

# HERITAGE

VOLUME 26 No. 102 2002

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT – FOR THE FUTURE

## Keep our flag flying!



“... I believe that the Government needs to consider making it an offence to destroy the Australian flag disrespectfully.”

DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER  
JOHN ANDERSON



## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS



2002 has seen an escalating conflict of ideals where power, hate and vengeance appear at times to triumph over Love. Christians celebrate not only the birth of Our Lord but the birth of a new world where love, hope, forgiveness and compassion would triumph over evil. The Christian world faces a challenge like never before as standards and moral values are undermined and tested from many directions. It is a time to be ever vigilant. Australia is blessed to be so far from many world trouble spots, but they are creeping closer each day. Now is a time to reflect on the true meaning of Christmas and be thankful for the freedoms and heritage we enjoy. Heritage wishes all readers and their families a blessed, peaceful and safe Christmas. May the new year be healthy and fruitful in your personal life and one where you share love, joy and laughter with your families.

Our sincere thanks to the many dedicated volunteer helpers who help us in the production of *Heritage*.

# HERITAGE

No. 102 Spring 2002

PUBLISHED BY THE AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE SOCIETY

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- Including post within Australia ..... - AU\$ 30.00  
Posted overseas by surface mail ..... - AU\$ 35.00

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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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**R**ECENT Australian polls have indicated that the majority of Australians are not in favour of our forces taking part in a campaign to oust Saddam Hussein from office in Iraq.

There appears to be widespread suspicion of the motives for precipitating this action; somehow the "war on terror", "if we don't get them, they'll get us" propaganda is not totally convincing. There is a certain suspicion abroad that interference in that region may have more to do with oil deposits, or support for Israel, than nuclear and biological weapons.

In view of the polls, Melbourne University student Miss Elizabeth O'Shea and her "Socialist Alternative" friends might have expected considerable support for their recent demonstration against Australian involvement in such a war, even though more acceptable official attitudes to illegal refugees were also under protest.

If only she hadn't burned the Australian flag!

National newspapers condemned the student for being tasteless, callous and ignorant, and of suffering from "ruling-class guilt" because of her select-suburban Melbourne upbringing and the \$15,000 a year private girls' school she attended.

Many politicians responded forthrightly by defending our national flag.

The Victorian Minister for Education supported calls to re-introduce flag-raising ceremonies and singing of the national anthem at our school assemblies. Federal Education Minister Brendan Nelson made the call and was supported by Prime Minister John Howard. *Heritage* readers will join us in heartily applauding this suggestion.

It is immensely encouraging to find we have political representatives willing to *naïl their colours to the mast* at last, in defence of the Australian Flag. They should be congratulated, and invited to address National Flag Association dinners all over the nation, and to sponsor volunteer groups struggling to provide suitable information to our youngsters on the significance of our flag. With some prestigious Liberal or

National Party backing, perhaps the Lauriston Girls School in Melbourne, where Elizabeth O'Shea was educated, will accept some of the excellent national flag videos and tapes the National Flag Association provides, to overcome the apparent gap in their students' understanding of the history of our flag, and of the revered place it holds in the hearts of vast numbers of Australians.

Far be it from us to suggest any political expediency in capitalizing on the patriotic fervour, stirred up by Miss O'Shea's ill-conceived action, to improve statistics in favour of the proposed war against Iraq, or to try to link anti-war and anti-flag sentiment. If politicians and media commentators were strangely silent when our flag desperately needed champions against the republican push to throw it out with the monarchy, perhaps it would be churlish to remark on that fact just at present, and to accept such support with acclamation, report on it widely, and record it for future campaigns in defence of our most precious flag.

## ISSUES

## COMMENT

## Flag burners insult the people

THE most deeply offensive act a protester can commit in Australia, without breaking a law, is to destroy or deface the national flag.

An affront to the flag is a calculated insult to the Australian people. The flag is the prime symbol of the key values and principles by which the nation defines itself — it represents who we are and what we stand for.

Any protester who, for example, burns the flag not only destroys a piece of cloth but symbolically desecrates the most cherished values of the nation — and thereby insults the memory of the people who fought and sacrificed themselves for those values.

In all probability, the numbskull miscreants who are prone to flag burning do not think through its symbolic meaning. If they did, they would understand that this act represents a rejection of the nation's history, its democratic institutions and traditions, the aspirations of its people and all the qualities and characteristics we treasure collectively as making us distinctively Australian.

The only logical options for people who so comprehensively reject everything of value in Australia are to go elsewhere or to campaign for a state

### The West Australian

PERTH THURSDAY NOVEMBER 7 2002

of anarchy in which the only value would be that there should be no respect for any value. But, of course, when protesters burn the flag they also effectively endorse some of the values for which it stands — those of the right to protest and of freedom of expression.

This paradox is probably lost on them, too. Their motives are clearly pragmatic rather than philosophical: they want to draw attention to themselves and to offend as many people as possible.

If they achieve the first, they are guaranteed success at the second. But it is beyond understanding how they can hope to advance whatever cause they espouse when their tactic is to offend the people whose support they ostensibly seek.

Of course, people get upset, hurt and angry when they see their nation's flag destroyed. And there is no doubt that many Australians would support Deputy Prime Minister John Anderson's proposal to protect the flag from desecration.

Mr Anderson says he wants the

Crimes Act to be changed to make it illegal for anyone disrespectfully to destroy the flag. He says he was incensed by flag burning at an anti-war protest at Melbourne University last week and said it was an insult to Australian troops serving overseas.

He has undertaken to raise the issue for Government consideration. If it decides to go ahead with the proposal to make flag burning illegal, it will open itself to the accusation that it wants to curtail the very freedoms the flag symbolises.

The question it will have to resolve is whether it is better to allow a ratbag minority element to deface or destroy the flag with impunity — and thus alienate themselves and their causes from the majority of decent Australians — or to impose restrictions on what symbols should be allowed to be misused in protests. Of course, the question also arises of whether other countries' flags — such as that of the US — should also be protected.

The biggest potential danger in making flag burning illegal is that this would encourage the lunatic extremists by giving them a surefire way of attracting public attention by provoking dramatic arrests.

# Guest comment from JOHN BRETT

President of the Toowoomba Branch of the National Flag Association

## FLAG BURNING MEDIA STUNT BACKFIRES

Flag burning has been going on ever since flags were invented, but in the past was generally carried out in front of an audience, for the purpose of denigrating what the flag stood for. One symbol being used to symbolize something else.

In recent times the audience has become the whole world – if necessary – as the power and scope of the TV cameras reaches wherever it is directed. During the campaign to prevent Australia's National Flag being changed by the politicians, without Australia's consent, only a few politicians were active in defending it; the majority were not to be heard or seen.

The most formidable enemy of those defending it was the media, in particular the TV media. Even on important days like National Flag Day, it was almost impossible get TV coverage of celebrations. They were obviously on the side of change and gave full coverage to the proponents of change, with the tendency to give full exposure to those denigrating or burning our Flag. The fact that burning a flag without an audience is a non-event, and doesn't influence anybody, indicates the necessity for publicity – preferably TV publicity.

Without the TV, you cannot deliver a message, so you must seek the co-operation of the TV, not to mention the selection of the site and the timing. TV crews do not "just happen"

to be passing by. So behind events such as this was organization, and that organization would be aimed at a particular outcome. As President Roosevelt put it – "Nothing happens in politics that is not thought out and planned beforehand."

The 'outcome' to date, of the latest burning, has come from politicians who are notable for their absence from the defence of our Flag, when their colleagues were trying to change it. It is only now, when they know that over 90% of Australians favour our existing Flag, do they decide to defend it and seek to have some education in place so that the young may appreciate it. The old adage – "Beware of Greeks bearing gifts" needs to be heeded.

The great difference between how Americans see their Flag, and how Australians see our Flag is clear. Americans now see their Flag as a symbol of POWER, and are attempting to exercise that enormous power, where Australians still see our Flag as a symbol of freedom and responsibility, knowing FREEDOM WEARS A CROWN.

Any attempt to educate our youth about the origins and meaning of our Flag is admirable, but to re-educate them because of a political agenda needs to be treated with suspicion, and if coming from politicians who did not care about it in its hour of peril, then it needs to be treated as dangerous.

### Mixed views . . .

## Burning flag is treason

MY blood boiled when I saw the picture of the students burning the American flag (Students burn Australian, US flags, 31/10) but I was beyond rage when I read that they had also burned an Australian one.

To burn the flag of any nation is a deplorable act but to destroy the flag of your own country is nothing short of treason. Did these scruffy morons give any thought to the relatives of those killed in the Bali tragedy who have seen their loved ones come home in coffins draped with the Australian flag?

This country prides itself on allowing free speech to all, but insulting the entire population of Australia with this outrageous act is going too far.

There must be a law banning this practice and heavy penalties imposed. Imagine if these students did this to an Iraqi flag in Baghdad.

ANDREW SECCULL, High Wycombe.

The West Australian 6-11-02

## It's their right

WHO is John Anderson kidding? Although I don't agree with these kids, and that's what they are, just kids, many thousands of Diggers have died to defend their right to do just what they were doing. Although they marched into battle under this flag, Aussie soldiers always, as I understand it, stood up for the right of everyone to question the powers that be.



Mr Anderson

The Australian soldier is legendary for his ability to get the job done, most often without leadership – and better off for it. Why? Because the leadership we are offered tends to suck. So go for it kids. I may not agree with what you're doing, but as a good Aussie I'll defend to the death your right to do it.

WAYNE CANT, South Perth.

The West Australian 6-11-02

## Aussie oddballs

HAS John Anderson not heard of the old "sticks and stones" saying? By making it a crime to burn the flag we would be subject to flag burnings all over the place by fanatics who know that it would get a reaction. They bought the flag they are burning (unless they are thieves as well), so who is worse off? I would suggest that these few Australian oddballs are more of a danger to themselves than they are to the rest of us. As for foreign flag burners, if that's the way they want to show their anger at Australia, go right ahead. Rather than another bomb.

TIM MANNING, Beaconsfield.

PERHAPS flag burners could be charged with inciting violence. If I had witnessed such an act I would want to punch the perpetrator. Burning anyone's flag is an emotional act that upsets a wide range of people, not just the politicians. What outcry would result if the Aboriginal flag was burned?

DON GODWIN, Karrinyup.

The West Australian 6-11-02



ON THE LIGHTER SIDE! The West Australian 19-11-02



# SAVE THE FLAG

The West Australian 5-11-02

## Patriotic push to prevent Australian flag from being burnt

■ By Ben Ruse

BURNING the Australian flag would be a crime punishable by heavy fines under a proposal by Deputy Prime Minister John Anderson.

Mr Anderson called yesterday for the Crimes Act to be changed to make it illegal for anyone to disrespectfully destroy the flag. He said he was incensed by flag burning at political demonstrations last week. It was an

insult to Australian troops serving overseas. "The Australian flag is a symbol of our country that Australians have fought and died for," Mr Anderson said.

He is yet to get Cabinet approval for the plan.

A spokesman for Mr Anderson said a jail term would be too harsh a penalty and heavy fines would be more appropriate.

He said Mr Anderson would raise the matter with Government colleagues when Parliament resumed next week.

The call was sparked by an anti-war protest at Melbourne University where the United States and Australian flags were burnt.

The protest was organised by left-wing student groups, who said the flag-burning was aimed at showing the anger people felt about Australia's support for a US-led war on Iraq.

The protest provoked scuffles when other students, from the university's Liberal Club, tried to stop the flag from being burnt.

A spokeswoman for Opposition Leader Simon Crean said the Government should have more important priorities and that Mr Anderson had raised the issue as a distraction from the problems with Telstra.

WA Law Society president Clare Thompson said there were grounds to believe the High Court would consider flag-burning a protected form of free speech.

In the 1996 Theophanous case, the High Court found that the Constitution contained an implied right of free speech on political matters.

"If someone was convicted they could try to challenge the laws on those grounds," she said.

In 1995, then Labor defence minister Robert Ray called for a ban on flag-burning but Labor politicians were divided and it was not followed through.

Similar laws in the US also failed because the Supreme Court decided they would have infringed the right to free speech.

Mr Anderson's latest push appears to be part of a burst of patriotism within the Government unleashed by the Bali bombings.

Two weeks ago Education Minister Brendan Nelson called for students to start the school day by singing the national anthem and saluting the flag, a proposal endorsed by the Prime Minister.

Mr Howard was not available for comment yesterday.

WHILE I can understand the anger of John Anderson about the burning of the nation's flag, I think his anger is a little misguided.

After all, the most recognisable part of our flag is the Union Jack. I suppose we could punish the wrongdoers for the burning of the Southern Cross section and let the British decide what they want to do about the destruction of their part.

GREG HILTON,  
Duneraig.



Mr Anderson



Dr Gallop

□□□  
GEOFF GALLOP'S response to making it illegal to burn the Australian flag is entirely predictable given his long-term devotion to Trotsky and world socialism (report, 6/11). Dr Gallop and his Government should be in no doubt that ordinary, loyal Australians are outraged by the recent events in the eastern States and expect better than the platitudes attributed to him.

COLIN ABBOT, Lesmurdie.

The West Australian 7-11-02

BY MY reasoning, the burning or destroying of the Australian flag should be a criminal offence. Making it an offence to do so does not impinge on the right of freedom of speech.

I am led to believe that to deliberately destroy any person's property is a criminal offence. The Australian flag is a symbol of our identity and unity and is the property of all Australians and does not belong to any one individual.

There are many other peaceful ways to make a protest.

RAY VALVERDE, Maddington.

The West Australian 7-11-02

TO OUTLAW the burning of the Australian flag is only going to give some people a challenge — that's how their minds work.

We have sufficient laws to deal with it now, such as lighting a fire which can cause harm and damage to property or people, inciting a riot or causing a disturbance. All we need are for the charges to be laid and then the back-up of our judiciary. I'll repeat the last part again: we need the back-up of our judiciary. I should clarify the first part too: we need the police resources to catch them. Enough said.

STEVE PORTELLI, Atwell.

The West Australian 7-11-02

## Sunday Times

November 10, 2002

# Aussie flag burning a disgrace

THE burning of the Australian flag at a protest in Melbourne last week was in such poor taste that it has intensified calls to ban the burning of the nation's symbol by law.

These calls are strongly supported by *The Sunday Times*, which condemns the protesters' disgraceful desecration of our country's icon.

The misguided demonstrators who see the US's push for military action against Iraq as American imperialism could not have chosen a worse time to stage their stunt.

The protesters showed total insensitivity to those Australians who were killed or injured in the Bali bombing.

Maybe they are so ignorant that they don't know that this is a time when coffins draped in Australian flags are being brought back from Bali or that funerals and memorial services are still being held for the victims.

By their antics the protesters thumbed their noses at the families who lost loved ones in the atrocity.

What it also showed is that the demonstrators are living in an unreal world. They have no idea of the perils facing Australia on the homefront in the war against terror.

While everyone has the right to protest against governments and their policies in a sane and reasonable manner, the burning of the flag is no way to get a message across.

The actions of the Melbourne demonstrators simply brought them into contempt with the majority of Australians and showed their naivete for what it is.

Where are they really coming from in the war against terror? Would they rather support Osama bin Laden and his band of cutthroats and those behind the Bali bombings instead of throwing their weight behind the Government's policies and those of the US?

Stripped of all the hype and bullabalo, that's the choice they are confronted with.

Deputy Prime Minister John Anderson is right to seek to make the burning of the flag punishable by heavy fines under the Crimes Act. Premier Geoff Gallop is wrong to oppose it.

Why should a ban divide the community, as Dr Gallop fears?

It is an offence to deface our currency notes and the same penalties of up to \$10,000 should apply to anyone who burns the flag.

In times of trouble patriotism finds a strong voice. We are not advocating the sort of over the top, hand-on-the-heart patriotism so often seen in America.

But Australians have died fighting for the Australian flag and our way of life over the years.

The least everyone should do is show some respect for the flag, even though they may disagree with the Government's policies.

## Fragile freedom

WAYNE CANT (It's their right, Letters, 6/11) is right on the money when he condemns John Anderson's proposal to make flag burning illegal in this democratic country.

We should all be extremely worried when the Deputy Prime Minister cannot see the danger posed to our fragile freedoms by banning such forms of dissent, no matter how puerile they may be. Once we set off down this road, we will soon be no different from the regimes we condemn.

We citizens of this free nation should also consider the possibility that some of our politicians are prepared deliberately to whip up a jingoistic atmosphere for their own purposes. In the last lines of his letter, Wayne Cant chose to paraphrase Voltaire to encapsulate his argument. Maybe we should also turn to the words of Samuel Johnson: "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel."

DONALD ROBERTSON, Daghlish.

The West Australian 8-11-02



## 2002 QUEEN'S JUBILEE ESSAY COMPETITION

### Encouraging pride in Australia and its Constitution

**D**uring the debate and referendum in 1999, about whether Australians should relinquish the Constitutional Monarchy established at Federation in 1901 in favour of a republic, it became clear that few people understood and valued how the Australian Constitution functions.

Since then members of the Toowoomba Branch of Australians for Constitutional Monarchy (ACM) have risen to the educational challenge by organizing two Essay Competitions for students from primary to senior standard. The Branch Patron, Mr Stan Klan, B.A. (Hons), B.D., M.Ed., M.A.C.E., has been the wise leader for the project.

The first competition, the "Centenary of Federation Essay Competition" in 2001, culminated in presentations to the winners from schools in Toowoomba and Oakey at a special ceremony in the Toowoomba City Hall in February 2002, courtesy of the Mayor of Toowoomba, Councillor Di Thorley. The Hon. Mike Horan, State Member for Toowoomba South, presented the prizes.

In 2002 the competition was extended to schools further afield in Toowoomba and district, being called "The Queen's Jubilee Essay Competition". Essays were submitted by students from schools in Toowoomba, Oakey and Dalby. For Division 1 (16 - 18 years) the brief was: "The term 'Head of State' does not appear in the Australian Constitution. Outline the roles of the Queen and the Governor-General in Australia's constitutional life". For Division 2 (11 - 15 years) the brief was "This year Queen Elizabeth II celebrates 50 years as the Queen of Australia. Outline some of the major achievements of her reign".

