

HERITAGE

VOLUME 26 No. 101 2002

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT - FOR THE FUTURE

OUR SUGAR INDUSTRY The Road to Recovery

Fella Belong Mrs Queen
PRINCE PHILIP'S WIT & WISDOM

Celebrating Britain
YESTERDAY & TODAY

A Prince Among Governors
JOHN BUCHAN

The Magic of a Try!
RUGBY UNION

Drake's Spitfires
ANSWERING THE DRUMBEAT

227 Squadron Remembered
STORY OF SURVIVAL



KEEP OUR FLAG FLYING!

HERITAGE

No. 101

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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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OUR Autumn 2002 issue carried an appeal for financial contributions to a legal challenge being put in place in Britain to the progressive surrender of British national independence and sovereignty by successive governments since 1972. (See page 16 Issue No. 100).

This surrender is held to contravene the British Constitution and Bill of Rights, still in force today.

We make no apology for bringing this issue to the attention of our readers again this quarter.

Make no mistake, this is our challenge too!

Although the 1688 Bill of Rights, and Magna Carta, are still officially part

of Australian law, in practice they are continually overridden and ignored in judgments and in legislation. Our most recent Labor Prime Minister, Paul Keating, claimed our Constitution - was irrelevant to modern day Australia and to the decisions and laws we make.

At an historic meeting of both British Houses of Parliament to mark the 300th anniversary of the Declaration of Rights, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II said that it was *"still part of statute law . . . on which the whole foundation and edifice of our parliamentary democracy rests."*

The date? The 20th July 1988 - only fourteen years ago.

A judicial ruling on the challenge being made in Britain will have enormous implications for Australian constitutional law, for better or worse. We cannot afford to ignore it, and it is in our own interests to support it with our means and our prayers.

Heritage unreservedly commends this campaign to our readers.

Publicity for the challenge is being carried through the English magazine *THIS ENGLAND*. The following update on the state of play appeared in a recent copy of the prestigious magazine, by its editor, Roy Faiers:

Over 4,000 This England readers become 'Defenders of the Realm'

IN the Summer edition of *This England* we inserted a special leaflet alerting our readers to the imminent launch of a vital court action which will challenge the whole legal validity of Britain's 30-year involvement with the European Union. This followed three years of extensive research by a small group of dedicated patriots under the guidance of a top legal team. We invited freedom-loving people throughout the English-speaking world to take part in this new constitutional "Battle for Britain" by contributing to a fighting fund which we had set up to carry the case forward.

Within a few weeks of the magazine's publication more than 4,000 readers had sent in letters of support and separate donations ranging from a couple of pounds, sacrificed by widows and old age pensioners, to a few four-figure sums from other deeply concerned people, not all of whom could be called wealthy. As we go to press with this edition our "Constitutional Challenge" fund has already surpassed the amazing sum of £100,000 and is still growing!

As a result, we have been able to place initial funds with the instructing solicitors (Borges Salmon, of Bristol) enabling this unique action to commence its long legal journey which - with further funding - will take it up

to the highest court in the land - the House of Lords.

Case papers have been prepared to allow the first phase of the challenge to proceed, under the direction of a leading constitutional lawyer, Mr. Leolin Price, CBE, QC, assisted by Mr. Keith Lindblom, QC, and it is expected that the main hearing will commence later in the Autumn.

The named plaintiffs in the case will be representing all those who have assisted in bringing the legal action to this stage, or contributed to the funding. They will be known collectively as the "Defenders of the Realm".

The principal aim of the case is to seek Judicial Review of the actions of successive governments who, it will be claimed, have acted unlawfully since 1972 by progressively surrendering our national independence, sovereignty and legal system, to a foreign power, in contravention of the British Constitution and our ancient Bill of Rights.

We shall seek to re-establish the paramount sovereignty of the people in accordance with the Constitution and the rule of law. For no one, whether he



THE CHALLENGE

is King or Commoner, is above the law of the land.

Parliament has no authority or power to ignore, over-ride, breach, transfer or surrender our sovereignty to a foreign entity. The Crown no longer enjoys unlimited power. Neither, therefore does Parliament which is required to govern and administer, uphold and defend the best interests of the people - as their servants, not their masters.

A wealth of case and statute law has been amassed, supported by the opinions of learned constitutional experts, and there seems little doubt in logic that the plaintiffs have the makings of a winning case.

Furthermore, we believe that the devolution of Scotland and Wales, the regionalisation of England, and the planned surrender of Gibraltar to Spain, are also unlawful, and we shall be seeking legal redress on these major constitutional issues too.

Continued over page ...

Without question this will be the most important constitutional case in British legal history since the trial of the Seven Bishops in 1688, which directly led to the bloodless but "Glorious Revolution" and the drafting of the Bill of Rights - still the main pillar of our freedom and democracy. In those distant days our forebears were threatened by an over-mighty monarch. In the past thirty years we have been ruled by a succession of over-mighty governments who have ignored their duty under oath to the Crown and the people.

Continued funding is vital to ensure that no legal avenue is closed to us in our pursuit of the truth, by which we hope to define the law and re-establish the constitutional safeguards of the British people. If you or your friends wish to play a part in this action and join the Defenders of the

Realm, please send your name and address, plus cheque (made payable to "Constitutional Challenge") to This England, PO Box 52, Cheltenham, GL50 1YQ. If we win this historic action, and some constitutional experts feel we have at least a 50% chance of doing so, all who have taken part by contributing to our fund will be sent a signed certificate registering them as a Defender of the Realm. Until then, let us recall Shakespeare's famous words given to King Henry V at the Battle of Agincourt: "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more; Or close the wall up with our English dead!"

Elsewhere in this publication we are reminded of the wise and warning words of the Roman Senator, Cicero, who, over 2,000 years ago wrote: "A nation can survive its fools and even the

ambitious. But it cannot survive treason from within. An enemy at the gates is less formidable, for he is known and carries his banners openly. But the traitor moves among those within the gate freely, his sly whispers rustling through the alleys, heard in the very halls of government itself. For the traitor appears not as a traitor - he speaks in accents familiar to his victims, and he wears their face and garments, and he appeals to the baseness that lies deep in the hearts of all men. He rots the soul of a nation - he works secretly and alone in the night to undermine the pillars of the city - he infects the body politic so that it can no longer resist. A murderer is less to be feared."



Cicero

Letter to the Editor



"KIWIBANK"

Some comments by 'Observer'

Your correspondent has Trans-Tasman connections.

As is briefly known, recently established by legislation, there has been set up in New Zealand, "The Kiwi-Bank". In the discussion leading up to its establishment, there was rather rough competition between the Credit Unions Association and the New Zealand Post Office as to who or whom was to run it.

In the Parliamentary area, the Credit Unions secured the support of the New Zealand National Party, it is said, after recognizing the constant costs of running a political organization, and extending some sympathy to such costs. The Post Office, on the other hand, was after 'customer business' - but based upon prior nostalgia when there was a 'Post office Savings Bank' that paid 3% on deposits, lent the considerable surplus to the 'Government' - also at 3% - and expressed in the words of former Minister of Finance: "3% loans, and 3% inflation, result costless credit!" - to the Government.

But, via Government Agencies, notably the "State Advances Corporation" housing loans of 3% were given freely - and also loans to certain requirements of local government. (As

to 'profit' on these arrangements, that is found in the more complicated area of 'rests' in respect of repayments).

This 'Post Office Savings Bank' was so well regarded by previous generations, that grandparents started their grandchildren off with a £5 deposit in the POSB - as there were no fees, only the interest was added. You will see what is meant by 'nostalgia' - it has a clear earlier understanding of worthwhile purchase.

Anyway, the Post Office, now a 'government' Corporation, got the job of running the 'Kiwi Bank', and its deposits are going ahead in leaps and bounds.

At this stage, it is no more than a "savings and loans" type of operation. Thus far they have not entered the 'credit creation sector', but that may follow a few years hence. The requirements for "overseas remittances" are handled, on an agency basis, by Western Union - fast, efficient and expensive, but the service is available and that is the important bit.

At the time of the pre-preparation of the legislation, one of the Australian banks (whose substantial shareholder activities in other areas are subject to investigation in the United States at

present) spoke with the 'government' and inferred that "they would oppose the bank at every turn" - and outlined the possible effectiveness of their Public Relations firm in moulding 'public opinion'.

As such a reaction was of no surprise, it was mentioned to the representatives of the Australian bank that "consideration was being given, and no more than that, to a 'Truth in Lending Bill', which would, drawing upon the Bank of International Settlements' March 2001 announcement of "the capital adequacy ratio for a loan to be \$1.60 cents per \$100" - and thus the 'substance' of the loan be shown (the rest 'created'). After an accelerated consideration of this information, (about four hours), the 'Australian Bank' saw fit to "heartily endorse the proposal for the Kiwi-Bank" and offered full clearance through the cheque clearing system by way of support.

Careful readers will appreciate that the last part is based upon 'conversations that never took place.'

Peter Glover, Brisbane

Some Thoughts About Inheritance

JEREMY LEE

WHEN, in the mid 'seventies, the former Queensland Premier Joh Bjelke-Petersen abolished death duties, he was bitterly opposed by some, but applauded by many others.

The abolition of death duties had been in the platforms of the Liberals and the old Country Party for most of this century. But few had seriously moved the policy applied. Sir Joh commented after his move that he had been approached by people in his own party to drop the move, even though they had campaigned on the idea. One reason was that the move would be so popular that other States would be forced to follow suit – which, of course, is what happened.

Those who think back to the “death duties” period will remember some of the great injustices – widows hit with impossible demands on homes or farms where they lived, just at the time they were grieving over the death of a husband; farms or businesses that had been in the family for generations plucked out of their hands by the State – there are many examples.

It is a Christian principle built into Magna Carta that debts could not be piled on widows and orphans after the death of a breadwinner. In fact, debts owed by someone ceased to apply after his death.

However, there are some who sincerely believe that inheritance is wrong. The A.L.P. and the Greens both include the re-introduction of death duties in their Party policies.

Why do some have such views?

During the last decade, three young men – (two Australians) – have been in the process of taking over huge financial dynasties from their fathers.



Lachlan Murdoch

They are James Packer, Lauchlan Murdoch and Cameron O'Reilly.

James Packer is taking over the reins of the empire of Kerry Packer, Australia's richest man. The empire includes the Fairfax press, plus major television networks and other enterprises. Kerry Packer is said to be worth \$3 or \$4 billion.

Lauchlan Murdoch is gradually taking over News Limited from his father, Rupert. News Limited spans the globe, and is the biggest media operation the world has ever seen.

Cameron O'Reilly is taking over from his father a network which includes Australia's Rural Press Limited, plus the famous Heinz 57 Varieties empires.

The dynasties these young men will inherit are not of their own making. These empires are, in each case, their inheritance.

The opponents of inheritance use such examples to illustrate their argument that the right of inheritance entrenches monopolies from generation to generation, building immense wealth in the hands of a minority at the expense of the vast majority, thus enshrining the division between rich and poor.

Far better, they argue, to abolish inheritance, starting each individual in life on a “level-playing-field”, so that advantage cannot be made into a monopoly.

DEADLY TRAPS

When you look at the empires and dynasties ruled by some families in the world, there is a rough logic in all this. But there are some deadly traps, too. The Ten Commandments warn us against “covetousness”. Envy and malice are crippling vices. If we are going to abolish inheritance, we must deny the right of men or women who have worked hard, foregone pleasures that others have enjoyed, and saved and scrimped to pass the “fruits of their labours” to their children. Their position must be no better than the spendthrift who has saved nothing for his children.

The person who opposes inheritance must also oppose all advantage – the right to private property, the right to profit from personal effort, and in the end even the talents which make some people more capable in certain directions than others. Any advantage is regarded as unfair.



It is this viewpoint, more than anything else which has led to the socialist view. “Let's all start without advantage over each other” is the basis of the ownerless, property-less, inheritance-less perception. It is quite understandable that many, contrasting the huge divide between rich and poor, end up in this position.

Thus, for the last two or three hundred years, the world has been divided into the violently opposed camps of communism and capitalism. In neither has battered humanity discovered the promise of peace, freedom and brotherhood!

The battle intensified in 1848 with the publication of *The Communist Manifesto*, written by Karl Marx.

In this booklet, Marx listed ten points necessary for a Communist society – which included abolition of private property, heavy, progressive taxation, and *the abolition of the right of inheritance*. It was Marx's belief that this would produce a just, happy and balanced society.

He also railed against the idea of a creative God. Religion was, he declared, the “*opiate of the people*.” He went further in advocating the abolition of the family.

History has shown how wrong he was! The inheritance principle is a Christian idea.

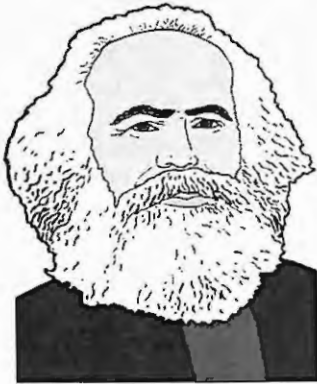
“A good man leaves an inheritance to his children's children,” says the book of Proverbs (13:22)

Christ went much further than this. He asked His listeners, if an earthly father gives good things to his children, how much more would our heavenly Father do so?

“What man is there of you, whom if his son ask for bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask for a fish will he give him a serpent?”



Sir Joh Bjelke Petersen



Karl Marx

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?" (*Matt. Ch.7:9,10,11*)

We need to think about this very carefully, because the nation of Australia, created by God and inhabited by the men, women and children He also created, have little inheritance and are in danger of losing their country.

Because His gift is freedom, God does not interfere in the running of the Reserve Bank and the Taxation Office.

But Christ made it clear that God's provision was available to ALL nations and peoples if they chose to apply. Just as human parents make a WILL AND TESTAMENT about what they leave to their children, so God has made His WILL AND TESTAMENT. Anybody interested can get a copy, for it is, and has been for many years, the biggest seller in the world. It has been translated into more languages than any other work, and many have died trying to pass it on to those who have not yet read it.

In his WILL AND TESTAMENT provided by God, there is huge emphasis on the idea that, if we live the

way God intended, there is complete provision for EVERYONE wishing to avail themselves of the offer. Such applicants must meet two conditions of eligibility – they must love God their father, and love each other!

Not so very hard, you would think? Any earthly parents would hope that their children love them, and also love each other.

Once they meet these criteria, God's children are in line for an inheritance; and, what's more, don't even have to work for it! If they did, it would no longer be an inheritance, but a wage!

Listen to these words:

"Behold the fowls of the air; they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? . . . Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you . . ." (*Matthew 6:20-33*)

There's a direct quote from the WILL AND TESTAMENT of our Father!

Which raises the question, "What's this Kingdom He mentions?" It is something that happens to people and nations when they accept the "conditions of eligibility" necessary for the inheritance.

Christ taught us to work and pray for the arrival of His Kingdom. It was, and is, perfectly possible, if we want it enough.

"Thy Kingdom come, on earth as it is in Heaven . . ."

However, Christ also taught that it would not arrive all at once, but gradually over a period of time, as people heard the message, and opened their minds and spirits to how big it was.

Therefore, he spent most of His time teaching about it, in the form of stories, or, as they are called, parables. He spoke more about this growing Kingdom, which started the moment He rose from the dead, than anything else. He warned that there would be those who would oppose it; who preferred power

and privilege; and that there would be a lot of suffering before it brought universal peace to the Earth.

He also said that we should not be daunted, because He would always be available, and that the "gates of hell" would not prevail against those who had joined forces with Him.

"The kingdom is like a grain of mustard seed, which eventually grew to overshadow all others."

"The Kingdom is like unto leaven, which a women took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened . . ."

The Kingdom is like a treasure hidden in a field . . ."

The Kingdom is like a net, cast into the sea, gathering every kind . . ."

RE-CAP

Let's just re-cap. Firstly, this is a world of abundance, not scarcity. Second, if we discover and apply God's rules there is enough for everybody. Thirdly, private property and inheritance are part of the process. If you cannot own anything, you cannot bequeath anything to your children. Fourthly, no man-made system has ever produced lasting freedom and justice. Fifthly, it applies not only to individuals, but to nations.

Now that needs some thinking about. How would a nation apply the inheritance principle?

The answer is through the acceptance of grace, which is another way of saying "something for nothing". A lot of economists teach there is no such thing. "There's no such thing as a free lunch," is the credo of modern economics.

When human beings discover how God's creation works, and 'invent' things, this knowledge is passed to succeeding generations in the form of education.

How many travel on four wheels? How many can truthfully claim to have invented the wheel?

No one actually knows who invented the wheel. It was certainly long before the time of Christ. The ancient Egyptians, the Greeks and the Romans used chariots.

Our generation got the wheel principle for nothing!

Every day of every week of every month of every year of every century of history there have been new inventions, which are simply discoveries of how Creation works.

We allow inventors to profit from their inventions through patents. But these have a "use-by" date. After that they belong to everyone. We call it our heritage, which is another way of saying our "inheritance".

Every invention is essentially a "labour-saving" device. If we keep discovering and banking up labour-saving discoveries, what's going to happen to labour?

Is it possible we are now in a period where the "Curse of Adam" is being removed?

Christ made this statement:

"Come unto Me, all ye who labour, and I will give you rest."

Think about that one! If "labour" was the punishment placed on the sins of Adam, does forgiveness of sin remove the punishment?

Let's look at one little example - the State of Alaska.

In that barren frozen wasteland round the city of Anchorage, they have one enormous advantage - oil.

The oil was created by God. Man's discoveries produced techniques for identifying where it was, and how to recover it. The techniques were the identification of scientific and engineering principles which apply to God's creation.

Now the oil is "on-tap", the people of Alaska have decided that, after those who work in the industry get their fair share for their efforts, the remaining oil revenue is GIVEN to the men, women and children of Alaska as a yearly dividend.

"Give us this day our daily bread."

"Give us this year our annual oil."

Each person gets his or her share in the form of dollars - man-made tickets which mean nothing if there is no bread or oil.

Could the principle operating in Alaska offer us something we could use elsewhere?

And how would it work? For a proper understanding this means we have to look at Money.

Scripture tells us that "the love of money is the root of all evil."

Could Christian principles applied to money offer us the breakthrough?

Perhaps we should have a look at the WILL AND TESTAMENT of the Creator to discover the answer.

