to secure the rim with a tiny thread. Just enough tension for the spoke to support others in a radius of combined strength. Spinning spokes absorb shocks, to create joyous harmony.

Compare old time wagon wheels. No iron spokes to hold a laden dray. The wheelwrights cut tough timber and adzed spokes straight and strong. The ends were chiselled and notched into robust axles, segments of timber held



wedged ends cradled hard against a steel tyre.

Resisting stresses of creek beds, wagon wheels rolled to the steady pull of draught horse or bullock teams. Tortured on heavy twisting tracks, every spoke held its share of a struggling wheel. Not one spoke broke.

Spokes can merge to become disc wheels; discs are popular - but elite sports cars prefer individual spokes.

Good club members (often seldom-spoken spokes) form unity, participants in achieving club objectives. No need for disloyalty, critical of the elected President or sniping the Secretary. A good spoke is helpful with every turn of the wheel. An early arriver to open doors, prepare table and chairs, check coffee urn - the broom may need exercise and other duties done?

Every successful club needs cheerful, helpful, happy sheilas and blokes - 'fair dinkum spokes'. *

ON THE ANVIL

NIGEL JACKSON



AN INDEPENDENT COMMENTARY ON NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PASSING OF A GREAT AMERICAN TRADITIONALIST Homage to RUSSELL KIRK (1918-1994)

A shameful silence in Australia seems to have greeted the death on 29th April 1994 of Dr Russell Amos Kirk. Even in *TIME* Australia, which might have been expected to give the event its due prominence, there occurred only a meanly meagre announcement in "Milestones" in the edition of 9th May.

Yet Dr Kirk, who was born in Plymouth, Michigan on 19th October 1918, had been, since the publication of his 450-page *The Conservative Mind* in 1953, one of the most famous and influential leaders of the new conservative movement in America. He was the personal friend of T. S. Eliot and a large number of other distinguished writers, intellectuals and national leaders. As such, he was entitled to major obituary notices in all the main Australian newspapers, but these did not appear.

There is little doubt but that this uncalled-for silence was a result of the "political incorrectness" of his traditionalist views, which he expressed with forcefulness, pungent wit and exuberant good humour in thirty or so books, hundreds of essays and a number of novels and short stories.

Not only did Dr Kirk witheringly expose the shortcomings of Twentieth Century radicalism and liberalism, but, like Alexander Solzhenitsyn, another literary giant who also seems to have been mysteriously sidelined in recent years, he even dared to criticise the Zionist Jewish movement for its improper interferences with the liberties of American citizens. Small wonder then, perhaps, that in Australia his books have been subjected to what Francis Parker Yockey in *Imperium* described as the forces of "culture-distortion". English-speaking patriots need to labour hard to ensure that the

lifework of Dr Kirk and others like him is not stifled by a deliberate exclusion from the major public forums of intellectual discourse. In that spirit this column is offered to



Heritage readers in Australia and overseas.

My personal acquaintance with Dr Kirk began when I discovered a copy of the first British edition of *The Conservative Mind* (Faber, 1954) in the famous Sydney bookshop, Dymocks, in December 1968. From then, for over twenty years, I corresponded intermittently with Dr Kirk, who consistently gave jaunty and high-spirited encouragement to my patriotic writings and also contributed two essays to *HERITAGE*, 'Cats, Eliot, and the Dance of Life' (No. 53, June-August 1989) and 'Defending Western Order' (No. 55, December 1989 - February 1990).

The Conservative Mind begins with a fifty-page study of Edmund Burke, the prototype of the conservative mind, and then traces the development of conservative thought in Britain and America during the century and a half after Burke's death in 1797. As a brief indicator of the quality and relevance of Dr Kirk's appreciation of Burke's thought I turn to the chapter on 'Equality and Aristocracy', in which Burke's repudiation of errors of the French revolutionaries is discussed. Dr Kirk points out that Burke understood well that there is only one kind of equality "consequent upon the nature with which God has endowed us", moral equality. "Divine mercy judges us not by our worldly estate, but by our goodness, and this, after all, far transcends mundane political equality."

Dr Kirk returned to this theme in his study of the almost forgotten W. H. Mallock, who wrote a series of books between 1879 and 1920, of which *The New Republic* ("the most brilliant novel ever written by an undergraduate", according to Professor Geoffrey Tillotson) was the best known. "When it is scientifically considered - so runs Mallock's argument in all his political works - the doctrine of equality will be exposed as a fallacy; for equality is the death of progress. Throughout history, progress of every sort, cultural and economic, has been produced by the desire of men for *inequality*. Without the possibility of inequality, a people continue on the dreary level of bare subsistence, like Irish peasants; granted inequality, the small minority of men of ability turn barbarism into civilization." And of T. S. Eliot Dr Kirk wrote: "No friend to pure democracy, he believes in class and order; for that very reason, he detests the new elite, recruited from this mob of the spiritually impoverished. Trained at uniform state schools in the new orthodoxies of secular collectivism,

arrogant with the presumption of those who rule without the restraining influence of tradition and consecration and family honour, such an elite will be no more than an administrative corps; they cannot become the guardians of culture, as the old aristocracies have been."

In *Enemies of the Permanent Things* (Arlington House, 1969) Dr Kirk sought to defend the norms of literature and the norms of politics from modern ideologies. "A norm," he wrote, "means an enduring standard. It is a law of nature, which we ignore at our peril. It is a rule of human conduct and a measure of public virtue. The norm does not signify the average, the median, the mean, the mediocre. The norm is not the conduct of the average sensual man. A norm is not simply a measure of average performance within a group."

One writer whose normative achievement Dr Kirk strongly defended in this book was the science fantasy novelist and short story wizard Ray Bradbury, author of the unforgettably poetic *The Martian Chronicles* (titled in its first British editions *The Silver Locusts*). "In Bradbury's fables of Mars and of the carnival," commented Dr. Kirk, "fantasy has become what it was in the beginning: the enlightening moral imagination, transcending simple rationality. The everyday world is not the real world, for today's events are merely a film upon the deep well of the past, and they will be swallowed up by the unknowable future. The real world is the world of the permanent things,

which often are discerned more clearly in the fictional dead cities of Mars or the fictional carousel of Cooger and Dark than in our own little private slice of evanescent experience. . . . Bradbury's stories are not an escape from reality; they are windows looking upon enduring reality."

A particularly valuable chapter of the political half of *Enemies of the Permanent Things* focuses on the achievement of the great philosophical historian Dr Eric Voegelin in seeking to recover political normality. "The true dividing line in the contemporary crisis," Voegelin wrote fifteen years ago, 'does not run between liberals and totalitarians, but between the religious and philosophical transcendentalists on the one side, and the liberal and totalitarian immanentist sectarians on the other.' This theme runs through his influential little book *The New Science of Politics*, and through his massive work *Order in History*."

Voegelin's "knowledge of early civilizations and Old Testament scholarship," Dr Kirk added, "manifested in the first volume of *Order and History*, is equalled by his understanding of the Greek poets and philosophers whose thought is the subject of the two succeeding volumes, *The World of the Polis* and *Plato and Aristotle*." Dr Kirk endeavoured to convey something of Voegelin's exceptional command of thought and language. "He is no vulgarizer, but a scholar of such breadth and depth as the educational tendency of our age has made rare among us. His work requires interpreters, if it is to exert influence. Voegelin makes no concessions to theoretical illiteracy in our age: he takes for granted in his readers a familiarity with metaphysical terms, historical events, Biblical texts, and modes of reasoning which a pragmatic school neglects." Dr Kirk commends in particular Voegelin's coinage of the word "philodoxer" as an opposite to "philosopher". "Plato was an inveterate foe to *doxa* - that is, to illusory social opinions, which attempt to force reality into a pattern that has no sanction in the nature of things."

