

HERITAGE

VOLUME 27 No. 105 2003

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT – FOR THE FUTURE



The Australian Flag

I'm the fabric of freedom

That waves overhead.

*I'm woven with crosses
and liberty's threads.*

I'm knitted with knowledge

From values held true,

*And fashioned with stars
on a cloth royal blue.*

I'm a flag for the future

Though I come from the past.

So unfurl me, and fly me

High on the mast.

D. J. Pinwill.

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The Australian Heritage Society

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

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

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

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

SIR RAPHAEL CILENTO

First Patron of the Australian Heritage Society

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The profession of a religious belief is a lie if it does not significantly determine one's economic, political and social behavior.

THE words of the Preacher, the son of David, king in Jerusalem: . . .

For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven:

*a time to be born and a time to die;
a time to plant and a time to pluck up what is planted;
a time to kill and a time to heal;
a time to break down, and a time to build up;
a time to weep, and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn, and a time to dance;
a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;
a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;
a time to seek, and a time to lose;
a time to keep, and a time to cast away;
a time to rend, and a time to sew;
a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
a time to love, and a time to hate;
a time for war, and a time for peace.*

Quite a comprehensive list, from the Old Testament book of *Ecclasiastes*, of the many activities men engage in, particularly if one is prepared to extrapolate *planting* and *plucking* to include things like *investing* and *capitalizing*, or *rending*, *keeping*, *sewing* or *casting away* to more or less cover things like joining, resigning, acquiescing, selecting or rejecting.

There doesn't seem to be a place to slot in *lying*, however.

Is there a *time to lie*?

We all do it, of course, and live to either repent or rejoice in the consequences according to conscience or effect.

We do it to avoid awkward situations, to cover for mates, to avenge some perceived wrong, even to be kind.

Unvarnished truth can be extremely painful sometimes, and sanctimoniously insisting on declaring it can be pretty damaging in many situations.

Is there a difference between *not telling the truth* and *lying*?

These are all basic concepts examined fairly closely in numerous Sunday Schools throughout Christian nations and, for all I know, in Islamic, Hindu and Buddhist ones as well.

The trouble is, practically no one attends Sunday School nowadays, and churches in general have demonstrated only too successfully they consider *not telling the truth* is definitely an acceptable option, even if their spokesmen do not actually *lie*.

The plethora of bureaucratic applications, registrations, licences and taxes we have to cope with today, all

demanding varying degrees of personal exposure, are powerful incentives to smudge the truth here and there, and not too much time gets wasted in considering the morals of the option. Will it work? Or not?

Which brings us to the front cover of the *Bulletin*, and its story on the reasons given to Americans, British and Australians by their leaders for a pre-emptive war on Iraq, which recently depicted profiles of US President George W. Bush, and Prime Ministers Blair and Howard with long, long noses.

Even those who have never heard of Pinocchio would most likely have understood the inference, but this is where things begin to get a trifle scary.

In Australia, *few people seem to mind!* George W. has suffered a fairly serious loss of support, and Tony Blair must be experiencing one sleepless night after another at his treatment by the press, and his popularity ratings.

John Howard, on the other hand, seems to be maintaining a commanding lead in Australian opinion polls, despite widely-held acceptance of the fact that he has been less than honest with us on occasion, after occasion, after occasion. Open government . . . G.S.T., . . . Tampa, . . . Iraq, . . . Ethanol . . .

Another aspect of this phenomenon concerns *ownership of intellectual property* and the presenting of someone else's work as one's own.

This question had a close personal impact on a recent visit to much-beloved family.

As families do, awards and achievements were proudly displayed, among which was an award-winning school assignment, just completed, on world-changing events of recent times (the actual terms of reference escape me now). Not surprisingly, the choice was the attack on the World Trade Centre in New York. Several pages of accurate and perceptive work, liberally illustrated, had been neatly presented in a ring-bound plastic folder, truly an impressive piece of work.

Discussing the subject over the dinner table, after accolades and congratulations from properly impressed elderly relatives, it gradually became apparent that the young author of this masterpiece had virtually *no understanding at all* of the material contained in her assignment.

"But it's all in your assignment, dear!"

"Oh, that! I just downloaded all that stuff off the 'net. I didn't have time to read it!"

Reading, apparently, is for the birds, elderly relatives and gullible teachers.

So concerned are university staff becoming at this practice, that a "Three Strikes and You're Out" rule is being introduced in some centres of higher learning, where it is commonplace for dozens of students to present material blatantly lifted by the page from other publications without any attempt to acknowledge the source.

Fortunately, some teachers are beginning to take action at ground level - primary school. *The Australian Weekend Magazine* wrote of one teacher's experience in seeking appropriate responses from her pupils to the lesson she had just given, on the importance of acknowledging intellectual ownership of the material her class had just downloaded on their computers.

"What will we do to overcome this problem?", she asked her class

"*Change the font?*" came the reply from one of her bright young charges!

We can laugh, or be shocked, but everyday events make such a response from our youngsters quite logical.

Is this the criteria used by our Prime Minister, for instance? The rationale that "*The end justifies the means*", "*If you can get away with it, do it!*"; or, "*The only crime is to get caught?*"

From the highest to the lowest throughout our once proud, do-it-yourself, stand-on-your-own-feet nation, the new ethic is now so commonplace we barely lift an eyebrow.

Which doesn't make it *right* - that quaint, old-fashioned concept.

One has a nasty feeling the biblical teaching on reaping as one sows may have an application here.

The grisly consequences of telling porkies, fed as cautionary diet to earlier generations, goes something like this:

*Matilda told such awful lies,
It made one gasp, and stretch one's eyes.
Her aunt who, from her earliest youth,
Had held a strict regard for truth,
Attempted to believe Matilda.
The effort very nearly killed her. . . .*

The precious family heirloom containing this epic is packed away beyond reach; the tragic end to the tale - house burning down . . . small, pathetic, smouldering shoes - buried deep in failing memory.

Perhaps it should be unearthed and rushed, post haste, to members of Cabinet, before any rash claims hit the airwaves on the dreadful deeds of . . . let's guess . . . Iran?

**M. Scott Peck, *The Different Drum*
Random House Australia Pty.Ltd.**

The Petries of Queensland

Compiled with acknowledgement to Constance Campbell-Petrie's *Reminiscences of Early Queensland*, published in 1904 by Watson, Ferguson and Company, a publishing firm still operating today in Brisbane

TOM PETRIE was born in Edinburgh in 1831. That year his engineer-father, Andrew, came to Australia to work with the Royal Engineers in Sydney, bringing his family with him. In 1837 he was sent to Brisbane as Superintendent of Works, traveling there on the *James Watt* – the first steamer ever to enter Queensland waters.

From childhood Tom spent much of his time with the local Aboriginal people, a tribe known as the Turrbal. There was no school to attend, and hardly a white child to play with other than his sister. Unafraid and inquisitive, he went and had a look at the local aboriginal people, got to know and play with their children, and soon became fluent in the Turrbal language, which was spoken as far inland as Moggill, as far north as North Pine and south to the Logan, but Tom could also understand and converse with tribes from Ipswich, Mount Perry, Frazer, Bribie, Stradbroke and Moreton islands. These tribes were very different in language, habits and beliefs from the Aborigines to be found further north in Queensland. The adults of the tribe were always gentle and courteous to Tom, and treated him with respect.

Impertinence and Mindi-Mindi

An account of one exception was an old man called "Mindi-Mindi" by his people, and "Kabon-Tom" by the whites. Mindi-Mindi was the head of a small fishing tribe who generally camped at the mouth of the South Pine river, and was a great warrior. One day Tom and his sister found this man outside their home, and teased him with rude names in his own tongue. Mindi-Mindi chased the pair right inside their own home, catching Tom and screwing his neck severely. Fortunately Tom's yells attracted his mother before any fatal damage was inflicted. Subsequently Tom and Mindi-Mindi had a good relationship, mutually respectful, until the old man eventually died when he was estimated to have been about ninety.

Bunya nut gatherings

The Bunya nut tree is native to the Blackall range of south-east Queensland, and every third year produces quantities of enormous cones full of nuts. The blacks always knew when the trees were bearing heavily, and held huge gatherings, sending



Tom Petrie

messengers to invite members of other tribes to come and have a feast. These tribes in turn would invite others. For instance, the Bribie, Ngunda tribe, on receiving an invitation, might invite the Turrbal people to join them, and the latter would then ask the Yaggapals of Logan to accompany them, and so on. When a fifteen-year-old boy, Tom Petrie spent a fortnight at one of these feasts, traveling with a group of nearly a hundred. Camping at night on the journey, after they had eaten, they all gathered comfortably round their fires, ready for some good old yarns. Tales were told of their forefathers' exploits in killing game, and fighting each other. Born mimics, they would take off people and animals with amazing insight.

Cry for the dead

When gathered together, aborigines had the habit of greeting the dawn with a great cry, known as the "cry for the dead". An eerie lament that continued sometimes for twenty minutes, such a noise being made that it was scarcely possible to hear oneself speak. Each person vowed vengeance on their relative's murderer, swearing all the time. To them it was an oath when they called a man "big head", "swelled body", "crooked leg", etc., and so they cursed and howled away, using all the "oaths" they could think of. There was never a lack of some one to mourn for, so this cry was never omitted, night or morning.

On setting out from their night's camp, one man would shout out the name of the place at which they were to meet again that night, and off they all went, hunting here and there, collecting honey and coming to the appointed place at night laden with spoil. They treated Tom Petrie like a

prince, never failing to make him a humpy for the night, called a "ngudur", although they seldom bothered for themselves, and placing a "pikki" (a bark vessel) of water ready to his hand. One of their camps was at Kabul-tur, meaning "place of carpet snakes" (now known as Caboolture).

Superstition and consequence

On one day, the leading black boy of the group pulled a bush from the roadside and threw it down on the path at a point where a half-fallen tree leaned across their way. He and all the others carefully walked round the tree, telling Tom that if anyone walked under it his body would swell and he would die. Scoffing at their superstition, the white boy boldly walked under the tree, pointing out that he didn't die. "Oh, but you are white," they said.

This superstition applied to fences, too. An aboriginal would never climb through or under a fence, always going over the top, and would sooner you knocked him down than have you step over him or any of his belongings, which signified death. Any gin so careless as to step over a man was killed instantly. The white boy lay down and offered to let any and all who would step over him, but despite enticements of blankets, tomahawks and flour, nothing would induce them to do so.

Arriving in due course at the Blackall range, the party made a halt at the first Bunya nut tree they came to (they pronounced it "bon-yi"), and a man accompanying them from that area climbed up the tree – a magnificent specimen, a hundred foot high before a branch. The climber opened the first nut with a tomahawk to inspect it and, satisfied, threw it to the ground. Those on the ground broke up the cones, putting the nuts in their dilly bags for roasting and eating later on.

When the tribes finally met at the appointed place, some 600 to 700 were gathered from every part of the country – Bundaberg, Gympie, Bribie and Frazer islands, Wide Bay, Gayndah, Kilcoy and Brisbane. Each local blackfellow had two or three trees which he considered his own property, and no one else was allowed to climb these trees and gather the cones, though all the guests would be invited to share equally in the eating of the nuts. The trees were handed down from father to son, as it were, and every one, of course, knew exactly who the owners were.

Feasting and merrymaking

Everyone had a great time, catching paddymelons in the scrub with their nets, possums, snakes and other animals, turkey eggs, wild yams, native figs and fat grubs fallen from the trees. The young tops of the cabbage palm served as a sort of vegetable, while the nuts were in general roasted. They fed the white boy lavishly, always providing him with fresh turkey eggs, though they often ate addled ones themselves, or even ones with live chickens in them after being roasted in the hot ashes. They were open-handed and generous, sharing equally with those who had been unsuccessful in hunting.

At night during the bony-yi season the blacks would have great corroborees, different tribes showing their special song and dance to each other. So from tribe to tribe a corroboree would go traveling hundreds of miles, explaining how it was that the aborigines would often sing songs which they did not understand in the least, neither could they tell you where they had first come from.

Death by misadventure

These tribespeople did not believe death was a natural occurrence. Always it was caused by the spirit of a "turrwan" of another tribe. Killed with the "kundri" of another tribe, cut up and put together again, his subsequent death by catching a cold, or perhaps being killed in a fight, was seen as inevitable – the man who killed him was not blamed. The corpse would be prepared for burial and placed on a platform between trees, and left. An old "turrwan" would visit the site and mark the ground beneath with a footprint, which the female relatives would see next day, and instantly "recognize" this as the footprint of the murderer – generally someone they had a spite against in another tribe.

Cannibalism

Petrie claimed that rumours among the whites that the aborigines sacrificed young gins at the end of the bon-yi feasts to satisfy their craving for meat after eating so many nuts was entirely untrue. They varied their feasts with plenty of fresh meat, and in all the time he spent with them, the black people never killed anyone for the purpose of eating them! They were most certainly cannibals, however, as they never failed to eat any one killed in fight, and always ate a man noted for his fighting qualities, or a "turrwan" (great man), no matter how old he was, or even if he died from consumption!

They said they did it out of pity and consideration for the body – they knew where he was then – "he won't stink!" The old tough gins had the best of it; no one troubled to eat them; their bodies weren't of any importance, and had no pity or consideration shown them! On the other hand, for the consumer's own benefit this time, a young, plump gin would always be eaten, or anyone dying in good condition.

Preserving the dead

They were careful with the bones, however, cleaning and sorting them, burning some, while skull, leg, arm and hip bones would be carried in the dilly bag of a close relative for a long period. The hair, ears, nose, toes and fingers, without the bones, would be left on the skin, which was hung on two spears before a fire to dry, then spread out each day. When dry it would be blackened with charcoal and grease, folded up neatly and put into a "dilly", and so carried everywhere by a relative.

Cripples or deformed people were often seen among the aborigines, some with withered limbs, and these were invariably treated kindly, as indeed were the old people. Aborigines would live to be seventy or eighty years of age, and if at any time they were unable to fend for themselves, their relatives took them in hand, treating them with great respect and veneration. However, at death the bodies of cripples were just shoved anyhow into hollow logs.

Young Tom was startled by an old gin crying one day. She told him her "narring" (son) had been killed, and pulling a possum-skin covering from her dilly, displayed his skin. Tom's father was intrigued by his son's account of the encounter, and offered flour, tea, sugar, tobacco, a tomahawk – anything – for the skin. The old woman would not part with it. Her husband, man-like, was more willing, however, and some weeks later arrived with four pieces of his son's skin, which he presented to Tom for his father. The scars or markings could be seen on these pieces, which were as thick as a bullock's hide.

Honouring the dead

The old blackfellow took pride in giving this present, and after so honouring Tom, called him his son, and all the tribe looked upon the boy as such, and from that time forth he was considered a great man or "turrwan", no one saying him nay, but doing anything for him, and letting him know all their secrets. It got to be known all over the place from tribe to tribe that he had

been presented with portions of Yabba's son's skin.

Women relatives of a dead person, possessing a skin, might give small portions from the back or breast to their friends of other tribes, when meeting them. The receiver would lament again over the skin when in their own camp, but having been given this, they felt quite safe about their men relations visiting the tribe of the deceased, for this giving of skin meant that the recipient was not connected in any way with suspicion.

Traditional fighting

The great bon-yi feast ended traditionally with a big fight, with at least one combatant being sure to be killed and, of course, eaten. Many dreadful wounds would be inflicted during these fights as well.

During a tribesman's life he would possess three different names, the first given him by his mother, such as "Daylight", "Sundown", "Wind", "Flood", "Come-quick", "Fetch-it", or similar, the second when he was transformed into a "kippa" (young man), and again the final when he became a grown man ("mallara") with a beard. This latter name was decided by men of his own tribe after consultation about it during some corroboree. No man was allowed to marry until he had come to possess his last name.

The making of a "kippa"

Aboriginal boys were transformed into "kippas" when between, roughly, twelve and fifteen, enduring a long ceremony that lasted many weeks. Neighbouring tribes were ceremonially approached and invited to add their boys to the group of initiates, for whom the host tribe built two or three huts and a fenced bush shade, usually in one of several permanent sites. Tom knew of one at what is now Samford, one at North Pine, one at Humpybong. The boys were kept away from their adults while the latter discussed what name should be given to each boy, and when this was decided a "turrwan" or elder would go to each boy in turn and whisper his name in his ear. The name would then be shouted out for all to hear, after which a traditional "kippa" song would be sung and the boys returned to their mothers.

The testing

These preliminaries completed, the men of one tribe would go to another tribe and demand the boys from their mothers who, of course, had to submit. The boys would then be taken into the bush and given their instructions. They were not to speak at all, on pain

of death, nor eat any female animal, or eggs or fish roe nor, under any circumstances must they look up at the sky, which would fall and smother them if they did so. Observing all this, the white boy, Tom Petrie, cynically decided the older men merely wished to keep all the best food for themselves, as the boys would be bound by the food rule until they became full-bearded men.

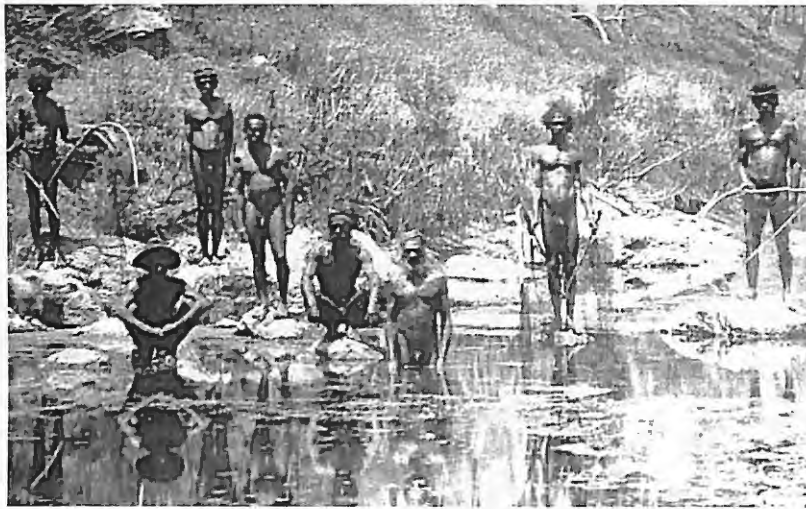
An instrument called a "bugaram" was now brought into use; a thin piece of wood cut in the shape of a paper knife, attached by means of a hole to a string eight feet long which, when swung round the head made a roaring noise like a bull. The gins were never allowed to see a "bugaram", and never allowed to participate in a kippa-making, and were made to believe that the "great men" actually swallowed the boys, eventually vomiting them up again on the day of the "great fight" which ended the ceremonies. The unearthly roaring of the "bugaram" was supposed by the gins to be the noise the "great men" made in swallowing.

The boys spent the rest of the day in the bush shade, their heads covered with opossum rug to ensure they did not look up at the sky. Sentries were posted over the boys, prepared to spear any youngster who might be tempted to look up, laugh or speak, or in any way break the rules.

Men's business

At dusk the men would assemble before the boys and go through all sorts of antics, jumping, dancing, laughing, mimicking anything they could think of, tempting the boys to laugh, performing a half song, half dance which was kept sacred for these occasions and a secret from the women. They also played with a "wobbalkan", an instrument like a "bugaram", only smaller, being a flat piece of wood one inch by four inches, tied to a three foot string ending in a handle similar to a stock whip, which when whirled around sounded like a dog barking, another instrument too sacred for everyday use, or for female eyes.

