

For the cause that lacks assistance,  
'Gainst the wrongs that need resistance,  
For the future in the distance  
And the good that we can do.

# The Canberra Times

Tuesday, October 27, 1964.

## WHAT KIND OF ZOO FOR CANBERRA?

THERE will be many people in Canberra to agree with Mr. Van Den Bergh, the Director of the Royal Zoological Society of Antwerp, that the Federal Capital should not have a zoo—or at least not an old-fashioned zoo where restless bears and shabby tigers are confined in concrete dens behind steel bars. These zoos are quite out of date and make most sensitive people feel both unhappy and ashamed. Their limited educational purpose can nowadays be served much better by the many excellent films of wild animals and birds in their native surroundings.

There is a strong case for a reserve in the Territory where people could see the native fauna of Australia in their natural state. To some extent this need may be met by the proposed fauna reserve at Tidbinbilla and by the bigger national park proposed at Mount Kelly. Both are excellent ideas. The difficulty with such reserves is that, unless they are of enormous size like the great American parks, free public access may slowly destroy their value as reserves for wild life. To some extent the interests of the public and the interests of the animals are incompatible.

Perhaps the only "zoo" which might be acceptable would be something more like a biological institute with a very high emphasis on its educational content. Such an institute might be directly related to the university or to the C.S.I.R.O. or both. But no attempt should be made to exhibit examples of many different species just to satisfy idle curiosity. The only real justification for keeping wild animals and birds in captivity at all in our age is to encourage an interest in preserving the same animals and birds in their native surroundings. This is just what Taronga Park, with its wedge-tailed eagles crowded into a single bare cage, and its kangaroos lying on top of each other in a concrete pen, signally fails to do.

## A CASE FOR MERCY

FRIENDS of Malaysia will have read with some concern the report that one of the Indonesian paratroopers, dropped on the mainland of Malaya and subsequently captured, had been sentenced to death. The judge argued that since Indonesia had not declared war on Malaysia, the paratrooper could not be regarded as a soldier but as a bandit. It was not clear from the report whether the paratrooper was wearing uniform when captured, but he replied, with some dignity, that he was a regular soldier who had been ordered to go on the raid. It was not his will but he had no choice in the matter.

This case obviously raises a great many points of international law and, without a fuller report, it would be wrong to comment on them. But one cannot help feeling that, no matter what the law says, the judge made a mistake. It is not merely that Malaysia can afford to be merciful after the miserable failure of the Indonesian landings. Nothing is more certain to make other Indonesian soldiers fight to the death in future than the knowledge that they will be executed if they surrender. This is an occasion when mercy and interest are surely on the same side. We hope that the Malaysian Government will commute the sentence and will not make it a pattern for similar cases.

## DOUGLAS LOCKWOOD IN TIMOR

# Where criticism is unthinkable

CAPTAIN Jose de Mendonca is aide-camp to the Governor of Timor.

He is 6ft 3 ins., as straight as a ramrod in spite of severe wounds suffered in Angola, and speaks English with an Oxford accent, incredibly acquired from a Chinese in Macau. He reminded me strongly of Sir Laurence Olivier, an impression reinforced by Olivier's face on a billboard at the local theatre where he was appearing in Ricardo III.

Mendonca was forthright in his views about journalism. "You are one of them," "You do not like us. We have read what you have written. Nevertheless, you have been given a visa to see for yourself. You can go where you like and ask any questions you like."

My visit, in fact, had been hoisted up for several weeks, simply because I was a journalist. Butchers and bakers, and presumably anyone who hides the fact that he writes or broadcasts, can get a visa for Timor without fuss. But my application had to be approved by the Governor.

What had I written? Nothing more than reporting the defection of three Portuguese sailors from a ship in Darwin several years ago and the reasons they gave for doing so.

"We are terrible sensitive about criticism," Mendonca said. "Too sensitive, perhaps, but that is how we are."

In spite of his attitude towards my profession, I could not help being impressed by Mendonca. He was blunt but honest, and aware of his country's shortcomings while loving it passionately. I left Timor with a deep respect for him.

"You will want to write about the PIDE," he said. This is the Policia Internacional de Defesa do Estado—an organisation for defence of the state. He assumed my interest because of attacks upon it by other writers.

I did not expect to be told any of its secrets, nor was I. But I did learn that it is roughly equivalent to the FBI and the Australian Security Intelligence Organisation, with the additional power it must have in a country that many Portuguese frankly admit is not a democracy.

I was introduced to Inspector Armando Rego, the PIDE

chief and he told me no secrets either. But at least he didn't hide himself in civilian clothes as FBI and ASIO agents do. It is linked to Interpol.