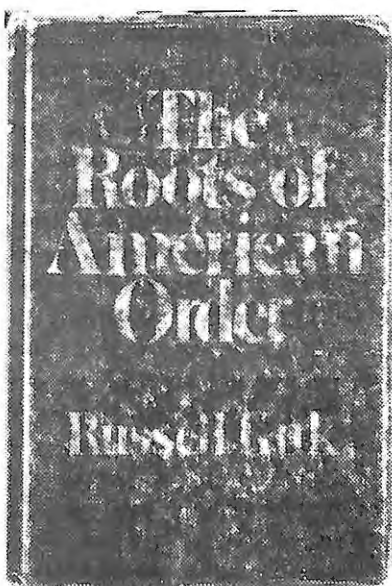
In 1971 Dr Kirk published his 450-page *Eliot and His Age*, still arguably the best general introduction to the great poet and playwright, T. S. Eliot. A notably



controversial aspect of this study is Dr. Kirk's defence of Eliot's 1934 book of essays *After Strange Gods*, which Eliot never allowed to be reprinted. Eliot had defended the importance of an ethnically homogeneous society in developing an effective cultural tradition. "When two or more cultures exist in the same place," Eliot had claimed, "they are likely to be fiercely self-conscious or both to become adulterate. . . . What is still more important is unity of religious background; and reasons of race and religion combine to make any large number of free-thinking Jews undesirable." It is easy to see that this candour would attract the enmity of those so stigmatised. Dr Kirk went on to articulate a stout defence of Eliot in the face of the inevitable accusations of "anti-Semitism" - an attack which references in several of his poems had also invited. "One thinks of Samuel Johnson's observation that when a Catholic falls away, he falls into nothing; so Eliot looked upon the Jew who had forsaken Moses, but who had not forgotten the Golden Calf."

As a contribution to the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of American independence, Dr Kirk published in 1974 his 530-page *The Roots of American Order*. His purpose was to explicate the ways in which the American political order had been influenced by Hebrew, Greek, Roman Christian, British and European sacred and profane civilisation.

Dr Kirk in a chapter entitled "The Genius of Christianity" outlined some of the key reasons for the success of this sacred tradition. "How was it that a religion so austere and exacting, so



religion so austere and exacting, so insistent upon charity and chastity, so contemptuous of worldly goods, seemingly so impractical, won over the masses of the ancient world?

"One reason for this triumph was Jesus' burning concern for the poor. By that word he did not mean the destitute, but rather the humble, the meek, the powerless, the oppressed - those who submitted themselves to the will of God. In that sense, the vast majority of people in the Roman imperial system were poor Another cause of Christianity's success was that its appeal, unconnected with political systems, became universal Most of all, the new faith taught people how to restore harmony in their souls, in this earthly life; and it offered them the promise of Life Eternal."

In a later chapter entitled "The Light of the Middle Ages" Dr Kirk wrote eloquently of "The Reign of Law". "The law, which is no respecter of persons, stands supreme: that is the essence of British legal theory and legal practice, and it passed into America from the first colonial settlements onward. The king himself is under the law; should he break it, his subjects would be absolved from their allegiance.

"And the law is not merely the creation of kings and parliaments, but rather the source of their authority. At heart, the law is the expression of natural justice and the ancient ways of a people."

Dr Kirk understood well the priceless inheritance of the English common law. It was "founded upon custom and precedent", being "an 'organic' development, arising out of centuries of judges' decisions upon the basis of what people believed to be just". It is "the 'people's law', for it has grown out of practical cases of actual contest at law, over centuries, and is sanctioned by popular assent to its fairness."

Dr Kirk analysed the roles of the twelve-man jury and the 'adversary' method of legal proceedings, which are fundamental elements of common law, which thus "gives those who come to it privileges unknown in 'Roman' courts, where generally the interest of the state stands first" and "secures the private person against arbitrary actions by the

possessors of power." Dr Kirk pointed out, too, that the common law "was the foundation of good order in England, so that upon it rose the whole fabric of a free society, the model for other free societies."

What sort of a man was Russell Kirk? It is possible to gain some idea of his qualities of character and lifestyle from the memorial issue of *The University Bookman* (Vol 34, No 2, 1994) and the tribute issue of *The Intercollegiate Review* (Vol 30, No 1, Fall 1994), which I will refer to in the rest of this essay as *TUB* and *TIR*.

Dr Kirk acquired three degrees including the prestigious Doctor of Letters from St. Andrew's University, Scotland, before becoming a university teacher and then professor. However, he resigned from the academic staff of Michigan State College in 1953, charging the administration with 'a progressive lowering of standards' by its admission of large numbers of illiterate students, and with the debasement of its curriculum. (Peter J. Stanlis, "Prophet of American Higher Education: *TIR*, page 80). Thenceforward, he earned his living as a man of letters "in the classical sense of an imaginative scholar who lives by the pen" (Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, "Mr. Conservative", *TUB*, page 18).

George Panichas analysed this aspect of Dr Kirk's career in "Russell Kirk as Man of Letters" (*TIR*, pages 9-17). "The mission of the man of letters revolved around basic beliefs: that principles of order abide, that justice is more than human, that art is the servant of enduring standards". Such a man shows "a willingness to judge matters in terms of authority, tradition and the illative sense"; he "has a latitudinarian, long-range view of the world in the sense that, as Confucius remarks, 'the man who does not take far views will have near troubles' and stands at the opposite pole to the 'terrible simplifiers'."

The man of letters contends against the errors of *ideology*, which include: fanaticism; utopian schemes; revolutionary tactics that strive to transform human society and human nature; the "politics of unreason"; hostility to custom, convention, prescription, old constitutions, civility

and the cultural patrimony; dogmatic political theory and doctrines; and, above all, opposition to metaphysics and religion, leading to the attempt to substitute secular forms and policies for religious goals and teachings. Such errors, as Dr Kirk wrote, create "a series of terrestrial hells" and "lead to the dead-ends of anarchism, nihilism, liberalism and imperialism."

Panichas pointed out that Dr Kirk "refused to accede to that spirit of the time requiring us 'to be utterly demythologised, disenchanting, desacralized and deconsecrated To the office of the man of letters, above all, he gave the added sapiential dimension of one who, in the ancient Greek context, is both a *spoudaios*, a man of mature character, of excellence, of moral importance, and a *hierophylax*, a keeper of the holy things."

At the relatively late age of forty-five Dr Kirk made a fortunate and happy marriage to a gifted and beautiful woman twenty-two years younger. He



THE RUSSELL KIRK CENTER FOR CULTURAL RENEWAL



AT PIETY HILL
MECOSTA, MICHIGAN



and Annette then raised four daughters, Monica, Cecilia, Felicia and Andrea, on the ancestral Kirk property of five acres in the village of Mecosta, Michigan.

Cecilia described his influence on his children in "A Literary Patrimony" (*TUB*, pages 26-28). "He also invented his own tales. He related these stories as instalments beside the fireplace . . . His fiction often considers the eerie, the macabre and even the diabolic . . . by sparking my imagination through fairy tales, and by providing perspective and reason through historical novels, he imparted a cultural legacy to me. For through the printed word, the wisdom of generations transcends the 'provincialism of time' and speaks to us across the ages and oceans. We acquire an understanding of tradition through the 'eternal contract' of the generations, of the immediate and the timeless."

Robert Champ surveyed Dr Kirk's achievements as a storyteller in "Russell Kirk's Fiction Enchantment" (*TIR*, pages 39-42). Champ saw the origin of much of this fiction in the landscape of Mecosta - "the silence and awfulness of that world, of its 'bleak ridges and its scrubby second-growth woods, its remote lakes and its sand trails, its poverty-racked farmsteads." It was "a land, however desolate, promising mystery and myth, and filled with the echoes of a grander time . . . and an attachment to an ancient family house and a family history which included relatives who regularly 'talked with the dead'."

Champ also commented on Dr Kirk's "lifelong fascination with Scotland", for the "sage of Mecosta" was also in his own words "a canny Scot with a relish

for the uncanny". *Old House of Fear* (1961), Dr Kirk's first novel, and *Lord of the Hollow Dark* (1979), a mystical romance, have Scottish settings.

"The long, labyrinthine turnings of Scottish history," wrote Champ, "the physical presence of that history in the country's great manor houses and churches, and the attraction of the cloudy, brooding North itself seem to have offered him the fictional scope he could not find in his native land. It also offered an ancient spiritual tradition, a sense of hallowedness that is missing from the American stories."

Dr Kirk's first collection of short stories was *The Surly Sullen Bell* (1962), while *The Princess of All Lands* (1979) won the 1977 World Fantasy Award. In these the influence of Mrs. Radcliffe and George MacDonald was strong. Champ also compared Dr Kirk to one of Britain's greatest ever writers of ghost stories, M.R. James. "Like James, Dr Kirk has a fondness for the out-of-the-way fact, the precise name of a forgotten implement or structure, the apt but neglected word, that invests his stories with just the right mix of the archaic and beautiful to lend them magic and at the same time leave their horror intact."

