

HERITAGE

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No. 108 2004

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT – FOR THE FUTURE

TRACTORS Our Farming Backbone



Vitamins Under Attack
Editorial



A Rising Bliss
Charles Morgan's Breeze of Morning



Victorian Steam
The J-Class Locomotive



Coronation Day
I Was There!



Claude de Bernales
Making Poor Men Rich



The Red Terror
Pharlap Remembered



Ron Hutchinson
A Great Little Australian



Alex Pinwill
Succeeding Against the Odds

HERITAGE

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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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VITAMIN SUPPLEMENTS “MEDICAL DRUGS”?

ONCE upon a time, in the “olden” days, people depended on plants, not only for food, but for many other purposes. Their clothes were dyed with leaves, roots, bark and berries. They made brushes from broom and twigs, baskets from reeds. There was no ‘medicine’ as we know it now, and people depended for remedies on the ‘simples’ concocted from various plants gathered in the wild and treated in different ways according to tradition and with varying degrees of success.

Early medical practice relied heavily on the influence of a deity, relieving the practitioner of ultimate responsibility for failures. Nowadays we like to call this superstition, although even science acknowledges the role of belief in healing.

Early Christian communities followed the examples and teachings of Jesus, accounts of healings by His followers well documented in the Bible.

HEALING WITH HERBS

The first herb gardens were made in monastery grounds, where the monks cultivated a great variety of plants from which they made syrups, potions and ointments to treat the sick in their infirmaries or the poor who came to their gates for help. The reason for this is open to some speculation of course, not relevant to this editorial. Here the basic hygiene was generally better, and the knowledge applied usually more reliable than the local snake-oil merchant, gypsy or cottage herbalist, although individual herbalists in many countries have great reputations that have survived through the centuries. One of these was Nicholas Culpeper, an English medical writer and astrologer. His *Complete Herbal*, first published in 1652, is still prized by herbalists. Some years earlier he had raised the ire of the prestigious College of Physicians of his time by publishing an unauthorized translation of their *Pharmacopoeia*. It seems that the urge to corner a lucrative market is not new!

The rise of purely rational curative methods is associated with the name of the Greek physician, Hippocrates, in 460 BC, and there is no doubt many who would otherwise have died young and in discomfort lived to a ripe old age thanks to the careful practices of clinical observation he introduced.

Medical practice has come a long way since those “olden” days. From William Harvey’s discovery of the circulation of blood in 1628, through Pasteur’s bacteriological research, to relatively modern discoveries such as penicillin and antibiotics, we now have a vast complex of knowledge and medications at our disposal to fix all manner of conditions.

It seems the deity principle still applies, however, if somewhat altered in focus.

“... some have greatness thrust upon them.” ~ Shakespeare

Dr. Pat O’Neill, in his book *Moribund Medicine*, provides many insights into the present state of medicine generally and Australia in particular, pointing out, “Human society deifies doctors, and doctors come to accept that status. In the good old days of Imhotep and Aesculapius the deification was literal and the temples dedicated in their honour were the places of healing, and priest doctors ministered the rites. Again I am sure that power sometimes corrupted the purity of the process, but I like to think that the spiritual basis for the healing made it less likely than in a health system ruled by money.” He goes on to suggest that we have an inherent dread of pain and dying, and therefore have a need to place our trust in a being with the power to heal us, or at least to ensure our safe and painless transition from this world.

Not many of us would succumb to bone-pointing or ritual curses these days, but the confidence we place in expensive, gleaming, machines that variously photograph us, probe our insides or radiate us, surgeons who cut and paste various bits of our anatomy (or someone else’s) into different places, or remove them entirely, and General Practitioners who prescribe, approaches something akin to superstition.

Enterprising pharmaceutical companies are happy to indulge this obsession, producing literally thousands of different prescription drugs to cater for every complaint, known and imagined. They even supply drugs to undo or mitigate the effects of the drugs first administered. The resulting profits have given them enormous power. They fund research, they fund medical schools, provide incentives for doctors, and lobby governments to regulate in their favour. It’s a brave practitioner indeed who tries to swim against this tide.

Superstition depends on ignorance, and information is so widely accessible today that superstition – as in ‘misplaced reverence’ – is becoming harder to impose.

FOURTH HIGHEST KILLER

Statistics now show that prescribed drugs, properly administered in a hospital situation, are the fourth highest cause of death in western societies, outstripped only by heart disease, stroke and cancer.

As confidence breaks down more of

us turn to alternative sources of healing. Over sixty percent of us now use vitamin supplements, minerals, and herbs, and consult practitioners from disciplines other than orthodox medicine.

Pharmaceutical companies do not intend to risk such competition overtaking them. Alarms are being rung over the unregulated use of various herbal preparations. Doubtless readers will remember tales of the unfortunate lady who consumed so much comfrey that it killed her. Whether the number dying from improperly prescribed herbal remedies comes anywhere near the statistics of hospital mortality quoted above is doubtful, to say the least.

EUROPEAN DIRECTIVE ON DIETARY SUPPLEMENTS

There have been rumblings of this for some years, and finally in Europe the pressure on legislators has become intense enough to produce the “European Union Directive on Dietary Supplements”, which is due to become law in August 2005. Under this Directive, vitamin supplements will be reclassified as “medical drugs”, mandating low-dosage levels and outlawing many supplement ingredients currently widely available. Reasonably enough there are avenues to appeal against a particular ban – reasonable until the cost of initiating such an appeal becomes apparent. The “positive” list also has a sting. Many of the vitamins and minerals on this list will only be available in synthetic form. Not entirely surprisingly, synthetic vitamins are manufactured by giant multinational drug manufacturers.

Australians may feel relieved not to be part of the European Union. We are members of the United Nations organization, however, and support the World Health Organisation. WHO’s Codex Alimentarius Commission is an international food standards programme designed to “harmonise” international food trade.

WHO regards all dietary supplements as “drugs”.

The Codex Commission has made it clear that it wants to limit over-the-counter sales of dietary supplements, while reclassifying others as pharmaceuticals, available only through a pharmacist.

Under World Trade Organisation rules, Codex decisions override decisions of individual countries; Member countries that refuse to “harmonise” with WTO directives may be subject to restrictive trade sanctions.

One hopes fervently that Australian brains are not yet so befuddled with excessive medication that we no longer possess the will to resist this looming regulation, and will require our representatives to resist such unwarranted interference.

A RISING BLISS

Charles Morgan and his *Breeze of Morning*

By Nigel Jackson

OF WELSH stock with an English upbringing from parents both born in Australia, Charles Morgan (1894-1958) is currently the most unjustly neglected British novelist of the Twentieth Century. This essay will present a sketch of his life and then a detailed study of his 1951 novel *A Breeze of Morning*.

Eiluned Lewis, author of the acclaimed children's novel *Dew on the Grass*, published the *Selected Letters* with a memoir (Macmillan, 1967); and it is on this memoir that I have largely relied for information about Morgan's life and works.

The Gunroom

Although he had wanted to be a writer from his earliest childhood, Morgan first sought a career in the Royal Navy (1907 to 1913) and spent most of World War One as a POW in Holland. From his naval experience came his first apprentice work, *The Gunroom* (1919), which created a minor sensation because of its exposure of the habitual mistreatment of junior officers in the Navy: it was unofficially suppressed, possibly as a result of influence from the Admiralty; but it resulted in significant reforms.

The Fountain

Morgan's experiences in Holland led to his most famous novel, *The Fountain* (1932), a long work largely devoted to the contemplative life, conveying "a brilliant lightness of spirit". Suffused with the thoughts of the 17th Century English mystics, it views life as an inward and secret experience of the truth that "within the apparent form of all things is another form". *The Fountain* also embodies Morgan's lifelong interest in art, love and death as three aspects of the human impulse towards re-creation of the soul.

During his imprisonment on parole, Morgan had met and been deeply influenced by a family of Dutch aristocrats, the van Pallandts. "Their timelessness would take my breath away," he said of them. He also gained

at that time his intense love of France, mainly through conversations with the blind, 86 year-old Madame Loudon (nee van Pallandt), through whom he lived imaginatively in France of the mid-Nineteenth Century. Julie, the heroine of *The Fountain*, is Morgan's imagined portrait of her daughter, Helen, in youth. Helen, as he encountered her at Rosendaal Castle, was a witty, artistic, elegant widow who was well read in four languages. Morgan's attachment to the ideal of a cultured European aristocracy took root in his two years of "time out" (as he called it in an essay in his posthumous 1960 collection, *The Writer and his World*) among the van Pallandts and their circle. After taking a degree at Oxford, Morgan in 1922 became assistant drama critic for *The Times* and in 1926 principal drama critic.

Love and marriage

Meanwhile he had fallen in love (1920) with Mary Mond, the daughter of a tycoon; they became engaged, but Morgan was frozen out by Lady Mond. It was partly owing to these tempestuous experiences that he wrote his second apprentice work, the partly inspired and partly misconceived *My Name is Legion* (1925). Then in 1922 he met Hilda Vaughan, a Welsh novelist, whom he married in 1923. They had two children, Shirley (now Lady Anglesey) and Roger. Hilda outlived him by well over twenty years.

Portrait in a Mirror

A third novel, *Portrait in a Mirror* (1929), gave Morgan the breakthrough to public recognition he needed. Based partly on his own childhood and adolescence, it tells with exquisite lyric intensity and deep insight the tale of its young painter-hero, Nigel Frew, and his doomed love of Clare Sibright, a figure of similar ambiguous nature to Dostoyevsky's heroine in *The Idiot*.

One of its themes is that art is "news of reality". At one stage Nigel reflects: "My mind leapt and sang; it was filled with a sense of renewal, of a flowering

and impregnating wisdom not my own." The novel also gives a wonderful picture of life in a great British country house of the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century. A powerful influence in the novel is that of the Russian Romantic Ivan Turgenev.



Sparkenbroke

Morgan followed the greater success of *The Fountain* with another very long novel, *Sparkenbroke* (1936). Eiluned Lewis regarded it as "in some ways the most autobiographical of all his novels". Its neo-Byronic hero, Lord Sparkenbroke, is an apparently amoral poet who in fact is filled with what the Welsh call *hiraeth*—longing. In this case it is a longing for self-transcendence through the death of self that happens during artistic creation, and also through physical death itself. Morgan had been influenced by his reading of Emily Bronte's letters. He felt that she had experienced an overwhelming mystical love early in life and that ever afterwards she had longed to be freed from "the enclosure of life".

Sparkenbroke is a strange novel. It contains brilliant and profound sequences interspersed with ponderous and even pedestrian phases. It also has strange echoes of other great literary works of the time, as though Morgan's sensitive soul was attuned to the souls

of other contemporary artists. And it conveys the beauty of the countryside of southern England, its ancient and yet fresh feel, with superb ardour. At one stage there were plans to film the novel, but they were never realized; and Morgan still awaits the cinematographic interpreter he deserves.

The Voyage

In 1936 he was awarded the Legion of Honour by France. He was also working on what I regard as his greatest novel, *The Voyage*, set in the Charente region of France, where lived his French translator, Madame Germaine Delamain. Morgan described the novel as “a fantasy about a fool of God”. Its hero, Barbet, has something in common with Dostoyevsky’s Prince Mishkin from *The Idiot*. Eiluned Lewis considers Barbet the “happiest” of all Morgan’s people: “a character with whom the author himself seems in love... a man in harmony with all living things.”

Barbet was partly modeled on Madame Delamain’s husband Jacques, a French soldier of World War One who had “observed from his trench that the swallows were late that spring”, who was an almost saintly bird-watcher who “went very far into the interior of things” and who wrote a successful book, *Why Birds Sing*. Eiluned Lewis notes that “a new freshness and freedom pervade the novel... For a time a door opened for Charles (as it did for the novel’s heroine Therese whenever she was with Barbet) to a natural and, because natural, a miraculous world.” Barbet, she added, “could perceive ‘innocence overlaid’ and the essences of men ‘like birds and trees and night and morning’ ” and is “the touchstone of the book”.

The Empty Room, Menander’s Mirror, Reflections in a Mirror

The Voyage appeared in 1940. During the next six years or so Morgan experienced mixed success and failure. The short novel *The Empty Room* (1941) is generally regarded as a lapse from his standard, although in my view it still has significant beauties and merits. In 1942 he became an essayist for *The Times* under the byline *Menander’s Mirror*. This led to the publication in 1944 and 1946 of two volumes of essays, *Reflections in a Mirror* (First and Second Series). Meanwhile, an ardent Francophile and admirer of General Charles de Gaulle, Morgan published articles in *La France Libre* and his name became potent among

members of the French Resistance.

Ode to France

In 1944 Morgan’s *Ode to France*, not an especially successful piece, for his métier was not verse, was read at the re-opening of the Comedie Francaise after the Liberation of Paris and received a standing ovation – a gratified Morgan listening from a box. For some reason Morgan’s writing tended to be more warmly received in France than in Britain. In 1949 he was elected a member of the Institut de France (only the second British novelist after Rudyard Kipling to be so honoured).



The Judge’s Story

In 1947 Morgan was awarded an honorary LL.D by St Andrew’s University and published one of his best loved novels, *The Judge’s Story*. Here we see in the protagonist, Judge Gascony, a character largely modeled on Morgan’s father, Sir Charles Morgan, a profound influence on his author-son. Sir Charles rose to be president of the Institution of Civil Engineers, lived well into his eighties and “remained the yardstick by which his son throughout his life measured a man’s integrity and application”.

The Judge’s Story, Eiluned Lewis thought, “reflects Morgan’s innate puritanism” – a strange comment to make upon a champion of romantic love, including its erotic and sensual expressions, even to the point of defending adultery in such contexts (as in *The Fountain* and *Sparkenbroke*, if not *Portrait in a Mirror*)! The novel also contains one of Morgan’s few portraits of an evil character. Severidge, like

Blachere in *The Voyage*, is essentially evil in his cynicism, his sinning against the human spirit and the Holy Spirit.

The River Line

In 1949 came another novel with a French setting, *The River Line*. Its story deals with the smuggling of Allied servicemen out of Nazi-occupied France. The key character “Heron”, Eiluned Lewis notes, “works for eternity”, “travels light with no baggage that violence can take away” and “suffers loss without losing”. Like Barbet, he is a kind of saint, “able to absolve the guilt of others by his own acceptances”. Some French critics thought that Morgan had over-romanticized the Resistance.

Morgan throughout his life was a steadfast defender of human freedom and the right of artists to work entirely free of political constraints. His “fear of mass thought and the contemporary assault on the individual mind” had been apparent in *The Judge’s Story*. He now published a magnificent book of essays, *Liberties of the Mind* (1951), which remains one of the best judgements on authoritarianism and totalitarianism ever composed.

Then in 1952 came a theatre version of *The River Line*, with an appended essay “On Transcending the Age of Violence” which ended with Mazzini’s words of 1849: “We must act like men who have the enemy at their gates, and at the same time like men who are working for eternity.” Morgan wrote two other full-length plays. *The Flashing Stream* (1938) weathered the Munich crisis in London and then held the stage in Paris for over a year after World War Two. A long essay “On Singleness of Mind” was appended to this drama and proved not to the taste of some of his loyal admirers. The third play was *The Burning Glass* (1953) and, true to form, Morgan attached an essay to this, too, “On Power over Nature”. Henry Charles Duffin, who wrote the only book-length study of Morgan that has appeared in English, *The Novels and Plays of Charles Morgan* (Bowes and Bowes, London, 1959), considered *The Burning Glass* the best of the plays and a major work.

A Breeze of Morning and Challenge to Venus

Morgan’s best-selling (248,000 or more copies) novel *A Breeze of Morning* came out in 1951 and will be considered in the second part of this essay.

In 1953 Morgan was elected international president of P.E.N., for which writers' organization he toiled assiduously, possibly hastening his own death. In 1957 his final novel, *Challenge to Venus*, appeared. Eiluned Lewis describes it as "a disappointment" and as "a tale of futile passion" with "a flat ending". Its hero, Martin Lyghe, she saw as "the opposite of Barbet". I completely disagree. In my estimation the novel is composed with the same taut competence, brilliant character portraiture and richness of imagery as we find in *A Breeze of Morning*. It also contains astonishing correspondences with the world-famous Italian novel, *The Leopard*, which Prince Giuseppe di Lampedusa was writing in Italy at the same time and (like Morgan) at the end of his life. *Challenge to Venus* is set in Italy and its heroine is an Italian aristocrat.

Darkness and Death

By this stage Morgan's vitality was ebbing. A large novel, provisionally entitled *Darkness and Death*, begun in 1949, had been put aside. Eiluned Lewis comments that Morgan was "becoming isolated, misprized by the younger writers and intellectuals of Britain". Henry Charles Duffin, who had previously published books on Thomas Hardy, George Bernard Shaw, Wordsworth, Browning and the poet Walter de la Mare, was furious at the depreciation Morgan and his works received at the end of his life.

He condemned "the studied neglect, in more recent years, of the critics" and added that "the obituary notices were full of incredibly obtuse depreciation". *The Times* had said: "Readers of Mr Graham Greene, Mr Angus Wilson and the like had little patience with a view of life so obstinately elevated."

That comment, of course, gives the game away. Morgan was a man of remarkable goodness, joy and serenity. It is a commonplace that much of the art and "art" of the Twentieth Century has been obsessed with wickedness, misery, unquiet turbulence of soul and ugliness. That is why the greatest painter of that time, Andrew Wyeth, remains relatively neglected, while the inferior talent of Pablo Picasso, who frittered his gifts away on buffoonery and deceits, is promoted in his place. A profound cultural revaluation is needed

of the whole Western European cultural tradition; and I am confident that it will raise up Charles Morgan to his rightful place.

Conservative liberal

He is not a novelist or playwright or essayist of the highest order. It would be silly to claim for him the stature of a Shakespeare or a Solzhenitsyn. However, he can justly be placed in the middle ranks of memorable writers as "the English Turgenev". Fascinated all his life by romantic love and Platonic mysticism, he had at best an uneasy relationship with so-called Christian orthodoxy. A conservative liberal rather than a liberal conservative, he came in his later years to be, like George Orwell, an emphatic opponent of all the modes of tyranny of the political Left. All



of this means that he has had no big battalions barracking for him, and, I suspect, powerful forces behind the scenes interested in committing him to oblivion.

Recently I wrote to a senior editor at Penguin Books suggesting that they should add some of Morgan's works to their list. The reply awoke that, as with some other good writers of last century, "his star has set" and there is insufficient public interest to warrant such a decision. That is a pragmatic response no doubt justified by current financial realities. I do not know what other "good writers" the editor had in mind; but there is, for me, no doubt at all that Morgan's entire work constitutes a treasure for the British people which should be preserved.

Republication of Morgan should be a long-term cultural goal of British nationalists.

WISE SAYINGS

Tomorrow is today's greatest labour-saving device.

Inflation has not made money entirely useless ... you can still use a five-cent piece as a screwdriver.

Happiness is like a kiss - you must share it to have it.

The nicest part of the day is when the kids are in bed, all safe and soundless.

Those who are most accomplished don't always accomplish the most.

Silence is the best substitute for brains ever invented.

The same people who can deny others everything are famous for refusing themselves nothing.

Knowing what is right, and not doing it, is as bad as knowing what is wrong, and doing it.