More than fifty people, students, relations, teachers, the ACM Branch Committee and the panel of five independent judges, were hosted by the Mayor on 10th October. The

Hon. Mike Horan presented every student with a copy of the book *Commonwealth of Nations* published by The Royal Commonwealth Society and the Commonwealth Institute, together with a CD Rom *Elizabeth II and the Commonwealth* from the Foreign and Commonwealth Office, London. These were donated by the Deputy British Consul-General in Brisbane (who also made copies



The Toowoomba Branch Committee (L to R): Dr. John Standley (Secretary), Mr. Lance Box (Website Coordinator), Mr. Keith Fuss (President), Mrs. Dellys Kelly (Treasurer), Mr. John Brett (Vice President), and Mr. John Crowther. (Mrs. Flo Cash absent)

available to schools throughout Queensland). Copies were also given to representatives of each school together with the poster depicting the steps leading to Federation, the Australian Constitution and the selection of the Australian flag.

A website has been developed brimming with excellent information. This is [www.auseconstitution.org](http://www.auseconstitution.org) thanks to the tireless efforts of Lance Box and Graeme Morris of Toowoomba. It has links to the websites for Buckingham Palace and the Governor General and is to be commended to everyone to encourage them to appreciate the value of the Australian system of Constitutional Monarchy. It provides key points with which to challenge republican claims.

The achievements of the Toowoomba Branch of the ACM originally constituted in 1995 to counter the republican challenge, show just what can be achieved by a keen and

generous committed group of people in a country area, presently spearheaded by the indefatigable President, Keith Fuss, plus the drive and enthusiasm of the Secretary, Dr John Standley. There will be a continuing challenge to encourage young Australians in particular to become well informed and take pride in our system of government for future generations. Any debate about a republic should

be a well informed debate, able to counteract spurious claims. The national body of ACM, lead by Professor David Flint and Mrs Kerry Jones based at the headquarters in Sydney, is developing educational material to be used throughout Australia. They deserve our full support, as does Mr John de Horne, the Queensland Coordinator of ACM.

President Mr. Keith Fuss (phone 07 4632 9753, address 1 Jellicoe Street, Toowoomba, Queensland 4350), will be pleased to encourage more people to take the initiative.

#### David Webster Oakey State High School Division 1 (16 - 18 years) winner *"The Roles of the Queen and the Governor-General in Australia"*

*'ELIZABETH THE SECOND, by the Grace of God Queen of Australia and Her other Realms and Territories, Head of the Commonwealth,*

*Greeting:*

*WHEREAS by the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Australia, certain powers, functions and authorities are vested in a Governor-General appointed by the Queen to be Her Majesty's representative in the Commonwealth:*

*(www.gg.gov.au)*

So begin the 1984 'Letters Patent Relating to the Office of Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia'. What are the '... certain powers, functions and authorities...



exercised by the Governor-General, and what are those of the Queen herself? This question is the subject of widespread debate and there are many misconceptions regarding these roles. It must be remembered that the term 'Head of State' does not appear within the Australian Constitution. The roles of the Queen and the Governor-General within Australia today can be categorised into two types, these being constitutional and traditional functions.

In Section I of the Constitution, the Queen is specified as being the highest level of Government within Australia. The position of Governor-General is introduced and defined in Section 2 as being Her Majesty's representative within Australia. The first mention of his role comes in Section 5, which states that he may appoint the times for sessions of Parliament, along with having the power to prorogue or dissolve it. In Sections 32 and 33, the Governor-General is given the authority to issue writs for general elections or for by-elections. Section 57 sets down the guidelines for, dissolution of Parliament due to disagreement between the Houses, and Section 58 contains the Governor-General's principal legislative authority: to assent to or withhold assent from a law in the Queen's name, or to 'reserve the law for the Queen's pleasure', along with making recommendations for amendments to a proposed law. Alterations to the Constitution, following a successful referendum, shall also be presented to the Governor-General for the Queen's assent. Section 59 deals with the Queen's power to overrule the Governor-General or to disallow and annul any law he may assent to. Under Section 61, 'The executive power of the Commonwealth is vested in the Queen and is exercisable by the Governor-General as the Queen's representative'. The creation of the Federal Executive Council and the way in which the Governor-General acts on its advice is dealt with in Sections 62 and 63, while Ministers of State are named as the Councillors in Section 64. Sections 64, 65, 67 and 72 deal with the appointment of Ministers of State, Civil Servants and Justices of the High Court by the Governor-General. Section 68 names the Governor-General as the Commander-in-Chief of the Australian

Defence Force and Section 126 gives the Governor-General the power to appoint deputies if authorised by the Queen.

Looking at the Constitution, it is evident that the Queen herself exercises almost no Constitutional powers, as although she is *vested* of executive authority, the powers are *exercised* by the Governor-General as her representative, making him the effective, although not titular, head of state. In practice, the Queen cannot do anything within Australia, nor even visit the nation, without an invitation



The Hon. Mike Horan, State member for Toowoomba South, and the Mayor of Toowoomba, Councillor Dianne Thorley, with the winners of Division 1 (back row) Jennah Porter and David Webster, and of Division 2 (front row) Bruce McIvor and Bethany Kachel (Photo courtesy of The Chronicle, Toowoomba)

from the Prime Minister. Also, the appointment of the Governor-General by the Queen on the advice of the Prime Minister is little more than a formal acknowledgement of the 'recommendation'.

The overall aim of the Governor-General's position is summed up in Webster's Encyclopaedia of Australia as:

'The role of the Governor-General is to ensure that there is a government in being, guaranteed of support in the House of Representatives, and able to have necessary financial legislation passed by both Houses. The Governor-General may exercise the powers of appointment or dissolution to bring about this condition, if necessary without the advice of the Prime Minister.'

Most of the Governor-General's constitutional actions are made on the advice of the Federal Executive Council, such as appointments to official positions and issuing writs and other proclamations. As the Commander-in-Chief of the Australian Defence Forces, the Governor-General

plays a purely ceremonial role, acting solely on the advice of the Ministry, appointing the Chief of the Defence Force and the Chiefs of the three armed services, officially issuing commissions to officers and reviewing parades. A non-constitutional duty which is performed on the advice of the Federal Executive Council is the exercising of the prerogative of mercy in the Queen's name.

Along with his constitutional duties, the Governor-General also performs a number of ceremonial duties. Some of these are to open new sessions of the Federal Parliament, to receive the credentials of foreign Ambassadors and High Commissioners to Australia, to conduct investiture ceremonies for awards within the Australian Honours System. The 'unwritten' role of the Governor-General has evolved over the years to also be representative, visiting communities around Australia, receiving and formally entertaining many Australians and representatives of organizations active in the life of the community, accepting patronage of various organizations, partly as a sign of their value within the community, and overall to embody and promote Australian values and beliefs.

The roles of the Queen and the Governor-General are overall intended to be points around which Australians can unite as a nation and as a people. It is obvious that although the roles of the Queen and the Governor-General are relatively small, they, especially the Governor-General, are intrinsic positions within Australian Government, if nothing else, as non-political 'watchdogs' and guardians of the Constitution.

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**Brent McIvor**  
**Harristown State High School**  
 Division 2 (11 – 15 years) winner  
*“Major achievements during the  
 reign of Queen Elizabeth II”*

Queen Elizabeth II this year celebrates her 50<sup>th</sup> year as the Queen of Australia and many other countries in the Commonwealth. She is only the fifth monarch to have achieved this milestone. The following is a review of some of the major achievements during her reign.

The Queen's reign began on Wednesday, 6 February 1952, when her father, King George VI, died after several years of ill health. The 25-year-old Princess Elizabeth was in Kenya with The Duke of Edinburgh on a Commonwealth tour they had just begun. Elizabeth flew home that day and, although she technically became Queen as soon as her father died, she wasn't officially announced Queen until her coronation a few months later.

During her second decade of reign, there were several firsts. In 1962 ... the Queen opened a new gallery at Buckingham Palace that displayed items from the Royal Collection. This new gallery occupied the space of the Palace's bomb damaged private chapel and was the first time that parts of the Palace were open to the general public. This gallery proved very popular. While

she was visiting Australia and New Zealand in 1970, The Queen introduced a new practice - the “walkabout” - to allow them to meet as many people as possible. During this period she became the first monarch to visit West Germany since World War II.

Her third decade of reign from 1972-1981 saw Her Majesty celebrate twenty-five years as Sovereign in 1977 with “The Silver Jubilee” nationwide tour and many Commonwealth visits. The Queen and The Duke of Edinburgh travelled a total of 89600km visiting many parts of the UK and Commonwealth to mark the occasion. It also saw several firsts on the international stage. These included a visit to communist Yugoslavia in 1972, travelling to Japan as the guest of Emperor Hirohito in 1975 and she officially opened the “Queen Elizabeth II stadium’ (Q.E.2) in Brisbane on a rainy 10th March 1977. In 1979 she was the first British Sovereign to visit the Middle East, and she visited Pope John Paul II in the Vatican in 1980.

The decade, 1982-1991 saw the Queen and Prince Phillip travel to many parts of the world. She opened the Brisbane Commonwealth Games in 1982, at the “QE2” stadium (now the “ANZ” stadium). These games were famous for “Matilda”, a giant winking kangaroo statue who now resides at “Wet and Wild Waterpark”. Ties with the rest of the Commonwealth were reinforced with visits to Australia, Canada, the

Caribbean and New Zealand. A visit by her to China was marked down in the record books as the first time a British monarch had visited the country. She also visited Australia again as part of the celebrations for Australia's bicentenary year in 1988. In 1990 Her Majesty led the commemoration of an event in the Second World War - the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Battle of Britain.

In the course of her fifth decade of reign 1992-2002, the Queen has taken part in yet more celebrations. She led celebrations for the 50th anniversary of the end of the Second World War in Europe in 1995, the arrival of the new Millennium, the 100th birthday of Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother. In this, her 50th year of Sovereign reign there is expected to be many public events and visits by the Queen and Prince Phillip, throughout the UK and Commonwealth. During her time as Queen she has met more of her subjects and undertaken more official duties than any of her predecessors. With this in mind, this milestone is well worth celebrating.

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## AUSTRALIA'S FLAG

BY CAMILLA DIANN

With pride I raise my arm  
 To salute my country's flag  
 Its history is its charm  
 Much more than satin, silk or rag.

It stood for freedom and liberty  
 When our soldiers bravely fought  
 In unity and fraternity  
 To cherish it we ought.

Six stars that shine upon the night  
 From our great Southern Cross  
 They beckon us to search for light  
 Yet recollect our loss.

Those who came and worked the land  
 Who built, and did not slack,  
 Bequeathed democracy by their hand  
 Affirmed in a Union Jack.

No one is perfect, errors made  
 Yet let us count them gain  
 To learn; Unworth past to fade  
 And sing the one refrain.

Australia, land of sunshine  
 In diversity we stand tall  
 Australia is yours and mine  
 May we honour it for all.





# CHEESY ADVENTURES

By 'Moffie'



**A** good friend showed me a recipe for Cheddar cheese – my favourite – so I decided to make some.

The recipe looked simple enough, and I had some yoghurt to use for starter. Got hold of some rennet, plenty of fresh milk available – not a problem!

First, to get necessary equipment – 2 large pans (one to fit inside the other), cheesecloth (old mosquito net will do); various spoons, knives etc. – got them.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread!

To start with the “inside” pan wasn't quite the right shape and didn't sit happily, so it slipped, and the milk started pouring into the water in the big pan. Got that balanced by jamming a wooden spoon down the side.

“Bring milk to 32° C” – okay, heat on slow; eventually got there. “Put starter in”. How much? Recipe not specific. Guess a couple of spoonfuls. “Leave for 30 minutes keeping at 32 °C”.

This is where the fun really started. The stem of the thermometer was so long that it wouldn't stay in the milk pan, so I had to hold it there. Milk heats up to 33° C quick! Switch heat off, but pan has copper bottom which holds heat. Oh dear - now up to 34° C! Pull pan out for a few minutes – need two hands so take thermometer out - put it back in – milk goes down to 31° C.

The thirty minute wait is now done, so rennet is the next job. How much? “The right amount”. Oh well, try 1 teaspoonful – after all I've got about 6 litres of milk left! Once again, “Leave for 30 minutes, maintain temperature of 32° C.” Stove on . . . stove off . . . stove on . . . stove off; inside pan slips again – oops! The milk has now set (I think), so “Cut the curd into 1cm cubes.” Cubes? Ah yes! Cut downward this way and that, and then slant knife; NOT a

problem. Wow! I need a knife 30cms long! Quick – the bread knife. Okay, it's now cut. “Leave for 10 minutes, maintain temperature.” Stove on/off etc., hanging on to thermometer.

“Stir gently for 30 minutes.” So I stir – gently. How gentle is “gently”?

“Rest the whey for 10 minutes.” Never mind the whey – I need a rest!

“Stir for further 45 minutes, while slowly raising the temperature to 38° C.” Stove on/off . . . on/off etc., etc. . . .

“Stir for further 20 minutes.” (Wish it said ‘rest the whey’ again!)

“Drain off the whey and place curds into cheesecloth-lined hoop.” Hmm. You can't stir, and line a hoop at the same time. Mad scramble! All ready on the work bench – put curds in hoop. Whey pours out of hoop all over bench and floor! Forgot to put bowl underneath.

“Mop the floor.” No, no! The recipe didn't say that, but I did mop up most of it.

Now, “Press the cheese for 24 hours using 10 kgs. weight.” Hadn't thought about weights. Rush around looking for heavy things; found 2 x 5kg shot putts from childrens' school days. Right weight but wrong shape – totally round. One sat snugly inside the top of the hoop. Chopped a stubby-holder up and used it as an “in-between” for the shot putts, carefully balancing one on top of the other.

Took a deep breath, relaxed (totally exhausted) and decided a “cuppa” was now in order. Turned my back on the cheese and – BANG! – top shot putt landed on the floor. After cautious re-balancing, it was one eye on the cheese and one on making the cuppa.

No way! It was already time to turn the hoop up the other way and press again. Did that – cuppa cold by this time but I drank it anyway. Too risky trying to make another.

By arranging containers full of water (for weight) all about the top shot putt, it remained in place.

Next day, “Remove cheese from hoop and allow to dry on draining mat.” Draining mat: what's a draining mat? Cake rack will have to do.

“Wax is usually combination of beeswax and paraffin wax.” Couldn't find paraffin wax, so beeswax it will be. Once again the two-pan method. No trouble at all. Dipped cheese in half way, turned it around and dipped the

other half. Cheddar is described as a “hard” cheese. Thank goodness mine was – you guessed it – I dropped it! No, it didn't break.

Put wax in its own container to store for further ventures, after spending an hour of hard labour removing it from the saucepan where it had firmly stuck. I have since discovered that placing the pan in the freezer makes the job a breeze - it breaks off as easy as wink!

Exactly three months later I invited a few mates around for the great cheese cutting ceremony. Mind you, as a precaution I bought a few cheeses just to make sure there was something worth eating!

Well, life is full of surprises – it was a success! In fact all the cheese disappeared, so my friends were not just being polite – they even put in orders should I decide to make more! Even after discovering that what I had made was not technically cheddar at all! Yoghurt is not the right starter for cheddar apparently.

Maybe – just maybe – it would have been better if things had NOT been so successful. Then I would not have got serious, bought “proper” cheese making books and recipes, obtained correctly balanced equipment and really ‘gone to town’!

But I did.

This time the project was Stilton. I love stilton. The big question – if yoghurt is a “starter” (though not for cheddar), would a piece of stilton “start” more stilton?. Only one way to find out.

A very small amount of bought stilton, standing in some warm milk for a couple of hours “started” the project, and I proceeded as per previous experience. However, as stilton is softer than cheddar, I didn't want to “stir” for hours, so I “hooped” it early and stood it in a humid place to let it grow whiskers.

A “real” cheddar, correctly “started”, was the next project.

It developed a midriff bulge coming out of the hoop, but others I could name seem to have that feature on ‘maturing’, without terminal effect.



There is a chapter at the back of my best cheese book with eleven pages of "Problem Solving", but I haven't read it yet as I don't want to be discouraged. Time enough for that if and when problems occur!

It's no good crying over spilt milk or dropped cheese!

One essential piece of equipment not listed is the ability to giggle. An inexhaustible supply of giggles should be on hand at all times!

Now to the "Gouda". My newly acquired expertise was brought up short by "hooping" this one. "Put hoop in pan (containing curds and whey), then fill hoop with curds whilst under the whey" I can do that, and I did. However, Gouda curds are softer and larger than cheddar (mine were anyway), so the hoop overflowed. Pushed curds down a bit, but they all squigged out the bottom while the hoop rose considerably. Yet another panic - find larger hoop, remove original, insert new one, stuff it full of Gouda curds - etc. Success!

"Now remove from saucepan". How? If I pick the hoop up it will all come out the bottom! The recipe didn't say "Line the hoop with cheesecloth". Grab the egg slice thing, bend it to a right-angle, slide it under the hoop and dexterously lift the whole lot out of the whey and put it on the draining mat! Whew!

Confidence growing, I decided to introduce some Moffatt modifications by putting a "divider" into the hoop so as to have two small cheeses instead of one big one. This consisted of a plastic lid with holes in it for drainage - a little undersized for the larger hoop, perhaps, but not significantly so, thought I.

Once "set", the hoop is removed, and at this point I intended to remove the divider. It had totally vanished! I had meticulously placed it in the very centre, but being transparent it had become invisible. Taking my courage in both hands I seized the knife, aimed for the middle and CUT! Still no sign of the divider! Cross fingers and take another slice off one - or other. Hurrah! I picked the right one.

When dry, the cheese requires waxing. This time round I had some paraffin wax to add to the beeswax in equal proportions. Easy! . . . Sploosh! went a large lump of unmelted beeswax into the now-melted paraffin wax, sending a spray of wax over hair, glasses, face - even ears - not to mention clothes and floor.

Keep calm; remove solidified wax from glasses, face, ears; scrape and wash floor, put clothes into deep freeze. But HAIR? Put head in freezer? Perhaps not. So I gave myself a haircut. (Subsequently my hairdresser was not impressed with the result.)

You might expect a person to call it quits at this stage, but No oo ooo . . .

Gorgonzola! Now that's the stuff!



Recipe requires half to be made on one day, and half the following day. Trotting off to get my fresh milk, I decided to do 2 x 5 litres. Home to put in blue mould spore etc., etc., . . . rennet etc. etc. . . . Have a cuppa while it's setting. OH! Too late the realization that I had forgotten to split the milk. Ah well! Got another 10 litres next day.

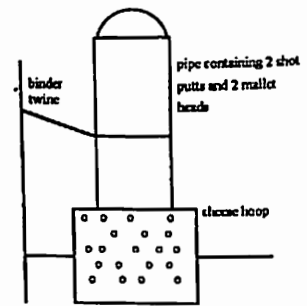
Now gorgonzola also seems to have fairly "fat" curds, so the solution: two hoops and two gorgonzolas.