After two hours or so of this the boys were marched off to their sleeping quarters, guarded by the men. Much the same sort of programme was carried out



Aborigines at Cressbrook Creek, Crows Nest, South East Queensland.
Courtesy of Errol Beutel.

day and night for three or four weeks, after which the boys were officially "kippas".

The great fight

The finale of the proceedings was the "great fight". The women would prepare the venue. The inland tribes usually went to the site of what is now Roma Street Railway Station, while the coast tribes went either to Eagle Farm or to York's hollow - now the site of the Brisbane showgrounds. The boys, suitably painted, greased, clothed and armed, were brought and divided into companies by tribe. A fierce fight ensued, each boy eager to prove his prowess. When this was considered to have gone on long enough, the boys retired, leaving the arena to the men, who proceeded to inflict horrific wounds on each other, which occasionally, but surprisingly seldom, culminated in someone being killed. If no one was killed, when the participants grew exhausted they retired, two great warriors of different tribes would then engage in a strange combat, conducted with strict rules as to the use of shields, waddies, and then a stone knife with which they would hack at each other on any part of the body but the front. If the onlookers observed this rule being broken they would instantly interfere and kill the perpetrator. To heal the considerable wounds they used charcoal powder, and sometimes just wood ashes pounded down. After an indefinite number of days of this activity, relieved by dancing and singing at night, the "kippas" were nose-pierced, their bodies scarred with ritual tribal markings, the visiting tribes went home having traded useful goods with each other and their hosts, and the initiated youngsters were now immeasurably superior to the mere children of the tribe.

Sickness and cures

With the coming of the white man, the aboriginals' remarkable freedom from sickness seemed to disappear, and soon it became rare to see old people, most of who died from consumption. However, many of the people were pock-marked in the days of Tom's youth, and they explained to him that this sickness, which they called "nuram-nuram" (the same name as that given to any wart) had come among them long before the arrival of the

white man. They were great believers in the curative powers of the dugong. Tom saw sick blacks, unable to walk and apparently in consumption, carried carefully to the mouth of the Brisbane river and taken across to Fisherman's Island in canoes, where dugong were being caught. There they would live for some time on the flesh of the dugong, and the oil would be rubbed all over their bodies, and eventually they would return well and strong.

Willing help

When a grown man in his twenties, Tom Petrie took up land sixteen miles north of Brisbane in wild bush country. The Aboriginals were very helpful, lending a hand to split and fence and erect stockyards. They guarded his cattle at night. Most other whites lived in dread of the blacks, and so he was usually entirely alone with the tribesmen. With the initial work on his block completed, Tom spent a fortnight away in Brisbane, leaving all his rations - flour, tea, sugar and tobacco in the charge of an elderly aboriginal, and fifty head of cattle in the charge of two youngsters, whom he provided with horses and saddles. Everything was in order and accounted for on his return, and he always maintained that, as long as they were treated kindly, and fairly, these people were entirely trustworthy. Running short of rations, a neighbouring white stockman, armed with a carbine and a pair of pistols once visited the property to borrow supplies while Petrie was absent, but the men minding his place refused to give him anything until his return.

Many a time when the tribes gathered for a corroboree, or fight, they would send two men to inquire which way to proceed in order not to disturb his cattle.

Wages of treachery

Other landholders were not so fortunate, and on enquiring why they used to spear and kill cattle from other properties, the tribesmen explained that if those white people ever encountered them, they would shoot them down like dogs. In illustration they told him of a white landholder encountering a group searching for honey and possums. He shot one young fellow, first breaking his leg, then shooting him in the head and killing him. This white man then hid himself to watch what would happen. Presently the father came looking for his son, and he was shot; the mother coming after met the same fate. Some whites also used to lace flour with arsenic before leaving it to be found by the blacks.

Bribie settlement

In 1877 the Douglas state government established the first reserve for aboriginals on Bribie. Tom responded to a request to supervise the workings of this settlement and encourage the blacks to settle there. The idea was received with enthusiasm by the blacks, who were supplied with a boat, nets and harpoons for catching dugong, and given rations in exchange for catching and curing fish and making dugong, shark and stingaree oils. The settlement thrived for two years. The black men were busy and occupied, and so had little time or inclination to hang about getting drunk in Brisbane, a great relief to their womenfolk. However, in 1879 the McIlwraith government abandoned the scheme, causing much misery, the black men returning to drink and beating up their women.

Petrie family

Andrew Petrie made an enormous contribution to Queensland and to the Brisbane area in particular, superintending the erection of many of Brisbane's official buildings. He discovered many of the valuable timber trees of the area and explored the Mary River, and had a life long interest and concern for the development of the fledgling State. Likewise, his son Tom made a priceless contribution to the harmonious relationship between black and white people in the new State, averting many serious misunderstandings, and demonstrating to his own people the humanity of the tribes that adopted him so affectionately.

It is not surprising that Brisbane city has honoured this family by giving the name Petrie to one of its main suburbs, and at least half a dozen streets throughout the city bear this now historic name, not to mention a park or recreation ground or two.

¹ In some instances babies were killed at birth, and then eaten by the old women - for instance, if the mother died, for they blamed the child.

Check it out, mate!

THE game played by more people than any other is not, as you might think, soccer. More people play, read about and watch the ancient game of Chess than any other in the world.

Nobody quite knows the origin of the game, but it is at least 1,400 years old, probably originating in China or India, where a game called chaturanga was played at that time.

Some claim, however, that variations of chess can be identified in the second century A.D.

By the year 1000 it was well established in Europe, although rules and pieces changed, and were never universally accepted. There was no Queen until the fifteenth century, and the Bishop replaced another piece. It was at that time the game was given the name of "Chess".

Thousands of people began playing the game. The first books on chess were written in that period, and interest was so intense that the best players gained royal patronage.

The game crossed the Atlantic, and both Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin not only played chess, but wrote about it.

These days chess is played everywhere. Chess tournaments span the globe. National chess federations coordinate activity. The number of websites devoted solely to chess number in the thousands. Hardly a newspaper of any significant readership does not have its chess column, where intricate moves of masters are scrutinized and unraveled. The number playing or watching round the world exceed one hundred million. Tournaments are often put on giant screens where moves are watched by large audiences. Over a million chess computer programmes are sold each year. When the famous computer chess player Deep Blue defeated World Chess Champion Gary Kasparov in a six-match contest in the early nineties, it made headlines round the world.

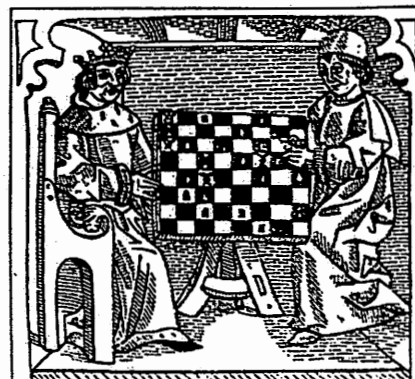
While there have been 'grandmasters' for a considerable time, it was not until 1950 that the title became officially established. One can only gain the title by proving oneself against other grandmasters in a series of matches. But once



granted, the title can never be taken away. There are over 600 active grandmasters in the world today.

Chess is a great age-leveler. Many a fuming grandfather has bowed at the feet of a triumphant grandson - until the next game! While no one becomes a really proficient chess player without a great deal of practice, there is a streak of genius about the masters that is born into them and cannot be made. Paul Morphy, born in New Orleans in 1837, was the dominant player in America by the age of twenty. In 1858 he crossed the Atlantic to Europe, where he crushed the best players with the temerity to challenge him.

How can a game which generates such blood, toil, tears and sweat have become so universally popular? No one quite knows. But win a match with a check-mate of indisputable genius and, like the golfer who hits the perfect drive straight down the fairway, you'll be hooked - forever!



An illustration from *Game and Playe of the Chesse*, first printed book on chess in Europe



The Cane Toad Republic

By David Flint

"The Cane Toad Republic" was written ahead of the 6th November 1999 Referendum, when the cover said "Why To Vote No". The reasons given for voting No are still 100% valid. The Referendum failed, mainly for the reasons outlined in the book

WHEN the republican power movement commenced its final moves in the early nineties to try and convert Australia to a republic, it did so in the knowledge that its surveys indicated only about 18% of Australians knew we had a constitution. This was a shocking indictment of our education system, but an excellent platform of ignorance on which to convince the 82% in ignorance, that to change to a republic was a simple matter and not for the ordinary citizen to be bothered about. Just sign on the dotted line.

There were only a handful of Australians prepared to publicly defend what we had, but it meant going to war without troops or weapons or money. The money shortage was never adequately overcome, but in an attempt to overcome the weapons shortage, a couple of hitherto unknown Australians stepped onto the stage – and they made the difference.

The two men who made the greatest written contribution to fill the vacuum were both named David, and both had grandparents who came to this country from a non-English-speaking background, to shelter and prosper under what they saw as the best constitution in the world. We need to thank God for their wisdom and foresight.

Sir David Smith, the ex-secretary to five Governors General, was the first on the field with a series of lectures and essays. To fill the whole vacuum, onto the scene came Professor David Flint. Professor Flint's contribution by way of his book, *The Cane Toad Republic*, - is massive and definitive, and will be to the Australian Constitution what Walter Bagehot's classic, *The English Constitution*, was to the English constitution of over a century ago. For, make no mistake, Australia's constitution is the high watermark of constitutions and is the envy of the world (not governments!) Look who its enemies are!

My copy of *The Cane Toad Republic* came with a biographical insert about the author, taken from *WHO'S WHO IN AUSTRALIA 2000*. His



legal qualifications and achievements alone are equivalent to a whole page of the book. But to ordinary Australians who now feel we are governed and controlled by the law, and therefore by legal minions in wigs and less, can forget about the legal image before picking up the book. But pick up the book you must, if you have any concern or doubts about the future of Australia and how safe a place it will be for your grandchildren.

The first recommendation for any book of lasting value in my library is its humorous vein. The most serious subject in the world adheres to the memory with the glue of humour.

This book has humour in the exact proportions to make it memorable, and any serious student of the Australian Constitution needs to memorise what this book relates with such clarity.

David Flint does not deal directly in detail with our constitution as it is written, but rather, elevates it against the obvious mistakes made by other countries around the world. The 'mistakes' can all be put in the arbitrary rule basket. No legal debate is even considered.

A Constitution either delivers peace, law, order and liberty for each individual, or arbitrary rule by a few – chosen or not!

The Republican attack on our constitution is now focused on gradualism, 'behind the public's back'. The mass of information and concern that surfaced from the grave of sleeping Australia during the referendum is there to haunt the Republicans for a long time, and prevented a win by consent for them at the time.

The fight is still in progress with the possibility that we may lose by default.

So, if you value our diminishing liberty and precious heritage, grab this book. It is easy and pleasant reading, and chock-a-block full of all the ammunition you will ever need.

To win now, the Republicans will have to burn this book, so get a copy to keep under the bed (after reading it)!



On The Queensland Railway Lines

From the Queensland Centenary Songbook

On the Queensland railway lines
There are stations where one dines
Private individuals
Also run refreshment stalls.

Chorus:

Bogan-Tungan, Rollingstone,
Mungar, Murgon, Marathon(e)
Guthalungra, Pinkenba,
Wanko, Yaamba – ha, ha ha!

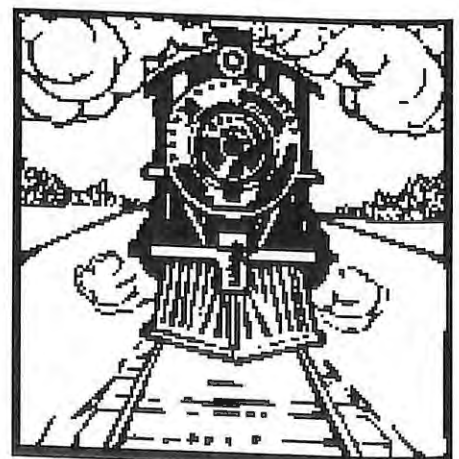
Pies and coffee, baths and showers
Are supplied at Charters Towers;
At Mackay the rule prevails
Of restricting showers to males.

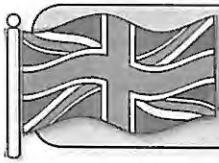
Males and females, high and dry,
Hang around at Durikai,
Boora-Mugga, Djarawong,
Gilgulgul, Wonglepone.

Iron rations come in handy
On the way to Dirranbandi;
Passengers have died of hunger
During halts at Garradunga.

Let us toast, before we part,
Those who travel, stout of heart,
Drunk or sober, rain or shine,
On a Queensland Railway line.

Anonymous





The Lyricism of a Shropshire Lass

Mary Webb

MANY years ago I came across "the magical love story" *Precious Bane* by Mary Webb in a 1981 Penguin edition with an exquisite cover of a ploughman with horses turning rich furrows in a lonely landscape of rolling grasslands and dark forest. Roland Hilder made the cover and on it appeared a brief comment by John Buchan: "Rare beauty and simplicity".

Very soon afterwards I found myself translated with astonishing intensity into another world; and here is a part of the vivid description which so affected me. The voice speaking is that of the tale's heroine, Prue Sarn, an ageing woman remembering her home life when she was a girl of fifteen.

"It may be the water lapping, year in and year out – everywhere you look and listen, water; or the big trees waiting and considering on your right hand and on your left; or the unbreathing quiet of the place, as if it was created but an hour gone, and not created for us. Or it may be that the soil is very poor and marshy, with little nature or goodness in the grass, which is ever so where reeds and rushes grow in plenty, and the flower of the paigle. Happen you call it cowslip, but we always named it the paigle, or keys of heaven. It was a wonderful thing to see our meadows at Sarn when the cowslip was in blow. Gold-over they were, so that you would think not even an angel's feet were good enough to walk there. You could make a tossy-ball before a thrush had gone over his song twice, for you'd only got to sit down and gather with both hands. Every way you looked there was nought but gold, saving towards Sarn, where the woods began, and the great stretch of grey water, gleaming and wincing in the sun."

In this enchanted prose place and narrator are each brought deftly to life by skilled artistry and an illuminated heart. The greatest strength of the novel is in this dual creation, though there are lesser beauties such as the portrait of the obsessive brother Gideon, dazed by his passion for the "precious bane" of wealth, and the gentle courtship of Prue and the weaver, Kester Woodseaves.



Mary Webb (Gladys Mary Meredith)
in her early teens.

Not everything is perfect: the portrait of Wizard Beguidy never adequately comes to life; there are lapses into melodrama or sentimentality at times; but the novel also contains the extraordinary glory of what is possibly the finest description of a mystical experience ever composed in the English language – in Chapter Seven, telling of the "creature made all of light" that came to Prue after she took refuge from sorrow in the deserted attic. For nearly three pages one is swept up into a piece of composition equal, I feel, to the very best of Shakespeare.

British prime minister Stanley Baldwin helped make *Precious Bane* famous in the 1930's (it had won the Femina Vie Heureuse Prize in 1925 but remained largely unknown) and wrote a preface for a new edition.

Mary Webb lived, mostly in her native county of Shropshire, from 1881 to 1927. In 1912 she married a schoolteacher and the marriage was happy, although without children. She died of pernicious anaemia, brought on by poverty and a decade of what must have appeared to her fruitless struggle to arouse the interest of the British public. As with Gerard Manley Hopkins, another ardent nature mystic, fame came posthumously.

A biography, *Mary Webb: Her Life and Work* by Thomas Moulton was published in 1932 by Jonathan Cape, who had connections with Mary Webb and in fact reaped great financial rewards from these.

Her first novel was *The Golden Arrow* (1916) which contains a beautiful verse dedication to her husband:

*We have sought it, we have sought the
golden arrow
(Bright the sally-willows sway)
Two and two by paths low and narrow,
Arm-in-crook along the mountain way.
Break o'frost and break o'day!
Some were sobbing through the gloom
When we found it, when we found the
golden arrow –
Wand of willow in the secret cwm.*

G. K. Chesterton contributed a noble introduction to the 1946 edition, in which he contrasted her affirmative stance with the pessimism of A. E. Housman, author of *A Shropshire Lad*, and Thomas Hardy in their portrayals of the life of the poor. It was Chesterton who suggested that Mary Webb's novels were really "the prose poems of a Shropshire Lass".

Chesterton noted that most of her life and work originated "in or near that western country which lies, romantic and rather mysterious, upon the Marches of Wales" and went on to define the *spiritual quality of her writing*: "The light in the stories of the Shropshire Lass is a light not shining on things, but through them. It is that mysterious light in which solid things become semi-transparent; a diffused light which some call the twilight of superstition and some the ultimate violet ray of the sixth sense of man; but which the strictest rationalist will hardly deny to have been the luminous atmosphere of a great part of literature and legend."

Chesterton pointed out that the poor person "has always wrapped himself up in shreds and patches which...were as emblematic as vestments.... a mass of beliefs and half-beliefs, of ancestral ceremonies, of preternatural cures and consolations....and it is in this rich confusion of mystical and material ideas that the rural characters of Mary Webb live." He continued: "The legend of the Golden Arrow, which lovers went wandering to find, 'and went with apple-blow scent round 'em and a mort o'bees and warmship, and wanted nought of any man' is a myth bearing witness, as do all myths and mythologies, to the ancient beauty for which man was made, and which men are always unmaking."

Chesterton praised Mary Webb for not omitting in her work to introduce the presence of a more-than-human evil. Against it she set "the presence of something positive and sacramental ...; a heroism that is...affirmative; a saintship with the power to cast out demons; expressed in that immemorial popular notion of an antidote to a poison and a counter-charm against a witch." In *The Golden Arrow* she contrasted the lives of two girls, leading Chesterton to comment: "And through one of them there passes, once or twice, like the noise and rushing of the Golden Arrow, that indescribable exaltation and breathing of the very air of better things; which coming now and again in human books, can make literature more living than life."

In 1917 Mary Webb published a collection of essays, *The Spring of Joy*, and her second novel, *Gone to Earth*, for which (in its 1931 edition) John Buchan wrote an introduction.

"The chief beauty of the book," Buchan wrote, "is the picture of Hazel, which is done with extraordinary tenderness and subtlety. She is at once the offspring of the mysterious landscape, and the interpretation of it. Wild and shy as a wood nymph, she has none of the natural world's callousness to pain. She is the protector of all wounded and persecuted things – a lame cat, a blind bird, bees frozen in winter, a fox-cub saved from the hounds. With the elemental things of hill and shaw she is at home, but when she travels beyond them she is a wild creature in a trap."

Buchan also praised her drawing of her mechanicals: "Apart from Hazel herself, the chief triumphs of portraiture are the gnarled figures of an elder England – the old father, harper and bee-keeper, coarse as a clod but gifted with a poet's fancy; and Andrew Vessons, Reddin's servant, clipping his yews and philosophizing like one of Shakespeare's clowns." Buchan concluded: "Mary Webb need fear no comparison with any writer who has attempted to capture the soul of nature in words, and to 'tease us out of thought' by glimpses into our ancient inheritance."

