HERITAGE

VOLUME 26 No. 103 2003

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT – FOR THE FUTURE

Where is Australia heading?

This is what Aussies are made of

Menzies & the money mongers

CMF in the 1960s

C. H. Douglas
The policy of a philosophy

IDEOLOGY
"Violence can only be concealed by the lie, and the lie can only be maintained by violence"
Alexander Solzhenitsyn

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HERITAGE

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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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HERITAGE

EDITORIAL

When the blast of war blows in our ears

FOR some, the prospect of war is exciting. The film *1915* graphically depicted that excitement among the young bloods of country Victoria when Australia declared war on Germany. They couldn't get into it quick enough! Released from all those dull, repetitive chores – milking, hay making, *washing up*, and so on. Or serving day after day behind the counter of a bank, or the haberdashery of a department store.

Here was danger, change, camaraderie, and the chance to experience some really big bangs!

The phenomenon is not so prevalent among the older generation, of course, who have seen it and been there, suffered loss, seen the horribleness and, above all, realised the pointlessness.

Nevertheless it is surprising how many people, even the elderly, feel that the military equivalent of a bloodied nose for the adversary will somehow clear the air and solve all the problems, and at the same time provide a great opportunity for big boys to play with some fascinatingly large toys.

Nowadays there is so much easily available, independent information that few people are convinced by official propaganda on the reason for planned conflict, and that must pose quite a problem for those in the armed forces, faced with the obligation to unquestioningly "do and die". They're damned if they do and damned if they don't; a demoralizing situation.

On previous occasions when Australia has been involved in conflict, it has always been in defence of an ally, or to repel invasion. Never before have we initiated aggression.

THE FIRST CASUALTY

The peace movement is growing massively right across the world, as more and more people come to understand that, as Senator Hiram Johnson said in a speech to the US Senate in 1917: *"The first casualty when war comes is truth"*, that the reasons for the war on Iraq have little to do with weapons of mass destruction, and that in any event war never has and never will solve disputes.

This magazine is dedicated to upholding our heritage, and our heritage is Christian. Christians have never been afraid to die for king and country, and have usually done so believing they were serving God at the same time.

Who really believes that today? Perhaps we have come at last to a place where we might be willing not only to listen to the words of Jesus Christ, but to practice them, when He said, *". . . if your enemy is hungry, feed him; if he is thirsty, give him drink; for by so doing you will heap burning coals upon his head. Do not be overcome by evil, but overcome evil with good"*, (Romans 12:19-21), and: *"You have heard that it was said, 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.' But I say to you, do not resist one who is evil. But if any one strikes you on the right cheek, turn to him the other also; and if any one would sue you and take your coat, let him have your cloak as well; and if any one forces you to go one mile, go with him two miles"*. (Matthew 5: 38-41).

A Catholic group in Queensland recently held a working bee on the steps of their city cathedral, to package rice to be made available to the Prime Minister of Australia, with the request that he send it to Iraq, on the premise that *war never solved anything.*

Do we have to experience all the horrors of nuclear and chemical war before we have enough humility to actually give Christ's advice a try?

Do we also have to sell our souls as well as all we own and most of what our descendents should inherit, before we take His advice on finance?

The Peasant's Faith

VERSUS THE FAITH OF (AND IN) EXPERTS

Reprinted from One Sword At Least, a quarterly defending the European tradition
Edited and published by Daniel Neyer, 417 Moltke Avenue, Scranton, PA 18505.

THE most striking thing to someone outside of the liberal, conservative, and traditionalist Catholic camps is the one common bond they share. That bond is a belief in experts. This belief transcends their differences and keeps them from ever really diverging too far from modernity. As incongruous as it seems, the traditionalist, with his *Catechism of the Council of Trent*, is just as steeped in modernity as the conservative with his newer catechism and the liberal with his New Age catechism. What has disappeared from all three camps is a very Catholic way of facing the numinous.

It is true the Catholics of old had their scholarly experts, their theologians, their men who lived apart and studied the sacred books, buf these experts did not determine what belief *should* be, nor did they mistake their own expert commentary (at least the non-heretical ones did not) on the Deposit of the Faith to *be* the Faith itself.

The scholars of yore were kept in place by a religious peasantry, from whose ranks the scholars themselves often came, that placed a greater priority on the journey itself than on travelogues *about* the journey.

With the demise of the Catholic peasantry, the reign of the experts began. The Faith became a second-hand thing. It now only exists to the extent and in the way the experts say it does. And the modern Catholic everyman, lacking a blood faith, is at their mercy without any means of escape.

When I speak of the faith of a peasant I do not mean to suggest that only those who till the soil can possess such a faith. No. I refer to all Catholics who experience the Faith first-hand. The peasant journeys into the dark wood with the intuition that he will most certainly meet with witches, goblins, and other fiendish creatures. But he also knows, in his blood, that if he perseveres, he will meet a creature of light that will lead him *to* the light; therefore, journey through the dark woods he must.

The modem Catholic, whom I will designate as 'Robo-man,' does not enter the dark woods. Robo-man prefers to receive knowledge of the light through the experts. The experts, who have never gone through the woods themselves, have second-hand knowledge of the woods based on their studies of the nature of the woods, and based on their studies of the philosophy of the woods. Robo-man takes the findings of the experts and declares his tentative faith, pending further research by the experts, in the creature of light and the Light Himself, who resides in the woods.

After Christ, faith is always personal, it is never cosmic or derivative. It is always down the 'mean streets' or through the dark woods that a man must go. He must imitate in some fashion the example of his Lord.

The problem with the new, derivative faith is that it is very flimsy. Robo-man might become a Feeneyite if a Feeneyite expert gets a hold of him; a traditionalist if the traditionalist experts get him, a New Age Catholic if. - - - you get the picture. Robo-man, lacking the direct, concrete experience of faith, is a reed for every expert-wind that blows. He cannot say to the Feeneyite, "No matter how many documents you fling in my face, every Catholic bone in my body recoils from your doctrines." He cannot say to the traditionalists, "No matter how many Tridentine Masses you say, schism is still schism, and Calvinism is still Calvinism, dress it how you will." He can't say those things because he has no blood intuitions to refer to. He has lost his peasant faith.

And what killed the peasant faith (the only type of faith worth having) of Western man? We know the litany: scholasticism, Protestantism, Rationalism; all made their contributions, all helped sever the vital link between man and God. The pagan peasant climbed the cosmic tree that connected heaven to earth. But his connection was only to something cosmic and impersonal, to some Star Wars-type of 'force.' It was Christ who personalised the pagan cosmic tree by submitting to a crucifixion upon that tree. After Christ, faith is always personal, it is never cosmic or derivative. It is always down the 'mean streets' or through the dark woods that a man must go. He must imitate in some fashion the example of his Lord.

The shift from a fairy-tale appreciation of the Faith as a concrete, personal, earth-shattering experience, to a derivative, philosophical system is subtle and slow but devastating in its effects when it takes hold. Only a small remnant of the ancient Jews recognized Christ as the Savior because only a small remnant had a blood connection with their own Jewish faith which He could develop into a burning flame. The Pharisees were not atheists. In fact they were 'experts' on God. Should not that give us pause when we hand ourselves over so willingly to the "Catholic" experts of today?

I come back to my original assertion that all Catholic organisations, liberal, conservative, and traditionalist, have abandoned the integral Catholic response to existence. "Since truth is a given," they say, "we do not have to look for it. The journey through the dark woods is unnecessary. Literature is no longer a shared journey with a fellow traveler through the dark woods, it is simply a poetic rendering of truths already known. And psychology, moral theology, and scholastic philosophy have removed the necessity of a more affective study of the human heart." This is a complete reversal! There has never been anything like it before in

the history of Western culture.

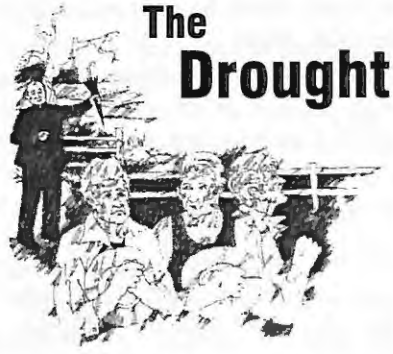
In healthy Catholic times, the peasant hero often consults with a wise magician before entering the woods. But he knows that ultimately it is he and not the magician who must face the witch, the ogre, or the dragon. All of the wisdom of the wise magician cannot equal the wisdom gained by the Young Drummers and Amadans of the Dough, who venture into the dark woods and down the 'mean streets.' The truths of revelation must be put to the test. Are they true or mere abstractions? We will never know for sure if we don't break free of the experts and start the journey through the woods. Yes, they are often dark and foreboding, but the peasant senses that the darkness leads to a light that provides a warmth never felt or even hinted at by the experts.

Flannery O'Connor once made a statement that speaks to this peasant vs. expert issue. She said that it was professors of literature who most often failed to understand her stories. I have noticed this phenomenon myself. It is professors of literature, for instance, who most consistently misunderstand Shakespeare. Even some of those who appreciate him, like Allan Bloom, Harold Bloom, Bernard Levin and Goddard generally do not understand his works.

And I would add a corollary (which Flannery O'Connor should have taken note of, because it might have kept her from a misplaced admiration for Teilhard de Chardin). The corollary is that professors of theology (the experts), both clerical and lay, are generally the people who least understand religion. Why is this? Because religion, like literature, is a complete worldview. It cannot be studied in a compartmentalised way. One cannot approach the religious experience with only the analytical burner turned on in one's brain. One must approach it with one's whole heart, mind, and soul. (Who once said something about loving with one's whole heart and mind and soul?) But the religious experts, like the literary ones, do not approach their subject with the integrality necessary to give an accurate depiction of the religious experience. We receive from them a distorted view of religious faith. And we desperately need to see the Faith whole and unperverted.

So, who's for the woods? The sacred paths are not untrodden by our ancestors. Who will follow the brave Hansel and Gretels, and the Gallant Tailors of the Faith.

The Drought



A drought was gripping all the land,
The crops were parched and dry;
The stock, a lean and hungry band,
Looked round with glassy eye.

The farmers in their misery said,
'Let's meet and pray for rain.'
So Sunday, from their own farmyards,
They drove through withering grain.

They tied their gigs in
the old churchyard,
In the shade of the pepper trees,
And talked of droughts and
the price of pigs,
As they had done for years.

The parson gazed in blank dismay,
A disappointed feller:
'Oh, what faithless ones to
pray for rain ...
Not one with an umbrella!'

Author unknown

AUSTRALIA DAY - MILLOO BRANCH

Address by the Rev. John South, Anglican Minister, Lockington.
Reprinted from The Victorian Country Woman, March 2003

I WONDER what it means to be an Australian. Does it, for example mean that you were born in this land? Does it mean that your parents were born here, or that you came to this land from another place and took out Australian citizenship?

I realise that around here the first answer would be correct for most people. Most of the people who live in this area were born in this area, and I suppose that that's as Australian as you can get. Of course that is not true in a place like Melbourne, where there are so many recent immigrants from a variety of countries. I always point out to people, particularly if they start going on about me being a "Pom", that I am Australian by choice, not by accident of birth. I chose to come here, chose to take Australian citizenship, chose to make this place my home. I reckon that that puts me on the higher moral ground than those who happen to have been born here; after all, they had no choice.

An Overseas Experience

I know that lots of people, particularly young Australian people, like to head for the UK or other parts of Europe, and many of them choose to live there for some time. Despite enjoying the high life, that is so radically different from life in Australia, you do not get too many of them actually taking up British citizenship. Why would they, it is not a bad place to visit, but few of us would actually like to live there for the rest of our lives. They, for the most part, choose to remain Australian.

I suppose that the issue of refugees and illegal immigrants will always crop up when we get onto this subject. I know that it has become politically correct to confuse the two, as though everyone who comes to this land illegally is a refugee. I do not believe that is true. Refugees are defined under a United Nations Charter and there is a system for bringing those who are really refugees to this and other countries that are willing to accept them.

Illegal immigrants are those who choose to come here, often paying their way in amounts that would pay for legal flights time and time again, because they aren't willing to accept our laws and try to enter this country by legitimate means. Please do not get me wrong, I do not blame them for trying, for wanting to come and live here, I did much the same myself. There is however a system, a system that's more than fair to those coming from poorer countries, and these people chose not to use that system. It is easier to come to this land legally from a country like Afghanistan, than it is to come from England. What is more, I maintain that if you want to come to this country, you need to come here with the intention of becoming Australian.

A real Australian is someone who not only chooses to live in this beautiful land, it is someone who chooses to live as an Australian in this land. It means someone who accepts our way of life, with all its laws, ways and culture, because it is those things that make this land what it is.

You see, this I think is what makes a real Australian. A real Australian is someone who not only chooses to live in this beautiful land, it is someone who chooses to live as an Australian in this land. It means someone who accepts our way of life, with all its laws, ways and culture, because it is those things that make this land what it is.

Other cultures enhance ours

I haven't a problem with multiculturalism, because I think that the people from every land under the sun have brought with them elements of their culture that have enhanced this culture which has become the culture of this land. What I do have a problem with is those who think that the culture that they have brought with them is more important, more worthy of preservation, than the culture of those who built and established this nation.

You see, I do not believe in this "lucky country" thing. Sure, this is a great place to live, and I can say that because I have lived in lots of other places in the world. But it's a great place to live because great people sweated blood, often gave their blood, to make this place a great place to live. I for one do not want anyone coming here and trying to change this land that I call home. If they want to stay as Vietnamese or Pakistanis or even Poms, then as far as I am concerned they should stay where they are. To be an Australian you have, in my opinion, to be willing to accept the lifestyle and culture of this land, with all it's idiosyncrasies and even the faults that make it such a unique place to live. We need to live as one people, as Australians above all else. That is why I think that if you want to come here and make this place your home, I think that you must be willing to become Australian, and I do not mean by getting yourself a bit of paper stating that you are one.

Australian, first and foremost

We need to be a people who, first of all, want to be Australian, not Patagonian, not German, Italian, Afghan or Vietnamese, not even English, but Australian.

I cannot end this little talk without mentioning God. That is really what I am here for.

You see God has called all people to be his people. He doesn't care where they come from, anymore than most Australians who were immigrants to this land came from, providing they live by our rules.

I would like everybody who lives in this land to be Australian, appreciate this land for what it is, God's country.

Living in Australia does not make you Australian, anymore than living in a supposedly Christian country makes you a Christian. You have to choose to be one. Let us all enjoy the blessings that we have, as Australians, and let us all enjoy the blessings that God pours out on us through His Son, Jesus Christ. That is what I call a win, win situation.

ONCE A LIBERAL

A look at Australia's first Liberal Prime Minister

by Larry Noye

Bob Menzies shines through history for political probity. As a statesman who retained for government the right to make decisions free of the influence of financial backers, in stark contrast to fellow-travelling Liberal successors such as McMahon and Howard – and even Labor's Paul Keating.

It is interesting to reflect that Menzies saw government as a necessary protector of the public from banking exploitation. He would never have taken away the protection of the Commonwealth Bank with privatization; his own record was one of strongly upholding its role against private banks.

From acceding to office in 1949, he took action to ensure that the financial backers who had made life hell for the Prime Minister of his youthful days, Joe Lyons, had no such influence over his Governments. Unlike the Liberal leadership more recently, he entrusted the Treasurer's job to the rural partner, per hearty Artie Fadden.

Fadden's distrust of banks set the stage for an economic climate that kept interest way down, and ensured farmers weren't dogged with the bankruptcies that became their sad lot in the modern era.

Bob Menzies' part in reversing the domination of the money mongers is all too little recognized. But a probe into his young rebel days in non-Labor counsels from the hungry '30s shows it's there.

A very early clue took place when Bob Menzies was a boy in his home town of Jeparit in Victoria's stark Wimmera. He was the son of a couple running a country store; father, James Menzies, a lay preacher in the local Methodist Church.

The picture of the young Menzies is one of a boy introduced to the harsh lot of the farmer. The father of his mother, Kate, John Sampson, had been a mining union agitator who fell out with mine managements.

Menzies writes nostalgically in his *Afternoon Light* (Cassell, Australia, 1967) of a bearded ex-miner in Ballarat, prone to call on the precocious boy to comment on the current Worker leader. He would cackle over the boy's performance.

Sampson, a migrant from Cornwall, England, had been sacked for his part in forming a miners' union in Creswick, and was never employed in a mine again – what Menzies called "radical action with a vengeance." The delighted, white bearded old man would comment to his favourite daughter, "Kitty, I see a great deal of myself in the boy Robert".

A son of the old miner, Sydney Sampson, held the Wimmera seat in Federal Parliament for thirteen years from 1906. He would drive a jinker over to visit the Menzies on Sundays; thirteen miles from his home at Warracknabeal. Menzies deemed himself a young protégé of the Liberal uncle, who talked over politics with him.

