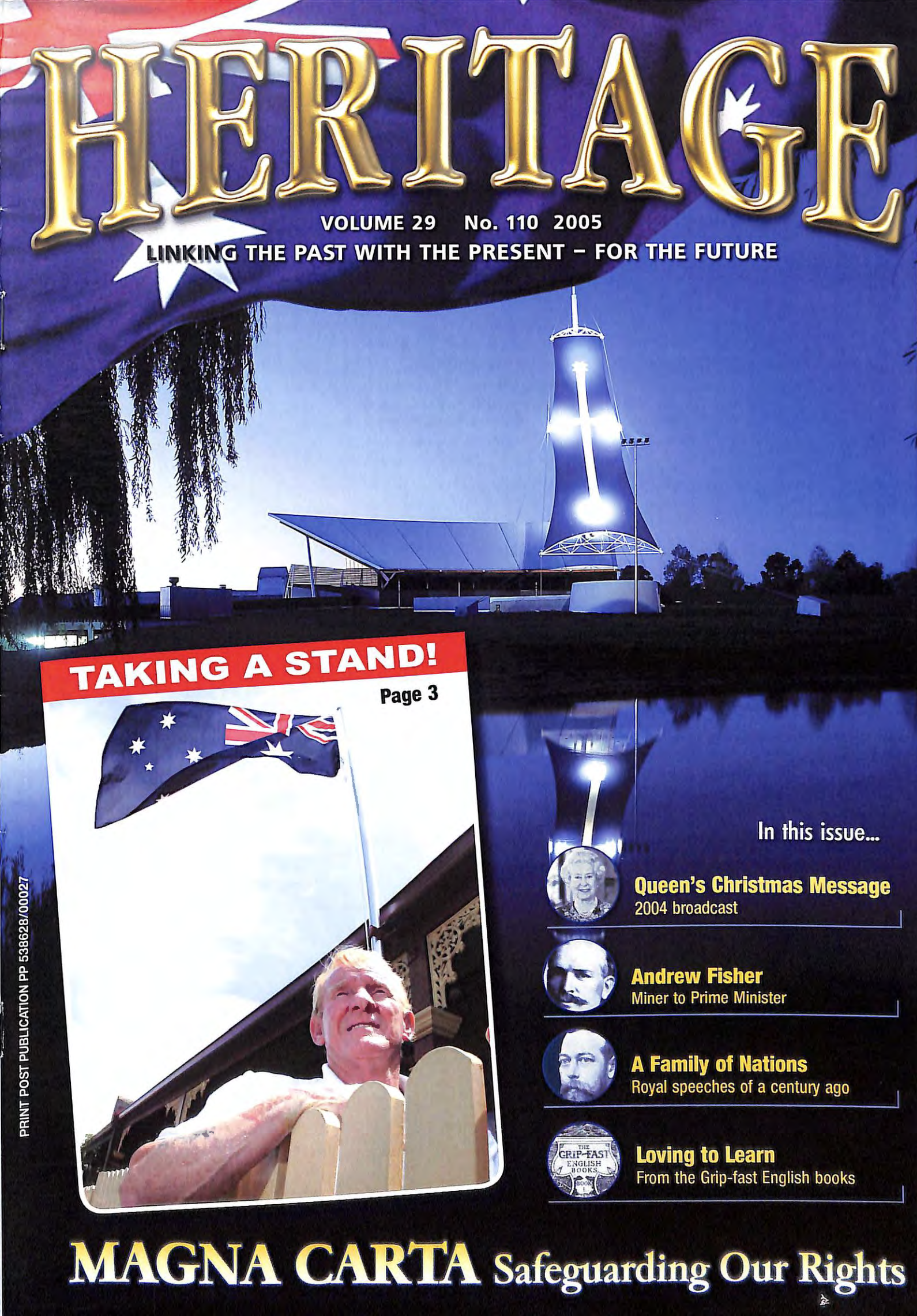


HERITAGE

VOLUME 29 No. 110 2005

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT – FOR THE FUTURE



TAKING A STAND!

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2004 broadcast



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Miner to Prime Minister



A Family of Nations
Royal speeches of a century ago



Loving to Learn
From the Grip-fast English books

PRINT POST PUBLICATION PP 538628/00027

MAGNA CARTA Safeguarding Our Rights

HERITAGE

No. 110 2005

PUBLISHED BY THE AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE SOCIETY

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 required 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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Constitutional or international law?

THE previous issue of Heritage – No. 109 – beginning with John Brett's editorial on our flag and constitution, including Professor Greg Craven's on our constitution, and closing with the C.H. Douglas article on the breakdown of the voting sanction, if for no other reason is worth keeping by as a valuable reference for anyone trying to restore and pass on the 'priceless heritage' John talks about.

Our Christian heritage, our parliamentary democracy, our constitution, and all they encompass, may be without comparison, but they are only as good as the people who apply them. If the spirit and will are lost they become ineffective.

The legislation being churned out from our governments, and the judgments coming down from the eminence of our legal benches are ludicrous when considered from a constitutional or Christian perspective. It is quite obvious that both these aspects are now ignored entirely by both politician and judge. One cannot help wondering if our gracious Queen, and our Governor-General, ever have the odd twinge of doubt at some of the legislation they give sanction to with their signatures. Surely they cannot be ignorant of the constitutional contraventions occurring daily?

Hundreds of Australians understand how things ought to be if the Constitution really did undergird our laws. Many more discover daily that what constitutional law says and what the legal system does are now quite different.

A few are trying hard to do something about it.

Taking Action

One of these is Malcolm McLure and his Upmart organization, courageously tackling the issue right in the courts – now enemy territory. Magistrates, judges and prosecutors

are being backed up against the wall of the constitution, the Magna Carta, the 1688 Bill of Rights and biblical law. Do they apply today, or do they not? The legal establishment is taking refuge in technicality, postponement or appeal to higher authority rather than bringing down a clear ruling on this fundamental issue. Do we live by constitutional, or international, law?

Another angle being tried – peoples' polling – is being used in Queensland, and now New South Wales, to regularly demonstrate with statistics that the wishes of the majority of Australians on specific issues are not even on the parliamentary radar screen, making a nonsense of political party claims to have a 'mandate' from election results.

Others have given up on the idea that our constitution is worth restoring. It isn't working now, and to them this means there are fatal flaws. Several new constitutions are being drafted and debated; one of them, Joe Bryant's Alternative Three, held a constitutional seminar at the recent festival held in Ballarat to mark the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the miner's rebellion at Eureka.

Action Brings Success

Which brings us to the observation that still others are remembering that direct action, even if unsuccessful, can effect change. Even though the miners suffered an ignominious defeat on the ground in 1854, they won the war. A Commission of Enquiry into the affair was scathing in its assessment of official response to the rebellion; gold licences were abolished and replaced with an inexpensive annual miner's licence and an export fee based on the value of the gold – all of which had been requested in the first place by the miners' representatives. Most significantly, the vote no longer remained the exclusive preserve of landowners. The pace of reform was so rapid that within a year, the rebel leader Peter Lalor was representing Ballarat in the new Legislative Council, and a few years later was elected Speaker of the Legislative Council of Victoria.

There are no doubt plenty of initiatives going on all over the country, looking at ways independence and freedom of choice can be restored. Things may get a lot worse, more of

our sovereignty may be forfeited on the mistaken premise that you can quell terrorism and crime by controlling and confining peaceful citizens, but change will eventually come, and when it does it will come from the people of Australia, and for Australians.

New Editor

2005 will bring a change in the editorship of Heritage.

It has been a privilege to work with the quality writers this publication attracts, and their amazingly generous contributions are acknowledged with gratitude and respect. Acknowledgment is also enthusiastically given to our loyal readership, whose support over the years has made it possible to keep recording aspects of our priceless heritage not accorded space in other, perhaps more politically correct publications. May Heritage continue its function with distinction for many years to come.

Editor

The new editorial address is as follows:
Australian Heritage Society
P.O. Box 163, Chidlow, WA 6556



Cover photo: The Eureka Centre at the Eureka Stockade in Ballarat, Victoria stands at the site of one of the most significant events in Australia's history – the Eureka Rebellion.

See back cover for new Magna Carta book.

Margaret Alexander Pinwill

Our Autumn 2004 Heritage – issue No. 108 – carried an article on the remarkable Alexandra Pinwill, and we incorrectly attributed this to Jan Seeney, who kindly made the material available to us.

Jan is anxious to set the record straight. She is not the author of the article, which was written as a eulogy for Alex's funeral by one of her relatives. Unfortunately Jan is not able to contact the lady in question, and so we hope that one day she may see our magazine, and approve the treatment we have given the appreciation she penned for her aunt.

The 2004 Christmas Message to her people from Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II

CHRISTMAS is for most of us a time for a break from work, for family and friends, for presents, turkey and crackers. But we should not lose sight of the fact that these are traditional celebrations around a great religious festival, one of the most important in the Christian year. Religion and culture are much in the news these days, usually as sources of difference and conflict, rather than for bringing people together. But the irony is that every religion has something to say about tolerance and respecting others.

For me, as a Christian, one of the most important of these teachings is contained in the parable of the Good Samaritan, when Jesus answers the question, Who is my neighbour?

It is a timeless story of a victim of a mugging who was ignored by his own countrymen but helped by a foreigner, and a despised foreigner at that.

The implication drawn by Jesus is clear. Everyone is our neighbour, no matter what race, creed or colour. The need to look after a fellow human being is far more important than any cultural or religious differences.

Most of us have learned to acknowledge and respect the ways of other cultures and religions, but what matters even more is the way in which those from different backgrounds behave towards each other in everyday life.

It is vitally important that we all should participate and cooperate for the sake of the well-being of the whole community. We have only to look around to recognise the benefits of this positive approach in business or local government, in sport, music and the arts.

There is certainly much more to be done and many challenges to be overcome.

Discrimination still exists. Some people feel that their own beliefs are being threatened. Some are unhappy about unfamiliar cultures.



The Queen records the 2004 Christmas Broadcast in the Yellow Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace. The Broadcast was aired at 3pm on 25 December 2004.

They all need to be reassured that there is so much to be gained by reaching out to others; that diversity is indeed a strength and not a threat.

We need also to realise that peaceful and steady progress in our society of differing cultures and heritage can be threatened at any moment by the actions of extremists at home or by events abroad. We can certainly never be complacent.

But there is every reason to be hopeful about the future. I certainly recognise that much has been achieved in my lifetime. I believe tolerance and fair play remain strong British values and we have so much to build on for the future.

It was for this reason that I particularly enjoyed a story I heard the other day about an overseas visitor to Britain who said the best part of his visit had been travelling from

Heathrow into central London on the tube.

His British friends were, as you can imagine, somewhat surprised, particularly as the visitor had been to some of the great attractions of the country. What do you mean, they asked? Because, he replied, I boarded the train just as the schools were coming out.

At each stop children were getting on and off - they were of every ethnic and religious background, some with scarves or turbans, some talking quietly, others playing and occasionally misbehaving together, completely at ease and trusting one another. How lucky you are, said the visitor, to live in a country where your children can grow up this way.

I hope they will be allowed to enjoy this happy companionship for the rest of their lives.

A Happy Christmas to you all.



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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

Flag dispute drags in PM

Ian is not backing down as council gives ground

PRIME Minister John Howard is being dragged into a dispute over a Launceston war veteran who has been banned from flying the Australian flag at his home.

The Australian National Flag Association is to write a complaint direct to Mr Howard, despite a partial backdown by the Launceston City Council, while Bass Liberal MHR Michael Ferguson is to ask Mr Howard for support to change the Flags Act 1953 to allow such activity.

Ian Garwood, who saw active service in the navy off Malaya in the 1950s, said yesterday he was still flying his Australian flag in historic Batten St, despite being told by the council that it must come down while a complaint was investigated.



Prime Minister John Howard is being dragged into flag dispute

Council general manager Chris Brooks said the council encouraged the flying of the Australian flag but all structures in heritage areas must have planning approval, including flagpoles.

Mr Garwood has a 3m aluminium pole on the side of his house.

"The owner has been invited to submit a development application and (the) council will be working through the process with him to ensure that the flagpole is safe and secure," Mr Brooks said.

Mr Ferguson said he had asked for a legal opinion about having the Flags Act 1953 amended to protect the rights of citizens to fly the Australian flag on their property.

Mr Ferguson said he had briefed the office of Prime Minister John Howard and would next week lobby MPs in Canberra to support a private member's bill on the matter, if the legal opinion supported his stance.

A council spokesman said that Mr Garwood would be allowed to fly his flag while the matter was investigated. Mr Garwood was told last week that the flag would have to come down.

Mr Garwood said he would not submit a development application, even if he was threatened with the maximum \$50,000 fine, and the flag would come down "over my dead body".

Australian National Flag Association State president Reg Watson said Mr Garwood was being victimised by "the trendies of the Launceston City Council".

He said the association denounced the council's "dreadful stance".

Mr Watson said the association would formally object to the council and write to the Prime Minister.

Liberal Senator Guy Barnett said he was outraged that a citizen could be prosecuted for flying the Australian flag and urged citizens to protest against "this senseless and un-Australian persecution of a veteran digger".

Ald. Graeme Beams, the council's Australia Day committee chairman, said the matter had been poorly handled and would be investigated, and he was sure that Mr Garwood would not be required to pay the \$160 development application fee.

HAVE YOUR SAY: Write a letter to the editor at PO Box 99, Launceston 7250, or e-mail editor@examiner.com.au.

By MICHAEL LOWE, Published in The Examiner (Launceston, Tasmania) Tuesday, 1 February 2005



Cover photo supplied by The Examiner.

Congratulations Ian Garwood!

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The Story of Highfield House

From Highfield & Van Diemen's Land Company by Kerry Pink and Nicki Fletcher. With grateful thanks to the curator of the Highfield Historic Site

LIKE the elegant homestead that has stood for more than a century and a-half above the historic township of Stanley, in north-western Tasmania, the story of Highfield needs no embellishment. It is a story of human endeavour, of ambitious plans by distant landlords, of unrealized profits and disputes with officialdom, of hardship and despair in an unforgiving landscape.

The foundations of Highfield are embedded in the history of the Van Diemen's Land Company. Formed in London in 1824 to establish a large-scale sheep raising enterprise in the convict colony of Van Diemen's Land, the VDL Co. was probably the most unfortunate of all capitalist ventures in early Australia.

Highfield symbolizes the determination and perseverance of the VDL Co's chief agents and officers and the men and women who served under them. It is an enduring edifice to the VDL Co's colonization of north-west Tasmania.

Highfield is one of the most significant intact colonial farm complexes in Australia and is a unique part of Tasmania's pioneering heritage.

Edward Curr

Edward Curr and his wife Elizabeth had migrated to Van Diemen's Land in 1820. Young and enterprising, Curr began a business partnership in Hobart Town and acquired a 1500-acre pastoral property in the new colony.

On a return visit to London on family business in 1824, the Court of Directors of the newly formed VDL Co. Sought his advice on their venture. Aged just twenty-seven, Curr was appointed Chief Agent and dispatched to the colony with a salary of £600 per year and the high expectations of English investors on his shoulders.

Arriving in Hobart Town in 1826 as the leader of the VDL Co's advance party of six, Curr's first task was to assess the 250,000 acres of land (later increased to 350,000 acres) granted by Royal Charter, in the wild and impregnable far north west. The VDL Co. directors ambitiously envisaged grazing a flock of a quarter of a million merino sheep on natural pastures in the new colony. It was Curr's first major challenge in what would prove to be a formidable assignment.

Energetic and determined, but quick to take offence, it would be Curr's lack of

diplomacy rather than his lack of farming experience, that would eventually lead to his dismissal and to his family's departure from Highfield in 1841.

Early Exploration

Van Diemen's Land had been a British penal settlement for twenty-three years when Curr's party set out in 1826 on its arduous overland journey to the Port Sorell and Mersey River region.

Generous free land grants and ample convict labour had aided the spread of pastoral settlement over the lightly timbered and grassy plains of the eastern half of the island between Hobart Town and Launceston.

However, the north-west quarter proved less accommodating. In 1823 Lt. Charles Browne Hardwicke explored the coastline from the Tamar River to Cape Grim in an open whaleboat. Unable to penetrate the heavily forested interior, his report concluded:

"I have to regret . . . that the whole interior west of Port Sorell is quite impenetrable and totally uninhabitable."

Hardwicke reported that the only areas of natural grasslands were a few thousand acres of the Circular Head peninsula and at Cape Grim, on the far north-west tip of the island. One year later, Capt. James Hobbs RN, confirmed Hardwicke's report after a five-month circumnavigation of Van Diemen's Land.

Despite these adverse reports and repeated protestations to the colonial authorities, the VDL Co. was forced to accept its lot, a 250 pastoral grant in the 'totally uninhabitable' north-west quarter of the island.

The Early Years

With the chartered brigantine *Tranmere* already en route from England, Curr chose Circular Head for the VDL Co's first settlement, with a few thousand acres of pasture and a sheltered deepwater anchorage.

In late October 1826, nine years before the founding of Melbourne, the first indentured servants came ashore to establish the village later named Stanley. From the hold of the *Tranmere* came also the livestock, crop and pasture seeds, farming implements, general cargo and building materials that were to transform this totally isolated outpost into a productive enterprise.

By the 1830's the VDL Co. had also established settlements at Cape Grim, Emu Bay (Burnie) and inland from Emu Bay at the Hampshire and Surrey Hills. More than 200 people were in the company's employ

– servants from the poorer districts of England and Ireland, bonded to work for the company for seven years in return for their passage; workers recruited in the colony and about 100 convicts.

More than 1000 merino sheep were imported from Spain and Germany and 4000 more were bought from the best studs in the colony. By any measure, it was a huge outlay for an uncertain gain.

Driven to Despair

From the outset, the pastoral endeavour was beset with problems. Curr ruled a remote, isolated and troubled 'colony within a colony' with little support from the Hobart bureaucracy and a London Court of Directors with no real understanding of life in the most far-flung outpost of the British Empire.

The Circular Head settlement was totally reliant on the stormy waters of Bass Strait for transport and communication and it could take weeks for voyages to the nearest settlement on the Tamar Rive and longer to Hobart. Shipwrecks with loss of life were not uncommon.

The indentured servants, paid lower wages than other workers in the colony (between £25 and £30 a year for farm labourers), denied hard liquor and often short of food, were a constant problem. Many absconded.

Only a few thousand of the 350,000 acres granted to the company at Circular Head, Cape Grim and south of Emu Bay provided natural grassland for rearing sheep. The rest was either inaccessible rainforest or useless, scrubby sub-alpine hills with freezing winter temperatures and torrential rainfall.



Edward Curr

In the Surrey and Hampshire Hills, merciless winters, marauding Tasmanian Tigers and native dogs decimated flocks. Of the 5,500 sheep sent to the Hills and all their progeny, by 1834, only a few hundred survived.

Dispirited, Edward Curr knew the pastoral enterprise was destined to fail. For friend and fellow officer Henry Hellyer, who had endured incredible hardships in his exploration of the north west, it was a soul-destroying disappointment.

Henry Hellyer

...a most intelligent useful and indefatigable person who has encountered greater difficulties, dangers and privations than any individual in the service. He gains everyone's good will and is in all respects a man of sterling worth.

Edward Curr's praise of Henry Hellyer to the London directors in 1827 was well deserved. In the ensuing five years, the VDL Co's chief surveyor and architect traversed the length and breadth of the unknown north west in search of good grazing lands.

Hellyer discovered and named most of the mountains, rivers and other landmarks of north-western Tasmania, drew maps of the interior and surveyed and built the first roads. He supervised the establishment of Stanley, founded the settlement of Burnie and designed Highfield to Curr's specifications.

Hellyer believed his discovery of the native grasslands of the Hampshire Hills and Surrey Hills would be the VDL Co.'s pastoral 'oasis in the wilderness'.

He reported to Edward Curr that: *"They resemble English enclosures in many respects, being bounded by brooks between each, with belts of beautiful shrubs in every vale . . . The whole country here is grassy."* But by 1830 the disaster of the grazing enterprise had begun to unfold and the VDL Co. was on the brink of financial ruin. The wealthy wool merchants who had invested today's equivalent of millions of dollars in the venture had not seen a penny in return. It weighed heavily on Hellyer's conscience.

In 1832 Henry Hellyer took his own life and his place in Tasmania's history. He had served in the colony for only six years.

Building Highfield

One year earlier, in 1831, Curr had asked Hellyer to prepare sketch plans for a more presentable dwelling than the original Highfield house, an 1827 weatherboard cottage at the rear of the present building.

Curr informed the London Court of Directors: *"The wooden house I live in will not stand 15 years; the stone one which I am building will stand*

a century."

Impressed by the pattern books of English architects of the time, Curr's homestead was to be distinctively English in character and construction – quite unlike the more robust forms of early Tasmanian and Australian architecture.

Despite the VDL Co's flagging fortunes, construction of the house began in 1832. Convicts and tradesmen who had arrived that year on the ship *Forth* as indentured servants of the company, were put to work. Among them were stonemason and



A posthumous portrait in the likeness of Henry Hellyer, by late Burnie artist, Case McGrath

bricklayer John Cross and carpenter William Peart who, along with other disgruntled servants, fled to Launceston eighteen months after landing in the colony.

When he was recalled to London to meet with the directors in 1833, Curr left a list of instructions concerning the construction of Highfield with Dr. John Hutchinson, the company's surgeon who was in charge of the settlement during his absence. Hutchinson reported: *"Mr. Curr's new house . . . will be . . . a very handsome dwelling, as good*

or better than any country house in Van Diemen's Land, suitable to the respectability of the Company and the high station of their agent."