It's often a fine command of language to say nothing.

The first place to find a helping hand is at the end of your arm.

Adolescence is that age when children stop asking questions because they think they know all the answers.

Saying the wrong thing is a misfortune - but trying to explain it is a disaster.

The test of a gentleman: his respect for those who can be of no possible service to him.

Bank account - here today, drawn tomorrow.



A TON OF TRACTORS

Our Farming Backbone By Andrew Marshall

Reprinted in full with acknowledgment to The Land Newspaper, North Richmond, NSW.

Tractors big century of breakthroughs

IT'S NO coincidence Australian farms rate among the highest in the world in terms of value of output per person in agriculture.

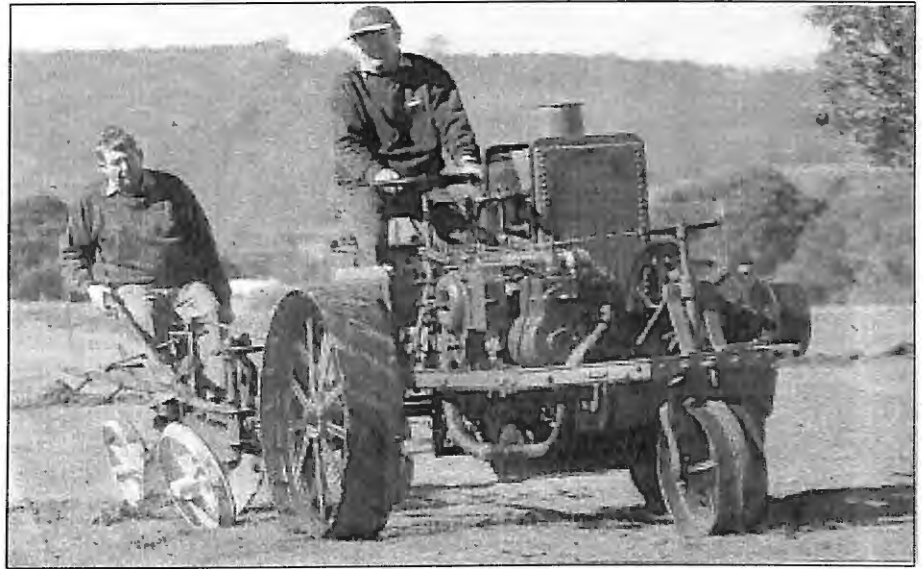
The rapid uptake of mechanisation with an average of at least two tractors for every farm has powered our farmers to the forefront of world labour efficiency.

Given that horses still dominated the laborious business of farm work until well after world War Two, most of those gains have been achieved by an explosion of tractor power in the past 50 years.

Last year – 2003 – marked the centenary of tractor power in Australia – 100 years since the first British-built 18kW (24 horsepower) Ivel, was imported to work in Tasmania.

Within five years of the Ivel's arrival, Australia had produced its own locally-made tractor, a light-weight 4.5 tonne 15kW (20 hp) machine launched by electrical engineer Alf McDonald's Melbourne-based A.H. McDonald and Company.

McDonald, and the similarly inventive Jelbart brothers (backed by Australia's then biggest wool-grower, Ralph Falkiner, at Boonoke Station in the Riverina), became prominent local players in the newly developing market.



1904 Ivel owned by Norm McKenzie of Cumnock. Numbered 269, it is the oldest working tractor in Australia

McDonald's Imperial tractors were produced at the rate of one a day by the mid 1930s.

By the early 1950s local tractor makers, led by Western Australia's Chamberlain family and International Harvester Australia, rolled out several thousand tractors a year capturing a third of the market.

While none of the 25 local manufacturers to emerge in the past century are still in the tractor business about 31 different brand names – some boasting 40 or more different models – are sold by 15 importers or overseas

based manufacturers.

Australia has provided North American manufacturers like Case, Ford (Fordson) and International Harvester a Southern Hemisphere alternative to seasonal and cyclic sales trends sales on the other side of the world.

"US made tractors were generally too big to appeal to the European farmer but they suited Australian conditions, while a lot of oddball European gear found its way here to specific markets or regions," said tractor historian, Ian Johnston, from the Manning Valley.

"A huge British export industry also established building specifically for the colonial market."

As the century unfolded, tractor costs fell, particularly with the arrival of the frameless chassis from the US, notably Henry Ford's lightweight (19 hp) Fordson selling here in 1925 for just £180.

Fordson became the world's biggest selling tractor brand and by the 1950s was almost always found on soldier settlers blocks and new land grant farms because the cheap price tag appealed to the NSW Government lender, the Rural Bank.

In the burst of mass production that followed WW11, the halcyon days of solid agricultural commodity prices and new farmland development saw Australia's annual new tractor sales



The first tractor in Australia; a 24hp Ivel, arrived in Tasmania in 1903

reach their peak of 23,422 in 1964.

"They were great times to be selling tractors. It wasn't hard convincing farmers to buy," recalled Mr. Johnston who worked for Lanz Australia and later ran Sydney's big Massey Ferguson dealership, Cumberland Tractors.

"Thousands of new farms were created for soldier settlement and land ballots open to virtually anyone with an interest in agriculture – and they all needed tractors."

Tractors not only worked harder and longer hours than horses, the arrival of four wheel drive machines gave farmers more cropping and pasture planting opportunities.

Long-time Same dealer, Ken Murray, whose Southern Highlands firm imported the first four wheel drive tractors to NSW in 1968 said within two years he was selling more than 100 units annually.

Today, with 4WD now standard

DID YOU KNOW?



Gordon Ellis of "Oxley" Inverell, pictured (above) with one of his prized possessions, a 1947 TE20 Ferguson, is the proud owner of a collection of lovingly restored grey Fergies. He says the little machines will do just about anything from mowing, raking, baling and carting hay, to ripping rabbit warrens and mustering stock. "It is cheaper to buy one of these than a quadrunner."

Mr. Ellis joined the Harry Ferguson Tractor Club of Australia in 1993 and two years later bought his first vintage tractor, a 1948 TEA Ferguson – a standard six-volt, 20 horsepower machine with an 80 millimetre bore and gear-stick start.

His TE20 Ferguson (the TE stands for 'Tractor England') has a Continental engine from the US and features a three-point-linkage jacking system that can lift the tractor 10 centimetres off the ground. He also has a grey and gold Ferguson 35 "in its working clothes" in his farm shed, a number of later model Ferguson tractors he uses on the farm and various unserviceable old Fergies which he dismantles for parts.

equipment, Mr. Murray said technology had advanced to on-board computers and video cameras to monitor tillage, sowing and spraying activities and up to 70 gears for both forward and reverse.

The horticulture sector also expected big horsepower for spraying but tractors had to be compact to work within orchards.

History revisited

Taking pride of place at the ninth Rusty Iron Rally held at Macksville on the mid north coast of New South Wales in 2003 was the oldest working model tractor, a 1904 Ivel restored by Cumnock farmer, Norm McKenzie. Local tractor restorer, Mal Cameron, displayed a fully-restored 1918 Universal Moline tractor believed to be the only one left in the world, with its original electrical system still intact.

"It is the first tractor in the world with a battery," Mr. Cameron said.

"It was about 20 years ahead of its time; there was a 14-year lapse until the next tractor that had a battery in it."

Mr. Cameron also displayed a 1962 Chamberlain 9G tractor – the same type of tractor that followed the famous Redex trials around Australia as the breakdown vehicle.

It features a hood like those fitted to old motor cars.

Other tractors on display included an International Model D Titan made in 1911, a 1925 cross-engined Case 1220 and a 1930 Jelbart tractor.

Life in five old ones yet!

In another life most of the five tractors used by Southern Tablelands graziers and hay producers, Gordon and Stan Harrison, would probably be sitting comfortably in a museum.

Instead, the machines – the youngest of which is 25 years and the oldest around 50 – will continue to earn their keep on "Fairview", Bungendore, and two other nearby blocks, working pastures and crops and sowing, cutting, raking and baling hay.

"They all get used at hay baling time," says Gordon Harrison.

"Two of them are equipped with hay rakes that stay on them the whole season."

Their father bought his first tractor in 1950 – a grey Ferguson TEA 20 for £629 – and the brothers, now in their 60s, have owned nine, most of them bought second-hand. Their current menagerie



An American-made Oliver-Hart Parr tractor at work pulling a Shearer header in the 1950s. Hart Parr; eventually bought by Oliver Corp., first commercially coined the word 'tractor' in 1906 to describe the company's gasoline traction engine built in Charles City, Iowa.



Farm-modified dual mud wheels fitted to a McCormick-Deering tractor used in rice fields on the Marriott family property 'Gwydir' in Yenda in the 1960s to minimize bogging.



An Australian-made McDonald tractor cutting pasture in the 1950s. Although rubber tyres were released in Australia in 1934 steel wheels were still sold on new tractors well into the 1950s.

DID YOU KNOW?



Antique machines can sell for as much as \$60,000 each and some are exported to join collections overseas says Taree district tractor historian Ian Johnston

Long before the heavyweight four wheel drive tractor names like Steiger, Versatile and Acremaster, Frank Bottrill built Australia's physically largest tractor, the 45 tonne, 45kW Big Lizzie in 1915.

Big Lizzie was made for heavyduty load pulling and land clearing work in north western Victoria and fitted with Bottrill's patented Dreadnought wheels to ensure the monster did not sink into the soft soils.

The giant machine could carry 17 tonnes of fuel plus an 80 tonne payload but only moved at a few kilometers an hour.

DID YOU KNOW?



Mal Cameron, South West Rocks, NSW, with a 1962 Chamberlain 9G tractor

WHEN the first tractors emerged on the market in Australia, imported kerosene from the US, costing about two cents a litre, was the main fuel refined from crude oil.

Petrol - a refinery by-product - was considered a dangerous and volatile fuel and was generally dumped or burnt.

Post-World War I shortages meant kerosene and petrol costs were high but the emerging diesel-powered machinery, although cheaper than kerosene-driven tractors, was still plagued by a reputation for being difficult to start.

Farmers with diesel-powered tractors found them so hard to start they often

left them running overnight or even for weeks during a harvest or sowing season.

Gilgandra-born pioneer of rotary-hoeing machinery and production line tractor manufacturing, Cliff Howard, was also the first to commercially develop the concept of power take-off (PTO) from tractors in Australia.

His rear-mounted rotovators were powered from a truck-style tractor chassis by a chain driven PTO. His factory at Moss Vale also sold a PTO kit to fit to tractors pulling headers, which improved the efficiency of previously ground-driven harvesters.

comprises a 30-year-old Massey Ferguson 185, a Massey Ferguson 35 bought in 1962, a 1953 Fergie and two 25-year-old Chamberlains, a 4080 and a 4280.

But their pride and joy is a 1946-vintage Armstrong Holland grader mounted on the front of an International Farmall M tractor. They bought it 13 years ago for \$300 through a wanted ad in *The Land*, then restored it to working order and still use it to smooth roads and tracks on remote "Fairview".

"There must have been thousands of them," Stan Harrison said.

"All the shire councils had them, because they couldn't get anything else after the war."

The Harrisons concede they could sell all their aging machines and still not have enough to buy a brand-new tractor. But they are perfectly satisfied with what they have and love the simplicity and reliability of the early models.

"You sort of grow old with them and get to know them," Gordon said.

"There's not too much to go wrong and when it does you can usually fix it.



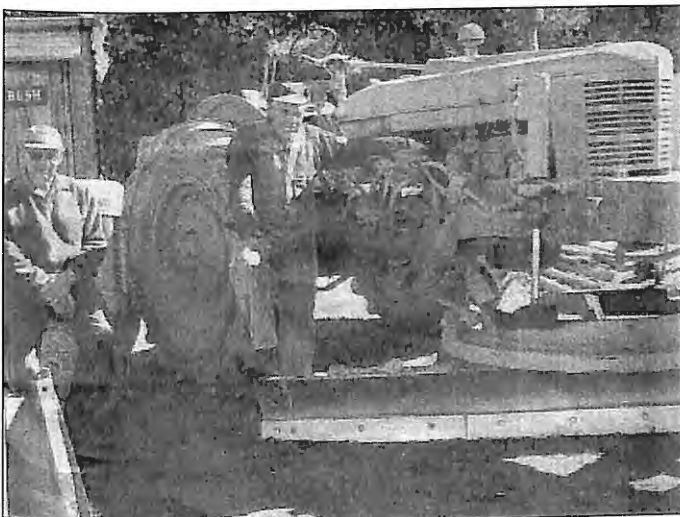
From *The Land's Heritage Photo collection*, an International Farmall model fitted with under chassis cultivation gear to control weeds between rows of corn in the NSW central west.

"When a new one goes wrong you have to park it and call the serviceman." Over the years the brothers have turned their hands to almost any sort of rural contracting and carrying.

"We used to do a lot of pasture improvement work, but it's never been the same since the cattle crash of the

1970s," he said.

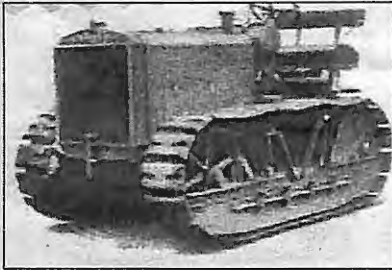
"We still do contract haymaking, but with all the hobby farmers around here now we get asked to make an acre of hay and it's just not worthwhile."



Gordon and Stan Harrison, 'Fairview', Bungendore, keep five vintage tractors in use



Case tractors gained an early foothold in Australia after the US-based company initially started a partnership with a Melbourne-based distributor selling threshing machines in 1900 and later established its first foreign subsidiary, JI Case in Australia, in Sydney in 1958

DID YOU KNOW?

AUSTRALIA had almost 600 farm machinery dealers in 2003, operating about 720 retail outlets and selling

more than 500 tractor models under 32 different tractor brand names.

Drought and farm rationalization have certainly not eroded the brand range offered by tractor makers, with the past few years seeing at least five brands launched including the revived McCormick name and arrivals from Korea and China.

By way of comparison, in the 1970s when cropping expansion was at full throttle and new tractor names were introduced almost every year to meet the big horsepower market's demands, Australia had 176,000 farms and 29 tractor suppliers with 34 brands in 1978.

According to the Tractor and

Machinery Association of Australia farm numbers were down to 111,000 by 2000 and the number of tractor importers dropped to 17, but the number increased to 32 in 2003.

In 2002 Australia's total tractor units sales dipped 9.2 per cent to 7425, primarily because of the eastern States drought.

Brands sold by the five largest distributors, Agco, Case, John Deere, Kubota and New Holland, accounted for 89 per cent of the market's TMA-monitored sales activity, compared with 82 percent in 1986.

The best sales year recorded in recent times was 8610 sold in 1996-97.

British Encore to Victorian Steam Locomotion

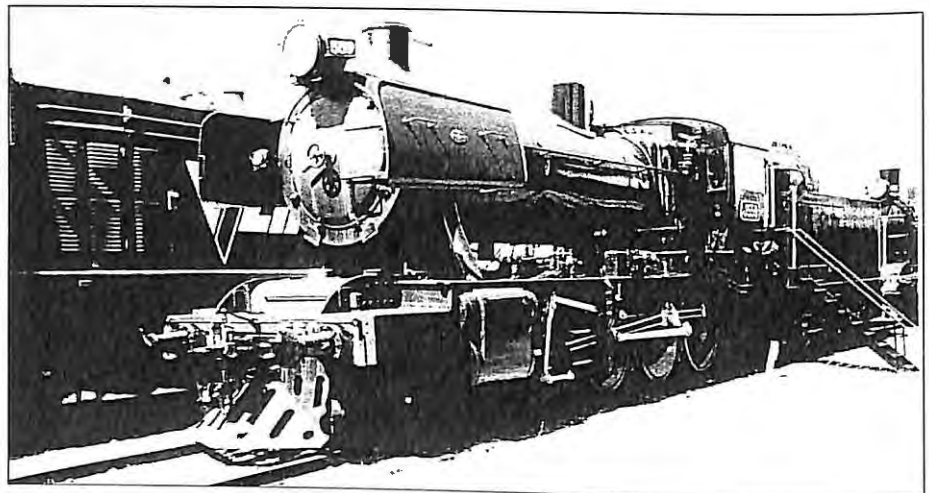
Stephen C. Phillips

More than a year after the first diesel-electric (8-class) locomotive was hauling fast country passenger trains, the Victorian state government of Australia was executing its final commissioning of steam locomotive power, the 2-8-0 (J-class). In this article, Stephen C. Phillips describes this locomotive that possessed the latest technological advances to take steam engineering as far as it could go.

THE J-class steam locomotive was built by Vulcan Foundry Ltd., Newton-le-Willows in Lancashire in the years 1953 and 1954. It had a length of 60 ft. 5¹/₂ in. and weighed 112 t. 15 ct., and these two parameters made the locomotive capable of using the 53 ft. turntables which were commonly found throughout Victorian branch lines. As an eight-couple, powered by two cylinders of 20 in. diameter and 26 in. stroke displacement, its driving wheels had a diameter of 4 ft. 7³/₁₆ in. which made it well adapted to the gradients (up to 1 in 40) in the mountainous regions of Victoria; and although suitable for both freight and passenger services, the new diesels monopolised the latter.

The double bogie tender came in two varieties: A 7 ton coal and 4,200 gallon water capacity unit, and a 1,500 gallon oil and 4,100 gallon water capacity unit. The Victorian government purchased 30 of each of these two types of fuelled locomotives and numbered them J500 onwards. Oil was seen as a preferable fuel because of its greater ease of handling and lesser production of smouldering embers from the funnel, which is an important consideration in a bushfire prone country like Australia.

Oil also had a lower sulphur content than coal, and so the by-products of combustion were less corrosive to the boiler. This consideration, combined with the low mineral content of Victorian water, maximised the number of years



General view of the J-class steam locomotive

that a boiler would remain useful.

The German-style smoke deflectors gave the J-class a modern European look, which was also applied to other Victorian locomotives built decades earlier, and they were attached to a high pitched, relatively narrow boiler with an external diameter of 65 in. and a total heating surface of 1682 sq.ft. This made the boiler suitable in the manufacture of locomotives for both standard (4 ft. 8¹/₂ in.) and broad (5 ft. 3 in.) railway gauges, and also provided the driver with a wide viewing range. Atop the boilerhead, steam was channelled into a row of valves to provide individual regulatory control of supply to the injectors, lubricator, water gauges, blower valve, generator, oil burner and compressor.

The boiler pressure was 175 lb/sq.in. and at 85% boiler pressure, the locomotive achieved a tractive effort of 28,650 lb.

A front cowcatcher was appropriate not only in view of stray farm animals, but also that of grazing native wildlife such as kangaroos, some of which (e.g. the Eastern Grey Kangaroo) can have a body weight exceeding that of a man.