The attitude of the uncle to the radical proposal of King O'Malley, Labor firebrand sponsoring a "people's bank" to relieve such as rural hardship, is of real significance.

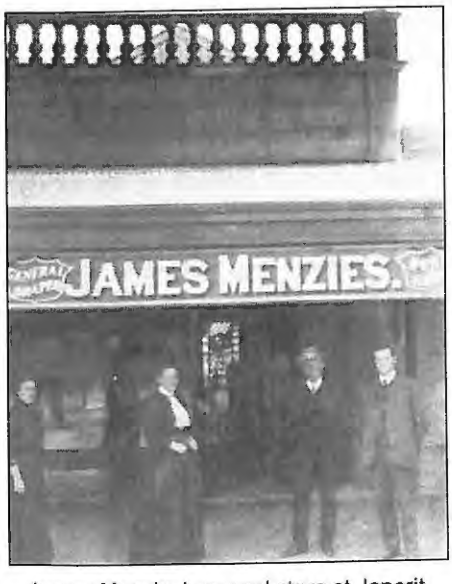
Though in non-Labor ranks opposing the bank when it finally came before Parliament in 1911-12, Sampson crossed the floor to welcome it.

O'Malley produced a booklet, *The Facts of the Bank's Creation*, about 1924. Four are named as "a few among the Opposition who favoured setting up the Commonwealth bank." Pertinently, in view of of Bob Menzies' championship of that bank in a later era, the uncle is among them.

Menzies, having risen from student politics at the University of Melbourne, was Attorney-General in the Victorian Parliament at thirty-eight. Invited by Lyons to join the United Australia Party Government in Canberra in 1934, at forty years, he was a busy frontbencher.

The Government in 1938 introduced a system of health insurance to support people in those hard times. It was much heralded, but then in a shock disclosure, the legislation was abandoned. Why?

Frank Green, seventeen years Clerk of the House of Representatives, offers telling information in his *Servant of the House* (William Heinemann, Melbourne, 1969).



James Menzies' general store at Jeparit. Bob was born on December 20, 1894, in a room at the back of this store

R.G. Menzies aged 8, seated in front of two brothers Frank (left) and James and his sister Isabel

At 13 Robert came first in the State Scholarship Examination

He writes of a "Melbourne financial group which controlled the United Australia Party".

"It was generally known as 'the Temple Group' – Temple Court being a building in Collins Street which houses finance firms and other business headquarters," he said.

It was when large firms realized the new scheme would cost them something that the Prime Minister was "instructed" not to proclaim the Act without the Group's permission.

Green told of a Country Party minister of the day who wrote him more recently. He said Lyons had been drawn on the rack many times in Cabinet by "the Melbourne kingmaker." The minister concerned had seen Cabinet decisions made and withdrawn within days - rescinded because "Melbourne" disagreed with them.

The young Robert Menzies, 44, resigned from Cabinet and the deputy leadership, a protest against the Government failing to proclaim its own act. Menzies had stated his abhorrence of this. Some saw it as a subtle Menzies' bid to replace an ailing, beleaguered Lyons.

My reading of it, along with Menzies' standing up against political donors in later years, is that he wouldn't wear outside domination.

Poor Lyons! Green, obviously a trusted friend of the Prime Minister from as far back as student days together in Hobart, provided a haven in his room for the hapless Prime Minister on two occasions.

"When he came to me from the Cabinet room I could see he was under great nervous tension, and almost hysterical," reveals Green. "He said on the second occasion he wanted to resign and end the torture."

Came Easter, 1939. On the day before Good Friday, Lyons sent for Green. Green found him dressed for traveling. They had a drink together. Lyons told Green he was going to Sydney to rest. But, Green observed, he had reached such a state of nervous strain that he couldn't have rested anywhere.

"A few minutes later he was on his way to Sydney by car, but along the road he had heart attack and died in a Sydney hospital a day later."

The Coalition continued to be strife torn, including after Menzies, succeeding to the Prime Ministership, began his short-lived first term as Prime Minister in April, 1939.

An interesting supporter of Menzies was Arthur - later Sir Arthur – Coles. That Independent Member, from the Coles Stores chain, later withdrew his support and helped swing the Curtin Labor Government in for office in 1941.

The Victoria Attorney General 1932

Joseph Aloysius Lyons 1932 - 1939

Menzies with his parents after being elected Prime Minister in 1939.

Mr & Mrs Menzies in London, 1938. 'Dame Pattie' lived on to age 97.

Coles deemed Menzies badly treated by his Cabinet.

It was after he was behind forming the new Liberal Party in 1944, that Menzies demonstrated independence. Professor Fed Alexander, in his much-reprinted *Australia Since Federation* (Thomas Nelson, Australia, 1967) calls it his "insistence on the party's financial independence of 'backers'."

A section on Menzies in the 1988 Bi-Centenary *People Who Made Australia* sees it as "freeing non-Labor politics from the control of big business." He is said to have pondered over a constructive analysis of his mistakes in long walks about Canberra, then initiated the move which changed Australia's political future.

At a Canberra "unity" conference in October 1944, he secured a coalition of eighteen political parties operating in the States under different labels. Menzies had "mellowed with age and wielded enormous authority," as he embarked on "incessant" activity.

Norman Abjorensen of the *Canberra Times* has credited him with "founding a new political force without the inherent instability of the UAP with its affiliated vested interests".

That became evident on Bob Menzies' Liberals succeeding to replace Labor to begin a record-breaking sixteen years in office from 1949. Ben Chifley, deeming the business domination of the Commonwealth Bank board as behind much of the hunger of the Depression, had tried to nationalize private banks. He was stymied legally. Menzies had led the political outcry. H.C. "Nugget" Coombs, not long installed as Governor of the Commonwealth Bank, decried as a "socialist" and public enemy, shared the blowtorch with Chifley.

He feared both his hold on the bank job, and its emasculation from the "social" and even "spiritual" aims he sought for it.

He must have heaved a sigh of relief when the Country Party Federal Treasurer, the ebullient Queenslander, Artie Fadden, rang him on the Monday after the elections. Ignore speculation about continuing in the job, he was told. Sit tight.

Coombs writes tellingly of the shock in store for his detractors in his memoirs, *Trial Balance* (MacMillan, Melbourne, 1981). Members and branches of the Liberal Party, well rid of the pestiferous Chifley, were clamouring for Coombs' dismissal.

"But Menzies did not hesitate to reject pressure and indeed to defend me," he writes.

It is a saga of Bob Menzies, with Fadden's backup role involving the Treasurership and the "people's bank", standing out against an absolute blitz.

"Pressure on them intensified.

But the policies I had initiated in 1949 for the commercial functions of the Commonwealth Bank proceeded substantially uninhibited (by legislation) or the political attitude of the government," he observes.

Moreover, "neither Menzies nor Fadden wished to put at risk the effective control of the financial system which (Chifley's) 1945 legislation had been designed to establish".

Menzies in fact had "little personal respect for bankers." For Fadden's part, he had been a Queensland rural accountant, and had "a characteristic countryman's attitude – a distrust of banks generally and a clear recollection of their unsympathetic attitudes in times past when rural producers had faced seasonal or price difficulties."

How different from later years. Obviously Bob Menzies, main Liberal Party founder, would never have joined the modern-day support for privatising the Commonwealth Bank.

He used it to keep interest way down; housing interest was around 4 per cent through his long reign, never above 5½. They were postwar years of businesses staying buoyant, people in jobs and farming prosperity.

There was Menzies' attitude to the modern-day bugbear – the subtle role of O'Malley's "money mongers" on Government decision.

Private banks, amid the nationalization uproar, had, Coombs reports, given the Coalition "more direct and open support than was customary." A "grateful response" was confidently anticipated.

They must have got a shock. While "political commitments" had to be acknowledged, Menzies was content that Fadden "should confine the reform of the banking legislation to the minimum essential to acknowledge political obligation".

The Bob Menzies known to talk over finance with the banking public enemy No. 1, Ben Chifley, is not a picture of a Tory. The general accreditation of contemporary historians is that Menzies resolutely stuck to controls over O'Malley's "boodle bludgers".

O'Malley himself, asked in 1954, when he was 94 – his second last year – about contemporary politicians, commented, "You know, we're lucky to have Menzies".

"There was nothing about him of the reactionary," testifies Alan Reid in his *The Power Struggle* (Shakespeare Head Press, Sydney, 1969). "He changed remarkably little. If anything he tightened Government control over the banking system."

Other authors tell of the rot setting in later, leading to the resurgence of private bankers and delivering the rural world into the slough of despair.

Kate Menzies (nee Sampson), Menzies' mother

Sir Robert Menzies' portrait by Ivor Hele, hanging in King's Hall, Canberra

Menzies' close friend Lionel Lindsay captured Menzies' country town childhood and the promise of a political future in the bookplate he engraved years later. Fishing, Menzies finds a parliamentary mace instead.

Lionel Lindsay, Bookplate for R.G. Menzies, c.1940.

There is J.C. Horsfall, foundation editor of *Australian Financial Review*. His *The Liberal Era* (Sunbooks, Melbourne, 1974) says "Menzies and Coombs, with the assistance of Roland Wilson, Secretary to the Treasury and two reasonably competent Treasurers in Fadden and Holt, managed to keep private bankers subdued for the best part of sixteen years".

Horsfall, like others, sees the retirement of Sir Robert Menzies in 1966, and the advent of William McMahon as Treasurer, as a turning point downhill.

When Menzies' retirement was followed within two years by Coombs and Wilson, he reports, McMahon was the new spirit in the Treasury, "if his permissive instincts were initially held in check by Coombs and Wilson, their respective successors, J.G. Phillips and Richard Randall, were no match for him".

We come to the era of John Howard as a pushing, far-right Treasurer under an initially resistant Malcolm Fraser, and finally the shock reign of King Keating the Crafty. Those were years of big-time businessmen and bankers being installed by Coalition and even Labor Governments to make proclamations on the economic course of the nation.

This was a far remove from Bob Menzies – he installed no such inquiries. Government made the decisions!.

Menzies demonstrated his hand in shipping; in 1956 he set up the Australian National Line. This public competitor, launched with an old sea dog, Captain Sir John Williams, at the helm, made significant gains against British shipping moguls until, as Captain Williams reports dismayedly in his *So Ends This Day* (Globe Press, Melbourne, 1981) it was initially undermined and headed toward sinking by "Sinkers" – shipping Minister Ian Sinclair. The short shrift for Menzies was clinched by its selling off under Howard in recent years.

John Langmore, a rare Labor voice in the Chifley mould in the Hawke-Keating reign of the 80's and 90's, and an MHR for an actual Canberra seat, has revealed one shock.

"When Labor was first elected to Government in 1983, I was astonished at the self-confidence of business executives who felt they could walk into the Treasurer's office (Keating) at a moment's notice," wrote Langmore in his chapter in *The House on Capital Hill* (Federation Press, ANU, 1996). Such dealings were behind the loss to Australians not only of State Government banks, which held private finance in check, but the privatization, in the face of an outcry from an astonished Labor Party, of Labor's traditional brake, the Commonwealth Bank.

BOOK REVIEW

Anthony Cooney

IS SOCIAL CREDIT TRUE?

SOCIAL CREDIT? SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED: Frances Hutchinson

K.R.P. Publications, P.O. Box 322, Silsden, Keighley, BD20 OYE, A5, p/b fifty pages, £5 plus £1/50 p.p.

ALMOST fifty years ago I had an interview with the late Dr. Tudor Jones, Advisory Chairman of the Social Credit Secretariat in direct succession to Douglas. Rather naively I asked him, "If I, without any qualifications in either Maths. or Economics, can see that Social Credit is correct why cannot the politicians see that and jump on it as an election winner?" Dr. Tudor Jones reply was that they had "different objectives," objectives to which Social Credit was inimical. *They did not want Social Credit to be true!* Douglas himself had come to this conclusion by the 'Thirties and the rest of his life was devoted to a search for *sanctions* against politicians and the controllers of credit. What was plain was that even the most patient advocacy and erudite argument had failed to move those in power.

Is there then a place for a "penny primer," which expounds and enlarges upon the technical aspects of Social Credit - the "A+B Theorem," the "National Dividend" and the "National Discount"? Mrs. Frances Hutchinson, the current Chairwoman of the Secretariat, clearly thinks that there is, and in this she is right. One reason why the several sanctions which Douglas devised were ineffective was, quite simply, shortage of manpower, and that applies much more so today. People cannot be persuaded to a course of action if they do not understand the foundation upon which the objectives stand; the *facts* from which the *methods* are derived. What Social Credit advocacy and action has lost since the war is its *indignation,* but indignation is fuelled by facts. This booklet is intended to supply the facts

If I have a criticism it is that the answer to Question 3 - *Where does Social Credit stand in the political spectrum?* could have been argued at a deeper level in its refutation of the Left/Right dichotomy. In pre-war days Social Credit was considered to be "of the Left," and in post war days "of the Right." The confusion arises from a misunderstanding, and misuse of the terms. "Right" and "Left" are *terms of the Revolution.* In the French Revolution the "Left" was *not* the Republicans and the "Right" the *Ancien Regime.* The "Right" were the constitutionalist revolutionaries and the "Left" were the *Girondin,* Anarchists who wanted the dismantlement of the State. The *Centrists* were Danton, Robespierre, St. Just and the monstrous Carnot, author of the Terror. It was not the "Right" which massacred the *Girondin,* it was the Centrists. It was not the "Left" which suppressed the Constitutionalists, it was the Centrists. The extremism of the Centre is the worst of all extremisms. Social Credit is neither of the "Right" nor the "Left," *it is the reconciliation of the aspirations of both,* not in the extremism of the Centre, but in the *Tradition* of the Nation. As the Social Credit poet, Alex Anderson has so neatly put it:

"Avoid and shun the Right Hand Snake,
The greater, bearded clapped out fake;
Switched off and slowly fading too,
A piddling animus come true.
Pity him, the Left Hand Snake,
Bemused, confused and half awake;
Just fill his idle hours and slow
With what its safe for him to know."

As the authoress acknowledges, her book is based upon a famous booklet by John Hargraves, *Social Credit Clearly Explained: 101 Questions Answered.* The questions and answers have been reduced to eighty-two, but the content has been widened to include the impact Social Credit would have on the major ecological problems of the 21st Century. An impression was created by some pre-war advocacy that Social Credit would be an orgy of consumerism with hedonistic citizens rushing to spend their "National Dividend" on the endless stream of goods pouring from the cornucopia of automated factories. The book sets out to correct this impression. It needs to be stressed that Social Credit would mean *less* production, not more.

The matter can be put in simple terms. Is it more wasteful of materials and energy to build one car which will last twenty years or ten cars in succession each of which will last only two years? The answer is obvious, so why do we have factories the size of airfields churning out an endless stream of inferior cars and the colossal waste of resources which this entails? Why do we not have quality production and things made to last? The answer is "To distribute purchasing power in the form of wages, salaries and dividends." But the Social Credit Dividend would distribute sufficient purchasing power without waste production.

Social Crediters who have thought through all the ramifications of the Douglas theory will not find anything in the book with which they are not familiar, so the eighty-third question is "Why buy it?" The eighty-third answer is "To give it to someone else who will find it a revelation."

IDEOLOGY

BY JOHN BRETT

I WAS having a cup of tea in my favourite cafe in 1974, when a newcomer to the city sauntered in and sat opposite me, after asking, "did I mind him sitting there?"

I knew about him from the local gossip. He had no visible means of support, but was never short of everyday spending money, and had purchased a small farm on the outskirts of the city.

A lot later he was to become a large property owner, after purchasing a Mercedes car as well as an ocean-going yacht, on his way to becoming the city Mayor.

But that was all in the future.

His conversation quickly moved to political topics, and I felt he knew who I was, or at least my interest in matters political, for soon he asked me, rather directly, "What is your ideology?"

Well, I could not answer that. I can't remember how I replied, for as well as feeling embarrassed I was trying to remember where that word had arisen recently. In my youth it had arisen when I was reading Marx and Engels, and later Lenin.

After some rather exploratory conversation about nothing in particular, I excused myself and departed the café.

On the long drive home I remembered where I had come across the word. Alexander Solzhenitsyn had dealt with the word and the subject in *The Gulag Archipelago*, the history of the slaughter of over 60 million Russians after the 1917 revolution, by their own republican Government (not included in modern history!). I found it right in the beginning of Volume One (pages 172-177). Then, on re-reading that part about his discovery of ideology and its meaning, I was no longer confined to half a century ago in a distant land where it was of no consequence to us in this 'land of the free'. All of a sudden I understood that it not only applied to us, it was in force here!

Then again, subconsciously, I knew it had been working here all the time.

ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN

Solzhenitsyn describes how the evil man does is justified by his ideology. *"To do evil a human being must first of all believe that what he is doing is good, or else that it's a well-considered act in conformity with natural law. Fortunately it is the nature of the human being to seek a justification for his actions."* He gives some examples.