A Grand Residence

The complex and picturesque planning of Highfield was unknown in the Australian colonies at the time. It was a house to ornament the landscape, exceedingly smart and avant garde for 1832 – the only known antipodean house to be fitted with English-made joinery and fittings.

Henry Hellyer is credited with the design of the house, working to detailed instructions from Curr, who was thought to be heavily influenced by ideas taken from pattern books popular in England at the time.

The elegance of the building, the sophistication of the design and the quality of craftsmanship have maintained Highfield's pre-eminence. The four-panel doors and French windows were advanced for their time as were the construction techniques – tongue in groove floors, fine plasterwork, a bell system and geometrical staircase among other features.

Substantially completed by the end of 1834, Highfield was a grand residence with a commanding presence over the company town and exceptional views of The Nut. It was, to all intents, a Government House for an isolated settlement in a distant colony.

The addition in 1834 by John Lee Archer for Curr's successor, J.A. Gibson, was never completed and is a poignant reminder of the financial depression that swept the colonies in the 1840s.

Tragedy

Elizabeth and Edward Curr had three children at the time of Curr's appointment to the VDL Co. and eventually fifteen – nine boys and six girls.

Tragedy struck the family in 1835 when their two and-a-half year-old daughter Juliana Teresa was accidentally killed at Highfield. Juliana was being pulled along by the family dog in a little cart and died almost instantly when her head smashed against the solid rail fencing. Her grave and headstone are in the grounds of Highfield.

With the completion of his new house, Curr was able to deploy indentured servants and assigned convicts to other urgent building projects in the Highfield grounds. Over the next few years he replaced most of the wooden building which had been erected in the late 1820s, with stone structures.

Barns, stables, pig sties, a slaughter and boiling house, cart shed, worker's cottages and



Hellyer's sketch of the first wooden highfield house built for Edward Curr in the late 1820's

convict barracks were constructed between 1835 – 40, and though some were dismantled and put to other uses in later years, most are still standing.

A devout Roman Catholic, Curr had a small stone chapel built in the grounds of Highfield in 1838. Soon after, a church and rectory was built in Stanley for the newly-appointed Church of England chaplain. The Highfield chapel was never completed.

With his ever-increasing family, Curr had three more bedrooms built over the single storey section of the main house, with the original weatherboard Highfield cottage used as servants' quarters.

The Convicts

For other independent settlers in the colony, shortage of skills and labour was a continuing problem, with many on a waiting list for 800 convicts yet to arrive. However, Curr was adamant that the colonial administration should meet the terms of the original agreement with the VDL Co.

Encouraged by the directors, Curr insisted on and received preferential treatment in the allocation of free convict labour. During the first ten years of the company, 200 convicts are thought to have been assigned to the VDL Co. though Curr complained that it should have been twice that number. It was yet another source of conflict between Curr and Gov. George Arthur.

Although there were inevitably some troublemakers among the convict workers, Curr treated them well and was rewarded with good work. In 1841 he wrote: "Whenever skill or trustworthiness is required, it is not amongst the free men, but amongst the convicts we are obliged to look."

The two-storey convict stone barracks at Highfield were first occupied in 1836, but few convicts actually lived in the building, which was partially demolished early last century.

The pending end of convict transportation in the early 1850s, which deprived the VDL Co. of free labour, was a major factor in its decision to abandon its farming operations.

Curr's Dismissal

By 1834, Curr's earlier recommendation that the fine-wool enterprise should be abandoned was finally accepted by the Court of Directors. The VDL Co. would instead direct its efforts to the breeding of stud rams and thoroughbred cattle and horses for sale within the colony and for export to New South Wales and Victoria.

The few hundred surviving merino sheep of more than 5500 taken to the Hampshire and Surrey Hills were brought back to the milder coastal climate at Circular Head and the 100,000-acre Cape Grim property named Woolnorth.

Over the next five years both Curr and

the directors made repeated approaches to colonial officials for the exchange of parts or all of its north-west lands for the newly discovered pasturelands of Port Phillip, but to no avail. The company resigned itself to making the best of what it had.



*James W. Norton-Smith,
VDL Co's new manager
in 1869*

By the late 1830s the directors had become dissatisfied with Curr and were no longer prepared to tolerate his frequent and acrimonious disputes with the colonial government. He contested on principal almost every decision made by the government on matters concerning the company, and in 1837 Gov. Sir John Franklin, who had succeeded Gov. George Arthur, refused to have further correspondence with him.

Curr was given a year's notice of dismissal in 1840 and left Circular Head with his family for Abbotsford on Victoria's Yarra River. He later became chairman of the Separation League and died in 1850, leaving his wife and eleven surviving children well provided for.

Curr's Successors

Curr's successor was twenty-six year-old James Alexander Gibson who had some experience of farming in the colony. Gibson married a few years later and he and wife Rosetta had several children.

When he took up residence in 1842 Gibson reported that Highfield was already deteriorating through damp and poor workmanship. He commissioned colonial architect John Lee Archer who was the Police Magistrate in Circular Head at the time, to prepare a report on repairs and extensions to the house. A new kitchen, offices on the ground floor and bedrooms above were

never fully completed.

Under strict instructions to economise, Gibson implemented a new policy of tenancy but with few farmers able to develop their properties and maintain rental payments, the scheme failed.

By 1851 the VDL Co's English directors and shareholders had had enough. In twenty-five years their £300,000 investment had returned a meager £50,000. Over the next three years all livestock was sold, all employees were dismissed and land was offered for sale or lease.

James Gibson was dismissed in 1859 and died in London a year later, aged forty-six.

The Highfield estate was offered for lease in June 1856 and advertised in the Launceston Examiner. A Stanley doctor leased the house and property from the beginning of 1857 but it was soon re-let to successful Circular Head farmer and the biggest buyer of VDL Co. land, Frederick W. Ford. His son, Henry Flinders finally bought the freehold from the VDL Co. in 1914.

The Ford Family

Frederick Wilbraham Ford, a student of Eton and Oxford, had emigrated to Van Diemen's Land in 1841 and soon after married Ellen, the daughter of pioneer Table Cape farmer John King.

Ford had been a tenant of the VDL Co. since 1845 and became one of the first purchasers of freehold company land in 1853, buying two adjoining blocks of 100 acres south of the Circular Head peninsula at Forest for £131.

Ford was an eminently successful farmer and bought a number of properties in Circular Head after leasing Highfield. He became one of Stanley's best known citizens and businessmen, and died in 1892.

The lease of Highfield was taken over by one of his sons, Henry Flinders Ford, who was born at Stanley in 1856. Henry Ford bought the freehold of Highfield, the outbuildings and 559 acres in 1914 for £16,435.

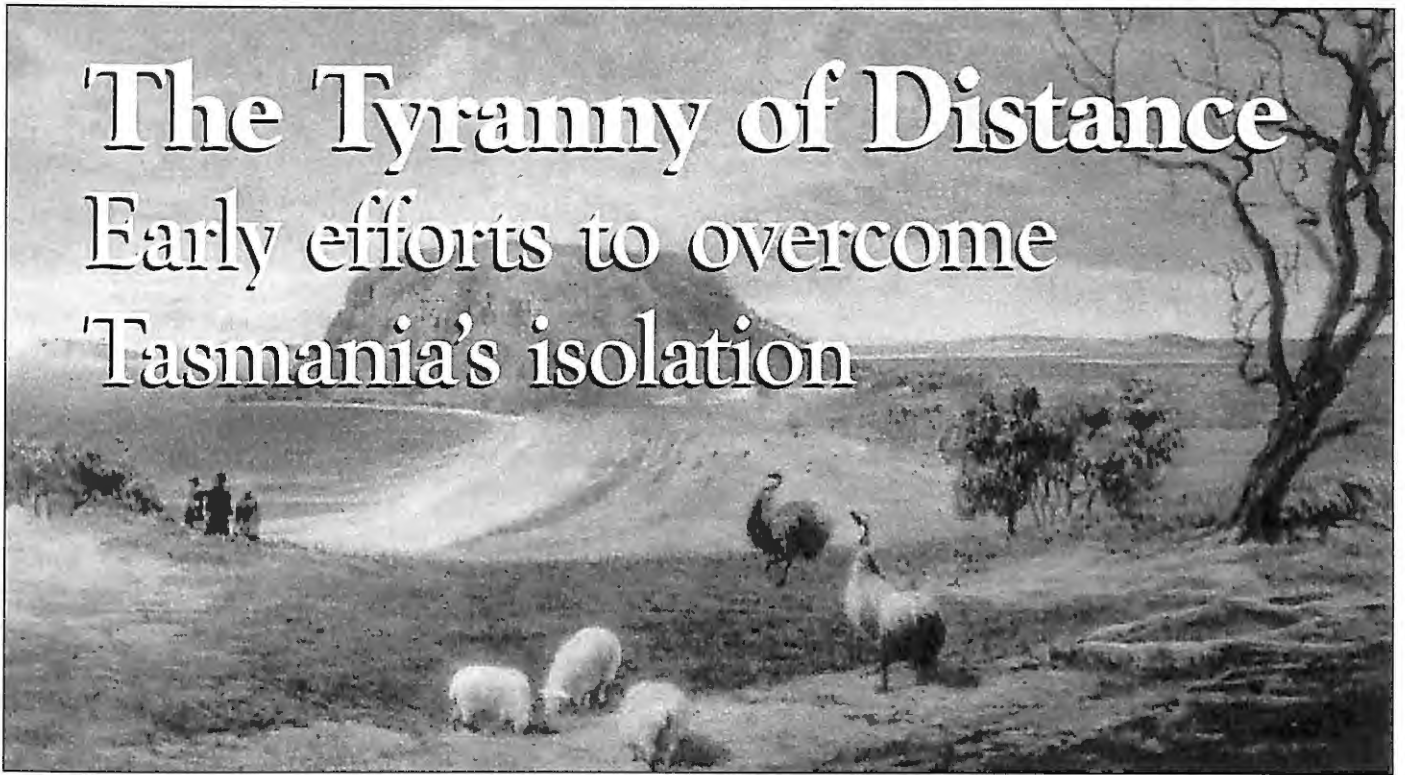
Highfield remained in the Ford family until 1930 when the property was sold to



Henry Flinders Ford, with his wife, Annie and sons Robert and John and baby Eleanor, 1902

The Tyranny of Distance

Early efforts to overcome Tasmania's isolation



The Nut, the prominent landmark guarding the small town of Stanley from Bass Strait. An 1840 painting.

A BOLD plan to link the far flung corners of the British Empire brought brief fame to Stanley, in north western Tasmania, in 1859. Telegraph cables were linking England to Darwin, and the Overland Telegraph was forging links south to Adelaide and from there to the eastern States.

An undersea cable was laid from Cape Otway in Victoria to Low Head in Tasmania, via King Island, Three Hummock Island and Stanley.

This route was chosen because it was believed that there would be a sandy bottom all the way, minimizing damage to the cable. It took only a few weeks for the theory to be demolished, with a break occurring at Victoria Cove on the northern tip of King Island. Within a few years the line failed completely.

An unhappy setback to the Tasmanian government's plans, and also a very expensive affair.

A new cable was laid from Western

Point in Victoria, directly to Low Head in 1869, and Stanley lost its place in the spotlight.

In 1901 it took thirteen hours sailing to reach Tasmania from the mainland.

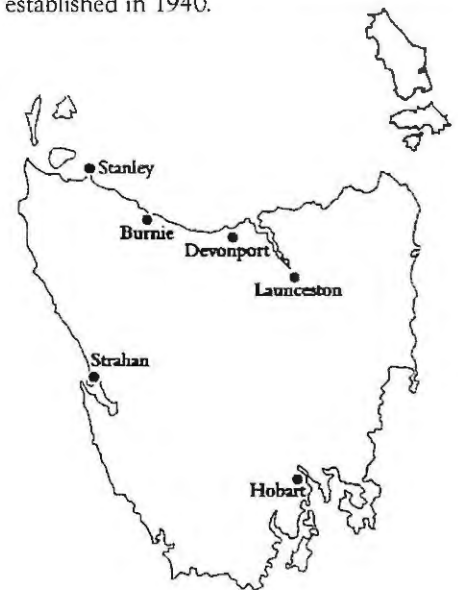
Another bid to end Tasmania's isolation came with the first flight across Bass Strait in late 1919. After take off from a paddock close to Stanley, the flight took just four hours to reach Port Melbourne. The plane was wheeled from a temporary shelter under a hedgerow, Lieutenant Lang donned flying cap and goggles and a lifebelt was placed on the front seat in the event of emergencies.

In 1935 Stanley was again in the limelight when the first telephone line crossed Bass Strait from Apollo Bay in Victoria. This cable at the time of its installation was the longest of its kind in the world, and a brilliant scientific achievement.

This cable remained until 1966, when radio links took over, transmitted

from Victoria to Launceston, via Flinders Island.

Microwave transmitting and receiving arrays were installed on the "Nut" in 1937, with the first radio telephone link established in 1940.



The Story of Highfield House - (Continued)

prominent farmer E.J. (Ted) Anthony, who subdivided it a year later. Stanley storekeeper, Arthur C. Smith, then bought the Highfield homestead and its grounds.

Over the next fifty years, Highfield had a number of occupants and the house and out-buildings began to deteriorate. After persistent lobbying by a dedicated local group, the Friends of Highfield, the Tasmanian Government took the first step in restoring Highfield's status in colonial history. The State Government acquired the Highfield property with funds from the National Estate in 1982.

Revival of the VDL Co.

After temporarily abandoning its Tasmanian venture in 1859, the VDL Co. resumed operations in 1869. By then the rich soils of the region now known as the North-West Coast were being brought into production by independent bush farmers and the VDL Co's land was increasing in value.

James W. Norton-Smith was appointed the new manager. Norton-Smith resided initially at Stanley, but transferred the company's headquarters to Burnie in the

early 1870s. By then the company's Emu Bay lands had achieved greater value than the more remote Circular Head district.

In addition to selling town and country land, Norton-Smith re-established the company's own pastoral operations at Woolnorth, Circular Head and south of Emu Bay at Ridgley and Hampshire Hills. Under his guidance, the VDL Co. again became the biggest pastoral company in Tasmania.

LOVING TO LEARN

FROM THE GRIP-FAST ENGLISH BOOKS

How a love of literature was taught in the 1920s

BOOK ONE

The Spirit of Childhood

A MEDLEY of the sublime and the ridiculous, for both appeal irresistibly to the minds of young children. This is not the case with the obviously moral. If there is a lesson hidden in song or story – and there generally is – it is as intangible as the rainbow prism in a dewdrop. Let it alone and it will do its own work in its own way.

Encourage young readers of this book, after several songs and stories have been read, to talk them over and to say which they like best, and what parts of them they like the best. Why they like them is a much more difficult question, and should never be pressed, although a tentative suggestion, such as: "I wonder if any of you know why you like this of that story (or poem)," may induce some children to ask themselves the question, and to try to solve it. The answer, if it can be given, will interest – and may surprise – the adult.

It will probably lend to the enjoyment of the book if each child is allowed to memorize the things that appeal to it specially and individually, so that it may possess them for its very own. The idea of buying a beautiful thing for yourself by learning it, appeals to a good many children, and does away with the "task" idea suggested by the learning of one particular passage by the whole class.

To catechize the children on song or story is to take the pleasure wholly out of them.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT

A Thuringian Folk-Tale

In the beginning of things, when God the Father created every beast of the forest and every bird and tree and blossom, He gave each one a name, the snowdrop, the lily, the pansy, the violet, and all the other flowers rejoiced and were glad, for each thought its own name the loveliest in the world.

Everywhere in field and woodland there was happiness, and the blossoms lifted their faces toward heaven in gratitude, thanking the Gracious Giver.

But suddenly there was a sound of weeping. Somewhere in the meadow a flower had raised its voice in sorrow, and all the other flowers looked to see.

At first they could not tell whence the sound came, then they beheld a tiny blossom, with petals the colour of heaven and a heart the colour of gold. It was sobbing bitterly, and the lily, looking down in pity, asked: "Why weepst thou?"

"Alas," came the reply, "I've forgotten my name."

Then – wonderful sound – the primrose and the violet and the pansy heard the voice of God the Father, for although the blossom was very tiny and half hidden by the grasses of the field, He heard and saw and knew.

"Forgotten your name?" He spake in tones that were sweet and tender. "Then shalt thou be called 'Forge-me-not,' for that thou canst always remember."

"Forge-me-not," repeated the gorgeous rose and the modest violet. And the tiny one smiled through its tears and said, "Forget-me-not."

And ever since that day at creation time, when God the Father named every beast of the forest and every bird and flower and tree, the wee blossom and flower and tree, the wee blossom whose petals are the colour of heaven and whose heart is the colour of gold has been called "Forget-me-not."

THE LITTLE HERO



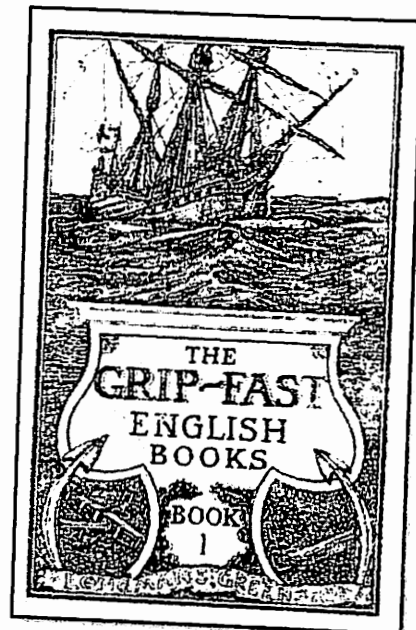
OF HAARLEM

A LONG way off, across the ocean, there is a little country where the ground is lower than the level of the sea, instead of higher, as it is here.

Of course the water would run in and cover the land and houses, if something were not done to keep it out. But something is done. The people build great thick walls all round the country, and the walls keep the sea out.

You see how much depends on those walls – the good crops, the houses, and even the safety of the people. Even the small children in that country know that an accident to one of the walls is a terrible thing. These walls are really great banks, as wide as roads, and they are called "dikes."

Once there was a little boy who lived in that country, whose name was Hans. One day, he took his little brother out to play. They



went a long way out of the town, and came to where there were no houses, but ever so many flowers and green fields. By and by, Hans climbed up on the dike, and sat down; the little brother was playing about at the foot of the bank.

Suddenly the little brother called, "Oh, what a funny little hole! It bubbles!"

"Hole? Where?" said Hans.

"Here in the bank," said the little brother; "water's in it."

"What!" said Hans, and he slid down as fast as he could to where his brother was playing.

There was the tiniest little hole in the bank. Just an air hole. A drop of water bubbled slowly through.

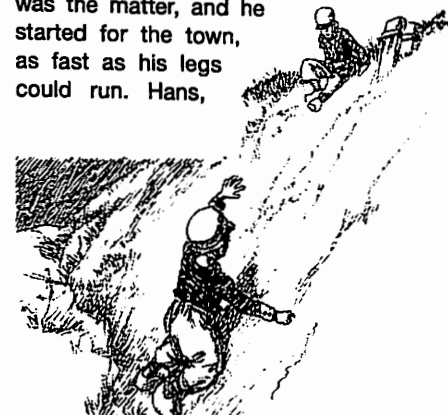
"It is a hole in the dike!" cried Hans. "What shall we do?" He looked all round; not a person or a house in sight.

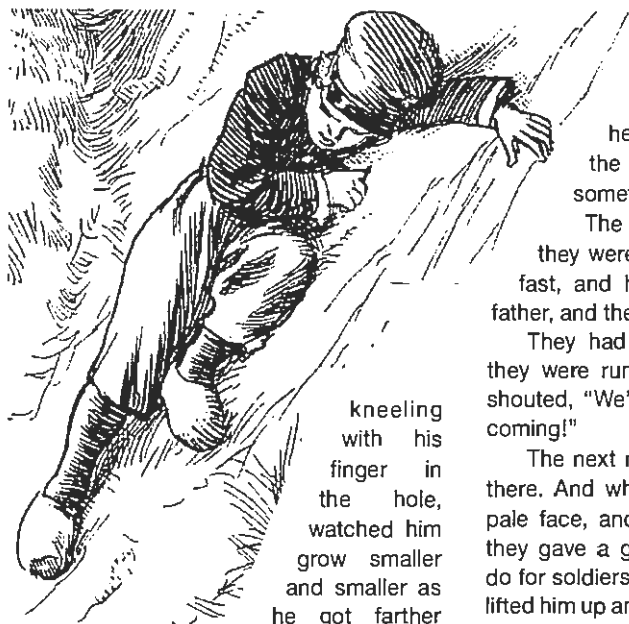
He looked at the hole; the little drops oozed steadily through; he knew that the water would soon break a great gap, because that tiny hole gave it a chance.

The town was so far away – if they ran for help it would be too late; what should he do? Once more he looked; the hole was larger now, and the water was trickling.

Suddenly a thought came to Hans. He stuck his little forefinger right into the hole, where it fitted tight; and he said to his little brother, "Run, Dieting! Go to the town and tell the men there's a hole in the dike. Tell them I will keep it stopped till they get here."

The little brother knew by Hans's face that something very serious was the matter, and he started for the town, as fast as his legs could run. Hans,





kneeling with his finger in the hole, watched him grow smaller and smaller as he got farther away.

Soon he was as small as a chicken; then he was out of sight, Hans was alone, his finger tight in the bank.

He could hear the water, slap, slap, slap, on the stones; and deep down under the slapping was a gurgling, rumbling sound. It seemed very near.