In 1920 came the third novel, *The House in Dormer Forest*, about which H. R. L. Sheppard wrote memorably in an introduction to the 1945 edition. He saw Mary Webb as able "to explain the abiding reality which lies behind the beauty of nature" and added: "She never appeared to force her inspiration,

but seemed rather to write as if she were listening to a voice within her, as if she herself, like her own Amber Darke, 'left the shallows of beauty that is heard and seen, and slipped out into the deep sea where are no tides of change and decay, no sound, no colour, only an essence.'"

Seven for a Secret appeared in 1922 and *Precious Bane* in 1924. After her death, an unfinished historical novel, *Armour Wherein he Trusted*, was published in 1928. In 1943 it was republished as part of Jonathan Cape's collected edition, together with ten of her short stories; and Martin Armstrong wrote an introduction in which he praised "the sharp, visual quality which is one of Mary Webb's most delightful gifts". Her novels, he stated, "grew out of a long brooding" and contain a "rich and profound sense of the country" which gives them "their unforgettable atmosphere".



Mary Webb as Madeline at a Dickens Ball from 'Nicholas Nickleby'

Mary Webb also wrote poems, eighty-three of which were published in 1928 and republished in 1933 with an introduction by the poet Walter de la Mare, who wrote: "Mary Webb, being a poet, is always a poet when her interest reaches a certain creative intensity." Of *The Spring of Joy* he noted that it "wells over with a grave and sweet happiness, the happiness 'of the minds of the simple-hearted who are the Magi of the world.'" He saw Mary Webb as having a heart to love, a mind to labour and rarely delicate senses. Her world was "a place of almost unbearable wonder".

De la Mare especially praised those of her poems that originate in dreaming. Some of these convey a deep sense of the presence of pre-Christian

divinities moving through the British countryside. From "The Vagrant", for example, comes the following extract:

*Some one has been here:
Not the rough, drunken wind who shouts
and wanders,
Trampling the woodpath; neither dawn
nor gloaming
Nor the young airs in cowslip-garlands
roaming.
Who was it then? The muted spirit
ponders.*

*Close by the water
Wrapt in a dream, I saw a faint
reflection
Like a wayfarer, calm and worn of
features,
Clad in the brown of leaves and little
creatures,
Stern as the moorland, russet of
complexion.*

*Dark in the shadow
Fathomless eyes met mine with thought
unspoken,
Wistful, yet deep within them laughter
lingered.
With sunburnt hands a wooden flute he
fingered
Under the thorn-tree, where the lights
are broken.*

*Then the green river
Dimmed like a misted mirror; blossom
only
Whitened it, on the covert water lying.
Westward along the willows ran a
sighing.
Herd-like the clouds went home and left
me lonely.*

Mary Webb gave a haunting picture of a remote pantheon in "The Ancient Gods":

*They left no trail for any beast to follow,
No track upon the moss for man to
trace;
In a long, silent file up-stream they
vanished
With measured pace.*

*The hollow water curved about their
ankles
Like amber; splashes glistened on their
thighs;
Sun barred their lifted heads and their
far-seeing
Yet sightless eyes.*

*Some were like women, with deep hair
of willows,*

*Bare breasts and gracious arms and
long, smooth hips,
And the red roses of desire half-frozen
Upon their lips*

*But most were massive-browed and
massive-shouldered
And taller than the common height of
men.
They went as those that have not home
nor kindred,
Nor come again.*

*Still where the birches fingered their
reflection,
The thrushes chanted to the evening sky;
Still the grey wag-tails raced across the
shingle
As they went by.*

Connected to these visions of the ancient sacred went in Mary Webb a deep sense of the history clinging to place, something brought out in what is perhaps her best poem, "Viroconium", which focuses on the site of a lost Roman town:

*The poppy standards droop and fall
Above one rent and mournful wall:
In every sunset-flame it burns,
Yet towers unscathed when day returns.*

*And still the breaking seas of grain
Flow havenless across the plain:
The years wash on, their spindrift leaps
Where the old city, dreaming, sleeps.*

*Grief lingers here, like mists that lie
Across the dawns of ripe July;
On capital and corridor
The pathos of the conqueror.*

*The pillars stand, with alien grace,
In churches of a younger race;
The chiselled column, black and rough,
Becomes a roadside cattle-trough:*

*The skulls of men who, right or wrong,
Still wore the splendour of the strong,
Are shepherds' lanterns now, and shield
Their candles in the lambing field.*

*But when, through evening's open door,
Two lovers tread the broken floor,
And the wild-apple petals fall
Round passion's scarlet festival;
When cuckoos call from the green
gloom
Where dark, shelving forests loom;
When foxes bark beside the gate,
And the grey badger seeks his mate -*

*There haunts within them secretly
One that lives while empires die,
A shrineless god whose songs abide
Forever in the countryside.*

Mary Webb, it is clear, was one of those inspired British souls who recognized that the renewal of a living tradition in the British Isles required both a profound homage to Nature and a voyage back through the

Christian centuries to an earlier and less restricted sacred dispensation. William Blake and Robert Graves are two others who spring to mind.

Mary Webb did not reject Christianity. On the contrary, she was a churchgoer, and her writings convey a love of churches and the simple and homely worship of small rural chapels. However, she was undoubtedly a believer in a Spirit 'that bloweth where it listeth' and an enemy of 'the letter that kills'.

It has been my fate to have fallen deeply in love with Britain and her history in my early youth and then to have watched an extraordinary and terrible decline of the British people. There is reason to feel that, although the future will always be different from what we expect or try to make, the British spirit, in its essence, an essence compounded of many sweets fragrant together over many thousands of years, will survive and flourish and express itself in further glories that we cannot imagine.

It is in that faith that I have decided to try to compose a series of studies of British writers, artists and others which can be a celebration of the British spirit and an encouragement to other fellow-Britons, and those who, though not British, care for Britain, so that we may play our parts, however small, in continuing the great story of King Arthur, Robin Hood, John Bull and our other fellows - and dames and lasses.

THE LATEST VIDEO BY JEREMY LEE

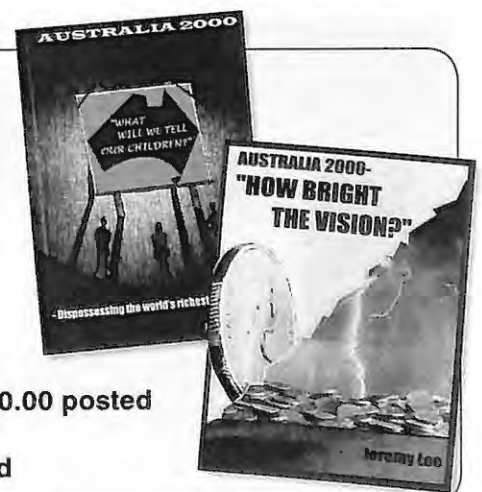


Re-tell the Story: 'The most powerful material I have offered' - Jeremy Lee

Who should create a nation's money - and how should it be put into circulation? This address, by Jeremy Lee to an audience of 300 young Australians in Brisbane, shows how Australia once successfully dealt with this question, and how its victory was stolen. The biggest question - bigger than wars - facing all nations as the world moves towards bankruptcy and a mortgage takeover.

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Galleons of the Air – The Dream!

by Icarus

IMAGINE a situation where all public transport and heavy freight across Australia was lifted off the ground and replaced by fast, safe, low-cost and silent ships that glided along new canals through the air! Impossible? Maybe not.

Today our nation's people and cargo choke insanely expensive road networks in a constant roar, day and night, congesting highways, polluting suburbs and causing accidents that cost billions in police, ambulances, courts and hospitals. The building and maintenance of roads is one of the biggest budget items in public expenditure.

It's not an impossible dream – the technology has been in use for almost a century; and with modern developments it could easily be raised from the dead!

WHAT HAPPENED?

Mention airships today and the mind springs to the Hindenberg disaster on May 6 1937, when the giant dirigible was engulfed in flames as it nosed in to dock. A fireball engulfed the ship, killing 13 people on board. But the Hindenberg was pumped full of highly combustible hydrogen. With the modern use of inert helium gas, the danger has been overcome, and airships, in many uses round the world, are probably the safest form of transport available.

We have forgotten the many millions of miles traveled by airships, and the millions of people transported in comfort and safety, that had already occurred prior to the Hindenberg disaster. And cost-wise it is far ahead of any other form of transport. By way of comparison:

A rough weight-to-horsepower ratio for an airplane is one horsepower for

every 5 kilograms weight. About one-third of a plane's weight must be used for the power unit.

The ratio for an airship, on the other hand, is one horsepower for every 60 kilograms. Mr Patrick Monk, chief designer at Aerospace Industries in Hamilton, New Zealand, gives these comparisons:

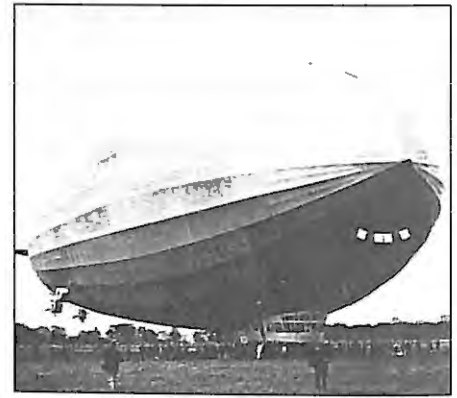
"To shift one ton of produce – say fat lamb carcasses – from New Zealand to markets in Europe currently takes an average of between 3.5 and 4 tons of fuel in transport. To move the same weight by large airship would take between one-seventh and one-sixth of a ton of fuel – a staggering difference"

THE RECORD

The Graf Zeppelin No 1, manufactured in Germany, was the first to travel over 1 million miles (1.6 million kilometers), traveling continuously for over 10 years. The British Post Office contracted the Graf Zeppelin for \$60,000 (30,000 pounds sterling) annually to carry postal goods to the far corners of the Empire.

The Zeppelin Viktoria, built in 1912, could carry 7 tons at just under 50 miles per hour (85 k.p.h.) powered by a 450 horsepower engine. The next model, the Bodensee, could carry over 10 tons at 80 miles per hour (135 k.p.h.), powered by a 960 h.p. engine.

The first commercial airline anywhere in the world operated airships. This was DELAG (Deutsch Luftschiffahrts Aktien Gesellschaft, or German Airship Transport Company) which, by 1912 was running regular services between the major German cities, carrying up to 20 passengers per craft in well-fed comfort and remarkable safety. They covered millions of miles.



The most successful of the passenger-carrying airships, the GRAF ZEPPELIN, which flew over one million miles before retirement.

VULNERABLE

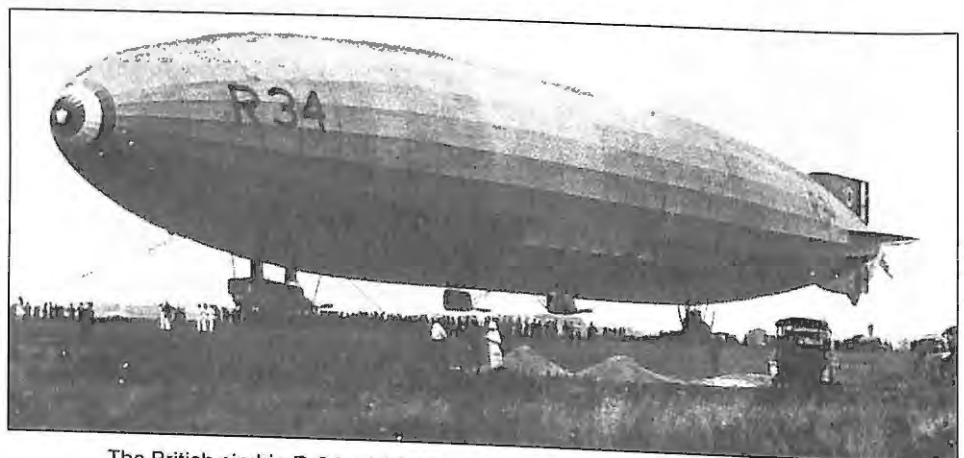
Super-Zepellins appeared during World War I, over 650 feet long and capable of operating at 13,000 ft. Some bombing raids were launched over Britain, but these huge craft were intensely vulnerable to planes equipped with explosive bullets, which had by then appeared.

At the end of the war the British took immediate advantage of German airship technology, building the R 34, the first airship to cross the Atlantic in 1919, turning round immediately and returning to its base at Fulham in Norfolk.

Airships, contrary to first impression, can cope with extreme weather conditions easily and safely. In 1926 an Italian-built airship, the NI set off from Spitzbergen piloted by Colonel Umberto Nobile, with Roald Amundsen aboard – the man who had conquered the North Pole 13 years earlier. The NI was also headed for the North Pole. It reached its destination, dropped national flags at the Pole, and then flew in appalling weather conditions to Teller in Alaska – a remarkable achievement.



Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin, 'father of the airship'. His first 'Seppelin' was launched from Lake Constance in 1900



The British airship R-34, which made the first double crossing of the Atlantic – shown here landing at Mineola, Long Island, 6 July, 1919

ROUND THE WORLD

On August 29, 1919 the German airship the Graf Zeppelin touched down at Lakehurst in the USA, 21 days, seven hours and 43 minutes after setting off round the world. Crossing the Atlantic, Europe, Siberia, and the Pacific, the huge airship showed what could be done.

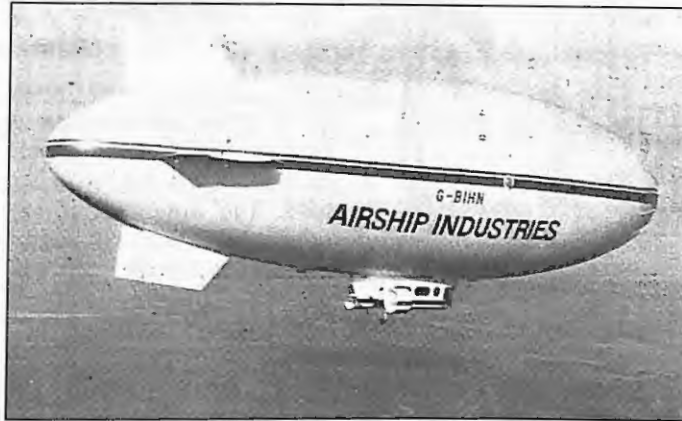
Many of the airship disasters can be put down to carelessness and error. Britain's R101 was launched prematurely against the advice of its engineers, and even before the air-worthiness certificate had been issued. The most famous of all, the Hindenberg, was designed to operate on helium, and hydrogen was used simply because helium was not available in the US. In contrast, today helium is widely used and available everywhere.

Before 1940 Russia had 15 non-rigid and semi-rigid airships, and a regular airline operating between Moscow and Sverdlosk. In both world wars over 400 airships were operating in air-sea rescue. The Soviet Union, before its collapse, had more than 50 air-ships operating with its Navy and merchant fleets.

MODERN POWER

Today's refinements in alloys, engineering, fabrics, plastics and other materials has greatly improved the potential for airships. They are capable of flying much faster, carrying bigger loads with even greater precision and safety. Modern airships can travel up to 300 miles per hour in near-silence.

The Goodyear Company originally produced airships for the US Navy right up until the early '60s and has built 300



The British-designed AIRSHIP, launched in September 1981 by Airship Industries, cruising at 55 m.p.h. This was a test model of a 600 ft version, designed to carry 58 tonnes to North America, the Middle East and Africa.

airships since 1917. Its airships travel at 150 kilometres per hour at heights between 1,000 ft and 5,000 ft. Modern engines are one-tenth the weight of those that powered the first airships at the beginning of the 20th century. In the mid-eighties Goodyear claimed that airships could be made to operate at 10,000 ft at speeds of 200 kilometres per hour. But the higher they fly, the lower the pay-load.

Companies like Goodyear, Aerospace Corporation, Aerolift Inc. of Montreal and the Piasecki Aircraft Corporation of Philadelphia are building a variety of airships, equipped to replace road-freighters or heavy-lift helicopters.

COMPARISONS

A heavy-lift airship capable of carrying 50 tons costs in the vicinity \$8-10 million, one tenth the cost of a comparable jet-plane. Produced in multiples, they'd be much cheaper. Once built, maintenance and running costs are vastly reduced.

No country is more suited to the use of airship technology than Australia. Devoid of the soaring mountain ranges found in Europe and North America,

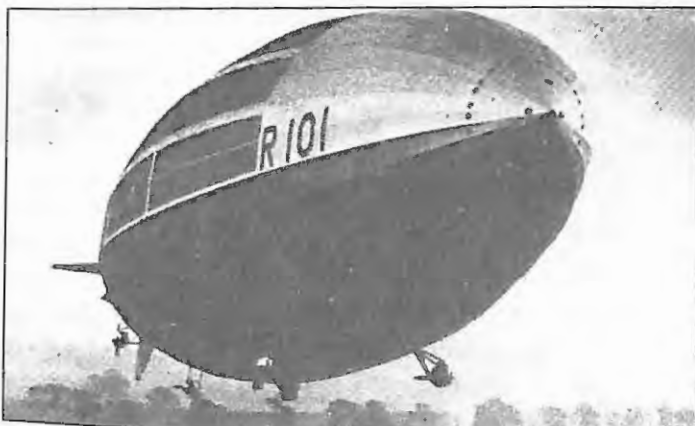
Australia's highest point - Mt Kosciusko - is a mere 7.3 thousand feet, just over 2,000 metres. Well over 90 per cent of the country is low and flat, marked by huge distances. The shifting of freight between north and south and between coast and hinterland is one of its most frenetic activities and its biggest costs. Vastly expensive new rail systems are on the drawing board. A fraction of that expenditure could solve the distance problem and cut the capital outlay. The saving on road and rail if freight was shifted to the air would more than fund the change.

Australia, more than most, is marked by drought, fire and flood.. The airship could provide huge savings in each area with a minimum of outlay. The shifting of stock in times of drought or flood could easily be accomplished by air when roads were impassable. Firefighting is a natural area for the use of airships, sucking large quantities of water from dams and depositing them on fires.

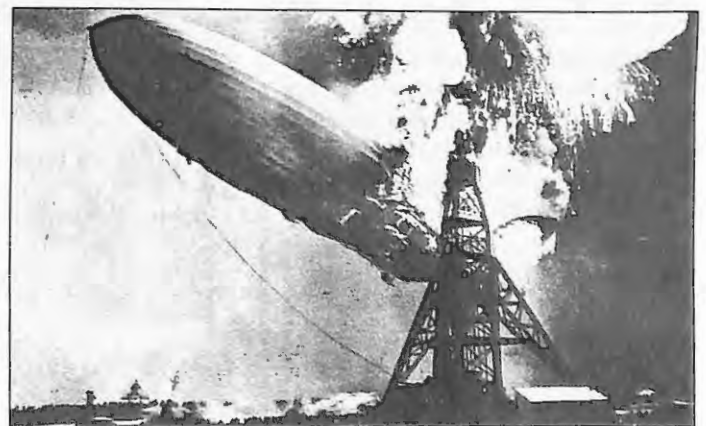
And the roads, currently clogged with convoys of semi-trailers and freight-trains, could be left to cars as originally intended.

A modern semi-trailer, apart from anything else, is equipped with 20 heavy-duty tyres worth up to \$1,000 each. Its fuel consumption is prodigious. An airship never wears out a tyre, and uses far less fuel per unit carried.