Prisoners in Odessa, condemned to death by the *Cheka*, were fed, alive, to the animals at the city's zoos. The justification for this was that there was a famine, and rather than allowing the animals to starve, or having to face shooting them, feeding declared "enemies of the state" - who were going to die anyway – to hungry animals would be **helpiug the economy** of the Republic! Of course it was believed that the famine was caused by nature (an 'act of God'), not the consequence of other Republicans shooting the 'inefficient' farmers!

> "To do evil a human being must first of all believe that what he is doing is good, or else that it's a well-considered act in conformity with natural law. Fortunately it is the nature of the human being to seek a justification for his actions."
>
> *Alexander Solzhenitsyn*

The ideology that justifies the destruction of fellow human beings, was crystallized many years later by Soviet President Krushchev, when he was trying to justify the starvation of seven million Kulaks.

"There is nothing wrong with the economic system," he said, *"it is those stupid peasants that are the problem."*

The ideology simply transposes *means* and *ends*.

INSTITUTIONALISING AN IDEA

Now, eighty years later, we see every false and evil policy justified by **"helping the economy"** (which is man-made), "creating jobs" (elevating means into ends), financing medical research (to solve man-made sickness and disease), or legalising abortion (to reduce the population explosion). It goes on endlessly.

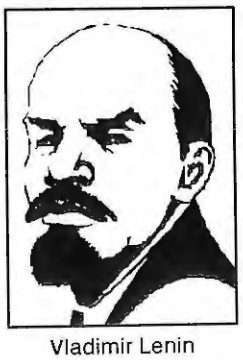
In Australia during the 1960s and 70s the Minister for Primary Production was telling farmers they had to "Get big or Get Out". There was nothing wrong with the man-made theory of **ecouomic** bigness, it was the stupid farmers that were the problem!

An act of terror is conceived, planned and financed by men, and so becomes the legitimate reason for invading another country, killing its civilians and destroying its infrastructure, all to wrest control of its oil. The original small evil is eventually forgotten about in the **justice and mass of the remedial evil!**

Each small evil act of man becomes the moral justification for exercising evil on a far larger scale, by those with power. Then the most powerful evildoer keeps telling us, "We are all fighting this evil!" As Solzhenitsyn points out, even Shakespeare stopped short at a dozen corpses, because those murderers *knew* they were doing wrong. Ideology, however, allows the **justification** of unlimited murder by invoking the authority of a man-made institution or authority like the Supreme Court, the United Nations (or the Government, or the Banks, or the Police). Once an evil idea can be **institutionalised**, a natural threshold can be crossed, giving an avalanche effect to evil actions, always in the name of justice. Absolutes are deemed to be obsolete.

DO-GOODERS

We hear a lot about "do-gooders" in the community. They are always trying to rescue people from bad situations caused by man. We have them at the bottom of



Vladimir Lenin

Alexander Solzhenitsyn

Joseph Stalin

every cliff, helping the maimed who have been pushed over the edge by man. But they will not go to the top of the cliff to stop people being pushed over. It could be dangerous. They could be pushed over themselves.

In the long, lonely nights in prison, Solzhenitsyn pondered the fate of his people and his nation, in this orgy of non-stop murder and the manner of its **justification.** The victims could get no further than blaming their gaolers, who had been given this awesome power by other men. He himself had been brought up believing in the man-made doctrine of dialectical materialism called communism, but could there not be something better, not **justified** by murdering the unbelievers? The scientific process of **'cause and effect'** was beginning to shape his future political thinking.

CONFRONTING MORTALITY

The germ of the answer was to come from a brush with death that was not directly of men. He was in a prison camp at Ekibastuz in 1952, when a large cancerous lump the size of a lemon erupted in his thigh, which was removed by surgery under a local anaesthetic. After surviving 20 years of prison life, where all those around him had been tortured, maimed, shot and murdered, he now faced death from a disease. This was different, it was personal and so was the pain, but once again he became a survivor, and this time he was to profit forever from the threat to his life. Henceforth he was to acquire a greater understanding of the meaning and purpose of life, and it all started from just one line from the Gospels – *"He who loses his life shall find it".*

Then, to set in concrete this newly discovered spiritual dimension to life, came a man to his bedside with a story – paradoxically the last words spoken in his life. Dr. Boris Nikolayevich Kornfield sat beside Solzhenitsyn's bed, in subdued light, long into the night, softly telling him the long story of his conversion from Judaism to Christianity. It was a slow 'road to Damascus' conversion, not yet fully revealed, but the soft mystical knowledge in his voice was utterly convincing. Next morning Dr. Kornfield died on the operating table, after being bashed on the head many times with a mallet while he slept.

Solzhenitsyn began to take those first steps on the longest spiritual journey of his life, which were to lead him and millions of others out of the evil and decay of ideology, into the light and **Truth**. The answers to ideology were all there in the New Testament. Slowly he made the transition from the external Judaic God made in the image of man, to the internal, spiritual God of Christianity, in whose image we are made. That man was made for the Sabbath was reversed, to become *'the Sabbath* (or systems) *was made for man',* and instead of the greatest being the *master,* it turned out that the greatest was to be the *servant.*

FIGS AND THISTLES

Being the intellectual giant that he is, he soon discovered that all the policies of man flowed from one of two basic philosophies. Either all **power** and **authority** arose from within the individual, or they arose externally to the individual, making complete sense of Christ's revelation, ***"You cannot get figs from thistles".*** Ideology is the fruit (or policy) from an external God. Each philosophy bears different policies.

Almost reflecting his own experience in a time warp, the last week of Christ's life provided the answer to the **power** of other men. The power of man was **legitimate**, but the **authority** to use that **power** over other men lay elsewhere, with **God.**

As this new Christian revelation began to give more life and hope to this persecuted man, out in the supposed sanctuary of the western world the opposite was happening. The Christian churches of the west, which had exposed and condemned the cruel Bolshevik revolution during the 1920s and 1930s, had become silent. The rise and dominance of ideology inside the once-Christian western nations was going unheeded by Church leaders. Whilst Solzhenitsyn was being converted to Christianity, the 'Churches' had become converted to ideology!

Australia, whose foundations are entirely Christian, does not even know about it now. Most Churches are now engaged in a constant war against 'sinners', and 'love' happens in bed (with male or female!), which has replaced the love that Christ spoke about – *"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you".* Nearly all the problems the 'Church' is debating arise from ideology, and they wonder why they can't find desirable answers. Well, ideology has its answers, but they are all destructive and the 'Church' is among the victims!

As the erupting force of Solzhenitsyn began to erode the Soviets' ideology, they exiled him. No Cross for him – they well knew the lesson of 2000 years ago! He went to live in the U.S.A., where they thought the sheer despair of what he found there might send him mad or otherwise destroy him. But it was too late, that Christian seed of TRUTH had taken root in Solzhenitsyn's soul and grew even faster in the spiritual desolation of the U.S.A. It was safer back in the USSR, where everybody recognized the **LIE** when they heard it!

THE LIE

Up until about the 1970s, it was still difficult for the **lie** to take hold of the minds of Australians. After all, there were still remnants of the Church here to warn us! The big and controversial issues of the day brought a response from church leaders, who were quoted in most news reports, for better or worse. But with the advent of TV any public comment from the churches ceased, at the same time they decided the financial state of their institutions was more important than their previous convictions and moral status in the community.

Now as the world is ripped apart by violence, terror and war, drugs and corruption, they are almost totally silent, or "not available for comment." Abortion and drugs destroy our youth and suicide kills more of our youth than the road toll. They have learned that the safe place to live in comfort is with the **lie.** You only get put on the cross for telling the **Truth.** But the fruit of ideology is the **lie.** It is a very safe place to live, nobody is going to attack you in that enclave. Just

as *"The Truth will set you free"* along with everybody else, so will *the Lie imprison you and destroy you,* along with everybody else. As Solzhenitsyn puts it again, *"Violence can only be concealed by the lie, and the lie can only be maintained by violence."*

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

So who can we turn to for help, if the **ideologue wolves** have devoured the shepherds? We may have to turn inwards, as we were instructed 2000 years ago, to find out that *"The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."* That is where Solzhenitsyn found the answers he is offering us. **Truth is a spiritual dimension** available to everybody on earth, regardless of race or religion *("ask and you shall receive").* Ideology is the secret that has been passed down from the Pharisees who, you may remember, **murdered** Christ! He told them *"You are liars, and your father is the father of liars."* If you have a copy of the New Testament you are more than half way there! The answers have not come out of the church, or Bible classes or the T.A.F.E. or the University, or any other institution, for the reason they do not know that **ideology** exists, most of them now exist because of ideology, not in spite of it.

IDEOLOGY AND POPULATION

When the United Nations Organisation was formed at the end of the second world war, one of its operating arms was called the World Health Organisation (WHO), which immediately started to consider the alleged world population explosion, postulated by an English mathematician and economist cleric by the name of T.R. Malthus in the century before last. The fact that only a few western nations had any means of counting population numbers did not deter WHO from pursuing the murderous mission of reducing the world's population, lest we all starved or ran out of elbow room. In one of their endless deliberations they noted that it would be easy to reduce populations in underdeveloped countries, but *"finding a way in the democracies could be difficult."* Two world wars, and the soviet and Chinese revolutions eliminated between 150 and 200 million people

in the first half of the 20th century. But that was not enough.

The wars after the McMillan "Winds of Change" policy speeches, and the AIDS vaccination programme in Africa, on top of man-made famines, have eliminated over 100 million people in the second half of the 20th century. Some of these people are among the poorest on earth, yet we regularly see them on our television screens armed to the teeth with millions of dollars' worth of arms! The financial cost of all these wars and revolutions is absolutely astronomical, not to mention the staggering waste and pollution. Nobody, least of all the clerics, asks who supplies the billions of dollars for all this slaughter, or comments on the millionaire arms and explosive manufacturers. The church passes the plate around a second time to "help the starving and homeless children", knowing we will never refuse, thus clearing their conscience, and ours. Yet the murder goes on in the next country on the list. As we are made to stand one at a time.

> "Violence can only be concealed by the lie, and the lie can only be maintained by violence."
> Alexander Solzhenitsyn

How does the ideology work inside the 'democracies'? If we stay with the population explosion ideology a lot of light can be cast about. Currently we are being informed about the problem of our 'aging' population, which presents a growing economic problem. The idea of euthanasia is being discussed. It is always an **'economic'** problem, so keep in mind that economies are *man-made institutions,* all driven by finance.

IDEOLOGY AND HEALTH

In Australia before the last war, the incidence of cancer was so low there were no statistics available on its intensity, but some time during the 1960's a death rate of one in seven was announced. Some years later this became one in six, then later one in five. And now, in 2003, we are told it will reach one in three by 2005.

The origins and cause of cancer were discovered 100 years ago by the professor of embryology at Edinburgh University, John Beard. He discovered that the very cell that makes life possible (the diploid totipotent or trophoblast cell) is the cell that can also destroy life if, for some reason, it turns malignant. The famous rat trials of the 1920's confirmed his findings, as rats were allowed to live or die by controlling the amount of magnesium in their diet. One of the functions of the pancreas is to destroy malignant cells, but lack of magnesium is one cause of pancreas malfunction. The trials demonstrated that cancer could be both induced and controlled with magnesium. One hundred years later, after spending billions of dollars on research, allegedly employing the world's best scientific brains in countless research facilities, the problem accelerates. Nobody is disputing what has happened or has not happened. *But why?*

In the days when they were independent, doctors *practiced* medicine. Now we have a medical **industry,** driven by the powerful, billion-dollar drug companies, owned and controlled by anonymous people who, in addition to producing pharmaceutical remedies, finance medical schools and research facilities. The doctor becomes a technician, prescribing drugs supplied by these companies, not always beneficially. The Journal of the American Medical Association reported in July 2000 that there were 250,000 deaths in American hospitals the previous year, arising from iatrogenic medicine. *The Weekend Australian* of the 28/8/99 reported that over 100,000 people are readmitted to hospitals in Australia each year after contracting infections while in hospital. The Australian Patient Safety Foundation reported on 31/10/02 that it is costing $6 million

a day, for the 500,000 mistakes made each year in Australian hospitals.

The ideology behind all this is simply that the medical **industry** is one of the largest employers in the country, providing jobs for hundreds of thousands of people. The **ideology** is that in order to distribute **money** to all these people it is legitimate to keep others sick. In China you pay a physician when you are well, here our system depends on you being sick.

Perhaps the answer to all this is simply to distribute money a different way. Perhaps on **moral grounds**, like no desirable results – no pay!

Medical drugs have their shadow in 'street' drugs. In 2001 the National Crime Authority reported that the world drug trade was worth $400 billion annually, and Australia's share of that is $8 billion. They say it is *worth* $400 billion . . ., but omit to tell us who gets the money. It is not the kids. They are dead by the time this report reaches our ears. The National Crime Authority does not exist to solve the problem, it is there to **justify the ideology** that all this money is helping the **economy.**

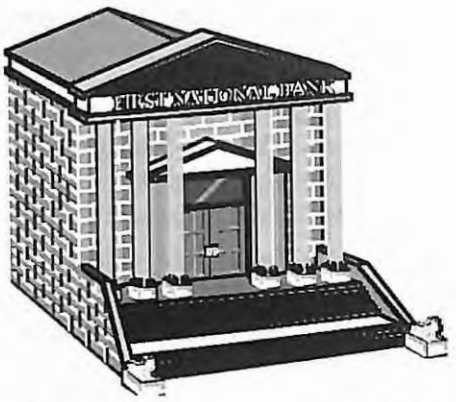
With every batch of vaccine comes a disclaimer, absolving the manufacturer from any harmful effects of their product. In the case of measles vaccine, they list 27 possible deleterious effects, including death. Vaccines can contain all sorts of chemicals and animal tissue, including human diploid cell tissue obtained from the abortion industry. Amongst the chemicals in vaccine are mercury and formaldehyde, the latter being a potent endocrine disrupter. Endocrine disrupters interfere at random with the endocrine clock, so on any day a batch of vaccine will produce a whole range of different symptoms on the recipients. Many children will end up with some abnormality for the rest of their lives, like Asthma, Autism or Attention Deficit Syndrome, which of course become the justification again for the medical industry. Seven million deaths resulted from the 'accidental' contamination of vaccine with the AIDS virus for the WHO vaccination programme in Africa. But it has helped to keep the population explosion down – that's the **ideology!** The millions of orphaned children could be the foundation of another aid **industry** to pump money into the **economy.**

IDEOLOGY AND MONEY

All this money we have been mentioning has an origin, which is in the banking system. As most people now know, money comes into existence through the banks. Except for a small amount of notes and coin it has no physical quality at all, being simply magnetic blips as mathematical notations attached to a $ sign. It is created in exactly the same way this writing is generated in a computer. It is entirely an abstract creation of man, a man-made system, with no connection to any natural phenomenon or principle. Only religion has comparable powers of inducement.

The banks' "vaults" are massive computer memories, not a single cent in them! But the **ideology**, and the crime, is that at the point of creation *the banks claim ownership of these symbols,* as if I could claim ownership of these alphabetical symbols.

If a war costing $10 billion is sanctified, the **banks** supply the money. There is no collection at Church or anywhere else to pay for it, for the simple reason nobody else would want to pay for it. The ordinary people on this earth do not want war, if for no other reason they cannot pay for it. Note that the banks do not ask for this war money back, only personal and corporate loans which can be recovered by recourse to law are pursued. Wars could not possibly start if they had to come to the citizens of the world first (or afterwards) to collect the money. Wars are collective prize fights, financed by the banks for the attainment of ideological objectives as well as the



destruction of the contestants. Not even bankers are denying that!

When Christ went to the temple and thrashed the money lenders, it was because they claimed ownership of the money symbols, and through the debt incurred, controlled people's lives. Christ's revelation at the beginning of the week led to His death by the end of the same week. But He told us before He went, to pray, *"Forgive us our debts, as we forgive those in debt to us".*

We have now reached a point in history where we can either overcome this evil of **ideology** and reach the true destiny of mankind in genuine peace, or suffer another "dark age", where destruction and murder becomes the normal form of government, as it was in the Soviet Union for over sixty years. Christ and His modern disciples have shown us the way. Exposure of the lie is all that the ordinary person can do, but after all, that is what Christ did.

Nothing in this present world can possibly get better while money is distributed under the existing ideology. There are far better ways of distributing it to obtain the results we all desire.

Perhaps we need always to keep in mind that **power** has only three dynamics – **physical force, financial force** and ***psychological force.*** The **lie** and the **truth** are psychological forces. The word **power** is just a word, until it is given a dynamic.

CONTRIBUTIONS WELCOMED

ARTICLES and other contributions, together with suggestions for suitable material for HERITAGE, will be welcomed by the Editor. However, those requiring unused material to be returned, should enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

2002 QUEEN'S JUBILEE ESSAY COMPETITION

Encouraging pride in Australia and its Constitution

Jennah Porter
Fairholme College, Toowoomba
Division 1 (16 – 18 years) runner-up

"The Roles of the Queen and the Governor-General in Australia"

Dr Peter Hollingworth, AC, OBE, Governor-General of Australia

UPON the appointment of an Australian Head of State, our nation would forgo a vital part of the democratic heritage which is inextricably entwined with the continued success of our parliamentary processes.