Social Credit and Party Politics

By Wally Klinck

SOcial CREDIT (the degree of it) reflects the HEALTH of society. It represents the degree to which individuals in free association are successfully generating INCREMENTS OF ASSOCIATION which redound to INDIVIDUAL SATISFACTION.

Social Crediters are concerned to strengthen society by working to enhance their own and their fellows' development and effectiveness as humans - to develop insights and understandings and abilities. They are concerned to UNITE CONSUMERS in making certain EFFECTIVE DEMANDS upon elected representatives - and decisive influences in their associations as informed and capable citizens. Political parties automatically DIVIDE consumers - and cause consumers to be ruled thereby, rather than placing policy initiative in CONSUMERS' HANDS.

Some essential demands upon which to unite consumers are: increased purchasing power through national dividends and compensated price discounts, simplification and abolition of hidden, discriminatory and graduated taxation, a generally falling price-level, and decentralization of economic and political policy making into the hands of the consumers,

themselves, etc.

Political parties divide consumers, are concerned not to decentralize power but to capture power and to increase their holding of power in order to perpetuate themselves. Political parties do violence out of expediency to sound principles, i.e., they distort reality for purposes of their own survival and expansion. They do violence to true science, therefore - and political parties by their inherent nature do violence to true social Credit when they act in its name. This, because Social Credit itself is a science - the science of understanding and utilizing the principles of association in order to generate positive increments (as opposed to decrements) of association.

Political parties are the object of opportunism for those who seek personal gain from political office through securing of special privilege. They are a focus of power which is susceptible to infiltration and diversion from original aims - the dangers of which have been demonstrated consistently by parties purporting to take up the 'Social Credit' cause. Some men and women of character do enter political parties - but they are soon weeded out if they place principle above power.



Heritage Spreads Its Wings

IT IS ENCOURAGING that we have subscribers to *Heritage* in other countries. We know what a great country we have, and what a tremendous inheritance we have, and welcome the opportunity to share it with others.

Our inheritance shapes who we are, and if we hold on to it and do our part to nurture and pass on that amazing wealth of knowledge, it will shape our future too.

Much of what we have inherited is shared with other countries, and it is heartening to know that we are not alone in the battle to preserve it.

We can learn from others, too, and *Heritage* will benefit enormously by opening its pages to writers and thinkers from elsewhere.

Wally Klinck is a Canadian, and has studied Social Credit for many years. We are honoured to welcome him to *Heritage*, and look forward to "picking his brains" again.

There are inspirational stories out there, and we are looking for them!

Fella Belong Mrs Queen



The "Sailor Prince", a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy

PERHAPS because it was not indigenous to the country, the Greek royal family into which Prince Philip was born was alternately welcomed with acclaim or forced into exile through intermittent changes in government. The monarchy had been imported from Denmark, and came from a long line of Danish-Germanic stock. Philip's father was Prince Andrew of Greece, one of the seven children of George I of the Hellenes, who was Danish by birth, and the brother of Edward VII's Queen Alexandra. Philip's mother was Princess Alice of Battenberg, whom Andrew married in 1903. She was the elder daughter of Prince Louis of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Hesse (Queen Victoria's granddaughter).

The only son and fifth child, Philip was born in Corfu on the 10th June 1921, the same year his father was arrested and charged with treason and desertion of duty following an unsuccessful campaign against the Turks. Prince Andrew was rescued from the firing squad only at the eleventh hour by the intervention of his cousin, King George V. He was freed to the custody of a British warship, and after picking up his family in Corfu, he was taken into permanent banishment from Greece in 1922 to France. The couple eventually drifted apart, Prince Andrew moving to Monte Carlo, and Princess Alice to England. Her father, Prince Louis of Battenberg, was a career sailor in the British Royal Navy and rose to become First Lord of the Admiralty, a



Philip at 13 – an enthusiastic Head Boy at Gordonstoun College

position he held until the First World War when he was forced to resign because too many politicians and military men felt it unacceptable that the British navy should have a 'German boss'. The younger of his two sons was Louis, who became Lord Mountbatten when the family name was anglicized along with all other British-held German titles and names in the royal family, on the direction of George V during the First World War (his own was changed from Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to Windsor).

Princess Alice, after some years of illness, took up charitable works, relinquishing the care of her young son to her brothers, Lord Louis Mountbatten and George, Marquess of Milford Haven who financed his schooling at Cheam and then Gordonstoun.

So it was that the young Philip, of Scandinavian lineage, from a Greek monarchy, of no fixed address and penniless, came to grow up speaking impeccable English, steeped in the tradition of English schools, and, following in his uncles' footsteps, eventually entered the Royal Navy.

ENTER A PRINCESS

It was at Dartmouth Naval College that Princess Elizabeth first noticed Philip when she came for a visit with her mother and father in 1939; a meeting engineered by Mountbatten in a shrewd move to improve his nephew's prospects. Who can blame him? Those who subsequently turned this into an accusation may possibly have been indulging in similar but unsuccessful efforts on behalf of their own offspring. The young Princess was self-possessed enough to know her own mind, however, and those around her insist that the only reason she was drawn to Philip was because she was in love with him.

When war broke out the Prince was posted as a midshipman to the battleship *HMS Ramillies* with the Mediterranean fleet. Princess Elizabeth began writing letters to him, knitted socks and sent food parcels. He served in several ships – the *Kent*, the *Shropshire* and the *Valiant*, in which he took part in the Battle of Cape

Matapan in March 1941, subsequently being mentioned in dispatches for his skill in managing the battleship's searchlights. In January 1942 he was transferred to the destroyer *Wallace* as a Sub-Lieutenant, eventually rising to First Lieutenant. He served in the *Wallace* during the invasion of Sicily in July 1943, and the following year sailed to the Pacific as second in command of the new destroyer *Whelp*. He acted as A.D.C. to Earl Mountbatten and witnessed the Japanese surrender in Tokyo Bay on 2nd September, 1945.

Princess Elizabeth's growing attachment to Philip through 1946 presented King George with a delicate situation. At a time when newspapers daily revealed ghastly accounts of Nazi war crimes and concentration camps, newspolls revealed considerable public opposition to the idea of a foreign husband for his daughter, let alone one whose closest living relatives were German. In Princess Elizabeth's eyes the question was already settled, however, and the engagement duly announced on the 10th July 1947.

Still burdened by shortages and rationing, Britain needed cheering up, and a joyous occasion such as a royal wedding was enthusiastically welcomed. Philip had relinquished his title, and perhaps his very lack of "foreign baggage", so to speak, helped to overcome any misgivings the people might have harboured. He was welcomed wholeheartedly by the people, if not the politicians. In keeping with his new status as consort to the royal heir, he was invested with several titles on the wedding day, the 20th November 1947, and became known thenceforth as the Duke of Edinburgh.

Life as a member of the British Royal family was dramatically different to that of a serving naval officer, the responsibilities and duties many and varied. Although accepting these with grace and good humour, it may have been with some relief that, after the birth of Prince Charles on the 14th November, 1948, he was permitted to rejoin the navy in the Mediterranean. The royal couple commuted between Malta and London, but the King's increasing ill-health eventually made this impossible, the Princess being called on more and more to deputise for him. By the end of 1951 the Duke was forced to take leave of absence from the navy, and in fact never returned.



Prince Philip and Princess Elizabeth on their honeymoon at Broadlands in 1947

dexterity, courageously refusing to mouth meaningless platitudes when called upon to officiate at public functions, and has never been afraid to ruffle feathers where he considered it necessary. Perhaps his greatest asset in winning the respect and acceptance of the British people has been his sense of humour. He has espoused many causes, throwing his weight behind campaigns on public health, juvenile delinquency, Anglo-American relations, export trade, industrial design, the monarchy and the constitution. He has had a big influence on the youth of Britain, introducing the Duke of Edinburgh awards, setting the right examples. Widely traveled and insatiably interested in everything from wild life to aircraft engines, he is a much-sought-after guest of honour with a reputation for pungent and witty, never boring, after-dinner speeches.

The Duke has proved himself to be well qualified for the demanding role he has been called to fill. While refusing to submit to bureaucratic attitudes and restrictions, he has

been a tactful and stalwart tower of strength to his wife and sovereign, Queen Elizabeth. He has handled the tradition of "royal neutrality" with

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF PRINCE PHILIP

Opening remarks at an Outward Bound Dinner, November 1957:

It's eight years since I had the pleasure of proposing this toast, only three years after the Trust was established. It seems to me that the health we drank to the Trust on that occasion has been most amply fulfilled. This is very encouraging because I am responsible for quite a number of healths being drunk, so it is nice to know that it works sometimes.

On South Georgia:

There is a theory that because both sexes appear to be identical, penguins must have matrimonial problems of a very special kind and that mating occurs somehow by trial and error. I find this difficult and rather depressing to believe. However, there is no doubt that courtship consists of offering small flat stones to each other for the purpose of making what passes for a nest. Cases have been reported of penguins offering stones to visiting humans. This didn't happen to me, but if penguins cannot tell the difference between humans and themselves there may be some basis for truth in the theory of trial and error.

As President of the World Wildlife Fund's British National Appeal, November 1962, Prince Philip emphasized that their purpose was not to protect all animals against everything:

We have no intention of campaigning against mouse-traps or flypapers.

At Vancouver in 1954:

If ever I had the misfortune, which God forbid, to get on one of those radio

programmes where I would be asked to name my most unforgettable experience, I would reply in all honesty, 'When I heard of the ascent of Everest on the day of the Coronation.'

On his installation as Master of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners:

I am feeling slightly embarrassed because I realize that the qualification of membership is, of course, a Master's Certificate, and up to a short time ago I felt that I was going to be in a very undistinguished position of being the only one here without a Master's Certificate. Luckily the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation saved me from further embarrassment by making good the deficiency, so thank you very much indeed. You are quite safe; I do not think there will be any chance of my using it.

On industry and science, 1960:

If anyone has a new idea in this country, there are twice as many people who advocate putting a man with a red flag in front of it.

In 1959 Prince Philip made reference to the battle of science and orthodoxy between Bishop Wilberforce and Huxley, following publication in 1859 of Charles Darwin's 'Origin of Species':

The most famous engagement between Wilberforce and Huxley reached its climax when the Bishop, rather unwisely, refused, for himself, to regard monkeys as his ancestors and turned to Huxley to ask whether it was through his grandfather or his grandmother that he claimed descent

from a 'venerable ape'.

Huxley, with, one feels, great restraint, replied: 'If I am asked whether I would choose to be descended from the poor animal of low intelligence and stooping gait, who grins and chatters as we pass; or form a man, endowed with great ability and a splendid position, who should uses these gifts to discredit and crush humble seekers after truth, I hesitate what answer to make.'

In 1956, on farming:

It has been my experience that if anything goes wrong in agriculture the farmer invariably blames the weather or the Government, or both.

Now, I hold no brief for the weather and no one can accuse me of having anything to do with Government policy, but I think that attitude is rather unfair.

In New York, 1960:

...The trouble is that I have to get back for the Queen's Birthday Parade on Saturday. Don't ask me to explain why it is that she has an official birthday in June, when her proper birthday is in April. You'll just have to accept it like cricket, pounds, shillings and pence and other quaint, but quite practical, British customs.

The British Luncheon at the 1958 Brussels Exhibition:

In 1851 the King of Prussia wrote to the Prince Consort to ask if it was safe for his relations to visit the Great Exhibition in London.

Prince Albert replied as follows: 'Mathematicians have calculated that the Crystal Palace will blow down in the first

strong gale; Engineers that the galleries would crash in and destroy the visitors; Political Economists have prophesied a scarcity of food in London owing to the vast concourse of people; Doctors that owing to so many races coming into contact with each other the Black Death of the Middle Ages would make its appearance as it did after the Crusades; Moralists that England would be infected by all the scourges of the civilized and uncivilized world; Theologians that this second Tower of Babel would draw upon it the vengeance of an offended God. I can give no guarantee against these perils, nor am I in a position to assume responsibility for the possibly menaced lives of your Royal relatives.'

I don't know if the organisers of this Brussels Exhibition have had to face similar difficulties, but they will bear me out when I say that I certainly did not ask them if it was safe for me to visit their Exhibition.

Opening the Design Centre for British Industries:

It's no good shutting your eyes and saying 'Britain is Best' 'three times a day after meals, and expect it to be so.

At a luncheon of the Modular Society, December 1962:

Without wishing to be rude in any way, anything which encourages architects occasionally to break away from the cigar box and gasometer-line ought to be encouraged.

I seem to have got a terrible reputation for telling people what they ought to be doing.

At a luncheon of the National Union of Manufacturers:

We are certainly not a nation of nitwits. In fact wits are our greatest single asset. Many managerial problems seem to have perfectly simple and quite reasonable solutions, but if they fail to take the cussedness of man into account these are a waste of time.

Having sat through 2 hours of films on technology, ultrasonics etc.:

I was most interested to learn that the X-ray goes in one ear and out of the other.

May 1963:

The trouble with senior management to an outsider is that there are too many one-ulcer men holding down two-ulcer jobs.

November 1963:

Princely gifts don't come from princes any more. They come from tycoons.

July 1963:

We know there are a number of what are known as image-producing organizations. They produce marvelous images, but no one believes them.

Opening the Earls Court Motor Show, 1953:

As far as the owner-maintainer is concerned, beauty of line wears off very rapidly when he finds that he can reach no part of the engine without standing on his head.

Visiting a Manchester textile group, greeting the chairman of the knitting division:

So you're the head knit!



One of the longest and most successful royal marriages in history

On the Commonwealth:

Singapore, February 1959:

I have very little personal experience of self-government. I am one of the most governed people you could hope to meet.

At the English-Speaking Union:

We now look upon it (the Union) as including those countries which use English as an inter-Commonwealth language. I include 'pidgin-English' in this, even though I am referred to in that splendid language as 'Fella belong Mrs. Queen.'

Press Conference Toronto:

JOURNALIST: How do you think the recent trouble in South Africa has affected the delicate industrial relationship between the countries of the Commonwealth?

HRH: That is really nothing to do with the Conference and almost anything I say will be taken down and use in evidence against me.

In Australia, during a visit to some caves, he was warned to beware of the drips:

Oh those! I've run into plenty in my life.

When presented with a silver replica of an old-fashioned bleeding cup by the Royal College of Surgeons:

PRESIDENT: May it please your Royal Highness to accept this bleeding cup.

HRH: Well, I can only say, it's bloody kind of you.

The Monarchy:

One of its greatest weaknesses . . . is that it has to be all things to all people . . . It cannot do this when it comes to . . . people who are traditionalists, and then to people who are iconoclasts.

We therefore find ourselves in a position of compromise, and we might be kicked by both sides.

I try to avoid laying inaugural stones because of their habit of getting lost, abandoned or stolen.

A Royal definition:

Dontopedalogy - the art of opening your mouth and putting your foot in it.

After many years' experience, I have come to learn that the present moment, whatever it may be, is never a good one for raising money.

Present awards at Film Academy Dinner:

This is the first time that this function has been organized by the new Society of Film and Television Arts and so, as President, I thought it would be a good idea to come along and keep my eye on things. I haven't been disappointed either as I have already noticed several very nice things to keep my eye on.

On being shown three lavatory cisterns when he visited the Design Centre in London in 1965:

This is the biggest waste of water in the country by far. You spend half a pint and flush two gallons.

At a Dairy Festival:

Don't be put off by that look on your neighbour's face when you take as much cream as you really want. It isn't disgust that is being registered, but plain envy that you had the courage to do what he has always wanted to do and never dared.

Officiating at a Welsh Guards Dinner in Cardiff:

What is unique about this regiment? I will tell you. It is the only one in which the Colonel is legally married to the Colonel-in-Chief.

In an address to the Royal Society of Tropical Medicine:

Perhaps the Toastmaster ought to have added, 'Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Fellow of the Royal Society and several other organizations', but I would like to warn you that this does not mean I necessarily know what I am talking about this evening.



CELEBRATING BRITAIN

Yesterday and Today

ON the 3rd of August my wife and I attended a popular concert at Williamstown Town Hall in Melbourne. The Western Region Concert Band, in association with the Essendon Choral Society and the Choirs of Westbourne Grammar School, were presenting *A Last Night of the Proms*.

In a sense, we were there by chance. Local friends of ours had invited us to accompany them in support of one of their own friends who played the clarinet. Although familiar with the term "Prom Concert", I had very little idea of what the term meant.

However, I was aware that the bulk of the musical items in this particular concert would be British and celebratory of Britain, her people and her culture.

Naturally this pleased me; and I was also aware that, despite the general discouragement of pro-British sentiment in our nation, concert programmes of patriotic music continue to be performed and to draw large crowds.

On arrival at the venue, situated in the historic suburb that was once intended to be the great city on Port Phillip Bay and which was thus named after the reigning monarch, I was gratified to see much British symbolism among the crowd: Australian flags and Union Jacks were everywhere to be beheld, clutched in hands or as articles of dress. My initial thoughts were of approval. Here, I believed, was a manifestation of that patriotism among the ordinary working people which had defeated the republicans in the 1999 constitutional referendum. I felt that these humble people, many of them elderly, almost all of them of (apparently) British blood, had assembled to enjoy a rare opportunity of celebrating Britain.

By the end of the evening, however, I had developed considerable misgivings; and that is the experience that will be explored in this article.

The History of the Proms

Very appropriately, the programme contained notes on the origin of the tradition of the Prom concerts. The first was held on 10th August 1895. Robert Newman, manager of Queen's Hall, London, wanted orchestral music to reach a wider audience by offering

popular programmes in a less formal promenade arrangement at a low cost.

It is thus worth noticing that the institution began at a time when the British Empire was at its apogee. Now, however, one hundred and seven years later, the fortunes of the British people are at a nadir that could never have been foreseen at that time.

The programme notes also reported how the first conductor of the Proms, Sir Henry Wood, had welcomed the broadcasting of the Proms by the BBC from 1930 onwards as a means of assisting his aim "of truly democratising the message of music and making its beneficent effect universal." There is already an incongruity to be observed there, in that the British Empire was essentially founded by aristocratic elites. Democratization, which began during the 19th Century with the "reform bills" that followed in the wake of the French Revolution, was in fact the sign of a decadence within Britain, the fruits of which would be reaped a century or more later. Populaces follow. They never lead.