By-and-by, his hand began to feel numb. He rubbed it with the other hand; but it got colder and more numb, colder and more numb, every minute. He looked to see if the men were coming; the road was bare as far as he could see.

Then the cold began creeping, creeping, up his arm; first his wrist, then his arm to the shoulder; how cold it was! And soon it began to ache.

Ugly little cramp-pains streamed up his finger, up his palm, up his arm, till they reached into his shoulder and down the back of his neck. It seemed hours since the little brother went away. He felt very lonely, and the hurt in his arm, grew and grew. He watched the road with all his eyes, but no one came in sight. Then he leaned his head against the dike, to rest his shoulder.

As his ear touched the dike, he heard the voice of the great sea, murmuring. The sound seemed to say:

"I am the great sea. No one can stand against me. What are you, a little child, that you try to keep me out? Beware! Beware!"

Hans's heart beat in heavy knocks. Would they never come? He was frightened.

And the water went on beating at the wall, murmuring, "I will come through, I will come through, I will get you, I will get you, run - run - before I come through!"

Hans started to pull out his finger; he was so frightened that he felt as if he must run for ever. But that minute he remembered how much depended on him; if he pulled out his finger, the water would surely make the hole bigger, and at last break down the dike, and the sea would come in on all the land and the houses. He set his teeth, and stuck his finger in tighter than ever.

"You shall not come through!" he whispered; "I will not run!"

At that moment, he heard a far-off shout. Far in the distance he saw a black something on the road, and dust.

The men were coming! At last, they were coming. They came nearer, fast, and he could make out his own father, and the neighbours.

They had pickaxes and shovels, and they were running. And as they ran they shouted, "We're coming; take heart, we're coming!"

The next minute, it seemed, they were there. And when they saw Hans, with his pale face, and his hand tight in the dike, they gave a great cheer - just as people do for soldiers back from the war; and they lifted him up and rubbed his aching arm with tender hands, and they told him that he was a real hero and that he had saved the town.

When the men had mended the dike, they marched home like an army, and Hans was carried high on their shoulders, because he was a hero. And to this day the people of Haarlem tell the story of how a little boy saved the dike.

S.C. BRYANT



cloak flutters in the wind; so different from my velvet dress and coat!"

Just then an Angel came along.

"What are you looking at?" asked the Angel.

"I was looking at that girl!" said the child.

"So was I," said the Angel. "How beautifully she is dressed!"

"What do you mean?" said the child. "I mean this one coming towards us. She is in rags, or at least if her clothes are not ragged, they are wretchedly thin and shabby."

"Oh no," said the Angel. "How can you say so? She is in sparkling white, as clear as frost. I never saw anything so pretty. But you, you poor little thing, you are indeed miserably clad. Does not the wind blow through and through these flimsy tatters? But at least you could keep them clean, my dear, and mended. You should see to that."

"I don't know that you can mean!" said the child. "That girl is a ragged beggar, and my father is the richest man in town. I have a velvet dress and coat trimmed with expensive fur. What are you talking about?"

"About the clothes of your soul, of course!" said the Angel, who was young.

"I don't know anything about souls," said the child.

"I shouldn't think you did!" said the Angel.

SAINT CHRISTOPHER

ONCE upon a time, long years ago, there lived a boy named Offero who was so tall and strong that he was almost a giant and could carry heavy weights upon his broad shoulders.

Offero had only one wish, and that was to serve the greatest King on earth. Hearing that the Emperor was very powerful, he went to him and said, "Lord Emperor, will you have me for you servant?"

The Emperor was delighted to have

BOOK TWO

The Opening Gate

The art of teaching to think, and, still more, to express thought, is not easy. It requires patience, tact, and unflinching sympathy. The most thoughtful child is not always the most fluent, and remarks seem sometimes wide of the mark.

We all remember how Clive was considered a dunce at school, not to mention "the dumb ox of Sicily" - as his college companions called St. Thomas of Aquin, the greatest of theologians.

There are the shy and sensitive, too, to be considered - for whom to be laughed at means silence. There was once a large class in which it was a received axiom that there was always sense in every remark or answer - if the hearers had sense enough to find it, and that it was a sign of one's own dullness to laugh at the sayings of others. It was astonishing how, in this atmosphere of respect for every one's suggestions, even the children who seemed the least gifted found something worth saying.

A MISUNDERSTANDING

From "The Golden Windows,"
by Laura Richards

ONCE a child who thought well of herself was walking along the street, and saw another child, who was poorly clad.

"How wretched it must be," she said to herself, "to be poor and shabby like that child! How thin she is! And how her patched



such a tall, strong follower and tried to make the boy promise to serve him for ever. This Offero could not promise, "but" said he, "be sure of this, as long as I am with you no harm shall come to you."

At that time the Emperor was on the march with his soldiers, and at eventide, when the army encamped for the night, he loved to take his rest while his favourite harper played sweet melodies and sang.

He would keep Offero close by his side, as he had soon come to love the boy, as well as to value his strength. It happened one evening that the harper sang a song in which the name of Satan was mentioned, and immediately the Emperor made the sign of the Cross.

Offero, noticing this, asked him what it was that seemed to cause him fear, and would not be satisfied until he had an answer.

"I feared the name of Satan," said the Emperor at last, "for he is strong and wicked."

"Then," said the boy, "I must leave you to seek Satan, for if he makes you tremble he must be a stronger Lord than you."

So Offero left the Emperor and journeyed on through the land till one day he met Satan at the head of his forces.

"Where are you going and whom are you seeking?" asked Satan, seeing the tall youth before him.

"I seek Satan, the most powerful of all kings. I wish to be his servant and his follower," replied Offero boldly, and when he heard that this indeed was Satan he followed him joyfully and was well pleased with his new master.

After many days of traveling they came at last to a place where four roads met and at their meeting stood a cross. When Satan saw the cross he turned his army back and marched quickly away.

Offero wondered greatly at this and said, "Master, do you fear that cross?" Satan was silent; but Offero insisted again. "Tell me, or I will leave you at once."

Then Satan answered, "Yes, I fear that cross, for on such another hung Christ the Son of God, Mary's child, dying to save all men."

"Then," said Offero. "farewell, for I must leave you to seek a stronger Lord than you. Christ shall henceforth be my King."

Weeks and months passed on and long

and earnestly Offero sought Christ, but few seemed able to tell him of Mary's Son. At last he came to the dwelling of an old hermit and asked him the question he had so often asked in vain. "How can I serve Christ the Lord?"

"Why," said the hermit, "you must fast"; but Offero explained that if he fasted he would lose his great strength and be unable to serve well.

"Then," said the hermit, "you must pray"; but Offero complained that he knew no prayers. At last the old man looked up at him smiling. "I think Christ the Lord would be pleased if you used your great strength to help others. Why not carry travelers across yonder deep river for the love of Him and of His Mother?"

This time Offero was overjoyed at the proposal, and thanking the hermit, he went straight off and built himself a little hut on the river-bank, and cut a stout staff from a tree near at hand to steady himself with when the waters were angry and might hinder his passage.

The travelers who came to the stream loved the kindly giant who carried them over; often they offered him money, but he always refused it, saying, "I do this for the love of Christ the Lord and of His Mother."

So in this way many, many years passed by. The boy Offero grew into an old man, his dark hair became quite white but though his back was just a little bent his strength was still very great.

One night he was awakened from sleep by the sound of a little pleading voice calling to him and saying, "Dear Offero, carry me across."

Quickly the old man rose, caught up his staff and crossed the river, but finding no one on the bank, he returned, and thinking that he had been dreaming, lay down again to rest.

In a very few moments through the darkness came again the gentle little voice. "Dear, kind, Offero, carry me across." Once more he quickly left his hut and waded through the cold water; but still there was no one on the shore.

Tired with his two useless journeys, Offero nevertheless went cheerfully back, and soon his weary eyes closed in sleep. But even now he was not to rest; a third time the same pleading voice came to him in his slumber, more pleading, more gentle even



"He set the boy easily and quickly on his shoulder"

than before. "Dear, kind, good Offero, carry me across."

This time Offero determined to give himself no rest until he had discovered who it was that needed his help; and as he neared the further bank he saw awaiting him a beautiful child, with large trustful eyes full of love.

Offero set the boy quickly and easily on his shoulders and started back across the river. The dark waters surged up round him and the passage seemed more difficult than ever before. Besides the strength of wind and waves, Offero felt the weight of the child becoming every moment greater, and at last he thought he could walk no more.

However, he put his remaining energy into one final effort to reach the shore, thinking that each minute the river would bear him down, and carry him away with his precious burden. "Little Master," he gasped, when a last struggle had brought him safe but exhausted to the bank, "Little Master, do not come this way again, for I have come near to losing my life in this passage."

But the child only looked up at him and said, smiling, "Fear not, Offero, but be very glad, for all your sins are forgiven and you have carried on your shoulders Christ the Son of God, Mary's child. Plant your staff in the ground and you will see that this indeed is true."

So Offero fixed his palm staff into the earth, and lo! Leaves and fruit sprang forth on it. Then he knew in truth that he had been the bearer of Christ, and humbly knelt down before the child, his little Lord. And Our Lord put His hand in blessing on the old man's head. "Henceforth," he said, "your name shall be not 'Offero' but 'Christ-offero,' or the Christ-bearer."

This is the story told of him whom we now call Saint Christopher, not because he carried Our Lord once, but because the thought of Him was always in his heart, and all his strength was consecrated to His service.

R.S.H.

BOOK FOUR

The Spirit of Childhood The Spirit of Adventure

It is hoped that the "Grip-Fast English Books" may help to foster a love of literature in young minds, which is the best – and the most – that an anthology can do. There is an old story of a cock, who found a pearl and despised it, because it was not good to eat – a story which the compiler of this series has carefully kept in mind. Our great prose writers are not food for babes, and a distaste for literature is not unlikely to follow the too-early study of such writers as De Quincey and Addison.

"It is thinking that makes what we read ours," said a great philosopher, yet it is astonishing how much rote-work can be got through without any thought at all.

Time presses, it is hard to get through the time-table, examinations may be imminent – there are a hundred reasons for learning secondary appreciations by heart rather than thinking them out for one's self. And, unless this practice of thinking things out for one's self has been induced and fostered in early youth, so that it becomes a habit, it is difficult to acquire in later life and becomes a heavy and uncongenial task – too often looked upon as a useless waste of time. Yet, if it has been acquired, it will be found to be what sunshine is to a room – all becomes full of interest; the mind is alert to seize the best in every subject and to see beauty wherever it is to be found.

The objection may here be made that it is something of an impertinence for inexperienced youth to question the opinions of judges who have come to be considered as almost infallible in matters of literature. But thinking need not be criticism. The question, "I wonder why he thought that?" – though rare – is not unduly wanting in docility of mind; and the confession, "I cannot see it in that light," may be a humble but frank acknowledgment of one's own limitations.

When children are taught to think over and discuss what they have been reading the gain is obvious. A meaning, however elementary, found in poem or story, and an appreciation of it, however halting and incomplete, by the reader in person, is worth many pages of literary criticism – memorized, and therefore lifeless.

It is suggested, therefore, that the prose and poetry in this book should not only be read, but pondered – thought about. Questions should be encouraged, as well as appreciations. This will mean more than reading, it will mean study – thoughtful study. If we can form this habit of thoughtful study in our young scholars it will be a valuable asset to them for the rest of their lives, and an undying source of pleasure.

WHEN YOU MEET A BEAR

An Adventure on a Fishing Expedition

JUST below me a boulder lifted its head and shoulders out of the swirling current. With the canoe line I might easily let myself down to that rock and make sure of my next fish. Getting back would be harder; but salmon are worth some trouble; so I left my rod and started back to camp for the stout rope that lay coiled in the bow of my canoe.

It was late afternoon and I was hurrying along the path, giving chief heed to my feet in the ticklish walking, with the cliff above and the river below, when a loud Hoowuffl brought me up with a shock. There at a turn in the path, not ten yards ahead, stood a huge bear, calling unmistakably halt, and blocking me in as completely as if the mountain had toppled over before me.

There was no time to think; the shock and scare were too great. I just gasped Hoowuffl instinctively, as the bear had shot it out of his deep lungs a moment before, and

stood stock-still, as he was doing. He was startled as well as I. That was the only thing that I was sure about.

I suppose that in each of our heads at first was just one thought: "I'm in a fix; how shall I get out?" And in his training or in mine there was absolutely nothing to suggest an immediate answer.

He was anxious, evidently, to go on. Something, a mate perhaps, must be calling him up river; else he would have whirled and vanished at the first alarm. But how far might he presume on the big animal's timidity who stood before him blocking the way? That was his question, plainly enough. Had I been a moment sooner, or he a moment later, we would have met squarely at the turn; he would have clinched with me in sudden blind ferocity, and that would have been the end of one of us. As it was he saw me coming heedlessly, and, being peaceably inclined, had stopped me with his sharp Hoowuffl before I should get too near. There was no snarl or growl, no savageness in his expression; only intense wonder and questioning in the look which fastened upon my face and seemed to bore its way through, to find out just what I was thinking.

I met his eyes squarely with mine and held them, which was perhaps the most sensible thing I could have done; though it was all unconscious on my part. In the brief moment that followed I did a lot of thinking. There was no escape up or down; I must go on or turn back. If I jumped forward with a yell, as I had done before under different circumstances, would he not rush at me savagely, as all wild creatures will do when cornered? No, the time for that had passed with the fist instant of our meeting. The bluff would now be too apparent; it must be done without hesitation, or not at all. On the other hand, if I turned back he would follow me to the end of the ledge, growing bolder as he came on; and beyond that it was dangerous walking, where he had all the advantage and all the knowledge of his ground. Besides, it was too late, and I wanted a salmon for my supper.

I have wondered since how much of this hesitation he understood; and how he came to the conclusion, which he certainly reached, that I meant him no harm, but only wanted to get on and was not disposed to give him the path. All the while I looked at him steadily, until his eyes began to lose their intentness. My hand slipped back and gripped the handle of my hunting knife. Some slight confidence came back with the feel of the heavy weapon; though I would certainly have gone over the cliff and taken my chance in the current, rather than have closed with him, with all his enormous strength, in that narrow place. Suddenly his eyes wavered from mine; he swung his head to look down and up; and I knew instantly that I had won the first move – and the path also, if I could keep my nerve.

I advanced a step or two very quietly, still looking at him steadily. There was

a suggestion of white teeth under his wrinkled chops; but he turned his head to look back over the way he had come, and presently he disappeared. It was only for a moment; then his nose and eyes were poked cautiously round the corner of the rock. He was peeking to see if I were still there. When the nose vanished again I stole forward to the turn and found him just ahead, looking down the cliff to see if there were any other way below.

He was uneasy now, a low whining growl came floating up the path. Then I sat down on a rock, squarely in his way, and for the first time some faint suggestion of the humour of the situation gave me a bit of consolation. I began to talk to him, not humorously, but as if he were a Scotsman and open only argument. "You're in a fix, Mooween¹, a terrible fix," I kept saying softly; "but if you had only stayed at home until twilight as a bear ought to do, we should be happy now, both of us. You have put me in a fix, too, you see; and now you've just got to get me out of it. I'm not going back. I don't know the path as well as you do. Besides, it will be dark soon, and I should probably break my neck. It's a shame, Mooween, to put any gentleman in such a fix as I am in this minute, just by your blundering carelessness. Why didn't you smell me anyway, as any but a fool bear would have done, and take some other path over the mountain? Why don't you climb that spruce now and get out of the way?"

I have noticed that all wild animals grow uneasy at the sound of the human voice, speaking however quietly. There is in it something deep, unknown, mysteriously beyond all their powers of comprehension; and they go away from it quickly when they can. I have a theory also that all animals, wild and domestic, understand more of our mental attitude than we give them credit for; and the theory gains rather than loses strength whenever I think of Mooween on that narrow pass. I can see him now, turning, twisting uneasily, and the half-timid look in his eyes as they met mine furtively, as if ashamed; and again the low, troubled whine comes floating up the path and mingles with the rush and murmur of the salmon pool below.

A bear hates to be outdone quite as much as a fox does. If you catch him in a trap, he seldom growls or fights or resists, as lynx and otter and almost all other wild creatures do. He has outwitted you and shown his superiority so often that he is utterly overwhelmed and crushed when you find him, at last, helpless and outdone. He seems to forget all his great strength, all his frightful power of teeth and claws. He just lays his head down between his paws, turns his eyes aside, and refuses to look at you or to let you see how ashamed he is. That is what you are chiefly conscious of, nine times out of ten, when you find a bear or fox held fast in your trap; and something of that was certainly in Mooween's look and actions now, as I sat there in his path enjoying his

¹The Indian name for Bear

confusion.

Near him a spruce tree sprang out of the rocks and reached upward to a ledge far above. Slowly he raised himself against this, but turned to look at me again sitting quietly in his own path – that he could no longer consider his – and smiling at his discomfiture as I remember how ashamed he is to be outdone. Then an electric shock seemed to hoist him out of the trail. He shot up the tree in a succession of nervous, jerky jumps, rising with astonishing speed for so huge a creature, smashing the little branches, ripping the rough bark with his great claws, sending down a clattering shower of chips and dust behind him, till he reached the level of the ledge above and sprang out upon it, where he stopped and looked down to see what I would do next. And there he stayed, his great head hanging over the edge of the rock, looking at me intently till I rose and went quietly down the trail.

It was morning when I came back to the salmon pool. Unlike the mossy forest floor, the hard rock bore no signs to tell me – what I was most curious to know – whether he came down the tree or found some other way over the mountain.

At the point where I had stood when his deep Hoowuff! first startled me I left a big salmon, for a taste of which any bear will go far out of his way. Next morning it was gone; and so it may be that Mooween, on his next journey, found another and a pleasanter surprise awaiting him at the turn of the trail.

WILLIAM J. LONG

[From "*Wood Folk at School*"]

A TRIAL OF SKILL

The meeting of Richard the Lion Heart and the Sultan Saladin

THE ATTENDANT led the way to a splendid pavilion, where was everything that royal luxury could devise. De Vaux, who was in attendance, then removed the chappe (capa), or long riding-cloak which Richard wore, and he stood before Saladin in the close dress which showed to advantage the strength and symmetry of his person, while it bore a strong contrast to the flowing robes which disguised the thin frame of the eastern monarch.

It was Richard's two-handed sword that chiefly attracted the attention of the Saracen, a broad straight blade, the seemingly unwieldy length of which extended well-nigh from the shoulder to the heel of the wearer.

"Had I not," said Saladin, "seen this brand flaming in the front of the battle, like that of Azrael, I had scarce believed that human arm could wield it. Might I request to see the Melech Ric strike one blow with it in peace, and in pure trial of strength?"

"Willingly, noble Saladin," answered Richard; and looking around for something whereon to exercise his strength, he saw a steel mace held by one of the attendants, the

handle being of the same metal and about an inch and a half in diameter; this he placed on a block of wood.

The anxiety of De Vaux for his master's honour led him to whisper in English, "For the blessed Virgin's sake, beware what you attempt, my liege! Your full strength is not as yet returned; give no triumph to the infidel!"

"Peace, fool," said Richard, standing firm on his ground, and casting a fierce glance around; "thinkest thou that I can fall in his presence?"

The glittering broadsword, wielded by both his hands, rose aloft to the King's left shoulder, circled round his head, descended with the sway of some terrific engine, and the bar of iron rolled on the ground in two pieces, as a woodsman would sever a sapling with a hedging-bill.

"By the head of the Prophet, a most wonderful blow!" said the Sultan, critically and accurately examining the iron bar which had been cut asunder and the blade of the sword was so well tempered as to exhibit not the least token of having suffered by the feat it had performed. He then took the King's hand, and looking on the size and muscular strength which it exhibited, laughed as he placed it beside his own, so lank and thin, so inferior in brawn and sinew.

"Ay, look well," said De Vaux in English; "it will be long ere your long jackanape's fingers do such a feat with your find gilded reaping-hook there."

"Silence, de Vaux," said Richard. "By Our Lady, he understands or guesses thy meaning; be not so broad, I pray thee."

The Sultan presently said, "Something I would fain attempt, though wherefore should the weak show their inferiority in presence of the strong? Yet each land hath its own exercises, and this may be new to the Melech Ric." So saying, he took from the floor a cushion of silk and down, and placed it upright on one end. "Can thy weapon, my brother, sever that cushion?" he said to King Richard.

"No, surely," replied the King; "no sword on earth, were it the Excalibur of King Arthur, can cut that which opposes no steady resistance to the blow."

"Mark, then," said Saladin; and tucking up the sleeve of his gown showed his arm, thin indeed and spare, but which constant exercise had hardened into a mass consisting of naught but bone, brawn, and sinew. He unsheathed his scimitar, a curved and narrow blade, which glittered not like the swords of the Franks, but was, on the contrary, of a dull blue colour, marked with ten millions of meandering lines, which showed how anxiously the metal had been welded by the armourer. Wielding this weapon, apparently so inefficient when compared to that of Richard, the Sultan stood resting his weight upon his left foot, which was slightly advanced; he balanced himself a little as if to steady his aim, then stepping at once forward drew the scimitar across the cushion, applying the edge so dexterously and with so little apparent

effort, that the cushion seemed rather to fall asunder than to be divided by violence.

"It is juggler's trick," said de Vaux, darting forward and snatching up the portion of the cushion which had been cut off, as if to assure himself of the reality of the feat; "there is gramarye in this."

The Sultan seemed to comprehend him, for he undid the sort of veil which he had hitherto worn, laid it double along the edge of his sabre, extended the weapon edgewise in the air, and drawing it suddenly through the veil, although it hung on the blade entirely loose, severed that also into two parts, which floated to different sides of the tent, equally displaying the extreme temper and sharpness of the weapon and the exquisite dexterity of him who used it.