Airships do not require airports and massive runways. An "air-coach terminal" would require no more than a building, and a lift or stair to an embarkation platform. A traveler



The ill-fated R101, built at the Royal Airship Works in England, which crashed on her inaugural flight near Beauvais, 4 October 1930



Fire destroyed Germany's 'Hindenburg' in 32 seconds as it hung above Lakehurst, New Jersey on May 6, 1937: the cause is still unknown.

between cities, or on a tourist route would travel in air-conditioned silence at a height which allowed him to see in detail the sights and scenery beneath. Depending on distance, his journey would be far quicker and more comfortable than the best road-coach operating, and, given time-delays in reaching airports, not much slower than modern jumbo-jets.

At his destination he would simply step from the airship onto a covered landing platform and descend by lift or stair to the ground. He might be near the center of a city, or the door of the motel where he'd booked in.

DEFENCE

When it comes to coastal surveillance the airship really comes into its own. Without the need to use energy to remain aloft, a modern airship can stay aloft for days at a time. Twenty airships, adequately equipped electronically, spaced round Australia's northern coast, could close all the gaps and give us far earlier warning of shipping and air movements around us.

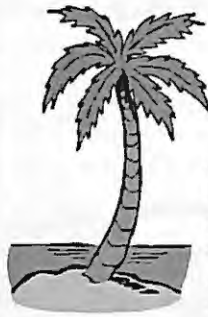
New sources of power could lead the break with petrol, diesel or kerosene. The linear compressed-air motor could easily be adapted to airship technology. So could the fuel-cell. Even solar could be adapted. Two engineers in Britain - Dr Gabriel Khoury from Jordan, who now lives in London and works at the Engineering Department of the Imperial College, and Dr Edwin Mowforth of the Mechanical Engineering Department of Surrey University in Guildford, have done extensive work on this question. The massive canopy of an airship is an obvious solar panel, given the right technology.

OVERCOMING INERTIA

Australians are innovators. They can think 'outside the square'. Currently, their hands are tied by high-taxing lethargic government. The result is that nothing happens unless it reinforces an already dominant multinational ethos of monopoly. The smaller Australian no longer has access to the investment capital that used to be there for Australian-owned enterprise.

Governments pay lip-service to environmentalism and the need to capitalize enterprise. But they're not equipped to put action into words.

Only when enough Australians want change, and are angry enough to demand it from their representatives, will we get the changes we need.



Quality of Life

(Author unknown)

An American businessman was at the pier of a small coastal Mexican village when a small boat with just one fisherman docked. Inside the small boat were several large yellowfin tuna. The American complimented the Mexican on the quality of his fish and asked how long it took to catch them. The Mexican replied, "Only a little while, Senor."

The American then asked, "Why didn't you stay out longer and catch more fish?"

The Mexican said he had enough to support his family's immediate needs.

The American then asked, "But what do you do with the rest of your time?"

The Mexican fisherman said, "I sleep late, fish a little, play with my children, take siesta with my wife, Maria, stroll into the village each evening where I sip wine and play guitar with my amigos. I have a full and busy life, Senor."

The American scoffed, "I am a Harvard MBA and could help you. You should spend more time fishing and with the proceeds, buy a bigger boat. With the proceeds from the bigger boat you could buy several boats, eventually you would have a fleet of fishing boats. Instead of selling your catch to a middleman you would sell directly to the processor, eventually opening your own cannery. You would control the product, processing and distribution. You would need to leave this small coastal fishing village and move to Mexico City, then LA and eventually NYC where you will run your expanding enterprise."

The Mexican fisherman asked, "But Senor, how long will this all take?"

To which the American replied, "15-20 years."

"But what then, Senor?"

The American laughed and said, "That's the best part. When the time is right you would announce an IPO and sell your company stock to the public and become very rich, you would make millions."

"Millions, Senor? Then what?"

The American said, "Then you would retire. Move to a small coastal fishing village where you would sleep late, fish a little, play with your kids, take siesta with your wife, stroll to the village in the evenings where you could sip wine and play your guitar with your amigos."



BETTY BOTTER

Betty Botter bought some butter
But, she said, the butter's bitter.

If I put it in my batter
It will make my batter bitter!
But a bit of better butter
Will make my batter better.
So she bought a bit of butter
Better than her bitter butter,
And she put it in her batter
And the batter was not bitter.
So 'twas better Betty Botter

Bought
A bit
Of better butter.



HOW DID THEY BUILD THOSE GOTHIC CATHEDRALS?

DOTTED throughout Britain, France, Germany and the Low Countries, the great cathedrals stand today as they've stood for 700 or 800 years. Of Europe's 180-odd Gothic Cathedrals, 80 are in France and 35 in England – although two of those were destroyed, St. Pauls in the great Fire of 1666, and Coventry in the Second World War. St. Pauls was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, and Coventry in modern style, in the post-war period.

Including the two re-built, only five of Britain's Cathedrals were erected after the 300 years linking the Middle Ages with the Elizabethan period.

There they stand – giant Churches of amazing beauty and symmetry, filled with exquisite carving and the most delicate fluted arches. With all the technical knowledge and mechanization of our period, there is no 'know how' in the twentieth century capable of achieving what our ancestors accomplished with the hand tools of their period.

Work or Leisure?

Even more astounding, they were built without pay, as a form of consecrated leisure activity. There were no tenders, contracts, mortgages, overtime or union confrontations.

How did they do it? One would suppose that far more effort was required to provide food, clothing and shelter than today. What time would such communities have for the intricacies and detail involved in building such beautiful cathedrals?

Many will be amazed to learn that there was, contrary to general belief, a great deal of leisure time. Thorold Rogers, Professor of Political Economy at Oxford University in the middle of the nineteenth century, wrote, "At that time (i.e. the Middle Ages) a labourer could provide all the necessities for his family for a year by working fourteen weeks."

Lord Leverhume, a prominent figure in the "Industrial Partnership Movement" of the eighteenth century, wrote: "The men of the fifteenth century were very well paid."

Sombart, in his study of agricultural conditions in Central Europe in the fourteenth century, "found hundreds of communities which averaged from 160 – 180 holidays a year."

The Laws of England

Fortescue, appointed Lord High Chancellor by Henry VI, in his book *Le Laudibus Legum Anglica*e (Praise the Laws of England) said: "The king cannot alter the laws, or make new ones, without the express consent of the whole people in parliament assembled. Every inhabitant is at his liberty fully to use and enjoy whatever his farm produceth, the fruits of the earth, the increase of his flocks and the like.

All the improvements he makes, whether by his own proper industry, or of those he retains in his service, are his own, to use and enjoy without the let, interruption or denial of any. If he be in any wise injured, or oppressed, he shall have his amends and satisfaction against the part offending. Hence it is the inhabitants are rich in gold, unless at certain times upon a religious score, and by way of doing penance. They are fed in great abundance with all sorts of flesh and fish, of which they have plenty everywhere; they are clothed throughout with good woollens; their bedding and other furniture in their houses are of wool, and that in great score. They are also well provided with all sorts of household goods and necessary implements for husbandry. Everyone, according to his rank hath all things which conduce to make life easy and happy."

Magna Carta

It was in this period that the mighty Magna Carta was written; establishing the profound truth that the individual leases his life from God, sooner than Caesar or the State. Perhaps a Frenchman, Emile Lousse, Professor History at the University of Louvain in 1955, best sums up what many Englishmen have forgotten:

"What touches all should be approved of by all. The free man must also be protected in the peaceful enjoyment of his goods. He cannot be deprived of them, without his prior consent, even by the indirect method of excessive taxation or offensive war abroad. His person and his property, including his home, are inviolable. The famous Chapter 39 of the English Great Charter sums all this up for us."



St. Paul's Cathedral, London, destroyed by fire in 1087, rebuilt and again burned in 1561, redesigned by Christopher Wren in 1675 and finally completed in 1697

Monastic Life

The monasteries were the focal point of a deep spiritual ethos that pervaded the land. Cobbett, in his *History of the Reformation*, records that often 100,000 pilgrims at a time journeyed to Canterbury. Besides the great Cathedrals, there was a parish Church to every four square miles throughout the Kingdom. Turner, in the second volume of his *History of England*, claimed, "No tyranny was ever established that was more unequivocally the creature of popular will, nor longer maintained by popular support; in no point did personal interest and public welfare more cordially unite than in the encouragement of the monasteries."

The Precosium of Bishop Fleetwood gave an idea of current prices at the time:

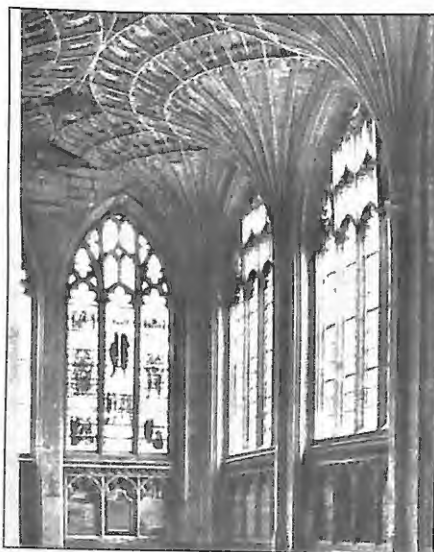
	£	s	d
A pair of shoes:	0	0	4
Russet broadcloth the yard	0	1	1
A stall-fed ox	1	4	0
A grass-fed ox	0	16	0
Fat sheep unshorn	0	1	8
Fat sheep shorn	0	1	2
Fat hog 2 yrs old	0	3	4
A fat goose	0	0	2½
Ale the gallon, by proclamation	0	0	1
Wheat, the quarter	0	3	4
White wine, the gal	0	0	6
Red wine	0	0	4

The Just Price

Prices varied little, and often fell in times of plenty. G.N. Clark, in his history *The Wealth of England from 1496 to 1760*, gives this picture of prices at the end of the Middle Ages:

"Conscious planning played a very modest part in the economy of this time. In the main the Church, the King and his servants, the municipalities, or the guilds used their limited power of social control, not to impose economic plans, but merely to prevent breaches of traditional rules and standards . . . There was a certain stock of economic ideas. They were good ideas, though they were simple and general. Like most systematic thought at the time, these ideas were a branch of a comprehensive interpretation of the whole universe. The Church was the custodian of this interpretation, although laymen wrote pamphlets on commercial policy. The main doctrines had to do with economic justice, the principles of fair dealing. There was the doctrine that in all transactions a just price ought to be paid. This might be explained so as to mean very little more than that a seller committed a sin if he took more than the correct price, the market price; but it was often explained so as to condemn something more than simple cheating. If it penetrated a little into economic analysis, it meant that the market price itself ought to be just, and that meant, roughly speaking, that it ought to depend on the cost of production and not on unfair competition or on the power of a monopolist. There was one special sphere in which the doctrine of a just price took a form very natural in a peasant society: in the sphere of finance it took the form of condemning usury. There were texts in Scripture and in Aristotle which seemed to mean that all loans should be made without interest; and this was the official theory . . ."

Indeed, Magna Carta had much to say about the evils of usury, and sought to protect the property of the widow, the weak and the helpless from the money lenders.



Peterborough

Thus it was that the fiery nineteenth century historian William Cobbett, after visiting Winchester Cathedral and marveling at its beauty told his son: "That building was made when there were no poor wretches in England called paupers; when there were no poor rates; when every labouring man in England was clothed in good woolen cloth; and when all had plenty of meat and bread and beer." (Recorded in Cobbett's *Rural Rides*).

Cultural activity

Thus we have a picture of a well-fed, prosperous community, working commercially or for gain about one-third of each year, and with, as Sombart says, "160-180 holidays a year."

It was a period which produced an explosion of cultural advancement. It was in this period that our parliamentary system was born; that we received the great Magna Carta; trial by jury; the independent judiciary; the offices of sheriff and justices of the peace; and, of course, the great Cathedrals.

It was a period where the function and value of private property was well understood and protected. Once again, in Cobbett's words, "You may trust the word freedom as long as you please; but at last it comes to quiet enjoyment of your property, or it comes to nothing."

It was a period which men were pleased to call "Merrye Englande".

The Gothic style

It was in France that the first examples of Gothic architecture could be seen. In Paris the magnificent Notre Dame was commenced in 1163, and throughout France the creative explosion followed - with names



Gloucester: the Cloisters

like Beauvais, Laon, Amiens, Reims, Chartres, Bourges. Each was different to the other - even to the stone used. Notre-Dame is white, Strasbourg pink, Reims bright yellow, Chartres a bluish-grey.

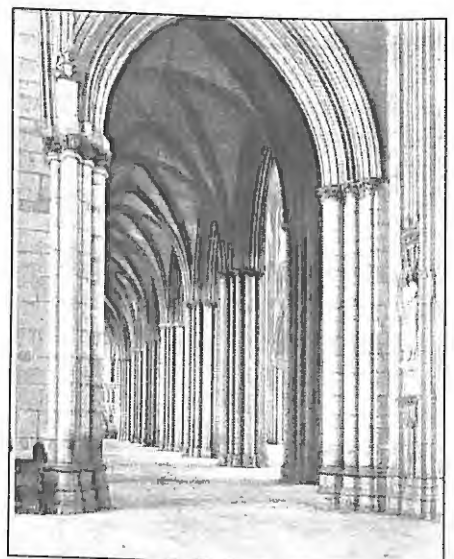
In each there is an awe-inspiring impression of space and light when entering. Delicate arches leap to meet the carved vaults high above. The problems encountered in Saxon times regarding narrow roof spans, which had caused much trouble were overcome by the development of the "ribbed vault" - a discovery which showed that a pointed arch will support far greater loads than the round arches used by the Romans, or the limited wooden beams of the Saxons.

Crossed arches became ribs able to support roofing structures of greater width, and with their flowering sections brought symmetry and lightness as a further enhancement. The first of all Gothic cathedrals, Saint-Denis in Paris, set the example which others enthusiastically followed. As the choir of Saint-Denis was completed in 1144, the Abbé Suger exclaimed that "a wondrous and unbroken light pervaded the sanctuary!"

And this was the whole revelation of the Gothic period - light. Was not the Christ the Light of the World? And did not men pray "Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee O Lord!" The fervour which this new style attracted was surely a light indeed.

Voluntary effort

Historians of the period tell us how the whole community joined in the task of building. Thousands worked to erect Chartres, often harnessing themselves to carts that carried blocks of stone to



York Minster: South Aisle

the construction site, singing hymns as they toiled. Others donated gold and jewels. Thus, Chartres was built in less than 40 years, with an average of 250 workmen right through that period. Others took longer, requiring generations of fund-raising and labour.

The architects, rather than the primitive yokels often depicted today, were master craftsmen and men of great learning. Their techniques for calculating the stresses and strains, the loads to be carried and the geometrical form of their new style is unknown. These techniques, placing the colossal weight on the uniquely shaped pillars, allowed the use of light as never before.

Colours

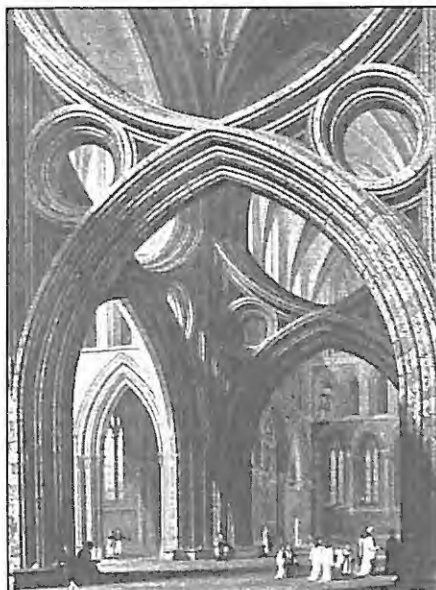
This in turn allowed another set of craftsmen a scope they had never had previously – the makers of coloured glass windows. A riot of beautiful colours filled the naves and choirs, and illuminated the intricately carved altars. The glaziers set up their kilns at the cathedral sites, and plied their craft – mixing mineral pigments into the hot liquid mass before it hardened. Thousands of pieces of glass, seldom larger than a hand, were joined by thin strips of lead into designs and pictures, capturing in colour the gospel, the acts and the miracles of Scripture.

And in fact, since many were unable to read, the Cathedrals became “living scriptures”, the Bible story being captured in the radiant colours of the stained glass windows, and the beautifully carved gargoyles and stone figures still seen today.

England follows

Hardly had the Gothic style developed in France, before it was taken up by the *Ecclesiastica Anglicana*. With the same craft and diligence, the same voluntary effort, the great English Cathedrals were commenced, and the spires and towers pierced towards the heavens. The great names are well known- Canterbury, of course, and York; Durham and Exeter; Lincoln and Wells; Winchester and Ely; Oxford and St. Albans; and so the names roll off the tongue; each magnificent and unique. A variety of original design was captured in the disciplined dignity of those great buildings, and then spilled over into the whole range of architecture – Corn Exchanges, Guildhalls and even the cottages and mansions of the time.

The faith of the period did not confine itself to building churches and cathedrals. This was the period when the first of the Public Schools

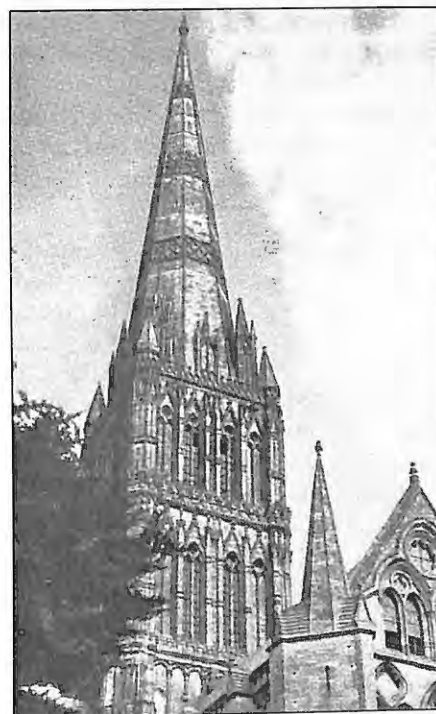


Wells - the massive arches supporting the tower - from an old print

were founded, and in each the notion of “Christian education” was the first priority. Both Winchester College and Westminster School make claim to being the first – but whichever is right, they were quickly followed by others – Eton, Harrow, Marlborough, Rugby. Winchester was founded by a Parish Priest, William of Wykeham, who also endowed a College at Oxford, and coined Winchester’s famous motto, “*Manners Makyth Man.*”

What of today?

What would they think of the British people in the twentieth century, those fervent builders of the Gothic period? How would they view the concrete petrol stations and the Coca Cola



Salisbury spire

signs? What would they think of the enormous crowds worshipping the gods of football, or the pop idols? Their crowds in those days went a different way –

*“And specially from every shires ende
Of Engelande to Canterbury they wende
The holy blissful martyr for to seek
That them hath holpen whan
that they were seeke.”*

But the great Cathedrals still stand. Perhaps in Britain’s hour of need they will once again become the focal point of spiritual fervour. Perhaps the story of how they were built, and the economic climate which freed men to “labour for love” will challenge the modern preoccupation with the “balance of payments” and progressive taxation.

For there is a glory about those Cathedrals which transcends time.

Comment

Contrast the picture above with that of England today. In 1694 the Bank of England was founded, setting in motion a National Debt which threatens the final extinction of freedom. To the simple usury of interest charges has been added a much more heinous and punitive perversion – that of creating out of nothing all money – both cash and credit – as an interest-bearing debt to be charged into the prices of all goods and services, whether government or private. The new temples are not Cathedrals, but banks. Socialism offers no answer to the monstrous evils of capitalism, for it leaves the control of money creation unscathed.