Sir Henry, with astonishing energy, managed to continue the tradition of the Proms even during World War Two. He was aged seventy-five when he conducted his last Prom concert on 28th July 1944. Thus, the Proms tradition is interwoven with the very ambiguous experience of the British people under Sir Winston Churchill, when they appeared to win a mighty victory but in fact suffered a terrible disaster - amidst an atmosphere



of public deceit and misinformation from which they have not yet recovered.

The closing works of the Proms, the programme notes added, "are dictated by tradition. The audience is led by the choir in singing along to Elgar's *Pomp and Circumstance March No. 1*. ("Land of Hope and Glory"), Thomas Arne's patriotic song *Rule Britannia!* and Sir C. H. Parry's hymn *Jerusalem*." Parry's hymn, of course, takes its words from a poem of William Blake (himself an incongruous mixture of poet, painter, sage and radical activist).

It will be plain, from this account, that it is indeed difficult to know how best the Proms tradition can be continued in a period of catastrophic British decline; and there is reason to feel that the organisers of the concert were themselves confused.

The evening seemed to be both patriotic celebration and parody of such celebrations at the same time. The patriotism was apparent in the fervent audience singing, encouraged by the conductor, Andrew Houston, and accompanied by the mass waving of flags and standing ovations. The parody was apparent in the comical dressing of both audience members and performers (with Union Jack waistcoats and top hats, for example), the use of tin whistles and other noisy distractors, a jest in poor taste concerning Prince Charles (who "woke up" on a balcony, cried out "Mummy!" and rushed out of sight) and the farcical dressing of soloist Robyn Lester (who sang *Rule Britannia!* movingly and with powerful operatic presence) as a kind of pantomime Fat Lady-cum-Britannia.

The Programme

Several items on the programme fell into the category of popular light classics, but have nothing to do with British culture. These included Wagner's *Ride of the Valkyries*, Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2*, Moussorgsky's *Night on Bald Mountain*, LeRoy Anderson's *Buglers' Holiday* and Woody Herman's version of the jazz number *Golden Wedding*. The emphasis of these works is on sensationalism rather than subtlety; hence one reason for their undeniable popularity.

The opening piece was Aaron Copland's *Fanfare for the Common Man*; and the

ideology of this is questionable to those who appreciate the truth of Robert Bolt's picture of the Common Man in his play *A Man for all Seasons*. There is no doubt that common men throughout the age contributed to Britain's greatness - as soldiers, sailors, airmen, nurses, farmers, miners and in many other common occupations. However, it is that greatness which deserved the fanfare, not the commonness of men.

Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus* brought in a Christian presence, as well as the memory of how King George II stood when it was played and inaugurated a unique tradition.

Two rousing British tunes, Alford's *Colonel Bogey* and Arne's *British Grenadiers* paid tribute to the British martial tradition without which the Empire never would have been. Langford's *Fantasy on British Sea Songs* celebrated the Senior Service and aroused enthusiastic participation from the audience, who (as usual) were keen to deal with the *Drunken Sailor* and other famous figures.

Last to be mentioned here is the item that most deeply impressed me, Gustav Holst's *Second Suite in F*, which somehow seemed to incarnate that extraordinarily profound and beautiful *presence* which I felt myself in the British countryside in my boyhood between 1946 and 1951. This presence derives from a very ancient history, even older than that touched on by Blake in *Jerusalem* - a presence which can be felt in many British works such as Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is certainly connected to the pre-Christian Druid tradition.

Holst lived in England from 1874 to 1934 and was almost wholly British in ancestry, despite his name. It is worth quoting the programme notes on his piece.

"This suite, composed in 1911, uses English folksongs and folk dance tunes throughout... The opening march movement uses three tunes, the first of which is a lively morris dance The folk-song *Swansea Town* is next ... a typically English sound. *Claudy Banks* is the third tune, brimming with vitality The second movement is a setting for the English song *I'll Love my Love*, It is a sad story of a young maiden driven into Bedlam by grief over her lover's being sent to sea by his parents to prevent their marriage. The Hampshire folk song, *The Song of the Blacksmith*, is the basis of the third movement, which evokes visions of the sparks from red hot metal being beaten with a lively hammer's rhythm on the blacksmith's anvil. The English country dance and folk song *The Dargason*, dating from the 16th Century,

completes the suite in a manner that continues to cycle and seems to have no end. The Elizabethan love tune *Greensleeves* is intertwined briefly."

Holst's piece will prove a key to adequate assessment of the whole concert experience; but before attempting that, I should conclude this section of my article by noting that further incongruity and ambiguity was afforded by the singing of two, not one, national anthems - *God Save the Queen* and *Advance Australia Fair*. This in turn was followed by a sequence of encores, sung by audience and choirs, which included *Waltzing Matilda* and a number of more recent "Aussie" songs.



Britain Today and Tomorrow

My practical wife, a singing teacher and choir mistress who has organised many smaller concerts of her own, told me that the big audience (the Town Hall was packed) could be accounted for on the well-known principle that two to three family, relatives or friends will attend for every performer on stage.

Despite that, I felt that there was a genuine spirit of British patriotism in the audience as a whole, and that it was a more powerful emotion than the also typically British characteristic of "sending ourselves up" that led to the parody.

However, I felt that it was a faded and tarnished image of Britain that was largely being celebrated; and that the organisers and audience were insufficiently aware of the *changed nature of Britain today* and of the need to "move with the times" (in a noble sense of that phrase) by altering the Prom programme to accord with present realities and future hopes.

So what do I suggest for such musical occasions in the future?

In the first place, a less jingoistic approach is required, one which recognises that the glory of the British Empire was a phase in the much longer history of Britain and her people. This does not mean that the various patriotic songs should not be played and sung, but that they should be fitted into the programme in a less dominant position.

It also means that the cultural - both the sacred and the romantic aspects - deserves greater stress at the expense of the military.

The beauty of the sacred history and landscape of Britain, which Holst succeeded in conveying in his suite, should be the central object of celebration. This means, too, a diminution of the spirit of parody (something which jingoism invites, but which a profounder patriotism does not). And, for us Australians, that beautiful Britain is a kind of second Eden, to which also we can never return, but which we need to cherish and remember as a guide for the ongoing creation and development of our own culture and history - so that whatever Australia becomes, it will be a true child of Britain, that magnificent "Mother of the free".

The announcer for the evening was a glamorous radio star whose personal beauty could not make up for a certain coldness and condescension in her presentation. This suggests that a better mode for future masters or mistresses of ceremonies at the Proms will be an echo of the well-known Christmas format of carols and lessons from the Old and New Testament.

Thus, poems by Shakespeare, Keats, Wordsworth, Tennyson and others could be read at intervals, in conjunction with brief prose extracts from writers such as Jane Austen, Sir Walter Scott, Rudyard Kipling and J. R. R. Tolkien.

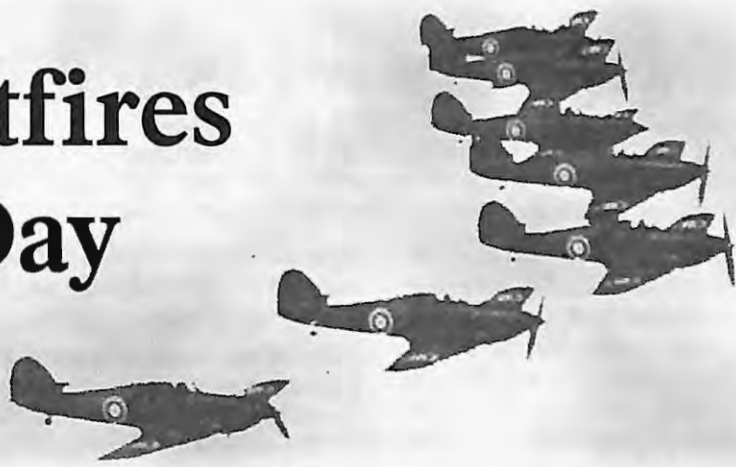
Britain is a soul - the soul of a people - more than a place or a period of history; and, like other souls, it is still growing. All public celebrations of Britain should therefore try to pitch themselves on a level of soul and to "keep the door open" in the programme for the fragrance of future accomplishments to "flow through" and encourage those caught in the present struggle to nourish, maintain and strengthen their people's soul.

A part of the *presence* of Britain, to which I referred above, derives from very ancient civilisations which have left us their stone memorials, runes and strange scripts, as well as a mass of folklore. Such folklore, as Rene Guenon wisely wrote in his essay on "The Holy Grail", published in *Insights into Christian Esoterism* (Sophia Perennis, USA, 2001), is not a "popular" or "democratic" creation but the remains of profound initiatory traditions.

Thus, the celebration of such aspects of British history and culture can have a powerfully ennobling effect on listeners and act as a "drawing up" influence which can make all-too-common souls less common. That is the kind of tone that is truly admirable and worthy and which it would be good to see in future Prom concerts focused upon "The Old Country."

Drake's Spitfires Saved the Day

From Summer 2002 edition of the British
Israel World Federation publication
Crown and Commonwealth



THE history of our people is starred with renowned figures leading stout-hearted followers, and Sir Francis Drake has his own special place in that galaxy. Most identify him by his refusal to fight the Spaniards until he finished his game of bowls; there are many incidents of note in his life not so well known.

In his 31 years of exploits, mostly on the high seas, he had many adventures, including being the first Englishman to circumnavigate the globe. No doubt he was a thorn in the flesh of the Spanish, but when their ambassador demanded that he be punished, Queen Elizabeth I knighted him on the deck of the *Golden Hind*, at Deptford, London.

One startling event which is not generally well known, which Drake shared with many across the barrier of time from his day into the twentieth century, had been recalled.

Sir Francis Drake died on the 28th January, 1596, of dysentery, off the town of Puerto Bello, Panama. He was fifty-one years old, a Devon man far from home; and when he was dying there in Nombre de Dios Bay, he gave this command:

"Take my drum to England, hang it by the shore

Strike it when the powder's running low;

And if the Dons sight Devon, I'll quite the Port of Heaven,

And we'll drum them up the channel as we drummed them long ago."

There was a time, not so far back, when all the children were told of this, and their mothers took them for walks to see Drake's Drum hanging in the Citadel Harbour wall. We are reminded that when invasion was expected, and our late King George VI called us to prayer, he said:

"Take my hand and let us go together to the Lord and ask for His help."

At Plymouth, Navy, Army and Airforce personnel assembled at the Hoe (Plymouth) as thousands gathered to see Drake's Drum being struck. A minister of the Church of England prayed and the people all joined in with the Lord's Prayer at the end. Despite this act of contrition and the expectation of the people's faith, all were astonished when, as Germany's armada of planes came over the city, the airmen baled out as fast as they could. Only when learning from the airmen themselves the reason for their outlandish behaviour, could one appreciate their great dismay. When questioned by their captors – local farmers and others, including a relative of the person who related this story, her boss – all of them said:

"Mine Gott, der sky was full ob der Spitfires!"

The writer says,

"I shall never forget the amazement and joy on the face of a young local soldier who at the time was stationed on the guns at Drake's Island (he had caught one German airman), for he knew only too well how few planes we had, something like one wing of Spitfires. We Devonians believe that 'DRAKE AND HIS MEN' ANSWERED THE DRUM BEAT AS HE PROMISED"

The power of prayer is extraordinarily potent, and for the nation led in prayer by its "Commander in Chief", who will not expect miracles? God never lets His people down, and there is still a remnant of Christians in our land.



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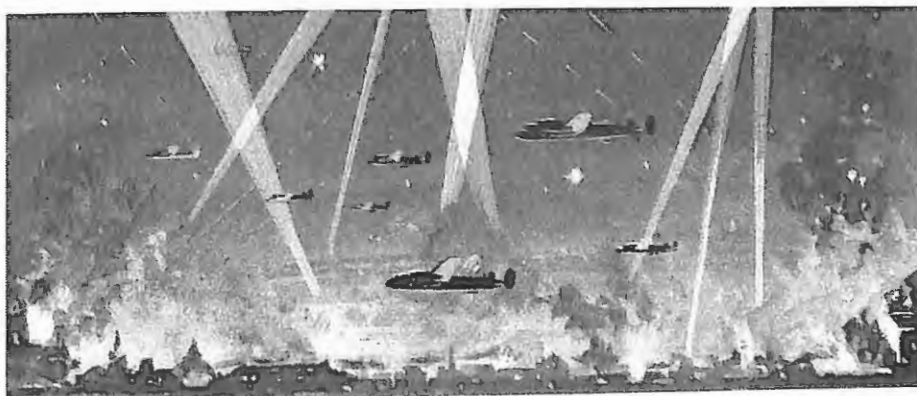
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The way forward is the way back

THE SUGAR INDUSTRY'S ROAD TO RECOVERY

By Roy Dickson



THE once-great Australian sugar industry is in a state of economic collapse. One could give many reasons for this – the seasons (blame God!); the government (who elected them?); industry leaders (did we stand for election ourselves?); the United Nations; globalisation – or perhaps greed?

It is too late for apportioning blame. That won't change anything. Looking back over my own mistakes, I can usually see when I began to go wrong. Hindsight is a wonderful thing. Can we do this in the case of the sugar industry?

I believe we can.

WHERE DID IT ALL BEGIN?

Sugar was first produced plantation-style. Coloured workers were transported, often against their will. My stepmother, fresh from England in 1901, got her first job as a domestic servant on a plantation near Innisfail, where most of the manual work was done by Kanakas.

Social standards changed that system, and we need not dwell on that period, beyond pointing out that it was proved then that sugar could be grown successfully along the coast.

Government made use of this knowledge to encourage the settlement of white-skinned people in the north coast tropics. It was used, not to create wealth, but to settle people on farms and in employment to produce a crop that was needed locally but which could be, even then, bought cheaper overseas.

Industry leaders were fortunate in that men like Forgan Smith were in State politics at the time. Most of the legislation enacted was introduced by him, and proved to be a solid foundation for the new industry. The Australian and Queensland governments introduced legislation resulting in the soundest foundation an industry ever had (primary or secondary). Included was an embargo on the importation of cheap sugar.

Land was assigned to a particular crop – sugar. Being a monoculture, only 75% of the area assigned could be harvested in any one year. The balance of the area was fallowed under green manure (beans), less any area used to grow planting material.

Section 12A of the Central Sugar Cane Prices Legislation spelt out clearly the principles for granting or increasing the sugar mills' quota to be produced and paid for at a price designed to cover

growing, transporting and milling costs, using an area of land necessary, but not larger than, to support a family.

The first four principles of the legislation used the word "reasonable". A "reasonable" distribution along the coast of Queensland, and so on. The fifth condition contained a dramatic change of emphasis. It stated that the allocation must create the utmost employment in the district.

The practical outworking of this was seen in the harvesting of the crop, then done by manual cutting. Each cutter was given a quota of tons-per-day. Of course, if he was experienced he could cut more, but while an able-bodied man remained unemployed in the town, the cutter had to restrict his output so that the other man could work.

Was the system abused? Yes, of course, greed was alive then also, but generally it did work. During and after the war, it was generally the case that shortly after the season started – particularly in the north – there was a shortage of cutters.

The sugar industry could not only survive, but grow, on such a sure foundation.

The people of Australia paid a price for sugar that was calculated to provide cost of production and a reasonable return on capital invested.

The price for home consumption was fixed, and for a time after the war this accounted for about 50% of sugar produced from the allocation allotted to the mills and farmers assigned to a particular mill.

The British Commonwealth countries had a similar arrangement, sugar-importing Commonwealth countries agreeing to pay sugar-exporting Commonwealth countries a reasonable price. This accounted for roughly another 25%, and the balance was sold on the world market.

After estimating the world market returns and the known British Commonwealth factor, if the home consumption price was not enough to meet costs and reasonable return, the industry and Queensland government put a case to the federal government for a price increase. If it could be substantiated, it was granted.

When the legislation was revised, the original Section 12A became Section 42, and the change of thinking started to become evident.

The sugar industry now has to compete on the world market, something it was never previously required to do. If it had, it would never have existed. This seems to be lost on present government and industry leaders alike. The five reasons for setting up the industry have been totally ignored and overridden in subsequent revisions of the original legislation. The baby has gone out with the bath water. Even the dish has been lost!

WORLD PRICE

In the 1980s, the writer implored the then-Minister for Agriculture in Queensland not to increase the No. 1 Pool on which mill peaks were based and home consumption price fixed, to include large quantities of world price sugar. It was the recipe for disaster.

The No. 1 Pool had previously been restricted to that quantity of sugar considered necessary to provide a viable living for a family farm, when subsidised by the Australian consumer. This was the total tonnage of sugar allocated to all mills as their mill peaks, and included in No. 1 Pool for payment purposes.

The Australian consumer could not be asked to pay extra for sugar just so a lot more could be grown to supply low-priced world markets and reduce Australia's foreign trade imbalance. On the other hand, the removal of the home-price guarantee would drive the small family farm (up to then the foundation and reason for the industry) "to the wall".

Well, they are "at the wall" now.

If this "risk" sugar had been left in a No. 2 Pool, at least the family farm would have remained secure.



Australian Sugar Industry Museum Collection

Government policy has changed, and both sides of politics have embraced the concept of global trade and the “level playing field”. Cane farmers have been asked to compete on world markets with low-wage cane-producing countries.

There are other factors as well. In the 1970s the compulsory percentage of fallow land was dropped. This was done to take advantage of a sugar shortage – a rare event.

So we started (or most did) to mine the soil, and not farm it.

Now in the 2000s money is being spent to experiment and write reports on the benefits of rotating – or fallowing – land farmed under long-term monoculture!

WHAT MUST CHANGE?

Well, when a nation, a community, an industry or an individual has gone down the wrong road, the first thing to change is the way we think.

We have had our thinking changed, ever so subtly. In education, acceptance of lower standards in almost every aspect of our society. “*She’ll be right, mate!*”; “*Just make sure you’re alright!*”; “*Do what feels good!*”, and so on. My generation – I’m over seventy – has probably contributed much to the decline, so I’m not judging others.

Let’s look at three aspects usually covered: political, social and economic, to which I will add a fourth which I believe now (it wasn’t always so) is the most important of all – spiritual.

POLITICS

The politician hears only one sound – the rattle of the ballot box. The statesman sees clearly a vision of what is best for the people in the long term, and will head the ship into the storm if that’s the way to go. A politician looks after his own skin first. The former are rare, the latter abound.