Currently the Australian constitution is based on the existence of two figure heads in the form of the Queen, acting as the executive power of the Commonwealth and the Governor General who is capable of exercising this authority as, "...her Majesty's appointed representative."

Although an independent country, Australia maintains close constitutional links to the British monarchy and the Queen herself as she embarks on this, her jubilee year. Whilst fulfilling her duties at various significant constitutional functions, her Majesty also acts as a focus for unity within the commonwealth, presiding at ceremonial occasions, visiting local communities and representing the United Kingdom around the world. The reign of Queen Elizabeth II has been one of great continuity, bringing stability and reassurance to the citizens of the commonwealth as a whole. The Queen's social responsibilities within our nation are significant in encouraging the unique attributes of each singular Australian contribution through her various award systems, letters of recognition and tours amongst the nations of the Commonwealth. It is her Majesty's personal messages and unifying role which continues to inspire greater deeds in the service of humanity.

The constitutional responsibilities of the Queen in Australia, extend to the appointment and dismissal of the Governor General upon the advice of the Prime Minister. Her Majesty has been described by various social commentators as the political, 'sounding-board' for the leaders of the Commonwealth of nations; holding regular audiences with several current prime-ministers. Advising with all her knowledgeable sense of wisdom and finesse for international relations and trade she is said to have fostered a unique system of inter-relations and mutual benefits amongst the nations of her commonwealth, including Australia. In addition such foreign influence acts as a form of political 'safeguarding' to maintain the balance of power between the Australian people and their leaders in a world where such balances are often distorted by modern democracy.

The success of her Majesty's international and Australian influence is reflected in the three million items of correspondence received during her reign; her consistent patronage of over six hundred and twenty charities; her numerous tours of the thirty-six nations of the Commonwealth and perhaps most poignantly, through the sheer longevity of her fifty-year reign and her successful associations with the Australian people.

Similarly, the position of the Governor General encompasses varying roles and responsibilities which are executed upon the advice of both Ministers and an appointed Executive Council. The central concern of the office itself involves the acknowledgement and encouragement of the individual Australian contribution to our national way of life, through the extensive constitutional, statutory, ceremonial and social duties performed by our Queen's representative.

The Governor General's most significant constitutional powers enable him/her to dismiss the Prime-Minister; establish departments of State; to appoint ministers to administer them and to summon and dissolve parliament itself. Acting as her majesty's representative, the Governor General is also responsible for providing royal assent to any Bill which has been passed by both houses of the Parliament and to act as commander of our increasingly controversial defence forces.

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)

The most significant role of our Queen's representative is his/her social interactions with the people and encouragement of all positive Australian traits. Through extensive patronage, personal presence and recognition of these traits within the Australian people, the Governor General serves to create a more successful and unified national community.

The constitutional monarchy and the roles of the Queen and the Governor General do not serve to hinder the Australian parliamentary processes, but on the contrary, provide the democratic heritage which protects the sanctity of such institutions. The introduction of an Australian, "Head of State" would result in the abandonment of such policies and would threaten the very fibre of true democracy. As was once said by politician Harrold Gibbs, "The existence of the States, the power of the Senate and the fact that the Governor General represents and may be removed by the Queen, all contribute to place restrictions on the unbridled exercise of political powers ... we should view with suspicion any attempt by politicians to weaken the checks and balances in the Constitution which has served us so well".

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Bethany Kachel
Fairholme College, Toowoomba

Division 2 (11 - 15 years) runner-up

Queen Elizabeth, Queen of Australia

QUEEN Elizabeth II, Queen of Australia, was born as Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary, the elder daughter of Prince Albert and Lady Elizabeth Bowles-Lyon, on the 21st April, 1926. Queen Elizabeth II holds the prestigious position of being the 4th longest reigning British Monarch. Her magnificent reign would not have occurred, if her uncle, King Edward VIII, had not abdicated the throne.

In 1936, on the death of King George V, the British Monarchy went through difficult and unconventional times, with Princess Elizabeth's father, King George VI (as he was to be known), becoming next in line to the throne. In 1937, Princess Elizabeth attended the coronation of her father, which changed her life forever.

Three years later Britain was at war, and at age 14, Princess Elizabeth addressed the plight of the children affected by the war. From then on, her duties increased. These included involvement in hospitals, children's issues and supporting citizens who were affected during the war, by touring Britain with her parents.

At age 18, Princess Elizabeth was appointed Counsellor of State, while her father was absent due to other commitments. She carried out all of these responsibilities with great diligence and wisdom.

When Princess Elizabeth turned 21, she dedicated herself to the service of the Commonwealth. In July 1947, Princess Elizabeth became engaged to her cousin, Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten. They were married on the 20th November that year at Westminster Abbey, the first royal ceremony after the Second World War. Princess Elizabeth had four children from the marriage, Prince Charles, Princess Anne, Prince Andrew and Prince Edward.

In 1951, Princess Elizabeth was appointed Counsellor of State, during her father's illness. She began a Commonwealth tour in 1952, which could not be undertaken by her parents, due her father's failing health. Whilst in Kenya, Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip received news that her father had passed away. Princess Elizabeth immediately returned to London and was proclaimed Queen Elizabeth II. Her majestic coronation occurred the following year, broadcast by television and radio around the world. Television brought this splendid event into the homes and hearts of the world, in a way that had never happened before.

In 1953, Queen Elizabeth and her husband undertook an extensive tour of the Commonwealth. By the end of 2002, the Queen will have visited Australia 14 times, Canada 20 times, Jamaica 6 times and New Zealand 10 times.

As the Queen is head of State, she oversees all the records of Cabinet and Parliament. She also keeps in close contact with the Prime Minister on a weekly basis. The Queen has opened Parliament every year, except for 1959 and 1963 as she was pregnant with Prince Andrew and Prince Edward. Her Majesty has given out 380,630 honours and awards, and has awarded 459 Investitures. Queen Elizabeth is also head of the Navy, Army and Air Force. During her reign, Queen Elizabeth has held 88 State Banquets and has taken 251 official overseas visits, to 128 different countries. In 1977, the Queen celebrated one of the most memorable years of her reign, as it was her Silver Jubilee, To mark this anniversary, the Queen took extensive tours of Britain and the rest of the Commonwealth. In 1982, Pope John Paul II visited Buckingham palace, a historic event because a Pope had not been received by a British Monarch in 450 years.

This year marks her Golden Jubilee. To celebrate this incredible achievement, the Queen took another tour of the Commonwealth, to thank her people. No future King or Queen will ever be able to accomplish as much as this remarkable woman has done.

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BALANCE IN SOCIAL CREDIT

By Geoffrey Dobbs

Taken from THE SOCIAL CREDITER of April 11, 1953

Major Clifford Hugh Douglas

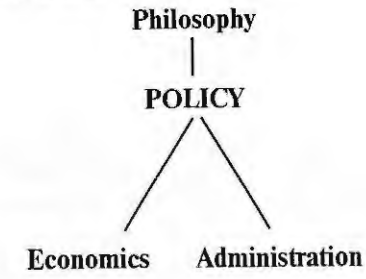
THE conception of Social Credit which Douglas left with us was a balanced conception. As his first book *Economic Democracy*, showed, it was so from the first in his own mind, but it seems to have taken a weary time before this inherent balance was grasped by others, as it has, by now, been grasped by those who have followed Douglas closely.*

In recent years there have been a number of dynamic and energetic individuals who have, in a relatively short time, aroused enthusiasm, collected a following, and founded a world movement with a literature, a language, and a way of thought of its own; and it was inevitable that these consequences should follow the appearance of a man of Douglas's face and stature; but in every other comparable case the man, the doctrine, and the movement have had something unbalanced about them, something which has been mercilessly exploited by the powers of evil; only in Douglas, and in the complete body of Douglas's teaching, have we that precious, incomparable quality of integrated sanity which is characteristic also of the Christian faith.

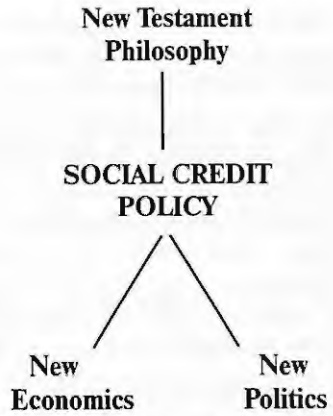
It is this balance and sanity which is the main object of the most damaging attacks upon social credit. Probably the most successful weapon which has been used against us is the suggestion, invariably conveyed by the sort of language chosen when social credit is referred to by its opponents, that we are 'cranks', i.e. unbalanced people holding an unbalanced view; and the existence of a number of groups of people detached from Douglas, publicizing an unbalanced fragment of his teaching as if it were the whole, or indeed the essential, under the name of social credit, and even claiming each to be his 'true' followers, lends the power of verisimilitude to this weapon.

One of the last things which Douglas left us was what we know as *The Chart*, a diagram setting out certain relationships in the real world. At its focus is the word *'Policy'* which more than any other single word, summarises what he had to teach us. This is implicit in everything he said and wrote on Social Credit, and especially in his first book, *Economic Democracy* but in June, 1937, it became explicit in his address to Social Crediters in London, in which he defined Social Credit as "the policy of a philosophy" and further defined his use of the word "philosophy" as meaning a "conception of reality".

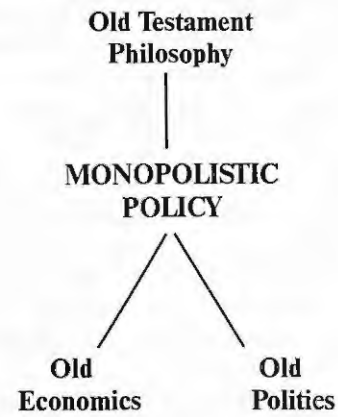
The Chart, first published in February, 1951, specifically to counteract the tendency to disproportion in the Social Credit Movement, is an immensely massive and condensed statement. It is not permissible to alter it, but it will often be necessary to abstract from it, and to consider special cases in its application to current situations. For the special purposes of this article, the consideration of *balance* in the conception of Social Credit at the present time, I want to draw attention to the balanced, triple structure of the centre of *The Chart*", the three words surrounding the central word Policy. They are as follows:



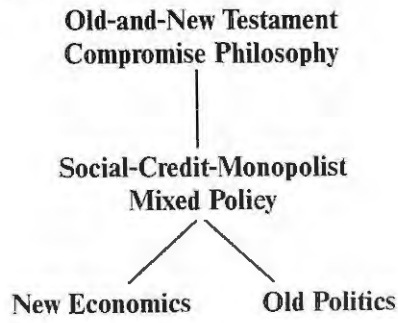
Now Social Credit has also been defined as "applied Christianity", and it has been made clear that if the Policy is correctly called Social Credit. the Philosophy is the conception of reality which we find in the New Testament. The word 'Administration' is of wider application than the word 'Politics', but it is convenient here to consider this aspect of it, in relation to 'Economics.' These basic relationships of Social Credit may therefore be considered in the following form:



In contrast to the Policy which at present dominates the World, viz:



A tripod is the first structure which will stand, and it is not possible to ignore, or to mix and change the nature of any one, or more, of these three components of policy without either overthrowing, or changing the nature of the policy. At the present time, a great many people are quite improperly applying the name social Credit to a policy which has this sort of structure:



* Mr. Hewlett Edwards once asked Douglas how many Social Crediters there were. Douglas replied: "Six,' Editor, T.S.C.

There is a law, called Gresham's Law, which applies to money and credit; it applies also to policies. When they are mixed the bad drives out the good. This is very obviously happening with Compromised Social Credit; the Old Politics have completely neutralized the New Economics.

THE 'ECONOMIC' DISPROPORTION

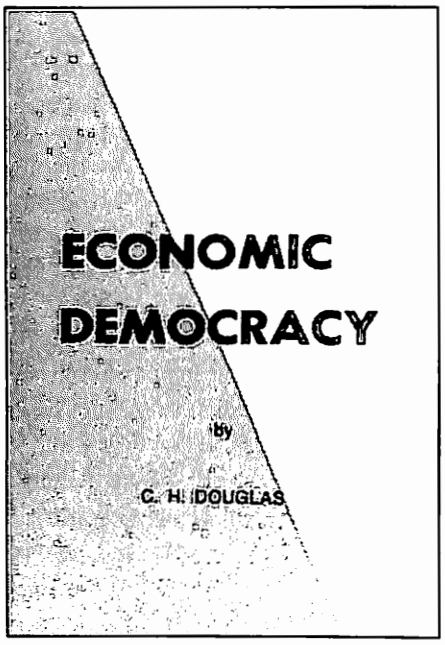
Two clearly defined stages can be distinguished in the development of the Social Credit Movement under the direction of Douglas. In the first from 1918 to 1934, the emphasis was on economics; in the second, from the Buxton speech *The Nature of Democracy* (June, 1934) to *Realistic Constitutionalism* (May, 1947) on politics. Running through everything that he wrote or said on Social Credit was a gradually increasing strand of 'philosophy'; better, perhaps, referred to as religion, for it was specifically Christian, and never expressed in theoretical form without being 'bound back' to practice in economics and politics, so that the three threads were always intertwined. With this important qualification, however, it is true to say that, during the last few years of Douglas's life, this 'philosophic' element, as represented for instance, by *The Realistic Position of the Church of England*, came more into prominence, so that at the end the structure of Social Credit – philosophy, economics, politics, - had acquired that massive equilibrium and symmetry which was a part of his character. No more than Shakespeare does he need

The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid.

Social Credit is his 'star-ypointing pyramid.' It is tri-podal; it stands firmly upon the earth; and it points to Heaven. *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice!*

It is sad, therefore, to 'look around' and see some of the one-legged and two-legged monstrosities dedicated to Douglas by their creators.

The great heresy of the age is the 'economic' heresy, the Marxist-materialist heresy, the idea that history is determined solely or primarily by 'economic' forces, that man lives by bread alone. To describe Social Credit



as merely another name for 'The New Economics,' to describe Douglas as an 'economist' or a 'monetary reformer' is to describe him as a crank, as a man who had got something out of proportion. Both 'economics' and 'finance' are techniques. Techniques, of course, have their importance, but to form a World Movement, and to argue and advocate and oppose techniques, without reference to the policies they are used to promote, is insane. But if policies are to be upheld or opposed, that is politics, and the assessment of policies is only possible on a basis of philosophy; so that all the components of Social Credit are immediately brought in unless sanity and a sense of proportion are abandoned.

PHILOSOPHY

These facts are so inescapable that every group of people making pretensions of any sort to the pursuit of 'social credit' has always acknowledged some sort of philosophy and adopted some sort of politics. What those of them who insist on restricting 'social credit' to economics and finance presumably mean is that the philosophy which finds expression in Douglas's economic proposals is not at variance with the prevailing mechanisms of 'politics' which, to anyone who has followed Douglas at all during the last twenty years, can be seen quite obviously to be a part of the structure of the opposing pyramid of centralized power. It is significant that *every* reference to Social Credit in the national or other antagonistic press treats it as an 'economic' theory or 'heresy,' and every reference to Major Douglas, including his newspaper obituaries, treated him as some sort of an 'economist'. The aiding and abetting of this misrepresentation by people claiming to be social crediters, and even 'followers of Douglas,' has an extremely mischievous effect; and in fact a recent damaging attempt to mislead Catholics about the nature of Social Credit in such a way as to alienate their sympathies can be traced to such a case.

SURVIVING ISSUE

It is a sad, but understandable, fact that many of the pioneers of the movement, the earliest followers of Douglas, to whom we who came later owe a debt of gratitude, have suffered this arrested development. We are sometimes prone to forget our origins; that the social credit movement was the sole victorious and surviving issue of all that turmoil of intense mental activity and discussion which centred around Orage and the *New Age* in the early years of the century – a turmoil of socialists dissatisfied and repelled by the centralizing tendency which they could already see to be far advanced in socialism.* Doulgas's radically different approach to economics was altogether too much for most of these people, and great credit is due to those whose integrity and mental energy enabled them to overcome the prejudices instilled by their socialist background. Even so, 'economic' prejudices are seldom so deep seated as are those occasioned by politics or religion. It is not surprising that as the full implications of the philosophy which found expression first in the economic proposals emerged in the fields of politics and religion, many of those who had made the tremendous effort required to overcome their prejudices in the first place found that further, and even greater, efforts were too much for them. As a result, since 'economics' cannot exist in a vacuum, they have slipped back into the old rut of their 'social-democracy,' within which the incongruous 'New Economics,' if retained at all, survives as a foreign body, sealed off from all practical influence by relegation to some hypothetical future time when the successful pursuit of 'social-

democratic' politics on a World scale will 'bring in Social Credit.' That is to say, they continue through force of habit, the habit which has been the downfall of all libertarian efforts within the body of socialism,* to look to the politics which centralize power to bring about its decentralization; so that this arrested 'Social Credit,' which finds its inspiration rather in the successful pursuit of power by the methods of ballot-box democracy in Western Canada than in the new methods and new hope provided by Douglas, is merely giving one more demonstration of the hopelessness of trying to escape from the trend of socialism without making a clean break with it.