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NEVILLE SHUTE (NORWAY)

based on his autobiography *Slide Rule*

by Julian Stanwix

IFEEL Neville Shute (Norway) was one of the most unusual British authors of the last century and one of the most successful in general terms contributing to both the literary world and the world of film, with Australia being featured in *A Town Like Alice* and *On The Beach*.

I started to wonder, as a reader of biographies and history, why I collected his books, and after much deliberation and thought as to why he had been so popular for so many years, I came to the conclusion it was because he wrote well-researched stories about average people in interesting circumstances, and gave detail as to their lives, thinking and reasoning in a factual form which people of the day could relate to – for instance, the importance radio played in people's lives in the 1920s.

Neville Shute Norway was born in Ealing, England, in 1899. His father worked for British Post, and he had one brother who was killed in the first war. Life for the family was comfortable but modest. He was an inquisitive child, but a loner due to the fact he had a terrible stammer. At the age of eleven, he found out about the thrill of wagging school, to which he had to travel by train. One stop from his home station was a very large museum, where the main focus was Applied Science. When he discovered this, Neville spent the next ten days thoroughly studying the exhibits instead of attending school. When it came to a head, his parents decided to send him to live with friends and attend a small private school in Oxford. This he really enjoyed, and he progressed well.

In 1912 his father was made Post Office Secretary for Ireland. This posting was partly caused through his father's hearing problem. He had risen to a level in the system where promotion was merited, and the Post Office thought it was a way of promoting him, but also side lining him.

Brother Fred enlisted in the army in the first world war, and was wounded. Shute discusses how in those days war was so localized that even while it was going on tourists were still holidaying within fifty miles of the front, so his parents went to see Fred in hospital in France where he subsequently died. He discusses his interest in flying, and how the average life of a pilot was three weeks on the front in the very basic planes.

Back in Ireland the Germans had contacted Sinn Fein, and convinced them to start a rebellion, hopefully

requiring a diversion of British troops away from the war and change the outcome. Neville joined the Ambulance Corps which was organized by the Royal Irish Automobile Club and throughout the rebellion was a stretcher bearer.

Finally he started his university studies in engineering and for work experience was able to start at "Airco", assisting the main designer Geoffrey de Havilland, who later went on to start his own company which Shute later joined. Because of the company structure he resigned and joined Vickers, as he thought from a career point this would be a better company.

It was at this time that he started to write short stories, and his first novel, which he did in the evenings for relaxation.

In 1923-24 flying was the current new viable invention and much discussion was in progress because Britain wanted to be a forerunner in this development. It was generally accepted that aeroplanes would be used for domestic air travel, but for international flights it was thought the Germans were correct in putting their efforts into Airships, and already had a regular service between Germany and South America. The British had built several airships already, including the R38 which had come down, with the loss of 44 lives in the disaster.

The Ramsay McDonald government set up a committee to investigate the airship situation, and came to the conclusion: "The Air Ministry at Cardington shall build an airship of a certain size, load carrying capacity and speed, and the Vickers Ltd. shall build another one to the same contract specification. By this ingenious device we shall find out which is the better principle, capitalism or state enterprise."

Shute was employed by the capitalist team. The Government team was made up mainly of the designers of the ill-fated R38. Shute wondered how they could do this. Some – due to what he believed to be faulty engineering practices – should have been charged with manslaughter! Even though it took five years to design and build the ship there was absolutely no contact, and neither ever visited or inspected the other ship!

For the first eighteen months purely design work was done at Vickers House in Westminster, after which the ship was to be built at Howden in Yorkshire in a shed, derelict since 1924.



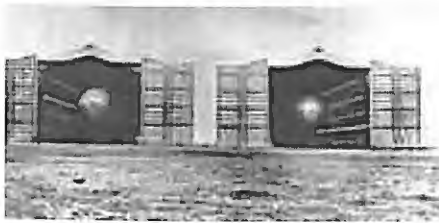
Neville Shute

At this point Shute's first novel, *Marazan*, was published, written over the previous eighteen months in his spare time. He was paid £30 advance royalty.

The shed at Howden was huge, covering seven and a half acres in two sections, so two ships could be built, with 170 feet to the roof! The ship was 750 feet long and 140 feet in diameter, and due to the damp conditions they decided to varnish the Duralium frame to stop corrosion. By then the frame was hanging from the roof, and took thirty men three months to complete! As the building procedure went on every one became very able working at heights and clambering over frames.

As previously stated, there was no communication between the two camps. After doing their calculations the Vickers team decided there was no need to balance the rudders, which had a surface area of 1000 square feet, nor was there a need for power-assisted steering. The opposing team did both, which took up excessive weight. Another feature was that when an airship was to be tethered to a mast for loading and unloading, it had to reverse and manoeuvre so as to be exactly on the mast, so it had to have propellers to send it into reverse. This was done on the Vickers machine by a reverse gear on two of its six motors, whereas the Government R101 had four forward working motors, and one which was only to be started when they had to reverse.

By the end of 1929 the ship was nearing completion, and time to inflate her fourteen gasbags with hydrogen. Her volume was a little over five million cubic feet of gas, giving her a gross lift of about one hundred and fifty-six tons; her tare weight was about one hundred and two tons, so she had about fifty-four tons available for fuel oil, ballast, crew and passengers. Of the fourteen gasbags



The sheds at Cardington, near Putnoe in Bedford where the Government R101 was built. The shed internal dimensions were length: 812ft; width: 180ft; height: 157ft

in the R100, the largest weighed half a ton and cost £6000, with £800 for gas.

A crew was chosen, made up of forty members – riggers, fitters, stewards, wireless operators and officers.

In November 1929 she was finished, after five years, and ready to hand over to a crew for a test flight.

It was at this point Shute's second book *So Disdained* was published in America, known as *The Mysterious Aviator*.

The flight trials were carried out by the Air Ministry who, of course, were the competitors, which fortunately did not cause difficulties. To get the ship out of the shed, as it was now floating but tethered, a centre line had been painted in the shed, and extended out on to the airfield, with five hundred soldiers to act as handling party to walk her out on to the runway. Then Major Scott ordered half a ton of water ballast dropped from the bow and the stern, and on release the craft gradually rose to five hundred feet. After two of the motors were started she was nosed up to one thousand feet. At this point they were glad to see the ship could be steered, unassisted, by hand shifting the huge rudders.

December 16, 1929, the first flight was made, R100 becoming the fastest air ship ever built, reaching a speed of 81 mph. Between January 27 and 29th she had her 48-hour test flight which was called for in the contract of acceptance by the Government, and it was decided to fly to Canada, rather than to India as had been planned. A lot of maintenance can be carried out while an airship is in the air, and the crew could actually climb up through the gas bag area hatches on to the top, and stand or sit to do navigation readings on the surface. Shute tells the tale of a person leaving his watch on the surface and finding it still there on returning the next day! If the wind was too great to be out on the surface they could just slow down and float along, only having the natural wind pressure to contend with.

The R101 – the Government-built unit – was being tested at this point, and it was realized how small her capacity was, especially planning to fly this

unit to India – even with cutting and lengthening her to give a capacity of 49-3 tons of load space.

The R100 had seven test flights before taking off for Canada on July 29 1930 at 3.50 a.m., with 34.5 tons of petrol on board. They received weather reports every six hours so they could fly around depressions and find favourable winds. Meals whilst in flight were quite luxurious. Shute mentions a lunch of soup, stewed beef, custard, beer, cheese and coffee. By July 31 they were in Newfoundland and following the St. Lawrence River. As there was a tear in the tail section it required the riggers to climb on the support structure wires to repair the damage, clipping themselves on to other wires whilst working, with the St. Lawrence river 1000 feet below. Whilst doing this the speed was reduced to 20 mph. At another point they repaired a radiator hose, which required a complete shut down for a short period.

They moored at Montreal at St. Huberts Airport, 78 hours after leaving Cardington in England, with 5 tons of petrol left, traveling 3,300 miles averaging 42 mph. This equated to being twice the speed of a ship or train from London to Montreal, giving rise to the thought the craft was commercially viable.

Over 10,000 people visited the ship over twelve days, then she was taken for a flight over Ottawa, Toronto and Niagara Falls.

Due to a problem with the reversing gear, and one motor part of a propeller flying off and damaging the ship – which was repaired – it was decided they would fly home on five engines.

They left Montreal, Canada, on August 13 at 9.28, with 9,600 gallons of petrol, cruising at 47 knots on three engines, and by Saturday 16 at 8.20 am were having breakfast as they passed over Avonmouth and Bristol toward home at Cardington. The trip had taken 57-5 hours home, using 3,200 gallons of fuel to the point of completing being tethered.

This was the last flight she ever made; the ship never flew again, and the whole effort was now put into the R101 for her ill-fated flight to India.

We are told of the hurried and patched-up type of work carried out on the R101, getting her ready for the India trip, which Shute seems concerned about, far from his authority to comment or do anything.

It only had one test flight.

On October 4th the R101 crashed at Beavais in France. At the time of writing

Shute stated that even after twenty-five years they would not disclose the findings of the disaster of this Government-built airship, which saddened him, as he had known a number of the crew who had also been on the Canada trip. I quote: *"The disaster was a product of the system, not the men themselves."* Shute notes in the book that the Baron Thomson of Cardington was rumoured to be the next Viceroy of India, and wanted the R101 to fly out to visit his new empire, and it was on this trip that the ship went down with the loss of forty-eight lives.

A sad ending to many years of work, and a little-known aviation story. When the project was abandoned, and finally broken up for scrap, only a few pieces remained as museum curiosities and, as he says, a memorial to their endeavour.

Neville Shute went on building up a successful manufacturing business of aeroplanes, even supplying the original plane for the Royal Family, and after many board room battles sold out his shareholding prior to WW2, when he was involved in the war effort before retiring to Australia on a farming property.

He wrote many books, which are still enjoyed worldwide, even having a strong fan club in New Mexico. There is a good site to visit on the internet, which will come up in response to his name.



Cardington mast and winch houses under construction.



View of the mast from the nose of the R101. Steam from the winch houses can be clearly seen.



A BOLD venture in banking in New Zealand is proving popular – reversing bank privatization.

Kiwibank, a new Government-run bank, is bounding ahead as it enters its second year.

All too little is known in Australia of the move across the Tasman, but it is paving a counter to trials which have dogged banking in Australia. Kiwibank was set under way by the Labor Government led by Helen Clark in response to concerns over excessive fees and bank closures in rural communities and city suburbs.

The big-five retail banks have been forced into responses. They have cut some fees and introduced new, cheaper-to-operate accounts.

They must have got a shock when, last September, the bank, hailed as “the new kid on the block”, jubilantly pulled another rabbit out of the hat. It guaranteed its home loans would be cheaper than those of the big private five over the next six years.

A credit card was also to be launched last May, to complete the retail consumer product line-up.

“We are growing as fast as we think is sensible at this stage,” reported the bank’s young chief executive, Sam Knowles, in a recent reckoning. “You don’t want to bite off more than you can chew”.

“There are some people who are clearly looking for reasons to say we haven’t been successful. Well, we clearly have”.

Since day one an average of 500 people have joined the bank daily. It has stuck to its pledge to charge at least 20 per cent less in overall fees than its big competitors and 0.5 per cent less on home loan interest rates.

Customer numbers had reached 120,000 as the bank began its second year in April, and were expected to reach targets at least eighteen months ahead of schedule.

Prospects were described as “exciting” by a key man behind Kiwibank, Mr. Jim Anderton.

He said that the rapid growth in customers could mean it takes longer than the expected three years to return a profit. But it would become a much more substantial bank.

The bank made a \$6.5 million loss for the first half year to December 31. While slightly more than expected, the bank was strong in deposits and home lending.

An early planned rollout of about 300 branches, using the Postshops of New Zealand Post and franchise holders met an obstacle when some 150 franchises refused to have a branch in their stores. They objected to fitting-out costs, and 53¢ transaction fees they considered too low.

However, arrangements satisfied most, and the network went to about 280 branches.

New Zealand’s adventurous step has strong all-party backing. It was launched by the Clark Labor Government with backing from the Alliance Group.

Jim Anderton, a Labor member during the ‘80s who had strongly opposed the privatizing of the Government-run Post Office Savings Bank, left Labor and later came in strongly behind the new bank. He was installed as Economic Development Minister, though not in the governing Party.

A former National Party Prime Minister, farmer Jim Bolger, became bank chairman.

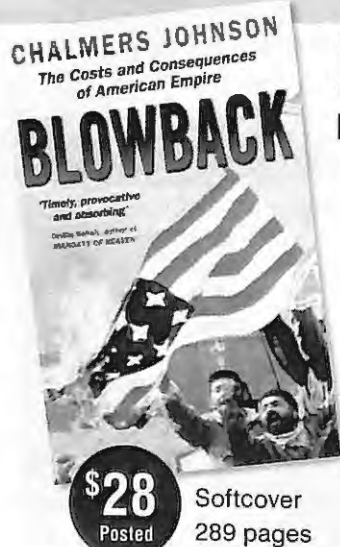
All too little is written in Australia on the return to Government-run banking in New Zealand.

It looks suspiciously like the example across the Tasman is being withheld – for fear of being encouraged here.

Private banks reaping high profits would face real opposition when they introduced fees for accounts and closed branches in country towns.

Australia has been reeling from the departure of the Commonwealth Bank, and State-owned banks, in the years when privatization spread. It reminds one of the “curse of Keating”, the loss of the traditional protection afforded Australian farmers and depositors by what had been a “people’s bank”.

ESSENTIAL READING



BLOWBACK The Costs and Consequences of American Empire by Chalmers Johnson

An explosive account of the resentments American policies were sowing around the world before 11 September 2001, and the economic payback that will be their harvest.

Blowback - a term originally coined by the CIA, to describe the unintended consequences of American policies. In his devastating critique, Chalmers Johnson shows how this concept has challenged America’s superpower status in the twenty first century.

In essence *Blowback* updates the old adage that you reap what you sow; except that in the case of US foreign policy, the American people are often unaware of what has been sown on their behalf. And while the US government condemns attacks against American citizens and property as being the work of ‘terrorists’ and ‘rogue states’, Johnson shows that they are often acts of blowback from earlier covert operations.

Johnson argues that nothing short of a thorough reanalysis of America’s post-Cold War role is required - the longer it attempts to sustain its global empire, the greater the political and economic retribution will be. *Blowback* is a much needed wake-up call for American policy makers - a warning to demobilise the global empire before the full force of blowback takes effect.

‘No one else has exposed the short-sightedness, hubris, corruption and instability of our country’s imperial overreach with such impassioned incisiveness - *Blowback* is a wake-up call for America.’ *John W. Dower, author of Embracing Defeat, winner of the National Book Award.*

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Adventurer, Tracker, Soldier and Hunter

Reviewing "Born to Fight": A Definitive Study of the life of

Charles Joseph Ross DSO

By Neil G. Speed



Major Charles Joseph Ross DSO

IT doesn't concern him, but this tale starts with him:

Who was Captain C.A.R. Shower?

This was the idle question in the mind of Neil Speed in 1984, as he studied the inscription on the antique Mauser pistol he had just acquired: "Presented to Major C. Ross, Canadian Scouts, by Capt. C.A.R. Shower".

Neil had founded the Antique and Historical Arms Collectors' Guild of Victoria in 1963, and has been its secretary, and editor of its magazine, *Caps and Flints*, for most of the time since then. It's not hard to guess that he is a perfectionist. He meticulously catalogues and categorises his antiques, checking dates and descriptions so accurately that he is now Australian arms consultant to a leading international auction house.

Captain Shower needed identifying, and it took Speed nearly eleven years, and the help of an observant colleague, to track him down. To discover Captain Shower never existed! But Captain Charles Alfred Russell Stower *did*, details of his life and career dutifully recorded in the 1901 Officer Lists of the London Public Record Office.

The part of Captain Stower's life relevant to our story took place in South Africa during the Boer War. Originally serving with the Third Battalion Suffolk Regiment, he also served for five months with the Canadian Scouts as Adjutant.

Shrouded in the mists of time are the facts surrounding the presentation of Stower's Mauser M96 pistol to his commanding officer, Major Charlie Ross, as is the misspelling of his name by the engraver of the presentation plaque. One can imagine that Stower had learned a lot from the tough, clever old soldier in that five months, and greatly admired him.

Who knows? How the pistol came to be in Australia some eighty years later, and even if the presentation was ever actually made – in view of the engraving error – we shall probably never know.

Captain Charles Alfred Russell Stower now fades from our story, as we return to

Melbourne author, Neil Speed, and his researcher's nose for a good story.

From the time of his acquisition in 1984, Neil Speed was mainly concerned with the identity of Major Charles Ross, the intended recipient of the pistol. Painstakingly and methodically he gradually gathered scraps of information, taking nearly ten years to collate his information into coherent, consecutive periods of Ross's life.

The facts of Charles Joseph Ross's life cover three continents and are fascinatingly varied. They took some collecting.

Born 4 July 1857, Orange, New South Wales, into a strict Catholic family, Charlie Ross ran away from home at the age of nine. He stowed away on a ship bound for America, apparently attracting the attention of a benefactor – possibly the Master of the vessel – through whom he received some schooling, before once again kicking over the traces and moving on. He spent seven of his teenage years with the Indians, whether as captive or guest is uncertain, but making good use of his time to learn incomparable tracking skills from them. At about the age of eighteen he was 'rescued' from the Indians by a group of Mormons, living with a group of the sect that undertook scouting activities in various Indian wars for the US army: 1877 – Nez Percé, 1878 – Bannock, 1879 – Ute.

By 1884 Ross was in Canada working as a stable hand for the North West Mounted Police. On a particular day a patrol was to be sent out, and as it was one man short the stable hand was included in the patrol. Ross's ability to track and read sign so impressed the regulars that he was coerced to join as

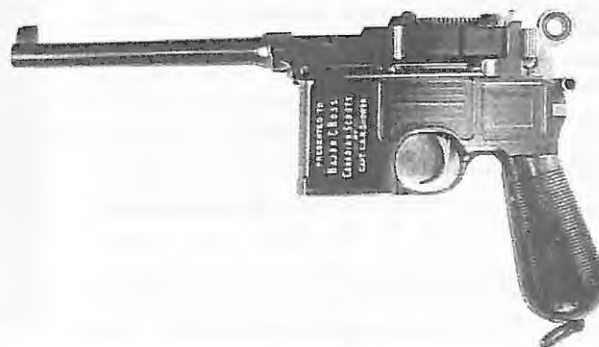
a Mountie. He acted as Colonel Otter's Chief Scout during the Reil Rebellion, Canada's one big Indian War in 1885, and was mentioned in dispatches on three occasions.

Two years before his time with the Mounties expired, Ross married, living around Lethbridge. In March 1897 he took part in the Yukon gold rush, in a dubious joint venture with the Commissioner of the North West Mounted Police. He was unsuccessful, returning empty-handed, to the fury of his financier, who dogged him with allegations of skulduggery for many years.