Australia’s population has shifted from country to city, and the shift is increasing. “One vote, one value” is a popular catchcry, and it has left the nation with few representatives in the country.

Present political correctness demands that we look globally, “take our place” in the global society even if it means lowering our standard of living.

Industry leaders have gone along with this, and to be fair, there are so many different opinions being put forward as solutions that politicians have a good excuse to do nothing. Growers generally

have avoided the time-consuming duty of representing their industry or area, and now blame those who, for whatever reason, have at least given up their time to do the job.

SOCIAL

As previously explained, the industry was designed to maintain the maximum number of people and to settle the land, not to achieve maximum production with the minimum number for the highest profit. But the apple had a worm in it!

People came before profit. New assignments were once given to establish families on the land. Now the whole country is suffering because we have moved away from that principle.

In 1978 there was a surplus of sugar. Rather than stand it over for the following year (a difficult process in far



Australian Sugar Industry Museum Collection

North Queensland where the surplus happened to be that year), a suggestion was made to government and industry to harvest it and send it to hungry people who could not afford to buy it. It was ignored. The sugar industry has not yet learned the lesson that surpluses in store keep prices down. Give your surplus away and you drive prices up. There are principles here that we ignore at our own risk.

One thing that was forgotten in the good years was that the Australian sugar industry was never at any time independent of government policy. There was no official handout, but the industry survived because the people of Australia paid a price for sugar which guaranteed its viability. We thought we were the “ants pants” and forgot to acknowledge that the people of Australia kept us “in the black”.

The result of the changed government policy will now be that small family farms will disappear, displacing farmers and workers. Farms will get big, or the industry will disappear altogether, and large tracts of land become unproductive.

While we can match, and in most cases exceed, other countries in production, we are not competitive in cost of that production, unless we are prepared to live on third world wages. Is this the Australian society that we want?

ECONOMIC

We cannot divorce economic from social factors. What is good economically is often a disaster socially. The old sugar industry was a prime example of this. Often criticized by free traders, liberal theorists and “competition policy” advocates, it has also been held up as the best example of sound agricultural legislation and planning in the world.

It provided for maximum employment. It ensured a maximum number of families were settled on the land. It provided a guaranteed income for average performance. It distributed its benefits along the coast of Queensland.

It ensured that people were protected and land properly managed. It was designed to restrict capital gains from the sale of land assigned, by controlling the price paid for assigned land. This was to ensure fairness to the Australian public so that they could be assured farmers were not making excessive profits from the sale of land which was viable only with their support.

The system encouraged farm workers and cane cutters to save and put a deposit on a small farm. The security ensured bank finance and ability to service two, and up to three mortgages. Now there is extreme difficulty in servicing any debt at all.

Small growers were the backbone of the industry, and, forgive the rudeness, now they are its backside, and getting kicked hard as well.

All this was achieved because a fixed price to the consumer was paid by the Australian public. Now it is the policy of the Queensland and Australian governments (of both persuasions, for those who still believe there is a difference) to remove that protection, a policy which will see the demise of the industry if other factors remain the same.

The economics of the situation have also dramatically altered with the transfer of the sugar mills from a Statutory Authority into private ownership. Charges to the industry have increased in order to provide dividends to shareholders. This year over \$50 million was distributed. No longer can

mills operate by recouping only their costs.

Yes, farms may be larger than before, but there is a place for the family farm and smaller harvesters, instead of large expensive machinery, in many instances cutting so fast that next year's crop is reduced by damage to the stool, because of high quotas needed to meet heavy hire purchase payments by contractors.

It's this attitude, the present complete lack of consideration of the effects of policy, that has seen sound principles abandoned as "old-fashioned", and replaced with thinking that places the producer, both farmer and miller, at the mercy of forces over which they have no control.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Am I saying we should go back to horses, canecutters, 750/1000 ton farms, bagged sugar? Of course not! But there should be a No. 1 Pool again for home consumption, and reliable contracts with an Australian price to support it. Fluctuating world sugar demands, that trigger huge expansion, should be at growers' risk. Small farmers should not be forced to have their price cut to pieces because of expansion into risky markets.

The old system was brought in to solve a crisis and settle the coastline. Its abandonment has brought on a crisis that will only be solved by a return to a moral policy that combats greed, a social policy that enables the small to exist with the large, and an economic policy that is fair and sufficient to sustain the industry.

Can the industry be saved? Yes, but not without change in people first. Can it be done by the industry alone? No. Commonwealth and State governments have to be part of the solution. But the move must start at grass roots level. With us!

We need to improve our efficiency. Just take the cost paid to harvest cane tops and trash and transport it to the mill and crush it. It would give an old timer a heart attack! Nowadays the harvesting contractor is paid for every ton of material he handles, and it often contains a huge percentage of tops and trash.

Growers are paid by both weight and quality (or sugar content known as "CCS") measured as units or percentages of sucrose in total matter. The lower the CCS the lower the price per ton;

the more rubbish the higher the fibre content and the lower the CCS. Growers seem to forget the mill gets the first four units under the price formula and any units lost are the grower's loss.

The mill certainly hasn't forgotten that the cost of milling "rubbish" is all theirs and they have enough bagasse or fibre out of the clean stalk; they don't need the rest, and all they get for their trouble is the cane a bit cheaper because they will pay a bit less for the lower quality juice and the higher fibre if the formula for CCS is working.

Is there an answer for this? Yes, you have turn trash into cash. Technology has improved since the manufacture of particle-board from bagasse was first



Lower Tully September 1978.

Photographer: Glen O'Malley Australian Sugar Industry Museum Collection

attempted, greatly improving quality; Ethanol has also been proposed as an answer. It should be followed. It is also not new. But these are the tip of the iceberg. The industry needs to look at old ideas, protected by the old legislation to ensure benefits are shared by both grower and miller.

The question we need to ask is, "Can growers keep going while necessary changes are made?" Previously the Agricultural Bank dealt simply in advances to farmers – not banking services. As a public accountant for twenty years the writer can testify many farmers were kept on their farms in the '60s and '70s by twenty-year loans at 4%, a full 2 to 2% below normal bank rates. That's how many new growers were introduced to the land in the first place. Yes, the way forward is the way back alright.

The thinking of the old fellows (not this fellow alone!) was right. It came from a different era because it came from a different heritage.

Let's go back to a fear or awe of the One who can take us through hard times like before. Yes, they were hard times, but not hopeless times.

Now, what are all these words on all this paper really about?

Is the saving of the sugar industry, along with those in it, the most important problem we have? Well, no, there are other matters far more important. There is the possibility that the control of the nation itself may continue to slip away, or even worse, the possibility that this island continent may not even be run by us at all. The solution to both is the same.

Now to the fourth factor – the spiritual change.

SPIRITUAL

Was Australia ever a religious nation? I do not believe so. However, it was a society that had its roots in a belief in God, and that God was the God of the Christian religion. The Ten Commandments given to Moses were the basis for relationship. God was honoured in our legislation, in our courts, in our schools and generally throughout society. There was a general fear of God even if not a love or reverence for His Son, Jesus Christ. This brought with it a respect and consideration for each other and an expectation that society should keep a certain social standard of fairness and consideration.

With the declining influence of Christian values we have seen a decline in moral and social values. Greed in its many forms, always present, now flourishes and no longer does the word 'ethics' mean what it did fifty years ago.

What on earth has this to do with the sugar industry? Well, everything!

Before the closure of Goondi Mill at Innisfail, the Central Sugar Cane Prices Board (the body that dealt with all matters between miller and growers under the Act) met to hear all parties.

I had asked to be heard as a farmer as I was not satisfied with the policies being put forward by cane organisations and the major players.

Years before, from 1957 to 1961, I had appeared before the Board each year for Victoria and Macknade cane growers, under Section 12A of the Act, to apply for an increase in the Mill Peaks to allow more sugar to be produced, so I thought I knew the Act.

I became a Christian in 1978, after years of ignoring God and opposing Christian organisations. Now I sought His advice, and was surprised when He made it clear to me that the principles of the original legislation were righteous.



Australian Sugar Industry Museum Collection

They have now been thrown out, and I must admit that until I took time to seek God and what He thought I had never really understood how important it was that godly principles had been used to set up the industry in the first place. Many of the men in that day thought that way. Today we think differently. Mammon, not Jesus Christ, is king.

God is practical, not religious. Now most of the changes the sugar industry has made cut right across what He calls righteousness.

For instance, sugar is stored to get a price.

The Bible says that there is a curse on one who stores his produce to obtain a price. It also says you are blessed when you give to the needy.

The Bible says to spell your land every seven years. The sugar industry threw that out and proceeded to increase its profits by not spelling the land. All it has

spelt is disaster in the long term.

What is the answer to this part of the problem?

We, as an industry and a nation, must return to God. How do we do this? Go to church? I am not saying that. It is a personal matter for each of us. As

a small number hand their lives back to the Lord, you will find them gathering together in churches, houses and sheds of an evening in prayer for their district.

In the 1980s Bob Katter snr. was asked what could be done for the sugar industry during a small downturn. I was amazed that his answer was that we needed to pray. He told me of an instance in the history of the wool industry when, after a Sunday allocated to prayer by some in the industry, the Prime Minister and cabinet changed course completely on a matter which was life and death for the industry at that time.

The sugar industry needs to go back to God. He says,

"If my people who are called by My Name (that's those of us who say we are Christians)

Will humble themselves (I always find this hard)

Pray and seek My face (talk to Him while you stand and face Him)

Turn from their wicked ways (we all have them. Every time God is not put first, He regards as a wicked way. He is a God of love but He is also a jealous lover)

Then He will hear from heaven (He will listen to us. We don't realize He has stopped until things go wrong)

And will forgive their sins (that means we can communicate because unconfessed sin causes Him to hide himself)

And heal their land.

There is the answer as to how to get the land healed God's way.

When we talk about God, whom are we talking about?

Take a good father. Children grow up and leave home, rebelling against parental standards. They live it up and when things go wrong, need help. The door is always open. They are always loved and welcome, in fact there is great rejoicing when they come to their senses and come home, bruises, problems and all. In fact, dad has been looking and waiting for them to come.

Understand this and you understand the real Almighty God. Not religious rules, just unconditional love. That's the all-knowing, practical God the writer knows, and is writing about. An ever-present help in times of trouble, to those who love Him.

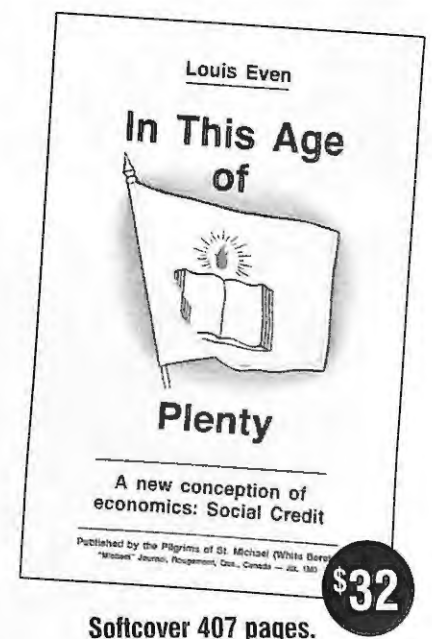
ESSENTIAL READING

This book *In This Age Of Plenty*, presents a new conception of finance, of the money system, that would definitely free society from purely financial problems. It's author, Louis Even sets out the outlines of the Social Credit financial proposals, conceived by the Scottish engineer Clifford Hugh Douglas.

Today, when there is no money, municipalities lay aside urgent works requested by the population, even though there is everything needed – men and materials – to carry out all of these works. Social Credit would change all of this. It would make money a simple servant, a mere bookkeeping system, but a just one, in keeping with existing conditions. Money would come into being as production is made, and money would disappear as production disappears.

Today, the production system does not distribute purchasing power to everyone. It distributes it only to those who are employed in production. And the more the production comes from the machine, the less it comes from human labour. Production even increases, whereas required employment decreases, so there is a conflict between progress, which eliminates the need for human labour, and the system, which distributes purchasing power only to the employed.

Yet everyone has the right to live, even those who are not employed. This is why, without in any way disturbing the system of reward for work, Social Credit would distribute to every individual a periodical income called a "Social Dividend". This dividend would allow everyone to enjoy the fruits of progress.



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A PRINCE AMONG GOVERNORS

John Buchan, Baron Tweedsmuir and former Canadian Governor-General

By 'WP'

Few there must be who, before and after World War II, never came across the magical novels of John Buchan. Names like *The Thirty Nine Steps*, *Greenmantle*, *Witch Wood*, *John MacNab*, *Hunting Tower*, *The Path of the King*, *The Three Hostages*, *Castle Gay* and many others captivated and enthralled readers across the world. Many a bookshelf preserves a prized space for the magic of John Buchan. Far fewer know that he was more than a novelist. He was also soldier, statesman, historian and, at the end of his life, a much-loved Canadian Governor-General. What ingredients make such a man?

Modest Beginnings

John Buchan was born on August 26, 1875, to John and Helen Buchan in Perth, Scotland. His father was a Minister of the Knox (Free) Church. The boy was the eldest of six, three boys and two girls, the youngest of whom died at the age of five.

The family moved to Pathhead, Fife, shortly after John's birth, and he attended the Board school, the Burgh school and finally the High School at Kirkaldy, often spending his holidays with his grandparents in Peebleshire. His mother's family had a sheep farm, which allowed John Buchan glorious hours exploring the villages and the moors, and with his sister and friends fishing in the burns, ganging up with the local poachers, and playing their games of Bruce and Douglas and Montrose.

John Buchan later said, in the words of the hero of his first novel that, "by the time I had come to 16 years I had swum in every pool in Tweed for miles up and down, climbed every hill, fished in every burn"; and when his grandmother died he wrote, "I have liked Broughton better than any other place in the world."

When he was thirteen his father was called to be Minister in the Gorbals, Glasgow, and John was sent to Hutcheson's Grammar School.

In 1892 he won a bursary to Glasgow University, where he first developed his

future literary skills, having short stories and articles published in Scotland and London while still in his teens. He won a classical scholarship to Brasenose College, Oxford, where he blossomed, producing one of his first novels, *John Burnet of Barnes*, and contributing to University papers and magazines. He attained a First in the Greats (*Literae Humaniores*) and became President of the Oxford Union.

Oxford was very different from today's world famous university, more like a country market town. There were no cars, and the students were almost exclusively male. But it provided an atmosphere in which Buchan thrived. His holidays were spent walking and exploring in his beloved Scotland, and his first attempts at rock-climbing at which he became adept.

The Bar

In 1899, better off than most students by virtue of his writing skills, Buchan took rooms at London's famous Temple to study for the Bar. Almost from the moment of his arrival he was writing regularly for *The Spectator*. He made new friends and enjoyed a social life. He was often invited to social gatherings in the country, and at one of these met L.S. Amery, who had just returned from reporting on the Boer War in South Africa. The War was almost over, and Lord Milner had been appointed High Commissioner for South Africa. He was aiming to



John Buchan, 1906

recruit capable administrators for his new task of reconstruction and, at Amery's suggestion, wrote to Buchan and offered him a job. If the young man would pay his own way to South Africa (about £60 at the time) he would be guaranteed two years' work at £1200 per annum. Buchan immediately accepted, and landed at the Cape in October, 1901.

With the gradual close of fighting regular arrivals of ships brought new settlers, industrialists, miners and explorers. Buchan traveled overland to Johannesburg to join an overworked Lord Milner. Within a short time he found himself handling immense administrative challenges, including the Departments of Land Settlement and Boer Refugee Camps. The latter were one of the most deplorable results of the war, and the treatment of women and children terrible, nurturing a deep hatred for the British among Boer settlers, which has since diminished only gradually and slightly. There was no improvement in the high mortality rate in the Camps until the importation of medical staff from the Indian Medical Service.

The High Veldt

Buchan did not much like Johannesburg ("The people are chiefly Scots and Jews," he commented) but he was immediately fascinated by the bush, and traveled extensively while overseeing land development. He



Brasenose College, Oxford, where Buchan arrived as a scholar in 1895



Broughton Green, near Peebles, his grandparents' farm where Buchan spent his holidays

traveled to Swaziland, the Marico river and the Magiliesberg, and to the heights of the Drakensberg, which later became the scene for his famous novel *Prester John*. He had fallen in love with the veldt.

He reluctantly returned to England in August 1903 to complete his law studies. He was in two minds about his choice, having been made some attractive offers to stay in South Africa. But Lord Milner advised him to return home if his long-term goal was life at the Bar. His writing for *The Spectator* immediately resumed, with widespread interest in South Africa, for which Buchan was now suitably experienced to comment. But life at home, with its club life and social parties seemed tame indeed.

With a reputation as a man of letters with a brilliant future, he was much sought after in the social set, and had intimate contact with the famous political and literary figures of his day. Men such as Arthur Balfour, the Prime Minister, Lord Lugard, High Commissioner for Nigeria and Alfred Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, were well aware of the up-and-coming barrister.

Marriage

It was in 1905 that he met and fell in love with Susan Grosvenor, a young socialite with a glittering aristocratic family background, which raised eyebrows among some of the social set, and from Buchan's own parents, who distrusted the high and mighty. On July 15, 1907 the two were wed at St George's, Hanover Square, by Cosmo Lang who would later become Archbishop of Canterbury. Buchan had also been offered a new job, as literary adviser to the well-known printing and

publishing firm of Nelsons. After a few months in Edinburgh, learning about the printing machinery, he moved to the firm's London office, writing and reviewing. He brought to the public a rich stable of writers – H.G. Wells, Conrad, Henry James, E.F. Benson, Quiller-Couch, Anthony

Hope, W.W. Jacobs, E.C. Bentley and Erskine Childers. John Buchan himself wrote for publication by Nelson his famous *Prester John*, and a life of the Marquis of Montrose, one of his heroes. This was shortly followed by *The Three Hostages*, and John Buchan's international fame was established.

On June 5, 1908 his first child, a daughter Alice was born.

In 1910 he and Susan traveled by the famous Orient Express to Constantinople, which set the scene for the latter part of his *Greenmantle*. They traveled regularly, staying with new friends and acquaintances, visiting Bavaria, fishing up the fjords in Norway, or back to Buchan's boyhood pastures in Peebleshire.