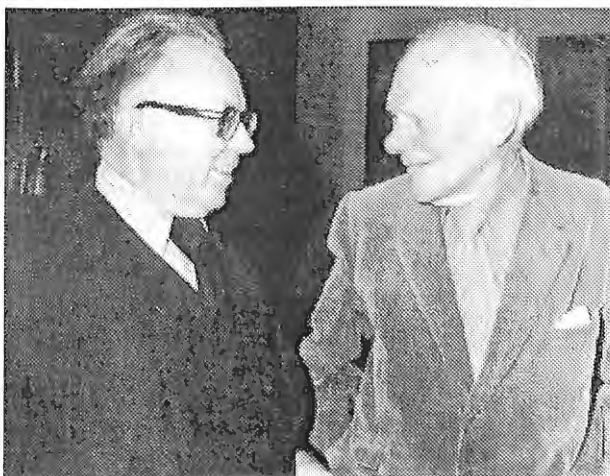
Dr Kirk's chief hero, who appears in several novels and short stories, including *A Creature of the Twilight* (1966), a novel which is set in a "newly independent" African country, is "a mysterious European named Manfred Arcane", who is "a Gothic hero on the grand scale, . . . a wealthy wanderer, a seeker after truth, a man inwardly scarred (like his namesake, Lord Byron's Manfred)."



salvific moment; all feel a 'call' to perform an act, go to a specific location, turn toward a particular individual", for, "with the assurance of the true believer, Dr Kirk invariably turns the conventions of the ghost story genre into occasions for the influx of the sacred."

TUB editor Jeffrey O. Nelson in "An Augustine for Our Age", (*TUB*, pages 13-14) remembered how Dr Kirk "told fantastic ghostly tales in front of a roaring fire". At other times this "Bohemian Tory" as Dr Kirk styled himself in *Confessions of a Bohemian Tory*, "after a long night of working, would walk with me around the grounds, invite me to join him for a late night brandy, and, with a twinkle in his eye, snatch from some forbidden place a very rich dessert . . . He filled my mind with the pageantry and drama of history; he filled my imagination with the romance of orthodoxy. He taught me, too, about the importance of place - of the land, a tree, a good fire, of communities of memory, little platoons, of folkways, customs and conventions, the elemental stuff of our existence."

Dr Kirk converted to Roman Catholicism in 1964; but, according to Gerhart Niemayer ("Knight of Truth", *TUB*, page 7), "he was a member of no political organization, no academic entity, no religious hierarchy". In his memoirs, *The Sword of the Imagination* (W.B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., 1995), Dr Kirk noted that he had never been wealthy and could leave his five ladies little but his handsome house and its grounds. However, he had succeeded in



Russell Kirk and Malcolm Muggeridge

In *Watchers at the Strait Gate* (1984) and the other titles already mentioned, we find "ghostly tales" which are "replete with instances of spiritual awakening in the face of modern secularism and statist control". All Dr Kirk's protagonists, Champ adds, "are on a pilgrimage toward a

his three main aims in life: to defend the permanent things; to lead a life of decent independence, "living much as his ancestors had lived, on their land, in circumstances that would enable him to utter the truth and make his voice heard"; and "to marry for love and to rear children who would come to know that the service of God is perfect freedom" (*TUB*, page 31).

Ian Boyd CSB ("Russell Kirk: An Integrated Man", *TIR*, pages 20-21) also evoked the humanity of Dr Kirk, commenting on "his preference for small-town life and for ordinary people As far as he was concerned, the life of the small and organic community was 'larger' and more interesting than the mechanical life of modern industrialized society."

Magnanimity and generosity were clearly major aspects of Dr Kirk's nature. T. Kenneth Cribb Jnr ("Recovering the 'Honours of the West'," *TIR*, page 7) noted that "he and Annette made their house a home to the troubled, to the dispossessed and to great eccentrics seeking refuge from the commonplace world." They also hosted seminars for hundreds of students there for over three decades. And Piety Hill has now become the Russell Kirk Center for Cultural Renewal, continuing his work under Annette's directing hand.

Dr Kirk was a vigorous lover of the outdoors. "Well into his seventies," noted Cribb (*TUB*, *ibid*, page 8), "he could canoe on the rivers of Mecosta County or walk the hills of the Scottish Borders." He was a keen nature-lover and gardener.

Frederick D. Wilhelmsen ("The Wandering Seer of Mecosta", *TIR*, pages 81-84) reviewed *The Unbought Grace of Life; Essays in Honour of Russell Kirk*, edited by James E. Person Jnr (Sherwood Sugden & Co., Peru, Illinois, 1994) and endeavoured to penetrate the essence of Dr Kirk's character. He agreed with a contributor, John A. Lukacs, that Dr Kirk's writings "have reflected both the Royalist and Puritan aspect of his *persona*. Of the Cavalier and the Covenantor at the same time - though the former of these pairs may have gradually gained the ascendancy. He is more Cavalier than Covenantor in his aspirations, while

perhaps both Tory and Puritan in his temperament."

Professor Wilhelmsen touched on the intimate aspects of Dr Kirk sensitively: "He was a simple man, even a naïve man He was not a man of the salon. He was not even principally a man of the academy He was not a settled bourgeois He was a wanderer who knew that there must be an inn at the end of the road He experimented, not altogether successfully, with restoring a crofter's cottage in the north of Scotland He was a romantic at heart."

Russell Kirk wrote authoritatively on an astonishing range of topics. In 1993 he published *America's British Culture*, which he described as "a counter-buffet to Demon Multiculturalism" (*TUB*, pages 30-31). Mark C. Henrie ("Russell Kirk's Unfounded America", *TIR*, pages 52-54) noted Dr Kirk's insistence on the fundamental importance to America's culture of the English language, of English literature and of English law. Dr Kirk had written in *Eliot and His Age* (page 334): "Culture cannot really be planned by political authority, for much of culture is unconscious; and politics grows out of culture, not culture out of politics." For him, therefore, the American Declaration of Independence "is simply a political document designed to secure the support of France against England in the War of Independence. It does not articulate the central principles of our common life."

Critics of the "legal adventurism" of the Australian High Court in the last quarter of the Twentieth Century would find much to applaud in Dr Kirk's use of

Orestes Brownson's 1851 essay "Higher Law" to rebuke behaviour of some of America's Supreme Court Judges. Russell Hittinger ("the Unwritten Constitution and the Conservative's Dilemma," *TIR*, pages 58-59) reported on how Dr Kirk "strongly criticized the Supreme Court's use of 'higher law' which substituted private judgment for the written Constitution. 'What natural law provides is the authority for positive law, not an alternative to positive law.' Dr Kirk also rejected the judicial tendency to misuse 'substantive due process' analysis in order to 'discover' unenumerated rights in the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment.

There was a conservationist in Dr Kirk. Bruce Frohnen ("Russell Kirk on Cultivating the Good Life", *TIR*, page 67) pointed out that Dr Kirk offered advice "on how we must reject both the state and the faceless corporate structure as would-be saviours. Instead, we must return to a more modest life, lived in reinvigorated communities beholden to neither federal nor corporate bureaucrats." In economics, Dr Kirk's favourite writer was Wilhelm Roepke, according to William F. Campbell ("An Economist's Tribute to Russell Kirk", *TIR*, pages 68-70), although he also admired Ludwig von Mises and F.A. Hayek with some reservations. "The spirit of synthesis allowed him consistently to favour free markets, private property, competition, and at the same time to champion virtue."

Peter J. Stanlis (*TIR*, *ibid*) affirmed that "between 1936 and 1981 Dr Kirk wrote far more on the problems of American higher education than on any other



The Russell Kirk Center for Cultural Renewal, Mecosta, Michigan

subject." Apart from his three books, *Academic Freedom: an Essay in Definition* (1955), *The Intemperate Professor* (1965) and *Decadence and Renewal in the Higher Learning* (1978), Dr Kirk wrote extensively on the topic in his syndicated newspaper column "To the Point" (1962-75) and his regular featured page "From the Academy" in *National Review* (1955-80). "He believed that the greatest single objective of genuine education was the highest possible inner development of students - their intellectual, moral, aesthetic and social nature." According to Stanlis, the best sustained statement of his theory of education is to be found in his 68-page introduction to the 1986 edition of Irving Babbitt's *Literature and the American College*.