On the outbreak of the Boer War in South Africa in 1899, Canada committed its forces to the battle, placing General Hutton in command of a force due to arrive in April 1900. As his reputation as a scout was well-known, Ross was sent in advance of the main Canadian contingent, joining Robert's Horse and becoming involved in a Boer ambush on 31 March 1900 at Sannaspos, where he earned one of the five DSOs awarded as a result of that action, for his part in saving the five guns.

On the arrival of the Canadians, Ross joined as second in command to Major Arthur "Gat" ("Gatling Gun") Howard – a compatriot from the Reil Rebellion – to form the Canadian Scouts in November 1900. Howard was killed three months later, under circumstances that subsequently caused Ross to have his Scouts swear never to take another Boer prisoner, evoking historical comparisons to the tragic story of "Breaker" Morant and the Bushveldt Carbineers.

The Canadian Scouts developed a reputation for such fearless courage that it was viewed by some as recklessness.



The Mauser M96 self-loading pistol, ten shot, calibre 7.63mm.



Charles Ross (standing) with William Bleasdel Cameron, a young Hudson's Bay Company clerk, the only male survivor of the Frog Lake massacre of 2 April 1885. (Note the bullet holes in Cameron's hat and edge of coat).
Photo courtesy Neil Speed

Early in 1902 Lord Kitchener increased the Scouts, and other similar units, to full battalion size with the hope of finishing the war as quickly as possible.

After the war Ross remained in Africa, opened trading posts in northern Transvaal and started hunting ivory. As there were more and larger elephants in both British and German East Africa and the Lado Enclave he operated a safari business with Baron Fritz Schindler in German East Africa in 1904, branching out from there into the lucrative pastime of poaching ivory.

Eventually he was expelled from German East Africa, and the British authorities decided the only way they could control his activities was to appoint him Assistant Game Ranger, giving him responsibility for an area of 37,500 square miles in northern Kenya.

Ross was involved as an advisor to ex-President Theodore Roosevelt's 1909 safari on behalf of the Smithsonian Institute, making a presentation to Roosevelt at a farewell dinner of a tobacco caddy made from the hoof of a rhino he had hunted. The caddy was mounted with silver images of Cape Buffalo and rhino. In 1910 he also scouted for "Buffalo" Jones' safari.

With the outbreak of World War I in 1914, Ross formed a group of scouts that became part of the King's African Rifles, raiding German territory around Lake Victoria. There is also evidence that he transferred to the Legion of Frontiersmen in 1915, fighting with them until the German collapse in East Africa in 1917.

Returning to his job as a game ranger, Ross went out on patrol when he was ill in 1922, was thrown from his horse in a storm, and died of double pneumonia and exposure three weeks after his 65th birthday.

It may seem rather an anti-climactic end to such an eventful and colourful life, but maybe Charles Ross wouldn't have had it any other way. He was still actively occupied in doing what he loved to do, and who can ask for more than that?

Back to our doughty detective, Neil Speed, and the eminently satisfactory conclusion to this tale.

In May 1995 Neil Speed traveled to central New South Wales on business. Pulling in to the sleepy little town of Canowindra for lunch, he came across a second-hand bookstore. In chatting to the store's owner about the Boer War, his obsession with one Charles Joseph Ross was inevitably mentioned, and the bookseller mentioned that there were still a few Ross's living around Orange.

Speed's research showed that Charlie Ross's family had moved to Fargo, Dakota territory by 1888, so he was unconvinced that any local Ross's would be connected. The store owner persisted, and jotted down three local Ross telephone numbers on a scrap of paper, which Speed stuffed in his pocket, politely thanking the bookseller. Travelling on to Dubbo, and relaxing in his motel after his five hour drive, he dialed the numbers. The first two drew blank, but the third one was answered by a mature gentleman, who replied, in response to Speed's explanatory inquiry, "*You're talking about my father!*"! Incredulously trying to assimilate this information, while attempting at the same time to calculate how old this gentleman must be, whose father – Speed knew – had also fathered a daughter in 1888, he managed to arrange a meeting in three days' time.

John Ross was the fourth and last surviving child of five children born to Beatrice, Ross's second wife. Speed's research had failed to unearth this second marriage, and until meeting John Ross he was unaware that Charles Ross had married Beatrice, nanny to the children of the Governor of Kenya, in the early 1900s, at the time he was employed by the British as a Game Ranger. They lived in the Great Rift Valley at Eldama Ravine. John was only four when his father died in 1922. His godfather was Blayne Percival, Kenya's Acting Chief Game Warden, well

known author and both Ross's friend and boss.

After Charles' death in 1922 his wife remarried in 1927 to Major Matthew William Whitridge DSO, an ex-New Zealander who had served in World War I with the Nyasaland Battalion of the King's African Rifles. Being a Kiwi and serving with an African unit suggests that he too may have had service in the Boer War and had stayed on in Africa.

John was a trained mechanic, and served with the Uganda Battalion of the K.A.R. and also for some time with the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. He married Susan Daniel in Kenya in 1944.

Joining the Kenya Police in 1954, John rose to the rank of Senior Inspector of Transport, a position he held during the Mau Mau emergency. Retiring in 1964, he emigrated to Australia, settling in Orange, New South Wales, where his father had been born 107 years before, thinking he may find relatives still living in the area. He found none.

John bought a small store with a bread and mail run, which proved unprofitable. He then joined Email Refrigeration and worked with them for eighteen years, retiring in 1983.

Prior to this meeting, Speed had assumed that Charles Ross had left Orange for America with his family 130 years before. His research had not revealed a second marriage for Charles, nor the truth of how he got to North America.

Ten months after his first meeting with Speed, John Ross died.

Surely the hand of providence had acted to bring about the meeting of these two men, whose lives were so amazingly connected by Charles Joseph Ross. John Ross had come to Orange; the circle had been closed.



This photograph of Ross was taken in a London Studio after 1918.
Photo courtesy Neil Speed



BORN TO FIGHT NEIL G. SPEED

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and send a cheque or money order to:

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Born in Melbourne in 1937, Neil Speed spent all his working life in the shipping industry until taking early retirement in 1991.

A family man with a daughter, two sons and three grandsons; his other interests - apart from collecting antique arms - are his vegetable garden and fruit trees, cooking and Australian wine. He loves to visit the wine growing areas of Australia and works part time on the promotional staff of one of Australia's largest family owned vineyards. His music tastes are the swing era, jazz and light classics.

He founded the Antique and Historical Arms Collectors' Guild of Victoria in 1963.

Research is not new to him, for he has contributed to a number of books, mainly on the subject of Colt revolvers that are now considered the 'bibles' of collecting in that field.

In her Foreword to his book *Born To Fight*, Carman Miller, Professor of History and Dean of Arts at McGill University in Quebec, writes: "*Speed's study is also a remarkable tale of eighteen years of persistent, imaginative and intelligent historical search for a man who left few paper trails. Speed's impressive detective work, his relentless pursuit of evidence, his keen instincts for information, his mastery of the extensive secondary literature, skilful interpretation and clear and engaging prose have created a coherent, plausible and entertaining history of Charlie Ross' fascinating life and times. Born to Fight makes an important contribution to historical understanding in an interesting, informative, well-illustrated and well-told tale.*"



The Weather Bloke

By Janine Haig



Janine Haig

"It's never gonna rain again," Fred gave a mournful sigh,
Joe nodded his agreement, staring at the clear blue sky;
"Dunno what we're gonna do - the drought is getting worse,
The changes in the climate really are an awful curse."

And then a cloud came wafting by, a second close behind,
Yet another floated in; the three of them entwined;
As though in answer to Fred's words out on that barren plain,
A miracle! How wonderful! A breeze and then the rain.

They stood, their mouths a-gaping, arms outstretched in bliss,
Savouring the dampness of the long-forgotten kiss
Of raindrops plopping on their heads - shock had turned them mute,
While water soaked their clothing and puddled in their boots.

But then, from out of nowhere, a man came at a run -
A Mexican, sombrero huge, carrying a gun;
He aimed the barrel at the clouds, squeezed the trigger; *Splat!*
Gave a wild and evil laugh, then disappeared like: *That!*

The clouds deflated with a hiss, that shot was quite enough
To drop them to the ground to lie like little bits of fluff;
No more rain, the sun was back to heat the earth once more,
It seemed to Fred and Joe that it was hotter than before.

Finally Fred scratched his head, cleared his throat and frowned,
"Golly Joe . . . Do ya know? Who *was* that silly clown?"
Joe thought a bit, pulled his lip, and then the answer came:
"I reckon that's the weather bloke - El Nino! That's his name."

Teas, Tinctures and Tussy Mussies

By Isabell Shipard



Isabell Shipard

HERBS have been an important component to life and health since the beginning of time. In the beginning, God told man he provided plants for sustenance and healing. From the dawn of recorded history, plants have been the primary source of medicine for people throughout the world. Still today, plants are the major source of medicine for millions of people worldwide.

Plants used in medicine have been referred to as 'herbs' for over 3000 years. Botanically, a herb is a plant, more or less soft or succulent, mostly grown from seed without developing woody tissue. However, such a definition would exclude many wonderful herbs like rosemary, chaste tree and lemon verbena, to name a few. In the broad sense, a herb can be any plant that is used by man for food, flavouring, medicine, aroma, dye, or any other use. The more I research plants, whether they provide luscious fruits, nutritious root vegetables or leafy greens, I have come to see that they not only provide sustenance and nutrients, but also provide healing qualities, so... how can we separate them into two categories? For example, onions and garlic, which we buy in the supermarket along with other nutritious foods; should we call them foods, or do we call them herbs because of their valuable medicinal properties? Research has shown that these foods can lower blood pressure and cholesterol levels and also kill bacteria. Are garlic and onions medicine or food?

Scientists are discovering many other vegetables and fruits have healing properties in their constituent action, enzymes or through antioxidants of vitamins and minerals. Perhaps we need to reaffirm Hippocrate's belief of 2,500 years ago: *'Let food be your medicine and let medicine be your food'*. Hippocrates has been referred to as 'the father of medicine'. He taught people to observe the natural laws of the human body and its inherent trend towards self-healing, and how plants could assist. The Emperor Charlemagne (742-814) defined a herb as 'the friend of the physician and the praise of cooks'.

Or consider a modern day definition from a friend, 'a herb is a plant to prevent and heal disease'.

Spices are also herbs, but are generally used

in their dried state, are very aromatic and pungent and have served man for preserving, medicine and flavouring, with many of them being beneficial to digestion.

Many ancient herbal remedies were passed down, from generation to generation, by word of mouth. Then came the printing press and large amounts of information became available. With adventurous sea exploration, new herbs and exotic spices were discovered in the East and West.

Spices were valued as highly as gold, and acquiring them brought wars, power and wealth, which dramatically affected the history of world trade. Why would people fight wars over spices, we might ask? To us, a spice is just a spice, with a strong aroma and flavouring. A spice is something that we perhaps take for granted. However, several centuries ago, spices were discovered to be an important way to preserve meat and other foods before the days of refrigeration. The strong aroma of spices also helped to mask the smell of decaying foods. Thanks to modern day inventions and refrigeration, we do not have the same need of spices. We lost the art of using spices and herbs, and their many uses were not handed down so much by word of mouth.

The world of herbs and edible plants is so vast. We could keep learning every day till the day we die and still not know everything.

Growing herbs gives pleasure, satisfaction and physical exercise. Working in the garden is one of the simple things in life that gives big rewards. Time spent in the garden is time spent close to nature, which is rejuvenating to body and mind, and the aroma of herbs delights the senses. John Gerard wrote in his herbal in 1597: *'The smell of basil is good for the heart, it taketh away sorrowfulness, and maketh a man merry and glad.'*

All herb properties can be placed in one or more of three general classifications, according to the primary actions they may produce in the body.

The first classification is detoxification, e.g. herbs with laxative properties cleanse the bowel; diuretic herbs will cleanse the kidneys; plants that have alterative properties will aid in detoxifying the blood, to treat skin diseases, mucous congestion, lung

conditions and constipation. Herbs that have valuable detoxification properties

will act as: alteratives, anthelmintics, antioxidants, aperients, cathartics, chologogues, diuretics, emetics, expectorants, laxatives and vermifuges.

The second classification is symptom relief, to counteract or relieve specific symptoms, e.g. if tension and spasms are to be treated, herbs with antispasmodic actions would be beneficial. Symptom relieving properties and actions include: antibiotics, antipyretics, antiseptics, antispasmodics, aromatics, carminatives, demulcents, dia-phoretics, emetics, emmenagogue, emollients, febrifuges, mucilages, sedatives, stimulants and styptics.

The third classification is of building and toning, as they strengthen the body, improving the functions of the internal organs and strengthening the body's resistance to disease. These herbs will help with recovery from acute ailments, injury, surgery, anemia, impotence, miscarriage and childbirth. They are also used for chronic diseases and emotional instability. Building and toning herbs act as: aphrodisiacs, astringents, cardiac tonics, digestives, diaphoretics, emmenagogues, nervines, nutritives, stomachics, tonics, and vulneraries.

Our ancestors used herbs by eating the fresh plants. Then, by picking, drying and storing, they found that the benefits could be enjoyed all year around. Herbs were prominent in daily life. Today, following thousands of years of use, we have a variety of methods of preparing herbs to choose from. With modern knowledge of pharmacology and scientific research, we can make informed choices as to which process we use, to best release the properties.

For healing, health and pleasure, the most beneficial way of using herbs is to take them internally, as it is from within that healing mainly takes place. However, the body is able to absorb through the skin, and this method may be used with good results. An infusion of herbs, when used as a topical application, foot infusion or a full bath, can be a useful way of assisting healing. It is said that a bath prepared with a herbal infusion for cleansing the kidneys, will reach the kidneys within ten minutes of stepping into the bath.



The warm water opens the pores of the skin, and the pores then readily take in the properties from the herbs. Any herb that may be taken internally, can be used in a bath.

Tea by infusion is the most familiar way of making a herb tea. A herb tea for therapeutic benefits, or a refreshing and enjoyable beverage is made by placing 1 teaspoon of dried herb (or 2-3 teaspoons of fresh herb, finely cut with scissors or knife) in a teapot, and pouring over 1 cup of boiling water. Place the lid on the teapot to prevent beneficial essential oils from being lost in vapor. Leave the tea to steep for 2-3 minutes. I like to give the tea a vigorous stir with a spoon for several seconds, as I like strong tea. Some people prefer to let it stand 5-10 minutes for a stronger tea. If the tea is left to steep for long periods it may develop a bitter taste as some herbs can have high tannin or bitter properties.

Herb teas are drunk without milk. Add a little honey, licorice root, or stevia to sweeten if desired. Some herbal teas are improved in flavour by the addition of a sliver of ginger root, a slice of lemon, a pinch of cinnamon (or if stirred with a cinnamon quill). A time-saving idea is to make a large pot of tea in the morning at breakfast, and then chill the remaining tea to drink during the day. It can be added to fruit juices for a variation. I often combine herb teas with pineapple, orange, passionfruit or mango juice.

Making a practice of drinking refreshing herb teas, whether hot or cold, during the day, is a way to ensure that we are taking extra fluids. The body requires 2-2½ litres of water a day for maintaining basic functions. Some people find drinking plain water too bland, and mains-treated water uninviting, and thus drink insufficient water during the day. Or they may reach for sugar-laden coke or other soft drink, make an instant coffee or open a can of beer, with none of these being very beneficial to health. All these influences add to the rapid depletion of body fluids, and also vitamins and minerals. We are aware that fluids are vital to the body's normal physiological functions but we still consume very alarmingly high quantities of tea, coffee and alcohol instead of drinking just plain water (*Simply Living Magazine* reported that we are the world's largest consumers of beer!).

In Australia, the exhausting and dehydrating effects of the hot and harsh climate are obvious in parched skin and skin cancer. When insufficient fluids

are consumed, wastes and toxins tend to accumulate, circulation becomes sluggish, oxygen flow to cells decreases and painful areas on the body and disease can be the outcome. Early symptoms may be fatigue, depression, irritability, high acid levels, cholesterol and degenerative changes and pain in the joints. Drink more water, and make a practice of brewing herb teas daily, so fluid intake is increased, and health and vitality is strengthened through the flavour, properties and even by the aroma of herbs.

Experiment by combining various herbs from the garden for interesting flavour results. For example, elderberry flowers and peppermint leaves make a good tea. Try lemon verbena, lemon thyme and lemon balm, for a strong lemon fragrance and flavour, or alfalfa



To grow them is to know them,

To know them is to use them,

To use them is to love them,

And then – happily – Herbs

Become your

Way of Life



Bertha Reppert

and rosemary for an energy-boosting tea. Combine ginger, peppermint and apple mint for a minty tang, or ginger, nettle and hyssop to build a stronger immune system. Chamomile and pineapple mint give a delicate flavour. Lemon verbena and borage give the body a lift after a hard day. Orange peel (just the zest, not the pith), jasmine and pineapple sage for a sweet and fruity flavour is sure to please, or rosemary, thyme and lemon grass for a strong, flavoursome brew. If you are 'out of sorts', or feeling blue, just the action of brewing a herb tea may soothe the body, and holding a warm cup of tea in the hands, feeling the steam rise and inhaling the aroma can comfort the body and create energy. That's what herbs do. Herbs give an electrical and vibrational energy to support and boost your energy. If using herb seeds from the garden, like fennel or dill, it is an advantage to slightly bruise (using a pestle and mortar or the blade of a wide knife on a chopping board) so that the volatile oils are released from the seeds.

Besides the many herb blends that can be created, dried fruits added to herbs give a delightful aroma and taste sensation. When there is a glut of fruit in the garden, finely slice, cube and dry it ready for adding to fresh or dried herbs when brewing a cup. Opening a canister with herbs and dried strawberries, apple and mango, or peaches is a real treat.

During the winter, hot herb tea poured into a Thermos flask will provide several ready brewed cups to enjoy during the day. Using a Thermos is a useful way to make up the day's dose when taking a herb therapeutically which could be 2-3 cups, sipped during the day. It is advisable to take teas for healing during the day on any empty stomach, or half an hour before meals.

Teas that are taken for their stimulating effect on the gastric juices, to help stimulate the appetite and dissipate indigestion, are the only teas that are best taken just before a meal. Other teas can thin the gastric juices when taken before mealtime, which may create a stomach condition not conducive to the digestion of food. In situations of illness, do not increase the recommended strength of the infusion on the assumption that it will achieve a faster and more effective result. If desiring a quick action, for example in the case of stomach upset, it is advisable to take the dosage by mouthfuls every 10-15 minutes and mixing it well in the mouth with saliva before swallowing.

A decoction of herb tea is made by boiling, although this method is more appropriate for tough leaves, seeds, bark and roots of plants, as the boiling softens the parts and minerals such as iron and copper, flavours and other nutrients, are released. To 1 teaspoon of dried herb (2-3 teasp. of fresh herb) add 1 large cup of water in a saucepan (not aluminium). Bring to the boil, and hold the temperature at just simmering for 3-10 minutes (depending on how hard the plant parts are) with the lid on the saucepan. Decoctions are strained and used hot or taken cold, or can even be stored in the fridge for 2-3 days. Therefore, a large batch may be prepared, as it initially requires a little more work to prepare and simmer, but then it is ready for use over several days.

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THE STUMP

By 'The Koot'

GENERALLY speaking, there wasn't all that much that could upset Peter. A problem here, a minor crisis there, a bad day at work, could all be taken in his stride. Yet, by that afternoon, his mind was in a ferment, as he had spent the whole day mulling over the effect that stump was having on his life.