The effect of this is, of course, that, through the continual practice of the 'Old Economics,' even such grasp of the 'New Economics' as has been obtained is progressively weakened. It is impossible to stop moving against the trend without being carried backwards by it. At every step forward a number of people have dropped out and some of them have turned against Douglas rather than change their opinions; while others have been encouraged and have turned towards him. This is inevitable, for Social Credit is antidotal to the social disease of the age, and therefore *must* stress precisely those truths which constitute a denial of the most strongly held prejudices. It is not lightly held and easily surrendered opinions which are responsible for the prevailing 'trend' towards disaster: it is precisely those prejudices which are so widespread and strongly held that people are afraid to oppose or expose them. In fact, the courage required to join issue with a false opinion is a measure of the necessity for doing so.

The tremendous adventure and advance in which the Social Credit Movement in Great Britain is, and has been, engaged, under the leadership of Douglas as transmitted through the Secretariat since 1934, has not been fully realized by anyone abroad who has not visited this country; nor indeed, by many in this country who would call themselves social crediters but have remained out of contact, and sometimes in complete ignorance of what the center and spearhead of the movement was doing.

* "Our origins" – Historically Dr. Dobbs is right. Why it was that the Guild Socialists lent an ear to Douglas before anyone else comprised by a group label is not clear. Evidently they were "looking for something." If so, it must not be inferred that what they found was the policy of their philosophy (i.e. that Social Credit policy is the policy of Socialism). It isn't. (Editor, The Social Crediter).

* See previous note. But, just as the philosophy of Social Credit is not socialism, neither is it Liberalism. Mr. Charles Morgan was probably right in saying that the modern dispute is a dispute concerning the Nature of Man. The man who works to establish his order of society has nothing in common with those who work towards the Right Order. (Editor, T.S.C.)

GARDENING GRANNY'S LAMENT

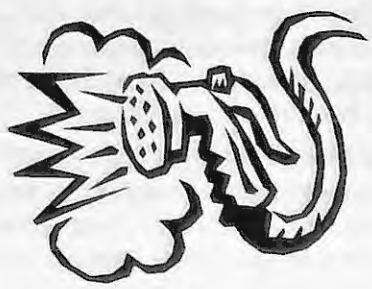
Strange are the ways of boys with hoses:
They volunteer to water roses,
And then it seems beyond their powers
To water ANYTHING that flowers

They wash down all the concrete path;
They start to give the dog a bath;
They aim the hose into the sky,
And water cats ... and passers by!

They kindly give each other showers
All this goes on, it seems, for hours,
And still the roses' roots are dry.
They make mud lakes and pat-a-cakes,
And finally, they make mistakes:

They soak their little baby brother,
And even turn the hose on Mother
Then, when they've finished all their fun,
They let it lie, and let it run . . .

EVA LYNN



This is what Aussies are made of

Compiled from "The History of Richard and Jane Sargent and their descendants" by Fred John Sargent

Richard Sargent

AMONG others, our Prime Minister is fond of reminding us what it is that makes an Australian so special. We "give it a go"; we "lend a hand" in times of crisis; we are honest and hard working; we stick up for our mates; we don't back off from a challenge and we don't take kindly to authority.

Sometimes it is hard to be convinced that such a creature really exists. Every day brings new evidence of corporate criminals, unscrupulous bankers, armed robbers, dole bludgers and frivolous litigates.

If that endangered species does indeed exist, it is surely to be found among the descendants of one, Tasmanian Richard Sargent; born in 1855; father of seven children; fifth child of freed convicts Samuel Sargent and Mary Lewis.

They moved where the work was. They did the work that needed doing. If there was a choice, they chose independence over security, and they were not afraid to take risks.

Always they were close to the land. For more than a hundred years they have provided the shearers, the mine workers, the timber getters, the fruit pickers, farmers and apiarists of Victoria and New South Wales.

Their women lived and raised anywhere between six and eleven children in isolated, primitive conditions, often while their husbands were working far from home for weeks at a time. They coped with illness, accident and death without professional help or counseling. They milked cows, raised poultry, and managed beehives in between having babies. They sewed beautifully, and were meticulous housewives. They watched their husbands and sons go off to war, sewed comforts, waited, prayed, grieved and kept the home fires burning.

Let's have a look at some of them.

Richard Sargent married Jane Brown in 1882; they had seven children in ten years. Moving from Risdon in Tasmania, Richard selected land in Peechelba, Victoria, where they cleared, ploughed and cropped, raised poultry (Jane was the first to introduce Bronze Wing Turkeys into the district), sending them by train to Melbourne markets. Jane milked cows, while Richard went shearing. The cream was taken to Wilbur Butter Factory and the milk taken back to the farm and fed to the calves and the pigs.

Jane was also a midwife to a lot of the mothers in the district.

Twenty years later they acquired more land adjacent to the Killawarra Iron Bark Forest. They built their own house, slab-walled, with an old style stone fireplace running the full width of the kitchen, a lounge and three bedrooms lined with hessian and wallpaper. They built three dams, which they had dug with pick, shovel and wheelbarrow! Richard set up a lot of beehives to take advantage of the nectar-producing Iron Bark and Grey Box Gums in the forest nearby, and his wife helped him collect the honey.

"People who take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants."

Macaulay

Here one of their little girls died from burns received while playing near the burning windrows in the clearing. Jane died of pneumonia aged 49, having survived the death of one son killed near Gallipoli in September 1915.

Richard and Jane's eldest daughter, Mary was born in 1882. She married Joseph Findlay in 1903. They made their home a little west of Chiltern – two rooms, a verandah and a detached kitchen. Owning no transport they became energetic walkers – six miles per hour if they were not in a hurry! A social pair, they attended Saturday night dances held at different houses throughout the year, Mary supplying much of the music on the mouth organ, dancing while playing!

Between 1903 and 1912 Mary and Joseph had seven children. During those years Joseph worked at woodcutting and mining. Mary milked a couple of cows and kept poultry. In 1913 Joseph had to look further afield for work, and was away in Gippsland most of the time. Coming home with a beard, he frightened his children who did not recognize him!

Work for Joseph became scarce between 1914 and 1920, so Mary took on a contract to scrub and cut out seedlings on a 30-acre block, her sons Richard and John giving a hand. In 1919 the mines were closed. Joseph applied for and was granted a block of 13 acres. There they had four cows to milk. When construction of the Hume Weir began, Joseph obtained work again, and life became easier.

When the war started Mary, who could sew and crotchet beautifully, learned to knit for the Comforts Fund as well.

Mary's brother, Samuel, was born in 1883. Like others of his family, he helped his mother with the poultry, herding them to the stubble paddocks for the loose grain, mustering them when native cats scattered them by raiding the fowl pens at night. He helped with the milking, fed the poddy calves and pigs. He learnt to shear at an early age, and later went with his father to visit his uncle at Kentucky Station near Corowa, N.S.W. From there, he and his cousins went shearing together, traveling from shed to shed on push bikes. His cousins subsequently went to Glen Innes, and then on to Queensland where they took up land about 1903.

Enlisting in the Army at the outbreak of war, Sam went with the Light Horse to Anzac Cove, Gallipoli, and then on to France. Convalescing

in England from the effects of gassing in France, he wrote home of motor trips, dancing, afternoon teas, cold weather, meeting King George and Queen Mary, rifle and sword training.

Shortly after returning home he married and took up a bush lease at Beloka, some twenty miles from Benambra, where he cleared and ran cattle. He still went shearing in season.

Sam helped to build his own house with the aid of a carpenter, finance for the home being provided by War Service homes and repaid at 10/- a fortnight.

He and Clara raised a large family of nine girls and four boys. They were devastated when their eldest daughter, Connie, died of leukemia in 1937, aged 17 years. Sam's children remember him as a very good father, providing well for his family, and taking an interest in local affairs.

John Henry Sargent was the third child of Richard and Jane Sargent. Marrying Esther Anne Elliott - known as Dolly - in 1912, they had eleven children between 1912 and 1932. John worked for Hogan Brothers on PG Bar Station, where they cropped, ran sheep, cattle and pigs. He became Hogan's most reliable drover, supervising trainloads of cattle as far as the Hunter River in N.S.W.

After marrying Dolly Elliott, John leased a property not far from his father, started milking a herd of cows, and went off shearing, leaving his town-reared wife to cope with the milking!

Concerned with the church, John taught Sunday school and served on the church committee of the local community church.

John and Dolly lived through one of the biggest droughts in history, losing most of their stock, and leaving the property to live in Peechelba, where John discovered he could supply the local hotels with cod, which were plentiful in the Ovens River. In 1922 he inherited his father's farm, together with his brother Ben. He bought Ben's share later, and lived there until his children were of school age. Later he was offered a house and a Manager's job at "Saunders". From there the children had to go to school by horse.

Like all his clan, John liked to be independent, and in 1928 when things looked better he gave up his job, fixed up his father's house and moved in, bought his first truck and used it for carrying, and for shifting bees. He had inherited his father's love for bees and always had a few hives, often as many as 150, depending on the season. He used to give his wife 2/6 for every swarm of bees she put in a box. She would go to a lot of trouble, often climbing a tree and sawing a limb off to claim the bounty.

After starting the trucking business the depression set in, and those who remember the 1930s know just how bad it was. John got a license and bought rabbit traps, snares, torches and carbine lights, setting out to collect hundreds of possum skins. Night and day his family worked. When the season closed, the license was surrendered, and the skins sold by auction. The price didn't even cover John's expenses. He then had the bitter experience of watching the buyers hoarding the skins until the market improved.

The home built by Richard Sargent in 1905. Photo taken in the 1930's when his son John Henry and his family lived there. His apiary is in the foreground. Killawarra Forest to the South and Wallaby Hill in the background. Red Ironbark the main forest.

Eventually he sold the farm, moving to town and working as a carrier with bees as a sideline. At the outbreak of World War II in 1939 five of his sons went into the forces, and he himself was promoted to Sergeant in the Home Guard.

Richard's eldest daughter, Mary, and her husband Joseph Findlay. 1903.

During the war three of his sons were taken prisoners-of-war, and two were killed while prisoners. Only one son, Fred, returned, to work with his father on bees for a few years, until John had to give up due to age and ill health.

Son Fred, born in 1916, followed the family tradition, serving his childhood apprenticeship feeding chooks, collecting firewood, trapping rabbits, milking cows, extracting honey, tending and later shearing sheep. He worked for neighbours at harvest time, stooking hay sheaves; he picked fruit and worked building irrigation channels. At the outbreak of war he took up a job with the Forest Commission.

In 1941 he joined the Army, training at Puckapunyal, and eventually being drafted overseas with 2/2 Pioneer Battalion of the A.I.F.

His brothers, Harry, Bert, Thomas and Arthur also enlisted, Bert with 2/14 Btn. Z Special and Thomas with 2/21st Btn. Harry was listed as medically unfit, and the youngest of them, Arthur became a corporal in the 57/60th Battalion on Bougainville.

Fred was taken prisoner-of-war by the Japanese and served three-and-a-half years as a prisoner in Burma, working on the infamous Burma railroad, suffering fever, malnutrition and deprivation, before finally being released near the Cambodian border at the end of the war.

Thomas was taken prisoner by the Japanese, and died on Ambon Island in 1943.

Brother Bert was transferred from the 59th Militia Battalion in 1940 and with many boys from Wangaratta,

Benalla, the Goulburn Valley, Albury and Wodonga helped form the nucleus of the Seventh division's 2/14 Infantry Battalion. In four years with the 2/14th he displayed qualities of leadership, intelligence and daring in the Middle East and New Guinea.

During a fierce battle on Hill 567 overlooking Beit Ed Dine in Syria, the unassuming 'Blondie' Sargent displayed his usual calm and initiative – cradling his three-inch mortar in his arms to get a sufficiently low trajectory to transform the weapon into an anti-tank piece.

A more permanent invention was Blondie Sargent's Adaptor for producing an air-burst with a mortar bomb at any required height. The quiet, powerfully built, curly haired corporal was promoted to sergeant, and was in the thick of the action on the infamous Kokoda Trail. A born leader, he was commissioned to take over the Mortar Platoon for the Gona operations on the north coast of New Guinea after the Silent Seventh had driven the Japanese back over the Owen Stanley ranges. His promotion was among the last Field Commissions permitted in the A.I.F.

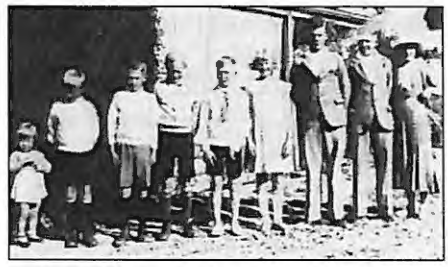
His unit found that he had been "seconded for special duties" when they returned north after a respite back home.

The "special duties" were with Z Special Force, and following training at Garden Island W.A., these selected few sailed north aboard the submarine *Porpoise* in 1944, on what was known as the Rimau Expedition. Pirating a junk, they farewelled the *Porpoise*, arranging to rendezvous with another sub in six to eight weeks. Anchoring within sight of Singapore on October 6, the junk attracted an inquisitive Malay Water Police boat commander. A fierce skirmish followed, only one policeman escaping the encounter. But he was one too many.

With the operation compromised and security gone, the junk and her cargo of explosives had to be sunk, and in four canoes, 33 days ahead of time, the party set off for the rendezvous.

After some fighting, all except three of the men made it by October 12, but were discovered on November 4, and further fighting followed.

Over two months a Battalion of Japanese, detailed to find the 'Rimau' patrol, killed ten and captured ten of the 23 members of the force.



9 of John Henry Sargent's 11 children Edith, Alan, Arthur, Dick, Tom, Dorothy, Harry, Fred, May (approx. 1935)

Three men led by Bert Sargent evaded the searching Japanese and ships over 4000 sea miles in two months.

Hugging the coast yet always at the mercy of the sea, hungry and weary, they moved slowly southwards past Sumatra, Java and Flores until, only 400 miles from the Australian coast their canoe was wrecked and they were forced to swim to shore on Romang Island.

One man was taken by a shark and one killed, apparently by some islanders. Bert Sargent was captured.

The giant of a man, battling malaria and suffering untold deprivations, had been reduced to skin and bone.

He was taken to Singapore to join the other survivors of Operation Rimau, and there the Japanese treated them as heroes of the highest order.

The official Japanese interpreter described Bert Sargent as 'a man of character, courageous.'

General Itagaki, the cruel, ruthless commander of Japan's Seventh Area Army, ruled that the captured men be court martialled with a recommendation of the death sentence.

The fateful decision was taken in July 1945 when Sargent's comrades of the 2/14th were engaged in their final campaign – on the island of Borneo.

Japan surrendered on August 15.

The Trial prosecutor ruled that all the captured men had been proven guilty and the president agreed. They were heroes, and would die like heroes by execution with the sword, he declared, being awarded the accolade of the Samurai.

Japanese records say, *"Every member of the party met his death calmly . . . there was not one among us who was not inspired by their attitude."*

Like so many of his contemporaries, Fred Sargent had a hard time adjusting to peacetime conditions at home after the war but, true to the family tradition, he buckled down, and after a short time working for another apiarist, he set up on his own. Working as a shearer while building up his hives, his record tally was 170 sheep in a day.

Instrumental in forming a local Apiarists' Association, Fred served on the executive of this body for many years, introducing many innovations to the industry, including the importation of Caucasian Bees from Canada.

School Honour Rolls, RSL Honour Rolls and Memorial Rolls all over rural Victoria proudly display the names of many Sargents and their cousins – Findlays, Plastows, Browns, Ingolds, and MacGuinnesses, to name only a few.

In bush fire, flood or drought, in any time of need, you are likely to find their kind fixing the problem or doing what's necessary. In good times they are singing and dancing, enjoying the many blessings of the country they love.

Several hundred Australians, bearing over one hundred different surnames, can now trace their origins back to Richard and Jane Sargent of Beechelba. It is no exaggeration to say the social structure of Australian has been, and is being influenced in no small degree by this independent, self-sufficient and hard-working family.

That's what Aussies are made of.

A.L. Sargent. Served in 58 and 59 Btn. In Wangaratta before joining the A.I.F. Served in 2/14 Btn in the Middle East and New Guinea Commandos. Z Special.