After only one hour suspended in cheesecloth, the second-day curds are cut into 2cm cubes while still warm, placed on the bottom and sides of a hoop, which is then filled with yesterday's cold curds and topped off with more warm ones.

My warm-curd lining left insufficient space in the middle for the cold. Panic button again!

Found a huge hoop (optimistic, cheese-loving friend had made for me); which turned out to be large enough to contain both Day One and Day Two curds from both hoops. Saved! By heck, it's a big cheese though!

Winter has given way to Spring. Production has mushroomed into 32 different varieties. One cheese I've made (cannot remember which) needed a 15 to 20 kg. press. Two small mallet heads have joined the shot putts in (if I say so myself) a most innovative structure.



The trick is to be able to lift the pipe - containing 15 kgs - off the cheese without dropping it on to one's toes!

After all that, I've made quite a few cheeses - such as Cheshire and Camembert - with only the odd bit of drama. Exotic names such as Caerphilly, Havarti, Halloumi and Bocchonini, trip nonchalantly off my tongue. Traditionals like Wensleydale have my friends slaving in anticipation!

I don't know that "Practice makes perfect", but it does make it a bit less stressful!

Truth be known, it's the greatest fun I've had in years.

Need a change in your life? Try cheese making!

POSTSCRIPT: 32 varieties of cheese, all carefully manufactured to mature at about the same time, cannot be savoured alone, naturally. My neighbours duly attended the Great Cheese Tasting.

Imagine the scene - damask tablecloth, soft music, subdued lighting winking through crystal and rich wine, coifed and coutured guests delicately discussing 'texture', 'body' and 'flavour' in the carefully controlled atmosphere.

Well, not quite. Try 35° under the big old pine tree down the yard, cloth drawing-pinned against the brisk north easterly, guests in shorts and sandals. Freshly juiced orange and iced water more popular than the wine!

But they were ecstatic about the cheese!

I planned to 'rest on my laurels' for a spell, but the cat's out of the bag now, and the phone won't stop ringing.

Ha! What they don't know is that I've a gallon or two of some rather interesting mead, and the odd bottle of celery and orange wines maturing, that survived the winter on an electric blanket in the wardrobe.

Never a dull moment!



# FIFTY GLORIOUS YEARS



Speech by Sir David Smith at a Golden Jubilee Luncheon for Australians for Constitutional Monarchy Novatel, Adelaide, 1st November 2002

**WHEN I started to write this speech in honour of the Queen's fifty glorious years, I decided I would say absolutely nothing about the republicans.**

After all, I subscribe to the view that, having soundly defeated them three years ago, we need not waste any further powder and shot on them until they present us with a worthwhile target, and so far, thank God, there is no such target. But then the Honourable Member for Melbourne Mr. Lindsay Tanner decided to give the Australian Republican Movement in general and Mr. Malcolm Turnbull in a particular, a serve during the Adjournment Debate in the House of Representatives on 16 September, thus reminding us that the ARM still has six republican models before it, and can't make up its mind which one to choose. So I decided that I would spend a few minutes on the republican desire to remove the monarchy from our constitutional arrangements and from our system of Government.

Some republicans are honest enough to admit outright that they simply want to remove the monarchy from our Constitution; some even admit, as Prime Minister Paul Keating did, that they are driven by an anti-British sentiment, which is not the same as being, pro-Australian; but most of them say that all they really want to do is give us an Australian as our Head of State, with the removal of the Queen as simply an inevitable by-product of that objective. That was why the republicans got themselves into such a tizz during the referendum campaign when we started pointing out that, under our Constitution, the Queen is the Monarch and that we already have an Australian Head of State in the Governor-General. We repeatedly published all the legal opinions, judicial pronouncements and government decisions that support this view - they are on the public record, and this is neither the time nor the place to repeat them. But I will mention just two of the more simple arguments, to illustrate the point.

One of the primary roles of a constitutional Head of State is to appoint, and if necessary remove, the

Prime Minister. Most of you will recall the dismissal of 1975, when the Speaker of the House of Representatives wrote to the Queen to ask her to reinstate Mr Whitlam as Prime Minister, only to be told that Her Majesty could not interfere in a matter which the Australian Constitution placed firmly in the hands of the Governor-General. Secondly, while the Canadian and New Zealand Constitutions specifically refer to the Monarch as the Head of State, ours does not, and the omission was not inadvertent.

Because our claim that we already have an Australian Head of State threw the republicans into such disarray, some of them resorted to extraordinary lengths to discredit it. Let me give just two examples.



Former Governor-General, Sir Zelman Cowen, simply threw his hands up and said he couldn't understand the monarchist argument. As to that, I would make two responses. He certainly will have read all the evidence on which we base our claim, for it was contained in a book entitled: *Sir Zelman Cowen: A Life in the Law*. The editors of this tribute to Sir Zelman's many achievements had invited me to contribute a chapter on his work as Governor-General, under the title 'The Role of the Governor-General', and in it I not only said why the Governor-General was Australia's Head of State, but I also fully footnoted the evidence on which I relied in making that claim. I also pointed out that Sir Zelman himself had experienced difficulty in

describing the Governor-General as Head of State in an interview which he gave in 1977 as Governor-General designate, shortly before assuming the office, and again in a major lecture which he gave in 1995, thirteen years after he had left the office.

But the blue ribbon for republican mendacity surely belongs to former Chief Justice of the High Court of Australia, Sir Anthony Mason. Following the Constitutional Convention in 1998, The Australian National University's Law School, where I was at the time a Visiting Fellow and where I currently have the honour to be a Visiting Scholar, invited me to give the first paper in a series of seminars on the Constitution. My paper was entitled "Reflections of a Constitutional Convention Delegate". Some weeks later Sir Anthony gave a paper on "The Republic and Australian Constitutional Development", but before moving on to his topic Sir Anthony gave me a serve for the views which I had expressed in my paper.

Sir Anthony wanted to demean and diminish the role of the Governor-General under the Constitution, so he presented, his Law School audience with a number of so-called facts, none of which was true. This former Chief Justice of the High Court cited the wrong Act of Parliament and attributed to it a legal effect which it does not have; spoke about overseas travel by the Governor-General but got the year of the visit, the nature of the visit and the name of the Governor-General wrong; quoted Sec. 2 of the Constitution but omitted its important qualifying clause "subject to this Constitution" misrepresented a set of so-called facts about former Governor-General Sir Zelman Cowen, and ironically, the opening of the new High Court building by the Queen in 1980, and proceeded to erect on his errors of fact a non-existent constitutional convention. Sir Anthony claimed to have discovered (sic) what he was pleased to describe as a "robust" constitutional convention which he alleged has been hidden in the Australian Constitution since 1901. The truth is that our Constitution does not have, and never has had, such a

convention. The claim was nothing more than the figment of a fertile imagination.

In order to reduce the Governor-General to a mere representative of the Queen, with no constitutional powers or functions in his own right, Sir Anthony wanted to convince his audience that, when the Queen was in Australia, she took over the Governor-General's duties and the Governor-General ceased to function. This has never happened in all of the Queen's fourteen visits to Australia, for the simple reason that the Constitution, and specifically section 61, which Sir Anthony, steadfastly refuses to mention, doesn't allow it. The Governor-General does in fact have significant constitutional functions, including the sole and definitive power to appoint and remove Prime Ministers. Furthermore, he does not exercise these powers and function as a delegate or surrogate of the Queen, but in his own right as Head of State.

In seeking to justify his so-called "robust" constitutional convention, Sir Anthony claimed that it prevented the Queen and the Governor-General from appearing together at public functions. Not only have they done so on many occasions over many Royal visits, but on at least one such occasion, in 1988, the then Chief Justice, Sir Anthony Mason, was seated in the very front row as an honoured guest!

Sir Anthony's errors of fact might be excused as slips of the pen or a failure of memory, but errors about the Constitution by a former Chief Justice are inexcusable, especially when they are uttered in the course of a public debate aimed at altering that Constitution. Sir Anthony is perfectly entitled to advocate a republic. He is not entitled to use the majesty (no pun intended) of his former office to mislead law students and others by presenting them with the product of a failed memory, sloppy research and errors of fact in order to make his case.

We are fond of describing ourselves as a young nation, but the fact is that we are the sixth oldest continuous democracy in the world, though our experience of parliamentary government is scarcely 150 years old, and our Constitution is only 100 years old. Only Britain, the United States, Canada, Switzerland and Sweden are able to look back on longer periods

of democratic rule, uninterrupted by dictatorship of the left or right, or by foreign conquest and occupation, than we are. It is interesting to note that four of the world's six oldest continuous democracies are of British origin and four are monarchies.

#### WHICH REPUBLICAN MODEL?

As for the vast number of republics around the world, one wonders which one our republicans would have us choose as our model, for the choice is not great. And I don't mean the third world republics of developing nations let us look at educated, cultured, sophisticated France and the path of its constitutional development as a republic. Since it got rid of monarchy in 1789, France has had no less than ten systems of government - the Reign of Terror, an Empire under Emperor Napoleon, the restoration of the monarchy, the Second French Empire, followed by the First, Second, Third and Fourth Republics, and the Vichy Government that collaborated

***... most of the world's  
monarchies are free  
and democratic societies,  
while most of the world's  
republics are not***

Sir Harry Gibbs

with the Nazis during World War II, before President de Gaulle gave the their Fifth Republic. Yet today there is a widespread view in that country that they still haven't got it right.

The French writer, Sophie Masson, in an article in the July/August issue of *Quadrant*, wrote that: "Before the radical takeover, there had been a possibility that a truly representative government, under constitutional monarchy might be formed. This was Louis XVI's wish: in his found at the Tuileries (but quickly suppressed) were plans for (constitutional and legal reforms) that would have made France into the same kind of stable parliamentary state as Britain." Masson goes on to say that: "After 1792, it was impossible to return properly to the reform process. 1792 is perhaps the greatest tragedy, in political and social as well as human terms, in French history. It installed the basic

instability of the modern French state, and has bedevilled it and undermined its legitimacy ever since. The Jacobin republic and its aftermath ensured that France would have huge difficulty in catching up to Britain, in terms of scientific research, colonisation and exploration, and general economic and social progress. The genius of a wonderful, was halted for decades. Britain and the anglophone world became dominant, dooming France to the envious status of a minor power."

With Australia's republicans still tossing about six versions of the republic at last count - they had ten versions at the 1998 Constitutional Convention - and with some arguing that even a bad republic would be better than a good monarchy, we cannot afford to be complacent about any attacks on our cultural heritage and on our enduring and very successful system of government as a constitutional monarchy. Our cultural traditions do not have to justify themselves - they have already done so by being there for so long and by being so successful. The onus of proof is clearly on those who would reject them and replace them.

Although the republicans are agreed that they want to remove the Queen from our Constitution, and from our present system of government, the one thing on which they cannot agree is who or what would replace her. That is why they continue to argue over so many disparate and desperate republican models. They want to replace her but they are finding her irreplaceable. So what is it about the Monarch and the monarchy that so upsets republicans?

Let me read you something that appeared in the editorial of a major Australian daily newspaper. Under the heading "The Monarchy", the editorial writer told his readers something of the jubilee celebrations in Britain; described as plausible the arguments being advanced by Australian republicans; and then went on to say: "Plausible or not, these arguments are assertions only. The weakness of the republican case is that it cannot demonstrate precisely how we would be independent or unified without the Queen, how we would have better government, a better society. On the other hand, their case ignores the palpable advantages of a constitutional monarchy - advantages shining



splendidly, from the celebrations in Britain now. In a time of political controversy and class bitterness, the British people are able to put aside their differences and celebrate their unity, precisely because their Monarch is outside politics and above class.

### CONTINUITY AND STABILITY

"The Monarchy, ... in the person of that hard-working, long-serving, uniquely experienced civil servant, the Queen, [is] a dynamic element in the British society, working for its continuity and stability ... "Though far away (yet quite often here) she confers these advantages on our society too. And she is, besides, a potent symbol of our origins and our heritage: mighty forces in the making of this nation, forces undepinning, not diminishing our identity. What comparable advantages could an elected President bring?"

What comparable advantages indeed? How very well said by the editorial writer for *The Sydney Morning Herald* of 9 June 1977, the Silver Jubilee year. In the twenty-five years that have elapsed between the Queen's Silver and Golden Jubilees, nothing has occurred that would render that editorial any less appropriate today, other than that today's editorial writers would lack the courage to write like that. This year *The Sydney Morning Herald* marked the Golden Jubilee with no editorial and with four pages, over two issues devoted to a farrago of (mostly anonymous) gossip about the Queen and her family that had been gleaned from so-called friends and former courtiers. And even that was syndicated from a British newspaper. What a sad commentary on what our opinion-shapers today regard as important to our cultural and national identity, and to our system of constitutional parliamentary government under the Crown.

But if we are to rely on British newspapers for information about our Queen, then let us look at what else they had to say as they commemorated her Golden Jubilee. The central theme coming through in so much of what has been written this year follows a pattern similar to that experienced by the Australian media during the Queen's two visits here after the 1999 referendum. Australian journalist who had longed for the republic, and

who had predicted the end of the Australian monarchy, had to eat their words as they gazed in amazement and surprise at the crowds that greeted the Queen on her tours through the States and Territories. Even in the A.C.T., the only part of Australia to vote for the republic, the size of the crowds and the warmth of their welcome confounded the members of Canberra's Parliamentary Press Gallery.

And much of the British media has been similarly surprised in this Golden Jubilee year. For example, according to one *Daily Telegraph* writer, Gyles Brandreth, *The Sun* newspaper, which has been promoting a republican agenda, as well as parts of the news and current affairs hierarchy of the BBC, have had what he calls an

*To me, it symbolises  
freedom and democracy.*

uncomfortable surprise (for them). As he put it, *The Sun* and the BBC, as well as other part of the British media, have had to accept the Queen's popularity because it is self evident. As indeed it was here too. Brandreth went on to suggest: "Because the media is never wrong ... they will try to cover their tracks by suggesting that, somehow, the popularity is new-found and has come about because the Queen has changed. Stand by for stories telling us that, magically, mysteriously, aged 76, the Queen has blossomed, relaxed, escaped from the shadows, found her feet, become more like her mother. Bollocks. As the Jubilee proceeds, *The Sun* will change its tone, but the Queen won't change at all. She will do what she has done for 50 years; she will carry on, regardless." Indeed, the heading to Brandreth's articles said it all: "They say she's changed, but she was always this good."

That summation of the Queen's character will not surprise those of us who remember the broadcast to the Commonwealth from South Africa, by the young Princess Elizabeth on her 21st birthday. In that speech she said: "I declare before you that my whole life, whether it be long or short, shall be devoted to your service and the service of our great Imperial family to which we all belong but I shall not have the

strength to carry out this resolution alone unless you join in with me, as I now invite you to do. I know that your support will be unfailingly given. God help me to make good my vow and God bless all of you who are willing to share in it."

In February 1952, just a few days after the King's death, in her accession speech to the Privy Council, the Queen renewed her pledge of service when she said: "By the sudden death of my dear father I am called to assume the duties and responsibilities of Sovereignty ... My heart is too full for me to say more to you today than that I shall always work, as my father did throughout his reign, to uphold the constitutional government and to advance the happiness and prosperity of my peoples, spread as they are all the world over. I know that in my resolve to follow his shining example of service and devotion I shall be inspired by the loyalty and affection of those whose Queen I have been called to be and by the counsel of their elected Parliaments. I pray God will help me to discharge worthily this happy task that has been laid upon me so early in my life."

Against that background, it should also come as no surprise when, earlier this year, in an address to both Houses of the British Parliament, in Westminster Hall, the Queen again pledged to continue to serve in the years to come. The media, both here and in Britain, tried to make a story out of it, but there was nothing new in the renewal of the pledge. The Queen has a strong sense of duty, and those who know her have said that the word "abdication" is not in her vocabulary.

During the referendum campaign we were reminded by former Chief Justice, Sir Harry Gibbs, that most of the world's monarchies are free and democratic societies, while most of the world's republics are not. Significantly, since the end of World War II, the vast majority of our immigrants, and all of our refugees, have come from republics.

The author Kevin Perkins, who was an investigative journalist and hard-hitting columnist on various Sydney metropolitan newspapers for almost forty years, has been described as one of Australia's best journalists, writers and biographers. His latest book, published last year, is entitled "Dare

to Dream: The Life and Times of a Proud Australian". The book itself is about a man called Tom Hayson, who was born in a small bush town to a poor migrant family, and it tells the story of his struggle for acceptance, and of his courage and determination to succeed. But for me, one of the most fascinating stories comes right at the end, in the Epilogue, and it is not about Tom Hayson, but about an un-named migrant friend of his. Let me use Kevin Perkin's words to tell the story.

"I sat over a cup of coffee with Tom Hayson and a migrant of European background one day, talking about the future Australia.

"I'll tell you why I came to live in this country," said the migrant.

"He pulled out a 20-cent coin, tossed it in the air and slapped it on the table between us.

"There," he said, pointing to the head of Queen Elizabeth II. "that's why. To me, it symbolises freedom and democracy."

"That's why I've made my home here, and I don't want to see the system change, through a republic, agitation in the streets or anything else. I want to see Australian democracy stay the way it is."

That story resonates with me, because a similar thing happened to me, as a small boy, almost sixty years ago. In 1928 my far-sighted maternal grandfather left his wife and five very young children in Europe and came out to Australia. The following year he was able to get a permit for his wife and children to join him in Melbourne. The eldest daughter's fiance followed in 1932, they were married that year in Melbourne, and I was born the following year.

Soon my mother's younger sisters married, and cousins were born. As the war dragged on, and the family became aware of what had befallen those family members who had stayed behind in Nazi-occupied Europe, my cousins and I noticed that our grandmother had developed the curious habit of decorating the doors of her kitchen cupboards with pictures cut from women's magazines. They were pictures of the King, his Queen, and their two Princesses. Eventually we plucked up enough courage to ask Grandma why she did this. She replied: "Because, my children, they represent the difference." We may not have comprehended then what she was trying to tell us, but we sure comprehend it now.

For several generations of Australians, the Queen is more than just a word in our Constitution, important though that is. For many of us, the monarchy was an important symbol during the war, and we associated it then, as we associated it today, with the embodiment of a sense of duty and with the acceptance of responsibility, as well as with democratic parliamentary government under the Crown.