"Now, in good faith, my brother," said Richard, "thou art even matchless at the trick of the sword, and right perilous were it to meet thee! Still, however, I put some faith in a downright English blow, and what we cannot do by sleight we eke out by strength."

SIR WALTER SCOTT
[From "*The Talisman*"]



"Severed that also into two parts."

CONVICTS and the FEMALE FACTORY

AFTER America gained her independence in 1783, Britain was forced to seek a new ground for her convicts. For this reason, among others, it was decided to found the Colony of New South Wales. In 1788 a total of 778 prisoners – 586 men and 192 women – arrived in Botany Bay with the **FIRST FLEET**, under the Command of Captain Arthur Phillip.

The Convict Colonies

By 1868, when transportation finally ceased, more than 160,000 convicts had been shipped to Australia. Of these, 83,000 were sent to the Colony of New South Wales, 69,000 to Van Diemen's Land and 10,000 to Western Australia. Not many convicts were sent to Victoria and Queensland. In fact, these States received convicts only in the days when they were still part of the Colony of New South Wales. No convicts were ever sent to South Australia.

Children Transported

For the first 30 years convicts formed the bulk of the founding colony. While some were violent, hardened criminals many had been transported for trivial crimes like petty thieving, while others had been convicted for political activities.

Sentences varied from seven to fourteen years, to life and even children were transported. On arrival, most convicts were assigned to free settlers as labourers or servants, while many others were used in government service (to construct roads, buildings and bridges). Violent criminals were assigned to chain gangs, often in irons, or sent to isolated penal settlements like Norfolk Island, Port Macquarie, Port Arthur, Macquarie Harbour or Moreton Bay.



Floggings or a 'Ticket-of-leave'

Although only about 10% of all convicts were ever sent to penal settlements, many convicts were punished, mainly by flogging. In Van Diemen's Land one male convict in six was flogged each year. Sentences of 1000 lashes were recorded and in 1853 in New South Wales, of 27,000 convicts, 7,000 were given a total of 333,000 lashes!

However, good behaviour could bring a pardon or a 'ticket-of-leave', or appointment to a position of responsibility or profit. A 'ticket-of-leave', enabled convicts to work for themselves in a certain area and eventually qualify for a grant of land, but it could be revoked for bad behaviour.

Convict Endeavour

Governor Macquarie was criticised for giving too much freedom and too many responsible jobs to convicts and emancipists – pardoned convicts. The brilliant convict architect Francis Greenway designed some of Sydney's most beautiful buildings under Macquarie's supervision.

Castle Hill Rising Rebellion

Several convicts managed to escape, but there was only one rebellion – the Castle Hill Rising in 1804 – which involved 300 Irish convicts. Troopers who treacherously opened fire on the rebels while the white flag was being offered, nine convicts were killed, many captured and punished, and the ringleaders sentenced to death.

The Convict Stigma

Opposition to transportation gained momentum in England, where it did not seem to be an effective deterrent to crime, and in Australia, where, the free settlers resented the stigma of living in a penal colony, and feared the competition of cheap labour.

Transportation Abolished

No convicts were sent to New South Wales after the Commission on Transportation in 1837-38, although transportation to Van Diemen's Land continued. An attempt at re-introduction in 1849 failed when there was an outcry at the arrival of two convict transports. By 1852 all transportation to the Eastern States had ended, but convicts continued to be transported to Western Australia until 1868, before being finally abolished.

THE FEMALE FACTORY

THIS was the term applied to an institution which opened at Parramatta in the Colony of New South Wales in 1804. It was a reception centre for female convicts who could not be placed, and a temporary residence for those who had just arrived from England on the notorious convict hulks used for the shipping of convicts to Australia.

Initially it was just one large room, which was the upper storey of a goal where the women were employed in making linen and woollen cloth.

Governor Lachlan Macquarie later built a new three-storey factory, designed by convict Francis Greenway, which housed 300 women. Situated across the river from the settlement of Parramatta, it became the colony's first weaving establishment.

The new factory was completed at the beginning of 1821 and housed two classes of convict women – those who had not been assigned or whose services as assigned convicts were unsatisfactory to their employers, and those convicted of offences in the colony.

Governor Darling placed the factory

under a board, improved rations and attached a hospital. Governor Gipps built a new cell block in 1838, and his wife instructed convict women in needlework.

By 1840 there was nearly 1000 women in the factory (due to the closing of a female institution at Moreton Bay), but by 1848 the convict system had ended, and the building was converted into a hospital for 'paupers and lunatics'. There were also female factories at Hobart and Launceston.

ANDREW FISHER MINER TO PRIME MINISTER

by Larry Noye

A COLOURFUL glimpse into the life of a very noted young Scottish migrant on the Queensland goldfields in the 1890's, has been provided by journalist Henry Boote.

The migrant was Andrew Fisher. He was a young miner, waging a fight against oppression, and he went on to be Prime Minister of Australia.

Boote was himself a migrant from England, a young composer and writer, working in a Brisbane printery in 1896.

He has written, "One afternoon a workmate said to me, 'There's a chap outside wants to speak to you'."

He had gone to the door, and a young man about 30 stood in the doorway; tall, slightly built, clean-shaven except for a light moustache.

'He had brown eyes of a deep earnestness that at once impressed me in his favour,' added the sensitive writer. He had said in a pleasant voice, of unmistakable Scottish accent, that his name was Fisher.

He told how he and supporters in the Queensland mining town of Gympie wanted to set up a newspaper. It was in their quest for fair reporting locally, which they had not had. Would Henry Boote, recognized for his ability in that calling, take charge of it?

Boote demurred – but was nevertheless to be found in the shaky editor's chair of *Gympie Truth* some weeks later. A scanty printing plant had been bought and installed.

A Boy Miner

Andrew Fisher had been brought up in Scotland and put to work down in the pits as a boy of ten. He was busy in union affairs later, attempting to win better conditions for the miner, who worked long hours and in difficult conditions.

Eventually Fisher left Scotland for Australia and settled in Queensland. He worked in the mines, in turn in the Maryborough and Gympie areas, falling foul of mine managements as he again became active in union affairs.

The early '90s were times when unions were starting to sponsor candidates for Parliament, through the political Labor Leagues forming throughout Australia. Andrew Fisher won the Gympie seat in the Queensland Parliament in 1895.

Three years later he was defeated – a loss he attributed to the bias of the local press in the mining district.

Meanwhile, *Truth* continued to be churned out each week. It faced a severe boycott of its advertising by prominent local tradespeople. But it became established,

giving Labor and its causes a mouthpiece on the field. There were few miners' homes its message did not penetrate.

Poverty and Discrimination

Fisher continued to do odd jobs to help produce the paper, all without payment. His personal financial means were meagre; despite his qualifications as an engine driver on the field, he was rejected every time he responded to advertisements for such work.

"That he was feared by the gang who ran the town there can be no doubt," chronicled Henry Boote in the union newspaper of which he later became editor, the *Australian Worker*. "They knew that as long as he was in the district their political grip on the community was insecure."

Fisher appeared in Mary Street, Gympie, with his fellow speakers, playing his part in street-corner political meetings on Saturday nights after the style of community life of those days of six-day working weeks. They addressed audiences who were mainly invisible and silent, conscious of the risks of being seen to support the Labor Party.

Conscious of the need to win the election of 1899 as it got closer, the "gallant few" – as Boote refers to them – bought a brand new printing press. Andy Fisher, devoted supervisor of any machinery, put in arduous days and nights assembling its parts, then bringing it all to life with a little gas engine.

Gympie Truth was now able to come out twice weekly, produced more efficiently per medium of a plant with a carriage which ran back and forth on rails. Fisher stood by with cotton waste in one hand and oil can in the other, applying a drop of oil here and there, fondly supervising.

A Decent Job

His personal means picked up six months before the election when he landed a job as an engine driver at a small mine through the good graces of one, Dan Mulcahy.

Fisher had owned a small house at Howard, near Maryborough, and had sold it to keep himself – and the newspaper – going. The job revived his fortunes.

Effort and Endurance

The weekly brought into being had a circulation of 2,000, laboriously churned out, two of its 20 pages at a time, on a treadle press. "The treadling was a heavy task," Boote recalls. "Everyone in the office took a turn at it and one of the more tireless



and expert was Andrew Fisher. He would treadle away for hours without betraying the slightest trace of weariness."

The mines and the township were dominated by a handful of men bent on starving him out.

Fisher, a single man, went about his newspaper work with a dour determination to win back Gympie for the cause. It is not chronicled, but since Andrew Fisher was a man of Christian faith, an active Presbyterian whose church membership dated back to his youth in Scotland, he presumably turned to Almighty God. He was a Presbyterian Sunday School superintendent at one stage in Queensland, and he was known in later years for calling a group together in a political meeting to pray for the success of a decision.

Loyal support and ruthless opposition

He had what Boote feelingly describes as "a number of splendid supporters." Harry Llewellyn, Charlie Bayley, Abel Stancome, Charlie Collins, Tom Dunstan, George Rylands and Charlie McCormick, some of whom were to eventually make Parliament. Most had in common having been driven out of the mines by "the despotic gang of capitalists who ruled the field." Boote adds, "It was a dangerous thing for a miner to engage in Labor propaganda in Gympie; there were spies all over the place. When a Labor speaker got up on the street corner at night he had to have an exceptionally good voice, for his audience was scattered about in the shadowy spots and under dark verandahs."

Boote, himself obviously a standard bearer for the cause, told of the attributes of the men about *Gympie Truth*. They included Charlie McCormick, Fisher's companion on the Labor ticket for the two-man constituency in the reversal of 1896. McCormick was "a young man of burning enthusiasm and passionate oratory, amazingly classical in one born on the Gympie field, and never outside it." Alas, McCormick died before

the later success in which he had played a part.

Steadfast and Sound Thinking

However, despite having men of such powerful individuality around him, Andrew Fisher had the leadership of the company bestowed on him by virtue of his own unique qualities. "He was a sound thinker with an intellect that ranged beyond politics into other themes, including English literary classics," reports Boote. "But what gave him his commanding position among other thoughtful and well-informed men was not so much his mentality as a steadfastness of character that made him an immovable rock in the midst of sometimes dangerous currents."

Boote rates Fisher an unusual combination of a conservative with a resolute disposition. "When we met together to discuss matters he would often express opinions so cautious, so curbed by an instinctive respect for traditional customs and institutions, that we would look at one another and smile – and vigorous opposition to his views would follow," he wrote. But he held certain views with so sure a faith that on more than one occasion when he later came to power he pushed forward to the consummation of advanced measures with a resolution that made some of his more ardent followers gasp and hesitate."

Champion of Social Justice

And so his friends believed that "Andy", given the opportunity of resuming a public career, would prove himself a faithful champion of social justice – courageous in advocating their cause, and personally incorruptible.

"The election was finally fought with the utmost fierceness," the account continues. "Men of one party crossed the street to avoid facing their foe. Statements were vigorous and wild, as they can only be in a little township. The two other local newspapers – anti-Labor to the bottom of their ink tubs – contested fierce verbal sallies with 'Truth'. It was a desperately serious business, and everyone was most tremendously excited who participated in it."

"And we won! The hard struggle to live, the difficulties which sometimes nearly broke our hearts, had met with their reward. Andrew Fisher and running mate George Rylands were elected for Gympie."

A Man of the People

Boote draws the curtain on that historical highlight involving a man who rose from the mines to carry the torch for the welfare of the downtrodden in his adopted land with the words, "From that day, Andrew Fisher went from triumph to triumph. He was a warm advocate of Australian unity and when Federation was consummated two years later in 1901, he won the Wide Bay seat in the first Federal Parliament."

"There, his integrity of character and his intelligence soon brought him to the front, and it became patent to all Australia that a new man of the people had arisen."

The Influence of Henry Boote

Henry Boote, whose fine article was in the *Australian Worker* on 30 October, 1928, after Fisher had died, also went on to bigger things.

Originally sent to Bundaberg by the



Andrew Fisher, pictured in 1910 when he had risen to Prime Minister of Australia, aged 48

Australian Labor Federation to edit a paper opposing Kanaka labour in the sugar industry, he became editor in Brisbane of the *Worker*. He had been a contributor among such as Henry Lawson and the later Dame Mary Gilmore.

In 1911, he moved to Sydney as a leading writer on the *Australian Worker*. Frank Farrell, in an entry on Boote in *The Australian Dictionary of Biography*, says he became a confidante of such as Theodore, Scullin, Fisher, Curtin and Evatt, and exercised a profound influence on the shape and direction of party policy.

He had a philosophy "radical but gradualist." He figured strongly in official Labor's battle which led to the World War I split in which Hughes vehemently sought the conscription of Australians for war service. Boote rated the controversial J.T. Lang a potential dictator.

In private life shy and reticent, says Farrell, Boote nevertheless edited the noted *Australian Worker*, official organ of the Australian Worker's Union, for 29 years – 1914-43. He died in 1949. Farrell is surely on firm ground when he considers Boote to be wrongfully ignored by literary historians.

Contribution to Australia

The contribution to Australian life of the government led by the sincere young miner, Andrew Fisher, rates reference. Fisher was

Prime Minister in Labor Governments beginning with a short reign in 1908, an enormously busy government in 1910-13 and, with Joseph Cook's Liberals holding the government benches for a little over a year in between, from 1914-15. Labor's landslide win in 1910 swept them into power with a clear majority in both Houses – the first Australian government with this advantage, and they made good use of it.

The independent and energetic O'Malley, and Hughes were the main driving force. O'Malley's great contribution was to give government control over finance by leading in founding the Commonwealth Bank.

Pamphleteer D.J. Amos, writer on the undermining of the bank led by a conservative board in the depression years, says the 1910-13 government "took the first step in channeling the banking system toward serving the public good."

O'Malley was actively behind, as Minister for Home Affairs, launching the building of the East-West railway and the capital to be won from sheep runs in Canberra.

Professor Gordon Greenwood in his *Australia - a Social and Political History*, regards Hughes as best exemplifying Labor's "sense of continuing social mission."

From the Waterside Workers' Federation himself, he had replaced the call for strikes by Parliamentary advance.

Balance and Sincerity

Fisher's balance and sincerity made powerful appeal even to marginal supporters, but Hughes, his "first lieutenant", provided drive and imagination.

Fisher had trouble as leader with both O'Malley and Hughes. He was engaged in a clash of opinion with a strong section of the party over an arbitration amending bill, and he was shocked to find that his lieutenant, Hughes, while standing in as leader during an absence, went back on an undertaking Fisher had given the Opposition about a course to be followed in Parliament. As angry with Hughes as he had been with O'Malley over another show of independence, Fisher carpeted Hughes.

He was by then wan and grey, weighed down by the cares of office. His face, animated and handsome in his earlier leadership, had aged, he looked more than his fifty-three years. He was facing pressure from many quarters, in particular the fiercely contested issue of conscription of men for war, rather than reliance on volunteers, on the outbreak of World War I. The striving Hughes was active here. Not to mention in his yen to step into Fisher's shoes as Prime Minister.

Late one night, Senator George Pearce was crossing Queen's Hall in Parliament House when he met Fisher with his hat and overcoat over his arm. "Hello, Prime Minister," greeted Pearce. "Is the House up?" Fisher replied, anger in his face, that



A dapper young Billy Hughes

they were still sitting. Turning, he shook his fist in the direction of the House and declared, "They can all go to hell! I am not going back to that House again." Neither did he, recalls Pearce of this exchange.

On October 26, 1915, Andrew Fisher, the team man who always deferred to his Caucus, announced to it that he had accepted the post of Australian High Commissioner in London. "That afternoon, Mr. Fisher unostentatiously severed his long connection with Australian politics," reported *The Age*, while *The Bulletin* claimed he had "bolted" over conscription.

Subsequently, the thorny question of conscription was put to the Australian people in two referendums, one in October 1916 and a second in December 1917. The October 1916 referendum was defeated by 72,000 votes, and in 1917 the issue was again decided in the negative by an increased majority of 167,000.

Although Hughes won the 1917 election for the Labor Party, Andrew Fisher's earlier defence of the principle of the right of a man to choose whether or not to serve his country in the armed forces, was vindicated.



Fisher, shown conferring with King O'Malley after the Governor-General, Lord Denman, had laid the foundation stone for Canberra. O'Malley's ego is the theme.



Rural Recession

THE rural recession has been explained in simple terms by an old Warwick farmer.

It all started in '66, when they changed from pounds to dollars. That doubled my overdraft. After that they changed rain to millimeters and we haven't had an inch of rain since.

If that wasn't bad enough they brought in Celsius and it never got over 40 degrees - no wonder my bloody

wheat wouldn't grow!

Then they changed acres to hectares and I ended up with only half the land I used to have. By this time, I'd had enough, and decided to sell out.

I put the property in the agent's hands, and then they changed miles to kilometers. Now I'm too far out of town for anyone to buy the bloody place.

Now they want to have another referendum on daylight saving. I work

from daylight to dark already. Where would I put another hour of daylight?

I bet John Howard won't put it where Queensland farmers have told him to stick it, but the Liberals think that that's where the sun shines from anyhow. Queensland farmers asked John Howard to listen to the bush, and he did - but this Bush had stars and stripes attached.

- An old farmer



The Black Stump - and Beyond

With grateful acknowledgement to Coolah historian Roy Cameron for information

WHAT is "The Black Stump"? Where is it? Why, and how, has "Beyond the Black Stump" become a defining Aussie phrase meaning "remoteness", particularly wild, uninhabited remoteness?

As with so many other places and names, there is more than one claimant to the first, original, black stump.

There's a place called Merriwagga, near Griffith in New South Wales, which has a Black Stump Hotel. It used to be called The Merriwagga Hotel, but had a name change about thirty years ago to capitalize on the local legend.

Local legend has it that, in 1886, a lady by the name of Barbara Blaine was incinerated in a bush fire, at a site about ten miles west of the pub. By the time her husband found her, only charred remains were visible, which he described as resembling a "black stump". The site became a public watering place last century, and the name stuck. They say Barbara Blaine was the first person to be buried at the Gunbar cemetery, on the 13th March, 1886.

Many would dispute this claim to the name, and with some justification.

On the highway some ten kilometers north of Coolah, also in New South Wales, can be found an historical site with a replica "black stump", and a legend:

"In the early 1830's land west of this area was referred to as beyond the Black Stump. The actual Black Stump existed near this sign whilst the Black Stump Wine Saloon stood 10 chains further south. Both were destroyed by fire in 1908. The nearby creek derived its name from the surrounding Black Stump Run held by Jonathan Parkins in 1850."

In the early 19th Century New South Wales began to outstrip the resources of its government. So in 1826 Governor Darling proclaimed the "Limits of Location": or boundaries "beyond which land was neither sold nor let" nor "settlers allowed." This boundary was located in 1829 as being the northern side of the Manning River up to its source in the Mount Royal Range, then by that range and the Liverpool Range westerly to the source of the Coolaburrugundy River, then along the approximate location of the Black Stump Run, then in a south-westerly direction to Wellington.

Land north of this location was referred to as land "beyond" and the use of the word "beyond" can be found in the Government Gazette of 18th January 1837.

However, settlers did not strictly adhere to the Governor's proclaimed boundaries, and often let their stock graze "beyond". Thus in the Coolah area, to avoid detection by officialdom, the location of these pastures was vaguely described as being "beyond the

Black Stump". The expression caught on quickly.

All of which doesn't explain how the Black Stump Run got its name in the first place.

Author Duke Tritton, in his book *Time Means Tucker*, wrote: "The Black Stump is real. It was a wine saloon. It had been closed for several years when I saw it in 1905.

The area six miles north of Coolah had been known as Black Stump for thousands of years by the natives. They referred to it as Weetalbah-Wallangan - 'Place where the fire went out and left a burnt stump'."

An Englishman named James Vincent, who landed in Sydney in 1801, was the first white man to take up land in the Coolah district - in 1803. He established a cordial and mutually respectful relationship with the local Aborigines, and he and his descendants were held in great esteem in the district for generations.

The original Black Stump wine shanty was operated by Jimmy Allison, and in the 1860's a teamster, John Higgins, took up a land grant called the Black Stump on which he built an inn, having realized the need for an inn and staging post to cater for teamsters and coaches heading out on the plains. The spot was the last before the long trek.

The Black Stump Wine Saloon was home to everyone from the ringbarker to the squatter. There was Long Bill, "best horsebreaker this side of the Black Stump," and Curly Jim, "fastest shearer beyond the Black Stump."

Armed robberies were recorded in the area during the 1860's, and legend has it that Thunderbolt had his horse shod at the inn.