It is plain that Dr Kirk was one of the intellectual giants of the Twentieth Century within the English-speaking world and it is to be hoped that reasonably soon a critical biography will appear. It will be important, however, not to over-estimate his contribution or to romance about its nature. Professor Wilhelmsen (*TIR*, *ibid*), in my view, makes that error. Professor Wilhelmsen is professor of philosophy and politics at the University of Dallas. He has written fourteen books, including *Christianity and Political Philosophy*, *Citizen of Rome*, *Being and Knowing* and *Under Full Sail: Reflections and Tales*, and over 250 articles. Professor Wilhelmsen suggests that Dr Kirk was "essentially a poet who wrote prose". A poet myself, I think this a mistake. Dr Kirk was essentially a voluminous discursive writer with a sideline in narrative fiction. No doubt at times his prose reached the felicity of poetry, but not as a general rule. Other remarks of Professor Wilhelmsen strike me as also likely to involve hyperbole - the claims that in *Beyond the Dreams of Avarice* "his prose style reached a level of excellence possibly not surpassed in this kind of writing in contemporary English" or that "of no other man in our century can it be said that he, almost alone, brought back to the forum an inheritance which in his youth had been virtually forgotten" or the moving observation that he "transfigured everything his wand touched and invested it with awe, a brooding aura of the preternatural, a glow of that *excessus* of which St. Thomas Aquinas



The Kirks of Piety Hill, 1990

spoke which makes of each thing more than it is."

Dr Kirk was not a creative genius in literature of the calibre of Yeats, Joyce, Eliot or Australia's A.D. Hope and Patrick White. As a literary essayist, Eliot is certainly superior. In terms of contribution to the restoration of traditional understanding, the Perennialists such as Rene Guenon, Ananda Coomaraswamy, Frithjof Schuon and Titus Burckhardt appear much more profound, as does Eric Voegelin.

There are also striking limitations to the intellectual world of Dr Kirk. He appears to have ventured little into the sacred traditions of the Near and Far East or into the cultures that most gloriously embody them. He seems to have had little grasp of how modern research has fatally undermined the claims of received Christianity (whether Orthodox, Catholic or Protestant) to be in fact truly orthodox. He does not seem to have devoted much, if any, study to the great heterodox thinkers of the century such as Gurdjieff, Ouspensky, Idries Shah, Rene Schwaller de Lubicz and others. There is little sense in his writing of the transformation of our grasp of ancient history as mediated to the masses by writers such as Colin Wilson, John Michell, Graham Hancock and Michael Baigent. And his temperament limited his exploration of legitimate eroticism. The truth is that his lifework, as several writers in *TUB* and *TIR* noted, appears to have amounted to a brilliant efflorescence of themes, interests and positions he acquired early in life, certainly by the

time that *The Conservative Mind* appeared. But the mind of humanity has now been potentially transformed by research and creative achievement by men as diverse as Carl Jung and Rupert Sheldrake, Lyall Watson and Marco Pallis, Martin Lings and Ian Dallas, Ahmed Osman and Robert Faurisson. In a very real sense, the *oeuvre* of Russell Kirk already seems old-fashioned - but not out of date!

Marco Respinti perhaps got to the essence of it with his statement ("Kirk and Italy: A Note on the Relevance of Roman Heritage", *TIR*, page 72) that Russell Kirk "was in actuality a man of the highest nobility - that of manners and inspiration, and above all, of soul, heart, piety and faith." It is not so much for his ability to reveal Truth or create Beauty that Dr Kirk deserves to be remembered throughout the English-speaking world, but for his Goodness of Soul which he poured out for us in a spirit of sanguine geniality and wholesome sanity in a huge corpus of writings that amount to a splendid defence of the sacred tradition and culture into which he was born. The reverberations of his life of energetic and devoted composition will be felt for centuries and in great works written by successors whom circumstances will have forced to take a wider view.

Melbourne, 14th January 2000
Information about Dr. Kirk, his bibliography and his works still in print can be obtained from the [Russell Kirk Center for Cultural Renewal](http://www.russellkirkcenter.org), P.O. Box 4, Mecosta, Michigan 49332 USA. Telephone: 616-972-7655. Fax: 616-972-8072. Email: RKCKirk@aol.com

CLAMOR WILHELM SCHURMANN

BY AUDREY MCMURTRIE



CLAMOR WILHELM SCHURMANN, an early missionary to the Australian Aborigines, was sent to Australia by the Dresden Missionary Society at the age of twenty three. Accompanied by another missionary, C.G. Teichelmann, they first travelled to England to visit George Fife Angas who had promised support of £100 per annum.

Leaving London on the *Pestonjee Bomanjee* in May 1838, the ship called at Plymouth to pick up more passengers. As they sailed from Plymouth, Clamor was impressed at the way English passengers said goodbye. They stood on every vantage point, took off their hats, waved and gave three cheers for England. He appreciated such love for their Fatherland and "grieved for my own dear Germany where such love is foreign or at least not expressed."

Governor Gawler travelled with his family on the same ship. The Governor and Schurmann built up a good relationship, having lengthy discussions about how the missionaries would approach their work. While Schurmann planned to teach English to individuals he wanted to learn the native tongue as quickly as possible, thereby being able to give instruction in that language. The ship arrived after nearly five months at sea, it had called at Tenerife, Rio de Janeiro and then South Australia.

On arrival he was inspired to write these lines in the language of his new country:

*Welcome beloved land
To you my life I give.
My lot is in your hand
May I not be deceived.
Let me, new fatherland
Not disappointment know.
I come at God's command
The light of Christ to show.*

Schurmann's first problem was money. Although Angas had arranged for the

missionaries to be paid quarterly, the bank manager refused to pay the first instalment until they had been in the colony for three months.

In his despair, Schurmann wrote in his diary, "Now we are sitting here separated from our friends without a penny in our pockets and this in a place where you could easily spend half a pound daily without being prodigal at all." When their predicament was explained to Governor Gawler, His Excellency at once undertook to sign a cheque on behalf of Mr. Angas.

Schurmann lost no time in contacting local Aborigines and trying to learn their language. He appears to have been very successful and was soon compiling a vocabulary. He was also keen to study the notions and customs of the natives and in a letter to George Fife Angas after twelve months in South Australia, he stated that "without pride or praise "he thought he now knew more of the natives than any person in the colony."

By 1840 Schurmann had established a school and was instructing children in their own language. At first he had to go round and collect his young pupils each morning, but eventually the parents sent them along to school. Progress was slow because of irregular attendance and frequent long absences.

In one of his long reports to Angas, he wrote: "I feel great interest and some delight in this however feeble beginning." The enterprise was to be short-lived as later in that year he was asked to go to Encounter Bay; he agreed, knowing this would mean learning another language, but after several delays another missionary was sent.

Schurmann was directed to Port Lincoln but he was not happy with the alteration of his plans. "But," he was to write, "His Excellency, who I was assured, would

advise me nothing but what he was convinced would benefit the natives, refuted all my objections."

In Port Lincoln he was informed "Everyone discourages the natives as much as possible, they are regarded as a nuisance and their presence could cause animosity to me." Even though he had been given this warning, Schurmann immediately began making efforts to contact local natives. This proved more difficult than he had anticipated – when he approached their camps they disappeared. After three weeks in Port Lincoln he was feeling very frustrated, but then his contact with the natives was brought about in a tragic way. A boy at a lonely farmhouse was speared and the missionary was asked to help the police in their search for the murderers.

He made it known that he was not happy with the way the police handled the case, placing himself in conflict with the constabulary. But several times he was called on to help where there was trouble between the natives and the settlers. On one expedition, a soldier shot a native and Schurmann left the party in protest. To witness such actions he felt, was inconsistent with his missionary character and good faith with the natives.

His time in Port Lincoln was short-lived, although whilst there he had befriended the local natives, learned their language and tried to interest them in agriculture.

His ambition was to have started a school but government funds were not available. Recalled to Adelaide, he acted as interpreter for natives in trouble with

the law. During this time he produced his vocabulary of the language of the Port Lincoln Aboriginals. Returning to Port Lincoln, it was not long before his money ran out and in 1846 retired to a small farm at Encounter Bay.

Two years later the government offered him a position at Port Lincoln as interpreter for Aboriginals. The yearly salary of fifty pounds was welcome because by this time he had a wife and small child to care for. His task included the task of submitting reports on the welfare of the natives and to his delight was granted fifty pounds to conduct a school. He requested an extra twenty pounds to obtain a suitable building and provide board and food for approximately twenty children. His school ran for three years.