I come to an end by returning to my beginning and the words of that 1977 editorial in *The Sydney Morning Herald*: "The Monarchy, ... in the person of that hard-working, long-serving, uniquely experienced civil servant, the Queen [is] a dynamic element in the British society, working for its continuity and stability. ... Though far away (yet quite often here) she confers these advantages on our society too. And she is, besides, a potent symbol of our origins and our heritage: mighty forces in the making of this nation, forces underpinning, not diminishing, our identity. What comparable advantages could an elected President bring?"

Well my friends, we know that answer to that question, don't we?

## The Loyal Servant

By Joyce Mercer



A Christmas walk with donkeys on  
Wetton hills, Staffordshire.  
MICHAEL BOULTON

Tired little donkey,  
Weary and forlorn,  
Limbs and body aching  
With the burden it has born.

Scouring the countryside  
For a warm and snug abode  
Anywhere to rest awhile  
And ease its precious load.

Gathering strength to journey on,  
The cold night closing fast  
Every step an effort –  
Another milestone past.

Breathing getting harder  
In the bleak midwinter air,  
But softened by a gentle touch  
And tender loving care.

Finally – a stable warm;  
The long, hard journey over,  
A generous meal, a bed of hay,  
To dream of grass and clover.

One lingering gaze before sleep  
Overcomes the pain,  
To see the Babe that has been born  
And in His manger lain.

Reprinted from the 100<sup>th</sup> edition of THIS ENGLAND. Winter 1992





Sir William Dargie

# DARGIE

## Painter of Painters

By Larry Noye



Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II -  
by William Dargie 1954

**WILLIAM DARGIE, the Australian artist who painted the Queen, as depicted, had no special yen to paint as a boy.**

At Footscray Technical School in that Melbourne suburb about 1925 he was not recognized in drawing. Of another boy, Cliff Bayliss, it was widely said, "He can draw."

Dargie became a schoolteacher. It was in this role, as he reports, that he "found" he could paint.

An early school in his teaching career, in Depression years when teachers were often still in their teens, was North Williamstown, a seaport dating back to windjammer days. On the staff also was one Hal Porter. The young Dargie liked to be seen with Porter in one of the Bohemian gathering places they frequented, sketching such acquaintances.

Porter was a more aggressive teacher than Dargie, who became known to pupils for his comments on art, as "Tone" Dargie. Just as Dargie the artist went on to put down those days in painting, Porter came to capture them with the pen; Hal Porter is long since a name in Australian writing. He has reported colorfully on those youthful years in such books as *Watcher on the Cast-Iron Balcony*. By his own admission, Porter had errant ways. His writing, which includes his hometown of Bairnsdale in rural Gippsland, is sometimes crude, and he is recalled by pupils of the day as apt to throw an inkwell at a boy who fell asleep in class.

He remained a fond friend of Dargie for the rest of his life, however, and died in his early 60's.

Bill Dargie delved in seascapes, but came to concentrate on portraits. Came World War II and he was appointed, at about thirty, to the role of an official war artist with Australian Forces in the Middle East and New Guinea. He painted such

as a guard on duty, capturing his peeved air as he submitted to the arrogance of a junior officer - also shown. That one was hung on the walls of Australia's comprehensive War Memorial in the capital of Canberra.

William Dargie in fact was to go to London; not just to see Her Majesty, but to *paint* the Queen. His 1954 portrait, in a yellow frock which had proved popular during a visit to Australia earlier that year, today is seen by visitors filing through the Australian Parliament House.

But that portrait became a kind of rallying point throughout the wide British Commonwealth of Nations. It has been seen by generations of children as it looked down from their school walls; a portrait that hangs in municipal council chambers, public halls and government buildings.

Dargie has painted the Queen several times, besides other members of the Royal Family. That implies a sympathetic acceptance of his role, for he is a painstaking artist, whose capturing of the sitter required long hours of silent acquiescence. That goes with a genial, refined nature.



1956 Portrait of Albert Namatjira by  
William Dargie

The *Melbourne Age* reported on February 28, 2002, "Sir William Dargie was a monarchist in 1954 and he is still one today, at 90 this year. He believes the monarchy is the only guarantee of continuity across the generations." He was quoted as saying, "Attitudes can and will change but the relationship with the monarchy is the one thing that transcends the generations."

His portraits, commissioned by rich benefactors and governments, hang in board rooms and public galleries as the young teacher who "found" he could paint entered international ranking. He was to win a record eight Archibald Prizes.

The award, introduced with media fanfare in Australia each year, began for Dargie with the 1941 success with industrialist Sir James Elder. It was followed in those war years by Corporal Jim Gordon, a VC, in 1942; Lieutenant-General Sir Edmund Herring in 1945; included business and community identity Sir Marcus Clark in 1947, and finally a fellow artist, the aboriginal Albert Namatjira, in 1956. He stopped entering.

Dargie wrote *On Painting A Portrait* (Artist Publishing Company, London, 1957), and came to hold education and administrative roles in the art world.

His sensitive, kindly nature involved Namatjira. This dusky identity in artistic circles was a member of the Western Aranda tribe in Central Australia. From boyhood, his life about the Lutheran Mission at Hermannsburg added sophistication to the sand ridden, wandering life of an outback aborigine.

To the work of camel hand and stockman was added that of blacksmith, and an introduction to painting. The outback scenes the sturdy Albert Namatjira came to paint made him the most celebrated indigenous artist of his day.

Shy, in the manner of aborigines, he was befriended by Dargie, who recalls fondly, "I used to go painting with Albert

in Central Australia." Dargie lived in a vacant homestead, while Namatjira camped with fellow aborigines under nearby trees.

In 1938, Namatjira's water colours had been featured in a solo exhibition in Melbourne. Recognised internationally, he came to be subject of a biographical film.

But harsh news hit in 1958. In an Australia where dangerous consequences can follow the often-shiftless black man partaking "firewater", Namatjira, with typical blackfellow's penchant to share things, provided money for another man's alcohol. His young wife was murdered by her husband, the alcohol regarded as the direct cause.

Albert, who had been sullen and ill from a burned foot, and later a hand injury even before this, was charged with supplying liquor to a ward of the State. He got six months with hard labour. It was reduced to three, with light duties at a reserve following the concern of doctors.

Andrew Mackenzie reports in his book *Albert Namatjira, 1902 - 1959*, that, released after two months, "he appeared to have lost his will to live." He added, "He had no interest in painting and seemed in a state of severe depression. He accepted the offer of a cottage at Papunya, but his condition rapidly deteriorated."

It was the characteristic bone-pointing death, a tragedy among aborigines. The sturdy outback worker of earlier years, died at 57. A 20ft high cairn recognizes his life.

Fellow artist William Dargie comes through well. There was the time the two had been in a Dargie studio, in Sydney. A woman journalist, seeking an audience with the recoiling aborigine inside, was drumming confidently at the door, as Dargie puts it, "trying to get him to say

things."

Dargie silently protected her quarry from that fate and she finally departed. He is most sympathetic towards Namatjira and regards him as harshly treated.

### Horrie Dargie

The story of William Dargie, who was knighted during his career, includes his mother, Adelaide, a leading school teacher in her day, who encouraged not just son Bill, but his younger brother, Horrie. Their father, Andrew, preferred country life, but went along with living in suburban Melbourne. It is said that the father presented the 10-year-old Horrie with a mouth organ in 1927 - and it proved enormously eventful. There came to nearby Yarraville a Mouth Organ Band, formed by a company of largely young men to help counter the cares of the Depression. They donned uniforms with bow ties, and marched along the streets playing what also became known as the "harmonica".

The expansion into comedy acts and dialogue came to be strongly represented by Horrie Dargie. Figuring in such performances through the wards of hospitals, he formed the Horrie Dargie Quintet. They won awards in that heyday of radio and, moving to Britain in the 50's, went from strength to strength, staging their own weekly show on the BBC, then the only channel.

"Horrie was bringing joy to millions,"

fondly recalled an early Mouth Organ Band colleague, Frank Gathercole, not long ago.

He said it had been obvious early that Horrie Dargie was destined for big things. "His idol had been the great American harmonica player, Larry Adler," he added. "Horrie got to play with him in New Guinea during the war, when he was serving with the 3<sup>rd</sup> Armoured Division, and Adler was out here entertaining troops."

In Britain, tragedy hit in one show. Horrie Dargie was carried from the stage, smitten with polio. Bedridden for nine months and paralysed, he nevertheless recovered. The Quintet returned to Australia in 1958, plunging into an all-States tour.

Horrie, who formed a TV production company, is said to have launched the British career of the Australian song quartet, The Seekers.

When he died at 82 in his Sydney home in August 1999, he was chronicled by



1984 Dargie portrait of Genevieve Morgan (Mrs Gary Morgan)



Horrie Dargie as a youth, painted by brother William in 1933



Dargie portrait of Sir Henry Bolte, long-serving Victorian Premier



Hal Porter (study for a portrait 1962)



Dargie's portrait of Dame Enid Lyons hangs in the Victorian parliament building



1982 portrait of academic Robert Rofe



obituary writer David Callan in *The Age* as "a modest, much-loved, gentlemanly figure, who assisted scores of people to fame".

Adelaide Dargie had died at 90, a lively lady apt to spend Saturday night out with her sons at some nightspot.

These days Sir William Dargie, 90, lives a subdued life. His wife, fellow artist Kathleen Howitt, is in a nursing home. They had a son and a daughter.

Unlike some other artists, he has no penchant for publicity. He never associated with drugs or alcohol, nor for producing ridiculous emanations that sometimes attract the ponderous mouthings of critics. As one fellow artist has put it, Dargie paints as he lives; sensitive portraits which suggest the character of the artist.

In a field in which paintings can run into high returns, someone quipped, "How much is that Dargie in the window?"



Margaret Smith M.B.A. 1961  
(M. Barrymore Court 1967)



Sir William Dargie in 1999



Commemorative stamp honouring Albert Namatjira, Aboriginal artist, who died in 1959



Entertainer Horrie Dargie



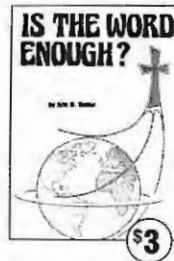
Dinah Krongold 1957



## A collection of works from **ERIC D. BUTLER**

"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."

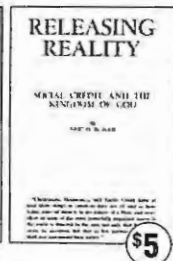
ERIC D. BUTLER



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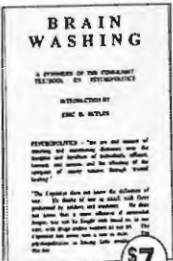
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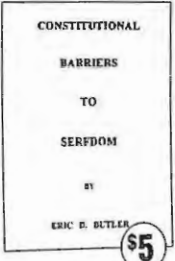
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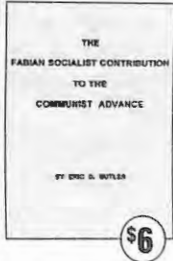
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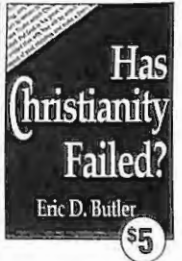
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# WHAT ABOUT RABAUL?

By Anne McCosker

**On 23rd January 1942 the Japanese easily captured Rabaul in Australian administered New Guinea. The Australian garrison of ill equipped, badly trained, almost leaderless men, was sent bush without even their 'hard tack' rations. The civilians were left to fend for themselves.**

"Australia would never stand our men being deserted"<sup>1</sup> said Sir Earle Page to the War Cabinet assembled in London, 21st January 1942. He was expressing his opinion of Churchill's hypothetical suggestion that the British evacuate Singapore.

Did Earle Page not know that the Australian Chief of Naval Staff had sent a cablegram on 12th December 1941 to the Australian Minister in Washington, Rt. Hon. R.G. Casey? This stated "It is considered better to maintain Rabaul only as an advanced air operational base, its present small garrison being regarded as hostages to fortune."<sup>2</sup>

This small garrison, so summarily dismissed, consisted of about 1400 military personnel. Rabaul and the surrounding islands were home also to many hundreds of Australian families. Over Christmas 1941 European women and children were evacuated, leaving as part of the 'hostages to fortune' about 500 European men, mostly over military age.

## STRATEGICALLY SIGNIFICANT

Any one looking at a map of the Pacific can see the strategic importance of Rabaul. The town had a magnificent harbour and excellent port, quite easily defended against any land assault. In 1939 it had two airfields and good wireless communications. Having been the centre of Germany's southern Pacific interests pre WWI, and retained as capital by the Australians, by WWII it had symbolic as well as strategic importance.

## LOCAL KNOWLEDGE AND EXPERIENCE

Many of the resident male Europeans were WWI veterans, some with over 20 year's experience of Island life. These men continued the pioneering work begun by the Germans, building up plantations, missions, mines, ports, trade. Many had excellent relationships with the New Guineans.

At the outbreak of WWII these men assumed that the importance of Rabaul would be recognized. They knew Germany was still interested in her former colony and had excellent knowledge of the Islands, including the Territory's various safe anchorages useful for German navy operations. They knew too that Japan, given the

mandate of the Caroline Islands after WWI, had built bases there which placed New Guinea within reach. And they were aware the Japanese had been spying around the Islands for years. So the energetic core of resident Europeans acted. The New Guinea Volunteer Rifles was formed, defence work begun, Coast Watchers recruited. The Australian government and Chiefs of Staff however were not much interested.

On the way to his appointment as Australian envoy in London during September and October 1941, Earle Page had visited the Netherlands East Indies, Singapore, the Philippines, Canada, and USA. In London he would tell the British there were not enough fighter aircraft in Singapore. Rabaul at that time had none.

***"Australia would never stand our men being deserted!"***

## ASSISTANCE AND ADVICE

At the same time the Australian government agreed to spend £666,500 on behalf of the United States for further development of New Caledonia as an operational base and the 3rd Independent company was sent to Noumea as a gesture to the Free French.

On that day, 21st January 1942, when Earle Page was busy lecturing the British in London regarding their responsibilities in Singapore, the military commanders in Rabaul were busy preparing - or not preparing, it was a rout - to abandon Rabaul and the civilians.

Who was the senior Australian representative in Rabaul? Harold Page, Earle Page's brother. Harold Page, Acting Administrator since September 1941 (the Administrator, Sir W. McNicholl left Rabaul then to reside in Lae), had been the Mandated Territory's Government Secretary since 1923.

## NO EVACUATION PLANS

On 22nd January, Harold Page left Rabaul for an outlying plantation. The Assistant District Officer wrote in

his diary "visited Raniola Plantation, interviewed Mr. H.H. Page Government Secretary."<sup>3</sup> Page left behind him hundreds of civilians, having done nothing to facilitate their escape on the many small ships available.

On 23rd January, in Rabaul, the civilian population was surrendered to the Japanese by the Chief Civil Warden N. L. Clark, Rabaul Times editor, Gordon Thomas, and perhaps two other Australians.

What exactly Harold Page was told by the Australian Government has never been satisfactorily explained. He was to say when POW "as late as the morning of the 20th Jan he received a reply to an earlier cable saying that the situation was in hand and to carry on as usual!"<sup>4</sup> Had Page ever been informed that he, and those he was supposed to be protecting, had been considered 'hostages to fortune' since 12th December 1941, or was he told only of 15th December decision?

On 15th December 1941, the Chiefs of Defence Staff considered it essential 'to maintain a forward air observation line as long as possible and to make the enemy fight for this line rather than abandon it at the first threat.'<sup>5</sup>

Harold Page telegraphed Canberra on 15th January 1942, "It now appears that the defence policy for the territory is to be limited to demonstrations of force rather than any serious attempt to hold the territory against any enemy attack in force and there are indications that such an attack will take place in the very near future. For these reasons it is considered urgent that consideration should be given to the position of civil population of the territory and if necessary their evacuation."<sup>6</sup> Events on the ground were following the plan outlined in 12th December cablegram to Washington.

## IRISH HOLIDAY

The Acting Administrator's brother, Earle Page left London over Christmas 1941, for a six-day holiday with relations in Belfast. It seemed Earle Page, in spite of such important personal connections with New Guinea, treated the Mandated Territory as a child treats an unwanted toy - as did most Australian politicians in 1941. Australia had been an independent



nation since 1901 and the Mandated Territory of New Guinea was her responsibility. Rabaul was of vital importance to the allies from the very onset of WWI. The Australian Government with up to date information and backed by a patriotic, highly motivated and experienced core of British subjects, well supported by the majority of the New Guineans, could have given mature advice to the British. Instead the Australian cabinet and Chiefs of Staff became fixated on Singapore.

### SINGAPORE AND RABAU

Was Singapore really of vital importance to Australia?

It could be argued that if the Japanese wanted to invade Eastern Australia they could have done so without Singapore. However it is hard to visualise such an undertaking proceeding without controlling Rabaul. The Japanese captured Rabaul - before Singapore. It was from Rabaul their fleet sailed, with transports, to the battle of the Coral Sea. From Rabaul their planes bombed Moresby, their troops left for the Owen Stanley Range.

### RESOURCE-RICH NEW GUINEA

The capture of Rabaul not only placed the Japanese much closer to Pt Moresby and Australia, it also gave them the vast untapped wealth of New Guinea. And there they dug in - Rabaul became a Labyrinth of tunnels as did any strategic outlying area in New Britain. It is said they could have remained unconquered there for years, harassing Australia at will.

As early as June 1942 General MacArthur and his staff made plans to recapture Rabaul in 2 weeks. This was then increased to 18 days. Thousands of lives were to be lost trying to recapture or neutralise it. Soldiers, sailors, airmen were to die fighting on the Kokoda Trail, Milne Bay, Buna, Guadalcanal. Australians, Papuan New Guineans, Americans fought in Papua, New Guinea, the Solomons, through 1942, 1943, 1944.

By 1943, the Americans had become so interested in New Britain, the Australian General Blamey believed that the operations there would be undertaken by American forces 'to strengthen a claim to retain New Britain in the post-war settlement'.<sup>7</sup> MacArthur however took little interest in Singapore.

Back to Earle Page and the Australian government of 1942. On the very

day Rabaul fell, 23rd January, the Australian War Cabinet received a cablegram from Earle Page stating the British government had considered the evacuation of Singapore. Another paragraph was inserted into the communique about to be sent to London. "Page has reported the Defence Committee has been considering evacuation of Malaya and Singapore. After all the assurances we have been given, the evacuation of Singapore would be regarded here and else where as an inexcusable betrayal. Singapore is a central fortress in the system of Empire and local defence".<sup>8</sup>

Were Churchill and his advisers aware of what had happened that day in Rabaul? Churchill was angered by the Australian attitude to his hypothetical suggestions regarding Singapore. If he had known the full extent of the debacle in Rabaul he may have been even angrier!