Other aspects of life in Timor both impressed and distressed me. On the credit side:

There is a minimum of the old colonial Dutch arrogance in addressing natives. I recall hearing Dutchmen in the N.E.I. shouting "Boy!" at natives as though they were dogs.

When a Portuguese addresses a servant he speaks quietly. The servants have names and I gathered from their collective attitude that they were made to feel like human beings.

The province is served by an eight-man Legislative Council, which includes three native chiefs. I have little doubt the government retains power of veto over its decisions but that is equally so of the NT Legislative Council.

Dili has a mayor and council responsible for municipal affairs. Agrarian reform has begun to help natives settle on the land. A system of pilot-farming is aimed at helping thousands to independent subsistence.

Tractors, bulldozers and other heavy machinery is being bought—not before time, as in most places peasants still cultivate with sharp sticks and harvest rice by hand.

While I couldn't read these translations, I could read or guess at the labels on goods at the next counter—marvellous wines and liquors from all over the world. Port from its home in Oporto for a few shillings a bottle, and the product of Senhor Bols for less than £1.

Six working days in the government offices start at 7 a.m. and end at 1 p.m., giving a 36-hour week. Native laborers start at 6 a.m.

The development of native handicrafts has been encouraged. They make exquisite pottery, furniture, fabrics and ornaments. I saw women weaving sarongs by hand, and men melting coins to be spun into ornaments of great beauty.

The percentage of road mileage is higher than in Portugal itself. Sealed surfaces are confined to city streets—and there are not many—but 2000 miles of good gravel roads have been built through the inland and along the coast.

That is remarkable in a country almost totally mountainous, with peaks reaching 9,500 ft., as though all of Victoria's roads were built around the summits of Donna Buang and Buffalo.

The Portuguese are extraordinarily sensitive to criticism—and not only from foreigners and journalists.

One man couldn't believe that the Australian Press criticised its governments almost daily and the American and other friendly governments frequently.

When I said I thought this contributed to our national health he was frankly astonished. "You know, as a Portuguese I can't criticise the holes in the road. That would be a reflection on those responsible for road maintenance."

One can only hope that this sensitivity will disappear. The Press is censored. Nothing of a critical nature appears in Dili's weekly newspaper. Even articles submitted by high government officials are subject to the blue pencil.

Perhaps this explains why I, a journalist working for a free Press, felt that I was distressed. The economy is depressed. For many years Timor has had insufficient money. A country

## This week in Britain

—by PETER DICKINSON  
Assistant Editor of Punch, who is deputising for Christopher Hollis while the latter is in the U.S.

LIKE a hound returning to its slumbers after some minor disturbance, we are settling down to our ordinary routines after the election.

We may twitch a bit in our sleep, uncomfortably aware that any moment Mr. Wilson is going to pursue his lips and try to whistle us up for a nice bracing walk across the heath—through an economic blizzard very likely. But meanwhile there is a lull. The political cartoonists have stopped complaining about how difficult it is to draw the new Ministers' faces; the gossip columnists have decided which of the new Ministers' daughters are a newsworthy (Douglas Jay in the Board of Trade is an easy winner with twin, trousered teenagers); and the Press Officers in Whitehall are no longer being pestered for funny stories about the new Ministers being unable to find their desks.

The funny stories are more relevant than usual. Mr. Wilson has created four new ministries (Technology, Overseas Development, the Secretaryship for Wales, and Land and Natural Resources) and everyone has been full of praise at the speed with which Whitehall's Civil Service has moved to try and accommodate its new masters with rooms and staff. My own praise is tempered with suspicion. The faster Whitehall's professionals can be moved into these vacancies, the more certain they can make it that the administration of the country will continue to be run Whitehall-fashion, by men who all speak the same language and (it sometimes seems) think the same thoughts.

If the Labour Party had a larger majority, this might be a good thing—another of those checks and balances which constitutional historians so much enjoy. But as it is, with his minute working majority of five (the support of the nine Liberals will probably make it 23 most of the time; but not when he attempts anything drastic) Mr. Wilson is already so checked and balanced that the submerged conserva-

tism of the Civil Service may often reduce his government to immobility.

Steel is the first test of how drastic Mr. Wilson intends to be. The extremes of the two great parties have theological beliefs about the renationalisation of the steel industry. (The last Labour government nationalised it, and then the Conservatives denationalised it when they got back.) Moderate Conservatives and the Liberals are against nationalisation on practical grounds, and moderate Socialists, also on practical grounds, are apathetic about it. A year ago the wise money in the City was whispering that nothing might come of it after all—Wilson couldn't be expected to repudiate it publicly because nationalisation is written into the Labour Party's constitution; but it was a very hot potato for him, and if he all looked tactfully the other way he'd probably manage to scum too busy to pick it up.