Into Parliament

In 1911 he was persuaded to stand for Parliament as Unionist candidate for Peebleshire and Selkirk. He was no party hack, but very much his own man. *The Peebleshire News* commented:

"Mr John Buchan is rather advanced in his opinions to please some of the more rabid Tories. Part of his programme is stated to be: Abolition of the hereditary principle of the House of Lords, Free Trade, and a scheme of Small Holdings. How the Union Tariff Reformers will act with such a programme remains to be seen. Certain it is that some who attended the meeting are not at all keen on such an advanced programme."

This was the era of Lord Milner's grand imperial dreams, and Cecil Rhodes' notion of an Anglo-Saxon Imperial Order, through the Round Table and the establishment of Rhodes Scholarships. But John Buchan drew the line, commenting:

"I realized what Sir Wilfred Laurier,

first of all imperial statesmen, realized, that you could not bind a growing Empire with any elaborate constitutional bonds. I realized the strength of Colonial nationalism – that the different Dominions had still to rise to national stature, and that until that day came, it was idle to talk about any machinery of union."

His second child, John Norman Stuart, was born on November 25, 1911.

Health Problems

The strain of looking after such a rural Scottish electorate, much of which was still remote and could only be visited on foot or pony, plus the death of his father and younger brother, told heavily on Buchan's health. In 1912 he suffered greatly from a duodenal ulcer, which was to dog him the rest of his life. By 1914 he was forced to convalesce under doctor's orders for complete rest. Hating idleness, he started on what probably became his most famous novel, *The Thirty Nine Steps*.

Although unable to join up in 1914 due to his health, Buchan was sent to France as special correspondent for *The Times*. In May 1915 he was in Flanders, and his special articles were a vivid contrast to the official communiqués of the government. One could almost smell the smoke of battle in his descriptions. He took his readers to Ypres, Ploegsteert Wood, Hill 60. He spent days with the different troops, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the Northumberland Fusiliers and the Durham Light Infantry. He met General Haig, and at his invitation was sent to report on the Battle of Loos. John Buchan had now been co-opted into the Intelligence Corps, first as lieutenant, but finishing as a colonel. In February 1916 he was asked



Buchan dedicated this first book of essays to the memory of his grandfather, John Masterton of Broughton Green

to take a Russian delegation to Scapa Flow on behalf of the Foreign Office, and was employed in Intelligence until the end of the war. In the midst of this intense activity he finished his famous *Greenmantle*.

His third child and second son William was born on January 10, 1916. His last child, Alastair, was born in September 1918.

Prodigious output

At the close of the War John Buchan was appointed Director of Intelligence in the new Ministry of Information, under the Ministry of Lord Beaverbrook. Hankering after a home in the country for his young family, John and Susan bought a home four miles from Oxford at Elsfield, within daily reach of London. As Buchan commented, the tides of modernity had somehow missed Elsfield, many of the inhabitants never having been on a train. Not only was he within reach of London, but also of the woods and moors of untouched English countryside, where he rode often with his children. Thirdly, he was in close proximity to many of his old Oxford friends and a wide range of stimulating intellectual activity. Poets, adventurers, scholars, historians and leading political figures often beat a path to Buchan's door.

From 1922 to 1936 Buchan produced a new book every year. They were a combination of intrigue and high adventure mixed with the joys of the wild country he loved; and all synthesised with consummate literary skill. He wrote major biographies – Montrose, Scott, Cromwell and Augustus – showing that the historian was on a par with the story teller.

He still hankered after another spell in Parliament, but only if he could represent his Scottish people. Living



In Quebec, Lord Tweedsmuir, Mackenzie King, Franklin D. Roosevelt and his son James

near Oxford such a possibility seemed remote; but in 1927 an unexpected opportunity opened with the death of Sir Henry Craik, one of three MPs representing Scottish universities. He immediately nominated, defeating his Labour opponent in the by-election by 16,903 votes to 2,378.

Anti-Semitism

Allegations have occasionally been made that John Buchan tended towards anti-Semitism, based on some of the remarks of his fictional characters, particularly in *The Three Hostages*. Buchan had remarked that he disliked many of the Jews he had met in Johannesburg.

However, he was a supporter of the early Zionist calls for a Jewish homeland in Palestine, and wrote and spoke in favour of a people he saw as having been historically wronged by gentile nations. His name is recorded in the Golden Book of the Jewish National Fund in Israel, honoured along with others such as Smuts, Balfour, Amery and Orde Wingate.

Quite what he would have thought of events in the Middle East in 2002 is hard to say. But he had a penchant for the underdog, and would probably have extended his sympathy for the early Zionist cause as far as the displaced Palestinians.

He never quite fitted into Parliament, and although respected and consulted by members of all parties, was seen to be too much his own man to sacrifice his views for the team game.

Moderator

In 1933 he was offered a unique, 'ten-day' experience – High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. The position is unique in that for ten days the High Commissioner represents the Sovereign and, for the ten days, is given royal standing. Over that period he lives at Holyrood, has a military guard of honour and a staff of Pursebearer and ADCs, being addressed as 'Your Grace'. He is escorted to the Assembly Hall on the Mound, addressing the opening and closing sessions. He visits schools and hospitals, opens charity fetes, makes innumerable speeches and – at vast dinner parties at Holyrood, and a garden party – entertains members of the Assembly and people of consequence from all over Scotland.

Buchan enjoyed the experience, reigning in Holyrood for the ten days, and then reverting, Cinderella-like, from 'His Grace' to John Buchan.

One year later came the greatest honour of all; an invitation from the Canadian Prime Minister Mackenzie King to become the Crown's representative as Canada's Governor-General. Susan was apprehensive of such a public profile and increasingly worried about her husband's health, but would not stand in his way. After much consideration, the Buchans accepted the invitation. Old Mrs. Buchan was delighted, her pleasure enhanced when her son had a baronetcy conferred on him, and took his title of Tweedsmuir from the country where she had been born.

Canada

On November 2, 1935 the Chief Justice of Canada and the Prime Minister met John Buchan – now Baron Tweedsmuir – and his wife, at Wolfe's Cove. Escorted in a horse-drawn carriage by cavalry through the streets of Quebec, Tweedsmuir was sworn in.

Settling into their official residence at Rideau Hall, some two miles from the center of Ottawa, John Buchan was soon engaged in the host of engagements and duties which face a Governor-General; consulting members and Ministers of Parliament, speaking at functions across the country, entertaining foreign leaders, examining and ratifying legislation, opening Parliament itself. All these things and many more John Buchan took in his stride – and still found time for writing.

Of the greatest satisfaction, both to Tweedsmuir and the Canadian Prime Minister Mackenzie King, was the royal visit by the King and Queen in 1939. It was the first time a reigning Monarch had visited a Dominion. It was to be a practical demonstration of the principles of the Statute of Westminster; the King should be seen as the King of Canada, and Canada



The Tweedsmuirs on tour in New Brunswick

should be seen to be an independent sovereign power within the association of the Commonwealth. In October 1937 Tweedsmuir, speaking to the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, had affirmed his belief that:

"Canada is a sovereign nation, and cannot take her attitude to the world docilely from Britain or from the United States or from anybody else. A Canadian's first loyalty is not to the British Commonwealth of Nations, but to Canada, and Canada's King"

Traveling widely

But, of course, it was not all ceremony. The Buchans took every opportunity to explore Canada. During his first term of office he covered northern and Eastern Ontario and much of Quebec; across the northern prairies to British Columbia; back through the southern prairies – at that time suffering their seventh year of drought. The next year he traveled from the Maritimes back to British Columbia, and right down the Mackenzie River to the Arctic. He covered much of the Rockies, saw settlements on the Peace River and the Smoky River of Alberta.

And he was still writing; his own memoirs, *Memory-Hold-The-Door* in 1937, and his last novel, *Sick Heart River* in 1939. It was in that year he had to perform the most sorrowful duty of his life – signing Canada's declaration of war against Germany. "This is the third war I have been in", he wrote to an old friend, "and no-one could hate the horrible thing more than I do".

His three sons were in uniform, and Tweedsmuir's role was reviewing troops, campaigning for war funds and visiting convoys. His health was failing rapidly, his duodenal ulcer getting on top of him. He had been offered a second five-year term as Governor-General, but knew he hadn't the strength for it. He dreaded leaving Canada, and in the end did not have to. In early February 1940 he had a cerebral thrombosis, and died a week later without regaining consciousness.

He was deeply mourned, not only in Canada and Britain, but throughout the English-speaking world. But with Richard Hannay, John MacNab and a host of other heroes and villains, John Buchan will live on. Memory will hold the door.

Letter to the Editor



Mutual Respect A More Loving Response

Vol. 26, No. 100, page 12: "One of the great western virtues is freedom of enquiry and expression. Yet this freedom of enquiry surely eventually calls into question religious faith ... ?"

Does "freedom of enquiry" in this context mean that one has the freedom to ask whatever questions one chooses in relation to spiritual/religious matters? If two people ask the same question but come to very different answers, then surely those 'answers' could rightly be regarded as 'personal opinion'? How best could any national government today deal with the social problems arising, at a secular level, from a collective religious 'I disagree with you'?

What does history reveal about the way Christianity has dealt with a collective 'I disagree with you'? Perhaps the worst examples are the Crusades and the Spanish Inquisition. This would seem to indicate that, in those years, people had the freedom to ask questions, but that it was compulsory to come to somebody else's answers, viz. initially those of the Church of Rome, and subsequently, those of any one of several break-away 'Protestant' and 'Reform' Churches – all of which knew they were 100% right and that the other Christian churches were only partly-right.

Today the number of folk who support a 'compulsory-answers' system seems to be increasing in all religious faiths throughout the world and they are usually referred to as 'fundamentalists' or 'literalists'. At the same time the number of folk supporting a traditional orthodoxy seems to be declining at an even greater rate.

As I see it, this leaves a large number of people without a commitment to any form of 'official' religion, but that does not mean they have ceased to ask questions about the nature of life, whether or not there is a purpose to human life, and whether or not God exists.

If we humans were able to respect the myths and religious historical stories of all people as being precious efforts to explain the 'Great Unexplainable' that we name "God", it is quite possible that we would find the similarities far outweigh the differences! Mutual respect is surely a more loving response than trying to insist on our own 'rightness', which automatically makes a 'wrongness' of any difference

Jenifer Jefferies
Seaford, S.A.

ESSENTIAL READING

THE BEST DEMOCRACY MONEY CAN BUY By Greg Palast *An Investigative Reporter Exposes the Truth about Globalization, Corporate Cons and High Finance Fraudsters.*

Award-winning investigative journalist Greg Palast digs deep to unearth the ugly facts that few reporters working anywhere in the world today have the courage or ability to cover. From Tallahassee to Karachi, Houston to Santiago, he has exposed some of the most egregious cases of political corruption, corporate fraud, and financial manipulation, globally. His uncanny investigative skills as well as his acerbic wit and no-holds-barred style have made him an anathema among magnates on four continents and a legend among his colleagues and his devoted readership worldwide.

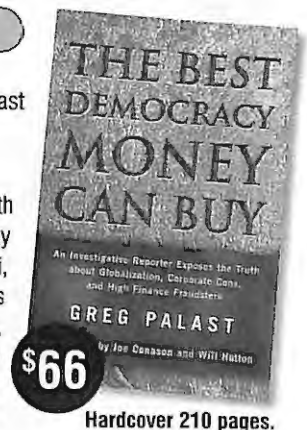
Palast is the first investigative reporter who first revealed how Katherine Harris and Jeb Bush removed thousands of Democrats from voter rolls before the Presidential election. The explosive stories from Salon.com, the Washington Post, and the Guardian are included here, expanded with new evidence. There is also the story behind his cover operation "Lobbygate," of corruption at the heart of Tony Blair's government, which earned him the distinction of being the first journalist ever personally berated on the floor of Parliament by a prime minister.

Here is the celebrated series "Sell the Lexus, Burn the Olive Tree," in which Palast, working with a cache of documents from inside the World Bank, IMF and WTO shines a light on the dark machinery of the Iron Triangle of Globalization, what Jude Wanniski of the Wall Street Journal called, "Great writing on the Evil Empire of the IMF."

This book would have to be George Bush and Tony Blair's '*Very own nightmare*'.

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DRAKE'S DRUM

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a dancin' heel-an-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', and the night-tide dashin',
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armada come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago!

Sir Henry Newbolt.



'God blew and they were scattered.'
The Armada medal, struck to
commemorate the victory.



Drake died at sea off Nombre de Dios in the West Indies in 1596. His drum, used in those days for signaling orders to the crew, was brought back to his home at Buckland Abbey. A legend grew up that it would sound whenever England was in national danger.



THE MAGIC OF A TRY!

SCOTLAND v. AUSTRALIA

By John Buchan

An excerpt from his book *Castle Gay*, published in 1930

Support for the game can reach almost religious heights, particularly in English-speaking countries, but you don't have to be a rugby-union fan, or a Scot, to be infected by the atmosphere created in this epic tale.

THAT year the Antipodes had dispatched to Britain such a constellation of Rugby stars that the hearts of the home enthusiasts became as water, and their joints were loosened.

For years they had known and suffered from the quality of those tall young men from the South, whom the sun had toughened and tautened - their superb physique, their resourcefulness, their uncanny combination. Hitherto, while the fame of one or two players had reached these shores, the teams had been in the main a batch of dark horses, and there had been no exact knowledge to set a bar to hope. But now Australia had gathered herself together for a mighty effort, and had sent to the field a fifteen most of whose members were known only too well. She had collected her sons wherever they were to be found. Four had already played for British Universities; three had won a formidable repute in international matches in which their country of ultimate origin had entitled them to play. What club, county, or nation could resist so well equipped an enemy? And, as luck decided, it fell to Scotland, which had been having a series of disastrous seasons, to take the first shock.

That ancient land seemed for the moment to have forgotten her prowess. She could produce a strong, hard-working, and effective pack, but her great three-quarter line had gone, and she had lost the scrum-half who the year before had been her chief support. Most of her fifteen were new to an international game, and had never played together. The danger lay in the

enemy halves and three-quarters. The Kangaroos had two halves possessed of miraculous hands and a perfect knowledge of the game. They might be trusted to get the ball to their three-quarters, who were reputed the most formidable combination that ever played on turf. On the left wing was the mighty Charvill, an Oxford Blue and an English International; on the right Martineau, who had won fame on the cinder-track as well as on the football-field. The centres were two cunning brothers, Clauson by name, who played in a unison like Siamese twins. Against such a four Scotland could scrape up only a quartet of possibles, men of promise but not yet of performance. The hosts of Tuscany seemed strong out of all proportion to the puny defenders of Rome. And as the Scottish right-wing three-quarter, to frustrate the terrible Charvill, stood the tiny figure of J. Galt ("Jaikie"), Cambridge University, five foot six inches in height and slim as a wagtail.

RAIN AND MUD

To the crowd of sixty thousand and more that waited for the teams to enter the field there was vouchsafed one slender comfort. The weather was abominable. It had rained all the preceding night, and it was hoped that the ground might be soft, inclining to mud - mud dear to the heart of our islanders but hateful to men accustomed to the firm soil of the South.

The game began in a light drizzle, and for Scotland it began disastrously. The first scrum was in the centre of the ground, and the ball came out to

the Kangaroo scrum-half, who sent it to his stand-off. From him it went to Clauson, and then to Martineau, who ran round his opposing wing, dodged the Scottish fullback, and scored a try, which was converted. After five minutes the Kangaroos led by five points.

Presently the Scottish forwards woke up, and there was a spell of stubborn defence. The Scottish full-back had a long shot at goal from a free kick, and missed, but for the rest most of the play was in the Scottish twenty-five. The Scottish pack strove their hardest, but they did no more than hold their opponents. Then once more came a quick heel out, which went to one of the Clausons, a smart cut-through, a try secured between the posts and easily converted. The score was now ten points to nil.

Depression settled upon the crowd as dark as the weather, which had stopped raining but had developed into a sour *haar*. Followed a period of constant kicking into touch, a dull game which the Kangaroos were supposed to eschew. Just before half-time there was a thin ray of comfort. The Scottish left-wing three-quarter, one Smail, a Borderer, intercepted a Kangaroo pass and reached the enemy twenty-five before he was brought down from behind by Martineau's marvellous sprinting. He had been within sight of success, and half-time came with a faint hope that there was still a chance of averting a runaway defeat.

The second half began with three points to Scotland, secured from a penalty kick. Also the Scottish forwards



The tackle!

seemed to have got a new lease of life. They carried the game well into the enemy territory, dribbling irresistibly in their loose rushes, and hooking and heeling in the grand manner from the scrums. The white uniforms of the Kangaroos were now plentifully soiled, and the dark blue of the Scots made them look the less bedraggled side. All but J. Galt. His duty had been that of desperate defence conducted with a resolute ferocity, and he had suffered in it. His jersey was half torn off his back, and his shorts were in ribbons; he limped heavily, and his small face looked as if it had been ground into the mud of his native land. He felt dull and stupid, as if he had been slightly concussed. His gift had hitherto been for invisibility; his fame had been made as a will-o'-the-wisp; now he seemed to be cast for the part of that Arnold von Winkelried who drew all the spears to his bosom.

The ball was now coming out to the Scottish halves, but they mishandled it. It seemed impossible to get their three-quarters going. The ball either went loose, or was intercepted, or the holder was promptly tackled, and whenever there seemed a chance of a run there was always either a forward pass or a knock-on. At this period of the game the Scottish forwards were carrying everything on their shoulders, and their backs seemed hopeless. Any moment, too, might see the deadly echelon of the Kangaroo three-quarters ripple down the field.

And then came one of those sudden gifts of fortune which make Rugby an image of life. The ball came out from a heel in a scrum not far from the Kangaroo twenty-five, and went to the

Kangaroo stand-off half. He dropped it, and, before he could recover, it was gathered by the Scottish stand-off. He sent it to Smail, who passed back to the Scottish left-centre, one Morrison, an Academical from Oxford who had hitherto been pretty much of a passenger. Morrison had the good luck to have a clear avenue before him, and he had a gift of pace. Dodging the Kangaroo full-back with a neat swerve, he scored in the corner of the goal-line amid a pandemonium of cheers. The try was miraculously converted, and the score stood at ten points to eight, with fifteen minutes to play.