Remains of the old place have been

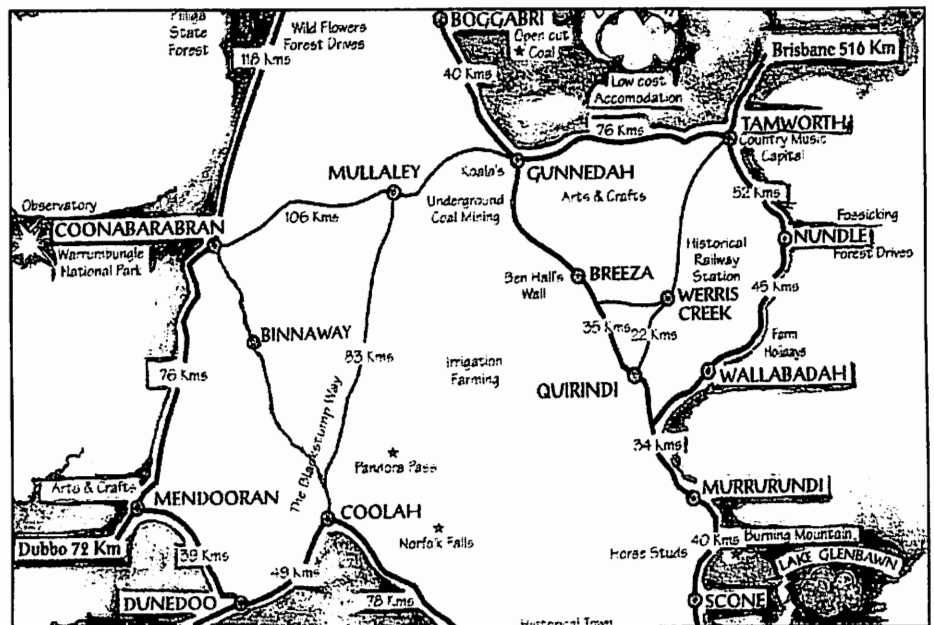
unearthed, and handmade nails, clay pipes, bottles with pointed ends and structural parts of the old building are there as silent reminders of the origin of the now famous saying.

The New South Wales Government Gazette No. 24 [5th March 1971] contains Sydney Department of Lands information that the Geographical Names Board of NSW assigned the geographical name of Black Stump Resting Place to a roadside reserve on the Coolah-Gunnedah road about 5½ miles (9 kilometres) north of Coolah, latitude 31 degrees 46 minutes, longitude 149 degrees 38 minutes in the Parish of Queensborough.

The roadside rest area was officially opened by the Minister of Decentralisation, Hon. J.B.M. Fuller on 1st May, 1971.

Authenticity is lent to the assertion that convicts and illegal settlers were indeed running stock "beyond the black stump" well before 1837 - when the first graziers and their stock were officially allowed beyond the line - by Dr Stephen Gale, a Sedimentologist at Sydney University, who has been analyzing the sediment in Liangothlin Lagoon in New England with the object of discovering more about soil erosion.

The analysis of his field sample cores reveal the expected peak of soil erosion coinciding with the arrival of European settlement and hard-hoofed domestic stock in 1837, but when he analysed the cores more closely he found something totally unexpected. Not one peak in erosion, but two. In addition to the peak in 1837 he was intrigued to discover a smaller erosion peak about 20 years earlier. This would confirm that illegal grazing was being carried on well before settlers were officially permitted to move north and west of the "black stump."



TELEVISION EATS KIDS

From
ALWAYS WEAR CLEAN KNICKERS
...and other helpful hints
Another bunch of pomes by Janine

Television eats kids –
Makes them disappear,
Look in all the playgrounds –
They're empty, sad and drear.

It started pretty slowly –
Just a few kids to begin,
But it moved into more houses –
Television sucked us in.

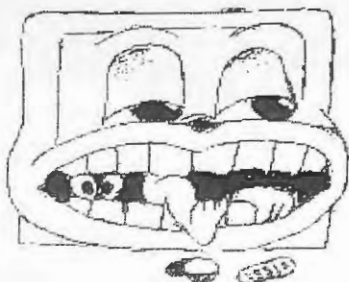
Where else have they gone to –
All those people that I knew?
TV. took a nibble
Then its appetite just grew.

It holds kids in its power
And they're never seen again,
Forget about their freedom
For the TV. zaps their brains.

And its never in a hurry –
It might take a year or two,
So be very, very careful –
Or the TV. might eat you.

- Janine Haig

"Moama", Eulo, Queensland
4491.



AUSTRALIA'S HERITAGE Places and Names

Gin's Leap



Heritage would welcome readers' accounts of strange place names, and the legends surrounding them. Better still if accompanied by an illustration!

THIS is a stunning sheer rock face that rises high above the surrounding countryside about 6km north of Boggabri on the Kamilaroi Highway in New South Wales.

The legend behind its name is that an aboriginal girl of the Kamilaroi Tribe was trying to escape from an unwelcome suitor. In the process, she is said to have climbed the rock

and fallen to her death from the top.

For many years a coach stop rested at the foot of the cliff face. Known as D. W. Grover's Rock Inn, it served as a horse changing station as well as an inn. The vault contained the remains of members of the Grover family and a grave for servant girl Mary Ann Mein are all that remain as a reminder of the old inn.

A CONVICT'S LAMENT ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN LOGAN

I am a native of the land of Erin,
And lately banished from that lovely shore;
I left behind my aged parents
And the girl I did adore.
In transient storms as I set sailing,
Like mariner bold my course did steer;
Sydney harbour was my destination –
That cursed place at length drew near.

I then joined banquet in congratulation
On my safe arrival from the briny sea;
But, alas, alas, I was mistaken –
Twelve years transportation to Moreton Bay.
Early one morning as I carelessly wandered,
By the Brisbane waters I chanced to stray;
I saw a prisoner sadly bewailing,
Whilst on the sunlit banks he lay.

He said, "I've been a prisoner at Port Macquarie,
At Norfolk Island and Emu Plains;
At Castle Hill and cursed Toongabbie –
At all those places I've worked in chains,
But of all the places of condemnation,
In each penal station of New South Wales,
Moreton Bay I found no equal,
For excessive tyranny each day prevails.

Early in the morning as the day is dawning,
To trace from heaven the morning dew,
Up we started at a moment's warning
Our daily labour to renew,
Our overseers and superintendents –
These tyrants' orders we must obey,
Or else at the triangles our flesh is mangled –
Such are our wages at Moreton Bay.

For three long years I've been beastly treated;
Heavy irons each day I wore;
My poor back from flogging has been lacerated,
And oft times painted with crimson gore.
Like the Egyptians and ancient Hebrews,
We were sorely oppressed by Logan's yoke,
Till kind Providence came to our assistance,
And gave this tyrant his fatal stroke.

Yes, he was hurried from that place of bondage
Where he thought he would gain renown;
But a native black, who lay in ambush,
Gave this monster his fatal wound.
Fellow prisoners be exhilarated;
Your former sufferings you will not mind,
For it's when from bondage you are extricated
You'll leave such tyrants far behind!"

A FAMILY OF NATIONS

ROYAL SPEECHES OF A CENTURY AGO

On May 9, 1901, George Prince of Wales, representing his recently-crowned father Edward, opened the first Commonwealth Parliament in Australia.

It was part of a tour of over 45,000 miles, touching almost every part of the then-British Empire.

Seven years later, reflecting on his extensive tour, George said it had *“enabled me to form some idea of our Empire, to realise its vastness, its resources, its latent strength. They have brought home to me the fact, so well expressed in a recent article in one of our reviews, that, “today, by England, we do not mean these islands in the Western Sea, but an England which is spread over the whole surface of the world.”*

The Prince, who within two years would become George V, proposed the following toast at the annual dinner of the Royal Colonial Institute, May 4, 1908:

“I have ventured to introduce a toast which has not been hitherto proposed at these annual gatherings; it is the toast of “The British Dominions beyond the Seas”. It does not seem to be out of place when we consider that one of the first objects of this Institute is to develop the true spirit of Empire, and to strengthen those links of kinship which will bind forever the vast and varied portions of the overseas Dominions with the Mother Country.

APT TO FORGET

Events move so quickly that we are apt to forget how much has been achieved in this direction. Modern Science has done wonders in making time and distance vanish. It is astounding to realize what has been accomplished in securing quick, constant, and continuous communication between the different provinces of the Empire since, say, the succession of Queen Victoria. At that time there was only one small railway in the colonies, and that was in Canada. The first steamer from England to Australia did not run until 1852; it is only fifty years ago that the first submarine cable was laid between Great Britain and America; telegraphic communication was only established with Australia in 1872, with New Zealand in 1876, and South Africa in 1879. But in this short space of time how marvelous has been the progress!

SPANNING CONTINENTS

We have seen how the Canadian Pacific Railway has helped to make a nation, how railways have transformed South Africa and spanned the Zambezi at the Victoria Falls. Today, thanks to railway development, we are opening up fresh and important cotton-growing areas in Nigeria and elsewhere. Mr.

Price has told us of the great scheme of the Murray navigation, with its enormous possibilities. We also hear rumours of the promotion of similar enterprises in other parts of the world. Electricity now carries in a few minutes messages between every portion of the Empire, and even keeps us in touch with our fleets, and with those powerful steamers which have brought us within a few days of the great continent of America.

COMMON INTERESTS

But, though we have been successful in many ways, we must not lose sight of our common interests, aims and objects, in the fulfillment of which there must be mutual efforts, mutual self-sacrifice. Does such co-operation as we would desire really and fully exist? Undoubtedly, there has been a great improvement in this direction. We earnestly hope that progress may be made in thoroughly grappling with imperial defence, and in strengthening military organization in time of peace no less than in war. I also command to your consideration the importance of reciprocity in educational matters.

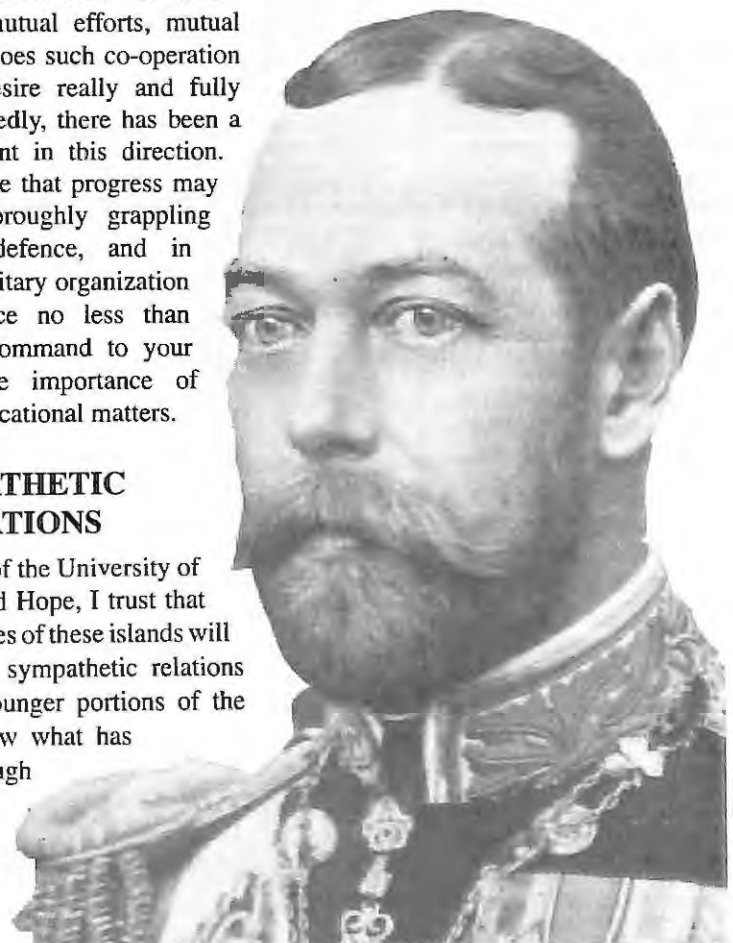
SYMPATHETIC RELATIONS

As Chancellor of the University of the Cape of Good Hope, I trust that the old Universities of these islands will always maintain sympathetic relations with those of younger portions of the Empire. We know what has been done through the Rhodes Scholarships. Oxford four years ago chose

for her Regina Professor of Medicine Dr. Osler, one of Canada’s most distinguished sons; while Professor Bovey, though born in England, has been brought from McGill University to be Rector of the important Imperial College of Science and Technology, now being established at Kensington.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH

A new means of intercourse and interchange of thought between the members of the Anglican Church throughout the Empire has been initiated in the coming Pan-Anglican Congress, which assembles in London next month; and I believe that every preparation is



being made to give to its members a hearty welcome throughout the country. Is there not much to be accomplished by strengthening these social relations; by the Mother Country making it clear to her children that they are always certain of finding here a home, not in name only, but in reality, and the same warm-hearted hospitality as is always extended to us in every portion of the globe where the British flag flies?

RECIPROCITY

I have endeavoured to touch lightly on the vital necessity for reciprocal action between those at home and our brethren beyond the seas. We must foster now and always the strongest feelings of mutual confidence and respect. By methods of education, by unity of action in everything that leads towards the noblest ideals of civilization, by utilizing the great powers of science, and by means of defence by sea and land, we must strive to maintain all that we esteem most dear. If we hold hands across the sea, we shall preserve for future generations a noble heritage, founded upon the highest patriotism, and knit together by the ties of race and of mutual sympathy and regard."

COMMENT: *The "ties of race?" Was good King George V a 'racist'? Or a realist? His vision was, surely, a lot more wholesome than the mess which is international relations today!*

THE INTEGRITY OF THE LAW

Just over 12 months after becoming King, George spoke these words to the Benchers of Gray's Inn. They seem particularly apt at the present time:

"This ancient Society has for centuries occupied an honourable place among the Inns of Court. The training of those who devote their lives to the study and practice of the law is a function of primary importance in a civilized State. That great structure of reason and experience to which each generation makes its contribution, and which has been building since the remotest antiquity, has in our age reached a form and refinement worthy of the respect of all nations.

THE SECURING OF JUSTICE

But no system of jurisprudence, however modern, however elaborate, can secure justice unless it is conducted by men of simple integrity and honour. The personal character of individuals, the observance of strict professional standard, are the necessary allies of good laws and careful judgments. Your duty has been to safeguard and renew the honourable traditions of the Bar. The Courts of Justice, those who resort to them, and the public in general owe much to the Inns of Court and to their Benchers for the vigilance with which they maintain the reputation of the Bar of this country for fearless integrity and instructed good feeling. These are above the value of the highest gifts of forensic eloquence, and not less necessary than learning itself"

1215 THE YEAR OF MAGNA CARTA

By Danny Danziger & John Gillingham

"Entertaining and informative ... even more enjoyable than the account of the Magna Carta itself is the depiction of how we were, who we were and how many we were in the crucial year of 1215". - ANTONIA FRASER, MAIL ON SUNDAY

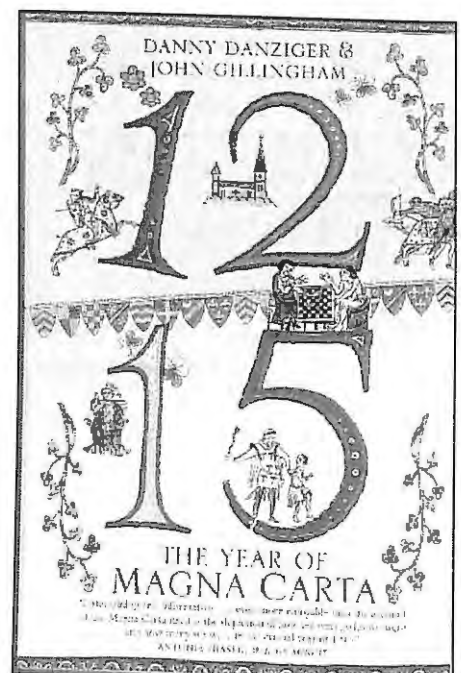
"Danziger and Gillingham write clearly and accessibly to bring their slice of history to life ... [they] admirably remind us of the chaotic soil in which the first glimmerings of British political freedom took root". - SIMON JENKINS, THE SUNDAY TIMES

ON 15 JUNE 1215, rebel barons forced King John to meet them at Runnymede. They did not trust the King, so he was not allowed to leave until his seal was attached to the charter in front of him. This was the Magna Carta. It was a revolutionary document never before has royal authority been challenged. 1215: The Year of Magna Carta explores what it was like to be alive in that momentous year. Political power struggles are interwoven with other issues - fashion, food, education, medicine, religion, and family life.

Whether describing matters of state or domestic life, this is a treasure house of a book, rich in detail and full of enthralling insights into the medieval world.

Price: \$29.95 posted - Softcover- 323 pages.
See order form in this issue for ordering

**Understanding the Freedom
we often take for granted.**



The Yeomen Bowmen of England

by Alan Barton

with illustrations from the book "The Bowmen of England" by Donald Featherstone

HISTORY is the observation and story of events over a long period of time. The longer the time baseline used, the more information we can gain.

Ever since the fall in Eden, good men have had to study means of defence in order to live useful lives in peace.

An honest study of history could help prevent many of the all-too-frequent disastrous wars, that all-too-often blight human progress.

The bow has been one of man's earliest weapons, seen in many civilizations, but always apparently a 'short bow', the bowstring drawn back to the chest. Capable of killing at a distance, such bows armed the Persian army at Marathon in 490 B.C., and a section of the invading Norman army at Hastings in 1066.

At Hastings the Short bow played an important role in William's victory, as his archers split their arrow fire, firing arrows straight and also up in the air so arrows arrived from two directions at once. It was an arrow in his eye which killed the worthy King Harold, and sealed the English defeat.

The Norman invasion of England sowed the seeds of future conflict between France and England.

It seems the Long bow was first developed in South Wales around the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. About six to seven foot in length, the bowstring was drawn back to the ear or cheek. Perhaps the Welsh needed a longer range weapon in their hilly country, or maybe their native timber was more suitable for use in a long bow.

I believe the Long bow rose and fell with a special class of Englishman, just as Australia's ANZACS were a special class of Australian, now unfortunately extinct.

We do know the present citizens of Israel are not the descendents of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob

and King David, because the famous Jewish historian Arthur Koestler has documented in his book, *The Thirteenth Tribe*, how they are mainly descended from the Khazars, a people who once lived in Southeast Russia, and adopted Judaism for political reasons.

Many of these people migrated west and ended up in modern Israel, via Hitler's concentration camps.

What became of the original twelve tribes, sometimes called 'lost tribes' of our Bible? Originally our Creator's Chosen People, these tribes often resisted fragmentation.

Under Moses around the 1200's B.C., these Israelite tribes spent forty years of wandering in the wilderness to convert from a slave nation into a God-serving nation.

Each tribe on the march and in camp had their regular position. In camp the Ark of the Covenant, which held the 'Ten Commandments', which was their legal code, held a special central position in-

side a defensive perimeter of the twelve tribes.

After their later Assyrian and Babylonian captivities from the 700's B.C., it seems certain these tribes were not lost but migrated west to Britain and western Europe. One source that records this is the *Apocrypha* in Two Esdras, Chapter 13, from verse 39.

The tribe of 'Dan' would have settled Denmark and later eastern England, around the era of King Alfred the Great. I suspect the tribes of Ephraim, Manasseh and Benjamin were also prominent in British settlement. Our Creator's Son tells His disciples in St. Matthew, Chapter 10 verse 6, "But go rather to the lost sheep of the House of Israel."

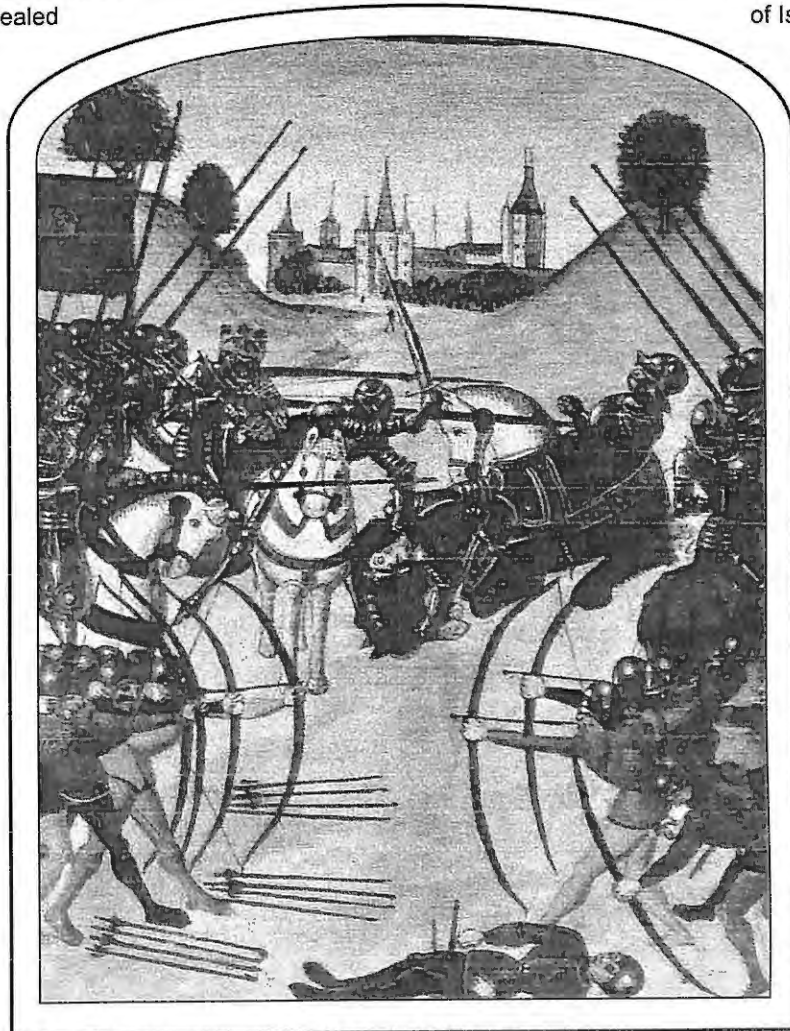
It is claimed Jesus himself as a boy visited England along with his Uncle, Joseph of Arimathea, a tin merchant. Glastonbury is said to be the first Christian site in England, dedicated to His mother, Mary.

The Normans would also have been of Israel descent, but their leader, William the Conqueror, was a ruthless dictator with ambition fuelled by greed.

Following his defeat of England in 1066, William removed the existing English nobility, replacing them with his fellow travelers, who proceeded to build strong stone castles from which they could subjugate England.