He received a call from a congregation of Lutherans in need of a Pastor who had recently settled in Portland, Victoria. With some reluctance he accepted the position and while it was a new life for him and his growing family, money was still scarce. In addition to his ministerial duties, he taught school each morning for three hours and afternoons were spent cultivating a one-acre block. He fenced the block, built a poultry shed and added a room to the house. Ministering over a wide area of Victoria for over forty years, he regularly travelled the eighty miles to Mt. Gambier by horseback.

Pastor Schurmann died at Bethany, South Australia, while attending a Synod of the Lutheran Church. Temporarily buried in West Terrace cemetery, Adelaide, his body was later taken back to Hamilton, Victoria where he had spent half his life. Once, when speaking of people leaving for the gold diggings he was heard to say, "I would rather dig potatoes."

This quote was used as the title for the book on his life by his great-grandson Edwin A. Schurmann. Edwin used and translated his great-grandfather's diary - written in his own native language of German - for the content of the book.

The final chapters in the diary contain Clamor Wilhelm Schurmann's comparisons of the two native dialects which he had studied and some valuable observations of the customs of the natives with whom he had spent so many years. □

Did you know?

by Brian Watkins (former Royal Marine)

It is a time-honoured tradition for members of Her Majesty's Royal Navy to address other ranks of the Royal Marines as 'royal' be it at sea or on land. It is not seen as a term of 'endearment' but as respect for the regiment's hard-earned battle honours.



Author Brian Watkins (far right) on active duty against CTs in the Cameron Highlands near Ipoh with 'HMS Newcastle' detachment.

Did you know?

Scattered around the country are many hotels named such as "Grand old Duke of York", "The Royal Oak", "The Duke of York": the story behind these names can be traced back to the beheading of Charles 1st.

The naming was to remind the English of the failed rule of Oliver Cromwell's republic and the rejection of republicanism – with great passion – by the English people. English men and women wore an oak leaf to greet the return of the Duke of York's older brother, Charles II (when his life was in danger, he had been hidden in an oak tree).

Did you know?

Do you remember the marching rhyme "The Grand Old Duke of York"? The one that tells "He raised ten thousand men, marched them up to the top of the hill, and he marched them down again!" Some believe this had its origins in an unpublished song intended to raise the sagging spirit of the English in praise of the Crown. It was written after Cromwell's republican failure, then revived when George III's second son commanded the British army in Flanders. That first regiment was known as the Duke of York's and may have been the royal marines inaugural formation march.

Did you know?

Her Majesty's Australian Navy 'Collins' Class submarine torpedoed (purposeful destruction), the retired Australian destroyer HMAS Torrens. The names Collins and Torrens come down to us by way of outstanding men having served King/Queen and Country as Royal Marines at one time or another in the past.

'CIVILISATIONS OF THE STONE AGE'

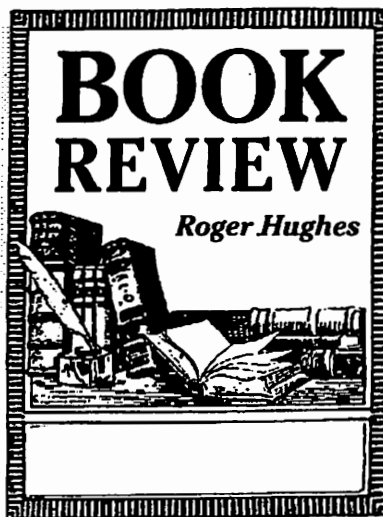
by *Richard Rudgley*, Century, London. 1998

Richard Rudgley argues that our ancestors living in the stone ages were not primitive cavemen. They were in the much more advanced than has generally been thought. In fact these people practised basic technological, industrial and even medical activities even as far back as the early Neolithic or even the Palaeolithic Age.

For instance it has been generally accepted that writing originated in the Middle East and was developed by the ancient Sumerians about 3,000 BC. The earliest texts were found in the remains of the city of Uruk in what is now Iraq. The complexity of the script used makes it highly likely that it evolved over the eons rather than having been simply invented on the spot.

It has been suggested that the ancient Sumerian script developed somehow from an ancient form of accounting. It appears that over much of the ancient Middle East clay tokens of various shapes were used in some sort of accounting system. Thousands of these tokens have been found, some dating back to 8,000 BC. The exact relationship between the tokens and Sumerian writing, however, is still a matter of conjecture.

Nevertheless there is evidence of a more ancient writing found in Europe. Artifacts dug up in Transylvania and Bulgaria show markings that appear to be some sort of writing. The artifacts are about six or seven thousand years old and hence are more ancient



than the Sumerian script. The old European script seems to have lasted until around 3,500 BC when the Aryan (or Indo-European) hordes invaded. There are however similarities between the old European script and the Linear A script of ancient Crete. Unfortunately no one has yet deciphered either script.

Could there be an even older form of writing? Abstract markings on the walls of caves and artwork dating from the Ice Age show similarities with some of the characters used in ancient written languages from the Mediterranean to China. Even ancient swastikas have been

found and a few of the other characters are uncannily like the letters we use in modern writing

Needless to say the idea of writing having its origins in the Palaeolithic Age is highly controversial and has not been accepted by many authorities. Nevertheless there's plenty of other evidence to show that the people of the stone ages were more able and sophisticated than has generally been accepted. At a site in Russia an intricately carved figurine of a mammoth, one four-hundredth the size of the real animal was found. Spear throwers used by Stone Age Europeans (similar in purpose to the Aborigines' woomera) were found that have incredibly fine carvings of animals. Remember that these were done without the use of metal tools.

Pottery was, until recently, thought to have originated in the Neolithic period but earlier examples found in Siberia and Japan date back 13,000 years ago. Ceramic technology appeared in Moravia in Europe as far back as 25,000 years ago.

Underground mining would seem to require fairly sophisticated technology. Nevertheless Neolithic people developed a flint mine at Grimes Graves in England around 1800 BC. There was an even earlier

example of underground mining in Egypt dating from about 30,000 years ago. Above ground quarrying goes back 40 to 50 thousand years ago.

Dentistry and surgery, believe it or not, date back to the Neolithic. A Neolithic skull found in Denmark had one of its teeth neatly drilled with a round conical hole. Another skull found at the site showed evidence of trepanation. This involved the removal of part of the skull without damaging blood vessels, membranes or the actual brain. This operation is still used in Africa today.

Incidentally, drugs that would act as an anaesthetic were used in the Neolithic. Alcohol was being made as far back as 3,500 BC. Opium poppy was being grown in the western Mediterranean from about 6,000 BC. Cannabis was used by people in central Asia in the third millennium BC.

The evidence presented in Rudgley's book shows that the people of prehistoric Europe were not as backward as once thought. In fact many of the ideas and inventions that eventually led on to modern civilisation may not have started in the so-called 'cradles of civilisation' in the Middle East, the Indus Valley or China, but actually in Europe. □

THE HERO OF THE REGIMENT

By Frank O'Mahony

The following story was in one of *The Home Exercise Books* I found among my father's belongings after his death at the age of 93. He served in World War I and was a physical training instructor for the duration of World War II.

There was only one Private Jensen in the United States Army, and the officers and men of the -th Regiment of Infantry used to say it was a very good thing for the service that there was but one. They do not say so now, which shows that the opinion of an entire regiment concerning a man may all be wrong.

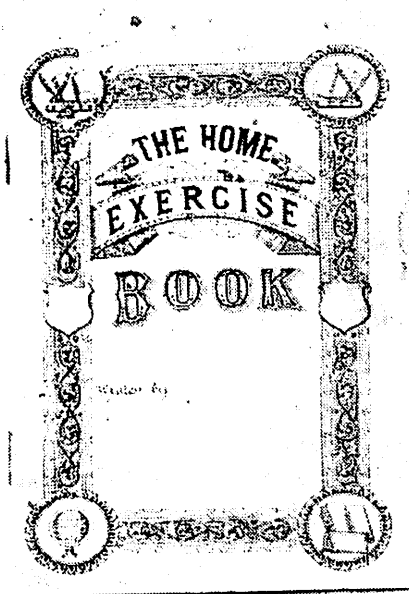
There are many men wearing medals of honour in the Army today who were never suspected by their most intimate friends of being heroes, and many a gawky recruit lived to give orders to those who laugh at him doing the 'balance step' in the recruit school.