ORIGIN OF SUBURBAN NAMES
Karrakatta - Perth

There was a profusion of aboriginal names for places between Midland Junction and Fremantle before the coming of white man, but only one has been retained as the name of a suburb. This suburb is Karrakatta, which is roughly the area which was inhabited by the Perth tribe of Aborigines. On the ground of historical associations, however, most of the present suburban names can be justified. Among them, Fremantle, named after Captain Fremantle, who hoisted the English flag on Arthur's Head on May 2nd 1829, and Leederville, which was named after William Leeder, one of the first settlers, whose grant of land included much of that district. One of the members of Captain Fremantle's family was raised to a peerage as baron Cottesloe and his family seat was at Swanbourne hence these two names. In an Italian town of Subiaco, some 30 miles from Rome, there is a large monastery, dating back to the fifth century. There was, in the early days of the colony a Roman Catholic institution in the suburb which now bears that name, and it is probable that some of the first Monks of the Western Australian ecclesiastical order came from the Italian Monastery. Nedlands, one of the prettiest of the suburban names was arrived at in a peculiar way. The military commander stationed in Perth during the sixties (Colonel John Bruce) owned that district and regarded it as heritage for his son Edward. The locality became known as "Ned's Land" and a slight change gave it its present name when the land was subdivided and sold about 20 years ago.

Submitted by J J Doyle
Source: Article in The West Australian newspaper, pg 33 'Centenary Issue', January 5, 1933.

PUBLIC SERVANTS

It is not so easy nowadays to remember anything so contrary to all appearances as that officials are the servants of the public; and the official must try not to foster the illusion that it is the other way round.

Sir Ernest Gowers
(1880 - 1966)
Plain Words, ch. 3, The Elements

How does your garden grow?

ARE you one of those who periodically sally forth with pick and hoe, fork and rake, and "attack" that inhospitable corner at the back of the garden where the lawn doesn't do so well, hopefully plant a lot of vegetable seedlings that looked amazing in the supermarket, but look pale and limp by the time you get them into the soil, blast them with a high pressure garden hose and then rush off to finish all your other chores, completely exhausted by the physical effort?

Despite aching joints and trouble tying your shoe laces, you totter down the yard next morning, to confront a grasshopper eating the healthiest looking seedling, and one or two others felled neatly where they stood by cut worm?

It's all very depressing, isn't it, and Peter Cundall telling you "it's easy as pie" on the ABC Gardening programme, as he deftly draws his rake through perfectly composted soil of exactly the right texture and moisture, does nothing to restore your confidence.

Well, if you are old enough to have been interested in gardening in the 1970s, you might just have come across Esther Deans' solution to your backyard problem. If not, read on.

Esther Deans was laid extremely low by food allergy problems, almost to the extent of being bed ridden. A source of clean, fresh vegetables, uncontaminated by herbicides or pesticides was imperative. She had loved growing things when younger, and now decided to attempt to regain her health through eating as many home-grown vegetables as possible.

In her physically depleted state, Esther did not have much energy or strength to help her, but she remembered reading years before about the amazing qualities of lucerne. This plant sends its roots down deep into the soil, extracting minerals, trace elements and valuable nutriments, and making these available to other plants with shallower roots when used as mulch hay.

She selected an area of her garden to start on (see para. 1!), and laid thick pads of lucerne side by side across the patch. She placed as many earthworms as she could find underneath the pads, placed a small amount of compost over the top, and started watering. She watered regularly for six weeks, while the worms went forth and multiplied, as worms do in the right environment.

Then Esther planted beans. The beans grew splendidly. She was in business and producing, without touching a fork or a pick! The remainder of her garden was soon treated in the same manner. She planted potatoes by placing them on top of the lucerne in a little compost, and covering them with straw (thickly, to prevent greening). In the fullness of time (potatoes take 12 –14 weeks) 49 lbs of potatoes were harvested from a 6' by 8' patch of garden!

As with most things, experience brought refinements to Esther's 'no dig' system. She found it could even be applied to areas of concrete, or grassy lawn! The foundation now started with a thick layer of newspaper in the case of lawn, underlayed with about three or four inches of small sticks, old leaves or seaweed in the case of concrete. The newspaper was covered with pads of lucerne hay as in the original method, but now sprinkled lightly with organic fertilizer or dry poultry manure and covered with about 8 inches of loose straw, sprinkled again with the same fertilizer. Finally, on top, a good dollop of compost, about 18 inches across, 3 or 4 inches deep where seeds were to be planted. One bale of lucerne and one bale of mulch hay made a useful-sized garden. To avoid the material spreading and drifting, it proved a good idea to define the bed with boards, logs or bricks when first laying the newspaper.

From here on she found the refinements could be infinite, according to preference. Starting the new garden with larger vegetables: potatoes, squash, zucchini, cucumber and pumpkin; followed up with, say, cabbages, the general principle was to alternate a leafy crop with a root vegetable. The fascinating world of companion planting could be investigated too – sage plants among the cabbages, that repel white cabbage moths for instance!

Not surprisingly, Esther's garden became a focus for local gardening clubs, senior citizens and ladies auxiliaries. Magazine articles were written, and radio programmes broadcast news of her success.

As so often happens, fresh air, sunshine and a positive attitude proved wonderful therapy for Esther's ailment. In no time she was considering others less fortunate than herself, and it occurred to her that her system might well be adapted for disabled gardeners by raising the beds. Many complicated suggestions were made, involving quite a lot of work and expense. Typically, Esther's own solution was practical and inexpensive - an old bedstead! With the addition of 15 cm. high masonite sides and a base of old hardboards, lined with plastic secured into the corners, with holes for drainage, and a couple of old fence palings laid on top of the plastic, the perfect foundation for the usual no-dig garden - but at wheelchair height - became a reality. Her experimental bed grew zucchini and cucumber in the middle, four potatoes at the foot and carrots at the head. They grew prolifically, and were followed up with lettuce, endive and a few marigolds and heartsease to gladden the soul.

Esther Deans discovered one of the best therapies in the world, for her whole being as well as her ailing body.

The great thing is that it is always there, this therapy of "growing things", it was for our ancestors and it will be for our children. Rich or poor, broad acre, backyard or city high-rise plant pot.

Letters to the Editor

KIWIBANK

Peter Glover's letter (Heritage Vol. 26) about the establishment of Kiwibank makes fascinating reading. Regarding the bank's credit creating facilities the following quote provides a further clarification. It is from a personal letter to me from our former deputy Prime Minister Jim Anderton. Anderton was the primary instigator of Kiwibank. His letter is dated 3 April, 2002:

"... the short answer to your question is that Kiwibank has the right to create credit like a trading bank."

Sincerely,
Bill Daly, Auckland

WHAT IS REAL INDEPENDENCE?

SBS news hour with Jim Lehrer, Friday 24.1.2003, 5 p.m.

Hearing and seeing what can and does happen to a country which wants to have its independence, especially from Britain, makes me wish, and hope, the ARM *(Australian Republican Movement - Ed.)* tuned in, and had a very good look for example at the African nation called Sierra Leone!

In 1961 Sierra Leone became a republic, and what a cruel and oppressed one at that. Now various judges, including Geoffrey Robinson (will the real judge please stand up?) who came all the way back (claims to be an Aussie) from Britain to sit next to former Labor PM Bob Hawke to help the ARM in 1999. Judge Robinson is now sitting on the International Criminal Court bench, making his living on Sierra Leone people's demise. Cashing in on the misery of these people. Especially when innocent people lose both their hands. How can these people ever work again? Let alone fight a war of terror? Too late now, "my man Geoffrey", when one has chopped off one's hands.

Sierra Leone was the first African nation set up as a haven for freed slaves in 1787. It is a nation of hell in 2003. So much for its independence from Britain in 1961. It isn't love for humanity that makes this world go round, its money and self-interest. The so-called good ARM intentions are misleading our good people, like it was in Sierra Leone, which is rich through its Diamond mines, yet it's a road to hell for its citizens. You may call their independence from Britain a disaster of great proportion, which no judge in the world will be able to fix, let alone a Judge Robinson in Sierra Leone!

Edith Irma Knight
Montmorency, Victoria.

P.S. As usual I always enjoy my copy of Heritage. I agree strongly with re-introducing flag raising ceremonies and singing the National Anthem at all our school assemblies. Why was it stopped, and by whom, in the first place? E.K.

CMF in the 1960s

By Tony Symonds

FEBRUARY 1966, and Australia was at war, Well, sort of. We had been dragged into the Vietnam War. National Service had been reinstated some years before. The Government, with their usual inefficiency and bungling, decided to use the lottery system to acquire enough recruits to fill their defence needs. Naturally, this system caused resentment and protests as only a percentage of the eligible twenty-year olds were called up.

The Australian public had, apparently, supported the notion of universal military service for decades, but the Government had discarded the system some time earlier. If they had maintained it, the Australian Army would have had the infrastructure in place to train all eligible males.

Anyway, having been rejected by the regular army on medical grounds, I opted to join the Citizens Military Force. This force expanded greatly in the mid-sixties, since it was possible to opt for 6 years of CMF service rather than face the prospect of being called up for two years full-time military service, if one's name came out in the ballot. This decision had to be taken before the ballot. Many took this option, not always because they didn't want to risk the prospect of two years away, but because of family or other commitments.

So, having applied and been asked to front for a medical examination, I duly arrived at the Milne Bay Barracks in Toowoomba. Passing that, I was invited to sign some sort of confidentiality agreement. It meant I couldn't go spruiking about the inner workings of the military. They were probably sifting out the Russian spies!

Gearing Up

The first Saturday was uniform and other gear issue. As soon as we had acquired our share of army paraphernalia, we were told to disappear, and come back on Sunday to commence our basic training. This would continue, from memory, for four weekends straight, plus Tuesday nights. A recruit course was conducted by a sergeant and two corporals. They spent the day teaching us parade ground drill. With this unaccustomed activity, combined with unfamiliar clothing and footwear, some soreness resulted.

Taking aim

After that, we went on to more interesting things, such as weapons training. The self-loading rifle, known as the SLR, with its 7.62 mm ammunition, was in general use at the time. We had to learn to strip it down and clean and oil it. First time on the firing range, I was on the end of the line firing into the pits. The Sergeant instructed us to pick any object and fire three warming rounds at it. I picked on an ammunition tin. After three hits, it upended and spilled out its contents of new cardboard targets, That day's supply of targets was a mess. During the shoot, the sergeant kept roaring at someone to keep his rifle facing forward, In my nervousness, I thought it was me, but, apparently, Paddy was waving his rifle around all over the place.

The Owen Machine Carbine, of World War II fame, was a dream to use. From memory, it dismantled into five parts, and was so light to handle. The magazine of thirty-two rounds allowed several good bursts to be let off. The machine gun we used was the M60, again with the 7.62 round. It required a two-man team to carry and operate it at its full potential. The barrel had to be changed regularly because of overheating. They usually chose a couple of big blokes to perform this role, the thinking being that they were strong.

Lobbing grenades

Later on, at Greenbank army camp, we threw hand grenades. That was from a concrete bunker with 4 feet high walls that were pretty thick, too. We all sat inside a fully-enclosed bunker while the trainers threw a few outside to get us used to the explosions. To throw a grenade, one had to hold the pin in the left hand, pull the grenade from the pin with the right and lob it. One then had to observe where it fell, before ducking for cover.

With the conflict in Vietnam going on at this time, there were often references to the lessons being learnt up there. These were applied to our training. At one stage, a rumour went around that we were to be shipped off to the war, which was quite ridiculous, of course. However, some took it seriously both from a negative and positive aspect.

Action experience

One of the sergeants was a World War II soldier. He had come back into uniform to help train the influx of recruits. Having been through the real thing, this sergeant was very thorough. Things were done by the book. As well, there were other tricks of the trade. Before going out on an exercise one afternoon, he tied one comer of his tent up, because he had seen a storm brewing up. When we returned, he had a large pool of fresh water to wash in.

Once the recruit course was over, we reverted to Tuesday night parades and a weekend camp about every six weeks. These weekends were usually spent on Crown land areas around Toowoomba. We would pitch our two-man tents in the designated area. Usually, there were kitchen, ablution and toilet facilities in existence. However, if we were out for 24 hours, the E-type ration pack was issued. This was supposed to feed a man for 24 hours, but we were usually still hungry. Perhaps we were overfed during the week. The packs had some good snacks, such as the cereal block, tube of condensed milk and sweets.

By Sunday afternoon, we were keen to make for home and a bath and clean clothes. The weekend could have involved cleaning and handling weapons, crawling through scrub, getting wet from rain or creek, perspiring through hot summer days and so on.

CMF 4 Signals Regiment Marathon Toowoomba/Brisbane 3rd July 1967
(courtesy The Chronicle, Toowoomba)

CMF Exercises at Tin Can Bay
April 1970
(courtesy The Chronicle, Toowoomba)

A group of young men of this nature had its share of characters and funny types. The night we were organized to attempt to infiltrate the sentry cordon and blow out the lantern, Mick thought he might just do a full-blooded charge up the hill. Lieutenant Vince assured him he was free to attempt it, but he was fresh out of Victoria Crosses.

Casually missing

One NCO signed out five compasses costing $105-00 each (1967) to use one weekend. One failed to return, and he was responsible for replacing it. All week, he would finish work, pick up his mates, and drive out to the previous weekend's campsite to check for it. To no avail. The same Mick wandered into the Tuesday night parade a week later, and remarked that he still had a compass in his knapsack. One much relieved NCO.

Funny thing about compass marches. You could go through the routine with perfection and come out off the target, do the same exercise and keep getting muddled up, and land right on the spot.

Casually sleeping

One laid-back character felt too tired for the parade ground training, so he wandered off to his car and went to sleep. The Sergeant noticed him missing and went looking. He wasn't too impressed when he found the missing man in his car, sleeping.

One cold Tuesday night, we were loaded onto a bus and taken out to do a night compass march. My group did the course, but were informed that B Company was missing. We were sent back along the course again to find them. I can't remember where we were, but I recall following a railway line at one stage. On arriving back from the second cold trek, we were informed that the members of B Company were already home in bed. Someone had messed up. My mate, John, shouted me a bowl of hot soup back at the mess, which helped to ease the chill.

Safety checks

Whenever we came in from exercises, we went through the drill to check that all weapons were empty of rounds. They were blank cartridges which made a lot of noise. One group, having gone through the drill, lined up and shouldered arms in readiness to march back to the waiting trucks. One soldier's rifle discharged in shouldering. He hadn't checked it. That made the army brass run in circles for a while. Another man leant his rifle against his stomach while he pulled his sweater off, and it discharged. The blank cartridge gave him a serious burn to his stomach.

We had a parade one Sunday morning in Queen's Park. When it concluded, the NCO in charge had his back to us. He issued the first two orders, that is, standing to attention, and then raising the rifle an inch off the ground in readiness to shoulder it on the third order. The rifle was held by the thumb and forefinger. However, the NCO forgot the third order, and, with a right turn and quick march, we moved out into Neil Street, left into Margaret and then into the Milne Bay depot. The ache in our arms was profound.

Annual camp

Each year, there was a two-week camp. We went to Greenbank near Brisbane. They fairly worked us, Sunday and all. There were large tents set up over concrete slabs where we lived any time spent in camp. We had well-appointed ablution and toilet blocks close by.

The two weeks were spent on all the usual army training until the last few days when there was a battalion exercise. The programme was

On exercise at Tin Can Bay
April 1970
(courtesy The Chronicle, Toowoomba)

for the battalion to move through a particular area in a search and destroy exercise. The "enemy" was lurking in there somewhere. I was supposed to be a signaller, but the radio wouldn't function, so I just tagged along. A small group of the "enemy" was captured. They were body-searched to disarm them. One soldier had a flour bomb in his underwear. He threw it at the C4 Captain, and scored a direct hit. If my memory serves me correctly, the "enemy" had to come out of hiding and find the battalion to make a battle of it.

Lasting impression

Be that as it may, those years in the CMF were worthwhile. Our military heritage is the combination of genetic and historical influences and practical necessity. It reflects so much about us. To be able to have a brief experience of this heritage made a lasting impression.

CMF 4 Signals Regiment Marathon, Toowoomba/Brisbane 3rd July 1967
(courtesy The Chronicle, Toowoomba)

George Friedrich Handel (1685-1759)

HANDEL'S MESSIAH

By Ian Hunter
Professor Emeritus, Faculty of Law, University of Western Ontario

AT the glorious celebration of Christmas, no music fills the air as often as George Frederic Handel's oratorio, *Messiah*.

Handel began his musical career as a violinist and pianist with the Hamburg Symphony Orchestra. His first attempts at opera met with little success. But fate (or providence) smiled on him when, in 1710, he was appointed court conductor to the Elector of Hanover.

When the Elector succeeded to the English throne, becoming King George 1, Handel became, as it were, an Englishman by adoption; he dedicated his Water Music for the King's procession up the Thames.

In the 1720s the King's Theatre in London's Haymarket was acquired **to** become the permanent home of the Royal Academy of music, founded "to secure a constant supply of operas by Handel to be performed under his direction". And supply Handel did, first at the King's Theatre, then at Covent Garden, including *Saul* (1739), *Israel in Egypt* (1739), and many others.