***"It is considered better to maintain Rabaul only as an advanced air operational base, its present small garrison being regarded as hostages to fortune."***

### EXPENDABLE

Lt. Col. Rowell is quoted as saying after the fall of Rabaul, "it's not the first time a few thousand men have been thrown away and it won't be the last". Later in conversation with the historian, D.M. Horner he said 'they [the Chiefs of Staff] had the scale of attack all wrong. The Japanese employed a division against a battalion. It was bad luck for the battalion that the Japanese intended making Rabaul their main base.'<sup>9</sup>

Where exactly did the Chiefs of Staff think the Japanese main base would be? Any reasonably intelligent person with up to date knowledge of Rabaul would have expected it to be there.

The Chiefs of Staff also showed their lack of knowledge and responsibility when in their report of 15th December 1941 they stated that the withdrawal of the garrison and abandonment of Rabaul was not possible because of the effect it "would have on the minds of the Dutch in NEI."<sup>10</sup> Apparently they did not worry about abandoning Australian civilians, the Chinese community or the New Guineans Australia was supposed to be protecting under the mandate. And they had, of course,

no concern for the small Australian garrison.

### **"DID NOT KNOW – OR DID NOT CARE"**

Paul Hasluck, later Governor General of Australia wrote "The most charitable view, namely that Canberra was out of touch with what was happening in New Guinea, is itself a criticism only less damning than the alternative view that Canberra did know but did not care enough. . . . Government policy in the ensuing weeks [after the fall of Rabaul] was to water down the news of disasters lest Australians should get scared" <sup>11</sup>

Sixty years on, the establishment is not just watering down the fall of Rabaul and the subsequent loss of life, but washing it away.

### FORGETTING 1942

In 2002, it is still the fall of Singapore that most Australian historians are discussing. They pick over every detail in ever more conferences, discussion papers, articles. And the fall of Rabaul? The Australian War Memorial, Remembering 1942 history conference had no paper on the subject. The Menzies Centre in London convened in Cambridge a conference on Churchill and Australia. Amongst the topics discussed were the fall of Singapore and the latter stages of the Pacific war. There were no major articles or programmes in the Australian media on Rabaul. Singapore though was well covered.

### ESTABLISHMENT HUMBUG

Establishment humbug can perhaps be illustrated by the AUSTRALIANS REMEMBERED MAP, published in early 2002, with the help of the AWM and the Australian government. This map lists Australian war losses since Federation. It claims to show 'significant actions and events'.

What then of the fall of Rabaul? An arrow pointing to Rabaul states, "23/1/42 Japanese forces land at Rabaul." It then notes "4/3/42 160 AIF POWs murdered by their captors at Tol & Waitavola plantations."<sup>12</sup> Nothing else!

### MONTEVIDEO MARU SINKING

It also names ships sunk with loss of Australian life during this period. One however is certainly missing - the Montevideo Maru.

It is officially said that over 1000 men, civilian and military - including Harold Page - captured after the fall of Rabaul, drowned when this ship

was sunk by USA submarine off the Philippines in July 1942. If so this was almost certainly the biggest maritime disaster in Australian history. Yet the AUSTRALIANS REMEMBERED MAP does not mention it.

### HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE

No other allies were involved in the fall of Rabaul, it is purely an Australian tragedy. Is that why now sixty years on it can still be ignored? Well over a thousand Australians 'hostages to fortune', are still hostages to incompetence and betrayal.

### PERCEIVED BRITISH BETRAYAL

'Singapore' before and after it fell, was used in some Australian quarters to foment hostility towards the British. It still is. One example is the use made of it by present day members of the republican movement. The loss of Australian lives at Singapore, seen as a betrayal of Australia by the British, is reason enough they think to attack the Crown and Australian ties with the United Kingdom. They do not mention the incompetence and betrayal of Rabaul by the Australian Government.

### U.S. ROLE IN FALL OF RABAU

They did not question either the United States' role in the fall of Rabaul. This republic, a model for many in the republican movement, had no vision in WWII for either the south-west Pacific or Australia.

That infamous cablegram of 12th December 1941, sent - to Washington - shows the USA played a part in the tragic debacle at Rabaul.

"In view of the present situation," it stated, "Naval Board have reviewed proposals for development of Rabaul as defended base. Formerly it was not intended to develop Rabaul beyond the requirements of an advanced air operational base - . . . . U.S.A. request was acceded to and offer of assistance accepted on the implied understanding that U.S.A. forces would at least occasionally operate in the area and possibly in the 'shaded area'. It would appear under present circumstances that the proposed plan would be greatly delayed or even impossible to fulfill . . . ."

Under the foregoing circumstances and as the reinforcements and subsequent supply would be hazardous without United States co-operation, it is better to maintain Rabaul only as an advanced air operational base, its present small garrison being regarded

as hostages to fortune."<sup>13</sup>

The USA confused the position of Rabaul - not only for the Australian government and Chiefs of Staff, but perhaps more importantly, for the European residents of the Mandated Territory.

Paul Hasluck wrote concerning the aftermath of the fall of Rabaul "In the escape of survivors, both soldiers and civilians, there were suffering, endurance, dangers and adventures that should make a nation's legends for years."<sup>14</sup>

The whole Australian nation is entitled to know the facts surrounding the fall of Rabaul. It can then have a better perspective of its WWII history and be able to give recognition to the sacrifices and achievements of many individual Australians.

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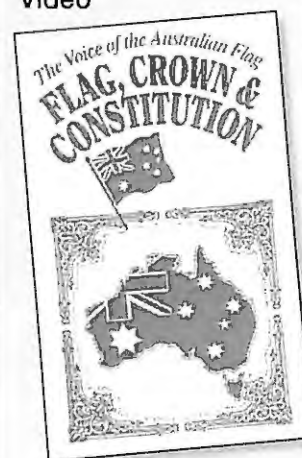
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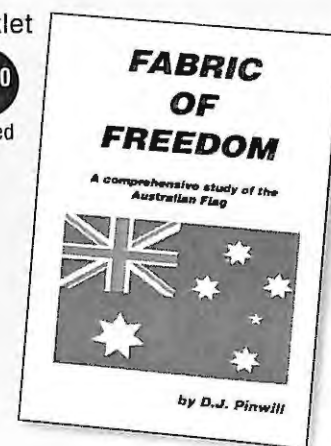
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Francis Cadell as a young man

**C**OCKENZIE on the shores of the Firth Of Forth and Goolwa in Southern Australia are geographically about as far apart as any two small communities can be, separated by over 12,000 miles of ocean. But this summer inhabitants of both towns are looking forward to celebrating the 150th anniversary of the triumph of the explorer they are proud to share as their most famous son.

Francis Cadell was born in 1822 at Cockenzie House which still stands on the edge of the East Lothian town and where government commander Sir John Cope spent the night before he was rudely awakened by the defeat of his troops at the Battle of Prestonpans. Cadell was the son of one of Scotland's most innovative and enterprising merchant families. The spacious 17th-century mansion in which he spent his childhood years had been purchased by his grandfather, John, in 1779, 34 years after the Jacobite victory, from the profits made originally from importing iron and small quantities of steel.

When supplies of these metals were disrupted by enemy naval action just at the time when they were most required to provide munitions during what became known as The Seven Years War, he capitalised on the problem by expanding Scotland's iron production most famously at the new Carron Iron Works, near Falkirk, in 1759 where he was partner.

John Cadell's son, Hugh, in his turn, had three sons including Francis who, when still a boy, joined the Royal Navy as a midshipman. His ship was amongst the fleet which set sail for the Far East and in 1839 he fought in the Opium War. Later he was involved in the siege of a Chinese port and, when the city fell, was rewarded with an officer's share of the captured booty. By the time he was 22 he was a captain in his own right, in command of a small sloop.

Soon afterwards, however, he resigned his commission and returned home to

# CAPTAIN CADELL'S COLLAPSIBLE CANOE

Bill Fyfe Hendrie

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study shipbuilding, first at Newcastle on the River Tyne and later on the Clyde. There he took a particular interest in the development of steam propulsion. Before long he was off on his travels again and in 1849 reached Australia. With his interest in the sea, ships and shipbuilding, he soon recognised the potential which river transportation offered in the development of this vast land. In particular, he realised the opportunities presented by the possibility of opening up the mighty Murray River, which flows for 2,250 kilometres through New South Wales, Victoria and South Australia.

Using his knowledge of boat-building he constructed what he considered the ideal craft, a 21-and-a-half-foot long, 3-feet 8-inch broad, flat-bottomed, wood-framed, canvas-covered collapsible canoe with a blunt bow, which he named *Forerunner*. As soon as it was completed he folded it up, put it on the back of a sturdy horse and, in the coolest of the Australian winter weather, set out in July 1852 from Melbourne for the overland trek to Swan Hill, approximately halfway down the course of the Murray. En route he paused briefly in Bendigo to hire four well-built "diggers" who agreed to abandon their mining explorations to become his crew for the long voyage ahead.

When they reached the banks of the Murray in August, Cadell treated his new-found sailors to a celebration meal of mutton chops, with the ulterior motive of using the grease from the frying-pan to ensure that *Forerunner's* canvas skin was leak proof before launching her on the river.

With her draught of only one foot eight inches and her proportionally-broad beam, *Forerunner* proved ideal for the task ahead as Cadell and his crew began their voyage downstream to the sea. Aboard they carried almost

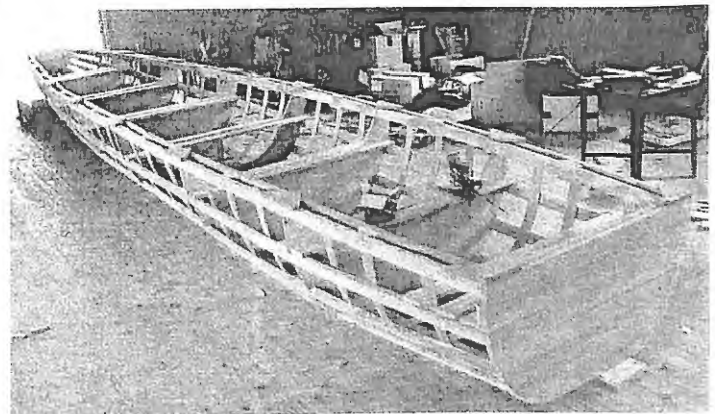
a ton and a half of provisions, which they supplemented along the way by shooting rabbits and kangaroos.

As a result of the weight of her cargo, *Forerunner's* bottom often scraped against the riverbed, and Cadell and his crew spent several days painstakingly repairing her canvas hull. Progress was also slow because Cadell took great care to chart every rock and obstacle along their course. Eventually three months and 850 miles later they finally landed at Goolwa, then a small settlement at the mouth of the Murray.

As a result settlers, including many Scottish emigrants, were encouraged to establish sheep stations along the Murray's banks. Realising that river boats would soon be required to ship the first fleeces down river to the ocean, the shrewd Cadell wrote home to persuade his father that it would be worth investing in a paddle steamer to develop this new trade.

Cadell Senior purchased a Scottish-owned steamship, the *Lioness*, and engaged the services of several seamen from Cockenzie and the small neighbouring harbour of Port Seton to sail her on her long 12,000-mile voyage down under. The *Lioness* appears to have undertaken most of this long voyage under sail, with her paddles and paddle boxes stowed below decks to keep them safe from rough ocean waves and weather.

On arrival in Goolwa, Cadell supervised the reconstructions of the paddles and then, using supplies of wood from the red gum trees which grew in profusion along the shores of the river to fuel her hungry engine, introduced steam power to the Murray. The *Lioness* proved so



Forerunner II in the making in artist Kenny Munro's East Lothian workshop

successful in developing the river trade that Goolwa became one of Australia's busiest shipbuilding centres and 37 similar paddle steamers, plus 23 barges for them to tow, were constructed there between 1853 and 1913. By then river transport had been largely superseded by the development of the railways.

Several of the early paddle steamers to join the *Lioness* in Cadell's fleet on the Murray were captained by the sailors who had originally brought her out safely from Scotland and they went on to become well-known riverboat skippers carrying both cargo and passengers between Goolwa and Swan Hill. Soon the Cadell vessels were challenged by a rival fleet belonging to William Randell and there were many battles amongst crews, none fought more fiercely than that to be the first to sail a paddle steamer safely all the way up river as far as Swan Hill.

Cadell himself took the wheel of his latest ship, the *Lady Augusta*, while Captain Randell was on the bridge of his equally new vessel, *Mary Ann*. Cadell was the more daring, rigging a large lantern in the bows of the *Lady Augusta* so that his crew relied on his knowledge of the river to sail her on through the hours of darkness. In the end he proved victorious by being first to dock at Swan Hill.

For the first few years Cadell made handsome profits, but later they declined and he left the Murray to seek his fortune elsewhere by becoming involved in pearl gathering off the coast of New Guinea. There his adventurous life was brought to a tragic end when, commanding a pearl fishing boat called the *Gem*, several of his native crew tried to raid its valuable cargo.

While defending it he was fatally wounded.

Although Captain Cadell died far from Goolwa, the inhabitants always remembered the Scottish adventurer who made it his home; the town's main thoroughfare is still named Cadell Street.

The most important event on its annual calendar is a wooden boat-building competition.

This year, to mark the 150th anniversary of Cadell's original opening of the Murray to navigation by commercial traffic, the parade of boats will be led by a reconstructed version of his collapsible canoe, while at the same time another replica of the *Forerunner* will also be launched on the Firth Of Forth.

*Forerunner II*, as the new Scottish craft has been christened, has been built by East Lothian artist Kenny Munro with financial support from the local community council and the involvement of pupils from Cockenzie Primary School. Kenny had already worked with them on the mural erected overlooking the harbour as a tribute to the town's fishing fleet. During the summer *Forerunner II* will become a familiar sight as, following her appearance at Cockenzie and Port Seton Gala Day on 8th June, Kenny plans - with the aid of an experienced adult crew - to set off to paddle her from a point near Aberfoyle all the

way down river to the Firth back to her home port where she will be greeted by direct descendants of George Bain-Johnston who helped sail the *Lioness* to Goolwa. Of her seaworthiness and handling abilities Kenny has no doubts, as last year he traveled out to Goolwa to help crew her sister, *Forerunner III*.



Gala Day 2000: pupils with models of Cadell's canoe

For his voyage down the Forth, Kenny is being sponsored by Scottish Natural Heritage to undertake a study to examine the potential for linking people in different towns and villages through participation in a range of arts and science projects all with the common theme of boat building, navigation and dependence on rivers and the sea. Priority will be given to involving schools.

After *Forerunner II* returns to Cockenzie, it is planned to display her in the Power House at Prestongrange Industrial Archaeology Museum. Captain Cadell celebrations will also include displays of work by pupils at local schools about his life and adventures, and an exhibition is planned in Cockenzie Public Library about the local boy who became a maritime hero on the other side of the world.

For further information contact: Cockenzie and Port Seton Community Council, c/o Port Seton Centre, King George V Park, South Seton Park, Port Seton, East Lothian or e-mail: kenny-munro@beeb.net.



*Forerunner III*, a replica of Francis Cadell's pioneering craft, sets sail on the Murray River, thanks to sponsorship from *Australian Geographic* magazine.



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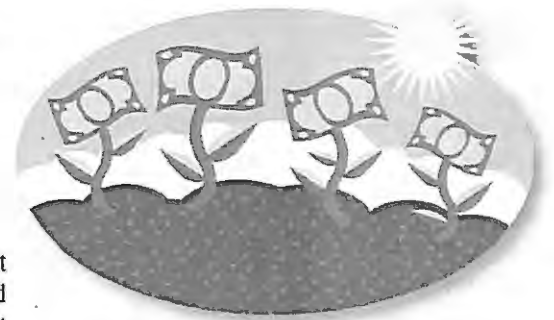
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# SHOW ME THE MONEY!

By John Pearce, innovative organic farmer near Helensville, north of Auckland.

Reproduced from the issue September/October issue of *Organic NZ*, journal of the Soil and Health Association.



**F**OR many people committed to the philosophy of Organics, the area that most often gives rise to an ethical compromise is money. Our current economic structures all too often undermine the environmental, ethical and social relationships Organics values so highly.

One way out of this is a local money system that supports the local economy and protects it from the present economic system. That present system is always in search of the cheapest production location and in doing so it destroys the local autonomous structure. This in turn hinders us from living, working and growing in an environment that has a degree of security and permanence.

Three-to-five-year growth cycles are great for politicians and accountants, but not for those of us who are serious about our families, friends and communities.

New Zealanders have had enough time to evaluate the benefits and hardships of a free market philosophy: there's no doubt a few have benefited, but already it's obvious that many have not.

It's therefore all the more important to look at ways to renew local and regional economies. The economic ups and downs of the world market can only be counteracted if the internal economy of a region acts as a stable complementary system, in a balance with the global exchange of goods.

Does it really make sense that we should pay a global price for local products such as meat and fish when a local contract with a farmer or fisherman can be demonstrated to be better for producer and consumer?

A locally based autonomous producer-consumer partnership is totally insulated from the influence of large corporations and state monopoly systems. Such a system is immune from local or international recession, compounding interest on debt, bad deals and money shortages.

The world money systems can collapse, the world's financial markets can fall through the floor, employment can take us back as far as the 1930s. But a green dollar is guaranteed 100 percent by work and by goods because it generates no debt.

It works by people co-operating in a direct exchange. No banks, no middle person soaking up profit.

It's definitely a possibility, but it requires considerable trust and diligence to work and is in effect reversing the traditional pattern so that the farmer becomes a price maker rather than a price taker.

## CREATING THE OPTIONS

When we see progressive local bodies, such as Rodney just north of Auckland city, encouraging every applicant for a building permit to think local, use local product and trades people, we have to be encouraged that there is another way - maybe a little more sophisticated and taxable than the pure green dollars I've been suggesting.

When we see that same council promoting itself as "organic friendly" and telling other local bodies, "We won't take any of your waste, at least



until we've worked out sustainable ways to recycle it, and where possible we will work towards a high degree of self-sufficiency for such things as water and energy," then we have the beginning of a locally based economy that has a future, based on co-operation not on international competition.

For many years the Swiss have demonstrated that an interest-free savings and loans scheme can work, just as our Prometheus system although much more limited, can also work.

A similar low interest system in Germany, founded in the 1930s, with over 20,000 accounts amounting to over one billion Swiss francs turnover every six months, is another tried and true example.