When Jensen swore to bear "true faith and allegiance" to his adopted Country, his earthly endowments consisted of a magnificent physique, a Scandinavian brogue, and a determination to carry out all the lawful orders of his superior officers at any cost. In the course of time he lost his brogue, but kept his superior physique. Strange to relate, he frequently found himself in trouble because he obeyed orders too well and became the despair of his officers.

The first thing a soldier learns is to obey orders, and the second is to exercise a certain discretion in doing so. Private Jensen was never able to learn the second. While crossing the parade-ground on the first day he joined the company, he encountered the Adjutant and saluted as prescribed, raising his hand to the vizzor of his cap. The Adjutant suddenly remembered he had forgotten something at his quarters, turned abruptly on his heel and walked off, neglecting in

his haste to return Private Jensen's salute.

Now the orders for saluting are that a private must keep his hand at the vizzor of his cap until the officer returns the salute, or until the officer passes. Private Jensen obeyed orders, and with his hand still raised in salute, to the vizzor of his cap, he marched across the parade-ground to



Company F's quarters. From the porch of the Company's quarters the members of Company F witnessed the incident, and when Private Jensen reached the quarters he was received by a jeering crowd of soldiers. He marched through the quarters with his hand raised in salute, unmindful of the laughter of the soldiers. He hunted up the first sergeant and asked him if he could take his hand down from the vizzor of his cap. All the explanations of the first sergeant did not make it plain to him that he had any right to let his hand fall from his cap. He took the matter

T.M. Greene-McCosker

very seriously and lost much of his respect for the authors of the army regulations in consequence.

After this incident Private Jensen was considered a joke, but he was never molested or persecuted by his comrades, for his magnificent physique and his willingness to "go outside" and give personal satisfaction to anyone who demanded it, commanded respect.

There was a certain Officer at Fort McBride who was in the habit of ignoring the challenge of a sentry. He liked to sneak up to a sentry in the dead of night and surprise the man, whom he often accused of being asleep on post. Men dreaded to "do a guard" when this officer was the officer-of-the-day, because they were likely to get into trouble. Every soldier knows that there is an order in the Manual of Guard Duty for sentries to fire on persons who ignore a challenge, and every soldier knows that in time of peace the order is not carried out. Nevertheless Private Jensen carried out the order and put a bullet through the hat of the officer who ignored his challenge one night on guard. Jensen was promptly arrested and locked up in a cell at the guardhouse. For a few days things looked very grave for him, but the Commanding Officer made a careful investigation of the case and decided that Jensen was in the right and had only obeyed orders. Guard duty under the officer in question was a pleasanter task after this incident, and for this the enlisted men of the regiment were thankful to Private Jensen.

During Jensen's three-year term of service as a private of infantry, his performances were an unfailing source of amusement

to the enlisted men of the regiment but his superior officer regarded him as a nuisance. It happened frequently that he was chosen orderly for the commanding officer because he was the cleanest soldier on guard, but the Colonel always shuddered when Jensen reported as orderly, for he knew, by sad experience that it was dangerous to trust

gone well with him if he had not committed an act which incurred for him the stern displeasure of his own captain.

The Captain owned a bull-terrier which had won prizes in bench shows all over the country and which he valued very highly. One day the Captain gave the bull terrier to Jensen to hold, with orders not to let the dog loose

choke the animal. He did not wish to strangle the brute, but when the Captain returned to relieve him of his charge, he found his dog had been choked to death and he was not pleased.

This unfortunate affair was Jensen's undoing. "I will not have this man in my company any longer," said the Captain to the First Sergeant, a few days after

but the sergeant did not appear, Jensen wondered what was the matter. Growing anxious, he shouted lustily for the sergeant of the Guard, when he perceived that the shouts were not answered. He was seriously alarmed. After he had exhausted himself shouting for relief, he daunted on him that he was forgotten. But there was nothing that he could do, except wait until some soldier passed, by whom he could send word to the sergeant of the Guard, or the officer of the day. So he waited while the sun rose higher in the sky & the minutes flew by, but no help appeared at the lonely post. The minutes became hours, & no help or relief came to private Jensen, who was bid down to his post by insurmountable orders. Any other soldier in the regiment would have abandoned his post in the circumstances, but private Jensen always obeyed orders, & it proved to be a good thing for his safety that he did. Shortly after the noon hour a party of soldiers came down into the middle hall at which he was posted, and announced that a detachment of 100 soldiers were on guard. "What are you doing then?" inquired the foreman of the party. "I am on guard," replied the soldier. "When the men heard this they thought he was lying. You don't mean to say that the army has gone away & left you here?" "I am on guard," he repeated. "I need one of them." "I guess it's him," answered Jensen with a smile. "Well, surely you won't stay here?" said another, to the astonishment of the miners. "I stay," replied: "Yes, I will stay until relieved." "But they can't relieve you, man! The soldiers won't way on a train early this morning!" cried another of the fellows. "But the only thing private Jensen said was: "That does not make any difference." "Look here!" cried one of the miners. "You're looking quite the feeling."

Jensen with any orders which called for discretion in execution.

When his term of service was drawing to a close, every officer in the regiment called him a fool. At regimental headquarters he was spoken of as a crazy Norwegian. Still, all might have

under any circumstances. A stray cur tried to make friends with the bull terrier during the absence of the Captain and trouble ensued. Jensen managed to hold the terrier but in doing so he was severely bitten and in order to protect himself he was obliged to

the incident. "He has good qualities I admit," added the Captain. "He is sober, clean, honest and willing, but he lacks common sense. You can tell him, Sergeant, that he need not apply for re-enlistment. He is only fit to work on a farm."

Thus the deed was done and the word was spoken which blasted all Private Jensen's hopes of winning military glory. The news broke his heart. He first heard it in the railroad train in which the regiment was travelling to a little city in a Rocky Mountain territory. It was a rough place in which a strike of miners had been made the excuse for all sorts of violence by its turbulent population.

It seemed that the Captain had been as good as his word, and had given Jensen a character on his discharge papers which would effectually prevent his re-enlistment. Of this fact the soldier was duly informed by the First Sergeant, as the army regulations require. In a few days his term of service would expire. His discharge papers were already made out and were locked up in the company field desk. On his discharge was written in cruel black letters: "This man is so stupid that he is useless as a soldier."

The First Sergeant felt sorry for Private Jensen and told him that he had the right to ask for a board of officers to investigate his record and pass upon ("assess" - Ed.) his character, but Jensen thought of the Captain's bull terrier and the officer at whom he had fired when on guard, and was silent. He had done his best to be a good soldier; he had been faithful in the performance of every duty and he could not understand why he was being turned out of the army branded as a fool. As he gazed out of the car window at the flying brown landscape, for the first time in his life tears came to his honest blue eyes.

After the soldiers had been at Jones City for three days so peaceful was the aspect of the situation that their presence seemed unnecessary. There were those, however, who predicted that if the troops were withdrawn riot and bloodshed would follow.

On the last day of his term of service as a soldier in the United States Army, Jensen was detailed

for guard. Since the regiment had arrived at Jones City he had hardly spoken a word to his comrades, but they all knew what troubled him. Every man knew what the Captain had written on his discharge papers, and every man felt sorry for him. The men tried to show their sympathy in many ways, but as they did not succeed in cheering him, they considerably left him alone to brood over his misfortune.

Private Jensen had postponed making any plans for his future until the last minute. He was a member of the third relief and went on post at three o'clock in the morning. The post to which he was assigned was situated far out of the line of sentries, in a little hollow in the rolling plain, and there was nothing to distract one's thoughts on this post but a little square brick building which looked like a tiny fort.

The special orders for the sentry on this isolated post were not to allow any persons to go in or out of this little building.

When the Sergeant-of-the-Guard had left him, he began to pace up and down in front of the little brick building and formulate plans for his future career. At twelve o'clock the next day he would discard the uniform he loved so well forever, and it was necessary for him to choose another vocation. Some of the men in the company had spoken to him in glowing terms of the life of a cowboy, but from what he had seen of the cowboys he did not think he would like to be one. The first sergeant had advised him to go to work on a farm, but farming was not congenial to this man of arms. The truth was, Jensen was a born soldier. He did not care to be anything but a soldier. Uneventfully the hours dragged on and he was unable to decide what he would do when he was discharged from the army. He was so sad and so depressed that he did not care what happened to him.