SUDDEN HUSH

Now began an epic struggle, not the least dramatic in the history of the game since a century ago the Rugby schoolboy William Webb Ellis first "took the ball in his arms and ran with it." The Kangaroos had no mind to let victory slip from their grasp, and, working like one man, they set themselves to assure it. For a little their magnificent three-quarter line seemed to have dropped out of the picture, but now most theatrically it returned to it. From a scrum in the Kangaroo half of the field, the ball went to their stand-off and from him to Martineau. At the moment the Scottish players were badly placed, for their three-quarters were standing wide in order to overlap the faster enemy line. It was a perfect occasion for one of Martineau's deadly runs. He was, however, well tackled by Morrison and passed back to his scrum-half, who kicked ahead towards the left wing to Charvill. The latter gathered the ball at top-speed, and went racing down the touch-line with nothing before him but the Scottish right-wing three-quarter. It seemed a certain score, and there fell on the spectators a sudden hush. That small figure, not hitherto renowned for pace, could never match the Australian's long, loping, deadly stride.

Had Jaikie had six more inches of height he would have failed. But a resolute small man who tackles low is the hardest defence to get round. Jaikie hurled himself at Charvill, and was handed off by a mighty palm. But he staggered back in the

direction of his own goal, and there was just one fraction of a second for him to make another attempt. This time he succeeded. Charvill's great figure seemed to dive forward on the top of his tiny assailant, and the ball rolled into touch. For a minute, while the heavens echoed with the shouting, Jaikie lay on the ground bruised and winded. Then he got up, shook himself, like a heroic, bedraggled sparrow, and hobbled back to his place.

There were still five minutes before the whistle, and these minutes were that electric testing time, when one side is intent to consolidate a victory and the other resolute to avert too crushing a defeat. Scotland had never hoped to win; she had already done far better than her expectations, and she gathered herself together for a mighty effort to hold what she had gained. Her hopes lay still in her forwards. Her backs had far surpassed their form, but they were now almost at their last gasp.

But in one of them there was a touch of that genius which can triumph over fatigue. Jaikie had never in his life played so gruelling a game. He was accustomed to being maltreated, but now he seemed to have been pounded and smothered and kicked and flung about till he doubted whether he had a single bone undamaged. His whole body was one huge ache. Only the brain under his thatch of hair was still working well . . . The Kangaroo pack had gone down field with a mighty rush, and there was a scrum close to the Scottish twenty-five.

The ball went out cleanly to one of the Clausons, but it was now very greasy, and the light was bad, and he missed his catch. More, he stumbled after it and fell, for he had had a punishing game. Jaikie on the wing suddenly saw



And again!

his chance. He darted in and gathered the ball, dodging Clauson's weary tackle. There was no other man of his side at hand to take a pass, but there seemed just a slender chance for a cut-through. He himself of course would be downed by Charvill, but there was a fraction of a hope, if he could gain a dozen yards, that he might be able to pass to Smail, who was not so closely marked. His first obstacle was the Kangaroo scrum-half, who had come across the field. To him he adroitly sold the dummy, and ran towards the right touch-line, since there was no sign of Smail. He had little hope of success, for it must be only a question of seconds before he was brought down. He did not hear the roar from the spectators as he appeared in the open, for he was thinking of Charvill waiting for his revenge, and he was conscious that his heart was behaving violently quite outside its proper place. But he was also conscious that in some mysterious way he had got a second wind, and that his body seemed a trifle less leaden.

He was now past the half-way line, a little distance ahead of one of the Clausons, with no colleague near him,

and with Charvill racing to intercept him. For one of Jaikie's inches there could be no hand-off, but he had learned in his extreme youth certain arts not commonly familiar to Rugby players. He was a most cunning dodger. To the yelling crowd he appeared to be aiming at a direct collision with the Kangaroo leftwing. But just as it looked as if a two-seater must meet a Rolls-Royce head-on at full speed, the two-seater swerved and Jaikie wriggled somehow below Charvill's arm. Then sixty thousand people stood up, waving caps and umbrellas and shouting like lunatics, for Charvill was prone on the ground, and Jaikie was stolidly cantering on.

He was now at the twenty-five line, and the Kangaroo full-back awaited him. This was a small man, very little taller than Jaikie, but immensely broad and solid, and a superlative place-kick. A different physique would have easily stopped the runner, now at the very limits of his strength, but the Kangaroo was too slow in his tackle to meet Jaikie's swerve. He retained indeed in his massive fist a considerable part of Jaikie's jersey, but the half-naked wearer managed to stumble on just



The Try!

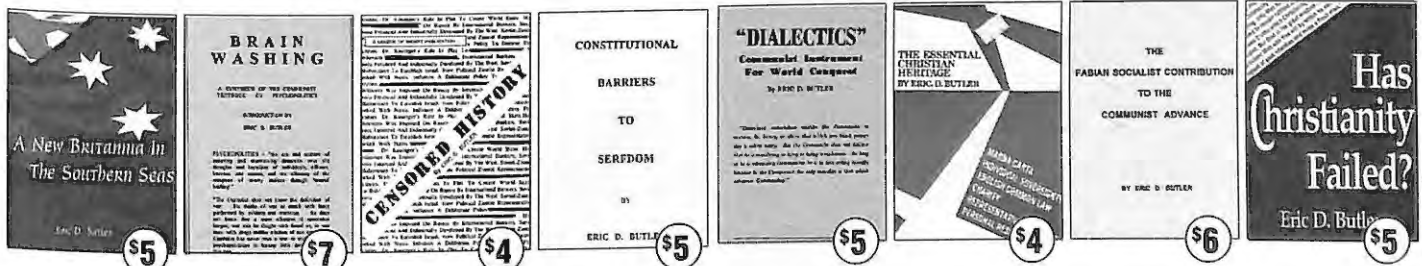
ahead of him, and secured a try in the extreme corner. There he lay with his nose in the mud, utterly breathless, but obscurely happy. He was still dazed and panting when a minute later the whistle blew, and a noise like the Last Trump told him that by a single point he had won the match for his country.



"As power becomes progressively centralised, so do those without any scruples concerning the use of power come to the top. Fear, not love, becomes the major energising factor. And fear is destructive, preventing the creativeness of the individual to flower."

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Yankee-struck Youth in Wartime

By Larry Noye



Larry Noye, 2002

CHUCK, the American soldier, threw me into a round of enchanting boyhood activity during the war year of 1943.

How well I remember it over fifty-nine years! I was fifteen and, looking back, very impressionable. The “Yanks” were thick about Melbourne in those dark days, eighteen months after the shock of Pearl Harbour.

Japanese forces were mounting a threat to the north, and it was comforting to have smartly-uniformed American servicemen populating the streets of Melbourne, men with an intriguing accent, the Marines distinguished with a shoulder patch, in colour, attesting to having gone through victory in the bitter South Pacific battle for the island of Guadalcanal.

I came to know Private Charles Allera, my own friendly, generous Yank soldier. He was encamped in barrack rooms hastily erected at Brooklyn, on the fringe of suburban Footscray.

It was enlivening to find I could earn good money from tips; earned after riding home from school. The soldiers behind the barbed wire willingly supplemented their diet with such items as the “cookies” which I rode off to get for them, ice cream and delicacies with strange names. But it was quite a race to fit in a possible two rounds of errands. It was mid-Winter, and the sky already grey when I arrived by bike at the camp. With dark closing in early one evening, I detoured on the second journey for home, where I had the evening meal.

MOVIES

Back to the camp, to deliver my goods. The Americans being served spilled out of their barrack room to collect their items. Presumably the rather handsome, outgoing Yank I came to know as Chuck appreciated the after-dark delivery.

“Boy, would you like to go to the movies?” he asked.

Would I? It opened up a whole world of boyhood delight. Fraternising with my own Yank soldier, “US Army” impressively fixed in chrome metal about his neckline. Hosted to a film of our choice, then to a café and meal later – all on generous Chuck, PFC – “Private First Class” – Charles Allera, from Detroit, Michigan, in the snowy north up by the Canadian border. Moving accounts of life over there; of Joe Louis, the heavyweight champion of the world, and the Negro fervor when he fought; of Henry Ford – “a real regular guy”, as Chuck put it.

He gave me a photo of his sister, Jo, squatting in the snow, holding a little toddler, Joan. It offered a moving appeal to my fifteen-year-old eyes. Snow was unknown in Melbourne; a seasonal event over there. I learned that Jo, older by quite some years than five-year-old Chuck when their mother died, played a big part in bringing up Chuck and two young sisters.

Well do I remember Chuck, hands in the slit pockets of his jacket, outside the Grand Theatre in Footscray, morosely advising, “Ah’d give mar right arm for mar sister!” He wrote a poem for her – as “mother” in the sentimental style of Americans. The strange accent added its own colour to the Yanks.

Juke boxes poured out sentimental songs like the sombre tones of Bing Crosby, reporting he was “*Dreaming of a White Christmas*”. Wartime epics like “*Over There*” rent the atmosphere.

Chuck, having transferred with his battalion of Military Police into what had been a seamen’s home at the docklands end of Melbourne City, I had come to call on him there.

Taking up anything American, I was wearing an American service shirt given me by another Yank. The fact that it was a couple of sizes too big worried me not; I wore it, with tie, to school. Likewise I had obtained a forage cap, khaki, which I wore everywhere.

On one visit to the seamen’s home, I was waiting in a room in the foyer for Chuck, upstairs. A soldier told me, “The captain would like to see you.”

In I went to his office. A rather handsome dark officer sat behind his desk. Asked who I awaited, I responded with pride, “Chuck Allera . . . Chuck Allera”.

“Allera, aye,” he commented, presumably taking note for a purpose



Private First Class Chuck Allera, 1943

I naively failed to detect. Then, peering at me, he asked,

“Isn’t that a US service shirt you’re wearing?”

I was on the defensive. I told him it was given me by an American called Scotty at Brooklyn, which was true, and that it had a rip in it. I was hastily trying to reveal the tear – about an inch long – and getting nervous. An American put his head round the door, and exclaimed, “Put him in the brig!” This was the lockup – advice which wasn’t comforting, since I’d seen a prisoner behind that stopgap cell, with dried blood extending from a head wound, presumably the result of an MP’s baton.

I didn’t think I really would be thrown in the brig; I recognized it as a joke, but I was getting decidedly nervous and close to tears. Another soldier commented from the door, “Allera’s waiting for you.” I gingerly made my way out of the office – unchallenged by my interrogator.

PAYOUT

My memory is not at all of Americans being unkind. One recalls an older officer, entering a barber’s saloon, filled with perhaps a half dozen kids waiting their turn. He announced he would pay everyone out to let him mount the barber’s chair first. We all acquiesced.

A cunning kid – Johnny Williams – attracted attention with a show of tears outside the cinema. “What’s up, boy?” from a concerned Yank. “I’ve lost me money, and I can’t go to the movies,” sobbed Johnny. Comforting him, the Yank unhesitatingly shouted him a ticket, and Johnny scuttled inside, his own money still jingling in his pocket.

Then there was Chuck’s report of astonishing kindness. A surgeon in the big hospital which the Americans ran, and in which Chuck became a patient, noted a newsboy who limped.

“Boy!” – the standard American greeting – “Would you like to walk and run like other boys?” asked the surgeon. The offer was taken up, apparently with parental consent, and the paperboy accorded all the skills of US medicine, quite free of charge.

With characteristic openhandedness, Chuck, confined with a broken arm to the future royal Melbourne hospital,

then still being built, once dispatched a 52 word telegram.

Presumably I filled a gap in the life of an American soldier in a strange land. I only fully recognized this in this year of 2002. I have been able to maintain contact with soldier Chuck Allera, largely by correspondence through his womenfolk; sister Jo, and the Grace who obviously blessed him with marriage and family after their wedding back home in 1948.

A fond recollection was penned by Grace Allera in 2001. She had been widowed two years earlier and was sadly missing her dear husband. Grace's account of a wartime farewell, and comment from the newspaper itself, was published in the hometown *Munesing News* on January 23, 2002. It was the account of a young soldier going off to a dangerous war and an unknown fate. Republished a half century later, it is redolent of the warmth and patriosy of the American community. The story was told how Chuck Allera, with eighteen other local boys called up for service two months after the shock of Pearl Harbour, were accorded a farewell; sentimental and patriotic in the style of Americans.

"A 'parade' of draftees was staged from the Draft Board Office run by John Carr, past the Borbit pool hall and down to the train depot", chronicled a report in the *Munesing News*, on February 10, 1942. The widow recalled that it had been a "lump in the throat occasion" for 21-year-old Charles Allera; he never forgot a minute of that day.

SPIRITED MARCH

"Marching on to war," the hometown newspaper reported. "We watched another group of young men march to war on Tuesday. Swinging along behind a corps of middle-aged veterans of the last great war, the Legionnaires, behind the school band and the American flag, they seemed a spirited lot of fellows.

"A few moments at the depot for last goodbyes, and they went away; the fittest going to the front to fight for freedom. Nineteen of Alger County's finest youths would join Uncle Sam's fighting forces."

For the young Chuck Allera of "devastating loneliness", there was special reason for the emotional tug. He had been farewelld the night before at a little party among friends at the pool hall he frequented. One Jerome Beuparland read a poem he had written (reprinted a week later in the local *Spectator*).

Attesting "We'll all miss you," the poem observed,



Fifty-year reunion – Larry Noye and Chuck Allera in 1994

"Let's start at the beginning when you were a kid,

You, Burley and me and the hunting we did . . ."

Then there was Brownie, the best of all dogs;

And how he used to chase squirrels round the logs . . ."

An obviously moved young departee was told he "hadn't an enemy in town"; that his "mind was hard, but his heart soft, that 'Hack, Minnie, Bill, Queenie and me' were bent on providing good cheer, and that they would look for the day when we see you back."

If that didn't strain his emotions, he was never to forget the two girls, Judy Berg and Rosemary Beuparland, who saw him off, along with crying close relatives, by the train.

* * * *

Well, this was the young US soldier who fascinated me with his kinship sixteen months later. He had undergone training in another State and been among the thousands of Americans crossing the Pacific to help save beleaguered Australia from invasion by Japanese from the north.

Obviously any boy of fifteen offered limited companionship for a US soldier far from home. He was also befriended by one of the kindly Australian families who took the visitors into their homes. Mrs. Perkins, a middle-aged woman with a family out Essendon way, offered solace for such lonely young Americans. Her family included a daughter, sixteen-year-old Iris. Years later, Chuck's wife sounded her suspicion. "Was Iris in love with Chuck?" she asked me. If Iris offered the feminine equivalent of the affection I felt for Chuck, the teenage girl would indeed have been admirably moved, but it wasn't that kind of relationship.

The last time I saw him in 1943 wartime Melbourne was in response to a telegram. "Meet me big depot down town," it said. My family identified the

venue – the Yanks pronounced it "deep-po" – as Flinders Street railway station. Sure enough, there was Chuck close by the familiar clocks. There followed the usual film and eats afterwards. I remember waving him off in a tram, bound along Elizabeth Street. I watched as my very own US soldier disappeared, with almost romantic ardor.

CAPTIVATED

My captivation with "the Yanks" remained. It was sated for a while when a company of US Marines, not long back from the battle of Guadalcanal, came to occupy the barrack rooms behind the barbed wire at suburban Brooklyn.

One hears of impressionable youth regarding older people as role models. I was surely the ultimate! I took to having a wallet, putting papers and photo in it – like the Yanks. I fashioned a ring out of soft metal in my mate's shed, and wore it – like the Yanks.

Big and bulky, I was still wearing it when playing football for Williamstown High. Presumably someone in the opposition camp suspected it was a "knuckleduster" – a weapon for the football enemy. Teacher Mr. Magill required me to surrender it at half time.

I ran messages with zest after school, and traded in cigarettes. One would buy a carton of Camels, or Chesterfields, or Lucky Strikes, and sell them, snapped up by people undergoing wartime shortages, for 25 shillings. My overall earnings from the Yanks ran up to £24, stashed away in a dark corner in my parents' bedroom.

Then the Americans were no more. They were withdrawing to the north as the war ran our way in the islands. I missed them.

On school holidays I went searching on my bike for Yanks' camps. It found me at South Melbourne football ground, where some were still encamped. But I never ventured through the gate under the grandstand. The most I made in contact was in a brief talk with a Yank whose face appeared atop a high fence.

I was still enamored when I left high school for work almost two years later. Interviewed for a job by the employment service – then called "Manpower" – I asked the mature-age man holding a list if he could find me a job with Americans.

"You should be content with your own countrymen," he said. But he willingly probed his lists. Told I had a yen for newspaper work, he came up with a copy boy's job at *Truth*.



Grace Allera in middle age

It was that man's conscientious interest in my plight which led to an interview with the scandal weekly, and eventually a toehold in journalism, and to him I may well owe my launch into a career in the fascinations of reporting and writing. It's a hard game to enter.

YOUNG LADY

A few years later, when about 19, and at a keen stage of interest in the fair sex, I met a young lady with the alluring American accent on Williamstown Beach Railway Station one evening. She told me of life at home in America, of "Mom" and "Parp", and of such as "L.A." - all the fascinations of life over there. I was enchanted. I almost certainly sought a date with this embodiment of America, in the form of that jewel of the race - "gals". Without success.

Talking it over with a male friend subsequently, he laughed that it was all an act - she was as Australian as I! It was hard to believe, there was the accent, everything! But sure enough, she served me in a dry cleaners some time later - with a pure Aussie accent. She was just one of Australian youth more intrigued than the rest.

It was obviously two-way. There was Bob "Barb" Fischer, a buddy from Chuck's band of MP's, wearing the same distinctive rimless glasses - Army issue - as Chuck., from 617 West 152 Street, New York City, who sent a Christmas greeting for years. *Dear Friend*, began letters, of which my mother commented, "He's a nice fellow!"

Bob wrote nostalgically of having ridden a train, rumbling through the night with service prisoners between Melbourne and Sydney. The train rattled on, cleaving the night air in darkness. Then the excitement of arriving at a lit-up station, for refreshments and companionship. "Yass, Junece,

Cootamundra - they're music to my ears!" wrote the US soldier of yesteryear. Since he lived amid the concrete jungle of New York, one can imagine poignant memories.

We exchanged greetings for years. Then his letters stopped. Since he never married, there was no one to tell, but Bob Fischer, genial American, must have died.

The letters from Chuck's womenfolk continued. Word reached me of the campaigns he went through in New Guinea, the Philippines, and then the Occupation forces in Japan.