There are options with a history. They work.

And there are other still more practical and personal ways to support local economies. If one were to invest in a farm for instance, setting up a contract

with a producer to supply a certain amount of produce on a regular basis, and were that money to be advanced either in full or, say, 50 percent (of course with guarantees both ways), we would have a personal involvement of the consumer with the producer. Such a partnership has to have enormous benefits over the present faceless debt-motivated system.

New moves by regulatory bodies to give assurance by instigating accountability systems through trace-back to producers are commendable. But, they still don't cover the middle ground where mishandling by transporter and distributor are overlooked and the consumer and producer remain far apart.

When I look at our own situation - one hour from a city of one million, with a mild climate and more than adequate amounts of rain, free of possums - it's evident that with a high degree of co-operation we could quite possibly supply several hundred families with fresh fruit, vegetables, meat and fish on a daily basis.

However, to justify such a change in land use from pastoral and forestry to intensive food production, either interest-free loans or consumer investment would be required, plus considerable bio-security in the form of local government land-use protection, and MAF surveillance and assistance where bio-security was breached.

But what an amazing turn around it would be from the situation 20 years ago when our fledgling organic farm was seen to be a bio-security risk to our neighbours. Now it's the organic farmer that needs protection from adjacent chemical users.

## CAPITAL WASTE

Another consideration when thinking sustainably is responsibility towards people and waste.

Our young people in particular in rural areas too often get treated as waste - sent off to be educated, recycled, and never to return.

Our greatest resource for tomorrow's farmers is from existing farm families. Unfortunately, through short-term

economic thinking, both on the part of farm families and central government, these families are in survival mode. And the human and intellectual capital that their children represent has little option but to make its exit. No wonder few children stay on the land, no wonder few farmers would have their children ride the uncertainty of the agriculture roller-coaster.

What a waste!

Long-term strategising is what makes waste management creative and not a burden for future generations. What is produced locally is used locally, its residue or byproducts rendered into useful resources or products for another end-user.

It can be the same for a farm family if it becomes more self sufficient, and shakes off the debt burden and the self-ingratiating hyperbole of the chemical companies.

Fifty years ago, a farm family had a very secure future milking 100 cows; today, probably 250 cows will be milked on that same piece of land. And that family, the cows and the land will all be under stress. The quality of life in family terms will definitely be less, the cows will have an average life of



less than five years as opposed to 10 years, and the soil and animal health chemical bills will be over 20 percent of any profit made.

All because the price of land is so inflated - twice the price of similar producing farmland in Australia - that the farm family has to be in debt. Why? Because there is no protection from urban sprawl, speculation and overseas purchasing.

Politicians, in both central and local government, need to know that the family farm needs protection.

The children of farm families need education, health care and recreational facilities. Equally importantly, they need a creative on-farm involvement outside the mentality of competitiveness. Ideally we see such creative involvement in an organic environment of co-operativeness.

And consumers need to rediscover an acute awareness of real food and real producers of ethical food. Farmers are good people who need support in real dollar terms. Why pay three times the price for food in a supermarket when half of that invested in agriculture could deliver you real food?

People wanting to participate physically in food production have that opportunity through the WOOfer (Workers On Organic Farms) scheme, and by approaching producers, especially at harvest times.

At another level, small blocks are available on a few organic farms. Here one can have a full organic status as an adjunct grower in a speciality crop such as lavender, avocados or grapes, all of which are feasible on 5 - 10 acres, protected and nurtured by a surrounding organic investment.

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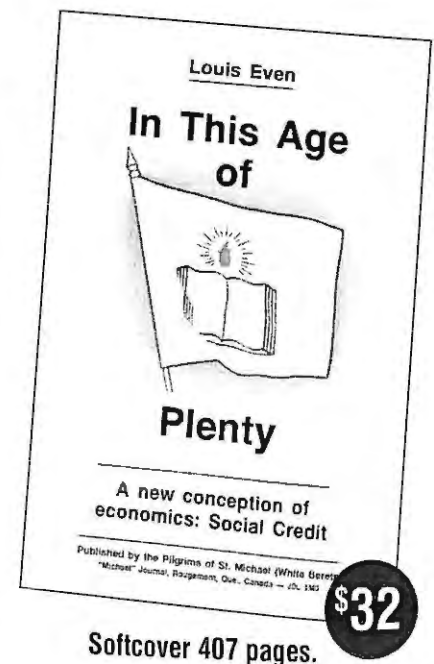
## ESSENTIAL READING

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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# Greatness Abiding

## THE PASSING OF THE QUEEN MOTHER

By Nigel Jackson

### **God save our gracious Queen!**

In her remembrance leading churchmen speak  
Words of the ancient Psalmist watching hills,  
Apocalyptic images of Paradise  
And One upon the throne  
And Pilgrim crossing over in his joy -  
A deeper happiness than depth of death!  
Grace in her grace, the dignity and strength,  
Rejoicing in the times and time to come,  
The blessing of blithe smile and tilt of head  
And wave of easy hand and noble poise!

### **Long live our noble Queen!**

A century of service to the weal  
Of people, nation, church endeared her well  
And wove a dress of history about her ways.  
We shall not look upon such glory in our time  
Again. She has braced the royal tale across  
Six reigns, two mighty wars, threat to the isles,  
Stress in the kingdom, change  
On a wild, dark horse! Observe  
The soaring abbey walls that lift  
The British splendour firmly to the sky.  
And such a wall as those her life has been!

### **God save the Queen!**

People and city great with pageantry  
Array the day with beauty, stepping slow  
In costumes glorious as bells ring out.  
The pipes and drums recall the misty dreams

Of Irish mists and the green curl of hills in rain,  
Of heathered moors of Scotland, craggy heights,  
Of Welsh and English lands beloved and fair.  
Two kings-to-be, God willing, with their kin  
Attend the coffin wreathed in regnant lions  
And drawn on a gun carriage as befits the end  
Of one not only Queen but heroine.

### **Send her victorious!**

She came to the throne when clouds of war  
Were building over the water. Shy her King,  
A stammerer, a man born not to be King -  
Or so he thought; but when the nation called,  
Two mighty hearts in unison assumed the rule,  
Unflinching stood throughout the blitz,  
Moved through their people steadily,  
In quiet, readiness and sympathy  
And bound a nation's heart  
To simple, human strength.  
Spitfires and Lancaster fly overhead -  
Battle of Britain won in cockpit, castle, croft!

### **Happy and glorious!**

Husband and daughters shared the royal hearth,  
The care and tending far from banners, flags and pomp,  
The talks and laughter by the fire,  
The pulse of horses' feet,  
The tread of boots across the dewy lawn,  
The counsel, firm encouragement and smiles,  
The soft clasp of a loving hand and soul,  
The twinkling wink behind the glass of gin,  
The heart of phoenix, dove and dragon too!

### **Long to reign over us!**

Her widowhood came early and was long  
And filled with dignity and stalwart charm.  
Here was a power behind her daughter's reign,  
A guidance vast with wisdom for the ears  
Of children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren  
And many others too - relations, subjects, friends.  
She had the gift of easy, genial cheer -  
Lightness of spirit, appraising, perky gaze,  
No-nonsense penetration of all cloying cant  
Her motherhood reached out for fifty years  
And blessed us all.

### **God save the Queen!**

Destined to see her daughter's golden jubilee,  
She leaves another noble Queen in grief, alone,  
Deprived of such a mothering as few obtain,  
But sterling in endurance, duty, piety and truth.  
Black hat, black dress and unpretentious stance -  
The lonely, burdened one stood as first mourner,  
First of daughters, first of Britain's race.  
Her eyes were wide with tears and the hawk's  
Sharp glance that takes in acres, centuries.  
One has passed on, one passes on!  
God save the Queen!

The Editor apologises unreservedly to Nigel Jackson for the errors and omissions in the Issue No. 100 printing of this moving tribute to the Queen Mother.



## BOOK REVIEW

Dewi Hopkins

# THE EVERLASTING CHRISTENDOM

COONEY, Anthony: *ONE SWORD AT LEAST*;

Third Way Publications; 36 pages, card covers,

overseas price E3.50 including postage; ISBN not stated.

COONEY, Anthony: *HILAIRE BELLOC*;

Third Way Publications; 25 pages, card covers,

overseas price E3.00 including postage; ISBN 0-9535077-2-6.

**I**f a mother with five children were sharing out a cake she might cut it (as well as she could) into seven more or less equal pieces.

Many people find it fairly difficult to do this without resort to mathematical measuring, but never mind: all the members of the family would know she had done it with a good will, and only the two naughtiest boys would dispute as to the size of their shares. If there were genuinely not enough to go round someone would say, "Never mind: I'm not really hungry." We know there must be distribution, and we know we must not give way to greed or envy. Can you imagine a father or mother who said, "There'd be no problem if only we got rid of one of the children. It would be much easier to cut it into six pieces!?" Any such parent would be seen by all around him as insane; but isn't that just what our modern so-called civilisation, with its vaunted "enlightened values", tends to do? The children who have been got rid of before they have once seen the light of day, so that "limited resources" will go further, must by now amount to millions; not to mention those whose conception was prevented, on mother Gandhi's orders, by forcible sterilisation, or those abandoned in gutters in China to placate that vast nation's paternalistic rulers. Where Uncle Joe Stalin perceived a land problem he set about solving it by starving a few million peasants; and today's most prominent practitioner of atheistic marxism, father of his nation, Robert Mugabe, follows his murderous example by setting about a drastic reduction of the population, starving black people so that land seized violently from white farmers can be more equally distributed. There are already many more black than white farmers, but envy is not appeased by that fact: it is a mathematical imbalance and can be corrected only by simple subtraction and division. (That is what Equality generally boils down to in the end, which is why Equality is the policy of atheistic socialism, not of Christianity - the religion of Love.) Of course, the simplistic logic doesn't work, and land redistribution programmes turn out to be manifestations of the "*LAND FOR THE (CHOSEN) PEOPLE RACKET*": that is, the largest or choicest shares for those who are specially favoured by the government.

It is thus that a good Christian policy (Distributism: "that you might have life, and have it more abundantly") is

perverted into the ugly, atheistic, deadly policy of "equality." I think that some such observation might lie behind Chesterton's dictum that the alternative to Christianity is Insanity. And, being such an eminently sane person, Mr. Cooney will, I hope, forgive me for this rather long preamble. Sanity is the distinguishing characteristic of both his subjects. He has some harsh things to say in the second book about enthusiasts, and it is hard to say which critic offers the greater obstacle to real understanding: the enthusiast without scholarship or the scholar without enthusiasm. I consider that the Distributist/Social Credit movement probably fails to appreciate how fortunate it is to have in Anthony Cooney an exegete who avoids both positions, being a "third way" in his own right: both a committed advocate and, at the same time, passionately logical and fair. His favouring of Distributist readings of Chesterton's various works over more esoteric academic interpretations is surely justified by the author's whole *ethos* of Distributism; but even so everything is tellingly documented and referenced. Of particular interest are his defence of Chesterton against absurd accusations of "anti-Semitism"; his convincing suggestion that Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* was heavily indebted to - and inferior to *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*; and his answer to the criticism that Distributism (with, implicitly, Social Credit) is unpractical.

Mr. Cooney has mastered the masses of material both by and about Chesterton; thought critically about it; and in a 'miracle of condensation' achieved and exceeded his stated aim: to provide "amidst the mass of 'heavyweight' material ... a short pamphlet ... as a means of introducing people to Chesterton, especially as an insight into Distributism generally depends upon an appreciation of his life and work." I say that he exceeds his aim for two reasons. One is that there is a sort of reader who needs not so much an introduction to Chesterton (having already made his acquaintance and, indeed, feeling himself to be on rather good terms with the great man) as a spur to reading him more thoroughly and systematically.

It is a book of modest appearance (thirty-

six pages plus two more of bibliography and reference) but it conveys to the reader over and over what Distributism is; what Chesterton was; and what it was that his sword was used indefatigably to defend and promote. "Conveys", not states in a few choice monosyllables, because Chesterton himself laboured a lifetime to create a multifaceted expression of a vital spiritual, and intensely practical and sane, vision. It is a sort of understanding, and a way of working, that - if we were less arrogant in our mental indolence - would revitalise both the Distributist and the Social Credit movements; which Mr. Cooney insists should be synthesised, not seen as two separate things.

My second reason for saying that he exceeds his aim is that in doing all this he clarifies something that I have myself been trying to say. It is not a bit of use understanding the mechanics of the distribution of property or the technicalities of the money system if we have no interest in the culture and no share in the "movement of mind and spirit" which are the real Social Credit, and for defence of which Chesterton was accorded the description *Defender of the Faith*. That is why I am so glad to see detailed consideration of Chesterton's poetry. Too many "activists", I fear, might regard mere literature as the less essential side of the work. To him it is the starting-point - the *sine qua non*. I once knew a man (Head of English, of all things, in a comprehensive school [that is, state high school!]) who claimed never to have heard of Chesterton and never to have come across *The Donkey*.

Poor lost soul!

When the author turns in the second of these books to Hilaire Belloc he is almost as successful in dealing with another large subject in a little space. I say "almost" for only one reason: it is a pity that he has felt bound to limit the scope of his study by leaving aside (but, perhaps we may hope, only until a later occasion) Belloc's poetry, novels, travel books and essays. It seems to me, however, that what we do have here - an account of the man, his faith and his philosophy - will prove invaluable to a reader of even the children's verse. We must be thankful for that and hope that admirers of Belloc's defence



of Distributism and his detestation of the "servile state" will be moved to a renewed interest in his more strictly literary output, which represents the spiritual flowering of the man's mind.

I cannot but like the confident forthrightness of a man who could say to an officious bumble - even in church - who told him when to sit and when to stand, "Mind your own bloody business." (As C.H. Douglas might have added, rather more drily, "It has need of your attention.") The marks of Belloc's thought, we see, are the integrated personality as the gift of The Faith: for him, of course, the Catholic faith; the vital importance of tradition which is often vindicated against long-held academic prejudice - a living tradition being more reliable than many a document; the illusory and damaging nature of the Whig notion of Progress; his description of, and contempt for, what he called the Proletarian (or Capitalist) State, to which he proposed, as a truly Christian alternative, the Proprietary State, or Distributism.

All this is shown very clearly: and how easy it is for high-sounding schemes like "a property-owning democracy" to eventuate in mortgaged servitude, because no government will engage to understand (though at the same time probably understanding only too well!) the workings and ramifications of the bankers' money system. Indeed in my view Mr. Cooney successfully establishes the connection between Distributism and Social Credit, which makes it essential that Distributists and Social Crediters should see their ideas as the two sides of one coin. Unfortunately, as he shows, Belloc never formally endorsed

the Douglas proposals: perhaps reacting against the unduly pressing attentions of some of their proponents. (I have heard it suggested by one who knew C.S. Lewis that he made no overt acknowledgement of Social Credit for the same reason.) Perhaps it is time for a few heads to be banged together. An attempt at wholesale redistribution of land in one fell swoop is bound to be disastrous; but a gradual introduction of adequate purchasing power, as of right not by gift, into the responsible hands of citizens would surely see a freeing-up of the present state of things with regard to poverty, property and the observable servility into which men (and, increasingly and tragically, women) are thrown. The point is amplified satisfactorily in pages 19 to 23.

In one of Belloc's essays (*The Singer from Hills and the Sea*) he meets a singing tinker and remarks to him, complimenting him on his health, his craft and his singing, that "All things are trine." Man is, of course - body, mind, and spirit. The system that would free him is, too - purchasing power, property and proceeding from them the free life of the creature. That is, living as the Creator intended, the full, creative life as exemplified by these two great men. And that is why I hope that one day we may see from Mr. Cooney's pen *Hilaire Belloc, Paper II*, and why, in the meantime, many Distributists, Social Crediters and indeed all sorts of Christians will read these two excellent publications.

\* The much misunderstood title of an essay by C.H. Douglas, published by KRP Publications in 1943.

## ESSENTIAL READING

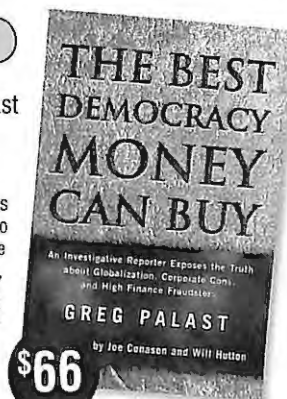
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Steel us to persevere.

Help us to build a nation,  
A people proud and free,  
Proud of our high vocation,  
Humble, O Lord, in Thee.

Flame with high endeavour,  
Tho' stony path be trod,  
Help us, united ever  
One people serving God.

Thou who in peace and war time  
Has with a trusting hand  
Prospered our sires afore time,  
Prospered the Motherland,

Guard Thou the daughter nation  
From danger, strife and stealth,  
Trial, drought, disaster,  
Prosper the Commonwealth.



# Hamaguchi and the Tsunami

By Lafcadio Hearn

Reprinted from August 2002 issue of *Triumph of the Past*, Box 29535, Columbus, OH43229 USA.

**FROM** immemorial time the shores of Japan have been swept, at irregular intervals of centuries, by enormous tidal waves, - tidal caused by earthquakes or by submarine volcanic action.

These awful sudden risings of the sea are called by the Japanese *tsunami*. The last one occurred on the evening of June 17, 1896, when a wave nearly two hundred miles long struck the northeastern provinces of Miyagi, Iwate, and Aomori, wrecking scores of towns and villages, ruining whole districts, and destroying nearly thirty thousand human lives. The story of Hamaguchi Gohei is the story of a like calamity which happened long before the era of Meiji, on another part of the Japanese coast.

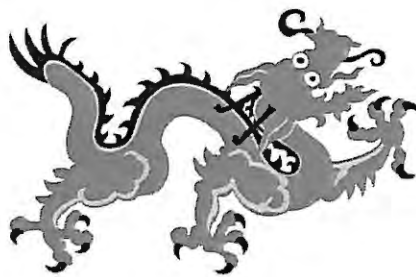
He was an old man at the time of the occurrence that made him famous. He was the most influential resident of the village to which he belonged: he had been for many years its *muraosa*, or headman; and he was not less liked than respected. The people called him *Ojiisan*, which means Grandfather, but, being the richest member of the community, he was sometimes officially referred to as the Choja. He used to advise the smaller farmers about their interests, to arbitrate their disputes, to advance them money at need, and to dispose of their rice for them on the best terms possible.