Around this period, a non-noble but worthy independent land owning class arose in England, the Franklin and the Yeomen. I believe this class of freemen arose from the deposed English nobility and formed an association of mutual benefit with the Longbow.

The English bowman was not a serf. He was a freeman landholder who gave his fighting service in return for a



contract, stating his term of service and pay. Often bowmen were mounted on horseback, sort of pre-dating our famous Australian Light Horse regiments.

The Longbowman was highly skilled. He could start his bow training around seven years old, lasting until his strength declined with age.

The Longbows were made from Yew, Hazel, Wych-elm or Ash, but the slow-growing Mountain Yew was considered the best wood; the arrows said to be a clothyard in length.

This period saw the passing of a Magna Carta in 1215 A.D., still the backbone of our modern Australian legal system. This was a great flowering period in British-Israel civilization. It would produce the great Shakespeare and the magnificent British cathedrals, still seen today.

In contrast, all too often the continental nobility seemed to mistreat their lower classes.

English Kings like Edwards I and III saw their Franklin-Yeoman class, armed with the Longbow, as fellow patriots and worked out a battle winning formula with them.

The English army would take up a defensive position, ideally at the top of a slope with protected flanks, and a wood behind to protect their baggage train.

Formations of archers, perhaps four deep in arrow formation, interspersed with dismounted knights and men-at-arms, behind a barrier of sharpened stakes, would wait to be attacked.

The Bowmen in protective jacket and helmet, would have several spare bow strings as a broken string often led to a broken bow, and around 24 to 40 arrows. About a quarter of their arrows could be light flight arrows, capable of shooting a longer distance.

Extra arms carried may have been a sword, pike, mallet or axe.

A reasonable Longbow range could be 280 to 300 yards, and with rapid fire the sky could fill with arrows. An attacking force had little chance of success. With better plate armour, knights on foot, head bowed, had some chance of approach, but walking a distance up hill in heavy armour was not easy, and the nimble archers could dance around them and push them over.

The opposition could be armed with the 'Crossbow', which had a mechanical action, but a much slower rate of fire to the bow.

The English Longbow men gained many victories in lesser battles against the Scots and French, but the three famous successful engagements were: Crécy 1346, Poitiers 1356 and, of course, Agincourt 1415.



The sort of men who fought at Agincourt in 1415. A group from a painting by John Hassall.



A medieval picture from the "Romance of Alexander" of English longbowmen – the victors of Crécy and Agincourt.



The English troops at Agincourt ready for battle.

The archer was expected to practice his craft on Sundays and holy days. In his skilled shooting rested the fate of the realm. Long distance shooting was encouraged.

As a bowshot is about the distance of a golf green, the archers may have had training courses laid out like a golf course. All that was needed was a Scotsman with a club and ball to later make use of them!

While the English Bowmen were to dominate much of the Hundred Years War, 1338-1453, the French were finally to win it. The French achieved this by developing the use of early artillery, inventing better battle tactics to beat the bow and, most important, the teenage French girl, Joan of Arc. Now a saint, this Maid of Orleans was so feared by the English, that they burnt her as a witch. All to no avail, as from Joan the Maid there developed a Christian French nationalism where King, nobles and people became united with shared patriotic aims, which overcame English arms.

As the Longbow had a faster rate of fire and greater effective range than firearms, until nearly the advent of the modern magazine rifle, people have wondered at its early demise.

Perhaps the bow went with the decline of the Yeoman-Franklin class that

used it?

The English Civil War, 1642-46, would have ended the great Elizabethan civilization. The new Parliament dominated by Cromwell and his army was no improvement on King Charles.

Cromwell was backed by foreign finance, his well-equipped army proves that.

England was now to be controlled by foreign debt finance, the Bank of England would open its doors in 1694. No doubt firearms were a better financial investment and could help initiate people-control for financial gain, rather than the independent small farmer-yeoman bowman, many of whom would soon be driven off the land into the cities and factories.

One of the last recorded uses of the Longbow in general battle in Britain was 'Tippermuer', in 1644.

Today, archery is still a popular sport, and it is recorded that a Captain Jack Churchill, of the Manchester Regiment, took his Longbow to France in World War II, and used it to effect as the British army retired to Dunkirk.

Perhaps Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's greatest work was *The White Company*, a tale of English Bowmen of this period. Some bits of song and poetry from *The White Company* are featured opposite:

The Grey Goose Feather

We'll drink all together
To the Grey Goose Feather
And the land where the Grey Goose flew.

What of the bow?
The bow was made in England,
Of true wood, of yew wood,
The wood of English bows;
For men who are free
Love the old yew tree
And the land where the yew tree grows.

What of the men?
The men were bred in England,
The bowmen, the yeomen
The lads of dale and fell.
Here's to you, and to you
To the hearts that are true
And the land where the true
hearts dwell.

The Franklin's Maid

The Franklin he hath gone to roam,
The Franklin's Maid she bides at home
But she is cold and coy and staid,
And who may win the Franklin's maid?

There came an archer bold and true,
With bracer guard and stave of yew;
His purse was light, his jerkin frayed:
Harro, Alas! The Franklin's Maid!

Oh, some have laughed and some
have cried,
And some have scoured the country-side;
But off they ride through wood and glade,
The Bowman and the Franklin's Maid.
The Bowman and the Franklin's Maid.

(The next three verses tell how a
Knight, a Squire and a Mercer all fail to
win the Franklin's Maid.)

"There came a knight of high renown
in bassinet and ciclatoun.
On bended knee full long he prayed,
He might not win the franklin's Maid".

"There came a squire so debonair,
his dress was rich, his words were fair,
he sweetly sang, he deftly played,
he could not win the franklins maid".

"There came a mercer wonderfine,
with velvet cap and garberdine,
for all his ships, for all his trade,
He could not win the franklins maid".

A "Franklin" was a landowner of free but not noble birth.



Captain Jack Churchill shoots for Great Britain in the World Archery Championships, Oslo, August 1939. Less than a year later he used the longbow in action against the Germans.



Sir Laurence Olivier's concept of the English archers at Agincourt. A scene from the Two Cities film *Henry V*.

Outback Education

Teaching correspondence is the worry of our life.
Most men refuse to do it so it's left up to the wife.
Imparting useful knowledge to the younger generation,
Is always thought to be a rewarding occupation.
The moulding of young minds holds a certain satisfaction,
But try to teach your own and they'll drive you to distraction.

Every day of school is just like the one before.
It's push and shove the kids just to get them through the door.
With lethargic, painful movements they slump upon their chair.
The face expresses boredom – the eyes a vacant stare.
But Mum is ever patient and she knows the days routine.
She coaxes their attention with a smile that's so serene.

"Mum, I've lost my pencils, ruler, books and rubber."
Then they have an argument as they all accuse each other.
Claim and counter claim, untruthful false distortions.
The noise level quickly rises to unorganized proportions.
At last Mum intervenes to put arguments to rest,

Behold – here's the missing articles right upon the desk.
Next Troy does his sick act and squirms around the floor,
Michael tries escaping and sneaks towards the door.
Sonia's in a daze and swings round on her chair.
As yet there's been no lessons – they just don't seem to care.

After offering several bribes Mum gets participation,
But the cat's still in the schoolroom, and spoils their concentration.

It's just on ten o'clock and Dad comes rushing home,
There's a cow stuck in a bog - he can't help her on his own.

The kids all come to life because they quickly understand,
School is finished early, "We must give Dad a hand."
The children all start laughing – their day has been blessed,
But Mum just keeps on smiling – perhaps she needs the rest.

In outback education, each day we change the rules,
It's not like teaching classrooms in flashy government schools.

But after years of sacrifice our kids can read and write,
As well as getting lessons in our country style of life.
Stick with it all you Mums, us Dads do all agree
One thing is for certain – better you than me!

Don Pinwill
Backcountry Ballads.

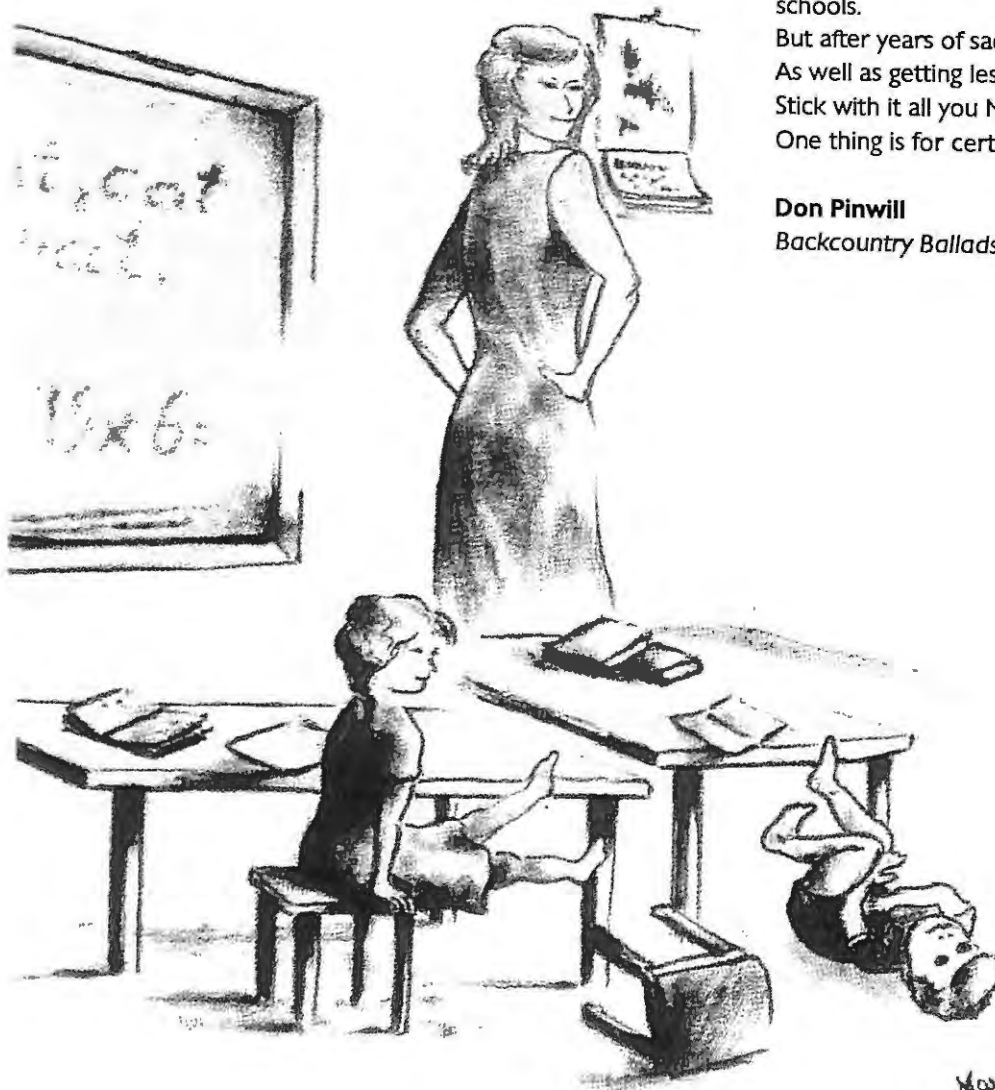


Illustration by Max Kleemann

SOCIAL CREDIT IS AS OLD AS MAN

Social Credit Philosophy

An address by Geraldine Starky. Reprinted from *The New Times*, Vol. 22. No. 14. July 13, 1956.

SOcial Credit is as old as man. There are more examples of it in Great Britain than in Tibet or Timbuktu but neither here nor there is legitimate use made of the social credit of the people. Social Credit is the belief that in association we can get the results we want, and this naturally implies the best and happiest results. This definition implies then, efficiency, human satisfaction and society.

Social Credit is "*the efficiency measured in terms of human satisfaction of human beings in association or in society.*" Study these words and the student will discover that so far from being a belief or a religion or a theory, Social Credit if it is what the definition indicates, must be a fact.

You may decide now whether human beings have or have not any such power to produce a result they intend to produce when helping each other. If they have no such power Social Credit does not exist: if they have, it does.

If we decide that human beings inevitably help each other to produce a result which they do not want and do not intend and do not find satisfactory, then we had better give up—we have nothing to study.

We study these words and we are agreed that human beings tend inevitably to help each other to produce results, which they desire. Social Credit then is a fact, not a theory.

The original meaning of the word *credit* is simply belief, and *social* means association or society. And let us be careful to use words in their proper meaning for we shall then not be so easily led astray "by every word or vain doctrine."

Through the ages man's genius and needs have urged him to effort towards his development. Man needed tools and the help of his fellows, and it is by such associations that he has found his best means of progress. Man has an instinctive desire for fulfilment and a deep-seated knowledge that he is placed here for his development. He has created the social credit. It ought not to be so difficult for him to satisfy those needs to get delivery of the goods, nor should it be too difficult for him to recognise that the reward of the ages of his evolving is within sight; his material reward, for he has the tools, and there is "enough" for all. And it is unlikely that until these material needs have been satisfied and he finds himself "prospered with all happiness" that he will be able to turn his mind to his unlimited spiritual needs and hopes, for man does not live by bread alone.

We may ask why this progress is to such an extent frustrated.

The real conflict with which we are faced

today is a conflict of philosophies. Underneath all the diplomacy, the deputations, the Conferences, the misunderstandings, the recriminations, is a conflict of Philosophies.

Now, all action, every policy, is born from a philosophy. Every action has the thought behind it from which it originates. "Out of the heart the mouth speaketh." We have an exhibition today of the thought which engenders such policies as Hitler's Nazi-ism or National Socialism, and those similar to it, namely Bolshevism, Communism, and those like it with all their regimentation and revenge. While they claim to be for man's good, they are in reality damaging to his inherent right to rule himself, which Major Douglas calls man's immanent sovereignty. They are revengeful policies. We fought two desperate wars hard won to destroy the threat to our National and Individual Sovereignty exemplified and implied in these philosophies and the Policies which are their natural result. Major Douglas foresaw this, now over forty years ago, when his first and great work was published in which he solved the problem the

Social Credit is...

"The efficiency measured in terms of human satisfaction of human beings in association or in society."

orthodox economists had failed to do. This great work made history, and was called "*Economic Democracy.*" In it he wrote: — "*... the real antagonism which is at the root of the upheaval with which we are faced is one which appears under different forms in every aspect of life. It is the life-long struggle between freedom and authority.*

... This antagonism does, however, appear at the present time to have reached a stage in which a definite victory for one side or another is inevitable—it seems perfectly certain that either a pyramidal organization having at its apex supreme power, and at its base complete subjection, will crystallize out of the centralising process which is evident in the realms of finance and industry, equally with that of politics, or else a more complete decentralisation of initiative than this civilisation has ever known will be substituted for external authority. . . ."

And it is fitting that we should pause a moment here to remind ourselves of Major C. H. Douglas, the well-known

Engineer and authority of the New Economics, founder of the Social Credit Movement. In the 1914-1918 War he volunteered and was given work connected with costing in the manufacture of aircraft, and discovered that money distributed every week was not enough to defray the expenses of manufacture. He discovered—and I want to spell the word "discovered" because much of the inner workings of the Financial System had till then been hidden from view—Douglas discovered more than that, then, but that is the essence of the matter, and he proposed a remedy. He also elaborated the Social Credit philosophy, of which his book already mentioned, namely "*Economic Democracy,*" may be said to be the epitome.

A philosophy then, is shown in actions, in policy, and Douglas warns us that we should judge all things by the results of them, and men by their actions, for only in this realistic way may we gain an insight into the thought or philosophy behind them. He reminded us that the Great Critic of world affairs said: "By their works ye shall know them." We have seen the results of a Nazi, a Fascist philosophy, the results of Bolshevik, the nowadays Communistic, thought. And here it is necessary to stress, as did Douglas throughout his Mission, the importance of basing our policies—as our Politics—on a Christian basis; a Christian philosophy, and allow and welcome our actions as well as the results—particularly as Social Crediters— to be judged by that standard.

In the Christian philosophy then, the individual is of deepest importance: "Ye are of more value than many sparrows"; there must be no distinctions—"the rain falls on the just and on the unjust", on King as on peasant, on rich as on poor, on sinner as on saint; and as all have contributed to the social credit all must share it.

Let us consider some of the principles of a Christian philosophy which are common to Social Credit, and the following passages and Gospel sayings have been taken at random from Social Credit literature—and I will try to show how Douglas uses the Gospels, as he frequently does, to illustrate his writings, speeches, and books. "I came that ye might have life and that more abundantly." In this there is nothing said about work or that he came to ensure that paradise of so many today, at the instigations of Governments, the "*policy of making employment universal, not of producing wealth with a minimum of work.*" (You noticed perhaps that this represented the tenets of the Laval-Nazi policy prior to the Second World War). Work is of course a means to an end and not an end.

We, as Social Crediters, are careful not to exalt means to the place of ends and so be led astray in our thinking, for as Douglas reminds us "*Daemon est Deus in versus*" or, the Devil is God upside down.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

His Kingdom is not to be found in this or that plan or in this or that Institution invented by the well-meaning for what is considered by them to be for another's good, "It is within you." Though this gives to each of us a responsibility, it frees us from well-meaning (no doubt) thralldom, it lets us go free. We pray, "O God, in knowledge of Whom standeth our eternal life, Whose service is perfect freedom . . .", but according to some, the "new freedom" will not be freedom from dependence, (on others), or from interference, (from others), no, it is to mean "freedom of opportunity", and of "lesser freedom" so as to enjoy the "greater". As to "freedom of opportunity" we may well ask: For what? To know God "*in knowledge of Whom standeth our eternal life*"? — "No", we are told, "*but freedom of opportunity to work.*" — "*As far as I am aware, the slave was always free to work,*" comments Douglas.

"The sabbath was made for man and not man for the sabbath."

Surely this is a plain injunction that institutions should serve man, that man should be master of the machine, of his institutions, for he is greater than they.

There is only one commandment—Love. And I will quote from "*The Social Crediter*" of January 18, 1941: "The difficulty is to present our philosophy as a whole. 'It is so easy to magnify one aspect of it out of relation to the rest. When for instance we observed the tendency of the 'Parents' Association' to 'put things right,' and their assertion that loving your neighbour means 'working for him' according to your own ideas of what is good for him, we should remember that these amiable intentions are closely linked with a belief in the 'innate tendencies to barbarism' in the human race. This idea is incompatible with Social Credit.

"Love thy neighbour."

There is no suggestion in this commandment of Planning for my neighbour, rising to power over my neighbour, applying sanctions to my erring neighbour; all of which are excused by the well-intentioned as being for our good. When Major Douglas spoke at Buxton on "Democracy" (the word so often misapplied) he there proclaimed his belief in the innate goodness of man, and he would refuse to accept as truth "the innate tendencies to barbarism" which a certain set of people today would have us believe are common to man, and on which they would have us base our philosophy and so, our policy today.

"He that is greatest among you let him be your servant"

I will again quote from "The Social Crediter." "Perhaps the greatest difficulty we have is to show that our philosophy is not just a stunt. We cannot make it too clear that loving your neighbour does not mean working for him in the sense understood by the Parents' Association. It may mean taking orders from him. And it certainly does mean leaving him alone with his personality, leaving him free. For those who aspire to be great there is the course open—to humble ourselves to be servants—and this means taking orders and carrying them out to the best of our ability. It means accepting and implementing the policy of the people, not preparing an agenda and placing it before them."

"The sabbath was made for man"

Yes, and those words imply not only man's importance above his institutions, but that his institutions are only justified in so far as they serve him. This Social Credit philosophy then, is based on the importance of the individual, and this embraces what Douglas calls "man's immanent sovereignty" his indwelling right to rule himself which must be preserved if he is to reach that end which although unknown, he feels to be his crown! The preservation of the dignity of the individual is of vital importance, for his "author and maker is God."

Now while there is a place in the social economy for all, it is not suggested that "the man in the street" shall decide how the hole in the street is to be mended, but he wants it mended, and the expert who is engaged must produce the result desired, or go. To decide policy is not the function of the management; the expert. The aristocracy or hierarchy of management should give the desired result—that is, to carry out the policy of the democracy—of the people. This is how a democracy should function, and in it we have a simple example of the aristocracy of management, the Master, serving.

"I came that ye might have life and that more abundantly."

Can we if we are Christians avoid criticisms of anything, which hinders a free, dignified and fuller life for all? For such is possible. The Social Credit philosophy claims it for all—the Kings, the people, the peasant, the publicans and the sinners. The Douglas Financial Proposals for instance, are an example of the policy of the philosophy underlying them, because, they are not confiscatory proposals, they do not rob Peter to pay Paul, they are not Debt and Taxation proposals, but are in keeping with Social Credit preaching, and the results will be in keeping with Social Credit philosophy. The proposals claim for us our inheritance of the social credit, the reward of long ages of toil: simply it claims for

us our credit. Banal as it sounds, there is no Liberty without Economic Freedom, and Douglas has defined Liberty as "freedom to choose or refuse ONE thing at a time." (The writer's emphasis). The National Dividend which is claimed for all would end for most their material disabilities and limitations. While such remain there is no freedom in the Social Credit sense.

We can only touch here on the evils brought about by a non-Christian philosophy, but it is now well-known if not acknowledged — that a faulty-no-good, won't-work-system of Economics which of course includes Finance, is one of the causes of War if not the chief. It is a cause of war in every village, of trouble in every workshop. The trend today is for centralisation — its brand is everywhere — and this is incompatible with Social Credit philosophy, which favours the individual and encourages his initiative. For the much better results, which come from such a free mind, we have evidence today and on the battlefields of the last Great War.