He wed Grace in 1948. Odd facts and photos of the first-born, Nancy Jo, later, then three further children, including "Young Chucky". Wife Grace reflected fondly more recently how Chuck and his application as an auto worker in Detroit had been the "thrust" that maintained it all.

Came the time in late 1994 when I made a trip to the US. Sadly, sister Jo, after fond communication through years, had died not long before, in her 80s. The retired Chuck and Grace were by then "snowbirds" - leaving frigid north Michigan and their home overlooking bleak Lake Superior for holiday accommodation in the winter months at balmy Myrtle Beach, California.

My trip had been triggered by a week's research into Mr. King O'Malley. O'Malley had been a Yank who arrived on Australia's shores in 1888, figured in Australian folklore, and founded, as an Australian statesman,



Young schoolboy, Larry Noye, 1940s

the Commonwealth bank, plus other achievements. I had written *O'Malley MHR*, a book on the redoubtable King. There was a grey area in his career; disputed claims of being a famed cowboy preacher in the raw Texas of the 1880s. I probed libraries in Austin, the Texan capital, and by phone to sources in O'Malley territory in distant northern Texas.

There was the exciting meeting with Chuck and Grace. They drove a long distance to meet my train late one night. Then there was the eager catchup of news, which began 51 years earlier for an excited kid.

Since then, we have communicated through years in which Chuck fought off cancer, his every move aided by a loving wife. He died in 1999, his widow has obviously missed him terribly, and who can blame her?

RECOMMENDED READING

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Leslie R. Marchant

Visiting Professor University of Notre Dame Australia; Resident Scholar State Library of Western Australia (LISWA)

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OPS ARE ON TONIGHT

by Ray King

227 Squadron, RAF Station
Balderton, Nottinghamshire,
flying Lancasters

THE CREW

Pilot: F/Lt R.D.King, RAAF (POW)

2nd Pilot: P/O Pitts, RAAF (KIA, on his first op. as an observer prior to flying with his own crew)

Navigator: F/O W. W. Neilsen, RAF (POW)

Wireless operator: W/O B.Long, RAAF (POW)

Mid-upper gunner: Sgt L.Marshall, RAF (KIA)

Rear gunner: Sgt L.Baxter, RCAF (KIA)

Bomb aimer: F/Sgt W.Roots, RAF (POW)

Engineer: F/Sgt R.Fytton, RAF (KIA)

LATER, thinking back to our training days, I recall it being stressed that the bomber pilot must always be on guard not to be shot down. However desperate or intricate his evasive measures, he must never forget his primary object of placing bombs in the centre of the target. The common saying on the squadron was 'Press on regardless.' I think I met that criterion and later applied the correct drill when I called 'Ahandou aircraft! Jump, jump!'

The day: 20 March 1945, 227 Squadron, Bomber Command based at Balderton, near Newark.

The Battle Order. Fifteen crews listed. Flying Officer King and crew not on the list. We had done 7 ops in 11 days, including 3 nights in a row. Maybe our turn for a rest. Lots of the usual speculation: what is the target? will it be a big one? All of us in the crew felt relaxed. Bill Neilsen, our navigator, voted for his favourite pub, The Saracens Head, in the small village of Southwell near our base, for a quiet ale or two. He had my vote.

It was not to be. I was approached by an English pilot who said that he was to be married within the next week and would I take his place on the Battle Order. I put the proposition to the crew. We were all anxious to finish our tour. We were half way through. The vote was unanimous: we would go.

Briefing time. Target: Bohlen near Leipzig. We had been to Bohlen on 5 March. Maybe we had to finish the

job. The last trip was 9 hours and 25 minutes. A long one.

Another decision. A new crew on the Squadron and the pilot wanted to make his acclimatisation flight with us. I had known him during early school days. There appeared to be a jinx on taking second Pilots. Too many were with crews on the 'missing list'. I tried to talk him in to going with a more experienced crew, but sadly to no avail.

Surprise! We were to be one of twelve aircraft from different squadrons to mount a feint attack on Halle, north-west of Leipzig. We would be last in to the real target-Bohlen. These 12 aircraft were to head towards the enemy coast, then set course for Halle, south of Berlin. The idea was to get the German night-fighters airborne to attack our group, thinking it was the main bomber force.

Sometime later, when the main force had crossed the coast to the north or south of our route, it was hoped that the nightfighters would be back on ground refuelling and thus give our boys a chance to approach Bohlen before they were attacked.

Airborne 23.39 hours. Weather forecast reasonably good. We reduced height to 50ft above sea level over the North Sea to avoid enemy radar. Just before reaching the enemy coast a 'flak Ship' opened fire with 20mm canon tracer shells - they missed. We climbed to operational height and set course for Halle. Apart from the odd searchlight in the distance 'bending' from up to horizontal to indicate to night fighters the direction of the bomber force, we flew for about three hours, almost to our turning point to head in to Halle.

ABANDON

Suddenly the rear gunner yelled 'Corkscrew port, fighter attacking from below!' I put the Lancaster into a steep diving turn, then the next thing I knew was an explosion of cannon shells and a bright 'whoosh' of tracers past the cockpit. The cockpit filled with smoke. I brought the Lancaster out of the dive but found difficulty in controlling the aircraft. A quick glance. The two starboard engines on fire, so called for the engineer to press the fire extinguisher buttons for them. By this time the fire had spread across the wing between the two motors and the aircraft started a diving turn. I thought, 'This is it' and quickly called



on the intercom, 'Abandon aircraft! Jump, jump!' twice. At the same time I thought, 'I have to get out last' so I pulled the pin of the seat harness in preparation and then concentrated on trying to get the aircraft out of the dive. NO response from the controls. The nose came up and suddenly the aircraft rolled over upside down. I remember pushing the control column forward to try and bring the nose up again, then fell into the roof of the cockpit.

The next thing I remember was the rush of cold air, so I went for the ripcord of my parachute. We were attacked at 15,000 feet but by this time had lost a lot of height.

SAFE LANDING

I have no recollection of floating down, so I guess the parachute must have opened just before I hit the trees. There was a vague 'thump' and, after some time, I looked up and spotted my flying helmet hanging on a branch of the tree. I was suspended by the parachute about 10 feet from the ground. Fires in the forest some distance away, from the remains of our crashed aircraft, gave enough light for me to release the harness and drop to the ground.

My first reaction was - I am alive! It must be me as I could clearly see my name on the inside of the flying helmet from the light of the forest fires before I dropped to Mother Earth. Did the rest of my crew get out?

Then I thought, 'Here I am in the middle of Germany. What do I do next?' Although all operational aircrew knew it was a possibility, they always seemed to think 'It won't happen to me'. Apart from a sprained ankle, a deep wound in my right hand, bruises and scratches, I seemed to be reasonably fit.

By now the fires in the forest had died down and the night became very black. After some time I heard the sound of a train and saw the glow from the firebox of the engine, so I made

my way cautiously across a ploughed paddock towards the railway. On the way I scraped a hollow and buried my Mae West life jacket, before coming to a deep gorge and the railway line.

I decided to head for what I thought was west and shortly came to a small stream and decided, as in the movies, to wade out a few yards and then follow the stream for some distance before coming ashore. This would put the tracker dogs off the scent. Then, as the night was black as pitch, I headed back towards the forest. I found a thick bush and crawled under it and tried to get some sleep. As dawn broke I surveyed the scene.

The railway line ran approximately east/west at the bottom of the paddock and the stream about north/south, so if I was to try and make towards the Western Front, I would have to cross the stream which, from a distance, looked to be about 100 to 150 yards wide. I settled down to wait until it was dark.

After about an hour I heard someone approaching along a bush track. It was a young girl about 8 years of age. I kept very still and she walked past within about 20 feet of my hiding place.

Next I spotted a group of German soldiers, searching the paddock with tracker dogs who had sniffed out the Mae West I had buried. They headed for the stream, then ran along the bank and back again for some time, and then eventually took off and disappeared.

COMRADE

I broke open my 'escape kit' and took the compass from its 'secret' hiding place in my flying boot to try and sort out directions. Late in the afternoon I observed a horse pulling a large plough manned by two men, coming around the side of the hill. As they came closer to where I was hiding under the bush they kept looking my way, and eventually left the plough and came towards me. I thought 'this is it.' As they approached one said 'me Ruskie', so I smartly produced the Union Jack flag, printed on linen, supplied in the escape kit. This had words in Russian on it that read something like 'I am a British airman. Please help and report my particulars to the British Military Mission in Moscow.' He immediately shook my hand and said 'Comrade, comrade'.

After a lot of sign language, with the help of some limited phrases from the

small dictionary I carried, I learned that they were conscripted workers. One was Russian, the other Polish. They would like to help me but there were too many soldiers in the area. However, they would take me to the farmhouse. I thought about it and decided that, being so far from the Western Front, maybe the Russians would overrun this area soon and I would be able to make it back to base.

We arrived at the farm house and I wondered what sort of welcome would get. After the two dogs that first greeted



Left to right, back row: Len Baxter, 'Curly' Long, Lou Marshall. Front row: Stan Rogers (not on last flight), Ray King, Bill Neilson.

me stopped barking, several people gathered and an older man who seemed to be the head of the family pointed to a chair, so I sat. As my damaged hand had bled profusely, and the other cuts etc. had left a fair amount of blood around, the Russian organised a bowl of warm water, and he and the lady of the house cleaned me up.

The 'head man' spoke a little English and we chatted about Australia and wheat growing. I certainly felt a little more relaxed. Among the people was a chap in German Army uniform with a badly scarred face. He had probably been discharged from the army, perhaps after being badly wounded. He seemed interested in me but showed no sign of hostility. The lady of the house organised a cup of ersatz coffee which I gratefully drank - it tasted quite nice.

I was beginning to think that maybe I wouldn't be turned in. But then the head man indicated that it was time to go. We set off down the track and along a road leading to a small village. As we came into the main street, it appeared that all the dogs of the village had gathered, they started barking and followed us with children joining in. There were quite a number of German

soldiers around and two of them joined the parade to escort me to the local gaol.

After being questioned by a chap who spoke English with what seemed to me to be a French accent, he took me to a small VW car and told me to get in, to go to the next town. We arrived at a bigger village or town which I later found to be Eschwege. I was delivered to the police station and, after the usual search, placed in a cell.

It is hard to describe the joy and relief. Curly Long, my wireless operator, and Bill Rootes, my bomb aimer, sitting there full of life. I had thought that, with the aircraft exploding, and as I was wearing my parachute, I must have been the only one to get out.

After much talking, they both said that immediately I gave the order to abandon aircraft, they had grabbed their parachute packs and clipped them on. They thought that Bill Neilson, our navigator, had also got his on, but so far there was no sign of him. Curly said the cannon shells appeared to go through the fuselage from under the aircraft with one going through the wireless set and hitting the armour plate behind the pilot's seat. Like me, they had felt the cold air as they fell from the aircraft, were in space and pulled the ripcord. They must have been out before me because, as they floated down they saw what was left of the Lancaster going down.

Our guards were an Oberwessel aged about 33 and two elderly men. All carried the German equivalent of a 'Tommy gun'. The Oberwessel spoke some English and most of us exchanged a few words about our age etc.

INTERROGATION

After walking some distance, they took me to a small Luftwaffe hospital and a doctor dressed my hand injury, inserting a metal clip to close the wound. We then boarded a train and, although we did not know it at the time, were bound for Dulag Luft near Frankfurt which was the Air Crew Interrogation Centre for captured Allied airmen.

We stopped at Kassel railway station which was only a platform, all other buildings, as far as we could see, being flattened and mostly rubble. An underground area served as an air raid shelter and as a canteen run by the Red Cross or a similar organisation. We sat with German soldiers in full kit and

civilians. We enjoyed a cup of coffee and the Oberwessel carefully cut about two mouthfuls of sausage for each of us. This seemed to be the ration. No one else seemed to take any notice of us.

We boarded another train with most carriages full of bullet and cannon shell holes; some carriages were partly burnt. This time we travelled in the guard's van and eventually arrived at Dulag Luft.

We went through the usual interrogation, giving name, rank and number, although pressed for other information. It wasn't long before we were passed back to the guards and moved on. We headed south, but before long had to abandon the train as a bridge over the river had been destroyed, so we walked across a temporary bridge and continued to a small village. Just before we entered it, several American aircraft appeared and dive-bombed the railway yards and a train, which caught fire.

After the raid we entered the village and were confronted by a group of people across the road. One man carried a pistol and shouted at the guards, pointing the pistol at us. The Oberwessel spread his men out and, pointing their guns at the crowd, yelled in German what we presumed to be 'We are coming through.' The crowd dispersed and we continued our journey on foot.

WAR OVER

After walking several miles we boarded another train which took us to Nuremberg. Again we saw a city in ruins. We were marched past the stadium where Adolf Hitler had held the huge rallies. The massive columns at the entrance showed much bomb damage. Even in the suburbs, whole streets of houses were in ruins, with just an odd house habitable although damaged. Finally we came to the gates of the infamous Stalag Luft 111.

'For you the war is over'

How many aircrew were told, when being interrogated by a Luftwaffe Intelligence Officer at Dulag Luft, 'For you the war is over'?

For me, how wrong he was. Having baled out, or more correctly, been blown out of my Lancaster after being attacked by night fighters, being captured and escorted to Dulag Luft for interrogation, then to a prison camp, I could ask myself, 'Yes, is the

war over for me?'

The prison gates closed behind me and the small group of us who had just arrived were greeted like VIPs by fellow prisoners already there. All were vitally interested in the latest outside news. After catching up on what was going on in England, and the Bomber Command squadrons, the conversation got around to where do you come from-New South Wales, Victoria, Western Australia etc.? I said I came from Western Australia. I was told they had quite a few from W.A. and was escorted round the huts in the compound to seek them out.

My escort said, 'Here's one, an army man,' - who else but Nort Dillimore who worked in the same bank with me! At over 30 he was an old bloke, captured at El Alamein, senior to my



Left to right, standing: A. E. Colston, *flight engineer* (not on last flight); Stan Rogers, *wireless operator* (not on last flight); Bill Neilson, *navigator*; Ray King, *pilot*; Lou Marshall, *mid upper gunner*; Bill Rootes, *bomb aimer*; crouching: Len Baxter, *rear gunner*.

22 years. He was most helpful, finding me a toothbrush, a small towel and soap to start me off. Like most aircrew, I had arrived with nothing but the battle dress we wore on operations. Then Stan Thomson, also ex-bank, brewed a cup of tea on a home-made 'blower' made of tin cans from the Red Cross parcels.

FRIENDS

After all this I started to feel quite at home. It was reassuring to be among friends who dispelled a lot of my fears. I met up with 'Bluey' Osborne, a pre-war school friend from Geraldton. He had been shot down on his 72nd operation. Tom Nilen was another. Several days later I spotted Gordon 'Mac' McCusker. He was Assistant Flight Commander of our 227 Squadron and had gone missing two weeks before I was shot down, ironically on the same target, an oil refinery at Bohlen. He was on his

30th operation and that would have completed his tour had he made it back to base. It was great to see him fit and well. I had taken his place as Assistant Flight Commander with a promotion to Acting Flight Lieutenant.

It occurred to me after two weeks in my new home, and getting used to the meagre diet - mainly boiled potatoes plus a slice or two of black bread and sharing some Red Cross parcels-that this was a good way to meet up with old friends: get oneself dumped in a POW camp.

Hopes were high for an early release when we learnt on 'the grape vine', that the Allies had crossed the Rhine and were advancing across Germany. However these hopes were dashed. We received orders to pack up and be

ready to move. We were told we would be marching with no transport. I carried two blankets and a little food that I had been able to accumulate and we were each given a Red Cross parcel. I teamed up with 2nd Lt Don Tennant, an American B17 pilot whom I'd met at Dulag Luft. We agreed to share our food and stick together.

We started off on 4 April 1945 and, after passing through a small village about 20 km from the camp, noticed four American Thunderbolts diving towards our column. Most of us were waving enthusiastically until the lead aircraft started to puff smoke from its wings. It took

only seconds to realise that the pilot was firing his .5 inch machine guns at our column a mere two to three hundred metres away. We all scattered to whatever cover was available, in truth very little, but I made for some small trees and dived into a very small hollow in the ground. Bullets peppered the ground within a few feet of my position, then two loud bangs as two small bombs were dropped. Thankfully, the third aircraft peeled off without firing. They must have realised we were not German troops and broke off the attack.

Don Tennant and I survived each in one piece but, sadly, four others in our group were killed including an RAF pilot whom I'd known in England but from a different squadron. Several others were wounded. Gordon McCusker, who was marching further

up the column, said that thirteen were killed from his group including at least one German guard. At the time I thought, 'If this is "For you the war is over" I would rather be back on the Squadron, trying to complete my tour of operations and take my chance against the Luftwaffe night fighters and flak.'

For two days we marched, day and night with only brief rests, but then had a rest day which fortunately was fine and sunny. We cooked some potatoes given us by a nearby farmer and, with the leftovers from our Red Cross parcels, had quite a decent meal.

NO BENZENE

We slowly progressed southwards into Bavaria, passing through small villages and some beautiful valleys and forests. Parked in small forest clearings were some fighter aircraft from a nearby airstrip. The guards said, 'Can't fly. No benzene.' Later on we saw trucks loaded with troops heading towards the Western Front with the lead truck fitted with a gas producer and towing a line of other trucks. Also the odd tank using a gas producer. No doubt the same problem - no benzene.

After 14 days on the road we arrived at Stalag VIIA, Moosburg, near Munich. The camp was really crowded, with separate compounds for Russian prisoners, some Serbs, and others captured on the Eastern Front. We had a Russian-speaking Canadian with us. He conversed with them through the wire boundary fence. They were upset. The guard dogs let loose in their compound at night had provided an extra source of food, but the Germans had ceased the practice and cut off the supply. They must have run out of dogs!

We arrived on 18 April and it was clear it would not be long before we were liberated. A homemade wireless set in one of the huts was now openly picking up BBC broadcasts from London each day. English-speaking German officers would listen in and discuss the likely date for the camp to be overrun by the Americans.

On 28 April, a few artillery shells passed over the camp from nearby positions. Next day tanks of the American Third Army rolled up to the main gate. We were free! After a day or so, General Patten, Commander of the US Third Army, sporting his well-

known trade mark, a pearl-handled six gun, arrived to a very warm welcome.