Hamaguchi's big thatched farmhouse stood at the verge of a small plateau overlooking a bay. The plateau, mostly devoted to rice culture, was hemmed in on three sides by thickly wooded summits. From its outer verge the land sloped down in a huge green concavity, as if scooped out, to the edge of the water, and the whole of this slope, some three quarters of a mile long, was so terraced as to look, when viewed from the open sea, like an enormous flight of green steps, divided in the centre by a narrow white zigzag, - a streak of mountain road. Ninety thatched dwellings and a Shinto temple, composing the village proper, stood along the curve of the bay; and other houses climbed straggling up the slope for some distance on either side of the narrow road leading to the Choja's home.

One autumn evening Hamaguchi Gohei was looking down from the balcony of his house at some preparations for a merrymaking in the village below. There had been a fine rice-crop, and the peasants were going to celebrate their harvest by a dance in the court of the *ujigami*. The old man could see

the festival banners (*nobori*) fluttering above the roofs of the solitary street, the strings of paper lanterns festooned between bamboo poles, the decorations of the shrine, and the brightly colored gathering of the young people. He had nobody with him that evening but his little grandson, a lad of ten; the rest of the household having gone early to the village. He would have accompanied them had he not been feeling less strong than usual.

The day had been oppressive; and in spite of a rising breeze there was still in the air that sort of heavy heat which, according to the experience of the Japanese peasant, at certain seasons precedes an earthquake. And presently an earthquake came. It was not strong enough to frighten anybody, but Hamaguchi, who had felt hundreds of shocks in his time, thought it was queer, - a long, slow, spongy motion.



Probably it was but the after-tremor of some immense seismic action very far away. The house crackled and rocked gently several times; then all became still again.

As the quaking ceased Hamaguchi's keen old eyes were anxiously turned toward the village. It often happens that the attention of a person gazing fixedly at a particular spot or object is suddenly diverted by the sense of something not knowingly seen at all, - the mere vague feeling of the unfamiliar in that dim outer circle of unconscious perception which lies beyond the field of clear vision. Thus it chanced that Hamaguchi became aware of something unusual in the offing. He rose to his feet, and looked at the sea. It had darkened quite suddenly, and it was acting strangely. It *seemed to be moving against the wind. It was running away from the land.*

Within a very little time the whole village had noticed the phenomenon. Apparently no one had felt the previous motion of the ground, but all were evidently astounded by the movement



of the water. They were running to the beach, and even beyond the beach, to watch it. No such ebb had been witnessed on that coast within the memory of living man. Things never seen before were making apparition; unfamiliar places of ribbed sand and reaches of weed-hung rock were left bare even as Hamaguchi gazed. And none of the people below appeared to guess what that monstrous ebb signified.

Hamaguchi Gohei himself had never seen such a thing before; but he remembered things told him in his childhood by his father's father, and he knew all the traditions of the coast. He understood what the sea was going to do. Perhaps he thought of the time needed to send a message to the village, or to get the priests of the Buddhist temple on the hill to sound their big bell ... But it would take very much longer to tell what he might have thought than it took him to think. He simply called to his grandson:

"Tada! - quick, - very quick! ... Light me a torch."

*Taimatsu*, or pine-torches, are kept in many coast dwellings for use on stormy nights, and also for use at certain Shinto festivals. The child kindled a torch at once; and the old man hurried with it to the fields, where hundreds of rice-stacks, representing most of his invested capital, stood awaiting transportation. Approaching those nearest the verge of the slope, he began to apply the torch to them, - hurrying from one to another as quickly as his aged limbs could carry him. The sun-dried stalks caught like tinder, the strengthening sea-breeze blew the blaze landward; and presently, rank behind rank, the stacks burst into flame, sending skyward columns of smoke that met and mingled into one enormous cloudy whirl. Tada, astonished and terrified, ran after his grandfather, crying, - "Ojiisan! Why? Ojiisan! Why? -why?"

But Hamaguchi did not answer: he had no time to explain: he was thinking only of the four hundred lives in peril. For a while the child stared wildly at the blazing rice; then burst into tears.





and ran back to the house, feeling sure that his grandfather had gone mad. Hamaguchi went on firing stack after stack, till he had reached the limit of his field; then he threw down his torch and waited. The acolyte of the hill-temple, observing the blaze, set the big bell booming; and the people responded to the double appeal. Hamaguchi watched them hurrying in from the sands and over the beach and up from the village, like a swarming of ants, and, to his anxious eyes, scarcely faster, for the moments seemed terribly long to him. The sun was going down; the wrinkled bed of the bay, and a vast fallow speckled expanse beyond it, lay naked to the last orange glow, and still the sea was fleeing toward the horizon.

Really, however, Hamaguchi did not have very long to wait before the first party of succor arrived, - a score of agile young peasants, who wanted to attack the fire at once. But the Choja, holding out both arms, stopped them.

"Let it bum, lads!" he commanded, - "let it be! I want the whole *mura* here. There is a great danger, - *taihen da!*"

The whole village was coming; and Hamaguchi counted. All the young men and boys were soon on the spot, and not a few of the more active women and girls; then came most of the older folk, and mothers with babies on their backs, and even children, for children could help to pass water, and the elders too feeble to keep up with the first rush could be seen well on the way up the steep ascent. The growing multitude, still knowing nothing, looked alternately, in sorrowful wonder, at the flaming fields and at the impassive face of their Choja. And the sun went down.

"Grandfather is mad, - I am afraid of him!" sobbed Tada, in answer to a number of questions. "He is mad! He set fire to the rice on purpose: I saw him do it!"

"As for the rice," cried Hamaguchi, "the child tells the truth. I set fire to the rice ... Are all the people here?"

"The Kumi-cho and the heads of families looked about them, and down the hill, and made reply. "All are here, or very soon will be.... We cannot understand this thing."

"*Kita!*" shouted the old man at the top of his voice, pointing to the open. "Say now if I be mad."

Through the twilight eastward all looked, and saw at the edge of the dusky horizon a long, lean, dim line like the shadowing of a coast where no coast ever was, - a line that thickened as they gazed, that broadened as a coast-line broadens to the eyes of one approaching it, yet incomparably more quickly. For that long darkness was the returning sea, towering like a cliff, a coursing more swiftly than the kite flies.

"*Tsunami!*" shrieked the people; and then all shrieks and all sounds and all power to hear sounds were annihilated by a nameless shock heavier than any thunder, as the colossal swell smote the shore with a weight that sent a shudder through the hills, and with a foam-burst like a blaze of sheet-lightning. Then for an instant nothing was visible but a storm of spray rushing up the slope like a cloud; and the people scattered back in panic from the mere menace of it. When they looked again, they saw a white horror of sea raving over the place of their homes. It drew back roaring, and tearing out the bowels of the land as it went. Twice, thrice, five times the sea struck and ebbled, but each time with lesser surges: then it returned to its ancient bed and stayed, still, as after a typhoon.

On the plateau for a time there was no word spoken. All stared speechlessly at the desolation beneath, - the ghastliness of hurled rock and naked riven cliff, the bewilderment of scooped-up deep-sea wrack and shingle shot over the empty site of dwelling and temple. The village was not; the greater part of the fields were not; even the terraces had ceased to exist; and of all the homes that had been about the bay there remained nothing recognizable except two straw roofs tossing madly in the offing. The after-terror of the death escaped and the stupefaction of the general loss kept all lips dumb, until the voice of Hamaguchi was heard again, observing gently, -

"*That was why I set fire to the rice.*"

He, their Choja, now stood among them almost as poor as the poorest; for his wealth was gone - but he had saved four hundred lives by his sacrifice. Little Tada ran to him, and caught his hand, and asked forgiveness for having said naughty things. Whereupon the people woke up

to the knowledge of why they were alive, and began to wonder at the simple, unselfish foresight that had saved them; and the headmen prostrated themselves in the dust before Hamaguchi Gohei, and the people after them.

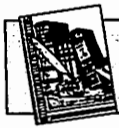
Then the old man wept a little, partly because he was happy, and partly because he was aged and weak and had been sorely tried.

"My house remains," he said, as soon as he could find words, automatically caressing Tada's brown cheeks; "and there is room for many. Also the temple on the hill stands; and there is shelter there for the others."

Then he led the way to his house; and the people cried and shouted.

The period of distress was long, because in those days there were no means of quick communication between district and district, and the help needed had to be sent from far away. But when better times came, the people did not forget their debt to Hamaguchi Gohei. They could not make him rich; nor would he have suffered them to do so, even had it been possible. Moreover, gifts could never have sufficed as an expression of their reverential feeling towards him; for they believed that the ghost within him was divine. So they declared him a god, and thereafter called him Hamaguchi Daimyojin, thinking they could give him no greater honor, - and truly no greater honor in any country could be given to mortal man. And when they rebuilt the village, they built a temple to the spirit of him, and fixed above the front of it a tablet bearing his name in Chinese text of gold; and they worshiped him there, with prayer and with offerings. How he felt about it I cannot say; - I know only that he continued to live in his old thatched home upon the hill, with his children and his children's children, just as humanely and simply as before, while his soul was being worshiped in the shrine below. A hundred years and more he has been dead; but his temple, they tell me, still stands, and the people still pray to the ghost of the good old farmer to help them in time of fear or trouble.





# Subjects of the Queen?

*SUBJECTS OF THE QUEEN, Roy Kerridge, Duckworth, £16 h/b 192 pages.*

**SET** during the first wave of West Indian immigration to Britain and largely in Notting Hill, Roy Kerridge's second novel depicts the life of various Africans, West Indians, petty criminals and hippies, it is a depiction which the liberalist Establishment will not like. Disappointment with Britain, a sub-culture of illegal rum parties, drug dealing, pimping, flawed social workers and unbelievable male violence, creates an ethos in which it is the women and children who suffer.

The novel is partly auto-biographical, based on people Kerridge knew in his youth and upon real events. There is perhaps a tendency to present the ne'er do wells as "lovable rogues," when they are clearly unlovable and villainous. The only decent, hard-working and gentle man being Joshua Otway, who is based upon Roy Kerridge's own West Indian step-father, with a minor character, "Slim," as runner up. A next door neighbour, Mr. Brown, is also a decent husband and father, though he does not feature much in the story.

The story opens with the arrival at Victoria Station of an immigrant train. Among the passengers is the illiterate Priscilla Blackman, a Trinidadian, and her three children. She has, her journey financed by her sister, come to join her "common law" husband, Frederick Blackman, whom she naively believes will be surprised and delighted to see her. She is waylaid by the chief villain of the piece, Emmanuel Davis, from Sierra Leone.

"Excuse me, madam, he begins, "But you seem in difficulties, I represent LAPFIT - 'The League for African People's Freedom.'" Davis relieves the bewildered Priscilla of five shillings "membership" fee. He produces a map of the London Underground, obtained free from the Information Office, telling her "The white

people do not like us coloured people to obtain these maps, but I can let you have one for only one pound." By coincidence Davis knows Frederick Blackman, whom he has appointed "President" of LAPFIT, and who consequently is his loyal acolyte. Davis moves in on the re-united couple as a nonpaying "uncle" who expects food, laundry and service.

Priscilla's and the children's lives of misery, hunger and beating begin here, to end only with her tragic death. If you think that Davis and Blackman get their just deserts (their crimes include the manslaughter of a well-bred, innocent black girl) at the end of the story, you are mistaken. You have not considered the social workers' conviction that "ethnic" people can do no wrong, and even if they could it is better not to investigate too closely for fear of being branded, "Racist."

Social workers are one of the author's pet hates and are epitomized in "Mrs. Brimmer."

"Her view of society took small account of individuals, as she vaguely believed 'society' to be tangible, a kind of monstrous being, with scientists for keepers."

"Early in this departmental saga, Ann telephoned Mrs. Brimmer for help, but it was soon clear that she would receive more hindrance than help from that quarter. Mrs. Brimmer was incredulous that anyone should wish to go against a Welfare decision and annoyed that anyone should cast doubt on Frederick's moral character."

"Whereas, Mrs. Brimmer and her sort believed that there was no right or wrong, only social utility, and that people were pawns of the laws of society. Except of course, people like Mrs. Brimmer who understood these laws. This kind of

tortuous reasoning was by now second nature to her."

"At the same time a Race Relations Board was created. Mrs. Brimmer left the Child Care service forever to become an official advisor to a newly-created race committee at five times her former salary. Now she need no longer transport hapless children from here to there, but could drink coffee and plan holidays uninterruptedly."

Another of the author's dislikes are hippies. Stuart the white anti-hero of the book hangs around the fringes of hippydom:

"Stuart felt nervous, for he had never really liked coloured people. They had been a great disappointment to him from the start, when he had purposely eavesdropped on their conversations. Far from being riot-crazy drug peddlers, they turned out to be cricket-playing bus conductors. This was very ignominious."

"Their (the hippies) eyes blazed with arrogant fanaticism like old pictures of French Revolutionaries. It was almost as if perverse, godless and tortuous ideas which grow originally in the mind had gained such power as to actually change the physical appearance of the body."

Roy Kerridge is an established freelance author, journalist and cartoonist and has had nine books published on his travels, adventures and discoveries. He appears regularly in such journals as *The Spectator* and the *Sunday Times*, not to mention *Liverpool Newsletter* His first published novel was "Druid Madonna," (1983, Brynmill Press.) His sympathies plainly lie with West Indians and Africans, as the very title and opening sentence of the book suggests, nevertheless he is not afraid to face and tell the truth. This, his latest book, is well worth buying and reading.

## Royalty's right as reign

Geoffrey Wheatcroft, in *The New York Times*, makes the case for the monarchy

**I**N his recently published diaries, Kenneth Tynan, the English theatre critic and self-proclaimed socialist, related a conversation with some likeminded friends. One of them had made a list of the countries where it was possible to live "a free and liberal life". There are five, he decided: Sweden, Norway, Denmark, the Netherlands and England. This alarmed him because they are all monarchies, and he is opposed to kings and queens.

But should this be so alarming or surprising? Queen Elizabeth's golden jubilee is a good moment to ask whether it's entirely accidental that those north European constitutional monarchies, especially the UK, have enjoyed such social and political stability, have avoided the totalitarianisms of Right and Left, and remain, when all's said, such civilized countries.

This jubilee finds the crown in far better shape than might have been expected. Ten years ago the marital complications of the Queen's children contributed to what she called her "*annus horribilis*", and five years ago there were sane observers who feared or hoped that the death of Diana, princess of Wales, was shaking the foundations of the throne. That storm was weathered, as plenty of others have been, and it's easier today not only to admire the Queen for her dutiful service but to appreciate the merits of monarchy as an institution.





# ANOTHER SWORD, ANOTHER HARP

## Old Thunder : A Life of Hilaire Belloc, Joseph Pearce

Harper Collins, h/b 318 pages with Notes, Bibliography and Index, £20. ISBN 0 00 274095 8.

**J**OSEPH PEARCE uses the same technique as he employed in *Wisdom and Innocence*, his biography of G. K. Chesterton. In both books, he examines an aspect of his subject's work, and by following it through to a conclusion, takes the reader forward chronologically.

So we are introduced to Belloc, knight errant in love, soldier, scholar, traveller, poet, essayist, novelist, historian, biographer, artist, composer, apologist, political philosopher, the epitome of "Renaissance Man." The derivation of the book's title *Old Thunder*, is revealed in the first paragraph. At 4pm on 27th July, 1870, a violent thunderstorm welcomed the infant Belloc into the world. His prose and his verse was to thunder through the world for more than half a century.

Belloc's ancestry is impressive. On his father's side lie numbered among his forebears an Irish colonel who had marched with Napoleon, an authoress and translator of distinction and a painter of fame. On his mother's side he was descended from the great Joseph Priestley, who had revolutionized chemistry by his discovery of oxygen and the true nature of combustion. Belloc's father, Louis-Marie Belloc, was a barrister, and his mother, Elizabeth Parkes, was familiar with all the literary lights of Victorian London, counting among her friends and acquaintances, Thackeray, Trollope, George Sand, Elizabeth Gaskell, and George Eliot. How many of Belloc's great gifts were inherited it is impossible to say, and Pearce does no more than suggest that they might have been, but it is significant that *Genesisi, generation, gens, genereux and genius*, share the same root.

Pearce notes, indeed dwells upon, a restlessness in Belloc which a closer examination might reveal to be the source of much of the sorrow and pain in his life. He does not seek to explain it, perhaps because it is beyond explanation. Belloc unaccountably left the Oratory School, where he had been a great success, at the age of seventeen, so throwing up his chance of going on to University. Pearce's guess is that this rather reckless act was the result of being (kindly) rejected by a young woman, Minna Hope, with whom he had fallen in love. Belloc, against the advice of his French relatives, entered

the College Stanislas as a naval cadet. He did not like it and after a few months simply walked out in his cadet uniform and returned to London. He next trained as a land agent on a Sussex farm, but, after a *contretemps* with the farmer, was dismissed. He went to Ireland, walking and sailing. The Irish jaunt over he became apprenticed in an architect's office. It was during these months in London that he met and became a frequent visitor of Cardinal Manning, meeting John Burns and other leaders of the London Dock strike. Architecture however was not for Belloc and he turned to journalism. Through the good offices of his sister, who worked for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, W.T. Stead sent him to France, to travel through that country on a bicycle and send back dispatches. Returned to London and journalism he remained dissatisfied, until one day in early summer, 1890, he visited his mother. There were other visitors; an American widow, Mrs. Hogan, and her two daughters, Elizabeth and Elodie. Belloc immediately decided that Elodie was the woman he would marry. He had fallen irrevocably in love, and the feeling was reciprocal.

It would be impossible to overstate the all encompassing love of Hilaire and Elodie which overcame the doubts on Elodie's part (she was half persuaded that she wished to be a nun), the difficulties placed in their way by family, the distance apart when Elodie returned to California, the final sorrow of bereavement, but equally impossible to understate it, for no author or poet has that art. Pearce therefore wisely, and without romantic flourish, simply narrates the circumstances, casting rays of light upon them with sparse quotations from the lovers' letters, but surely this was one of the great love stories of the century? Pearce does reveal that Belloc, although he travelled steerage, did not "work his passage" to New York, and did not walk across America, but travelled by train. However, rejected by Elodie upon her mother's insistence, it does seem that he walked all, or most of, the way, back.

As in all true faerie stories, Hilaire married his princess, but not before he had completed nine months military service in the army of Napoleon and taken his First Class Honours at Oxford, where he was elected President of the Union. Failing to obtain a

fellowship he became an extension lecturer and continued to earn money by journalism. Elodie's vocation having been tried and failed, nothing now prevented their engagement. In 1896 Belloc hastened to America where he found Elodie dangerously ill as the result of a nervous breakdown, and here we have the first incidence of that wanderlust which the contemporary mind will find inexplicable and which, I suspect, leaves the contemporary female mind spitting feathers!