Mr. Wilson is an astute politician, careful and ingenious with words, preparing tactical positions long before they are needed; but, with his painfully flimsy majority, he will have to prove his good faith to his left wingers very soon indeed. The Labour Party is not cohesive at the best of times; one small splinter group could cause a collapse that would dismay all three parties. No one wants, and even the Conservatives are too broke to afford, another election before the Spring of 1966. It will be fascinating to watch how Mr. Wilson man-

# A BRACING WALK WITH MR. WILSON

oeuvres in this tight and complex situation. My betting is that he will renationalise steel almost at once and at the same time manage to convince the wise money in the City that he doesn't really mean it, but is basically what they would call a sound chap.

The City presents a curious spectacle—jittery but consci-

ous that Mr. Wilson cannot afford to alienate it without making his already serious economic problems immensely more difficult. The alacrity with which it has taken most of the Conservative ex-Ministers into the bosom of its boardrooms is decidedly comic. I'd love to have been in on the negotiations over the eagerly-bid-for Reginald Maudling, lately Chancellor of the Ex-



Mr. Marples, with beard and safety belt.

## CONCLUDED

of 8,000 square miles and 500,000 people is asked to live on a budget of £3 million.

That is hopelessly inadequate where many schools, hospitals, roads, heavy equipment and agricultural exploitation are urgently necessary.

Nevertheless, Governor Corrie, a young and amiable bachelor, has a five year plan for systematic development.

The ailing Treasury could well be given injections of Australian tourist currency.

The country, especially the central highlands, is one of the most beautiful and interesting I have seen.

I drove for five hours to Aisabe to see a unique native festa. The road follows the mountain face for most of the way. Repeatedly one looks

over the edge at sheer drops of between 1000 and 3000ft. Native villages are perched on slopes built for mountain goats.

Timor is a tropical Switzerland. Yet in the entire province there are only four hotels.

Looked at purely through a tourist's eyes, my recent week there was one of enchantment, though also of regret that my constitution was unequal to the rich food and some of the best wines in the world.

But through the eyes of a realist, it is a sobering thought that Baucau airstrip, one of the best in the southern hemisphere, is only half an hour by jet from Darwin.

We couldn't be blamed for feeling a little tight around the collar if it should ever fall to a hostile power.

## THIS WEEK IN VICTORIA

# Storm Clouds over Summer

By Rohan Revitt

The likelihood that General Motors - Holden's strike could continue into a second month depressed Victorians on their way to work yesterday.

Hopes of a settlement had been aroused by news of agreement between A.C.T.U. chief, Albert Monk, and General Motors' Managing Director. Now the feeling is growing that a group of officials in the smaller unions involved is dominating the A.C.T.U. dispute committee.

Representatives of the vehicle Builders' Union, embracing three-quarters of the strikers, were among the minority fifteen of the thirty-four on the Committee. These voted for resumption today. Observers believe the situation is one more instance of a small, militant minority over-riding the wishes of those most concerned.

Together with widespread discontent among State Government employees, and the probable post office showdown in December, the situation lends colour to fears expressed last week by a former Commonwealth public servant, now a director of half-a-dozen of Australia's biggest companies. He said he expected the coming summer to be the worst for industrial trouble since the

forties. He said this was not the usual boardroom apprehensiveness but reflected the expectations of executives in completely diverse industries.

This week I found his viewpoint was shared by officers at the Melbourne Trades Hall, although, for obvious reasons, none of them is prepared to speak for the record.

The current climate on wage claims, in Melbourne suggests that financial pages are now read by a far wider circle than regular investors and shareholders of companies whose report appears on a particular day. The flow of successful company reports, often showing sharply increased profits, has convinced many employees that companies can afford higher wages.

The argument that higher wages will price Australia out of the overseas markets that are the base of current national affluence is met with the question—"Why can't export prices be kept down with the extra money now going to shareholders or into reserve?"

That such self-abnegation does not encourage investment capital which Australian expansion needs is a point ig-

chequer (and it will be interesting to see whether his actress daughter Caroline continues to get as much publicity as she has done.) No doubt Mr. Wilson has little against any of these men personally, but the City's eager acceptance of them shows where its heart is.

The rest of us will miss them in differing degrees. Curiously, one of the most missed will be the irritating Ernest Marples, ex-Minister of Transport. This cocky, forceful, intelligent man with the long face and sad eyes of the professional clown achieved an extraordinary prominence in the public mind. To the radio comic he became as necessary as a mother-in-law. At the height of the election campaign his growing a beard and then shaving it off was given as much newspaper coverage as, and more pictures than, a major political speech. Partly this position was achieved by his own efforts. He is an avid and gifted seeker of publicity, and has also managed to get a surprising amount of real results out of a notoriously sluggish and conservative ministry. But mainly his prominence has been caused by the Englishman's intense and increasing preoccupation with his motor car.