Which of us has not seen many examples of this divine quality of personal initiative, divine spirit, of man's creative impulses unrealised, discouraged, trodden down, frustrated till it was quenched, and the men in whom it once dwelt saddened, dispirited, often ruined in calculated and quite unmerited rain.

We call for a policy built on the living foundations of the bountiful and beneficial laws of Nature, in Economics and Finance, the way the Universe works, the way the Engineers, the bridge-builder the Architect has to.

We are led to believe that rather than correct the faulty functioning of civilized life to reflect Reality — and the teachings of Jesus have shown us the way — the only alternative to repeated war or the astonishing and unnecessary paradox of poverty amid plenty, is to be found in schemes such as Federal Union, The Police State, United Nations Organisations, each of which is instituted "to put things right", the fundamentals of which is the intensification of centralised government, and "the sacrifice of our National and individual sovereignty", and, to a "central Authority", (but who this is or to whom answerable is not stated; "*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes.*"). You will agree that these are grave threats. They are totally incompatible with Social Credit

I will close with a quotation from Frank Lloyd Wright the distinguished architect:

"I believe man's nature is still sound, and recognise that science has done well, but I know that science cannot save us. Science has given us miraculous tools but what use are they unless we have mastered the cultural use of them in man's relation to man? We do not want to live in a world where the machine has mastered the man, we want to live in a world where man is master of the machine." And Major Douglas would add "and of the institution which should serve him."

The great Disciple wrote: "Prove all things" and his Master said: "The truth shall make you free."

Rescue and Restoration

Based on an article originally appearing in *The Herald Sun*, and kindly forwarded to *Heritage* by Mrs. Edith Knight of Montmorency, Victoria

TWENTY YEARS AGO, Gina Wilson inherited the family linen when her mother died. She was struck by the exquisite and painstaking work that had been lavished on the tablecloths, napkins, runners and dressing table sets.

Antique embroidered linen is indeed a special part of our heritage, the skill needed to produce such works of art not nearly so common nowadays as it was once.

Gina realized that embroidery is an artwork taking countless hours to produce as well as considerable skill, which in many cases is irreplaceable. With her mother's linen as her base, she decided to start making a collection.

Like many other household items of yesteryear, that have been superseded by easy-care or disposable alternatives, embroidered linen has often been discarded as past its use-by date, finding a home in garages and workshops as grease rags, or as dusters in second-hand shops. Gina patiently hunted for them, laundered them, repaired and restored them.



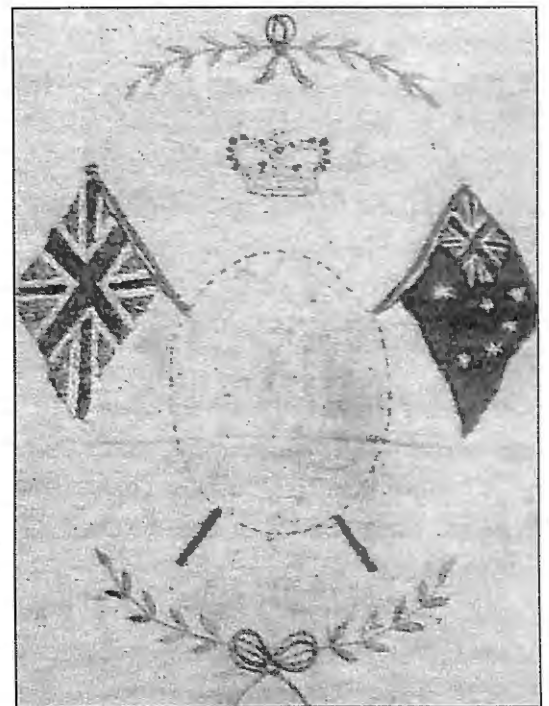
There are over seven hundred pieces in Gina's collection now, a hundred of them tablecloths, and dozens upon dozens of doilies. More popular these days, Gina often finds them advertised on the internet.

Among her collection Gina has a large tablecloth featuring the Australian flag and the Union Jack, surrounded by Australian and English wildflowers, which commemorates the Queen's visit to Australia in 1954, and she loves the tablecloths and doilies she has that depict Australian flowers, birds and animals.

She loves the elaborate Dolly Varden designs too, frilly, feminine and reminiscent of the bows, laces, frills and tucks of past-era ladies' fashions.

A tablecloth her mother-in-law started seventy years ago is Gina's project just now, as she enjoys embroidery herself. She recalls with admiration that our forebears had to use candlelight or kerosene lamps for their work, usually done at night, for their housework had no automatic washing machines, vacuum cleaners or electric stoves to make life easy and quick, leaving little time to sit down.

An admiration and respect for old things is gradually creeping back into our culture, and the many people like Gina who do the hard yards collecting them, restoring them and displaying them for the rest of us do a great service, because a people with no past – at least no knowledge of its past – does not have much of a future either.



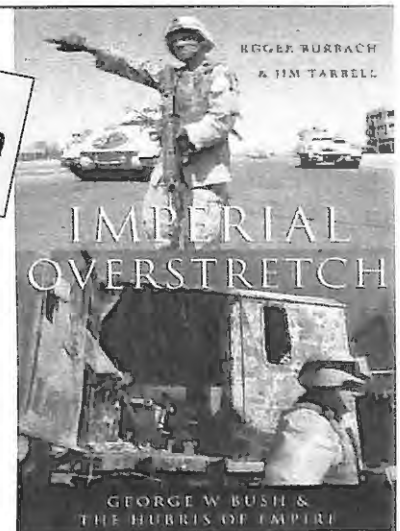
IMPERIAL OVERSTRETCH GEORGE W. BUSH & THE HUBRIS OF EMPIRE

By Roger Burbach & Jim Tarbell

Imperial Overstretch is indispensable reading for anyone seeking to understand the underlying motives for the US invasion of Iraq. Placing the Iraqi occupation in the context of the administration's imperial design, the authors highlight the fatal flaws in its destructive drive for global domination. It is a sweeping view of the history of US empire, the economic and military underpinnings of this empire, and the rise of the petro-military complex under the Bush administration. It is essential reading for those wishing to understand the rise of the neo-cons, the political birthing of George Bush and the imperial hijacking of September 11. It is a brilliant narrative of the past, present and future of the global imperial project, particularly when we recognise American imperialism at a particular brutal and violent phase.

Price: \$30 posted – Softcover- 240 pages.

**MOTIVES
FOR THE IRAQ
INVASION.**



Charles Bean and the Anzac Legend

By Dr. Peter Stanley

AUSTRALIANS understand the Gallipoli campaign as they do largely through the words of Charles Bean, appointed Australia's official correspondent in 1914, and later its official historian. Bean's life's work was to create what we have come to call the "Anzac legend". It was based on the published and private writings in 1915; the records he collected throughout and after the war and the massive official history he wrote. Bean's words have come to dominate how we look at Australia's part in what his contemporaries called the Great War. However hard we try to supplement his writings – by reading others' diaries, letters or memoirs, say – we so often find that he has recorded evidence that we must take into account, or has got there 90 years before us with a telling observation or an astute insight.

As a result of Bean's vision Australia acquired a huge amount of records, works of art, photographs and artefacts – which he called "relics" – which gave the war a

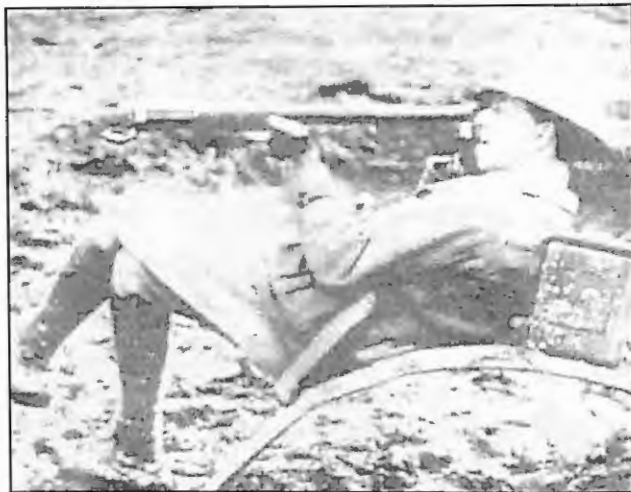


Charles Bean seemed a confirmed bachelor until he met Effie (sitting on his far right) during a stay at Queanbeyan hospital. Courtesy Australian War Memorial.

strong memorial presence across the country as well as in the new museum which he created. The trophy guns which stood in parks across the nation are a reflection of Bean's insistence that that war needed to be remembered. It is of course, through thousands of local war memorials and in state memorials and in the national memorial he created.

The Memorial, a unique combination of memorial, museum and centre of research, is itself a testament to this man of vision, whose contribution to the understanding of a nation's past must be as profound as any individual. Understanding him is one of the keys to understanding what happened to the Australian people in that conflict, and why it is still a subject of such vital popular interest to Australia today.

Bean was Australian-born (in Bathurst in 1879) but British-educated. This gave him a distinct perspective on the achievements of the Australian Imperial Force, the name of which reflected the dual loyalty of Australia as a whole. Re-discovering his homeland in the first decade of the nation's existence, and especially its bush workers, Bean revered the men of the bush especially. Here is the root of the persistent but unduly

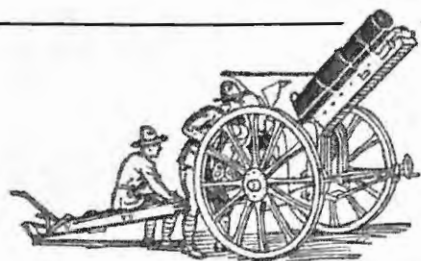


Charles Bean watching the Australians on the Western Front, 1917. Courtesy Australian War Memorial

emphasised connection between the Anzac legend and the bush legend.

Charles Bean survived Gallipoli (where he was wounded) and the Western Front. On his return he devoted his life to understanding and recording what Australia had done in the Great War. His most important achievements were the writing of the official history (which took him to 1942) and the creation of the Australian War Memorial, which opened in Canberra in 1941. By the time of his death, in 1968, he was widely regarded as one of the greatest Australians of the twentieth century.

Dr Peter Stanley is Principal Historian at the Australian War Memorial, where he has worked since 1980. His next book is *Quinn's Post, Anzac, Gallipoli*, which will appear in April 2005.



German Howitzer Cannon A piece of war history

With acknowledgment to Cheryl Elmes and the Casterton News

AFTER World War I ended in 1918, the famous historian Charles Bean organised the shipment to Australia of hundreds of cannons captured in the Middle East and the Western Front for distribution as "war trophies."

Over 150 Turkish cannons were displayed all around the countryside, starting from the 1920s onwards. One of these was given to Casterton, in western Victoria, for their war effort, to be displayed permanently.

This one tonne, two metre cannon was manufactured by the Krupp Company of

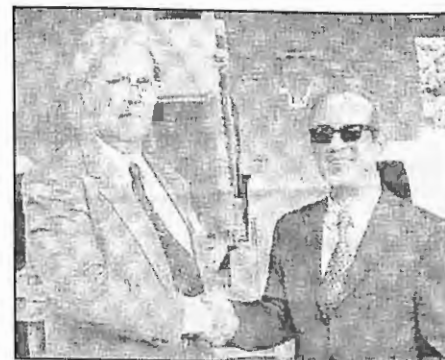
Germany during the war and was extensively used by the Turks and Germans.

At Gallipoli, during the landing on April 25, 1915, and later during the campaign, similar cannons had inflicted heavy casualties on Anzacs.

The cannon was positioned in the town for many years, however, it was eventually moved and later found by the Casterton and District Historical Society in a dilapidated condition on a farm in the district, and restored to its former glory.

It was duly unveiled at the Casterton Community Museum during a ceremony

performed by Turkish Consul-General Hasan Asan on the 2nd October, 2004.



Jim Kelly with Turkish Consul-General Hasan Asan

Ordinary bloke - Extraordinary courage

IN PEACETIME, outstanding acts of courage and sacrificial bravery make headline news and rapidly receive official recognition and public acclaim. In time of war, with a few notable exceptions, events become blurred and memory selective.

Most Australians know well, and are inspired by the heroic performance of the AIF at Gallipoli in 1915. The Rats of Tobruk are remembered with admiration too. Those who went through the horrors of Changi and the Burma railway, and the hell of the Kokoda Trail will always be honoured, their deeds and their courage taught to our young with gratitude and pride.

An epic account of exceptional courage and self-sacrifice by one of its sons is legendary in the Latrobe and Devonport district of Tasmania, and deserves nationwide acclaim too, ranking up there beside Simpson and his donkey in our national hall of heroes.

He received a posthumous Mention in Despatches for his bravery, and finally in 1999, fifty-seven years later, Ordinary Seaman Edward Sheean was honoured by having a newly-commissioned Royal Australian Navy Collins Class submarine, named the *HMAS Sheean*, the first non-ranking sailor to have an Australian Naval vessel named after him.

On the outbreak of war in 1939, Teddy Sheean and five members of his family joined up – four in the Australian Infantry Forces and two in the Royal Australian Navy. Ordinary Seaman Edward Sheean was drafted to the newly commissioned corvette, *HMAS Armidale*, which after convoying ships and ferrying troops in the New Guinea area was ordered to Darwin.

On November 29th 1942 *HMAS Armidale* left Darwin with reinforcements for the Australians fighting in Timor. It was the last voyage that this ship would make.

In company with *HMAS Castlemaine* and *Kara*, (*HMAS Kalgoorlie* sailed separately) the *Armidale* intended to



Seaman Edward "Teddy" Sheean

land Javanese commandoes under Dutch command at Betano on the southern coast of occupied East Timor. They were then to embark Portuguese women and children and 176 Indonesian troops.

Japanese aircraft spotted them as they left Darwin Harbour and before they reached Betano they came under heavy air attack. The corvettes sought shelter in heavy rain squalls sweeping the sea, an action which delayed the beachhead rendezvous. When the ships arrived no-one was waiting. Fearing that it might be putting them directly into the hands of the Japanese, the ships withdrew without landing the troops.

The next day the British Commander in Darwin, Commodore Pope, ordered the *Armidale* back to Betano, advising them that "air attack is to be accepted as ordinary routine secondary warfare". The *Armidale* tried again, and was again unable to make the landing. The time it took to make the second attempt proved fatal. Pope recalled the ships, but only three of the four returned. There were 83 crew and 66 soldiers on board when Japanese torpedo bombers and Zero fighters attacked and sank the *Armidale*.

As the vessel began to sink, eighteen-year-old Teddy Sheean was about to obey the order to abandon ship when he saw

Japanese planes returning to strafe the survivors in the sea. Struggling back up the sloping deck, he strapped himself on to an Oerlikon anti-aircraft gun. He shot down one aircraft, crippled another and hit a third. Although he was wounded, he kept firing as the

vessel slid under the waves. Even after the ship had vanished, tracer bullets from his gun kept shooting up from under the water.

Teddy Sheean was just one month short of his nineteenth birthday.

This heroic sacrifice has been described as the greatest act of bravery in the history of the Royal Australian Navy.

Of the 149 men on board *Armidale* when she sank, forty-seven were killed in the air attack, the subsequent machine-gunning, or died shortly afterwards. Many of those who made it into the water and ultimately survived owe their lives to Teddy Sheean and his act of bravery.



This window in the Devonport Maritime Museum is a tribute to that brave eighteen-year-old sailor Ordinary Seaman Teddy Sheean, who during the Second World War gave his life so selflessly to save others.

His memory is not only commemorated in the naming of the submarine, but also in its crest. *HMAS Sheean's* crest features an Oerlikon (mounted gun) in a base of embattled azure blue. The blue represents the navy and the sea, while the green represents the farming fields and Mount Roland near Teddy's home town of Latrobe. The division in the fields is known in heraldic terms as "embattled" and in this context signifies that he died in battle. The Oerlikon represents the weapon which Teddy manned to the last.

Atop the crests is a naval crown formed of sails and sterns of ships known as a Coronel Navalis, which was originally awarded to Roman heroes of sea battles. Between the motto and crest are the boomerang, axe and clubbing stick, which recognizes the traditional weapons of Australia's indigenous heritage.

The submarine's motto 'FIGHT ON' reflects the stand taken by Ordinary Seaman Sheean, who died at his station, refusing to leave when all was lost.



Teddy Sheean (Second from left) with his family

The Will to Survive

By Frank B. Walker, former corvette officer and author of "HMAS Armidale, the Ship that Had to Die"
Reprinted with kind permission from the Devonport Maritime Museum

THE survivors of HMAS Armidale performed a feat that has set them apart from all other survivors of sea disasters.

Over the centuries shipwrecked mariners have shown fortitude, stamina, courage, grit, resolution, valour and a host of other virtues.

So did the *Armidale* survivors. But they also accomplished something that no other survivors have done – after four days in the sea without food or water, they built a floating dock, and they did it while treading water and with sharks circling them all the time.

Before that, they had been at action stations almost non-stop for two days, climaxing with the traumatic loss of their ship and many of their shipmates.

It happened in the early days of December 1942, 110 kilometres from Timor, in the Arafura Sea.

In the water were 73 *Armidale* sailors, three AIF soldiers, two Dutch officers and 24 Netherlands East Indies troops. The only things visible above the surface were the ship's motor-boat, badly damaged by machine-gun fire but still seaworthy, one Carley float, three Denton rafts and two floats from the minesweeping gear.

A metre or so under the surface was the shattered whaler, riddled with bullet holes. It had gone down with the ship but somehow or other had wrenched itself free. In the process it lost most of its fittings and equipment, including a compass, barricoes of fresh water, tins of biscuits, carpenter's gear and sails – all vital for survival at sea. That was all that was left of *HMAS Armidale*.

Total supplies of food and water to sustain the 102 men in the water were one barricoe containing 15 litres of water, one case of bully beef, one case of tinned, unsweetened condensed milk and two tins of fruit.

What the survivors did not have was any form of shelter from the blazing sun, any medical supplies, any form of radio or, in the case of the *Armidale* men, any weapons. However, the NEI soldiers were armed with knives and pistols, a fact which the Australians noted with some concern.

At first the survivors were confident they would be rescued next day, because Darwin was sure to draw the right conclusion from the abrupt stop in the flow of signals from *Armidale*. They did not know that two Japanese cruisers had suddenly appeared in the area and as a result Darwin had ordered

strict radio silence and assumed that the sudden stop in *Armidale's* signals was merely conforming with the order.

Armidale's Captain, Lieutenant Commander David Richards, RANR(S), had the wounded men helped into the motor-boat, then got the sailors busy making a raft out of the two minesweeping floats. There was very little room on the raft and floats, so most of the men hung onto the sides, well aware that at any moment a shark might take them. Just as frightening were the sea-snakes, some of them up to two metres long. They were aggressive and venomous – one bite would kill a man within 24 hours of misery.

Next day, when no help had arrived, Richards had to make an agonizing decision. The wounded could not last much longer. The motor-boat had petrol for only 160 km – if the engine would start – and they were 250 km from the area regularly patrolled by Allied reconnaissance planes.



The HMAS Adelaide in Port Moresby harbour, Sept 1942

But who would navigate the boat? The first lieutenant, Lieutenant Whitting, was so badly wounded that he could not do it and the other officers, Lieutenant Palmer and Sub-Lieutenant Buckland, had nothing like the experience or professionalism to navigate an open boat with only a pocket compass.

Richards knew he would have to go himself, even though it would be against his training and principles to leave his men behind. There was no alternative, so with the unanimous agreement of the survivors, he set off with 22 men, of whom 13 were wounded. The rest would have to row when the petrol ran out.

It was not until four days later that the bedraggled, exhausted motor-boat survivors were picked up by the corvette HMAS *Kalgoorlie* after an RAAF Hudson sighted the boat. Five of them had died on the way.

Meanwhile at the scene of the sinking, one of the greatest achievements in sea

survival history was taking place. Leading Seaman Bool had suggested to Lieutenant Palmer that they might try to salvage the whaler. Palmer replied: "No harm in trying", although he knew it would be virtually impossible.

The physics and mechanics would be formidable even in shallow water with both feet on the bottom, but the bottom here was miles down. To lift the waterlogged boat up would require a tremendous effort in kicking and violent leg movements. Once it was lifted up it would have to be bailed out, but first the bullet holes and gashes in the hull would have to be plugged and that could not be done while the boat was under the surface.

Stage One, therefore, was to get part of the boat clear of the water. To do this, as many men as possible got onto the makeshift raft, which pushed it under the surface. Then sailors in the water pushed and dragged the boat stern-first until they got a few feet of the keel onto the submerged raft. At a given order, the men on the raft jumped off and the raft floated up to the surface, lifting the stern of the whaler with it, so that it was clear of the water.

This enabled the sailors to plug most of the bullet holes with bits of clothing and canvas, but the huge gash at the stern was a different proposition. They found a piece of canvas large enough to cover it, but there was no way of fixing the canvas to the hull. No way, that is, until Wireman Bill Lamshed got the bright idea of taking some of the brass screws from various parts of the boat with his penknife and screwing them through the canvas into the hull. Getting the firmly embedded screws out with hands that were like tripe was hard enough, but forcing the second-hand screws through the canvas into the solid, tough, weather-hardened mahogany hull was like screwing into steel. But they did it.

Stage Two was to get the water out of the boat. But with the stern perched on the raft, the rest of the boat was well under the surface, and if the stern was taken off the raft the water-logged boat would sink below the surface again.

Up came another bright idea. They put two of the smallest sailors in the boat, then all hands blew up their Mae Wests to maximum. Those in the water strained every muscle to lift the boat so that the gunwale was just above the surface. The two men in the boat floated in the entrapped water and bailed frantically with two tin hats taken from

dead hodies.