But nothing would rival the worldwide and enduring success of *Messiah*. The year was 1741. We know the precise day that Handel began composing *Messiah* - August 22, 1741; it was completed on September 12. Those who observed Handel at work during these three weeks described him as a man possessed. A servant said that he never slept. So frenzied was his composition that his fingers swelled until he could no longer hold a pen.

Part I of *Messiah* foretells the coming of the Lord; from the opening recitative "Comfort ye my people. Every valley shall be exalted", to the promise of the opening chorus: "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed," a picture is given of a world in darkness waiting for the coming of a light. Handel wrote Part I in six days.

Part II, written in nine days, describes Christ's passion, his suffering and sacrificial death, not as something that happened long ago and far away, but as a present, everlasting drama. Next comes the assurance that, though the nations of earth may furiously rage against the gospel, "He that dwelleth in the Heavens shall laugh them to scorn; the Lord shall have them in derision". To my anarchic mind, this is perhaps the most comforting theme of the whole work. It is at the end of Part II that the choir thunders forth its triumphant "Hallelujah" chorus - "For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth".

Part III envisages a day when Jesus will come again; it opens with the sweet, confident soprano air: "I know that my Redeemer liveth" ..... Then we hear of a great mystery, how we shall not all sleep, but be changed in the twinkling of an eye: "Then shall ... Death be swallowed up in victory!"

Finally, comes the universal, soaring "Amen" which brings to a close the most popular and enduring choral work in the English language. Handel wrote Part III in six days.

Nearly three hours of the world's most magnificent music, all written in twenty-one days. Who can explain it? When he finished, Handel is said to have broken down, and cried out: "Now I think that I see all Heaven before me and the Great God Himself".

Handel's Messiah was first performed in Dublin on April 13, 1742. Printed at the top of the conductor's score were the words: "Great is the mystery of Godliness; God was manifested in the flesh, justified by the Spirit, seen of angels, preached among the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up in glory. In whom are hid all treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

Handel often conducted his own performances and, at one such performance, when he was 74 years old, he collapsed. He had expressed a wish to die on Good Friday, but he missed it by a few hours, dying instead on Saturday, April 14, 1759. His output? 46 operas, 32 oratorios, plus cantatas, sacred music, concerti grossi, and miscellaneous orchestral, instrumental, and vocal music.

George Frederic Handel is buried in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey; his statue shows him composing at a table with the score of Messiah open before him at the aria: *"I know that my Redeemer liveth."*

Reprinted from THE ROCK, published quarterly by The Right Reverend R.C. Crawley, DD.SSC, 10909 Hilsea Crescent, Ladysmith, B.C. V9G 2A3 Canada.

BY BENEFIT OF JURY

(From an address to the Grand Jury at Westminster, in 1794)

THERE is no part in all the excellent frame of our constitution which an Englishman can, I think, contemplate with such delight and admiration; nothing which must fill him with such gratitude to our earliest ancestors, as that branch of British liberty, from which, gentlemen, you derive your authority of assembling here on this day.

The institution of juries is a privilege which distinguishes the liberty of Englishmen from those of all other nations ...

If we have just reason to admire the great bravery and steadiness of those our ancestors, in defeating all the attempts of tyranny against this excellent branch of our constitution, we shall have no less reason, I apprehend, to extal that great wisdom which they have from time to time demonstrated, in well ordering and regulating their juries, so as to preserve them as clear as possible from all danger of corruption. In this light we ought to consider the several laws by which the morals, the character, the substance and good demeanour of jurors are regulated.

These jurors, gentlemen, must be good and lawful men, of reputation and substance in their country, chosen at the nomination of neither party, absolutely disinterested and indifferent in the cause which they are to try.

THE HABEAS CORPUS ACT

(For the better securing the Liberty of the Subject and for Prevention of Imprisonments beyond the seas)

1. Following a recital of the delays used by sheriffs in making returns of writs of *Habeas Corpus,* it was enacted that they, within three, ten, or twenty days (according to the distance of the place of commitment), should deliver persons, except those charged with treason or felony, to the court before which the writ was returnable, and should certify the true causes of imprisonment.

2. Persons committed could appeal in time of vacation to the Lord Chancellor or the Judges for an award of *Habeas Corpus* within two days upon their recognizance, with one or more sureties.

2A. To prevent reiterated commitments for the same offence, no persons freed by *Habeas Corpus* could be committed or imprisoned for the same offence, other than by the order of the court wherein he was bound by recognizance to appear, or another court having jurisdiction on the same cause.

5. Persons committed for criminal matters were not to be removed except by *Habeas Corpus* or other legal writ.

6. No subject, in order to evade a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, should be sent a prisoner into Scotland, Ireland, etc., or beyond the seas, except those contracting to do so, or sentenced to transportation.

DUTY AND SERVICE

Fr. Michael Shier

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AT her Golden Jubilee Queen Elizabeth II ruffled a few feathers by inviting the Hells Angels to lead her Procession. She may be head of a downwardly mobile society, but she doesn't forget first principles. *Don't stand on ceremony, use ceremony to show that in our different ways we all belong to the whole.* Thus she, who is not above the law, shows that no one is outside the law. No one is an outlaw. Tinker, Tailor, Monarch, Biker, we all differ but we only differ in degree.

SENSE OF BELONGING

My parishioners in East London used to say, *"We do not want to be Middle Class, we are different, we are Working Class and proud of it!* And yet, with no sense of contradiction, they hung huge Union Jacks from their blocks of flats during the Queen's Silver Jubilee in 1977. My Canadian socialist friends were appalled! They had flown the Atlantic to express righteous indignation at the class war. But the class war was nowhere to be seen. *The fact is that the sense of belonging to the whole, for which the Monarch stands, runs right through society.* Indeed it is because what she stands for matters so much that she has to be so careful not to put a foot wrong.

Things like the Church and the Monarchy, and even Governments, only go on existing if they really stand for something. Psychologists and politicians and advertising men know this perfectly well. Even commercial sales depend not simply on what a product can do, but also what it can be made to stand for.

The Monarch stands for the whole, Her motto is *"Dieu et mon Droit'.* For years I thought this meant *"God and my Right "*, until Dr. Trueman Dicken pointed out to me that it is not modern but medieval French. "Droit" means "duty". *"Dieu et mon Droit"* he said means *"God and my Duty."* It is all about service.

Ruling and serving

At last it all made sense. Everyone serves the whole, even the Monarch, who serves both the people and God. *Ruling is a service, and those who serve God rule* - a basic concept of Christendom - beautifully summed up in the Latin original of the second collect for the day at mattins, which also happens to be the motto of St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire - *Cui servire, regnare est: - Whom to serve is to rule.* Cranmer's lovely, but misleading, translation. "whose service is perfect freedom" was surely influenced by Luther's supposition that ruling and service are mutually exclusive and even incompatible - a supposition that has bedevilled Protestantism ever since.

Luther observed that the Papacy of his day was neither serving nor ruling properly. Its rule could not be called a service. He therefore distinguished (without intending to separate) the *institutional church* from the *invisible church.* There can't be any human ruler of the spiritual church since it is invisible, and you can't rule what you can't see. Its only ruler is Christ in heaven. The temporal, institutional church can be ruled, since it is a temporal thing; but it must be ruled by the temporal power, the 'powers that be'. If you take this line, it follows there can be no such thing as a spiritual jurisdiction which can be claimed by the Pope or the clergy. The enormous error of the Papacy, said Luther, is that it has tried to conform itself to the wrong *form* of Christ: to Christ the ruler in heaven, instead of to Christ on earth in the form of a servant. It has turned Christianity upside down, and it is in this sense that the pope is AntiChrist!

Well, if this is true - if ruling and serving are incompatible, if the church can only serve and not rule, if the Pope cannot rule because he is the servant of the servants of God, then you surrender human society entirely to power - that is to the realm of unredeemed human nature! Luther's logic led straight to the benevolent despot, and eventually to the acceptance by the Evangelical Lutheran Church, despite the protests of Niemoeller and Bonhoeffer, of Nazi totalitarianism.

Exit the ancient liberties of the clergy which in the Middle Ages at least left the church with enough spiritual authority to stand up to the secular arm.

EXAGGERATION OF ROYAL SUPREMACY

And enter the compliant Cranmer who wrote to Edward VI: *"You are the supreme ruler on earth of this English and Irish church, under whom, as under Moses, a place may be left in which I have some part of the Spirit and a great care and administration of many committed to me."*

This exaggeration of royal Supremacy led finally to the clipping of its wings in the Great Rebellion. Nevertheless, the Monarchy has survived it all to continue to set forth for us the basic Christian concept of ruling and serving.

THE DUTY OF A RULER

I am among you as one that serveth, said the Lord. The compatibility of rule and service is clearly there in the Gospels. And it is clearly there in St. Dunstan's order of Coronation, where the King promises three things. (1) protection and peace to the Church (2) the repression of rapacity and all iniquity, and (3) the tempering of justice with mercy *'in order that to me and you a clement and merciful God may vouchsafe His pardon.'* The first thing about the monarch is that

he has duties towards his people. So much so that without this oath and promise it was right for the Church to refuse to make him king.

NOT ABOVE THE LAW

No oath, no consecration. No consecration, no king. And at the consecration itself, the prayer that the king be given the Spirit of wisdom and wise government. The collect for the Queen in the Communion service was traditionally used as one of the consecratory prayers before the anointing . . . *'that she, knowing whose minister she is and that we knowing whose authority she hath.'* If we are subjects, she is a subject too. The Monarch is not above the law. This surely is why the institution persists. We all belong to the clearly defined whole. King and people are reminded that power is subject to law and that *'the brightest ornaments of sovereignty, in whose hands soever it may lie, are piety, courage, honour justice, mercy and peace.'*

By these standards Queen Elizabeth II positively shines. She stands for what has always been true. Henry VIII looks to be the rogue. And yet his kingdom needed to be secured and the Church needed reform. But the Council of Trent and reform from the centre were not to come till 1546. Henry could not wait. He secured the monarchy by reforming the church. Some of it was clumsy and cynical. Henry VIII had behind him the example of Wolsey and all the power of the Righteous prince and Father of his people. And he used it! In fact, it was a massive achievement in a tumultuous period and a massive achievement in which much was gained and much was lost.

How then does our own Sovereign stand with the Church? She is a Christian sovereign. She is a communicant. She is a layman within the church not a secular person outside the church. And within the church she is the supreme governor of the church.

SUPREME GOVERNOR

Supreme Governor! If the title itself seems an exaggeration you have to remember it was a response to the papacy itself to universal sovereignty. The show must go on. There was no question at the Reformation of abolishing the *substance* of papal jurisdiction. There was no question of devising a new scheme of government for a new church! The whole substance of papal jurisdiction was transformed bodily to the king-in-council. The work still had to be done. Supreme governor or supreme head has more rationale than we sometimes think. Healthily modified by the fact that the monarch has always had a semi-priestly aura. Yes, the monarch was anointed. And a priest is anointed. But the monarch's anointing is only semi-priestly because, as is well known, King Edgar, Richard Coeur de Lion and Henry II were anointed twice. Captivity or national disaster showed Royal anointing to be less than indelible.

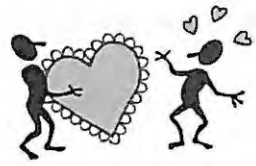
But what does semi-priestly mean in practice? It referred to the king's mediating function between clergy and people. Henry VIII, for instance, while refusing to be 'told' anything, nevertheless accorded some precedence to Convocation. Convocation had a large hand in the 'Ten Articles' whose original title was 'Articles about Religion set out by the Convocation, and published by the King's authority.' And the tuition of a Christian Man was the work of a commission appointed by the King consisting of all the Bishops, eight Archdeacons and 17 other Doctors of divinity. The Institution, in particular, is an eirenic document with the true metal ring of the Book of Common Prayer, free from that vagueness and compromise which has beset us ever since!

THE MONARCH AS MEDIATOR

The monarch as mediator. The Queen in Parliament as mediator. Does this still hold? Yes, I think it does. Our Queen may not define doctrine, but she does stand for fairness. Quietly, she serves by ruling, and rules by serving. In 1993 my Member of Parliament sent me a document printed by Her majesty's stationery office, ordered to be printed by both the House of Lords and the House of Commons, in which are set out the financial provisions for those priests whose conscience made it necessary to resign over the uncatholic ordination of women to the Priesthood, which thereby enabled me to respond to Bishop Crawley's distress signal asking me to be the rector in Vancouver.

The fact is that the Queen in Parliament, not being above the law, presides over a system that is fair. What she stands for matters. She has made an honest woman of the Church of England and hopefully can continue to do so. Would that she could do the same for the Anglican Church of Canada! But this is just the point. Our effectiveness lies as much in what we stand for as in what we do. And when you are up against the wall and can do nothing, what you stand for is what really matters. Either way, our Sovereign represents us all. Like her mother – duty first!

Happy Valentine's Day



WHO WAS ST. VALENTINE?

Why do we celebrate St. Valentine's Day, the 14th February, with gifts of flowers and expressions of affection to our loved ones?

The origins of St. Valentine's day have been attributed in one instance to Lupercalia, a third century pagan festival of purification, held annually in Rome on February 15 in honour of Lycaean Pan, whose worship was introduced by Evander, the Arcadian, or, as some think, of the wolf that gave suck to Romulus and Remus. Or to placate the god Lupercus, at a time when hordes of hungry wolves roamed the countryside, presenting a problem to shepherds grazing their flocks outside Rome.

PAGAN RITUAL

Held at the foot of the Palatine Hill, near the cave of Lupercus in which was preserved a bronze statue of a wolf, officiating priests, or *Luperci,* held a typically gory ceremony, involving cutting the skins of sacrificial goats and dogs in long lashes called *februa* (Latin for *to purify*) and running along the walls of the city slashing any one they met as an act of purification. Women were particularly eager to receive a cut, which was believed to remove barrenness. Also during Lupercalia, but in honor of the goddess Juno, the names of young women were put into a box and names were drawn by lot. The boys and girls who were matched were considered partners for the year, which began in March. This celebration continued long after wolves were a problem to Rome, continuing until 494 AD, when the autocratic and repressive Pope Gelasius changed it into a festival of purification of the Virgin Mary.

This version fails to explain how the festival subsequently celebrated St. Valentine instead of Christ's mother.

WARRING OR WEDDING

Another version takes us to the time of Emperor Claudius, Marcus Aurelius, surnamed Gothicus (A.D. 268-270). Nearing the end of his reign, Emperor Claudius was trying to recruit men to serve as soldiers for his wars, without much success. The men preferred not to leave their wives, families and sweethearts to fight in foreign lands. Claudius became angry and declared that no more marriages could be performed and all engagements were cancelled.

A Christian priest, Father Valentine, revered by young and old, rich and poor, by people of all

walks of life attending his services, disobeyed the Emperor's edict and secretly performed marriages in and around Rome. When the authorities discovered Valentine's defiance, he was imprisoned.

His friends – presumably including some grateful, happily married couples – sent letters and flowers to him in prison, and some historians think that these were the first letters and flowers sent on Valentine's Day.

Legend has it that when Father Valentine died, his devoted friends buried him in the church of St. Praxedes on February 14, 270 AD.

Other historians claim that this Father Valentine was in fact a bishop, and that he was beheaded as a Christian martyr on February 14, 270.

MIRACLES AND MARTYRS

Yet another version contends that when Father Valentine was jailed for helping Christian martyrs, he fell in love with the jail keeper's daughter, Julia, and cured her of blindness. When news of this miracle spread, Rome's leaders gave orders that Valentine should be beheaded. The morning of the execution, he is said to have sent Julia a farewell message signed, *"From your Valentine".*

It depends who is writing the history, doesn't it, and it is easy to see that Church historians might have considered it necessary to sanitise this last version, while romantics might just as easily have embellished the healing account.

For some reason Church authorities have historically viewed any celebration of nature with disapproval, with the exception, perhaps, of the traditional harvest festival.

THE BIRDS AND THE BEES

European tradition has it that birds start to seek mates on February 14th, and this may have a lot to do with the manner in which we celebrate St. Valentine's Day today. Doves and pigeons mate for life and therefore were used as a symbol of "fidelity."

ROMANTIC RHYME

The first valentine greetings date back to 1415, when Charles, Duke of Orleans, sent his wife a series of rhymed love letters while he was a prisoner in the Tower of London after the Battle of Agincourt. Some of these poems can be seen in the British Museum.

The connection with the saint and the season had been well made by Geoffrey Chaucer's day (1340-1400). He wrote:

"For this was Seynt Valentine's Day
when every foul cometh ther to
choose his mate."

The custom of giving flowers as valentines became fashionable nearly two hundred years later, when a daughter of Henry IV of France gave a party in honour of St. Valentine, where each lady received a bouquet of flowers from the man chosen as her valentine.