The subject of his mental trauma was an old ironbark stump standing guard at the point where the track to the camp left the roadway. In all probability, the tree had been cut down around the time his father was a youngster, but it still had a very firm grip on Mother Earth. Some would say, with more objectivity than Peter was capable of mustering that afternoon, that the track had been made too close to the stump. Peter considered the stump far too close to the track.

Ever since he had come up to this side of the ridge and set up camp and machinery, that lump of wood had been a source of trouble to Peter. They hadn't been here three weeks when Marj had swung too wide coming off the road and crumpled the mudguard on the Toyota. The damage had never been repaired sufficiently to obliterate all reminders of the incident. Hence, it still rankled.

Some months later, they had been towing the truck loaded with railway sleepers out along the track. Smoko, so named since that was the favourite part of his day, had backed the tractor into the stump. Now, anyone familiar with the drawbar slide on those Chamberlain tractors which came out in the mid-sixties, would realize that the stump received far more grievous bodily harm than the tractor, but it was the principle of the thing which mattered, as far as Peter was concerned. Anyway, to make matters worse, the jolt of machine striking stump had jinked Smoko's neck, or, at least, so he maintained, because he took a week off.

Then, only that morning, Paul was towing the water trailer up from the creek where he had just filled it, when he cut the corner too close. The mudguard of the trailer caught on the stump and bent it into the tyre.

Peter realized that he couldn't blame Paul. Just one of those things which happen in the best-regulated circles. Or sleeper-cutter camps for that matter. All this churned through Peter's mind as he cleaned up after a day's work on

the saw. Above all else which needed to be done in the near future, that stump had to be removed. He would spend his Sunday morning down there digging around the base. That would make room for the chainsaw to cut it off below ground level. Quite possibly, he would burr the chain, working at the base of the stump in the grit and soil, but one damaged chain would be a small price to pay.

However, fate took a hand. The area where Peter ran his railway sleeper cutting operations was special forestry lease. A local grazier, Stuart, held the grazing rights, and ran a mob of wethers for wool production. Between the regular musterings for drenching or shearing or any of those other nasty things they do to sheep, Stuart endeavoured to find the time for a weekly trip through the paddock. Normally, this involved timing his run to pass the sleeper-cutters' camp late in the afternoon, where a yarn and a



cup of tea were the order of the day. He arrived that very afternoon, and called into the hut for the usual chat and drink, as was expected of him, of course, since he had done that so often in the past.

"Goodday! Checking the back paddock?" Peter opened the conversation with a statement of the obvious.

"Yeah, Peter. Took a run around," Stuart answered. "The sheep aren't looking too bad, considering the dry spell we're having. There's quite good feed in the farthest valley still."

"Certainly keeping a bit dry, but that's typical of this time of the year."

"How's things in the sleeper cutting business?"

"We've been knocking out some good tallies the last few weeks," Peter said. "Late next week we will be moving our logging machinery across Wynne's gully to the next ridge. That will affect our week's work."

Marj came in with the teapot and mugs. "You pour the tea, Peter," she said, "and I will go and fetch something to eat."

"Better give Paul a yell, eh, Marj? He's

so engrossed in his work over there."

"What's he doing to the trailer?" Stuart had noticed Paul working on the far side wheel.

What a question to throw at the suffering victim of circumstance! The story poured out, undoubtedly providing a soothing relief for the story teller, as he took the opportunity to unload. A sympathetic ear could not be wasted.

"But it will be gone by Sunday night if I have my way," Peter assured all and sundry, Paul having by now joined them.

"Actually, you could blow it out with some gelignite," Stuart remarked.

"I suppose so, but by the time I could organize some, the stump would have wrecked six more vehicles. There's a fair amount of messing around now to obtain a permit, and so forth."

"Well now," Stuart began thoughtfully. "there are three old sticks left in my shed. I saw them there last week and noticed that they were beginning to sweat. They should be used up. If you are coming past, call in and we will see what we can find."

Paul cut in, "Knowing they way the boss feels at the moment, he will more than likely follow you home to collect."

"No, better not. I couldn't be sure if there are any detonators there. You could end up wasting a trip down. I'll check it out. I know there is a roll of fuse."

Impatience got the better of Peter, and he drove to the homestead next day. The risk of a wasted journey was considered well worthwhile. After some scratching around, Stuart located a packet with several detonators. Peter returned triumphant.

On Sunday morning it was all systems go, and by midday he had dug down one side of the stump. Using a hand brace, Peter began to drill a hole in the base to plant the gelignite. This was hard work, and relief came when he realized that it would need a very deep hole to take all three sticks, so he fetched the chainsaw from the camp and cut a four inch mortice into the stump. The crowbar was used to break the wood out, leaving a neat hole which would have taken ten charges. One stick of gelignite was connected to the fuse and detonator and inserted in the hole along with the other two. The soil was shoveled back around the stump, and any stones dislodged during the digging operations were packed on top.

Paul had been in town that morning, and it was just then that he arrived back. Stopping the utility on the track



next to the stump, he alighted and walked over to inspect the results of the morning's activities.

"Very impressive," was his opening remark. "Did you use all three sticks of gelly?"

"Sure did. You're here just in time. I can throw the chainsaw and tools on your ute. Then I'll light up."

Paul drove up to the hut, and Peter followed soon after.

"That fuse will take ten minutes to burn. Stuart said to use it all up. We might as well have a cup of tea, Marj." There was no way Peter was going to admit any apprehension about the occasion.

"Are you sure the stump won't land on my hut or garden, or injure my animals?" Marj was making her normal reaction to things outside her range of experience.

"No worries," Peter assured her. "A stump that size sitting on a stony hillside won't go far. We won't even hear much of a bang." To be quite honest, he was having second thoughts about using all three sticks of 'gelly'. They could be a trifle too powerful.

Paul was putting on a cool act, too. He picked up one of the newspapers and went outside to read it where he could see the results of the explosion when it came.

"Oh my God! Old Rosie!" he yelled.

Peter and Marj sprang up and looked

out. There, blissfully unaware of the danger lurking beneath her feet, was Marj's house cow, Rosie, quietly rubbing her neck on the stump. The doyen of her domestic animal collection, that she had nursed through droughts, floods and childbirth, was standing on three sticks of gelnite, connected to a burning fuse.

"Rosie!" Marj's single utterance came with deep anguish.

Even Peter was concerned. He hadn't wanted the cow in the first place, and was still of the opinion that she wasn't worth feeding for the several cups of milk Marj beat the calf to each day. But he was the first to collect his wits.

"There's plenty of fuse there, Paul. Sprint down and throw a rock at her."

Now, one would have expected Marj's motherly instincts to come to the fore and hold Paul back. He had come to work for Peter some eight or nine months earlier to replace Smoko. A sandy-haired nineteen-year-old with an odd freckle still showing. Marj, having mothered her own three and sent them off into the world, had taken Paul under her wing, and treated him as her own.

Yet, in the heat of the moment, her concern for Paul's safety was submerged by a desire to save her cow. She offered no resistance to Peter's suggestion. Paul sprinted down the slope, pausing only to pick up a stone. Those years of schoolboy cricket paid off, as the stone, launched from twenty yards out, caught a bony bovine hip.

Rosie sprang forward, wide-eyed with shock. Her friend who liked to pat her nose at every opportunity had thrown a rock! With a snort, she turned and fled up the hill, tail flying, udder swinging from side to side, a situation which, in any other self-respecting dairy cow would have sent the odd squirt of milk from the teats as the udder struck the

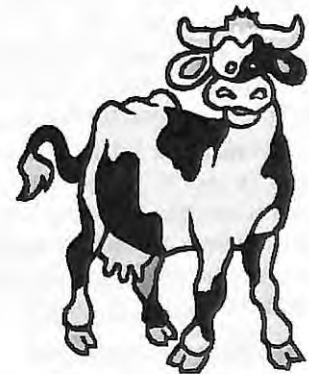
flank. Rosie wasn't that well-endowed.

Pausing at the edge of the scrub, she bellowed several times, until the calf answered from below. He emerged from the bank of the gully and trotted up to his mother, not stopping to rub himself on any stumps, one in particular. Smart calf that. Obviously, the sire was brighter than the dam.

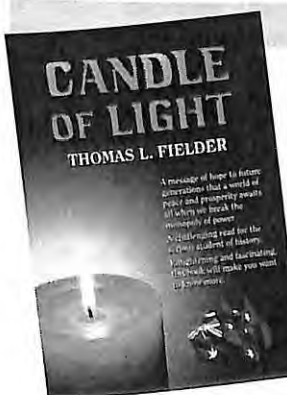
Paul returned to the hut, and slumped down to catch his breath. Rosie and family disappeared into the wattle and tea-tree. Peter wished now that he had been a little quicker in his thinking and held Paul back by declaring the charge to be on the point of exploding. Two problems would have been solved.

When it came a few minutes later, the explosion was something of an anticlimax. A shower of stones landed noisily, but none of any size came near enough to threaten Marj's garden or animals. The dust settled and the three spectators saw half of the stump sitting drunkenly back on the edge of a hole, hanging onto the earth by one root. The other half had been flung down the slope. Half an hour's work with the tractor and front-end loader had the piece of wood removed and the hole filled in.

No-one saw Rosie until midday Monday. It was two weeks before Paul could pat her nose again. Such is the extent of bovine gratitude.



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Bureaucracy at its Best

By "Pegasus"

THE following report relates to matters occurring in 1988, between the New South Wales Department of Agriculture and the Secretary of a district Pastures Protection Board when Government decided cattle tail tag registrations must be updated.

The term "Secretary" is nowadays "Administrative Officer". The name "Pastures Protection Board" has become "Rural Lands Protection Board".

News Report

"Today questions were asked in Parliament as to the sudden increase in the number of Pastures Protection Board Secretaries being committed to the lunatic asylum. The questioners also noted that a small percentage of Secretaries were being detained and questioned in relation to the serious assault of three Department of Agriculture Officers - in all cases attempts had been made to wring the victims' necks."

The Minister in replying was unable to give any satisfactory reason for this phenomenon, but stated that these incidents appeared to coincide with the Department's recent decision to have all cattle tail tags in New South Wales re-registered. He said he could see no reason for this coincidence as his officers had planned the entire exercise, and being experts earning in the vicinity of \$40,000 per annum, were unlikely to make any errors!

The Minister's statement was greeted with hoots of derision from the Opposition, one member, a retired Secretary, being heard to murmur, "They'd have assaulted more than three if they had had access to them!"

The Story as it happened

A Media announcement of the re-registration of tags by Pastures Protection Boards was made before P.P. Boards were told anything. Result: Thousands of inquiries from worried tag owners to P.P.B. Secretaries as to what was involved. Answer: "Search me, Peter, we'll be the last to know!"

Later, P.P. Boards are sent a screed stating the format to be used for recording information from the questionnaire. What questionnaire? Together with a computerized tail tag list exactly matching the one already on hand

A further screed saying \$200,000 was being spent to do the update, of which

Boards would receive 70 cents per processed tag. A Commercial Mailing Service was to be paid to mail the questionnaires to tag owners, the time line for this process to be:

Mailed 28th October

Tag owners to complete and return to mailing company by 25th November.

Mailing Company to forward batches of questionnaires to Secretaries for recording.

Secretaries to finish processing questionnaires by 31st December.

Comment: similar large stock brand questionnaires were being returned two years after dispatch! Who'll lay a bet?

Secretaries receive sample questionnaire with covering letter containing muted trumpet blasts of "ain't we the greatest!" etc.

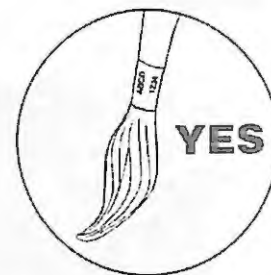
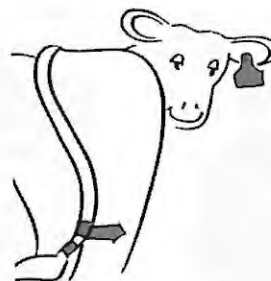
Observation: Questionnaire has ORDER form for tags on the reverse side. Don't they realized that to process the order for more tags Secretaries' only primary source of information for re-registration will be lost when dispatched to the tag manufacturer with the order?

A minor Boffin rings a Secretary who does a soliloquy about the - - - - - boffins who put the - - - - - order form on the questionnaire paper. Minor Boffin advises it was HIS IDEA and he will be visiting the Board next week to check on procedures.

Minor Boffin duly arrives and advises Secretary to photocopy orders. Of course, but who has all day and nothing to do?

Mailing Procedures

The Mailing company is late mailing letters through unforeseen circumstances. Australia Post is unable to handle State wide bulk mailing in less than two weeks. Closing date of November is already reached!



When tag owners receive their letter, they complete the questionnaire (inadvertently canceling any swine brands currently registered as these use the same six numbers as tags, but nobody has realized this yet), then order tags and forward cheque for same, unaware that prices quoted are incorrect!

Manufacturers of tags supply tags to the value of the cheques at the correct price and without explanation.

Question: When Joe Blow orders 100 tags and receives a bundle, is he going to sit down and count them, or assume there are 100 in the bundle? If the latter, pray tell what happens when he yards the last mob he expects to sell using that batch of tags and finds he is "x" number short?

His options: Incur \$2,000 fine for selling stock without tags; Return "x" number of cattle to the paddock to lose condition; Ring his Bank Manager to say "So, Solly, no gottee taggy, therefore - no mon, no fun!"; Or shoot the Secretary, being the nearest bureaucrat (as he sees it).

Recording Procedure:

Following preparation of 45 pages of 2-letter, 6-number tags and questionnaire columns, bundles of questionnaires are received by Secretary.

After recording information in the above book, a photocopy is sent to Department of Agriculture, Armidale - even pages with only one entry so far? Yes.

Changes of address, etc. require form 19/20 in duplicate sent to the Department of Agriculture, Gunnedah.

A list of cancellations to be compiled and sent to Department of Agriculture, Newcastle, together with RTS (Return to Sender) letters for which current addresses are unknown. Newcastle office sends letter to tag owner, including RTS addressees, giving them 28 days to claim their tags before cancellation is effected.

Newcastle advises Secretaries to cancel tags - after 28 days.

Secretaries advise Newcastle they have cancelled the tags.



Rural Pastures Protection Board building

Newcastle sends another letter to producers and RTS addressees, saying "we have cancelled your tag".

Mental picture of series of letters to each unknown addressee tearing around in Australia Post intermingled with Christmas mail, together with the demise of Postal Officers drowning in the flood of RTS letters.

NIGHTMARE: That all these RTS letters end up on a Secretary's desk!

Misconceptions arising

Tag to be cancelled before re-registration form received due to mailing delays. Wrong.

Must order tags to retain registration. Wrong.

Address order form to manufacturer. Wrong - no address.

Believe price given on order form to be correct. Wrong.

Stock Inspector to sign order form before dispatch. Wrong.

In desperation ring Board Secretary. Advised to send order to Sydney Mailing company. They will forward it to the relevant Board. Staff will check order and forward it to the manufacturer. Grower might receive tags by February.

Plaintive Cry from Producers

"What do I do with my existing tags? I've got two year's supply!"

"Do Boards take them?" No.

"Do I get compensation?" No.

Advice: Burn them or use them to tie up the tomatoes!

Nothing much changes, does it?



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Only a small gray chapel
On its tiny plot of ground
Where pines with long rough arms outflung
Are keeping guard around

Only that to a stranger
Who enters with careless feet
But to those who know it & love it
'Tis crowded with memories sweet

Memories of vows that were spoken
And kindly words that were said
While the snowy orange blossom
Enriched a girlish head

Loving memories of dear ones
Who one time worshipped there
At God's own altar offering
Sweet incense of praise & prayer

They traveled that age worn pathway
Which saints of old have trod
That led through pleasant pastures
To the mansions of their God

Visions of old time meetings
That little church recalls
When fern fronds framed its windows
And flower wreaths decked the walls

And the air was filled with perfume
Where scent of pine held sway
While tables groaned 'neath dainties piled
In the dear old fashioned way

Then came those sad sad meetings
When the earth seemed full of woe
And the preacher prayed for the safe return
Of the men who faced the foe

But always a kindly spirit
A saving Christian grace
Spread like a guardian angel
Its wings o'er that little place

For its loyal hearted people
Would let naught its name besmirch
May that spirit ever linger
Round our little union church

Written about 1925.

WALTER MURDOCH AND "THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM"

By Jeremy Lee

PROFESSOR Walter Murdoch was a much-loved, incisive, humorous and original essayist whose writings spanned the first 60 years of the 20th Century.

His weekly essays which graced *The West Australian* touched everything from the head of a pin to the most momentous human events. Hundreds of thousands followed his writings through Depressions, Wars, political changes and the impact of technology on our lives. His wit was always kind, but he challenged the *status quo*, whether popular or not. A famous university is named in his honour.

But one of his most profound books is now scarcely known. As a young graduate, only months after Federation, he was charged with the authorship of a text book, "*Lessons in English History For Class VI, Victorian State Schools.*"

The result was "*The Struggle For Freedom*," published in October 1903. The result – a fascinating historical travelogue in the search for personal liberty and representative government, which had such a bearing on Australia's development.

THE DILEMMA

From the very beginning he posed the eternal dilemma:

"Government, then, means *the making of rules for a body of people living together in a society, and the enforcement of those rules.* Men must live together. Man is not the strongest of animals; alone he is too weak and helpless to combat the great forces of Nature; in union with his fellow men he is strong enough to subdue Nature to his will. And so society becomes necessary; society being simply the expression of the *social instinct*, that deep-seated instinct which makes man turn to man for help and protection. And society being necessary, Government, without which as we have seen, society is impossible, becomes necessary also."

POWER? OR FREEDOM?

Murdoch acknowledged that Government of any sort meant a restriction on freedom, thus defining the dilemma:

"There is another instinct which exists in every human being side by side with the social instinct, namely, the instinct for *freedom*. We have shown the need for government; the need for liberty is, at least, equally imperative; and the two needs seem at first sight to be radically opposed to each other.



How is it possible to be free if you have to submit to laws imposed on you by another? We must be free; and yet we must obey; it appears an insoluble problem. We need not attempt to find the solution at present, but let us keep the problem in mind; the following pages will perhaps show how it is to be solved. For it is the especial glory of England, and the feature that makes English history a lesson for all other nations, that she, first of all the nations, set herself to solve, and did solve this very problem; how to have strong government and personal freedom at the same time. The great fight for freedom was not an effort to do away with government – for that were madness – but an effort to find a form of government that would not interfere with men's personal liberty".

THE JOURNEY

Having equipped his students with this firm and essential reason for the study of history, Murdoch took them on a fascinating journey through constitutional development from Britain's earliest times, culminating in the debate about Federation and a necessary Constitution in Australia, so that they could measure the facts within an all-important context – the freedom and self development of human beings

within the necessary social conditions required for good government.

Thus, whether Alfred burned the cakes, or Harold fell at the Battle of Hastings in 1066; how the church and barons at Runnymede forced John to sign Magna Carta; why Drake's Drum sounded in Nombre de Dios Bay, or Wellington prevailed at Waterloo, were changed from interesting trivia into the ongoing saga of the pursuit of order and freedom.