The dawn was breaking and it was time to expect the Sergeant-of-the-Guard, whose duty it was

to relieve the sentries, and still he was undecided as to his future career. The sun came up over the eastern horizon and he patiently awaited the coming of the Sergeant-of-the-Guard. Higher rose the sun but the Sergeant did not appear and Jensen wondered what was the matter. Growing anxious, he shouted lustily for the Sergeant-of-the-Guard and when he perceived that the shouts were not answered, he was seriously alarmed.

After he had exhausted himself shouting for relief, it dawned on him that he was forgotten on post, but there was nothing that he could do except wait until some soldier passed, by whom he could send word to the Sergeant-of-the-Guard or the officer of the day. So he waited while the sun rose higher in the sky and the minutes flew by, but no person appeared at the lonely post. The minutes became hours and no help or relief came to Private Jensen who was tied down to his post by inexorable orders. Any other soldier in the regiment would have abandoned his post in the circumstances, but Private Jensen always obeyed orders, and it proved to be a good thing for Jones City that he did.

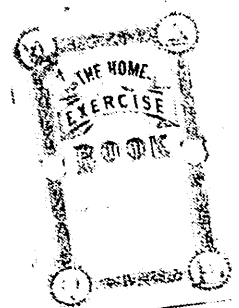
Shortly after the noon hour a party of a dozen men came down into the little hollow where he was posted and expressed their astonishment at finding a soldier there on guard.

"What are you doing there?" inquired the foremost of the party.

"I am on guard," replied the soldier.

When the men heard this they laughed loud and long. "You don't mean to say that the army has gone away and left you here to preserve law and order, do you?" sneered one of them. "I guess it has," answered Jensen, with a smile.

"Well, surely you won't stay



here?" said another and, to the astonishment of the miners, Private Jensen replied, "Yes. I will stay until relieved."

"But they can't relieve you, man! The soldiers went away on a train early this morning!" cried another of the fellows. But the only thing Private Jensen said was. "That does not make any difference."

"Look here!" cried one of the men in an angry voice. "You fellows quit this faoling! This soldier is crazy. We came here to get the stuff; now let us go in and get it."

Private Jensen had placed himself in front of the door of the little brick structure which he was instructed to guard. The men advanced to enter the building but they halted abruptly when the soldier levelled his rifle at them and said, "I will shoot the first man who tries to enter this building!" The others knew, by the look in Jensen's eyes, that he would keep his word, and they drew back and held a consultation.

Although Jensen did not know it, the little brick building he guarded was the dynamite magazine of the mining company. The instant that the troops left trouble had occurred, and now the evil element which often misrepresents strikers planned to blow up the mines. It was to get the dynamite for the purpose that the malicious party had come to the dynamite magazine, but their calculations had been upset by Private Jensen.

After consulting among themselves for a few minutes, the crowd went away. One of the party called back to the soldier derisively, "when you get hungry come to town and we will feed you." Then the men disappeared and for a while Jensen was left alone with his thoughts, which were not pleasant.

He did not know that the Sergeant-of-the-Guard had suddenly been taken ill and had forgotten to tell the new sergeant to relieve him. He did not know that he was not missed until the regiment was one hundred miles away and that when he was

reported absent, the captain believed that he had deserted without waiting to receive his discharge papers, which were useless to him. But even if Private Jensen had known all this, it would not have made any difference; he would have been just as faithful to his trust. Even if he had not expected that his absence would be discovered, and a detail sent back to relieve him, he would have stayed on guard just as he did. Then the men who expected that he would desert his post because he had been abandoned by his regiment, and because he was tired and hungry, did not know him. All day this soldier remained at his post without a morsel of food to sustain him, and with only the fetid water in his canteen to drink. At noon his term of service in the United States Army expired, but he did not choose to consider it so, as he had not received his discharge.

During the afternoon a rough crowd collected about the dynamite magazine, with the evident intention of forcing an entrance. There were some advocates of violence. Cries of "Shoot the soldier!" "String him up!" and similar expressions were frequently heard by Private Jensen; but wiser counsel prevailed, and he was not molested. They were not afraid of the man, but they were afraid of his uniform.

Behind that uniform was the Federal Government of the United States.

Efforts were made by the besiegers to accomplish by diplomacy what they did not dare to do by force.

Plausible arguments were made to Private Jensen to

allow the miners to enter the magazine, and every effort was made to induce him to leave his post. They refused to give him food or drink when he begged for them, in the hope that hunger and thirst might conquer him if nothing else could; and thus the day wore on and night fell, but Private Jensen remained on guard, in front of the door of the little brick house.

During the night the roughs posted a cordon of pickets about the dynamite magazine, and no person was allowed to communicate with the lone soldier on guard there. Many of the strikers would have been glad to feed him, that he might be enabled to save the mines from destruction to which Jones City must look for further employment.

Private Jensen passed the night sitting on the doorstep of the magazine, rifle in hand, watching his watchers. The men on guard were relieved every few hours, but there was no relief for him. When morning broke he



began to lose hope. He came to the conclusion that he had been reported as a deserter, but even then, after he had abandoned all hope of being relieved, he stayed at his post. Through another long, hot day, although famished with hunger and tortured with thirst, he remained on guard and prevented the malicious element from blowing up the mines.

What would have happened to him if there had not been a riot at Jones City that afternoon, it is impossible to tell. Orders were sent by telegraph which brought the soldiers back to the scene in a hurry. When the troops arrived, one of the first orders issued was to put a strong guard on the dynamite magazine, and a detail of Company F was assigned to this duty. The Captain of the Company, who had written on Private Jensen's discharge papers, "This man is so stupid that he is useless as a soldier," marched the detail, in person, to the dynamite magazine.

Private Jensen saw the soldiers coming, but he was too weak to rise to greet them. The soldiers also saw Private Jensen,

and they marvelled greatly. Some of them shouted to him, in defiance of discipline, and laughed; but the laughter died on the lips of the soldiers when they reached the doorstep and saw the haggard face of the man sitting there. Weak as he was, Private Jensen tried to stand up and salute the Captain. He also tried to speak, but no sound came from his swollen lips.

In a voice that was reverential, one of the soldiers said, "Captain, Jensen went on guard here three days ago."

The Captain thought of what he had written on Jensen's discharge papers, and he blushed. Then there appeared on the scene a miner who told the Captain that Jensen had stood guard over the dynamite magazine for three days and nights; how the rioters planned to blow up the mines and how they were foiled by Private Jensen's heroism.

The Captain was an impulsive, warm-hearted man, and it is said of him that when he heard the story of the miner, he cried like a child.

Tenderly the awed soldiers carried Private Jensen to the field hospital. For several days he was sick and delirious. When he recovered and was himself again there were several surprises in store for him. He was informed that during his illness he had been re-enlisted. Then an order was shown to him, appointing him Colour Sergeant of the regiment.

But it was what was written on his discharge papers that most surprised Private Jensen. He found that the Captain had written in a bold hand on the face of his discharge: "This man is a hero!"

Frank O'Mahony must have come from a relatively well-off family to have received sufficient education for him to write this piece, the more so as his spelling, grammar and punctuation are better than that of most 16 year-olds today. It is for this reason that we think it may have been an original piece, rather than a transcription exercise, but he may have read the story elsewhere and plagiarised it for his 'homework'. This is, without doubt, a most interesting piece - both from its content and its source:

Dublin, 14th January, 1901.

Matthew puts us on the map

PAUL KEATING is only playing selective history when he raises the British attitudes to Singapore. He needs to do some more research into history and come up with say, Matthew Flinders. Matthew, a poor misguided Pom, undertook a commission to visit Australia in the Investigator with the brief to chart the coastline.

Convinced by his sponsors to leave his recently wedded wife at home (no equity appeals tribunal in

those days) Matthew nonetheless accepted the task imposed upon him and set out to open up the world of Terra Australis.

Ill-equipped, with no union to defend him and little prospect of superannuation, this young Pom performed the feats of heroes and significantly contributed to the establishment of our country.

His knowledge of French clocks was limited to observing those which recorded the time he spent

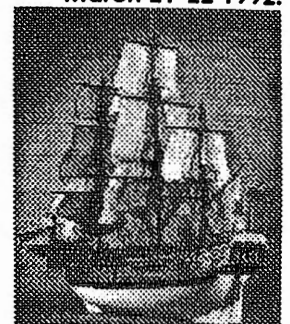
imprisoned in Mauritius on his desperate voyage home in a ship which was as buoyant as the present Australian economy, and his feeling for Italian suits akin to the politician's knowledge of truth.