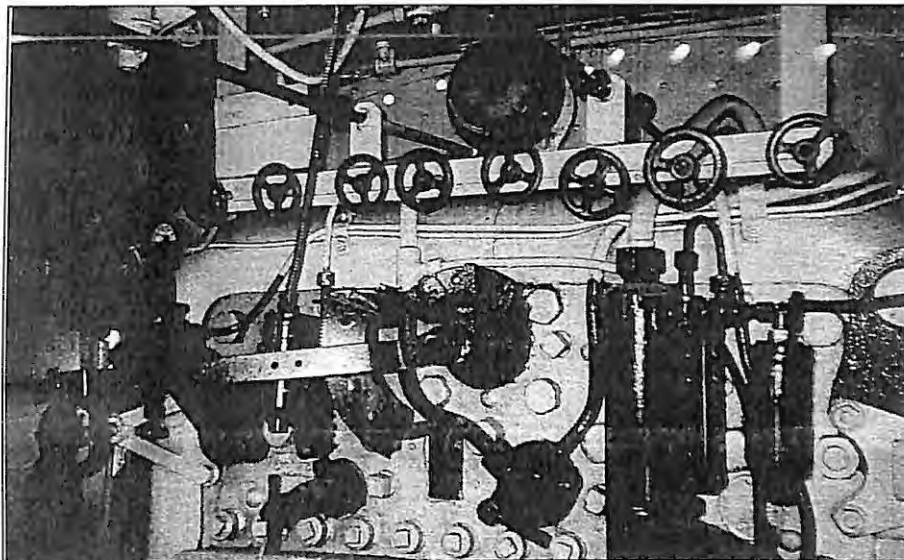
Like most later classes (those fitted with Walschaert valve gear) of Victorian steam locomotives, the J-class was finished in black, with only the smoke deflectors and the edge of the footplates coloured in red.

Possibly, this is because little thought had been given by the Victorian Railways Board to providing their steam locomotives with a colour of identity

(unlike diesels), however black is the most efficient colour for using the warm Australian sun to contribute to maintaining the warmth of the boiler. The J-class was also fitted with a funnel cap that could be closed to slow the rate of heat loss from the smoke box during the boiler's cooling down process at the completion of running duties.

The first J-class locomotive to be removed from service was one of the coal burners and this occurred in the year 1967, while the last J-class (an oil burner) was retired four years later.

By this time, 49 of the original 60 J-class locomotives had been scrapped, of the remainder, only three (J507, J515 and J550) served any purpose at all - and that was merely as stand-by shunters at railway depots. Victorian mainline railways were devoid of J-class locomotion for more than two decades until a railway in central Victoria became home to a fully restored J549 for tourist purposes and the Goulbourn Valley of Victoria became the stamping ground of J515. J541 is currently undergoing

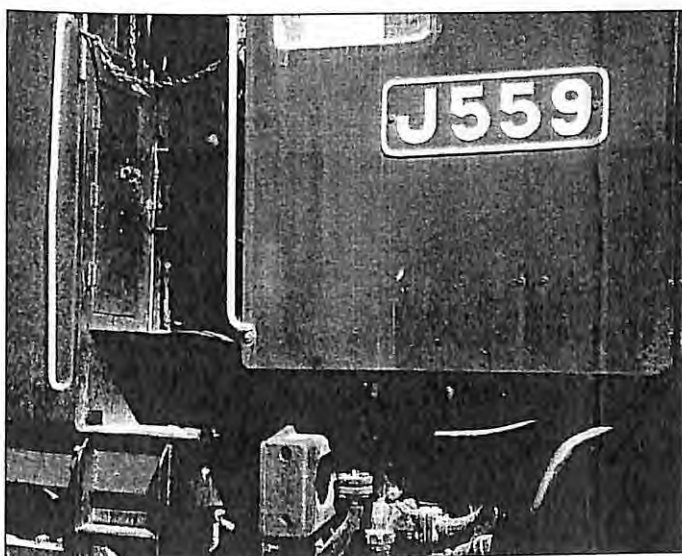


Cabin controls and instrumentation

restoration while J516 and J536 are in storage and awaiting restoration. J512 and J556 (bearing the number plates of J559) are securely preserved in railway museums, while J507, J524, J539 and J550 are succumbing to the forces of nature in public recreation reserves.

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Victorian Railways (1954) Power Parade. Victorian Government Printer, Melbourne.



From outside the cabin, the characteristic dome-shaped top of the oil-tank tender can be seen, as can the Davies & Metcalfe injectors located on the lateral aspect of the chassis below the cabin



View of the fireman's side of the boiler, showing the Westinghouse compressor, and funnel cap in closed position



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"Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." Acts 2:38

Coronation Day – I was there!

The moving, first-person account of the Coronation of Elizabeth II on the 2nd June 1953, by a Mrs. Dell Bryant over fifty years ago, and kindly made available to Heritage by Dennis and Kath Robb of Albany, W.A.

THROUGH my brother, who has been a resident of Borneo since World War I, his wife and myself were allotted a seat in a covered stand situated directly opposite the [Westminster] Abbey door in Parliament Square. We saw all Abbey ticket holders arrive and leave, including the Royal procession.

Our day commenced at 3.30 a.m., and we did not need an alarm clock. We had our clothes arranged, lunches packed, and field glasses ready for the take-off at 4 a.m., when a taxi called and took us to the place where we couldn't go any further, traffic except for the privileged was prohibited, in our case, beyond Trafalgar Square.

Here we found people folding up their beds, rugs, coats, newspapers, after sleeping the night – some of them several nights – on the pavement. Old men and women, and even children.

The police – you have heard of their efficiency in London I am sure – had the situation well in hand, and made a thoroughfare for those with tickets to get through to Whitehall. It was very simple to get to our stand, and then to our seats. The stands were very well erected with plenty of room between the rows of seats for walking comfortably. The were fitted with stalls at the back for eats and drinks and retiring rooms underneath, all accessible without any trouble. All that was necessary was to keep the queue.

Our instructions were to be in our places by 6 a.m., and Big Ben struck that hour after we had been there ten minutes. Across the narrow street, an annexe had been erected at the Abbey like a veranda over the footpath, the footpath itself was covered in a beautiful shade of royal blue carpet, which was kept continually swept by women in white uniforms, and here too were Boy Scouts acting as pages, opening and closing car doors, as the occupants stepped out of the car



Queen Elizabeth II

and moved round to Westminster. No function in the world seems complete without the self-effacing work done by these lads and their organization. We did not have a dull moment, watching peers, peeresses, lords and ladies, high dignitaries from other lands, including our own Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, arriving. Loud speakers kept us informed until they became too crowded and congested as the time arrived for all Abbey ticket holders to be in their seats at 7 a.m. Coronets for those entitled to wear them are not placed on the head until the Queen is crowned, and it was wonderful to see the manner in which they were carried daintily on tiny cushions, or with ribbons like a basket by the peeresses, right up to the elbow by the Peers, and even under the arm (“darn the thing”)!

The colour was something that had to be seen, reds, blues, greens, flashing gold and silver, black robes of judges with white wigs, swords, uniforms of mounted and foot soldiers, sailors, airmen, bandsmen with gleaming instruments, horses with their hooves

polished, trappings and harness shining. What a sight!

The stand I was in was a colonial one occupied by peoples from British owned colonies, not to be confused with the Commonwealths of Australia and Canada. These were from Borneo as mentioned before, Nairobi, Jamaica, and the Colonies that the Queen is now visiting on her world tour. And what colourful costumes they wore! It was as interesting to see them almost as the procession itself. One outstanding chief from Zanzibar arrived in the stand with all the pomp and splendour imaginable, complete with a mayoral chain and medallion, flowing robes and a-top a dashing little pork-pie hat with three enormous ostrich feathers. He was wide enough and high enough to obscure the view of three persons behind, and we felt pleased he was not seated in front of us! However, with courtly consideration a servant removed the feathers, which improved the situation.

Eleven o'clock came all too soon, there was so much to see one could hardly imagine we had been there five

hours when, strictly on time the glorious Irish coach with the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret arrived. A door, a little further up the annexe opened and they were received by the Duke of Norfolk and the lovely Duchess of Devonshire, Mistress of the Robes. Then the gold coach, the radiant, smiling girl, full of grace and beauty, stepped out, assisted in natural easy fashion by the Duke of Edinburgh. Oh! the sighs of pure admiration, as they were met by the six ladies-in-waiting and followed by them out of sight into the Abbey, not a single flaw or mis-step in the whole arrangement.

The service was broadcast, and not a sound was heard from those teeming thousands who listened. Up to now there had not been any rain, but it began to fall as the ceremony ended, and guests left the Abbey, almost the first to leave was Queen Salote of Tonga, and her people were in our stand. How they cheered! And how she smiled and waved to them and to us all, a stately royal figure wringing out her skirts and refusing cover for her carriage. London took her right into its heart.



The Queen's Procession goes down the Mall on its way to Westminster

Our Queen, wearing the Crown and carrying the Orb, was cheered and cheered, bands played and the escort took up their places, four representatives from each contingent. My heart was filled to overflowing when I saw those slouch hats with emu feathers – my own Australians – and how they sat those horses!

Later each quartette joined their own regiments in the procession and we remained in the stands until the streets were cleared.

London was transformed into a glorious garden of pink Tudor roses, trailing vines and streamers in every colour, window boxes, birds in cages, flags and bunting on every lamp post and building, and when the lights were turned on, the illumination of all those decorations leave memories that will remain forever with me, not least the huge emerald green umbrellas, as if there was not enough colour already, held as protection by the Scouts over the beads of those leaving the Abbey to the waiting cars.

It was a joyous, hilarious celebration, yet sacred and awe-inspiring.

God Save The Queen!



A fine prospect of the Queen's Procession as it passes under Admiralty Arch and turns through Trafalgar Square into Northumberland Avenue



The radiantly smiling young Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh, drives in state to her Coronation



Saint George, Knight of Lydda

by Anthony Cooney

Family Publications, Oxford; ISBN 1-871217-44-X 313 pages, soft covers, £12.95

Book Review by Dewi Hopkins

4. *Thou hast given a banner to them that it may be displayed because of the truth.*

12. *Through God we shall do valiantly ... Psalm LX*

OUTSIDE scripture this majestic book is one of the most comforting I have read, using the word in its original sense of strengthening more than its current sense of consoling: renewing faith it will also pose challenges. A 'fictionalised life' may lead some to think that the whole thing is verifiable fact - with its convincing inventions of character and incident so intimately entwined with such a full account of the late years of the Roman Empire. That is how legend is built up, and it will harm no one to absorb this faithful legend into his thinking about England's Patron Saint. For anyone requiring more factual matter about this Imitator of Christ the Appendices include a good bibliography. I wish they had also included a list of the author's works and a map of the Roman Empire.

The book demands comparison with Evelyn Waugh's *Helena*: the period is the same and their subject matter, including some key characters and events, crosses at various points. Mr. Cooney's novel is nothing undervalued in the comparison. He and Waugh proclaim similar aims: to bring their saints "out of the shadows into the world of his day" and "to entertain". *Knight of Lydda* is successful in both; but I should apply even more demanding criteria. Is it a good novel? Is it philosophically sound? Does it convey the economic and social conditions of the time? Does it appeal to the interests of the general reader?

I have a standard of my own by which I judge whether a book is a novel: it is a matter of controlled pace. When you read the book (and you should) take note of Chapter 2 and its writing. You can only read it at a tempo set by the author. (Many a performance of the Seventh Symphony has foundered on the conductor's vain attempt to convey the excitement too soon, leaving nothing in hand for acceleration, instead of going along with Beethoven.) Mr. Cooney is in control. It goes at his carefully varied pace throughout. The landscape in this chapter

is beautifully built up -- through a poet's eye for sweep of form and significant detail: the Capadocean Plateau; a paved way eroded by wind and weather; ravines crossed by heavy stone slab bridges, near which brigands lurk; the feel and smell of cold and wind; the slow progress of cumbrous wagons; the picturesque escort drawn from outlying regions of the vast empire; the anxiety to reach shelter before the imminent birth. The period and setting thus emerge - a wild outpost of an empire crumbling at the edges and divided at its

From out of the shadows of infancy and boyhood, steps George, the man. Shaped by family, education and upbringing to serve Rome and the Empire, he yet has a greater ideal; a greater loyalty. Stripped by conspiracy and murder of all those nearest and dearest to him, he eventually stands alone before the most powerful man in the world. Offered the choice between the purple robe of Caesar or torture and ignominious death, a choice balanced upon the symbolic offering of a pinch of incense, he is given the Grace and finds the strength to say, "I will not," and so changes the history of the world.

centre by ruthless ambition.

Go with it. It is a tremendous story, with convincing characters, of decline, heroism, greed, casual brutality, sophisticated cruelty, sexual depravity, Christian gentility, romantic and pure loves, chivalry: all told as realistically as could be healthily wished and with no gratuitous offence. The book is deeply serious, with language subtly referenced, with allusion to many literary and scriptural sources; with prophecy; and surely with relevance to our own time. The economics and technology of Rome: used to keep the poor in brutal and hopeless subjection except where the Christian policy of care, honour, and distribution of wealth and property is practiced against the will of tyrants. The author might not like this

comparison, but his structure is Tolstoyan. Scenes of military campaigning alternate with those of country and city life and reflections on war, peace, slavery, landuse, economics, religion and philosophy; but I find Mr. Cooney the more orthodox, though there are many similarities - such as the principle that the outcome of a battle often depends on individual spirit and initiative.

The dragon of the legend is vividly accounted for on at least three levels. Military strategy and tactics are brilliantly conveyed in battles across the entire empire. A few chapters bring in the courtly and mysterious Welsh and the wildly heroic, death-embracing Scots. Indeed there is a Romanised and noble Welshman who prophesies that the Roman administrative policy of regionalism will eventually set brother against brother and a defence of the division of property amongst sons as against leaving to the eldest: that distributed property gives all a stake in the land and a willingness to fight for it.

When you come to the trials, torturings and triumphant martyrdom, if you have tears prepare to shed them now. In the midst of the torture sessions is an interlude in which a neo-Platonist philosopher brought in to argue the faith away, defeated on his own terms, submits with, "Here is water. What hinders my baptism?" Then the execution - the joy, the resurgence of persecuted Christians, and the heavenly guiding of Constantine to the decisive battle. All my criteria are met in a monumental story of adventure, romance and reasonable faith.

Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator.

THE FIRST EPISTLE GENERAL OF SAINT PETER IV19
Saint George's Day 2004

Education Madness – Ancient and Modern

Peter Brown spills old and new educational beans

A chilling commentary on education standards in the United Kingdom

Reprinted with acknowledgment to *Right Now!* (PO Box 160, Bankstown, NSW 2200) June - July 2004

ROUND about 1960, 'child centredness' became our universally worshipped education god. The apparently unequivocal virtue of that term hid the dangers inherent in its worship. And it is not only responsible for our giving the child 'what it wants' in teaching, but also the source of today's rejection of Christian teaching concerning obedient respect of parents and adult authority - in other words, our indiscipline. The consequent inhibition of adult common-sense decisions regarding lesson content and teaching methods, a reluctance to punish misbehaviour, together with a refusal to accept the obvious concerning different abilities and situations, have caused us to waste billions on 'damage limitation'. But critics, do not now attack me using the assumed dichotomy of extreme opposites play! Of course the interests of the child are central to me - but only when controlled by mature adult wisdom.

The following experiences illustrate the different stages of our decline from that date to the present day. They at least hint at most aspects of our consequent madness - both ancient and modern, either through common knowledge or personal 'spilt beans'. Some will be drawn from material I have previously published in an Institute of Economic Affairs booklet¹ and recent Freedom Today articles.

But first, here are two telling incidents that occurred before 1960 that highlight the reversal of attitudes. As a grammar school pupil, I was caned by the headmaster for disobeying a prefect who told me to stand up for a lady passenger on a public bus! I never told my parents - or thought or complaining.

Much later, in my first term as a teacher, the secondary school headmaster warned the pupils not to snowball the staff. As I entered the noisy playground the next morning, it became eerily still. It wasn't long before this rookie teacher was being bombarded. I chased one thrower, grabbed him and took him to the head's study. He did not punish the boy, telling me that I should not have 'laid hands' on him. So began my permanent battle with the mad ideas that have permeated every stage of my career. The incidents also respectively illustrate that there has never been a golden age - and that corrective pendulums always swing too far the other way. As you will see, the type of madness has changed over the years. At first, it was caused solely by child-centred false gods; more recently, political correctness, an obsession with multi-culture, bureaucracy, deceptive and pretentious education and misleading

statistics were gradually added to the list.

But back to the beginning again. Although I was very conscious of an external increasing worship of child-centredness, my short initial stay under that idiot headmaster was followed by happy years at a primary and then a grammar school. They were both excellent, as their respective heads ignored the silly new ideas and did their own thing. When you read the following, today's contrasting madness will be implicitly conveyed. At the primary school, your novice very easily controlled and taught a class of 51.

This was because they were not only streamed, but the easily disciplined pupils all sat in desks facing me, without fellow-pupil visual distraction. It was also mostly whole-class teaching, with any required individual help to follow. I designed the syllabus to suit the children and included many creative ideas long before their time. We also had great fun - but only when I said so! Later at the grammar school, I successfully taught my non-science subject in the chemistry lab for a time, and the non-teaching staff numbered three - a secretary, caretaker and lab assistant. On a recent visit to a local middle school, I found that there were 31 teachers and 37 non-teaching staff - including a 'behaviour manager'! So much for today's political answer to all problems - more money and resources.

After the above, as a college of

education lecturer I quickly became more aware of current trends. I shall never forget my experience supervising the teaching practice of a PE student at a Luton school around 1980. The class of mostly black teenagers refused to obey the student and insisted instead on scrambling up the ropes in her gym. She had to abandon her lesson plan and base her 'teaching' on rope climbing instead! I just had to acknowledge her dilemma. And how's all that for several implicit messages from me?

I eventually became a chief examiner, first for O-Level and then for the GCSE - a progression I later discovered was quite rare. It was during the development of the latter examination that I came nearer to the often hidden powers dictating educational policy. In 1990, in the above-mentioned IEA booklet, I revealed that our Rightwing government was unaware of the all-powerful alien Leftwing cuckoo in its nest. I showed how its well publicized aspiration that "GCSE should contain the best elements of the old O-Level and newer CSE" was being undermined. Admitting that there were boring elements in the former, its better elements, and certainly the essential academic ones, were ditched in the mire of current dogma. For example, at an early chief examiners' meeting in London, I remember HMI Tess Styles infiltrating each group and subtly controlling its agenda. Later, when I conducted a teachers' meeting in Birkenhead, I was shocked to be asked: "Are the questions also going to be recorded on tape, as some candidates may not be able to read?"

For many years now, an alien philosophy has obviously been promoted by a succession of unelected bodies - all the examination boards being similarly surreptitiously indoctrinated. There has never been a public announcement or democratic discussion of policy change. Further, any scrutiny of the membership of the Schools Council, SEC, SEAC etc. to the present day, shows an incestuous continuity of names often surviving the change of label. Certainly, during the early GCSE development, there was a very thin O-Level representation - as I experienced in my battle for standards with the Cambridge Board. Further, I discovered that in all subjects, any lone O-Level examiners present tended to be less assertive than the indoctrinated CSE representatives, who came with massive home teacher support. We also faced ridicule for daring to promote wicked things like 'facts' - HMIs sometimes disparaging the 'mere knowledge' required by some of my examination questions. Indeed, any



A consequence of 'child-centredness' euphisms to disguise the obvious: "Bunter, you are gravitationally challenged..."

idea not in accord with the growing anti-intellectual, egalitarian, pro-ethnic brigade was seriously regarded as a wicked heresy.