DEFINING

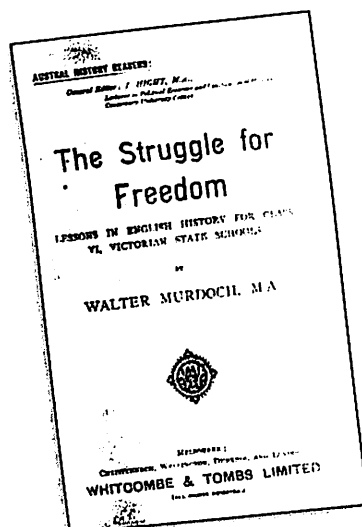
Murdoch himself confirmed this approach, saying in his Preface:

"One sometimes hears the subject of History spoken of as an intellectual luxury, and one which the State is by no means called upon to provide for all and sundry. And truth is with the objectors to this extent – that history, as it is frequently taught, certainly does include much which is not a necessity, although the average pupil might not agree to call it a luxury. It may be conceded that one can get through life respectably enough without knowing the names of Henry VIII's wives; and to forget the date of Crecy is not necessarily to sink in the moral scale.

Nevertheless History seems to me to be the one subject which a democratic state cannot afford to neglect in its educational system, because History is the one subject by means of which we can give instruction in *citizenship* At last it has become possible to write an elementary text-book in strict accord with the requirements of the Education Department of Victoria, and yet moulded throughout by one idea – the idea of political rights and responsibilities"

SETTING FORTH

With their feet firmly placed on such a starting point, Walter Murdoch took his students on a journey which started in pre-Norman Conquest Britain, ending with Federation and the Constitution in Australia. Between these two mile stones he developed a fascinating picture of the battle between power and freedom; the feudal barons and their conflict with the Divine Right of Kings; the emergence and expansion of freedom of tenure; the first attempts at representation, based on interests rather than numbers; the first parliaments, the application of impartial justice, and the eventual establishment of individual rights, vulnerable to neither king nor parliament.



His description of the struggle between Crown and Parliament is masterful, interspersed by England's brief flirtation with republicanism under Cromwell, and the thankful return to a limited monarchy.

Back and forth swung the battle for power, until enlightened men and women saw both sides as the pre-eminence of Caesar, leading to further constitutional restrictions on government and the development of the separation of powers.

AUSTRALIA

Most significant of all was Murdoch's description of the impact of this historical saga on those who finally brought into existence Australia's unique federal system. Writing in 1903, so soon after the Commonwealth was established, he had a much more definitive view of the compact between the new Australian government and the States. Each citizen had, he said, a type of dual-citizenship – that of the State where he was born, and Australia as a whole.

He was not able to foresee at the time the enormous encroachment of the central government on the smaller. It took some years before Alfred Deakin, in a prescient warning, predicted that the power of finance would eventually strangle small industries, farms and the States themselves.



Rt. Hon. Sir Edmund Barton, First Prime Minister of the Commonwealth of Australia

Above all, he could hardly have foreseen that political parties, which he described as loose associations of representatives with common philosophical views, would ultimately become so rigidly controlled that individual conscience was banned when voting in Parliament.

His final chapter, on good citizenship made it clear that no system, however enlightened, could prevail against an electorate ruled by ignorance and self-serving. A sense of duty which resulted in service to others and the community was the only successful attitude in which all could benefit and a free, and well-ordered society could flourish.

It is clear that such an attitude was much stronger in 1903 than in Australia 100 years later. Much of it must have stemmed from a healthy understanding of history and the nature of power, so widely absent today.

BACK TO THE FUTURE

There is no aspect of our social system that Murdoch did not review in his textbook. His chapter on Local Government is especially important, as centralized planning and council amalgamations remove the decision-making process from local communities. Local Government, Walter Murdoch said, was the start of good government.

Students lucky enough to have studied Murdoch's material would have left school with a strong and deep understanding of their own heritage. They would easily have recognized the 'ethos' which had been so painfully built into the new Australia.

In contrast, the majority of young Australians today know little of their Constitution, let alone the age-long struggle which went into its make-up.

Perhaps, in a time of great need, Walter Murdoch will live again.

("The Struggle For Freedom", Walter Murdoch, M.A., Whitcombe & Tombs Ltd. Melbourne, Wellington, Dunedin and London. 1903).



IT'S NOT THE MONEY IT'S THE LAND

Bill Bunbury

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SEPTEMBER ANNIVERSARY

Based on material supplied by John Brett, President,
Toowoomba branch of the National Flag Association, and on Don Pinwill's *Fabric of Freedom*.

SEPTEMBER 3rd 1901 is significant in Australian history as the date on which our national flag was officially flown for the first time, at the Exhibition Building in Melbourne, in the presence of Australia's first Prime Minister, Edmund Barton.

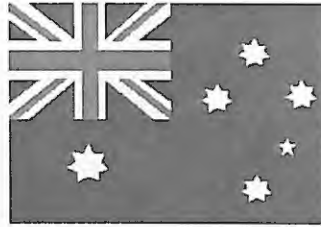
In 1996, then Governor General, Sir William Deane, officially proclaimed 3 September as 'Australia's National Flag Day,' an annual celebration of the birthday of the Australian National Flag.

Today it is one of the oldest flags in the world still flying, most nations having had their flags changed during the twentieth century. Until the year 2000 only five nations had been able to celebrate the centenary of their national flags. Australia was the sixth nation to do so.

Perhaps more importantly, we became the first nation ever to select its own flag, just as we became the first nation ever to select its own constitution.

At the time of federation a national competition was held to select the design, and from nearly 33,000 entries our national flag of "Stars and Crosses" was selected. This was no sideshow. At the time Australia boasted a population of only about three million altogether. There were seven judges, drawn from all walks of life; a heraldry adviser, a member of Parliament, a journalist from the *Melbourne Herald*, and representatives from the army, navy, mercantile marine and pilot services. Of five very similar entries the design by Ivor Evans was finally selected.

Australia's flag tells the world a great deal about us. It signals where we are in both space and time. The Southern Cross indicates where we



The Australian Flag

*I'm the fabric of freedom
That waves overhead.
I'm woven with crosses and
liberty's threads.
I'm knitted with knowledge
From values held true,
And fashioned with stars on a
cloth royal blue.
I'm a flag for the future
Though I come from the past.
So unfurl me, and fly me
High on the mast.*

D.J. Pinwill.

are in space, and the Union Jack indicates where we started from in time.

The Union flag in the top left hand corner - or *hoist* - of the flag, is a symbol of tremendous importance. It stands for the institutions that gave Australia the best start a nation ever had. The institutions such as parliamentary democracy (government serving the people); the Rule of Law under which each individual is regarded as innocent until proven guilty; the division of power between Crown, Senate and House of Representatives; *Habeas Corpus* and all the other institutions that make freedom a reality, came to us from the British Isles, and it is fitting that our flag acknowledges this.

If we care to look back even further, to the origins of the Union Jack itself, we learn that this is made of up of three Christian crosses; the red cross of Saint George of England, the white diagonal cross on a blue field of Saint Andrew of Scotland, and the red diagonal cross on a white field of Saint Patrick or Ireland, all three together making up the national flag of Great Britain.

The stars depicting the Southern Cross on the fly - the outer half - of our flag accurately symbolise our place in space. The shining constellation watching over our country, seen in the soft black velvet of an outback sky, has great significance in Aboriginal legend, and is an inspiring and intensely emotional experience for homecoming Australians today. One can only imagine the effect it must have had - and doubtless still does - on those returning from war overseas, who have left home to fight for this nation not knowing whether God would grant their safe return.

It's hardly surprising that many are brought to tears at flag raising ceremonies.

The seven-pointed star under the Union Jack symbolizes the federation of Australian States and territories; one point representing each State, with the remaining point representing Australia's territories. It is known as the Federation Star, and is yet another symbol of the essential division of power in our federal system of government.

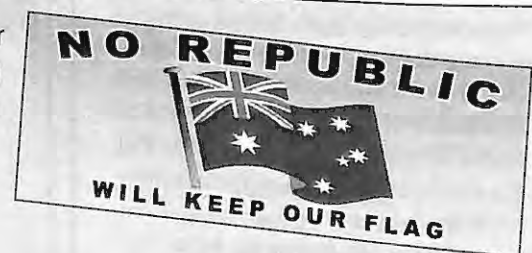
Is it entirely coincidental that all the stars on the Australian flag have seven points, with the exception of the smallest star in the Southern Cross? In Christian numerology, seven is the 'perfect number' - God's number.

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The Twelve Days of Harvest



ON the first day of harvest, my true love said to me –

That with the kids to help, he wouldn't need me.

On the second day of harvest the kids all laughed with glee,

'Cause all the jobs around the house would now be up to me!

On the third day of harvest my husband said to me –

"Take this sample to the silo for a moisture test, and while you're there get it checked for protein, and find out if they're working Sunday. When you come back you'd better check the sheep, cattle and horses, 'cause we're too busy."

On the fourth day of harvest they gave a broken part to me –

"Try the agent at Dubbo and all the other machinery dealers, just keep driving till you get the right cog."

On the fifth day of harvest my husband said to me –

"We're moving to another field, you bring the ute, fill up the diesel tanker and hook it on behind. Bring the tool box, the spare knife and a tin of bolts."

On the sixth day of harvest my husband called me on the CB –

"The silos are filled and I can't get the trucks unloaded. Take the old tipper down to the river paddock in a hurry – make sure the fuel, oil and water are O.K. Then come and pick me up."

On the seventh day of harvest my husband said to me –

"We're going to have to store wet

wheat in mesh silos. You go to town and get new hessian and then help the kids erect the silos."

On the eighth day of harvest my husband gave me a list –

"Don't know if this belt will last. Get to town fast. We'll need some other bearings, oil and special grease. Bring the lunches – and this time don't forget the tea."

On the ninth day of harvest at 11.30 the header and truck were bogged. He called me on the CB and said – "Get the old Case out of the shed, find a heavy drag chain and come out to the back paddock and pull us out."

On the tenth day of harvest my true love snapped at me as I handed tools up to him – very nervously.

On the eleventh day of harvest the whole crew said to me –

"Could you auger in a load of wheat, fill up the header with diesel while we eat, then race home and get two tarps, fill the water bottles and bring back the Aerogard, 'cause the flies are bad."

On the last day of harvest my husband grinned at me –

"If everything goes alright we should be finished by midnight. Aren't you glad you didn't have to help?"



Ode to Slim Dusty

SLIM

He sang about the pubs-
He sang about the beer,
But no matter where he was,
there was always thunderous cheers!

And through the outback it is told
of the many tours he made,
Bringing happiness to the sunburnt land;
In the many sheds and halls he played.

People of Australia- let's unite
and give our thanks,
To the greatest country singer
to rise from our rural ranks.

When we look up at the Southern Cross
Burning brightly in the night sky,

Let us remember -
the brightest star of all -
is for 'Slim -
your memory will never die.'

Julian Stanwix 26/9/03

ESSENTIAL READING

THE BEST DEMOCRACY MONEY CAN BUY By Greg Palast

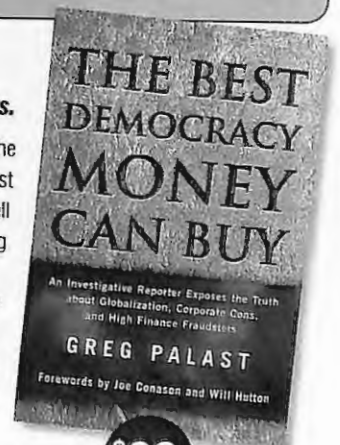
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Palast is the first investigative reporter who first revealed how Katherine Harris and Jeb Bush removed thousands of Democrats from voter rolls before the Presidential election. The explosive stories from Salon.com, the Washington Post, and the Guardian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

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

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



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Letter to the Editor



COMMENTS ON THE LIGHTHORSEMEN

IT was with interest, but dismay, that I read the article, *The Lighthorsemen - Jerusalem's Liberators* by Col Stringer, *Heritage*, Vol. 27 No. 104.

Whilst, as a fellow Australian, I am proud of and admire the resilience, tenacity, courage and independence of spirit of those young Lighthorsemen (similar qualities of character shine through the wonderful stories of the lives of the pioneers of this harsh land), I cannot go along with his romanticized version of modern history.

His assertions of, shall we say "divine" intentions, also leaves me in disagreement with the main thrust of his article. He asserts God (I understand Mr. Stringer is a member of a *Christian* church) approved of the sacrifice of our fine young Australian men to 'liberate' that ancient land from *Turkish* (Muslim) dominance, only to cruelly impose an interloping (Jewish) people, mainly of Eastern-European background, on 'the holy land'.

Let Mr. Stringer ponder on his claims of a God who would sacrifice others for the advantage of a 'chosen people', no matter the right or wrong of the claim, to that of the New Testament record of the love of our Creator which required Him to give *Himself* for our salvation².

If the ultimate reality of Love (God is Love) in Mr. Stringer's set of beliefs requires the sacrifice of someone else, anyone else, for His purposes for mankind, then those beliefs are quite a different set of beliefs to Christianity.

One has only to look at the intrigues, back stabbing and ruthless betrayals that took place prior to the setting up of the modern state of Israel to understand it had more to do with power-hungry men and a political agenda than it did with any ancient mythical 'divinely approved' claim to the land¹.

Through the discipline of archeology, anthropology and philology we now know an Egyptian king made the claim he was a 'chosen one' long before biblical Abraham came on the scene.

Whilst the modern Jew may comb the Old Testament and the Talmud to find the spirit or intent of his beliefs, the Christian looks to (or should do) the teachings of Jesus Christ, found in the Gospels.

I would liken Mr. Stringer to, along with his co-religionists, a modern Ebionite. The Ebionites were a group of those early 'christians' who held to the Mosaic *Law* as binding, denied the apostolate of Paul and the miraculous birth of Jesus Christ³. Today, they could be described as Liberal-Judaists or Judaeo-Christians. Ebionitism was one of the earliest attacks on the Christian faith.

Christianity soon broke its Middle Eastern *historical* boundaries and made great advances first in the Western Greco-Roman world, before continuing to spread across the world the news that Christ's message is for all mankind; Christianity is a *universal* religion which Jews also might accept – but not on Jewish terms.

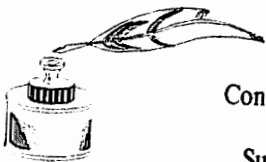
Christ insisted, "*No one comes to the Father except through Me*".

Yours faithfully

**Betty Luks,
Happy Valley, South Australia.**

References:

1. *Controversy of Zion* by Douglas Reed.
2. "*Australian Heritage Series*" Chap.3. "*The Church and the Trinity*" by Geoffrey Dobbs.
3. Cambridge English Dictionary.
4. "*Facts are Facts*" by Benjamin Freedman.
5. "*The Early Days of Christianity*" by Frederic W. Farrar. D.D., F.R.S.; Trinity College, Cambridge, 1884.

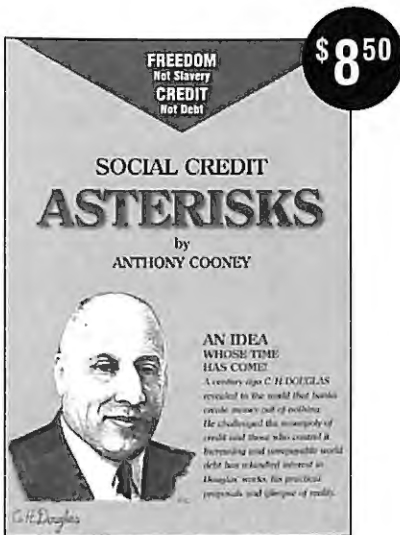


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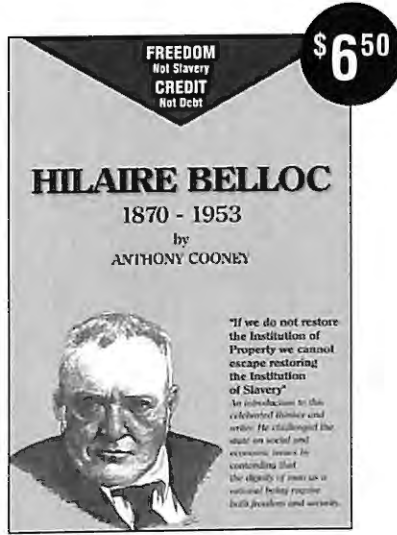
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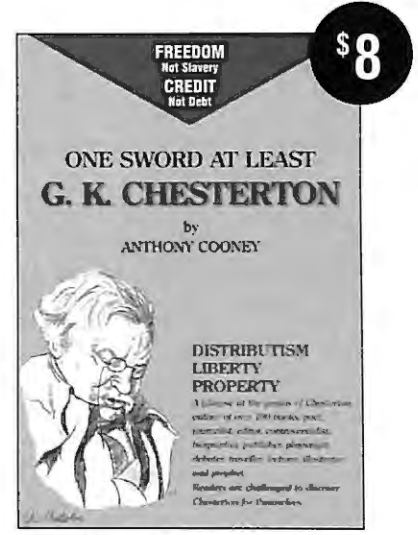
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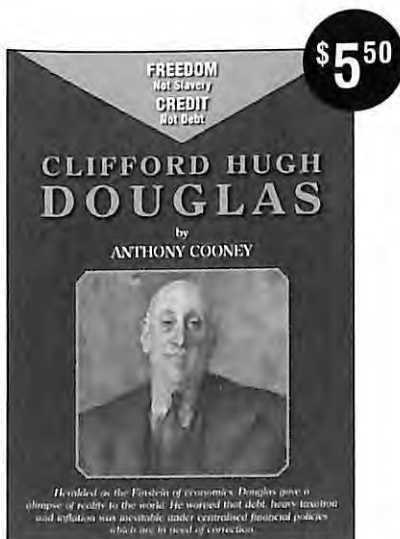
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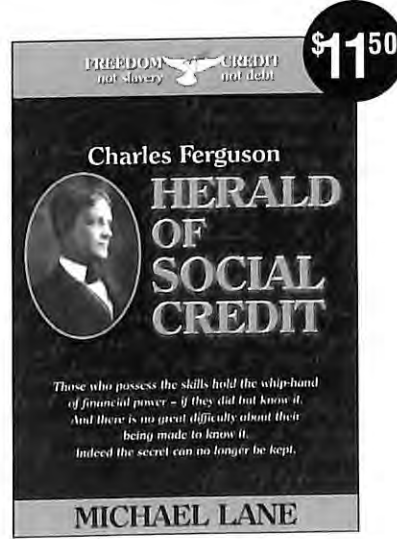
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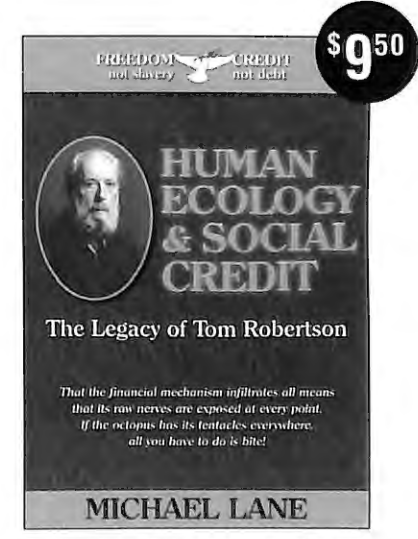
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