But he survived. Completed his charts, some still used today - and hoped that he had brought Australia into the world of British influence. His subsequent reward brought no gold pass, no office, not even

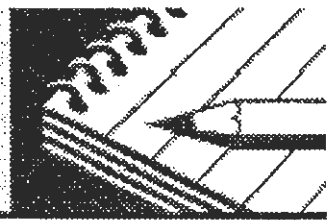
immediate recognition - but he gained a place in history which has survived generations.

Those roots of history are very hard to ignore, Mr. Keating.

J.M. James.
Toowoomba, Queensland.
The Weekend Australian
March 21-22 1992.



Letters to the Editor



Readers might be interested to know that they can buy the Queen Elizabeth Birthday Stamp 2000 until 31st July at the following address: Sydney Philatelic Centre, Australia Post Shop QVB, Lower Ground Floor, 44 Market Street, Sydney NSW 1230.

A sheet of 50 is \$22.50 Cash with order.

Yours sincerely, J.F.Hutcheon, Cooma, NSW

It is always a great pleasure to receive and read my latest *Heritage*. In June 1997, during the Keating years, I wrote a poem and called it -

Some Thoughts on my adopted Country

Australia is free
As Australia can be,
But belonging to the United Nations
Is bad for God's creation.
Dearest Lord,
We can no longer afford
Big Brother
Who is our biggest republican brother.
He keeps our precious identity
A repressing novelty.
Becoming a Republic represents no
solution;
It only forces Australia into a
revolution.
Australia is a Federation
Of many nations
We all must speak one language
And that is English.
Please let us try to find
All good things that do bind
Us forever to live in total harmony,
I pray, is my blissful plea.

And, still is even more so. I am very
glad the
No vote came through loud and clear.

Edith Knight, Victoria.

Dear Sir,

It was indeed pleasing for me to see the article on pag 16 of No.91 on Dorothy Smith. She lived with her father Vernon Smith, in Military Road, Largs, for most of her life moving from there to Lady Gowrie Drive (Esplanade), Largs later in her life. As you can see by my address, I knew he and her father very well. Her father was in business as Customs and Shipping agent in Port Adelaide for many years and it was he who founded, and was the first Curator of th Port Adelaide Nautical Museum. This Museum was taken ove by the State Government some years ago and formed th basis of the South Australian Maritime Museum.

Also of special Interest was the article by Rupert Goodman, and in particular his mention of the Union Fla (which is erroneously referred to as the Union Jack), and it compositon of the three flags, viz., Crosses of St. Georg (England), St. Andrew (Scotland), and St. Patrick (Ireland), O the Scottish and Irish Flags it is interesting to note that bot Scotland and Ireland have another flag each. The Scottis one is a Red Rampant Lion on a Gold or yellow background and the other Irish one is a Golden Harp on a green ground Each is at least a 1,000 years older than the Cross Flags, an in turn the Rampant Lion belongs to the Scottish people an has done since its inception, and as the Harp symbol belong to the Irish people from its inception. The Harpist who owne the Harp was King David and it his harp on the Irish Flag Similarly the Rampant Lion, which-still belongs to the donees was given to the Tribe of Judah.

Flags are a most important part of our heritage, and iti deplorable to see some of the slovenly ways the Flag is se aloft, particularly by some Government Departments. Whense correctly the top of the flag should be level with the top o the truck (the bun-like cap at the masthead). To cap it al the Flag Act, which states that, to fly a flag at half-mast, it position should be one-third of mast height from the top. I this matter the Act is in serious error. At half-mast the fla should be lowered down the mast only a distance to leav room above it for a flag of similar shape and size. This space is taken up by an imaginary black flag, Death's Insignia which has had a temporary victory.

Sincerely,

Neil W. Cormack, Largs, S.A.

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 Ralphael Cilento; First patron of the Australian Heritage Society

A

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

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

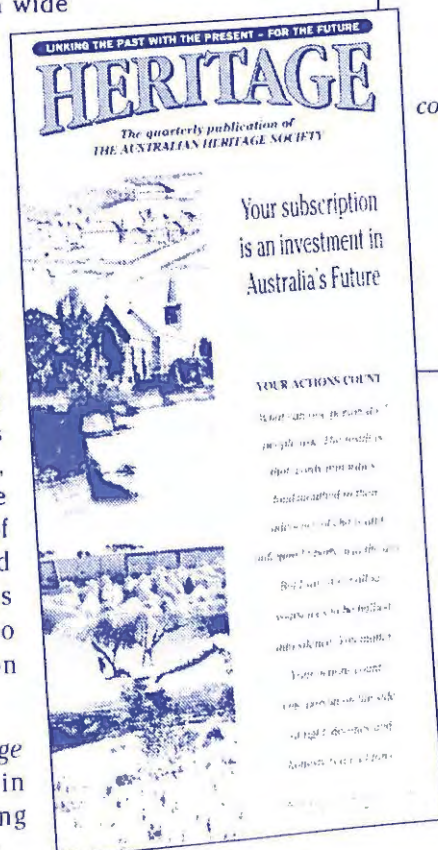
Out of concern at the erosion of our traditional heritage, *The Australian Heritage Society* was launched in 1971 as a specialist division of The Australian League of Rights.

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

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

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

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



OUR POLICY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NEED FURTHER INFORMATION?

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

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

Many of these publications are unavailable through book outlets

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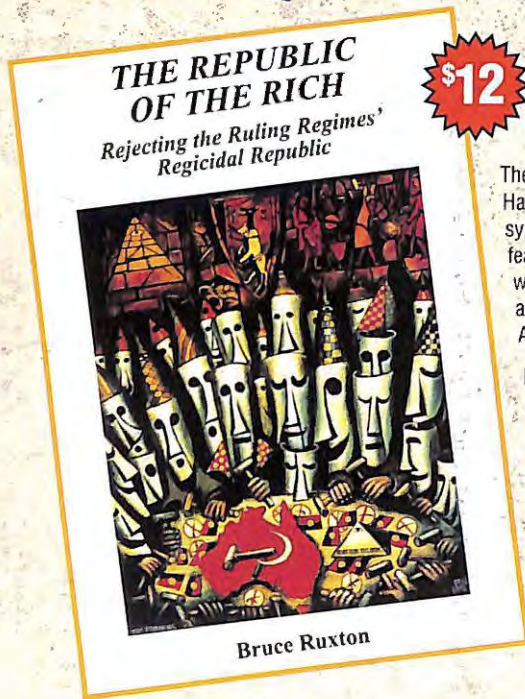


\$22

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD

G. K. Chesterton

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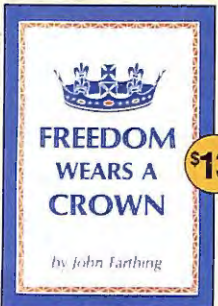
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The cover of this book immediately catches the eye as it features a copy of Pro Hart's painting of "The Fabians" (1991) complete with the earlier Fabian symbol of the wolf in sheep's clothing, the "All-seeing Eye", map of Australia featuring the Hammer 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.

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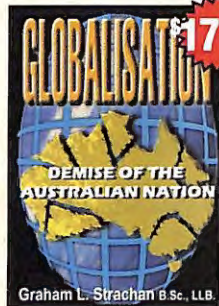
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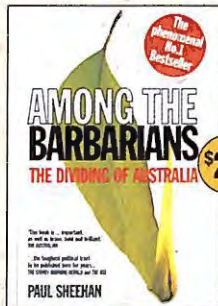
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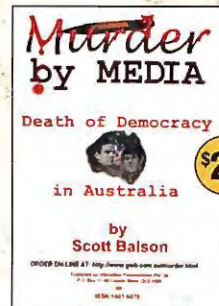
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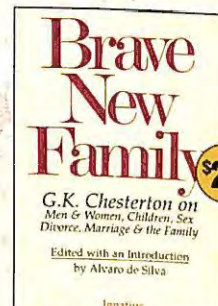
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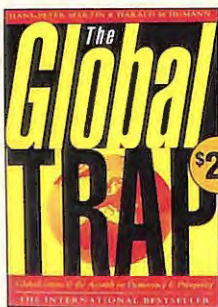
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Geoff McDonald

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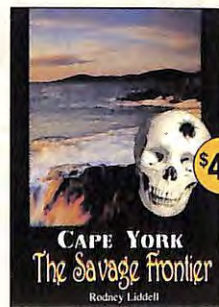
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