Speed was vital, as the men in the water could not keep pushing upwards for long. As the men in the boat got the water level down, the men in the water were able to ease the whaler a little higher on the raft.

The critical moment came when the two men inside the boat had bailed out so much water that the boat took their weight, so the heavier of the two men dived overboard and the lighter one finished the bailing.

At long last, after 24 hours of frantic effort, the whaler floated in its own right.

Instead of having a derelict boat floating under the surface they now had a pathetic patched-up wreck floating on the surface – a marked improvement in status.

It also marked improvement in status for the men, as each one could now have a short spell in the boat, as long as he kept bailing. It was the most original floating dock ever invented. It was a triumph of historic proportions. It was a monument to the initiative, ingenuity and determination of Australian sailors.

The rudder had disappeared, but Bill Lamshed once again came to the rescue with his pen-knife, which he had always kept sharp for such an emergency. He cut through one of the thwarts and shaped it into a rudder. Then somehow or other, by a combination of sailing and rowing, Lieutenant Palmer and 28 men managed to get the rickety whaler

through to the reconnaissance area and they were picked up by *HMAS Kalgoorlie* on the eighth day after the sinking.

They had had to leave behind them 27 Australian sailors, under the command of Sub-Lieutenant Buckland, and 20 NEI soldiers, under the command of two Dutch officers. They were on the Carly float and the rafts.

On the eighth day after the sinking they were sighted by a *RAAF Catalina* which dropped food to them, but could not land because the sea was too rough. The following day the *Catalina*, plus Hudsons and Beaufighters, combed the area but could find no trace of them, not even any signs of wreckage.

No trace was ever found, and to this day nothing is known of their fate. Since the rafts and float had completely vanished, it is assumed they were found and taken on board by the Japanese cruisers that were in the area, and that all survivors were executed.

It would be comforting to know that the emaciated survivors were treated with sympathy and compassion when they got back to Darwin, but that did not happen. In fact, they were treated appallingly. All except the badly wounded were shipped back to the east coast as deck cargo in a small coaster, on a diet of rice. They were dressed only in clothes they had been able to scrounge from the army. There was no medical attention and

their wounds began to fester. When they got to Townsville they were sent by hot, slow troop train to Brisbane. By that time Ordinary Seaman Caro's fingers were swollen up like balloons and one of his mate's lanced them with a pocket knife.

The badly wounded fared even worse. For instance, Ordinary Seaman Ted Morley, whose jaw had been almost shot away, was sent 80 kilometres by army truck to Bachelor to catch a plane to Brisbane via Daly Waters, Cloncurry and Townsville, which took a week. From Brisbane he was sent by train to Sydney, with his jaw still hanging down and sending shock waves through his body every bump.

While the treatment of the survivors was casual at best and in general indifferent, the Navy gave absolutely no recognition of the crew's achievements. No medals were awarded. Ordinary Seaman Teddy Sheean was mentioned in dispatches for an act of sublime heroism that deserved a Victoria Cross.

After the war the RAN Corvettes Association fought hard for a VC for Sheean and took his case right to the Prime Minister, the Governor-General and even to the Queen, but with no success. (See story preceding).

Footnote: Bill Lamshed's trusty pen-knife now has a permanent place in naval history – it is incorporated in the Corvette Memorial on Garden Island.

Freedom of the Town for the crew of HMAS Sheean

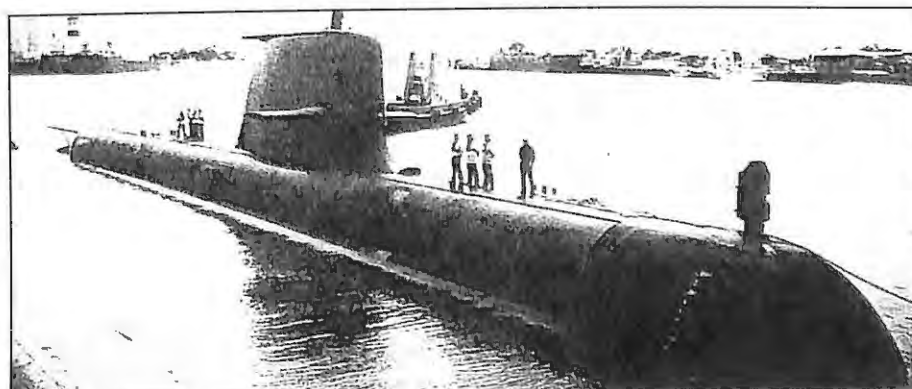
September 2001 saw the people of Latrobe in Tasmania turn out in force, despite the wet and the wind, to give an enthusiastic welcome to the crew of *HMAS Sheean*, on whom they were proud to bestow the Freedom of the Town.

Sheean's Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Commander Timothy Brown, acknowledged the privilege with thanks and gave recognition to the special significance of the vessel's visit for both his crew and the town.

The heroic wartime deeds of Ordinary Seaman Teddy Sheean were officially marked with the presentation of unclaimed medals, more than five decades after his death, to Teddy Sheean's brother and sister, Bert Sheean and Ivy Hayes.



The crew of the HMAS Sheean



The HMAS Sheean

Merry Christmas

Radio and TV Commentator **Alan Jones'** comments are reprinted from the November/December 2004 Australasian Social Credit Journal



Well it seems as if, here we go again.

Every year at this time I receive letters and the story is always the same.

As Ray Chesterton wrote yesterday in the Sydney Telegraph, "The politically correct Christmas Police are confident of further indentations against those of us who wonder whatever happened to Christmas."

And he said what my writers are saying, what happened to stores such as David Jones, Grace Bros., Myer and the shopping malls who used to celebrate Christmas gloriously and colourfully. And his story took us all down Memory Lane.

Window displays of brilliant colour, animated movement, story telling, nativity scenes, cows and horses.

Acknowledging, as he said, that Christmas was a religious celebration as well as an emotional time.

And he asked whatever happened to the nativity scenes and carols. And he answered his own question.

Christmas has been de-Christmasted.

He says a combination of avarice from department stores and intrusions from various non-Christians have brought the change.

Santa Claus can't be promoted because he's not necessarily a character in the Christmas folklore of migrants who have arrived in Australia.

Or, as Ray Chesterton says, and you mercilessly write to me about, the Christ child cannot be shown as the whole Christmas story because it doesn't fit with some other religions' teachings.

And department stores are not going to risk offending anyone with a bulging wallet.

But as Ray Chesterton suggests, we most probably only have ourselves to blame.

Listeners/viewers write to me asking what can be done, without doing anything themselves.

As Ray says, in typically Aussie fashion, we are always vulnerable to advances by stealth.

We surrender by not making a stand. We think it will just sort itself out. And it hasn't.

As he says, if anything it's worse. And walk through any suburban mall or major department store and you will find that out.

He says half the time you will be lucky to even find a Santa.

But don't even think about a Christmas

carol unless it's piped through amplifiers as tinny muzak.

Or, as Ray Chesterton amusingly says, though it's anything but amusing, what you hear is so unrecognisable "it could be a call to arms for the Lithuanian Chicken Plucker's Society."

As he says, we will accept the plastic icicles, the Styrofoam snow and the plastic trees.

But can we reclaim some tradition? Can we have carol singers outside D.J.'s: can we have a nativity scene and can we acknowledge that a lot of people are angry that the things they knew as kids at Christmas have been taken away from them?

As he says, he's been in other countries at Christmas and they didn't celebrate what, to them, was a non-religious time.

But he didn't try to alter their culture. Why, he asks, are people altering mine? A very good point.

NEW PUBLICATION!

This is the age of...

KNOWLEDGE WITHOUT WISDOM

"ANSWERS FOR A CONFUSED WORLD"

By D.J. Pinwill Author of the bestseller "FABRIC OF FREEDOM"
'The Story of the Australian Flag.'

Why has wisdom become lost in this age of knowledge?

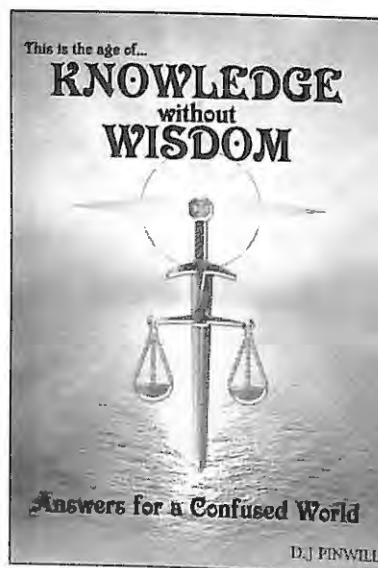
How come boundaries that define "right" from "wrong" are increasingly blurred? Are there powerful forces at work, both "good" and "evil" that manipulate our lives and the destiny of nations? Is there really a God? Many of us are searching for something... anything. This book tackles the tough questions, topic by topic, which we all instinctively ponder.

It will ignite your thought, It will give you hope, It will empower your mind!

Essential Reading! Price: \$27 posted
- Softcover- 211 pages.

Available from Heritage Bookshops & Veritas addresses

See order form in this issue for ordering details.



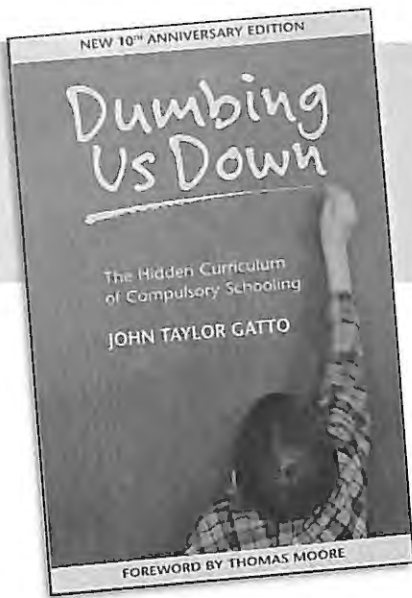
THE ELECTOR'S PRAYER

By Julian Stanwix

Election days come and go,
But, what do they really show?
For another term we've had our say,
Politicians aired and put away.
Bureaucrats sign and turn a page,
To suit the party who are engaged.
To manage our state for a term,
We ask ourselves, "when will we learn!?"

Are politicians really cloned or bred,
I often wonder and scratch my head.
As no formal qualification is needed,
They just seem to appear - unimpeded.
With copious wind of a guttural type,
Pleasing looks and full of hype.
Just enough votes to get over the line.
On the gravy train, Oh sublime!

They regularly appear here and there,
Presenting books and seem to care.
When they forget and cause a scandal,
Don't worry, the party will handle.
If the heat's too much and must vacate,
The retirement package is there to take!
I wonder do they go to Heaven or Hell,
Spare me Lord and please, please tell!



THIS NEW EDITION CELEBRATES THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF JOHN TAYLOR GATTO'S BEST-SELLING CLASSIC...



DUMBING US DOWN

A shocking examination of public schooling by America's most famous school teacher.

Thirty years of award-winning teaching in New York City's public schools led John Gatto to the sad conclusion that compulsory government schooling has nothing to do with education, doing little but teach young people to conform to the economy and the social order. Dumbing Us Down reveals the shocking reality of today's school system and has become a beacon for parents seeking alternatives to it. With a new foreword, introduction and afterword, this new edition is even more relevant in setting the agenda for a complete overhaul of how we educate our children – and for what.

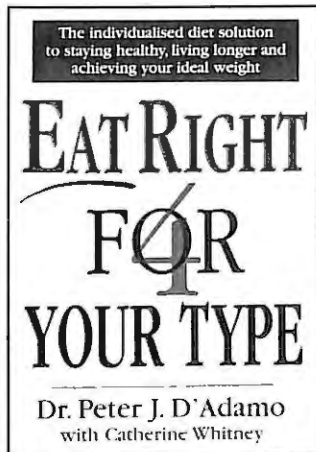
"I happen to agree with damn near every semi-colon and comma that Mr Gatto has written. Thank you, thank you, thank you John Taylor Gatto perhaps America's most brilliant educator." Tom Peters, Management Guru and Author In Search Of Excellence.

Price: \$28.95 posted: Softcover – 103 pages.

"... I began to wonder, reluctantly, whether it was possible that being in school itself was what was dumbing us down?"

Further Recommended Reading:

THE DISASTER ROAD – JEAN WALLIS	PRICE \$ 10.00 Posted
WHY ARE OUR SCHOOLS FAILING? – KEVIN DONNELLY	PRICE \$ 27.00 Posted
WHAT PARENTS NEED TO KNOW ABOUT AUSTRALIAN EDUCATION	PRICE \$ 27.00 Posted
THE LOST TOOLS OF LEARNING – DOROTHY L. SAYERS	PRICE \$ 3.00 Posted
THE SUBVERSION OF AUSTRALIAN EDUCATION, WHAT IS WRONG WITH OUR SCHOOLS? – MARION WALLIS	PRICE \$ 4.00 Posted
SECULAR HUMANISM AND AUSTRALIAN EDUCATION – DR RUPERT GOODMAN Retd. – Reader in Education, University of QLD	PRICE \$ 4.00 Posted



EAT RIGHT FOR YOUR TYPE by Dr Peter J D'Adamo

Are you sure your diet is right for your type of metabolism? After decades of laboratory and clinical research it is now established that your blood type is the key to losing weight, avoiding disease, promoting fitness and happiness. Your blood type determines your metabolism which means that it also determines which foods you should eat - one man's meat is another man's poison; one woman's weight-loss is another woman's dieting disaster; low-fat or high-fibre diets work for some blood types but not others.

This book enables you to zero in on the health and nutritional information that corresponds to your exact biological profile, so you can make choices based on the powerful natural forces within your own body. Contains a separate diet plan for each blood type, complete with diagrams. A reading must if you are serious about reducing weight and reducing health problems.

You'll be amazed at THE RESULTS YOU WILL GET!

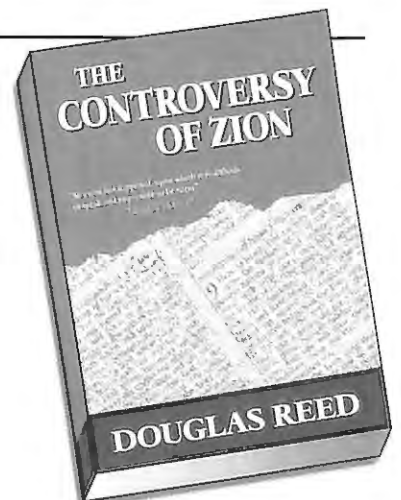
Price: \$25.00 posted: Softcover – 375 pages.

REPRINTED BY PUBLIC DEMAND!

CONTROVERSY OF ZION by Douglas Reed

This book is written in a tone of sympathetic understanding of the situation in which millions of Jews have found themselves down the centuries, and the author explores at depth (drawing much of his material from authoritative Jewish sources) central moral issues over which the Jews themselves have frequently been divided, and which have always involved the possibility of dangerous alienation from the main stream of mankind. Many will find that the real issue that set up violent antagonism between the Founder of Christianity and the Pharisees has been made clear by Reed, with quotations from Biblical and Talmudic sources, reinforced with others supplied by Jewish Scholars, both ancient and modern.

Price: \$37.95 posted: Softcover – 600 pages.



HERITAGE

SUGGESTED READING

Many of these publications are unavailable through book outlets

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ALL BOOK PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE AND HANDLING



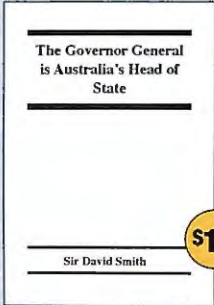
THE MONEY TRICK

CREATING MONEY FROM NOTHING IS THE BANK'S BEST TRICK!

The manipulation of money and credit creation affects every country in the world, in peace or conflict.

It is little understood by ordinary people as well as most bankers, accountants and economists. Credit creation is not a popular topic in the world of finance. The less the average citizen knows, the easier the money trick is played out.

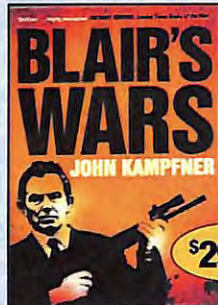
An informed population can take steps to end this dictatorship of finance so the power of credit can be harnessed for the common good, not for greed and power.



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IS AUSTRALIA'S HEAD OF STATE

By Sir David Smith

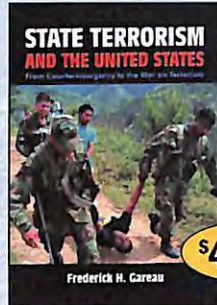
In this well researched and authoritative booklet, Sir David Smith, former Official Secretary to five Governors-General, demolishes the case for an Australian republic with a President as Head of State and presents probably the most important and convincing argument for the retention of Australia's constitutional Monarchy.



BLAIR'S WARS

By John Kampfner

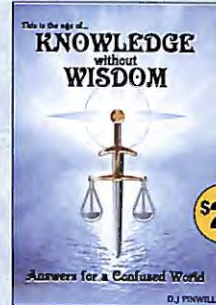
A brilliant book by one of Britain's most distinguished political writers' which describes how the Prime Minister took Britain to war five times in six years. When first published, it created a sensation across government and around the world. Now updated with new revelations, it is the dispassionate yet devastating story of a man who had convinced himself that his powers of persuasion could overcome all obstacles - only to see those powers disappear.



STATE TERRORISM AND THE UNITED STATES FROM COUNTERINSURGENCY TO THE WAR ON TERRORISM

By Frederick H. Gareau

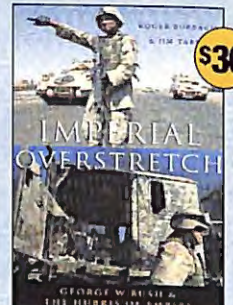
Frederick Gareau shows that, contrary to the war on terror imagery of a United States hostile to terrorism and dedicated to its elimination and to democracy-building, Washington has regularly supported state terrorists (and dictators) who serve U.S. economic and political interests.



KNOWLEDGE WITHOUT WISDOM

By D.J. Pinwill

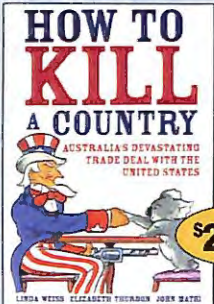
Why has wisdom become lost in this age of knowledge? Why are boundaries that define "right" from "wrong" increasingly blurred? Are there powerful forces at work, both "good" and "evil" that manipulate our lives and the destiny of nations? Is there really a God? Many of us are searching for something... anything.



IMPERIAL OVERSTRETCH GEORGE W. BUSH & THE HUBRIS OF EMPIRE

By Roger Burbach & Jim Tarbell

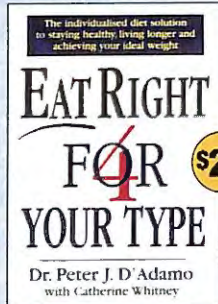
Imperial Overstretch is indispensable reading for anyone seeking to understand the underlying motives for the US invasion of Iraq. Placing the Iraqi occupation in the context of the administration's imperial design, the authors highlight the fatal flaws in its destructive drive for global domination.



HOW TO KILL A COUNTRY AUSTRALIA'S DEVASTATING TRADE DEAL WITH THE UNITED STATES

By Linda Weiss, Elizabeth Thurbon & John Mathews

It's hard to believe how any Australian government could sign a deal which so betrays Australia's interests. This book demonstrates how the FTA as negotiated will seriously damage Australia's institutions, interests and identity.



EAT RIGHT 4 YOUR TYPE

By Dr. Peter J. D'Adamo with Catherine Whitney

After decades of laboratory and clinical research it is now established that your blood type is the key to losing weight, avoiding disease, promoting fitness and happiness. Contains a separate diet plan for each blood type, complete with diagrams. A reading must if you are serious about reducing weight and reducing health problems.



1215 THE YEAR OF MAGNA CARTA

By Danny Danziger & John Gillingham

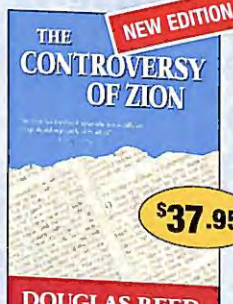
1215: The Year of Magna Carta explores what it was like to be alive in that momentous year. Political power struggles are interwoven with other issues - fashion, food, education, medicine, religion, and family life.



COKE ON MAGNA CARTA

By 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.



THE CONTROVERSY OF ZION

By Douglas Reed

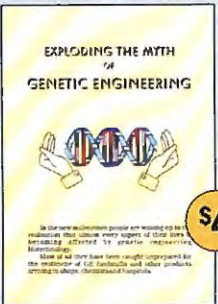
This book explores in depth (drawing much of its material from authoritative Jewish sources) central moral issues over which the Jews themselves have frequently been divided, and which have always involved the possibility of dangerous alienation from the mainstream of mankind.



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.



EXPLODING THE MYTH OF VACCINATION

Robert Anderson PhD.

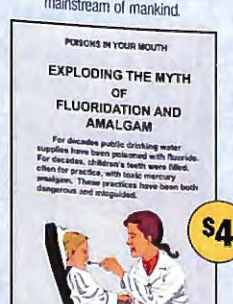
The greatest threat of childhood disease lies in the dangerous and ineffectual efforts made to prevent them through mass immunisation. There is no convincing scientific evidence that mass inoculations can be credited with eliminating any childhood disease.



EXPLODING THE MYTH OF IRRADIATED FOODS

Robert Anderson PhD.

"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." - Prof. Samuel Epstein.



EXPLODING THE MYTH OF FLUORIDATION AND AMALGAM

Robert Anderson PhD.

For decades, public drinking water supplies have been poisoned with fluoride. For decades, children's teeth were filled, often for practice, with toxic mercury amalgam.