Regarding one of my early GCSE examination papers, the following criticisms came from the Post Graduate Teacher Training dept of the City of Birmingham Polytechnic:

"we believe that a curriculum which takes into account the multiracial nature of society is needed for all schools, not just those in which there are ethnic minority groups of pupils . . . promulgates a style of teaching (instruction would be a better word), which informed opinion increasingly discredits. . . Many of the tests offered depend on knowledge, deduction or measuring, the crude acquisition of which could be taught by cramming or the learning of lists."

There speaks an arrogant, well-trained specimen of the above brigade. No wonder words such as 'blackboard' and 'masterpiece' were soon effectively outlawed.

But the ruling unrepresentative bodies always gave the false impression that they did not 'prescribe' anything. True up to a point, but what they never stated was that they did 'proscribe' anything divisively academic and redolent of the old O Level. And when I faced teachers at training sessions, I always apologized for the imposed deceitful syllabus waffle and pretentious terms to describe ever more elementary content. And when much of the above was reported in my IEA booklet, I was severely criticized by a prestigious examination board that should have supported my battle for higher standards. No doubt the accountants who now run such institutions were more concerned with candidate numbers. My battle led to a meeting with Margaret Thatcher's then education adviser Oliver Letwin.

However, his initial concern regarding the destructive education cuckoo in the Conservatives' nest failed to generate action. After a long delay, I was told that "all was well". I wonder if he remembers that interview and reply!

Also around 1990, at an IEA teachers' meeting, a friend reported a strong emphasis on 'multiculture'; the pundits preaching that it was racist to teach 'imperial history', even when no foreign pupils were present. Teaching Christianity or saying the Lord's Prayer were also discouraged at the meeting. All this matches the current ridicule of our national culture and 'un-cool' folk songs, together with the increasing neglect of basic educational skills. In the latter stages of the O-Level and then the subsequent GCSE, my Singaporean candidates generally achieved higher standards than English ones. Further, their vocabulary and grammar was far better, despite English being their second language. This comparison was hidden, as the grade boundaries were raised by Cambridge!

The consequences of worshipping child-centredness multiplied during my time as a chief examiner. This necessarily abbreviated list of generalisation is not in any particular order:

- *no realistic punishment possible for increasing indiscipline;*
- *resources and time wastefully concentrated on the rebellious - not the able.*
- *no respect for teachers as sloppily spoken and dressed as the pupils;*
- *state control of syllabuses, increasing ethnic content;*
- *valuable creative emphasis ruined by neglect of basic rules;*
- *'positive achievement' overriding error;*
- *dumbing down hidden by pretentious new terminology;*
- *euphemisms to disguise the obvious;*
- *bureaucracy and unnecessary paperwork feeding deceptive*

"Our Right-wing government was unaware of the all-powerful alien Left-wing cuckoo in its nest"

- statistics;*
- *digital emphasis bypassing vital numerical/spatial/temporal relationships;*
- *examination emphasis on multiple choice answers - not written English skills - and much examination coursework, making internet cheating possible.*

Finally, in my last years as a chief examiner, the battle centred on two things - the compulsory ethnic syllabus input and ridiculous PC procedural rules. The ethnic component, long subtly inserted into the GCSE, now had significant syllabus chunks devoted to it, often specified in greater detail than the Western content. Further, as an assistant examiner, I saw signs of the same thing in the A Level, together the general dumbing down of that once respected examination with such as vocational subjects. And those silly, impracticable marking rules just had to be religiously observed. Minus marks and 'failure' were banned, together with half-marks, over-the-top bonuses for exceptional quality and other common sense suggestions to aid ability discrimination - naughty word. My constant ridicule of the above contributed heavily to my dismissal in 2002 by the robotically-indoctrinated Examination Board.

So there is an answer? Many in the profession are now indoctrinated second generation believers in the false gods - or at least affect to be for the sake of promotion. So they don't know any better.

Teachers who can remember the sensible and practical past have either retired through age, unnecessary paperwork fatigue or uncontrollable indiscipline. Certainly, any answer must begin with a return to traditional attitudes to discipline. And with regard to modest physical punishment for all ages, 'abuse' is usually only in the eye of the beholder. Respect for authority, together with a teacher-led child centredness would save the billions wasted on unnecessarily small classes and inefficient classroom organization. It would also make teaching the satisfying pleasure it once was. So you stupid politicians, there is no quick-fix answer in more resources, impressive terminology, compulsory written aims and outcomes for each lesson, targets, manipulated statistics and league tables. Remember; form-filling to satisfy each stage of the hierarchy up to the government can be deceptive activity. And the media hardly help, implicitly preaching the normality of low standards in behaviour and speech. (The daughter of a friend recently reported that her teacher had commented: "Don't you speak posh"!)

Since my 'bean-spilling' and dismissal, continuing 'research' indicates no sign of a return to realistic sanity in the equally mad present. A change in the mind-set of an indoctrinated nation is required. That change must include the acceptance of the normality of discipline and punishment - from early childhood onwards. But is that a possibility?

1. *The Best of GCE - The Lost Battle (1990 IEA Education Unit, Warlingham, Surrey CR3 9BP)*
 Dr. Peter Brown is a former teacher, college lecturer, O-Level and GCSE chief examiner.

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Interesting History *Some facts about life in the 1500's*

The next time you are washing your hands and complain because the water temperature isn't just how you like it, think about how things used to be.

MOST people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May and still smelled pretty good by June. However, they were starting to smell so brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odour. Hence the custom today of carrying a bouquet when getting married.

BATHS consisted of a big tub filled with hot (if you were lucky) water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the other sons and men, then the women and finally the children—last of all the babies. By then the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it. Hence the saying, "Don't throw the baby out with the bath water."

HOUSES had thatched roofs — thick straw — piled high, with no wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the dogs, cats and other small animals (mice, bugs) lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof. Hence the saying "It's raining cats and dogs."

THERE was nothing to stop things from falling into the house. That posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and other droppings could really mess up your nice clean bed. Hence, a bed with big posts and a sheet hung over the top afforded some protection. That's how canopy beds came into existence.

THE floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt. Hence the saying "dirt poor." The wealthy had slate floors that would get slippery in the winter when wet, so they spread thresh (straw) on the floor to help keep their footing. As the winter wore on, they kept adding more thresh until when you opened the door it would all start slipping outside, so a piece of wood was placed on the floor in the entranceway. Hence the invention of the "thresh hold."

IN those old days, they cooked in the kitchen with a big kettle that always hung over the fire. Every day they lit the fire and added things to the pot. They ate mostly vegetables and did not get much meat. They would eat the stew for dinner, leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight and then start over the next day. Sometimes the stew had food in it that had been there for quite a while. Hence the rhyme, "Peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot nine days old."

SOMETIMES they could obtain pork, which made them feel quite special. When visitors came over, they would hang up their bacon to show off. It was a sign of wealth that a man "could bring home the bacon." They would cut off a little to share with guests and would all sit around and "chew the fat."

THEY would often use a reed full of bacon fat and burn this for light at night, but when guests came over they would light both ends for more light, thus "burning the candle at both ends."

THOSE with money had plates made of pewter. Food with high acid content caused some of the lead to leach onto the food, causing lead poisoning and death. This happened most often with tomatoes, so for the next 400 years or so, tomatoes were considered poisonous.

BREAD was divided according to status. Workers got the burnt bottom of the loaf, the family got the middle, and guests got the top, or "upper crust."

LEAD cups were used to drink ale or whisky. The combination would sometimes knock them out for a couple of days. Someone walking along the road would take them for dead and prepare them for burial. They were laid out on the kitchen table for a couple of days and the family would gather around and eat and drink and wait and see if they would wake up. Hence the custom of holding a "wake."

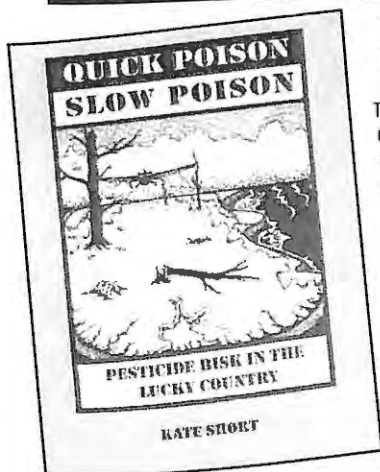
ENGLAND is old and small and the local folks started running out of places to bury people. So they would dig up coffins and would take the bones to a "bone-house" and reuse the grave. When reopening these coffins, 1 out of 25 coffins were found to have scratch marks on the inside and they realized they had been burying people alive. So they thought they would tie a string on the wrist of the corpse, lead it through the coffin and up through the ground and tie it to a bell. Someone would have to sit out in the graveyard all night (the "graveyard shift") to listen for the bell; thus, someone could be "saved by the bell" or was considered a "dead ringer."

And that's the truth. Now, who said History was boring?

The Editor would be pleased to receive any other "history lessons"

RECOMMENDED READING

Prices include postage.
See order form in this issue.



QUICK POISON SLOW POISON PESTICIDE RISK IN THE LUCKY COUNTRY BY KATE SHORT

This expose of the impacts of poisons on ill-informed users and a mostly unsuspecting public will both shock and inform. For the first time, concern about termites and potential crop losses from insect attack is weighed against trauma suffered by the increasing number of people exposed to pesticides through food, air and water.

After six years of research Kate Short brings her exhaustive study of the topic into public view. She presents the facts about pesticide risk in a clear and concise manner all the time, backing up her case by reference to a variety of reports and studies, including crucial European and US research. The author argues that the risks to exports from poison residues could upset the livelihood of many in the rural sector.

Soft cover. 270 pages - \$30.00 posted

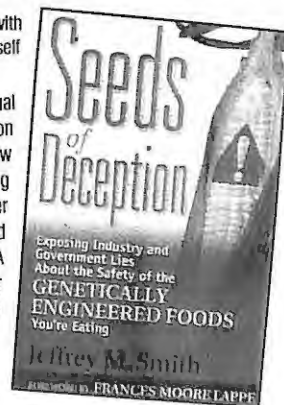
SEEDS OF DECEPTION Exposing Industry and Government Lies About the Safety of the GENETICALLY ENGINEERED FOOD You're Eating.

By Jeffrey M. Smith Foreword By Francis Moore Lappe

Eating such experimental foods is gambling with your health. Find out how you can protect yourself and your family.

In *Seeds of Deception* you will read internal memos by US Food and Drug Administration scientists warning of toxins, allergies, and new diseases - all ignored by their superiors, including a former attorney for Monsanto. You will discover how industry studies are designed to avoid finding problems. And you will learn why the FDA withheld information from the US Congress after a genetically modified supplement killed nearly a hundred people and disabled thousands.

Soft cover. 292 pages - \$35.00 posted



Paying Politicians *By Jeremy Lee*



IT IS HARD for many to comprehend, in the mercenary first years of the 21st century, how widespread was the spirit of voluntary service in earlier times. The idea of paying sportsmen, at one time would have been considered bizarre – and in poor taste.

Most local community services – fire-brigades, emergency services and service as local councillors – were voluntary. Men and women, having reached a certain status and security in life, felt duty-bound to offer some sort of service to the community.

For a long time this also applied to politics at State level, and was a legacy from Britain, where first feudal lords and later landed gentry traveled infrequently to Westminster to represent their Shires and Counties as a service.

Victoria leads the way

In 1870, well before federation, a furious debate broke out in the Victorian Parliament when a Bill was introduced to pay members of Parliament three hundred pounds a year for a trial period of three years. One member, Mr. George Higinbotham, was so carried away that he exclaimed, “two thousand pounds a year for their services would be a small remuneration for the legislative services of Members of Parliament”.

However, Mr. E. Cohen opposed the bill, saying that it would bring an inferior class of men to occupy seats in the House. Looking back, his statement was prescient. He added: “No man is asked to come forward and occupy a seat in the House against his will. No man is taken by the scruff of the neck and told ‘You shall represent us’. Honourable Members may depend that

if the Bill becomes the law of the land, there will be no more ‘walks-over’. There will be a lot of candidates for seats in the House.

Plenty of men who have fifty pounds in the savings bank will be glad to invest that fifty pounds at an election for the purpose of realizing three hundred pounds a year. They will make no end of promises to the electors because they will know that, if they are elected, they will have three hundred pounds per annum for three years at all events.”

Thus began an argument that has waxed and waned ever since: Should politicians be allowed to set their own salaries? And is it true that the more pay, the better the representation?

Canberra joins the fray

By the turn of the century another government had joined the six that already existed. The new members weren’t slow to reward themselves as they saw fit. In August 1907 against outcries from across Australia and demands for a referendum on the issue, federal members awarded themselves a six hundred pound wage increase – a fifty per cent hike on their previous salaries.

The Age (Melbourne) described the move as an “ugly and discreditable rush for the spoils” and “an ugly raid on the public treasure chest”.

The paper continued, “The Federal Parliament took yesterday a downward step. It did this without the smallest warrant or sanction from the people who have to find the money”.

The situation has continued ever since. Attempts have been made to mask the issue by linking parliamentary salaries to public service wage scales. But the vote is always taken in Parliament, and it is one of the few occasions when party differences are buried.

Some idea of the size of parliamentary remuneration can be seen in the fact that seven years later a government inquiry in New South Wales found a wage of two pounds eight shillings a week was sufficient for a family of four. Politicians awarded themselves twelve times this basic living wage.

Queensland takes the cake

Nothing can quite equal the cynicism of politicians in Queensland, who, in

1922, voted to abolish the Upper House in their State. No referendum was ever held. From March 23 of that year to the present, Queensland has been the only State in Australia with a single chamber in its parliament.

However, before disbanding, a final Bill was passed, awarding all members of the redundant Upper House an annual stipend of four hundred pounds a year for the rest of their lives! What a magnificent gesture of largesse on behalf of the people!

Today’s parliamentary salaries and pensions are so far out of the reach of those who have to pay that it is yet one more factor adding to the disturbing cynicism and disenchantment which Australians feel about politicians and elections. It seems clear that some change should be introduced which re-establishes the link between representative and electorate.

One suggestion, probably on the idealistic side, is that all voters should be required to pay one dollar when voting. After all, if the vote is not worth a dollar it is not worth much. All dollars thus collected in the electorate would be put in the charge of a local trust of voters from various industries and professions, who would negotiate and pay the local member from the fund. Poor performance would earn small wages.

Another idea is that all politicians should be paid the average wage, plus travel expenses and accommodation. Whatever else is said, no other industry would tolerate wage earners setting their own salaries. Performance-based awards and full accountability need to be re-established in Parliament, as in every other field.





Home Winemaking

By Moffie



ORANGES! What to do with thousands of oranges? Squeeze, and ply your friends with 100% organic juice, freeze some for later in the year? That didn't dispose of them all.

How about making wine?

Firstly, buy wine-making book, read carefully and obtain necessary equipment - yeast, etc.

Off to the home-brew shop. This is going to be expensive wine!

Never mind, all sorts of possibilities open up. Other fruit ripening later in the year . . . mead. Mead! I love mead.

The book says prospective wine needs to be kept at temperatures between 19°C and 24°C for several days. How?

I decided to insulate the space at the top of the wardrobe. One insulation batt and sheets of plywood and nails duly obtained.

Drag out little set of steps (cupboard a bit high), climb up, twist body at right angle, having first thrust arms into wardrobe carefully clutching pre-cut pieces of ply with insulation glued on to the back, plus hammer and nails. It's pretty crowded in there!

Now try swinging hammer without hitting self in the eye. Apart from anything else glasses are costly to repair.

Well, the floor was not too bad, walls a bit more challenging, but ceiling? Mission impossible!

Lucky for me kind neighbour (carpenter) comes to my rescue and its all fixed in the blink of - both - eyes. Yes, both still intact!

Decided to keep cabinet warm with electric blanket, closely monitored with thermometer propped up inside. In due course I discovered similarities with raising orphaned animals. Wine requires four-hourly feeds!

All set.

Squeeze oranges, grate rind off (no pith allowed), wash up juicer (attached to Mix Master), utensils, bench, walls and floor, not forgetting unaccountably sticky soles of shoes.

Oops! Fermentation jar, stopper and wriggly plastic thing have to be put in sterilizing solution for twenty minutes. Okay, I can have a cuppa during the twenty-minute stopover.

Serious bit next. Read instructions carefully. Juice and rind in jar, followed by sugar, yeast, nutrient etc. etc., in

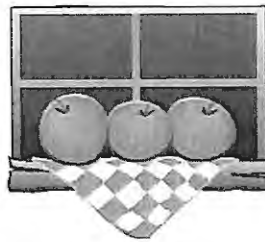
carefully measured amounts. Stir with wooden spoon. Insert stopper and wriggly thing (more of the 'wriggly thing' later), and put in nice, warm cupboard.

Well, that wasn't too bad at all - oh! Hang on! The temperature is 24°C; turn blanket off for a while.

This is when the 'four-hourly feeds' started. Turn it down . . . turn it up . . . turn it off . . . don't leave the house for more than four hours.

Oh, yes! The wriggly thing. Well, it doesn't actually wriggle, but it's shaped sort of like an S-bend. You fill it with sterilized water, which runs out the bottom end if you put too much in. It sits in the top of the jar stopper, which in turn sits in the top of the fermentation jar. This goes in the top of all the jars until you get to the bottling stage. That lets the gas bubbles out, but the baddie gremlins can't get in and spoil your wine. Ingenious, eh?

Well, as I said, it's four-hourly feeds,



stirring occasionally, for the next few days, until it stops burping. Then you transfer it to another BIG bottle. On the first occasion that isn't too difficult. Sterilize new bottle and funnel, and carefully pour in, leaving the 'gunk' behind which has settled on the bottom of the jar. Seal with the wriggly thing.

No longer does it need the warmth of the four-hourly feeds - thank goodness - and peace descends apart from the odd companionable burp issuing from the fresh bottle, while more sediment sinks to the bottom.

Wait six to eight weeks.

Next step, transfer into another sterilized bottle . . . but how? Siphon. Can't pour, or sediment will mix with clear. Okay. Carefully shift full bottle to kitchen table. Do not disturb. Fresh bottle on kitchen chair. Funnel in new bottle. One end of plastic tube into full bottle, well above sediment, other end held ready to . . . SUCK!

Right, go ahead and suck. Ooh, dear! Bit too strong a suck - big mouthful of raw booze! Splutter, splutter on to floor! Luckily finger is over end of tube, which is full.

Hold end in funnel and release finger. Hey presto! Liquid running into fresh bottle. Watch out if level drops below end of tube, or another suck will be necessary. Gingerly lower end of tube a little further towards the bottom until all the clear liquid is transferred.

Insert stopper and wriggly thing, and it's done!

Wait another six to eight weeks. If there's only a little sediment its time to bottle, label and store.

Now we're getting somewhere!

Carefully sterilize bottles, funnel and plastic tube; place big full bottle on table and wine bottles on floor within reach. Same procedure as before - tube into big bottle, funnel into wine bottle, suck to start the flow, stick finger over end of tube when wine bottle full and replace with another.

Watch it! The tube in the big bottle is nearly out of the liquid - shove it down a bit. Oh, no! Forgot to put finger over other end, and the bottle is now overflowing and making a sticky puddle on the floor!