Poets John Donne (1573-1631), Michael Drayton (1563 – 1631) and Robert Herrick (1591-1674) wrote:

Hail Bishop Valentine! whose day this is;
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners:
Thou marryest ever year
The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with the red stomarcher;
Celebrations
Thous mak'st the blackbird speed as soon,
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon ...
This day more cheerfully than ever shine,
This day which might inflame thyself, old Valentine!

John Donne

Each little bird this tide
Doth choose her beloved peer,
Which constantly abide
In wedlock all the year.

Michael Drayton

"Oft have I heard both youth and virgin say
Birds choose their mates, and couples too, this day;
But by their flight I never can divine,
When I shall couple with my Valentine."

Robert Herrick

A LETTER TO MY LOVE

There are many customs, traditions and superstitions associated with St. Valentine's day. A young girl was supposed to marry, eventually, the first eligible male she met on this day. If a girl was curious and brave enough she could conjure up the appearance of her future spouse by going to the graveyard on St. Valentine's Eve at midnight. She would then sing a prescribed chant and run around the church twelve times.

In England, little children went about singing of St. Valentine and collecting small gifts. It was also customary to place valentines on their friends' doorsteps.

By the seventeenth century commercial valentines were making their appearance, and had become refined by the 1830's and 1840's, containing delicate and artistic messages. Cards embellished with lace, satin, ribbon and beads commanded high prices. Gold and silver bows, entwined lovers' hearts pierced with an arrow and lover's knots became associated with love and lovers.

The first U.S.-made valentines were crafted by a Mount Holyoke College student, Miss Esther Howland. Her father, a stationer in Worcester, MA, imported valentines every year from England. Esther, however, decided to create her own valentine messages. Around 1830 she began importing lace, fine papers, and other supplies for her valentines. She employed several assistants and her brothers helped market her "Worcester" valentines. As one of America's first successful U.S. career women her sales amounted to about a hundred thousand dollars annually - not bad for the 1830's!

In our century we've seen a change from the heavy sentimentality of earlier days to what can best be described as a light touch. Nowadays a valentine usually accompanies a more elaborate gift of chocolates, flowers, perfume, etc.

LOVELY $$$

Valentine cards are manufactured on an enormous scale today, ranging from the sentimental to sophisticated to humorous valentines. There is a valentine for everyone - sweetheart, spouse, children, parents, teacher and even your pet! In terms of the number of greeting cards sent, Valentine's Day ranks second only to Christmas.

My Dad

Warmth of the sun's beams
comes from the east
As a new day of time
is again released
Bringing drying winds to
the rustling stubble
On this golden ocean of
heartbreak and trouble

A stone chimney stands
alone and deserted
Could the exodus of farmers
have been averted?
Where once a clydesdale stood,
tall and proud
Beside the sweet smelling furrow
of earth, just ploughed

Where once the aroma
of fresh billy tea
And the spongy texture
of scones enticed he
The farmer sat, with his dog beside
A year had passed since
his loved wife died

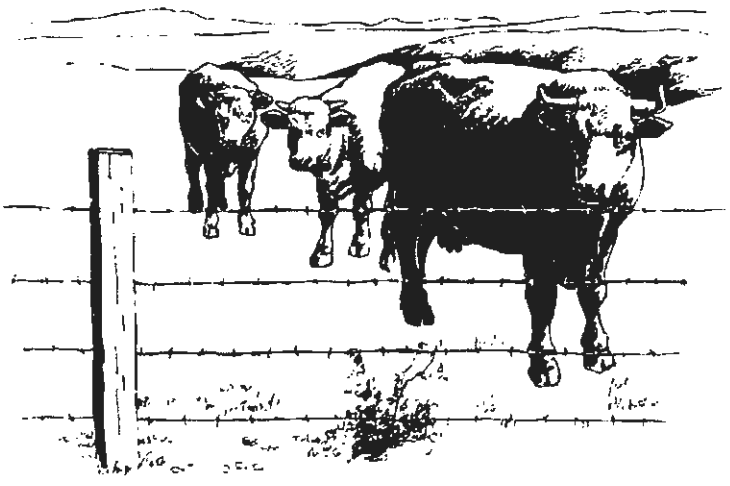
Oh Lord, please care for
this person I loved
A person of warmth
with you now above
A sort of friend no man can replace
For many a year our
home she did grace

He thoughtfully rose and
continued his toil
As a small tear dropped on
the freshly turned soil
Beside him trotted his faithful dog
And the horse pulled on,
shining blade not daring to clog

The creaking, rusting mill
awoke me from this dream
Many years had passed since
I was present at this scene
For now I and history hold
these memories so sad
My father died soon after,
making me a man from just a lad

Julian Stanwix

A Child's Guide to the Douglas Scheme



A MAN named Douglas made a Scheme
The Politicians said, "A Dream!
No man of sense could be so blind
To think these things, in his right mind."
They said, "there's not the slightest merit
In this **Just Price and National Credit."**
Now, children, in man's earliest days
They lived in queer and savage ways.
They drank from springs and fed on nuts;
Were clothed in skins and dwelt in huts.
No beds they had, just earthen floors;
No glass in windows, and no doors.
They had to hunt to kill their meat
And often had no food to eat.
But Providence, with gracious hand,
Poured many blessings on our Land.
So man invented simple tools,
Made wind and water follow rules.
Made rough-hewn ploughs and learnt with skill
To grind their barley in the Mill.
They dug their land and made it grow
Good fruit; and in the fields they sow
All kinds of seeds, so life became
More safe and sure, in fact, more "tame".
And soon there was so much to spare
That each with each their goods could share.
But here a trouble soon arose –
One man had made a lot of Clothes,
But wanted wood, for making Boats;
The woodman had no need of Coats,
But needed Malt, to make his Beer;
The Malster wanted skins of Deer;
The Skinner wanted tons of Coal;
The Collier wanted Mare and Foal;
The Farmer wanted Shoes and Boots,
But found that no one wanted Roots.
Then all the People wanted Horses,
And yet, in spite of the resources,
There was privation in the land,
With piles of Plenty, near at Hand.
One day, a man arose and spoke,
At first they thought it was a joke.
He said, "Let's use this stuff called Gold.
'Tis good to keep and small to hold.
I give to you, in change for corn,
Or clothes, or horses and, in turn
You hand the Gold to those who keep
Fresh food, or cows, or flocks of sheep.
And so our goods can move about."
The people answered with a Shout!
"Let's call the gold that travels round,
Our royal Coin, our Golden Pound.
And let us seek those men who best
Can keep this Coinage in a Chest,
So that our Pound is safe and sure
Twill help the rich and help the poor."

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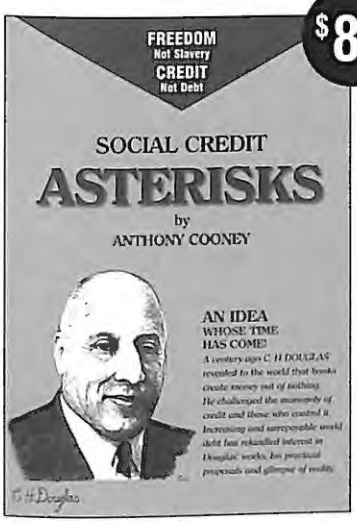

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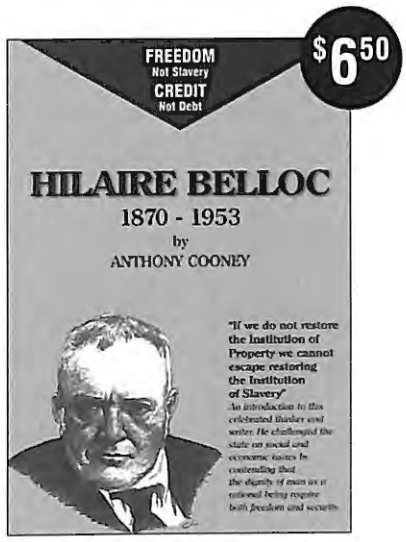

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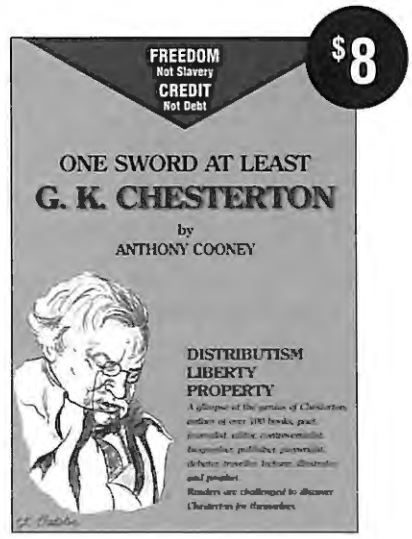

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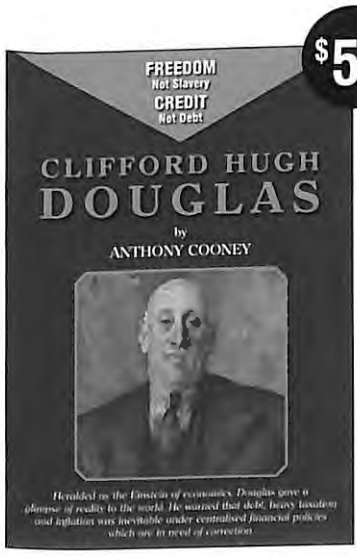

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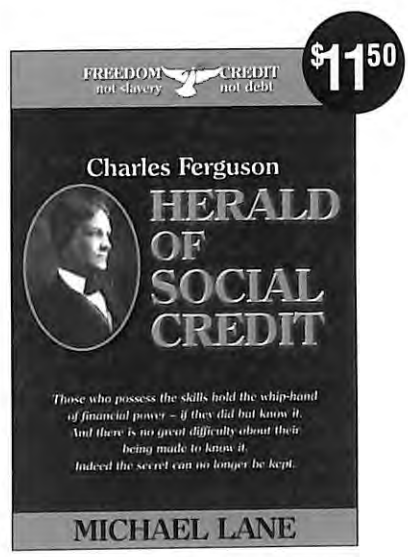

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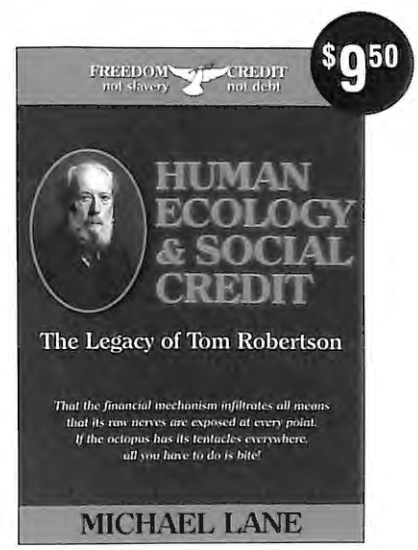

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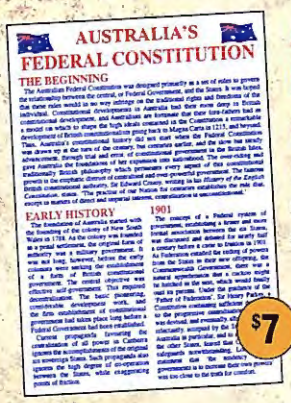

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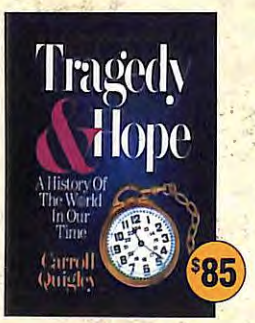

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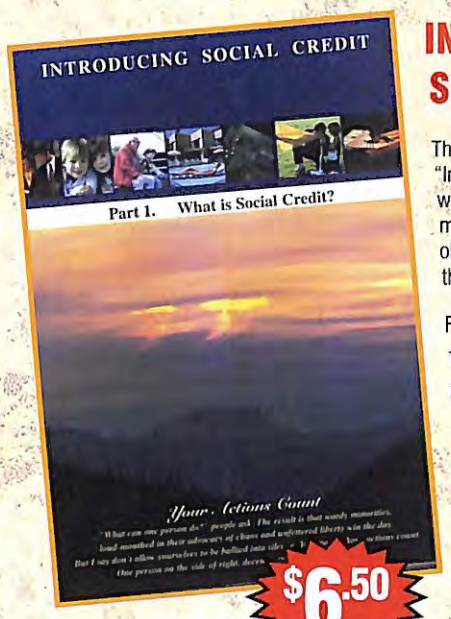

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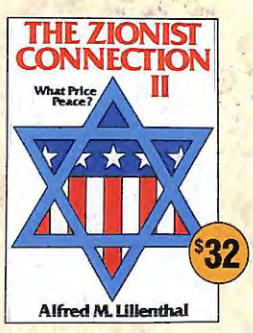

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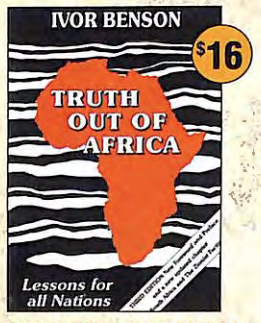

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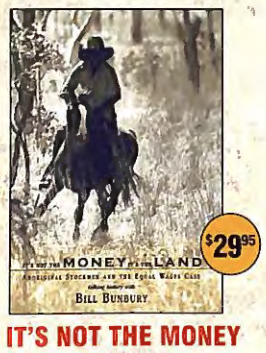

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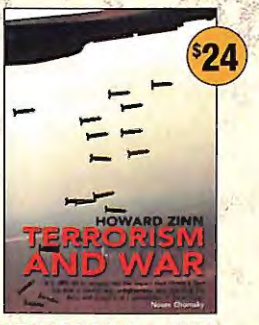

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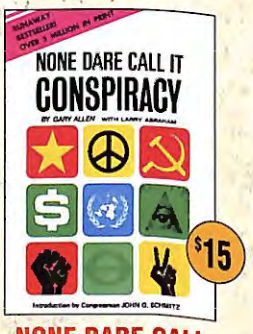

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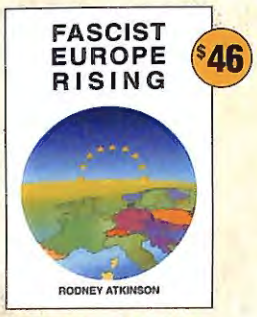
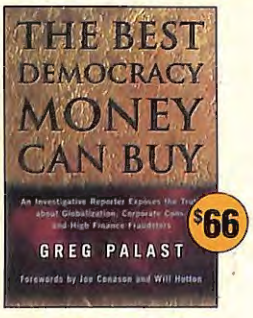


FASCIST EUROPE RISING

Rodney Atkinson

Author of two best-sellers "Treason at Maastricht' and 'Europe's Full Circle'.

The repression and resurgence of democratic nations. This book is a reading must for all those searching for the knowledge to 'understand the times'.

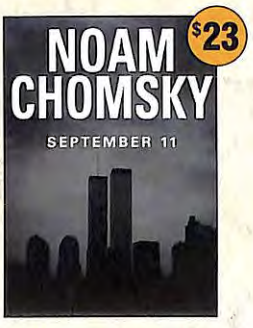


THE BEST DEMOCRACY MONEY CAN BUY

Greg Palast

'Great writing on the evil empire of the IMF'
Jude Wanniski

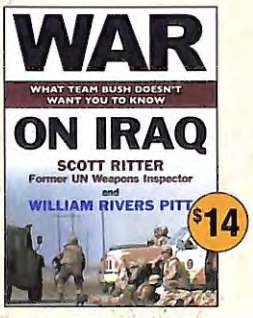
An investigative reporter exposes the truth about globalization, corporate cons and high finance fraudsters.



SEPTEMBER 11

Noam Chomsky

In this timely book NOAM CHOMSKY uses his impeccable knowledge of United States foreign policy in the Middle East and South Asia to shed light on the rapidly shifting balance of world power. His wide ranging comments on the new 'war on terrorism', Osama-Bin-Laden, United States involvement with Afghanistan and the long term implications of America's military attacks abroad are informed, perceptive and provocative.

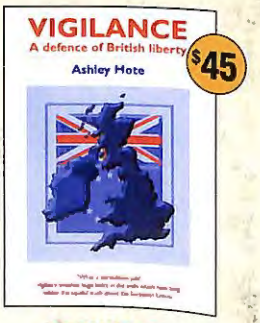


WAR ON IRAQ

What Team Bush Doesn't Want You To Know

Scott Ritter & William Rivers Pitt

The definitive debunking of the arguments for a war on Iraq by the former weapons inspector who is a major voice throughout the international media, and who knows from the inside what the risks really are - both of not going to war and going to war.



VIGILANCE

A Defence of British Liberty

Ashley Mote

What a demolition job! Vigilance smashes huge holes in the walls which have long hidden the squalid truth about the European Union. If you are concerned about the activities of the EU and its impact on the British way of life, then this book is for you.