Belloc, distressed at Elodie's condition "went to pieces." Happily she recovered and began to convalesce, so Belloc went off on a "short" walking holiday in the Diablo mountains! Belloc and Elodie were married in California on 15<sup>th</sup> June, 1896, and shortly after returned to London where Belloc began to make a name for himself with the publication of two books of verse, *Verses and Sonnets* and the immensely popular and much reprinted, *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*.

In 1901 Belloc determined that he would walk to Rome "in fulfilment of a vow." His mother opposed the idea. What Elodie thought is not recorded. The walk resulted in the hugely successful book, *The Path to Rome*. This was not the end of Belloc's wanderlust. In 1901 he had bought the *Nona* and sailed her from Holy Head to Littlehampton. The result was another literary masterpiece, *The Cruise of the Nona*. In May 1902 Belloc spent most of the month in Paris, drinking and talking with students and workmen. Having moved to Slindon in 1903 he frequently spent weekends in London, lecturing or dining with fellow authors and publishers. His years as an M.P. were to add to this burden of travel and absence, as did his long solitary walking tours in Europe and Britain and his voyages in the *Nona* which were to inspire *Esto Perpetua*. In 1906 the Bellocs bought "Kingsland" and Elodie appears to have been completely happy, tending her flower garden, cultivating her kitchen garden and rearing her children. The impression from Pearce's account is that Belloc's tours were frequent and lengthy and that they must have deducted a considerable portion from Belloc's seventeen years of marriage. One is left to wonder how much he regretted, how bitterly

he begrudged, the time spent apart. Elodie's untimely death in 1914 resulted in even more wanderings and his five children grew up "wild," something Pearce records, which caused Belloc self-reproach in later years.

Pearce makes no attempt at an explanation of Belloc's absences from the woman he plainly adored, whom he could not live without and after whose death he did not fully live. There are however some explanations, if not exhaustive. The walk to Rome, Belloc said, was in fulfillment of a vow, presumably made when he left the barracks at Toul for the last time, for it is surely significant that he journeyed to that town to commence his pilgrimage. All the evidence of Belloc's life suggests that this was a case of "I could not love thee half so much, loved I not honour more." It was also rewarding from both the literary and financial point of view. It is possible that Belloc was so secure in the happiness of his love, and that that love was of such depth, that he did not need Elodie to be actually present. She was with him, she was real, always present and alive in his memories and thoughts wherever he was. There is much to suggest that love had made Belloc a self-sufficient man, needing little else. He did not, as none of us do, foresee the possibility of death.

Travelling was Belloc's job. He carried his family's bread by lecturing in towns and cities across the country. He wrote essay books and dispatches on travel and foreign parts. A travel writer must travel, as must an historian and biographer. Frederick Wilhelmsen in his monograph, *Hilaire Belloc: No Alienated Man* (Sheed & Ward, 1954) makes this very point:

"Belloc's position absolutely necessitated his emphasis on travel, his minute detection of physical details, his sympathy with verbal tradition." Wilhelmsen goes on to say how Belloc visited the site of a battle on its anniversary, and if the weather was not right, visited it again and again until it was. It must also be remembered that in the task of earning a living there was nothing uncommon in husbands working far from home for long periods, whether they were seamen, soldiers or artisans - "Men must work and women must weep" in fact.

Pearce brings home what many of us have forgotten, the sheer fame of Belloc. He has little to say of *Distributism*, but during his life, thousands listened to what Belloc had to say. Belloc had a wide following, for his books, for his ideas and for his political philosophy.

Distributist thinking was still detectable in books and films until the 1960s. Pearce concentrates upon those books and poems which he considers were the best Belloc wrote and which he considers were better than anyone else has written. He rightly praises "Ha'nacker Mill" for its earth sorrow and "The Heroic Poem in Praise of Wine," for its technical perfection, but I would have liked more about the contents and message of the novels. For example it is improbable that many will have had the opportunity of reading *Belinda*, which Pearce teases us with by saying that it is Belloc's best! However one must admit the difficulty of the author giving more literary criticism in a volume which is not specifically a literary biography. Belloc is very difficult to classify. If we think "Shaw" we immediately think, "plays." If we think "Wells" we immediately think "novels", and more



Hilaire Belloc

particularly "Science fiction," but with Belloc, as with Chesterton, no such easy classification comes to mind; they were poets, novelists, essayists, biographers, short story writers, historians, the list seems endless.

A minor criticism of *Old Thunder* is that it does not give Belloc full credit for his work in the allied cause between the outbreak of war and the death in action of his son, Peter.

In the first year of the war Belloc wrote and lectured in defence of the war. He visited the front where he met again, not only his old regiment and battery, but even his old gun! He bought "gallons of red wine" for the gunners. The most surprising omission, however, is that of any reference (apart from a listing in the Bibliography,) to *The Catholic and the War*, published in 1940 by the C.T.S. and, therefore, the demi-official response of the Catholic laity. According to Speaight, this monograph "gave the moral basis of the Allied cause." The omission is the more surprising since there are

powerful passages which dispose once and for all of smears of "anti-Semitism" which Pearce is at some pains to refute, which he does effectively. It is for the accuser to prove his accusations, and that which is freely asserted may be freely denied. Pearce, however, does not rely upon free denial, but goes on the attack, which makes the omission of quotation from *The Catholic and the War* even more puzzling. (Surely my copy is not the only one extant?) It is as absurd to claim that sallies against the Jews (and Pearce shows that in Belloc's case, there were none) "contributed" to their persecution by the Nazis, as it is absurd to claim that the anti-Christian sallies of such as Israel Zwingwill (not to mention the vicious attacks in *The Rationalist Press Publications*) "contributed" to the murder of forty million Christians by the Bolsheviks. If the "anti-Semitism" smear is based, not upon recorded statements but upon antipathy to Belloc's Catholicity and Distributism, the smears tell us more about those who spew them around than they do about Belloc. But let Belloc deliver the last word.

"The Third Reich has treated its Jewish subjects with a contempt for justice which even if there had been no other action of the kind in other departments would be a sufficient warranty for determining its elimination from Europe ..... Cruelty to a Jew is as odious as cruelty to any human being, whether that cruelty be moral in the form of insult, or physical ..... You may hear men saying on every side: 'However, there is one thing I do agree with and that is the way they (the Nazis) have settled the Jews.' Now that attitude is directly immoral. The more danger there is that it will grow the more necessity there is for denouncing it. The action of the enemy toward the Jewish race has been in morals intolerable. Contracts have been broken on all sides, careers destroyed by the hundred and the thousand, individuals have been treated with the most hideous and disgusting cruelty..... If no price is paid for such excesses, our civilisation will certainly suffer and suffer permanently. If the men who have committed them go unpunished (and only defeat in war can punish them) then the decline of Europe, already advanced, will proceed to catastrophe." (*The Catholic and the War* Pages 29 - 31).

Joseph Pearce is obviously a Bellocian enthusiast and *Old Thunder* is a worthy companion volume to *Wisdom and Innocence*, his biography of Chesterton.



# CONSTITUTIONS

BY JOHN BRETT



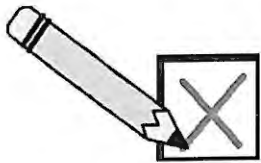
John Brett, President of Toowoomba National Flag Association

**C**ONSTITUTIONS are agreements within Clubs, organizations, States or associations, which are the rules or limitations, which the participating members agree to abide by to determine how they will act in concert. With States, a constitution limits the power of governments.

The most obvious place to see constitutionalism working is on the playing field. No sport can proceed as intended by its participants unless a constitution has been agreed upon, which can be altered by common consent if necessary.

Sport has only recently become possible on a global basis, because of agreement by all players on the rules of the game, in addition to the physical and financial ease of moving around the world.

The early development of sport, particularly on a world basis, was retarded and plagued by on-going disputes about who was going to judge and apply the agreed 'rules'. The slow emergence of the 'Umpire', or 'Referee' was to remedy this problem, but not before some referees were injured, and in some countries killed.



Once a way was devised where by neither side nor external interest could appoint a referee of

its choice, all the sports of the world flourished, and so today we enjoy almost uninterrupted trouble-free sport. But it was not like this in the beginning, as we sorted out the underlying principle.

As others have noted, constitutionalism is something natural in the 'whole warp and woof of the universe', like the laws of motion. Adhere to the principle and everything runs smoothly; breach the principle and there is chaos.

Australia's constitution is like no other in the world and is the envy of the world. At Federation we had the advantage of looking at all other Constitutions that had been made before ours, so we could avoid the mistakes of others. All through the 1880s and 1890s, right across Australia, endless debates were held and trial constitutions were drawn up, until finally, after many referendums, we chose our existing constitution.

Not only was Australia the first nation ever to develop its own constitution,

we became the first nation to successfully separate POWER from AUTHORITY. On the many occasions Australian governments have sought to legally increase the constitutional power vested in them by altering our constitution under section 128, on only eight occasions out of forty-two attempts have Australians authorized the changes sought.

On the only other two occasions\* when Governments have sought more power, outside that allowed by the constitution – once by an election and once by a referendum – Australian voters either authorized a change of Government, or withheld their authority to change the power structure.

More than most other constitutions, Australia's limits the power of Government, and advances power only by consent of the governed. This constitution is the "high water mark" in constitutions around the world. Nobody else enjoys the freedom and safety from unlimited power, as do Australians.

The key to its success, and the chief annoyance to its detractors, is the appointment of the referee, who is the Governor-General. To date, it has been impossible to intimidate, blackmail or buy him, as is the case in so many other nations.

\* In 1974 the Governor-General prorogued Parliament and called an election, in response to the "Whitlam Affair".

\* In 1999 when a referendum was held to decide whether we changed from a Constitutional Monarchy to a republic.



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# Letter to the Editor



Who remembers Arthur Mee?  
I do! Or at least, I remember  
his publications.

From the days when I lived  
on our farm up in the hills  
of the Boyne Valley 50 miles  
in from Gladstone, until War  
II began.

Until I was 19 my Godmother,  
Miss Edith Corry, who lived  
in London and whom I'd  
never seen, always sent the  
latest Penguin books to my parents,  
and to me, Arthur Mee's Children's  
Newspaper, every week, The Children's  
Treasure House, a monthly magazine,  
and The Children's Encyclopedia. The  
cover illustrations in Heritage made the  
tears spring in memory.

Alas, I do not have even one copy of  
these wonderful productions. When  
War II happened my father joined up  
- he was in War I - and left the farm. I  
then left to work on a farm in Wondai,  
where I met my husband. Mum, brother  
and sister were left, and when the farm  
was sold Mum had to do the packing.



Only what was considered  
were essentials were packed  
and hauled in the sulky to  
the station at Littlemore.  
Money was short and what  
was received for the farm had  
to go to buying a house in  
Brisbane.

Godmother, Miss Edith  
Corry, took her duties  
seriously. Wrote to me  
regularly, and I to her. She  
often sent me lovely English clothes,  
which always had a hem or seam  
unpicked, so that duty didn't have to  
be paid on them as new garments.  
Somehow the unpicking turned them  
into secondhand garments.

We children were educated through  
the Primary Correspondence School.  
Our education was enlarged by Arthur  
Mee's magazines and newspaper. All  
this was 60 years ago. If only today's  
youngsters had access to such pure  
and exciting books. Arthur Mee's  
publications promoted love of literature  
through making reading interesting,

educational and pleasing. From the  
Children's Newspaper I remember this  
small verse. It has been my life's motto  
and practiced many times:

*Do the work that's nearest  
Though it's dull at whiles,  
Helping, when you meet them,  
Lame dogs over stiles.*

**Charles Kingsley**

Until Godmother died toward the end  
of the war, we corresponded. When  
I married she sent me £200, a lot of  
money then. She was quite well off and  
was taxed 18/- in the £.

I was expecting my first child and had  
made up my mind to christen it Corry,  
be it boy or girl. Our first was a girl and  
she has always been happy to have the  
name Corry, it being "nicely different",  
as she says.

Arthur Mee, in many ways, made up  
for what we missed by living such an  
isolated life in the bush back blocks.

God bless you,  
Tony Greene-McCosker (Mrs.)



## THE RACE

By Julie Lovett

The sweat turned the dust into dirt streaking down,  
His arms glistened wet in the sun,  
Eyes almost closed, only slits showed their brown,  
And the whites turned to red as they run.

The mare snorted loud, he clung to her back  
She knew the danger they shared  
Hot winds blew the smoke and the ash down the track  
To the place where his family were reared

He had left early dawn driving stock to the yards  
When the word came, purely by chance  
Overheard on a truck's radio as they passed  
Parked down by the bore near O'Glans.

A fire uncontained, had gotten away  
And was heading down Old Fingal's Road  
Five miles from the place he had left just this day,  
He thought that his heart would explode.

He spun Jen around called out to young Bill  
"Take these cows, I gotta get home  
There's a fire burning there five miles from our hill  
Uncontrolled, hell they're home all alone!"

His brain charged with fear, they took to the track  
Man and mare knew the race to be won  
Sinew and muscle and nerves strained in backs,  
Scorched dry by the heat of the sun.

Never before moved to prayer, but that day  
Words formed deep in his soul  
His mind flashing back, sweet thoughts of his Kay  
And his kids at the old swimming hole

"God, don't take them please, wherever you are,  
I can't live without them alone,"  
Sobs tore his throat, he swallowed down hard  
Rivered with sweat and mare's foam.

As she galloped her breath grew ragged and short,  
Joined with his as they merged into one.  
Time ceased to be in slow motion now caught,  
Man and beast ran the race they begun.

It happened so fast the wind changed its way,  
He felt it and pulled her up hard.  
They both sniffed the air, she stomped and she swayed  
Then moved on without care or regard.

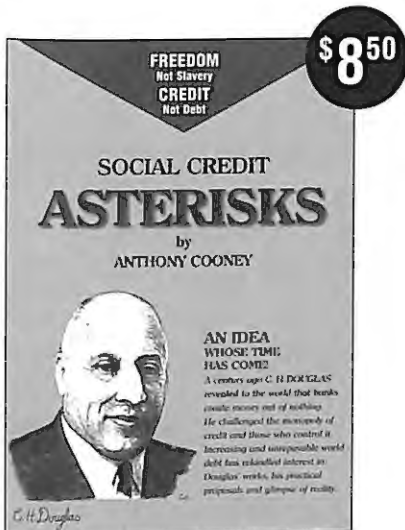
He approached 'round the bend, the house stood there still!  
The wind had changed course on that day.  
Through dust and smoke, his eyes now tearfilled  
Saw his boys and his sweet gentle Kay.

Word spread like fire, as fast as the flames,  
How the homestead at Joe's had been spared.  
Of the change in the wind, and in the man too  
Of the race run by Joe and his mare.

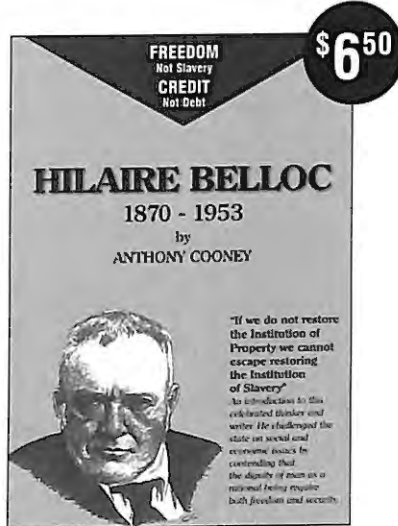


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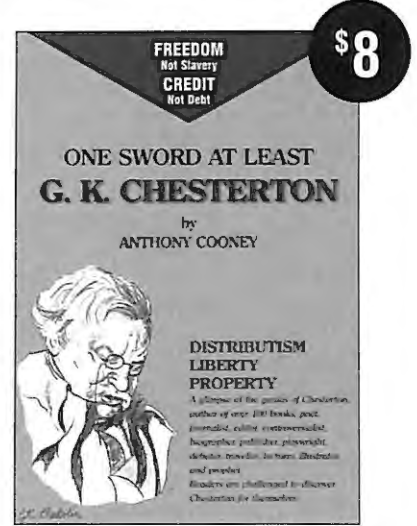
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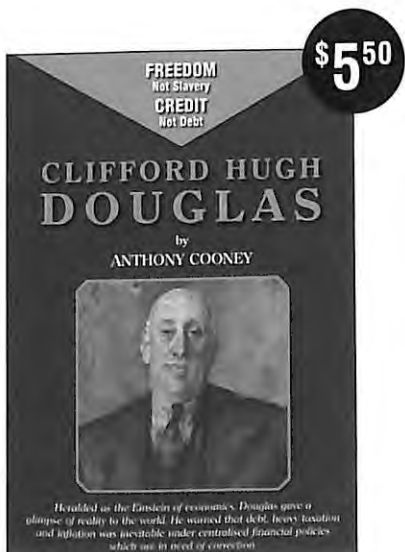
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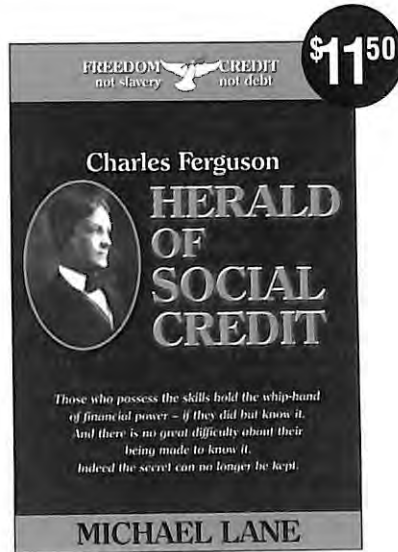
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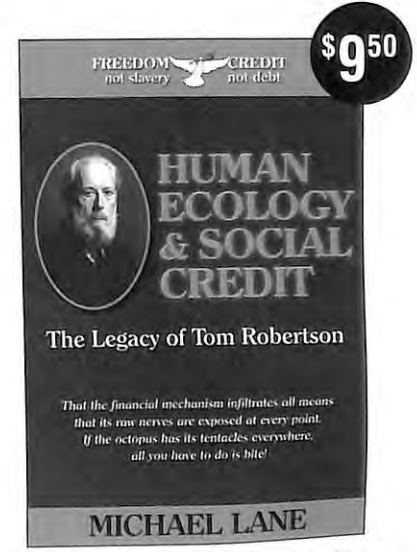
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