Stand up and take a deep breath. You're hopeless! You lifted the wine bottle end of the tube without putting a finger over the end, and now there is no wine in it. Oh, well! Give it another suck. This time keep an eye on the big bottle on the table and one eye on the wine bottle on the floor. Anyone can cross-eyes inwards, but outward??

When you've filled your bottle, shove corks in them, wipe them down - they've been standing in that puddle, remember. The table is sticky, the floor is sticky, and just about everything else in sight has managed to get sticky.

Mop up.

After a reviving cuppa, label and store bottles.

I'm not sure that further wine making gets less sticky, but it's lots of fun. The worst part is waiting to find out whether it is worth drinking, and that I can't tell you until next year!

In the meantime I am learning to play the clarinet. No, no! It's alright - the mob left home BEFORE I started. Only problem so far is that local cats seem to find the sound attractive.

I wonder why?



The Bravest of the Brave *“Bahadur”*

THERE can be few Australians today who have never heard of “the man with the donkey” at Gallipoli, who patiently and compassionately, risked his life day after day to ferry wounded men on his donkey from the front line to the relative safety of the beach where rudimentary medical help was available. He is enshrined forever in our legends of exceptional heroism.

One of the early issues of *Heritage* (No. 8, March-May 1978) carried a stirring account of John Simpson Kirkpatrick’s selfless and inspirational actions at Anzac Cove, from the landing on 25th April 1915, to the morning of the 19th May when he was finally shot through the heart by a sniper while on yet another journey of mercy down the infamous “Shrapnel Gully”.

This account takes a closer look at some less well known aspects of John Simpson Kirkpatrick’s life.

When he was young, John played backyard cricket with his friends, as most boys do, chalking wickets on a brick wall. He was an active and helpful boy, and usually found plenty to do helping out in the sideshows and roundabouts at the Fair, held twice a year in his home town of South Shields.

Donkeys on the beach

He spent every summer holidays on the beach, with a Mr. George who had a group of donkeys, providing rides for children up and down the sands at a penny a ride. For the princely salary of sixpence a day, he would look after the donkeys from 7.30 in the morning until 9 at night. No doubt he learned a great deal about the right buttons to press on a donkey with this particular apprenticeship under his belt!

The Kirkpatrick home was a warm and affectionate one, though not untouched by tragedy. When John was twelve, his merchant seaman father suffered a serious accident, which left him permanently incapacitated until his death five years later. His mother was devoted to the boy, particularly so after losing three boys with scarlet fever. John and his younger sister Annie had a close and affectionate relationship.

Being disinclined to scholarship, John left school when he was thirteen,

and spent the next four years applying his knowledge of animals to driving a milk float. He was soon devoted to “Andrew”, the dappled grey pony that drew the float, and it appears the regard was mutual.

Shipping Out

His seventeenth year was a momentous one for John. He joined the Durham Territorial Howitzer Battery for a short time, but his father died in October that year, and two days after the burial, John sailed as a crewman from the Tyne, on the S.S. *Heighington*.



After returning from his first assignment at sea, to spend Christmas at home with his mother and sister, John signed on as stoker on the S.S. *Yedda* for his next trip abroad, and eventually the *Yedda* carried him to Australia, a place he had often dreamed of as a boy.

For a young man willing to work hard, live rough and take opportunity as it knocked, life in the early 1900s in Australia was full of promise. John yielded to the temptation and jumped ship from the *Yedda* shortly after arriving in Newcastle in May 1910, dropping Kirkpatrick and using Simpson as his surname to hide his identity.

For the next four years he tried his hand at cane cutting in North Queensland, working on cattle stations, coal and gold mining, eventually returning to sea as a stoker for a coastal shipping line.

A caring son and brother

Throughout that time he faithfully wrote home to his mother and sister,

his generosity and constant caring for them both shining through the simple letters he wrote. The wages of a stoker on a coastal ship of the time were £8 a month, but he seldom wrote home without including money for his loved ones.

At the outbreak of war he enlisted in the 3rd Australian Field Ambulance, and so began that phase of his life that matured and tested the faith in God with which he had been brought up, and which gave him the courage and strength to serve his fellows in battle with the heroism that has turned him into a legend.

The overwhelming demand for the services of the Ambulance Bearer Divisions must have given Simpson the incentive to use his initiative and his experience with animals to set up his own independent and considerably increased capacity to move those too badly hurt to walk back to the beach themselves. Candidates were in plentiful supply as the withering fire from the well prepared Turks mowed down the invading forces by the hundred, before they had time to find cover, collect their gear or form any kind of disciplined advance.

Shrapnel Gully

Simpson’s main stamping ground was the route connecting the beach with the front line posts of Quinn’s, Courtney’s, Steele’s and Pope’s. It was known as Shrapnel Gully. General C.H. Brand considered the Gullies were often more dangerous than the actual front line. Water and ration carriers could pick their time to hurry through these danger spots, but the stretcher-bearers who were anxious to get their badly wounded men to the Beach never flinched. Sir Irving Benson says in his book *The Man with the Donkey*: “Ask any Australian who were the bravest men at Anzac and you will almost certainly hear the unhesitating answer, “The stretcher-bearers”.

“Bahadur”

The men of the Indian Mountain Battery Mule Camp shared this view. Simpson camped with this unit and seemed very much at home with them. They had their own name for him – “Bahadur” – “the bravest of the brave”. A Sapper, F.D. Burrell, reported that when news of his death reached

them and the men of the Indian Field Ambulance, they immediately went down on their haunches and wailed and threw dirt on their heads. "I never seen them show such sorrow for one of their own," said Sapper Burrell. The Indians brought wreaths to lay at the simple grave site on the beach where Simpson was buried.

Years later, in 1918, Sapper Burrell came in contact with men of the Kowat Mountain Battery in the mountains of Moab near Amman. In exchanging news of past actions, a Captain of the Indian Battery told him of an Indian signaller, Kahn Singh, who was now to be found sitting cross-legged in the bazaar at Peshawar. His eyes blown out by shrapnel at Gallipoli, this veteran passed the time telling all who would listen about his Australian friends, and "Murphy Sahib" (Simpson was known as Murphy by many) and his donkey.

The donkey

Accounts vary as to where Simpson's donkey came from, but the most likely explanation seems to be that it was one of two dropped over the side of the troopship Haidar Pasha to make their own way ashore amidst the unexpected chaos of attack that first day, 25th April, 1914. Lieutenant T. Gorman, quartermaster of the 16th Battalion Machine Gun Section had purchased two donkeys in Lemnos, purposing to use them to transport stores after arrival on Gallipoli. According to a Private H. Thorne of that Battalion, one of the donkeys was

a jenny in foal, and did indeed drop a foal some time in May. That this was one of Simpson's donkeys was given credence by Padre A.P. Bladen's statement that one of them was in an "interesting condition".



John Simpson Kirkpatrick

What became of the little donkey? At the time Simpson was killed, it knew the way so well it continued down the gully and delivered the wounded soldier it was carrying to the beach. Two accounts (Anzac Adventure by Dale Collins, and Official History of Australia in the War, 1914-18 by C.E. W. Bean) support the oft-repeated statement that the animal became the pet of the 6th Mountain Battery Indians, who took it with them at the evacuation.

Strange connection

Another remarkable sidelight among the many at Gallipoli, came when Sir Irving Benson was researching material for his book, The

Man With The Donkey. While visiting South Shields to collect material on John Simpson's childhood days, Sir Irving met William Lowes, whom he described as "a quiet, delightful man who walked with a heavy limp, the legacy of war days." William Lowe had been at school with Jack Simpson. They shared an interest in pet rabbits, and would sometimes "swap" their pets. He remembered Simpson's connection with Murphy's Fair and the donkeys on the beach at South Shields.

Lowe had served with the Royal Naval Division at Gallipoli, and on the 29th April, 1915, he was among those sent ashore at Gaba Tepe to reinforce the Australians. On the 3rd May he was wounded by shrapnel in the thigh. He was unconscious, but remembered being taken down to the beach on a donkey!

How strange is destiny, that these two men, who had been school mates, swapped rabbits and ridden donkeys together in far away South Shields as children, should have gone through the hell of Shrapnel Gully together! In the circumstances it is hardly surprising they failed to recognize each other.

The quality in Simpson that appeared to strike so forcibly those who saw him at work, or who experienced his ministrations, was his calm, unhurried assurance, and relaxed cheerfulness.

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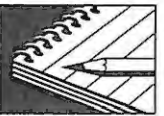
ARTICLES and other contributions, together with suggestions for suitable Heritage material, will be welcomed.

However, those requiring used or unused material to be returned, should enclose a stamp and addressed envelope.

Editor



Letters to the Editor



view. I have been perturbed that his book "Twilight of the Elites" gets publicity in your sister publications, and now on pages 23 to 24 of this issue.

ISLAM IS ONGOING XENOPHOBIA

But it is the article "Demonising Islam" on pages 1 to 2 that has got my dander up! The attacks on Christians and others in Ambon, the Philippines, Liberia, Nigeria, Sudan, etc., etc. are documented by the Christian mission groups and Church newspapers, as well as in the daily news media. Attempts are made in some news reports to disguise these actions as "ethnic violence", "land disputes", and so on.

In the case of Ambon and several other Indonesian areas, some of the locals were christianized during colonial times and built villages and churches. People from other islands and areas sail to such places to attack the locals. If they kill or drive away enough of them, they take their land. The same has been going on in Sudan for decades, and in recent years is occurring in other African countries. So a journalist can save himself from the accusation of being discriminatory by describing what are "missionary" attacks as "disputes" arising from ethnicity or the land shortage!!!

Here's a quote from the Catholic World News www.CWNNews.com e-mail of May 1 this year:

"My second example for the week is the brutal fighting in the Maluku (or Moluccas) island province of Indonesia. On Monday we reported the assaults on Christian villages by Islamic zealots. We carried a follow-up story as the fighting continued, then mentioned the frightening news that a new corps of jihadist warriors was poised to join in the slaughter.

"CWN readers were well informed about this religious warfare, then – even as the mainstream media ignored the massacres. On Friday, our colleagues at the AsiaNews service put out an impassioned appeal for help from the embattled bishop of Ambon. The world was not listening. But CWN was!"

ALLAH OR THE SWORD

The reality is that Islam, from its beginnings as a small band of people following one man, who made up his religion from strands of others as he went along (so, what's new?), the Muslims attacked the other tribes in Arabia, then the surrounding Christian lands both northwards and westwards, and then carving through Christian areas attacked and subdued the Persian empire. The destruction of the irrigation works in some of the conquered lands is proverbial, as

was the cutting down of trees in many places. "Allah or the sword" was a common "conversion" method. Never forget that Palestine was a Christian area before the Arab invaders arrived there to loot conquer, kill, and tax (so some of the Arabs' claims to Palestine must be taken with a grain of salt, too).

The danger became so great, with Muslim armies at various times forcing their way into France (defeated at the Battle of Tours), and in front of Vienna (defeated, I think, by a coalition led by a Polish king, and on a second occasion later), and then pilgrims to Palestine were being persecuted by a petty Muslim conqueror, that a Papal leader called for the first of the crusades. The supposed "Christians" who took part in these attacks committed as many war crimes as the Muslims, two that come to mind being the 1½ days spent killing everyone in Jerusalem, and the sacking of Constantinople, the capital city of their supposed ally, the Roman Empire in the East (Byzantium).

A true knowledge of the danger of Islam remained in some circles in both Orthodox and other Christian circles. However, after the Nazi hate mass-murders shocked the world, some groups have tried to "befriend" Islam. One of these is the Roman Church which at the Second Vatican Council in the 1960s reversed its centuries-old teaching that Islam is a form of paganism.

DIFFERENT ROBES

But a close reading of the more hate-filled passages of the Koran and the Sunnah, and comparison with the Hebrew Torah and Talmud (the latter largely deriving from Babylonia), leads me to suspect that Islam, shorn of the prayers, fasting, pilgrimage, etc., is ancient "xenophobia", i.e., hatred of the foreigners, mixed in with the "war-god" syndrome, dressed up in different robes.

Xenophobic religions are common in the world. In the Americas, for example, the Aztecs were told by their religious and civil leaders that the god was hungry for beating human hearts. So the Aztec warriors obliged. In the Near and Middle East, a god insisted on child sacrifices, the followers were told, so parents passed their children through the fire, as is recorded in the Torah. In Africa and now migrated to the New World are the horrors of Voodoo human sacrifices, a child sacrifice being in the news in recent months even in Britain.

The lack of any divine leadership in Islam is obvious from its ruling that, under certain circumstances, men may have up to four wives (originally one, then two), but he himself progressively allowed himself

COMMENTS ON SUMMER ISSUE

Besides the skewed attitude in the "Demonising Islam" article, I found a few other problems with the Summer 2004 copy of "Heritage". (Congratulations on getting to volume 28 and issue No. 107, by the way.)

I'll deal with these other items first. It is not right to say that "The New Times" in its early days (page 5, column b) was the only Australian Social Credit newspaper/magazine. "The Australian Social Crediter" was published by Australians, working with the Social Credit Secretariat. In addition, C. Barclay-Smith used to issue "The New Era" which contained some Social Credit input. The review of Mel Gibson's film "The Passion of the Christ" (pp 11-13) seems to me to follow the general Churches' line, seemingly overlooking the fact that the main languages in Palestine at that time were Greek (not Latin) as well as the Aramaic of the locals. The idea that the so-called Romans (probably Greek-speaking Roman citizens) and others went about speaking Latin is highly improbable. And, wasn't the superscription on the cross written also in Greek, as well as Latin and "Hebrew"? (See Luke 23:38, John 19:20). Mel Gibson has tried to accentuate the Latin angle, his family having tried to become more Catholic than the Vatican. The film's errors, due partly because the screenplay was affected by a supposed visionary, are predictable.

David Flint in recent days has been in the news reports, for the wrong reasons, but I have been critical of him over his other policies previously. If I remember rightly, he is uncritically supportive of other policies of the "elites", which cancels out his pro-monarchy stand in my

11 wives, one of whom was a child. The suppression of women and girls in Islamic societies, even among the better off, is proverbial. But "blind" Christians listen to cant about "family values", forgetting that the standard Islamic divorce is the husband saying "I divorce thee" thrice to the wife. Adultery brings a whipping to the man, but execution for the woman. A woman can be beaten by her husband. Her evidence is about half the worth of a man's.

It is the hate passages in the Islamic scriptures that show how it has taken the worst strands from the past. I had read of these in the 1950s but put them aside. But after September 11 and the Bali Bombing it is time to read these passages, and then to remember Hitler's book "Mein Kampf". When he was made Chancellor of Germany, many thousands of Germans went to bookshops and bought it. They all took the passages about wanting "living room" to the East as an ideal that was too impossible to be attempted, and the people concentrated on the parts of his programme that promised better times for

the people and for business. They were wrong. Many respectable groups were so happy to see his anti-Judaist policy that they overlooked the fact that wickedness is wicked, no matter who teaches and practices it. Millions died in the stupid attack on the USSR, as well as in the "holiday camps" for the Judaists.

The earlier teachings of mercy and kindness that can be found in the Koran are "abrogated" by the later teachings. And the post-Mohammad doctrine of "al-taqiyya" teaches that non-Muslims can be tricked and deceived.

A comparison of the early teachings in the Koran with the other doctrinal source, the Hadith or Sunnah, shows a continuation of teachings to kill opponents. More worrying, the anti-women teachings of the Shariah rulings have included the horrors of stoning women to death, copied they say from the Torah of Israel and Judah.

This writer is fully aware of the evil injustices that have been suffered by Arabs and other Muslims in the continuing grab for oil and other riches, and in the wickedness still coming from the Balfour

Declaration. But in spite of the anti-discrimination legislation in many parts of the "post-Christian" West, the truth has to come out about Judaism and Islam. They are two horses from the same stable.

John Massam, Greenwood. WA.

MORE HAPPY READERS

As German migrants to this beautiful country with a strong believing Christian background, we appreciate to gain information about various issues from a traditional point of view as given in the Heritage magazine which was shown to us by friends and we would like very much to subscribe to it as well as we didn't find a magazine like this meeting our interest so well.

*Thorsten & Annette Altendorf
Gynea, NSW*



A RACE AGAINST TIME

Racial Heresies for the 21st Century

Edited by George McDaniel / Foreword by Jared Taylor



What does the future hold for the West? Must our civilization give way before waves of Third-World newcomers? It is increasingly clear that race and civilization cannot be separated, that only the people who created a culture can sustain it. If immigration changes the face of America – and of –Europe – nothing else will remain unchanged.

This collection of articles from American Renaissance explains why Western man can save himself and his heritage only by returning to a better understanding of race – an understanding now reviled as heresy.

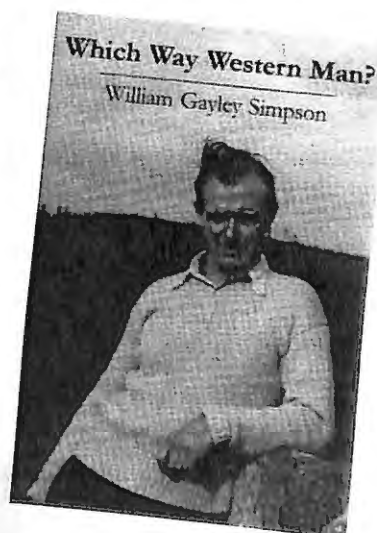
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CLAUDE de BERNALES.

“I have made a lot of poor men rich, but never a rich man poor!”

by Julian E H Stanwix.

IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA, two of our historic treasures are London Court and Cottesloe Civic Centre – both being on the tourist trail for visitors and much loved by the population. Few know the history of these buildings and the man who generated the wealth to create these architectural masterpieces which are totally out of character with their locations, but can only be admired. I finally found a source of information for this article in a book written by Hal Colebatch “The Magnificent Miner.” which confirmed and added to my previous investigations. I hope you will enjoy this short biography of Claude de Bernales.

At the apex of his career and when the world generally was over the depression and industrially was booming. The Reich was rising to its awesome size and starting to move. People made statements, in their minds qualifying the situation such as the poet William Plomer whose character “Thought the bank is mightier than the sword!” Viscount Snowden who wrote about the intentions of Germans, “Germans liked marching and uniforms because – the former satisfies their sense of rhythm and, the latter their sense of drama!” At this time the English publication “Mayfair” stated of de Bernales: –

“A great employer of labour in Australia, experienced in the ways and means of the toiler, an actual creator of wealth, a gold producer, ready to determine what may appear to many a policy of reactionary. Today it is audacious in its boldness and conception, namely, the emancipation of the world’s workers by their participation in the distribution of the gross turnover of the commercial enterprise. To increase the spending capacity of the worker is the fundamental law of prosperity ...

He is a practical man in every sense of the word, and his ideas of overcoming the present labour conditions of today are of a rather radical character. He contends that the broader understanding must be created between capital and labour, that co-operation and co-operations on a much more comprehensive scale must operate He emphasises the necessity of moulding the character of the youth of the nation in the proper channel before it has had time to set in the old mould of the present day labour leaders and agitators ... His



slogan is “satisfy the call of labour .”

The Sunday Express states:

“His cigars are rich, and from his necktie flashes one of the most beautiful diamonds I have seen for many a long day. I am sure it is real, for he constantly touches it with his right hand to make sure that it is still there.”