We spent the next few days wandering around near the camp and into Moosburg, a small village nearby. A pig farm and cheese factory helped augment our food supplies. The white bread supplied by the US Army bakers was tasteless and not very appetising after the heavy black bread we'd grown used to, but we soon came to appreciate the more generous supplies.

By 7 May we were moved to the nearby Landshut aerodrome in preparation for evacuation. It was VE Day. We celebrated by firing a few Very pistols and small arms.

The next day a Junkers Ju 52 transport plane circled the field and landed. It was full of German Luftwaffe women fleeing from the Eastern Front. Also a Focke-Wulf fighter plane landed. When large numbers of US soldiers rushed his plane, the pilot was



Avro Lancaster 9J-E, 227 Squadron RAF, on daylight bombing raid on Essen and Dortmund, 11 March 1945. Photo: Ray King.

reluctant to open his cockpit canopy. After a few minutes he did so, and was promptly relieved of his flying helmet, scarf and anything else suitable as a souvenir. When satisfied that it was safe to do so, he climbed out, opened the small storage space hatch on the side of his aircraft, and pulled out a young woman from this very cramped position, at the same time announcing that she was his wife. They, too, had fled the Eastern Front to surrender to the Americans. Others were arriving for the same reason.

We were organised into groups and boarded American DC3s for destinations unknown. There were about 20 RAAF in our group and we landed at Apinal near Nancy in France. It was then we discovered we had been placed in the wrong aircraft. This was the American Repatriation Centre. We should have gone to Brussels in Belgium.

We were deloused and showered. All clothing was burnt. Then we were dusted with DDT by German POWs. Next we were issued with US Army uniforms (all privates) together with sleeping bags, blankets, winter clothing plus all the extras.

Then off to a very large hall with tables set up with all the food you could wish for. A variety of fruit juices, bread and cheeses etc. Each long table was waited on by local French girls. The US Army Sgt, in charge said, 'Help yourselves, and call the girls for anything you want.' We only wanted food!!

We then boarded a train for Le Havre, a town on the French coast. We were accommodated in tents but looked after very well by the US Army. After another three days we boarded another DC3 and set off for good old England. The weather was not the best, with lots of cloud, and the pilot seemed to be uncertain whether to go up or down. Many of us flying types were a little apprehensive. We hoped he knew what he was doing. We were too close to home to survive another prang!

We landed at an airfield north of London, then we Australians entrained for the RAAF Transit Base at Brighton. After about a week we changed our GI private's gear for RAAF battle dress. We'd had a lot of fun, 'not talking like Americans' to those who thought we were the genuine article.

We did a train trip to the 'Depository for personal belongings of missing aircrew' just outside London and returned with a few basic items, then settled down to enjoy the wonderful canteen set up by the Australian Red Cross, known as 'Kriegies Corner'.

SHIP HOME

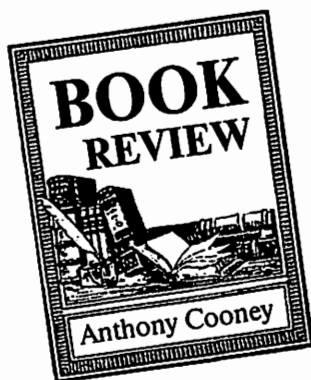
We were billeted near the Grand Hotel. Fresh sandwiches and meals were free to ex-POWs, and extra canned foods available for purchase. Leave passes and 1st Class rail warrants were issued to anywhere in the UK by the padre. We made good use of these but after a week or so began to start looking forward to a ship home.

I could finally say, with confidence, 'For me the war is over.'

After the war ended I learnt from a fellow squadron member who had also been a POW, that my navigator, Bill Neilsen, had survived and had been released from another POW camp.

On arriving home I spent two weeks meeting old friends, enjoying family life and reunions and generally settling in. For those of us who survived the war and came home to our families we can surely say 'There is no place like home'.

This article is an extract from the book 'Silk and Barbed Wire'.



A CHRISTIAN VIRTUE?

"Patriotic Idea", G.K.Chesterton, The St. George Educational Trust, A4 papers, 24pages, Obtainable from The Trust of St. Michael the Archangel, 113A Shirland Road, Maida Vale, London, W9 2EW, £1. 50, postage

THERE is an epigram of G. K. Chesterton's, not nearly so well known as his famous "When a man ceases to believe in God, he does not believe in nothing, he believes in anything," but equally as elusive as to source - "*The Patriot loves his Petria, but the Cosmopolitan does not love the Cosmos*" It does not appear in *The Patriotic Idea* but it may be said to summarise the content and argument of what is a long and densely written essay (approximately 10,000 words.)

A preface tells us that in spite of Chesterton's fame the essay did not appear in a literary review of wide circulation, nor in a collection from a well-known publisher, but in a 1904 collection edited by Lucien Oldershaw entitled *England A Nation - The Papers of the Patriots' Club*. It has never, until now, been republished and the editors speculate on the reason for this. They conclude that it is because the essay is a *defence* of the Christian (and natural) virtue of Patriotism. If it had been an *attack* on Patriotism it would have appeared many times in print.

The tenor of the prose, the density of meaning, the detail of the argument and even the fact that the essay is, unusually for Chesterton, divided into three parts, indicates that Chesterton did not regard it as just another piece of "Jolly Journalism," but a serious examination of both the question and his own standpoint. The first part treats of "philosophic" cosmo-politanism, what was represented in Chesterton's time by Tolstoyism, and is today represented by "multiculturalism."

Chesterton makes the point that it is impossible to love "Humanity" without loving human things and these are, *par excellence*, local and national customs, rituals, affections and relationships: "The prig will profess to join in their unity; the good comrade will join in their divisions . . . A man who loves humanity and ignores patriotism is ignoring humanity." In this essay Chesterton holds aloft the banner under which he was to fight his long series of battles against cant and abstraction - the banner of reality and

diversity. "The fundamental spiritual advantage of patriotism and such sentiments is this: that by means of it all things are loved adequately because all things are loved individually . . . Patriotism begins the praise of the world at the nearest things instead of beginning it at the most distant." With his usual brilliance Chesterton argues that far from patriotism and nationalism being "narrow," it is cosmopolitanism which is "narrow to the point of suffocation," a "frigid and arbitrary fancy, incomparable in its moral value to that intensity which has bound living men to an actual and ancient soil. Just look," he cries aloud, "at your cosmopolitans!"

There is, however, another enemy of Patriotism and Nationalism. It is equipped with power and wealth and a good chance of success in practical politics and it is but the disguise of cosmopolitanism. It is *Imperialism*, or as we would say, "*Globalism*."

In Chesterton's opinion the Empire was neither for the benefit nor the glory of the English, it was for their exploitation. We had been put to work, to suffer, to bleed and to die, for the benefit of international banking and trade, that is, "Globalism," and when we had served our purpose the assets would be stripped and lodged elsewhere. The price of such glory as we might enjoy from seeing the map painted red, was our impoverishment, our deculturation, our mongrelization, our destruction as a Nation. Chesterton presented this succinctly in "The Flying Inn" (1914):

"Did you ever hear of the great destiny of Empire? . . . It is in four acts . . . Victory over barbarians, Employment of barbarians, Alliance with barbarians, Conquest by barbarians. That is the great destiny of Empire."

It is perhaps a minor point, but worth noting as evidence of Chesterton's perspicacity, that in "The Flying Inn" the method of marking a ballot paper is changed from a cross, which might offend Mohammedans, to a crescent; our "Anglo-Catholic" Prime Minister, Blair, has recently changed it to a "tick" for the same reason.

Imperialism, Chesterton argues, is the opposite of Nationalism for the good reason that it is impossible to have for "a sprawling and indeterminate collection of peoples of every variety of goodness and badness, precisely that

sentiment which is evoked in a man, rightly or wrongly, by the contemplation of the peculiar customs of his ancestors and the peculiar land of his birth." Chesterton's objection to Imperialism is precisely that it seeks to destroy all such "peculiar customs" which differentiate nations. Its aim is the cosmopolitan aim of a standardized humanity living in a standardized economy under a standardized law. It is not the existence of sovereign nations which is the cause of war. It is the policy of the Empires, British, French, German, Russian, and since Chesterton's day, American, to expand and bring all peoples under their sway, which results in the clash of titans. To love one's own country first and most is no more at odds with a proper regard for Humanity than to love one's own family and one's own native spot first and foremost, on the contrary, it is required by the virtue of *pietas*. The limits upon such love are perhaps hard to define, but have never been better put than in the words applied to the Scots' patriot, Fletcher of Saltoun:

"He would gladly die for his country, but he would do no base thing to save it."

The chief impression of this essay, in spite of references to such contemporary events as the South African war, is of its relevance to our present condition. Cosmopolis and Empire tread the same road and have the same destination; the destruction of all that is precious to men. And the bitter irony is that the Cosmopolitan does not even love the Cosmos.

The St. George Educational Trust is to be congratulated for making this valuable piece of Chestertonia once more available, not only, let us hope, to Chestertonians, but to a wider circle who will learn from it some good sense, even at the eleventh hour.



THE WEATHER PROPHET

BY BANJO PATERSON (1864 - 1941)

"Ow can it rain," the old man said, "with things the way they are?
You've got to learn off ant and bee, and jackass and galah;
And no man never saw it rain, for fifty years at least,
Not when the blessed parakeets are flyin' to the east!"

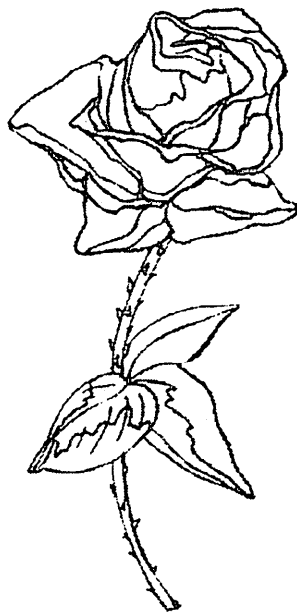
The weeks went by, the squatter wrote to tell his bank the news.
"It's still as dry as dust," he said, "I'm feeding all the ewes;
The overdraft would sink a ship, but make your mind at rest,
It's all right now, the parakeets are flyin' to the west."

A ROSE FOR PEACE

BY ALAN MEILLAND

A rose is an argument.
It proclaims the triumph of beauty over
brutality, of gentleness over violence,
of the ephemeral over the lasting,
and of the universal over the particular.
The same rose bursts into bloom on
the North Cape and in the Sahara desert.

Note: The lovely Peace rose was propagated by
the Meilland Family to celebrate and honour
the victory of World War II.



TO A FRIEND WHO SENT ME ROSES

BY JOHN KEATS (1795 - 1821)

But when ... thy roses came to me
My sense with their deliciousness
was spell'd:
Soft voice had they, that with tender plea
Whisper'd of peace, and truth,
and friendliness unquell'd.

RIDERS IN THE STANDS

BY BANJO PATERSON (1864 - 1941)

There's some that ride the Robbo style, and bump at every stride;
While others sit a long way back, to get a longer ride.
There's some that ride as sailors do, with legs, and arms, and teeth;
And some ride on the horse's neck, and some ride underneath.

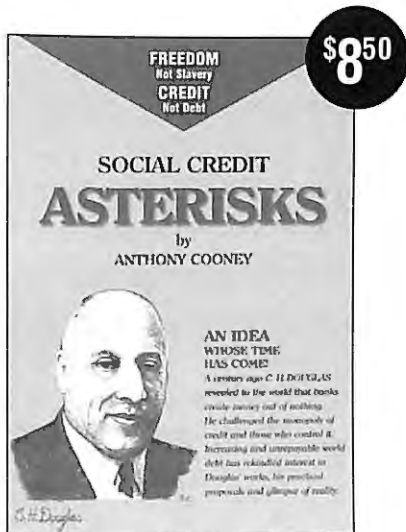
But all the finest horsemen out - the men to Beat the Band -
You'll find amongst the crowd that ride their races in the Stand.
They'll say "He had the race in hand, and lost it in the straight."
They'll show how Godby came too soon, and Barden came too late.

They'll say Chevally lost his nerve, and Regan lost his head;
They'll tell how one was "livened up" and something else was "dead" -
In fact, the race was never run on sea, or sky, or land,
But what you'd get it better done by riders in the Stand.

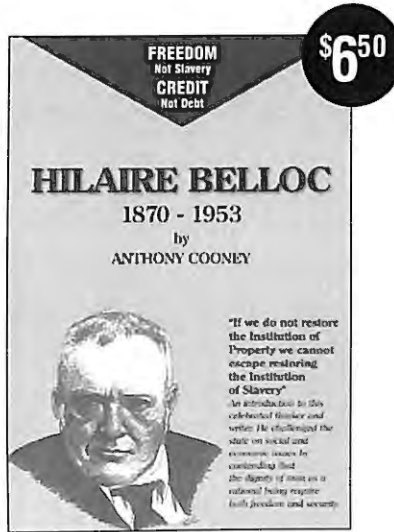
The rule holds good in everything in life's uncertain fight;
You'll find the winner can't go wrong, the loser can't go right.
You ride a slashing race, and lose - by one and all you're banned!
Ride like a bag of flour and win - they'll cheer you in the Stand.

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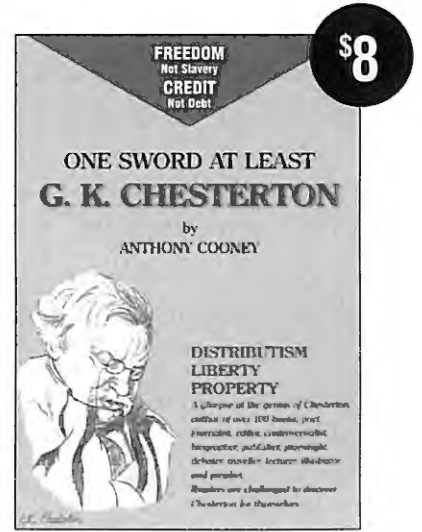
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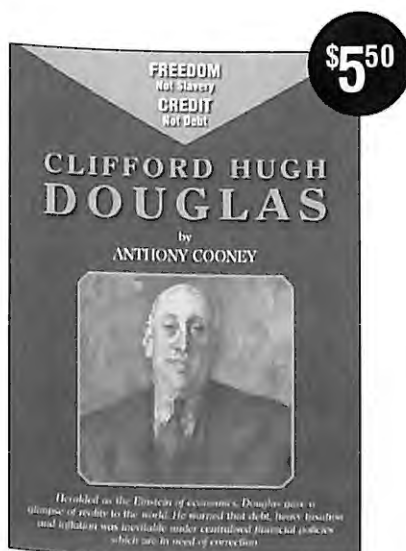
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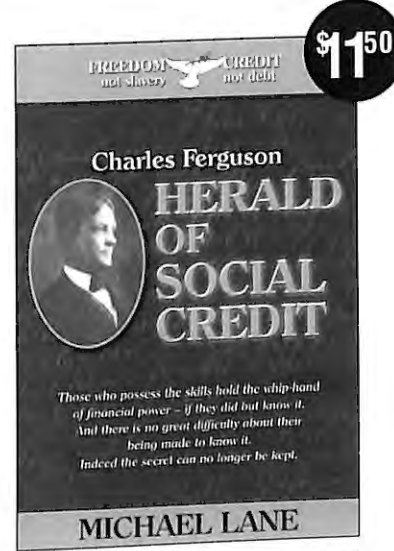
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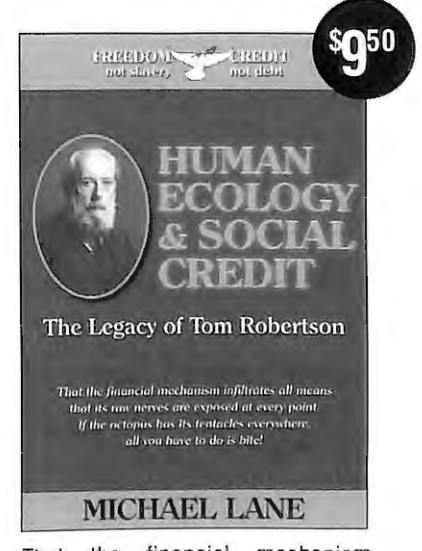
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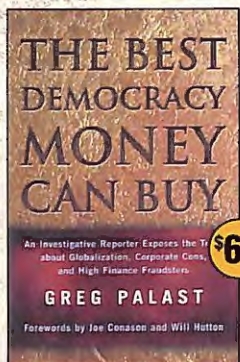
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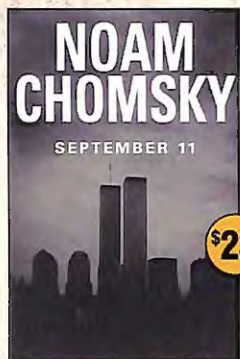
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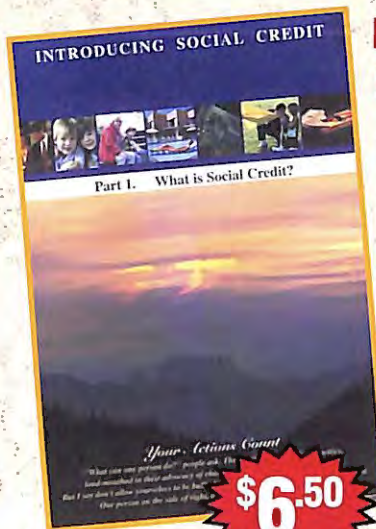


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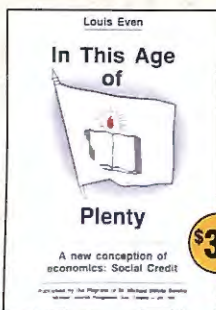
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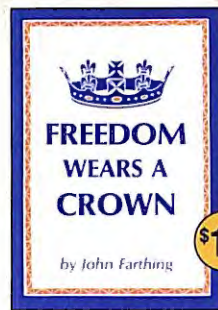


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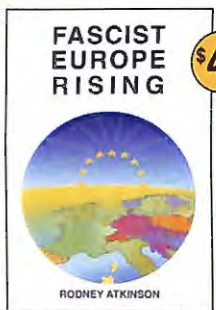


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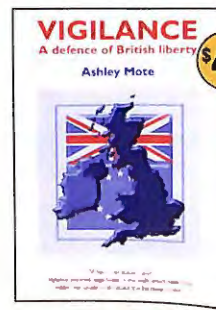


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