Now let’s look at this man and his story which I feel is one that has been overlooked in our modern history:

Born in the middleclass area of Brixton – 31 May 1876 Claude Aldo de Bernales son of Major Manuel de Bernales and his wife Emma Jane (Beldon) and Sister Beatrice. There was not a registration even though they were at that time compulsory. His father was of distinguished Spanish stock with the family motto of “*Virtus et Honos* – Virtue and Honour,” which Claude used as time went on by having a signet ring to seal letters and documents. His mother’s family were American and included a “revolutionary” general. Claude went to school at Uppingham Public, following which, it is felt he may have attended Heidelberg University where he had some tuition, but it seems very vague. He studied violin and at later times he would entertain guests by playing, but as a child his father was not pleased to “have a fiddler in the family!”

GOLDFIELDS BECKONS

At the age of 21 in 1897 Claude ventured to the newly discovered West Australian Goldfields – one the World’s Last Frontiers, arriving with 5 pounds. As various finds of gold had occurred in outer Western Australia. These areas

were declared “The Goldfields.” which in actual fact was a total area of app. 100,000 sq miles, twice the size of England. As the first settlement in W.A. had not really been a great success, the hope to find viable gold deposits was most important to the continuing growth of the state with the population by 1890 being around 50,000.

September, 1892 saw Bayley and Ford find nuggets lying on the surface of “Fly Flat” later known as Coolgardie and the legend has it, there were two skeletons of two white men and a notice dated a year earlier at the site. By 1893 Coolgardie had a population of 15,000 and 10,000 in surrounding areas making it the biggest town in W.A... So started the gold era.

The Coolgardie cemetery by 1899 contained the graves of 1,000 typhoid victims due to the lack of clean water etc to sustain clean healthy life but they risked all and carried on. de Bernales also contracted typhoid and was put in a bed, in which the 5 previous patients had died but he told his children later he was determined and took to only drinking Champagne rather than the typhoid ridden water. There were 80 Postal staff, 26 hotels, – 3 breweries and a “World Trade Fair” was held there in 1895 attracting 60,000 people!

As women came there were weddings and “Smiler” Hales who had one of the seven newspapers in the area described the event so: “*The bride wore a rich Quartz coloured silk , with orange blossom outcrops . Miss Hickey was dressed in a reddish substance with sandstone coloured leaders running around the main body ... many a digger wished he could get a miners right and apply for a perpetual lease or a freehold on this young lady!*”

In June 1893 Hannan, Flanagan and O’shea discovered the Kalgoorlie field and Hannan being the only one able to read and write was sent back to register it. By 1900 Kalgoorlie and Boulder 2 miles away were cities of 30,000 people – “The Golden Mile” was the richest gold area in the history of the world , in 1903 producing 40 tons of gold. In 1902 there was a loop line set up between Kalgoorlie and Boulder with passenger services running every 15 minutes. Hannan never made any further finds and continued till he was nearly 70 and finally died in near poverty in Melbourne.

The population of W.A. rose from 47,500 in 1890 to 171,000 in 1900 and State revenue leaped 7 fold in 8 years! As the unrest started in South Africa culminating in the Boer War and a favourable report from Germans meant the investment world looked on with interest at W.A. People from all parts of the globe flocked to the fields to find wealth. Laws brought in because of the union movement precluded mines employing Oriental labour yet Afghan camel drivers were to find W.A. a land of opportunity.

It was 1903 when the pipeline carrying water from the Perth Hills was completed with the engineer being C Y O'Connor and the Premier – Sir John Forrest. It was an engineering feat being the first of its type anywhere in the world, the water was pumped 352 miles to the parched Gold Fields. Forrest pushed through the concept staking all the state's resources on the project in a make or break effort to keep the gold mining continuing. The chorus of critics helped crush O'Connor who finally committed suicide - a tragic end to one of the finest engineers of the time. (See issue No. 106)

READY FOR BUSINESS

Claude de Bernales first worked as a clerk for Davis Machinery Company at Kalgoorlie and soon took a position selling their products. He travelled mostly by bicycle as the area was mostly flat and the ground hard and earned the nickname of "Handsome Deb," as he always carried a fresh shirt which he would change into when he approached a person on business adding to his tall, dignified good looks which were so splendid and remained throughout his life. Claude set out to control the machinery side of the gold industry with the difficult task of transportation as the machinery was large and there were no rivers like North America to ship goods. When transporting the boilers for the "White Feather Mine", it cost 77 pounds per ton in 1895. The arrangement de Bernales usually accepted when selling machinery was 20% deposit and the balance over 2 years with caveats over other property and the lease itself, so if the project failed he could still recover the machinery to on sell and in some cases also own the mine.

In 1903 Claude married Elizabeth (Bessie) Picken Barry from Kalgoorlie who with her brothers owned the local foundry, and a 10,000 acre farm at Kojonup.

By 1906 an advertisement in the press stated "Davis Machinery and Kalgoorlie Foundry joined to form Western Machinery Corporation" a great coup for de Bernales who by 1909 was general manager.

1907 saw his first trip to England raising capital but it was not a great success, 1910 the company was controlling numerous mine leases that Claude had acquired and business was booming. He was becoming known for his "Deals" and sailing close to the wind financially e.g. when the bank asked Claude to lower his overdraft borrowings Claude stated it was funny because he was just about to asked for another 10,000 pounds and the bank must realise if he went down so did they and if they wanted 100% return he felt this would be advisable. The bank did this and soon the bank received payment of the debt. On another occasion Claude met a roomful of creditors and said

"Gentlemen – I owe you money which I do not have, but I will pay you out in a month," which he did.

He purchased the grand home known as "Rathkeale" in Coventry St Kalgoorlie near his machinery firm. This was a grand home filled with the best furniture and fittings but had a small kitchen as a local hotel supplied his meals! In Perth he purchased "Overton Lodge" in 1911 over looking the Indian Ocean in Cottesloe from Justice Pennyfather. The long drive between Perth and Kalgoorlie was quite an event in his chauffeur driven cars with plenty of fine cigars and whisky for the journey. The "Who's Who" entry of the day stated one of his interests was "motoring" He extended "Overton" and added massive gardens and lawns, carting tons of top soil from the Perth hills some 27 miles away and spreading it 2 feet deep. This supplied much needed work in the depression with the building renovations – gardening - stone walls and terracing over acres of the property.

During the First World War the government placed an embargo on gold sales and purchased all that was mined at the artificially low figure of three pounds seventeen and ten pence halfpenny. This caused the mining industry to be short of labour and lack of money for maintenance and they mined on including in some instances mining support columns, this took its toll on the industry.

Claude's business empire in the gold fields continued to grow and as mines

opened his companies supplied the machinery and as the gold price fell and the mine closed due to the problems he would buy back the equipment at a fire sale price ready for the next venture. He even tried developing a firm to extract oil from coal at Fitzgerald River and cement works to supply the Govt of W.A, when they were building Canning Dam by getting assurances to lime deposits but neither got off the ground and a lot of controversial stories attached to the ventures followed.

GOLD STRIKE

Yellowdine mine near Southern Cross was the first actual mine that Claude promoted and gave a good example of his approach. The Australian Machinery Co bought the option over the Yellowdine gold strike and on sold it to Yellowdine Investments and this to Yellowdine Gold Development then to Great Boulder Mining and the history goes on but there was a paper profit of 100,000 pounds in the transactions! This was the start of de Bernales career of promoting mining. A meeting was even held in Kalgoorlie to protest at the large amount of country his firms held the rights over. Due to Claude's knowledge, and help from various characters of the area this came to nothing. He was getting mines opened up and keeping the industry going, and increasing his personal wealth.

Through the late 20's and early 30's de Bernales, promoted with all his energy an idea for the governments – (Federal and State) to pay a "Gold Bonus" to encourage the industry, which later came to fruition. In 1926 Claude went to England to raise capital of 2 million to open the Wiluna mine which opened in 1931 and in four and a half years produced gold worth three and a half million pounds and 12 million over its life

June 1937 saw the opening of the greatest legacy of de Bernales to Western Australia in the form of "London Court" which is a precinct joining Hay St and St Georges Terrace in central Perth.

It is a copy of a Tudor street with shops on both sides and an entry over which at both the northern and southern ends there are clocks designed by the chairman of the British Horological society - Frank Hope-Jones. The southern clock is a copy of Big Ben which also works a scene of four knights mounted on horseback and a tournament takes place, one knight knocking his opponent off his mount! At the northern

end is a clock and a scene of St George slaying the dragon – these clocks would have to be the greatest tourist attraction in the C B D and ring out continually and all Western Australian's would not feel they were in the city without their sound. Also in the facade are stained glass windows depicting part of the de Bernales crest. The mall is made up of 55 shops street level, 55 offices 1st floor and 25 flats which boasted the first air conditioning in W.A. At the southern end originally there was a Tavern and grill in the basement, the whole place still is amazing considering it was built over sixty years ago. Claude had above the entrance the following Homily *"No minute gone comes ever back again, take heed and see ye nothing in vain."*

In April 1935 Claude purchased a home at Roehampton in England which had belonged to the Christmas Card tycoon Sir Reginald Tuck as de Bernales spent more time in London promoting his interests. With his personal wealth still growing he started to collect antiques and treasures filling his Perth, Kalgoorlie and London homes. One piece in this collection was the "Hope Vase" for which he paid 20,000 pounds! He built Westralia House in London for his company office which boasted marble lined toilets for senior staff – gold cutlery, Flemish tapestries and antique Persian carpets adorning the walls .

On 27/8/1937 Thomas (Diver) Hughes a Labour member for East Perth made some startling claims in Parliament re: de Bernales receiving large mining areas corruptly from the Government which brought about a Royal Commission. With Hughes refusing to give evidence the commission rejected all claims as false .

The person who is an integral part of the story should now appear and that was William Grundt who arrived from Norway in 1896 and the Gold Fields in 1912, worked on Great Boulder mine and around gaining standing and power and became a major shareholder in Great Boulder by 1939. At the shareholders meeting he tackled de Bernales over the running of the mine and profits, claiming there was a group of dissatisfied shareholders. Grundt's group lead a movement which snowballed and the matters being discussed by both the Australian and British Govt's and finally charges being considered against de Bernales who was declared too sick, by the authorities to defend himself at the time. De Bernales by this time

had purchased a twenty six room home overlooking the sea at Selsey in Sussex and was recuperating from his health problems. The case file was put on a seventy five year closure which is the longest the law would allow.

RECLUSE OF SELSEY

He lived for many years at Selsey, not ever making any friends or purchasing any goods locally, all brought in from London. There were many social events with his friends who also came from the city but there never was any problems as the locals just went about their lives and did not worry as the Limousines sped by. The Australian Taxation office attempted to recoup taxes owing from 1933 to 36 and the English Govt actually ordered de Bernales to pay 1,382,000 pounds for tax on share trading in 1947! As he became older he became known as the "Recluse of Selsey" and as his final cook, gardener, chauffer said "A gentle man who treated me as a friend."

As Claude's fortunes fell property was sold off – "London House" – an office block in Perth was sold to State Electricity dept for 40,000 pounds and "Overton House" to Cottesloe Council for 45,000. This still stands today as the "Cottesloe Civic Centre" and used for functions and weddings etc and admired yet few know it's history or of it's previous owner whose home it was.

In 1949 the Federal Govt put out a paper on the gold industry, which had been crippled again through the Second World War, with lack of maintenance, stating it was a waste of time.

They said world countries now used paper currency not gold based and there was no requirement for the industry to carry it on . They further falsely claimed they expected gold to fall to 5 shillings an ounce. After much protesting by W.A. to the Menzies Govt they finally won subsidies for the mines in 1954 – too late for the de Bernales companies .

Back at Selsey there was a series of burglaries in the 50's including one where they stole 27,000 pounds worth of jewellery. De Bernales returned for a trip to Western Australia in 1958 and met and entertained his friends. It was at this time he made the statement "I have made a lot of poor men rich but never a rich man poor," then left Australia for the last time.

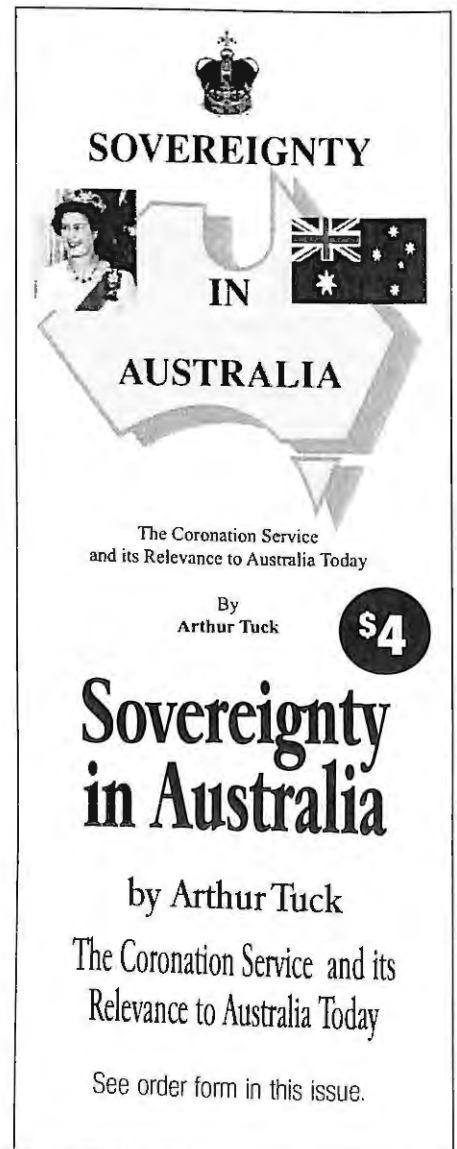
Claude died on December 9 1963 at a London flat in Sloane St of coronary thrombosis aged 88. The Sunday Express published a cutting article which in part

read:

"His death came 11 years after Parliament was told he was too ill to stand trial for an 8,500,000 pounds gold mine swindle, and with the passing of the flamboyant one time millionaire the story and the truth behind his fantastic gamble in Australian gold mines also died. Great pressure was brought to get de Bernales to face trial , but he was always too ill."

I have always been interested in de Bernales, but there is little written about him.

I felt because W.A. is small there has always been a hush about him here. I finally personally met a person who did actually meet him as a small child when her parents went to "Overton" in Cottesloe for a visit and a meal. In all I felt he did do a lot of good for our Gold industry but at shareholders expense in some cases. Two world wars and government attitudes did not help. We will never know - just look at London Court and the Cottesloe Civic Centre when in Perth and wonder!



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LOCAL CURRENCIES IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY

Over 300 people attended the E.F. Schumacher Society Conference under this title, at the end of June 2004, held at Bard College, Massachusetts, USA.

Report of the Conference is by Joel Stonington

Local Currencies

The E. F. Schumacher Society employs the term "local currencies" to refer to place-based monetary tools for building sustainable local economies. Other terms that have arisen and which will be used during the conference, include "complementary currencies," "community currencies," and sometimes "alternative currencies." These local currencies take many forms.

Local Bank Notes

In the 1800's nearly all commercial banks in the United States issued their own individual currencies at the point of making "productive" loans to businesses. Typically a productive loan is made for purchase of equipment (machinery, tools, supplies) that will result in an increased availability of goods in the economy. In this way local banks determined the amount and kind of credit needed to stimulate business development in each particular region. In 1913 with the creation of the Federal Reserve Act, local bank money was replaced by the federal dollar issued by a coalition of private banks that make up the Federal Reserve banking system.

The International Independence Institute, under the leadership of Ralph Borsodi and E. F. Schumacher Society founding President, Robert Swann, issued a "Constant" in Exeter, New Hampshire in 1972 in cooperation with an Exeter bank. The Constant circulated for a year in Exeter stores as a demonstration that local bank notes, working with the not-for-profit sector, remain a contemporary option for local exchange.

Hours

In 1991, Paul Glover organized a local currency for his hometown of Ithaca, New York, that used paper notes for trade of local goods and services. The notes were denominated in hours of labor (equivalent to the average hourly wage for Ithaca of \$10). To begin circulation, Hours were issued to owners of small businesses willing to accept the notes in trade for goods and services. Paul's concept was that Hours would be backed by the future productivity of those to whom they were issued and so Hours would maintain a strong value independent of the fluctuation in federal dollars.

Over the next decade, Hours programs

spread in over 50 communities throughout the United States and Canada engaging citizens in the discussion of creating their own regional monetary systems. Of these start-ups only a few are still running. Ithaca Hours continues to grow, having developed several new initiatives including a local health insurance program and exceptional collaboration with Alternatives Credit Union that offers an optional Hours account.

One factor in the attrition of Hours programs is that community groups failed to anticipate the start-up time and costs involved in promoting and sustaining a new currency issue.

Time Dollars, Time Banks (UK)

Following a long illness during which the services of others were critical to

Understanding Money, Building Local Economies, Renewing Community

his recovery, lawyer Edgar Cahn devised a program called Time Dollars. Time Dollars are used to record the good deeds of neighbors for each other. Old, young, handicapped, and marginalized, all have some service to contribute to their community and so can earn and bank Time Dollars for occasions when they are in need. In order for Time Dollar Institutes to maintain tax-exempt status as charities, Time Dollar transactions are generally limited to what would be called "the gift economy," excluding commercial economic exchanges. Nevertheless, Time Dollars have shown to be an extraordinary tool for weaving values such as reciprocity, trust, cooperation, and what Edgar calls "co-production" in a community. Numerous Time Dollar networks are active throughout the US and the UK.

LETS

(Local Economic Trading Systems)

Michael Linton founded the first LETS program in the early 1980s on Vancouver Island in Canada. LETS programs were created as a simple debit and credit system, denominated in the national currency. Consumers wishing to purchase goods or services offered through the

LETS program would simply phone in a transaction to a central coordinator and their LETS account would be debited and the seller's account credited. Producers would then spend their credits with other members in the system. The system was essentially self-regulated with members issuing their own line of credit at the point of making a purchase.

LETS programs are by far the most popular local currency systems throughout the world, spawning various adaptations. LETS development has been slow in the US, however. IRS law recognizes LETS programs as barter systems and as such requires system managers to report the total value of transactions for each individual to the Internal Revenue Service. This kind of management has proven costly and burdensome for start up systems, discouraging broad replication in this country up until this point.

Self-Financing Scrip

In 1989, after being denied a bank loan, the owner of The Deli in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, issued "Deli Dollars" as a way to finance the move from one location to another. Customers bought Deli Dollars for \$8 to be redeemed for \$10 worth of soup and sandwiches at a later date. It was not the first time scrip had been used as a self-financing tool for a small business, but Deli Dollars caught the attention of international media including CNN, NBC, CBS, and Tokyo TV, giving new energy to the local currency movement.

Other small businesses in Great Barrington issued their own notes to eager customers, demonstrating that citizens working together can create independent, low-cost methods of making micro-credit loans that double as a local currency.

Multiple-Store Notes / Customer Loyalty Scrip

In 1991 in Great Barrington seventy merchants worked with the Chamber of Commerce to issue BerkShares. During a six-week period, customers collected one BerkShare for every \$10 spent at one of the stores. Then during a designated three-day redemption period, BerkShares could be spent as cash for store items, creating a spirit of festivity on Main Street. Again there are many variations on this simple approach in which multiple businesses reward their regular customers through

discount notes.

In some areas such as Toronto, Canada, and the Salt Spring Islands off of Vancouver, consumers initiate the exchange through conversion of federal notes to a local currency traded exclusively at regional stores.

National and International

Experimentation With Forms of Currency Economists have long debated monetary theory, putting forth different arguments about how money should be placed in circulation. Many involved in the local currency movement are at the same time interested in alternative or complementary national and international currencies. Some of these interests are represented at the conference.

Commodity Backed Currencies

For centuries fiscal conservatives have advocated for a currency backed by something of perceived value such as gold and silver as a way to discourage the over-issue that leads to inflation. Others have suggested backing in a basket of commodities such as grains, vegetable oils, fossil fuels, and minerals. The Liberty Dollar is a contemporary private, for-profit revival of the effort to create a gold and silver backed currency.

Electronic Trading Tools

The Internet and other new technologies such as "smart cards" have opened the possibility of trading without use of traditional forms of money. Many inventive individuals are suggesting ways of linking these electronic cards, which are primarily tools to facilitate consumer credit, to businesses with defined missions, such as merchants of green products.

The majority of these applications are still on the drawing board, but their developers have imagined including aspects of customer loyalty notes and other discount benefits as incentives for consumers to join. Most are denominated in US dollars, though The Terra Trade Reference Currency proposed by Bernard Lietaer is exploring an electronic trading card with transactions denominated in a basket of commodities held by global corporations.

Barter Exchange Systems

Our earliest experience of barter is the simple exchange of goods or services between two people. However there is a thriving international world of commercial barter exchanges. These systems can involve complex multiple trades. While most of these systems denominate trades in US dollars, some are introducing their

own measure of exchange functioning much like a currency.

In 1934, Basel, Switzerland became headquarters to a highly successful Swiss business-to-business barter exchange system known as "WIR," (German for "We"). Consumers are excluded from participation. Trades are denominated in WIR and businesses can "bank" credits for future transaction. Members are given discount incentives for trading within the system. System administrators are authorized to extend credit (make loans in WIR) to businesses meeting the system's economic criteria. The WIR network is credited with stabilizing the Swiss economy.

Other barter groups rely on inventories of excess capacity, offering these inventories in trade at discounts to members. Some commercial barter groups are considering ways to expand their trade to include consumers, thereby functioning like a



currency within a defined trading arena.

History and Theory of Money

All of the innovative programs described during this conference grew out of a series of private and public discussions on the nature of money, its role in the economic system, and its effect on society and culture. All of the plenary and workshop presentations will touch on this subject in some way; some will focus on it.

Reports From Abroad

We are privileged to have a number of presenters from abroad who will report on the complex of local currency programs in their regions.

Future of Local Currencies

The variety of local currency programs, as outlined above, involve three very different kinds of money. One is consumer credit that facilitates the ability of individuals to purchase needed goods and services. The second is gift money recording our generosity to others. The gift economy builds very real links

in a community, strengthening the social and cultural fabric and contributing to the quality of life, but does not directly enter into the creation and exchange of goods and services. The third kind of money is what is commonly known as investment capital. This is money needed for business start-ups and expansion, capital for the means of production as distinct from monthly operating costs. When Jane Jacobs, the renowned regional planner, portrayed regional currencies as an elegant tool for creation of import-replacing businesses, she had this third kind of money in mind. In the future all three forms of money will be essential to an overall strategy for building healthy local economies.

What should we expect from the local currency movement in the near term?

1. Certainly, new innovation in consumer-credit systems First programs, and providing incentives for consumers to come back to the storefronts on their Main Streets.
2. Greater cooperation between the highly popular Time Dollar systems and the consumer credit systems in which administrative capabilities are shared, outreach in the local community is shared, and technology is shared.
3. At the same time it will be essential to apply our collective creativity to the problem of how communities can issue local currencies in the form of no-interest loans to finance businesses producing goods now imported from afar.

Citizen Activists

There is much work ahead. All of you gathered at this conference are engaged in creating solutions to the growing problems of globalization and land of our own communities. This conference is in honor of you.

The E. F. Schumacher Society is a 501(c)(3) educational organization. Membership is \$50 per year. Donations are tax-deductible. Contributions should be sent to E. F. Schumacher Society, 140 Jug End Road, Great Barrington, MA 01230 USA. www.smallisbeautiful.org

CONTRIBUTIONS WELCOMED



ARTICLES and other contributions, together with suggestions for suitable HERITAGE material, will be welcomed. However, those requiring used or unused material to be returned, should enclose a stamp and addressed envelope.

"The Red Terror from the Antipodes"

by 'Shadowfax'

NEVER was there such a horse! Today, 72 years after his mysterious and tragic death, the name of Phar Lap is still more familiar to most Australians than politicians, the Constitution or the First Fleet. At the time he dominated the world's race tracks his achievements were enough to lift the Australian spirit through the Great Depression.

Born in New Zealand to impeccable lineage – by Nightraid out of Entreaty, both with distinctive racing credentials – the colt did not look promising to begin with, and became lot 41 in the auction where Australian Harry Telford, financially backed by businessman Dave Davis, bid 160 guineas for him. That was in 1927. He was immediately shipped to Australia. He traveled poorly, was covered with facial warts and seemed ungainly compared to the horse he was to become.

He appeared to have little competitive spirit, content to lope behind the field in his first few races. He became a laughing stock among jockeys and trainers. He was cruelly nicknamed "Cart Horse" or "Bullocky Bum" But his strapper, Tommy Woodcock, who was to live with Phar Lap day by day throughout the horse's life, had a complete and shining faith in him.

In his first race Phar Lap finished a distant last. But in April 1929 the turning point came. The colt had been growing steadily and now stood over 17 hands – big, even among race horses. Entered for the 6-furlong juvenile handicap at Rose Hill in Sydney, Phar Lap won by six lengths, having come from the back of the field. In the same year he repeated the performance, coming from behind to win the Derby by a length and a half. His reputation began to send ripples through the racing world.

It was the start of an astonishing record. In the four years of his racing life he won 39 times, ran second three times, third once, and was unplaced nine times – mostly in his first races before he hit his stride.

By the middle of 1930 Phar Lap had already become a household name. The Depression had broken and misery abounded – but Phar Lap lifted the

nation's spirit. His name came from a Siamese word meaning "lightening", and lightening he was on the track. He now stood at 17 and a half hands at the withers, enough to top most men. He was a clear favourite whenever he raced, the bane of the bookmakers and the darling of the punters.

As the year moved towards Caulfield and the Melbourne Cup in 1930 there was anger and consternation in the racing fraternity at Phar Lap's complete dominance of the track. So certain was he of winning that the bookies were losing at every meet.

SHOOTING ATTEMPT

He was scratched from the Caulfield Cup to concentrate on the Melbourne race. In October, while out training near Glenorchy an attempt was made to gun Phar Lap down. Two men in a car attempted a drive-by shooting using a shotgun, and Phar Lap only escaped because the car was jolted when hitting the kerb.

From then on, Phar Lap was taken into hiding under constant police guard. This nearly cost him the big race.

Melbourne Cup day 1930 dawned to black skies and rain. As the time for the race drew near there was no sign of Phar Lap. The crowd was restless, and the chant "Phar Lap! Phar Lap!" began to sound through the 90,000 who had gathered. Thousands had their sixpences and shillings on their favourite.

Meanwhile the van carrying the giant horse, which had difficulty in starting, was ploughing through the rain towards Melbourne.

Finally, just as the stewards were on the point of scratching Phar Lap the van drove through the gates to a roar from the crowd and straight for the starting gates. Phar Lap descended like the champion he was, and the race was able to begin. Coming from behind as was his wont, the giant red chestnut surged into the lead and won by three lengths. History had been made!

There were few fields left to conquer. The following year, carrying the biggest weights in the history of the Melbourne Cup, Phar Lap failed to gain a place; but his place in history was assured.

Overtures were now made for Phar Lap to enter the richest horse race in the world – the Agua Caliente Handicap in Tijuana, Mexico. As he was loaded for the long sea voyage, his reputation had become international. Publicity fanned out in the headlines across America on "The Red Terror from the Antipodes".

Phar Lap had been suffering from an infection in a front hoof, and it was with uncertainty that a final decision was made that he should run.

Tijuana at that time was a gambling center with its attendant crowds of punters, criminal high-rollers, casinos and prostitutes. It ran races every day of the year, and big crowds of the rich and famous drove across the border from the US to have a flutter. The Handicap was the biggest event of them all.

On March 22 the starters gathered for the race. Phar Lap's stable had been under guard from police in sombreros. Tommy Woodcock had slept in his stall. His hoof seemed to be holding up.



The champion, Phar Lap, strolling to victory in the Underwood Stakes at Williamstown racecourse on August 25, 1931



LARGEST NET SALE IN THE STATE 182,293 DAILY WEATHER FORECAST: UNSETTLED

The Herald

NINETEENTH YEAR
MELBOURNE: WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 6, 1932

THE ACT VALID | PHAR LAP DEAD

Phar Lap—His Last "Portrait"



CHAMPION HORSE DIES OF ENTERITIS
Sudden Collapse
TRAINER STAGGERED BY LOSS

World Social Representative
Menlo Park, California.—Tuesday, 3.48 p.m.
Phar Lap, the Australian champion race-horse, died today.

Dr. Nielsen, the Australian veterinary surgeon, conducted an autopsy, and certified that death was due to acute enteritis.

He and Dr. Caesar Massaro, of San Francisco, found that the stomach was highly inflamed and perforated, and agreed that the fatal illness had begun at least two days before the horse's death.

Dr. Nielsen said that he believed that alfalfa or barley covered with dew in the stable yard had been eaten by Phar Lap and had caused poisoning because it was not properly prepared.

(Early messages gave the cause of death as colic and indigestion.)

—WOODCOCK HEARTBROKEN

TRADE BALANCE Right Side
\$26,162,000 On

BOND PRICES Favorable Effect
'Change

8 MONTHS' FIGURES

The latest Commonwealth trade figures, as they bearing upon the forecasts of Australia's position in London and elsewhere, present a very favorable picture.

For the eight months to February 28, 1932, the Commonwealth exports to the United Kingdom were valued at £28,122,000, and imports from the United Kingdom were valued at £1,960,000, a net export of £26,162,000.

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STOP PRESS

SUNBURY RACES
BYRON-BAY RACES
5.30 READ JOURNAL AS
TO Grand Stand—From
Melbourne, 2.30
LAST SUNBURY R
SEASONS
PREMIER SOCIETY
PRESIDENT ADDRESS
March 30
Melbourne, Early Seven
O'clock.
ALBURY RACES

As the race began Phar Lap was well behind the field, running wide. But at the six furlong mark he began to surge through the field, and three furlongs from home he had taken the lead.

Then he faltered, and through the binoculars it could be seen that his hoof was bleeding.

But Phar Lap's greatest moment had begun. With blood pumping from his leg, he gathered himself and surged towards the finishing line. He won by six lengths, becoming the Champion of the World. The news, flashed back to Australia, lifted a depression-weary population to ecstasy.

Sixteen days later the great horse was dead. Mystery still surrounds his passing. On the morning of April 5, 1932, Tommy Woodcock was woken to the sound of distressed whinnying. Phar Lap was in great pain. Vets were summoned in haste. Suspecting colic, the horse was drenched, but Phar Lap's condition worsened. Within hours the horse died in Tommy Woodcock's arms.

The official cause of death was colic. A subsequent post mortem revealed two things. The stomach lining had

been eaten away by an 'irritant poison'. And many believed that the horse had been deliberately killed by poison.

The post mortem also revealed that Phar Lap's heart was twice the size of that of a normal horse. But that surprised no one.

There was international consternation at Phar Lap's passing. The Governor of California appealed on nation-wide radio for information from anyone knowing anything about the horse's death. But the mystery was never cleared up, and lives on today.

In Australia Prime Minister Joseph Lyons, on being told the news, exclaimed, "What is the point in winning a High Court decision and losing Phar Lap?" Australia shared his sentiments and went into mourning for "Big Red".

But Phar Lap lives on. His name and his deeds will yet be told to Australians to come.



BOOKS See order form in this issue



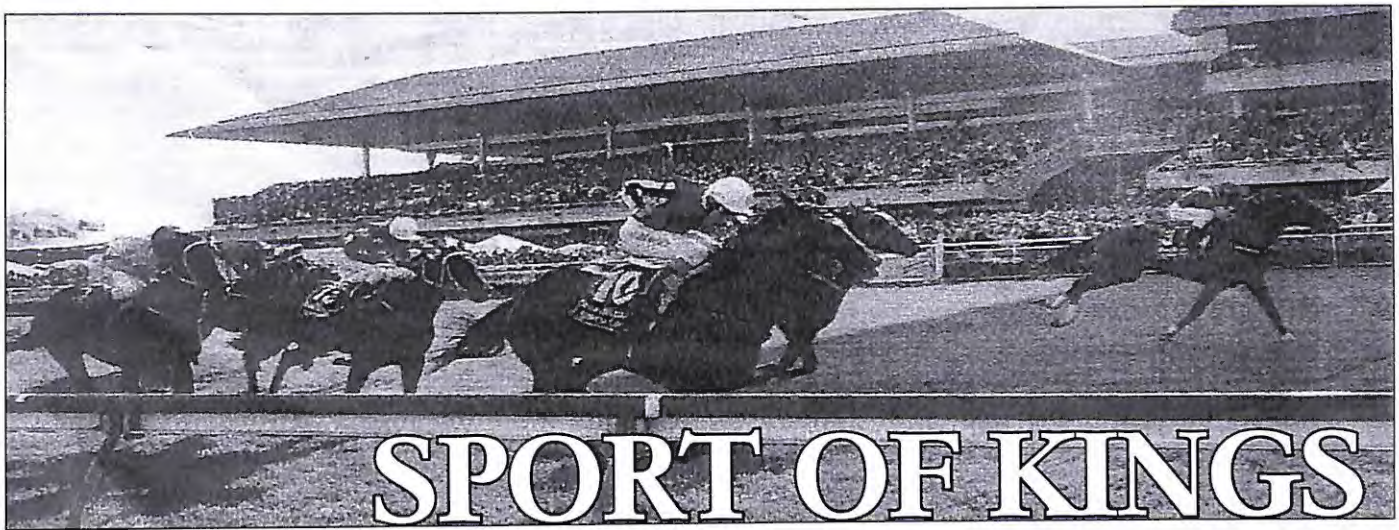
\$24



\$4

THE STRUGGLE FOR TRUE AUSTRALIAN INDEPENDENCE

BY GRAEME CAMPBELL MHR Former member for Kalgoolite
being The Fourth Annual D.H. Drummond Memorial Address
presented at Drummond College, The University of New England,
Armidale, New South Wales, on September 2, 1994



SPORT OF KINGS

Ron Hutchinson – a great little Australian By Larrie Noye

THE genial Roy Hutchinson, retired jockey, had much to chat about when he was a guest at a “Williamstown Day” at Melbourne’s Werribee Track on 27 March 2004.

Back in 1950 he won a Williamstown Cup. It had been an early step in a riding career that brought home some 1,000 winners in Australia, then about 1,500 in Ireland, England and Europe.

He had trained at a track run by a Duke in England who oversaw a castle and stables, and he had mingled socially with royalty.

Attending Footscray’s Powell Street primary school in Melbourne, Roy’s contemporaries included one Jack Collins, who was to win the kind of fame that counts in Victoria – kicking seven goals in Footscray’s only premiership!

Another schoolmate was future colourful Australian lightweight boxing champion, Frankie Flannery. Frankie was not noted for obedience at school.

As a youth of 18, Ronnie Hutchinson had the thrill of riding the winner of the Australian Cup. It was 1945, and the horse Spectre.

He won that cup on three further occasions, and was premier Victorian jockey in 1958-59.

Williamstown racecourse, not far away on Melbourne’s southwest seashore, still had a race track, but only just. From a time-honoured place dating back into the 1870’s or so, it had its last race on 10 February 1940. It was still used for trials when the apprenticed Hutchinson rode there about 1943-44.

The Williamstown Cup continued, even if not at Williamstown. Hutchinson pelted home the winner on three occasions. Two wins were on Morse Code, the first in 1950, and one on Royal Radiant

By then the Williamstown Cup was run at Flemington. Another winner of that cup, Joe Gilmore, was among the septuagenarians hosted at the Williamstown Day in March. Joe, like Ron, pudgier than in the years they weighed in on scales after rides, is now of Ascot Vale out Flemington way.

The Cup later shifted to Sandown track in Springvale – a step in a nomadic existence since the first Williamstown Cup won in 1888 by a nag named Mara.

Ireland, England and the continent

Hutchinson, who first rode abroad on setting up home with wife Norma in Ireland in 1960, remembers the Irish as very hospitable people.

“A lot of my two years there were in County Kildare,” he recalls. “the ‘Flemington’ of Ireland was some 30 miles from Dublin, on the Curragh track.

“I ran a second in the Irish Derby.”

He remembers picturesque tracks such as Kildare, Phoenix Park and Baldoyle.

England beckoned, however. While there were only some three Race days weekly in Ireland, going to England meant racing seven days weekly. That might include taking the short trip across the English Channel to ride on Sundays in such as Belgium, France or Germany.

Looming large in his experience in England were seventeen years’ riding for the Duke of Norfolk. The Duke stabled and trained his horses at Nundel in Sussex, where he supervised Arundel Castle. The Queen’s horses were one responsibility. The Hutchinsons lived some forty miles away at Reigate in Sussex.

The trainer of one of the Duke’s horses had initially approached the jockey to ride one of his horses – Orabusson. He won on it at Lingfield Park course.



*Norma and Ron Hutchinson
Williamstown Day, March 2004*

RON HUTCHINSON likes horses, and believes they respond best if the jockey establishes rapport with them.

“Some horses are very temperamental, and some jockeys get on better with them,” he says. “They respond better to your talking and urging.”

“They also might respond better to the little girl jockeys, who are quieter with them.”

He believes the whip should be used as a last resort. Hands and heels cause them to respond better.

Jockey Scoble Breasley, with whom Hutchinson chats frequently on the phone, as both live in retirement, shared this opinion.

Jockeys and horses might establish rapport. He particularly enjoyed riding Arlunga in his Victorian racing days. That horse ran second in the Victorian Derby to Sailors Guide, a champion in those days.

Norma Hutchinson, a girl from Sunshine in Melbourne whom Ron had wed in 1953, says of the Duke of Norfolk, "He was a wonderful man."

Mother of a family, eventually, of four – two boys and two girls – she had been lifted into the company of the British gentry and even royalty.

The Queen's horses also trained at the Duke's castle.

The Hutchinsons used to meet and mingle with the Royal Family at a party, or dinner and dance in the Duke's private home, after a race meeting.

Ron won the Goodwood Cup on one of the Queen's horses. He remembers Her Majesty as a "lovely lady". She also was very knowledgeable about horses, their breeding and racing, and she loved them.

"She was pleased to see Ron, because he had the same interests," recalls Norma Hutchinson.

The jockey was asked recently whether he favoured royalty. "Bloody oath!" he responded.

In seventeen years in England, totting up his 1,500 winners, he was placed third in two of the famous English Derbys - on Yethnos and on Mr. Athosin. He was second in the jockey's premiership one year, to the famous Lester Piggott.

Hutchinson led during the racing season, but Piggott clinched the award at the finish. The Australian was usually in the top three or four riders each year, and by then well known in English racing.

Scobie Breasley, older than Hutchinson at 90 years and a confrere, as both live in retirement as jockeys in outer Melbourne, clinched the British jockeys' premiership in 1957.

He won it again three successive years, 1961-63. The 1963 success saw him ride 176 winners to beat great rival Lester Piggott by a single win.

Like Hutchinson, Breasley never won a Melbourne Cup.

He especially recalls winning on one of the Duke's horses, Ragstone, in 1975. It was a special event before a huge



The Curragh in County Kildare, Ireland

crowd.

"One never forgets that kind of experience," he says.

Another year he brought home the winner of the Ascot Gold Cup, akin to the Melbourne Cup, raced at the Queen's course, Royal Ascot.

"Norma and I used to come back to Australia every year," he says. "I was part owner of Lindsay Park, Colin Hayes' show down in Adelaide."

Ronnie Hutchinson had many falls, the most serious a fractured spine at Caulfield early in his career.

"Billy Williamson and I had a fall," he reports. "I got severe pains and was in a brace for six months."

"I got smashed up in riding at Baden Baden in Germany about 1975. My horse tried to jump a running rail and was speared, dying almost immediately. I was injured."

Enjoyable as the days in Britain had been, eventually the family moved to what in Britain they call the "far east". Ron rode in Singapore, but largely in Hong Kong.

Retirement

These days, Ron and Norma live in retirement on Victoria's Mornington Peninsula. Ron, 76, keeps his hand in by training at the Mornington track.

A son, Peter, became a jockey. He was premier jockey in Adelaide in 1989-90 and 1990-91, before moving to Melbourne. There, he won a Caulfield Cup on the temperamental Maraakiz.

Peter had manoeuvred to allow for a straight run home, the horse doing the rest; a 30/1 winner by a narrow margin. Father and son embraced after that one!

Peter remains in Victoria these days, active in private business. His brother Ray, who was a leading amateur rider in England, trained as a vet in London. He is now a racing vet.

Two daughters, Susan and Sally, and their families live near their parents. They inter visit regularly and are obviously a strong family.

The respect accorded jockey



Pictured at the Williamstown Race Day are; from rear, left, journalist Larry Noye, Ron and Norma Hutchinson, Carolyn Mills; front: Mrs. June Thomas, Lionel and Gwen Garnsworthy, Marie Burrows. The womenfolk, except Hutchinson's wife, are descendants of the Underwood and Garnsworthy families, leaders in the Williamstown races of yesteryear.

Hutchinson is evident in his being invited to choose the jockey warranting the Ron Hutchinson Excellency Award. It is judged from the running of the four main races at the Spring Carnival at Flemington each year; the Derby, Melbourne Cup, Oaks and Emerites days.

Hutchinson watches the running of the races and then replays and photos. The announcement of the winner is before a big crowd in the mounting yard.

The awardee doesn't have to be the winning jockey. It is based on Ron's opinion of excellent riding.

A colourful career

Ron Hutchinson could look back on a colourful career when he chatted with guests at the Williamstown Day at Werribee. Personable and exuberant, he was a focal point for such as the elderly ladies, kin of prominent Williamstown-based racing folk such as the Underwoods and the Garnsworthys, as they shared a table.

The organizer, Peter Whittaker of Williamstown, hopes to have the Williamstown Day accepted as part of the Victorian racing calendar each year. If he succeeds, you can bet on it that Ron Hutchinson will be there.



Royal Ascot

The story of Margaret Alexandra Pinwill

By Jan Seeney

AUNTIE Alex was an original, and more original than most. She will be remembered, I think, as one of the Master's better works.

Alex was a strong and independent woman, colourful and energetic. As Grandma Pinwill might have said, she wasn't one to let the grass grow under her feet.

Alex understood life's obstacles, and refused to let them defeat her. A woman of high principles, she drew strength from her Christian faith. Her kindness has touched the lives of many, in many different ways.

She was immensely proud of her family, and of their achievements.

She knew how to laugh and create laughter; Alex enjoying herself at a wedding is a memory to be treasured.

She was a woman of lively intellect who loved learning, read widely and sought out new experiences. Among her friends were many people from other cultures and she valued the times they shared.

Alex preferred to live simply, and was altogether underwhelmed by the consumer bandwagon. Following the crowd just wasn't her style. She preferred to do her own thinking.

Alex did things differently. I even suspect she took an impish delight in her ability to be surprising. She was creative, not only in the way she organised her journey through life, but also in the way she liked to start from scratch to manufacture what she needed. When she needed a new coat, she started by getting the sheep. If she wanted perfumed soap, she started saving lard and rose petals. Auntie Alex loved to talk to people.

She was a carer, who could be as candid as she was tenacious. She had an amazing memory for the names of relatives and friends young and old, near and far; and more than that, she made the effort to stay in touch with them, and report their activities to the rest of us. She remembered birthdays, and put a lot of thought into any gift she made. Alex was the keeper of the family tree, and took great care to nourish it. Perhaps her greatest gift and her greatest legacy to us,

was the example she set in connecting with people.

She had a quick wit and a wonderful way with words. She once told me that she hoped the Good Lord wasn't going to turn her into a "crabb'ed old crone" in her dotage. He didn't. She remained vital, and interesting, and interested in others well into her eighties.

Alex was a woman who would want you to know that she's managed very nicely, thank you. Her life story is testimony - to a life fully lived. An inspiration.

Born Margaret Alexandra Pinwill in June 1910, Alex grew up on a farm in the Gayndah area - an unforgiving Prickly Pear selection they'd named The Echo. Along with her parents and younger brothers, Charlie and Alf, she worked hard to develop the block that was home until she was 26.

At the nearby Woodmillar school, Alex had been an apt pupil, barefooted and bright. At 15 she became the proud owner of her first pair of shoes. When circumstances cut short her formal education, she was disappointed but not defeated. Throughout her life, she took advantage of every opportunity to expand her horizons.

As a young woman she recorded the story of those early years. She wrote of the trouble they had with recurring pear, of the scrub turkeys that spread it by eating the fruit, of the many kinds of game that were turned into money, and of the two room slab house her father built. "It was his dwelling for more years than he intended", she writes, and "though not elegant to gaze on, it sheltered the Pinwill family for more than twenty years".

She was just 17 when her father died, and soon after his death she did the unthinkable for a young woman of her time, and insisted on being allowed to sit for the exam to become a qualified cream tester. Against the odds, she succeeded in a male domain. Had her father lived to see it, he would have been pleased that the size of the family cream cheque increased from that point on. Her certificate is now on display at the Gayndah Historical Museum.



*Margaret Alexandra Appleton,
nee Pinwill - Born 7th June 1910,
died 26th December 1995*

Alex had a full and resourceful life many modern women would be proud of. In her single years, she worked as companion help for the Cribb family, and was a governess at Yenda. For a time she worked at the peanut silos in Kingaroy. She became interested in photography, and developed prints for the local chemist. Alex did exquisite embroidery and tating and fairy knitting, and at 21, she applied her talents to fund a great adventure to North Queensland to visit cousins.

Then came the Depression, and it was during this period that she met a charming carpenter who'd come to Gayndah to find work. Alex and Frank Appleton married and settled in Monto when she was 26. They established a home, and in time, three children were born - Frank Jr, Clyda and Sandra. When the war came, Frank's construction work took him away for three years. In 1950, when the children were aged about 11, 8 and 4, their father passed away after an illness. And so began another major challenge in Alex's life.

Once again, she succeeded against the odds. In those days, financial assistance for widows with a young family was meagre, so to supplement her income, Alex established a boarding house in Bell Street. It operated for 10 years and the rules were strict, but she won the respect of the many young tradesmen and bank officers who passed through her door. She became mentor, counsellor and lifelong friend to more than a few.

Home-made jams and pickles from



Charlie, Alex and Alf Pinwill



*Charles and Lucinda Pinwill, with their
three children and Matt McKeon*



*Charlie, Alex and Alf picking
cotton in about 1921*

the Appleton kitchen are something of an institution in Monto, and many residents will remember Alex cycling around the town delivering labeled jars of three fruits marmalade or hot relish. Young Frank probably learned his first lessons in marketing by helping out with this enterprise.

It can't have been easy, running a demanding business and bringing up three children alone. But she did it. On the strength of her efforts, Alex was able to raise three well-adjusted and self-reliant young Australians, and to educate each or them in private schools. If Alex were here, she'd be quick to point out that the grace of God, and the goodwill of the people of Monto also had something to do with it. Her children have done her proud, and have now raised fine families of their own. Just recently, Alex had the great pleasure of meeting baby Sean Webb, her first great grandchild.

When the family left home, Alex settled in Moonford. For 30 years, until she was 80, she live on a few acres between the local Post Office and community hall. She helped out when the local CWA catered for cattle sales, and it was during these years that she furthered her lifelong interest in arts and crafts - spinning and weaving, soapmaking, breadmaking, pottery, herb growing. She also

taught people to do tating. Alex was a good correspondent who wrote wonderful letters and great recipes in terrible handwriting. I think her brain moved faster than the rest of her. She solved this problem by typing her letters.

She furthered her long-standing interest in people from other cultures by learning first Italian, then Indonesian, and then German. She subscribed to *Il Globbo*, the Italian newspaper and when she wanted to speak better Italian, she took herself on another holiday tour of north Queensland, this time to introduce herself to the proprietors of local businesses - in Italian. In the fish and chip shops and cafeterias of Innisfail, she found the Italian community more than willing to help her develop her language skill, and new friendships were made.

The Moonford cottage is now a popular stop for tourists going to Cania Gorge. Last year, when Alex and I made a sentimental journey back to Moonford; she was moved by the warmth of the welcome she received from her friends and neighbours, and I was thrilled to see on the wall of the cottage, a



"The Echo", home of Alex's parents, Charles and Lucinda Pinwill, at Gayndah in central Queensland

framed photograph of Alex at her spinning wheel. The spinning wheel she imported from new Zealand is still there too.

In later years she saved hard to travel - visiting Now Zealand, camping in the outback at over 60, attending conferences for the Better Hearing Society in Sydney.

She spent her final years in Biloela at Wahrenonga, and appreciated the kindness she found there.

Alex Appleton was a remarkable woman, and a brilliant networker. We give thanks for her life.

BOOKS See order form in this issue

COKE ON MAGNA CHARTA By Sir Edward Coke

"The Common law is the best and most common birth-right that the subject hath for the safeguard and defense, not onely of his goods, lands and revenue, but of his wife and children, his body, fame and life also." -Sir Edward Coke- The second part of the Institutes of the Laws of England containing the exposition of many ancient and other statutes. Taken from the 1797 edition.

Soft cover 108 pages - \$20.00 posted - Format 8.5"x11"

ADVANCE TO BARBARISM By F.J.P. Veale
THE DEVELOPMENT OF TOTAL WARFARE

Out of print for many years, this classic work of revisionist history - a moving denunciation of hate-propaganda and barbarism - is once again available in a well - referenced new edition with a detailed index. It is the best general book on the Nuremburg Trials. It not only reveals the illegality, fundamental immorality and hypocrisy of these trials, but also shows how they are bound to make any future world wars (or any important wars) far more brutal and destructive to life and property. A very readable and impressive volume and a major contribution to any rational peace movement. - Harry Elmer Barnes

Soft cover 363 pages - \$25.00 posted

CRIMES AND MERCIES By James Bacque Author of 'Other Losses'

THE FATE OF GERMAN CIVILIANS UNDER ALLIED OCCUPATION, 1944-1950

More than nine million Germans, soldiers and civilians, died as a result of Allied starvation and expulsion policies in the first five years after the Second World War - deaths which are still being concealed and denied, especially by Western governments. Crimes and Mercies is the extraordinary story of what happened to these people and why. The first English speaking writer to gain access to the newly-opened KGB archives in Moscow, and to recently declassified information from the renowned Hoover Institution in California, James Bacque found new proof of the mass deaths of prisoners on the road and in Allied prison camps - where food parcels were barred and children were enslaved. He also charts the remarkable efforts made by a group of Western leaders to bring help to the Germans, in a food-aid program that saved millions of lives around the world during three years of struggle against famine. Never before had such revenge been known. Never before had such compassion been shown. The author dwells as illuminatingly on the unstinting and hitherto largely unsung struggle to aid the oppressed, waged by generous-hearted men, as he does on the callous or witless actions of men of less chivalrous spirit'

Soft cover 288 pages - \$37.00 posted



AUSTRALIA 2000

What will we tell our children?

by *Jeremy Lee*

Every Australian should read this!

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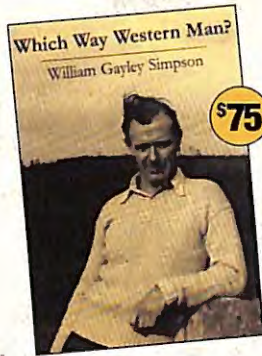
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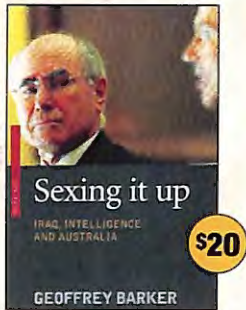
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WHICH WAY WESTERN MAN

William Gayley Simpson

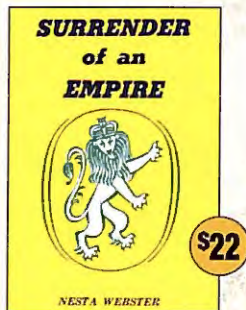
In this book the author deals with the vital issues Western man must resolve today. He looks at many aspects because it is his firm conviction that it is the responsibility of the present generation to bring to the fore the single, underlying purpose of all human activity: the ennobling of man.



SEXING it up - IRAQ, INTELLIGENCE & AUSTRALIA

By Geoffrey Barker

On 18 March 2003 John Howard announced that Australia would join the US and Britain in a pre-emptive war in Iraq. In this book senior journalist Geoffrey Barker takes us step by step through the maze of claims and counter-claims about what US, British and Australian intelligence agencies were telling their governments, and what those governments were telling the media.



SURRENDER OF AN EMPIRE

Nesta Webster

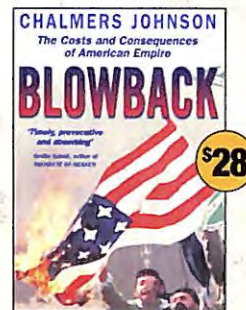
The story and true facts of the secret forces that saw the British Empire as a stumbling block to their ambitions and set out to destroy it.



THE AGE OF CONSENT

George Monbiot

This is an extremely important book Monbiot offers a searchingly rigorous analysis of the sources of US power and presents a package of proposals that would radically redraw the present world order. It is breathtaking in its radicalism, but for anyone who is serious about tackling the current US hegemony, it is difficult to fault the logic.



BLOWBACK

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.



COKE ON MAGNA CARTA

Sir Edward Coke

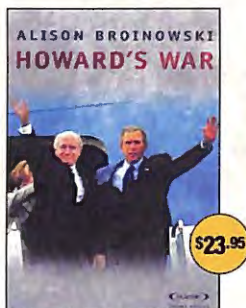
The second part of the Institutes of the Laws of England containing the exposition of many ancient and other statutes. Taken from the 1797 edition.



DESCENT INTO SLAVERY?

Des Griffin

The author zeros in on the International Bankers and presents, in carefully documented detail, the story of their total involvement in the Illuminati plot to create a totalitarian One World government.

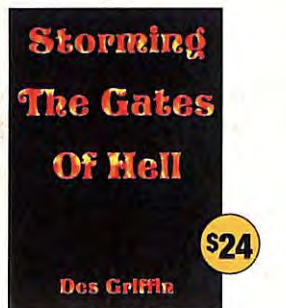


HOWARD'S WAR

By Alison Broinowski

WHY did John Howard lead Australia into a highly unpopular war with Iraq? The war cost us more than \$700 million but, predictably, has made Iraq and its neighbours more unstable. John Howard hasn't revealed his real reasons for his strange behaviour, but this book does.

A Must Read for all concerned Australians



STORMING THE GATES OF HELL

Des Griffin

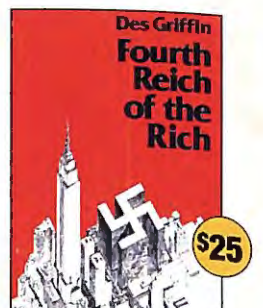
As our sick society plummets even closer to its doom, a cacophony of conflicting voices cry out in the midst of the raging storm of confusion vying at every point of the compass for our attention.



A RACE AGAINST TIME

Edited by George McDaniel

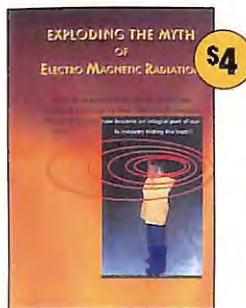
What does the future hold for the West? Must our civilization give way before waves of Third-World newcomers? It is increasingly clear that race and civilization cannot be separated, that only the people who created a culture can sustain it.



FOURTH REICH OF THE RICH

Des Griffin

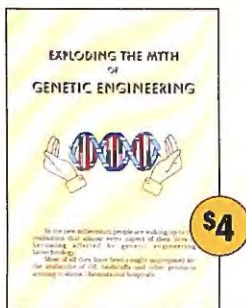
The exposé of exposés about the Corporate Socialists who manufacture our money and manipulate our media.



EXPLODING THE MYTH OF ELECTRO MAGNETIC RADIATION

Robert Anderson PhD.

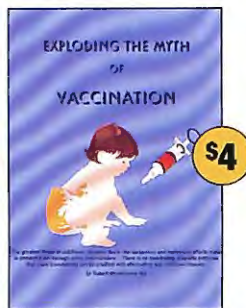
Just how dangerous are cell phones, power lines, microwave ovens and the host of other electro magnetic devices which have now become an integral part of our lives... is industry hiding the truth?



EXPLODING THE MYTH OF GENETIC ENGINEERING

Robert Anderson PhD.

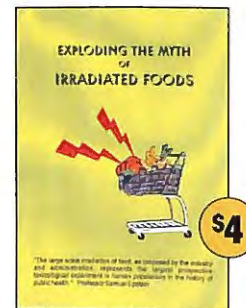
Wake up! Genetic Engineering is a blue print for disaster



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The greatest threat of childhood diseases lies in the dangerous and ineffectual efforts made to prevent them through mass immunisation. There is no convincing scientific evidence that mass inoculations can be credited with eliminating and childhood disease.

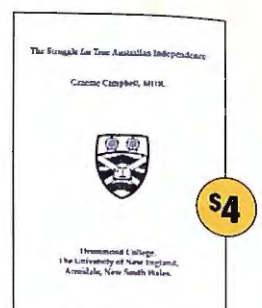


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"The scale irradiation of food, as proposed by the industry and administration, represents the largest prospective toxicologist experiment in human populations in the history of public health"

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THE STRUGGLE FOR TRUE AUSTRALIAN INDEPENDENCE

by Graeme Campbell MHR (Former member for Kalgoorlie)

being The Fourth Annual D.H. Drummond Memorial Address presented at Drummond College, The University of New England, Armidale, New South Wales on September 2, 1994