This week the Motor Show is triumphantly celebrating the introduction of a record number of new cars onto our hard-pressed roads. Not long ago a local council cleared about 30 abandoned old cars out of a beauty spot on Friday. By Monday the place was full of them again. It is as though the road system was already so crammed with cars that the surplus is seeping into places where it should not be.

The pressure on country roads is merely sad and inconvenient. In the towns it is disastrous. Our cities are strangling, and with them the economy. But the economy itself depends on the "health" of the motor industry, which apparently means that every year we must spill a new record number of cars on to the roads, sick epitome of this dilemma.

Half the policemen in West London are needed to control the monstrous jams caused by motorists coming to inspect the machines that mean next year's freedom, mobility, escape. Once inside the enormous hall they wander listlessly about, as if waiting for a revelation. Perhaps it comes to some of them; it never has to me.

Over this weird chaos of a crowded, static civilisation trying to be nomadic in one small island Ernest Marples presided, capering, cajoling, pushing, expostulating, and occasionally even educating. Motorists responded to his efforts by putting stickers in their windows saying "Marples Must Go".

Already a few cars are on the roads with stickers saying "Fraser Must Go", though not one motorist in a hundred knows what the new Minister of Transport looks like or stands for. What ever it is, he'll have to do a lot to earn the same battle-honour as Mr. Marples.

## Letters to the Editor

### Fish, animals and pain

Sir.—The unidentified zoologist whose opinions were given prominence in The Canberra Times on Saturday, October 24, may well be an authority on fish, but I wonder if he is also an "expert" on the phenomenon of pain. He is reported as having said: "How can you compare pain in a lower vertebrate with pain in man? It would be meaningless. You can't even talk with certainty on mammals let alone fish." And it is also his opinion that, with regard to pain, "all you can do biologically is to test for reactions."

I wonder if this "expert" has studied a recent and authoritative scientific compilation on the subject: *Pain in Man and Animals*, Edited by C. A. Keele and Robert Smith, and published in London under the auspices of the University Federation for Animal Welfare, which reaches rather different conclusions.

Discussing this important book in a recent issue of *The British Journal of Psychiatry*, A. M. Halliday has written:

"Our understanding of the neurophysiology of pain has advanced significantly in the last decade, owing largely to two important developments. It has become technically possible to record the responses to different kinds of stimuli of single unmyelinated fibres in the peripheral nerves and this has shown that even among the smallest afferent fibres there is a high degree of modality specificity. It therefore seems that pain must be recognised as a separate kind of sensation with its own pathways and not merely as a response to intense stimulation in any modality. The study of evoked activity in the brain-stem and thalamus with implanted electrodes has also allowed physiologists to trace the polysynaptic central pathways which could not be demonstrated by the traditional anatomical methods, some of which carry different impulses following noxious stimuli."

Our zoologist is most certainly entitled to his "Opinions," but I would suggest that "expert" pronouncements on the phenomenon of pain in animals ought to be made with a scrupulous regard for the scientific facts. It has long been a favourite rationalisation of the callous and cruel that the creatures who suffer at their hands have no feelings.

DEREK FREEMAN  
Deakin.

### Radio far from capital

Sir.—Can anyone explain an apparent paradox in the actions of the Postmaster-General and/or his staff? We are told that we must pay greatly increased rental for telephones because we live in a capital city. But in the case of radio, also controlled by the P.M.G., we are a regional, i.e. a country, station; particularly when Parliament is in session and occupying one of the A.B.C. stations we can only look with envy at some of the programmes to be heard on 2FC in the State capital.

F. DUNNICLIFF  
Red Hill.



The Governor's A.D.C., Capt. Jose de Mendonca, with a village chief.

McEwen in his recent decision to lift tariff charges.

The Labour and Country parties have achieved unanimity in recent days in denouncing Mr. Bolte. He is accused of what Mr. Churchill, in defence of the Speaker of the Commons, once described as "geminological inexactitudes."

The Premier made matters worse on Wednesday when he said he was not going to swear who had told him to increase rail charges. Without apologising to Mr. McEwen he still maintained the Country Party leader was responsible for the policy of raising rail freights.

Even some of Mr. Bolte's close followers have not been happy about this, particularly since the official transcript of the conference gives no support to his claim.

The brutal fact for ordinary Victorians is that, even if an election produces a swing so dramatic that Mr. Bolte loses office, there will again be no upper house majority for the new Ministry.

Transference of the speaker-ship would give any new government the same sixteen to seventeen minority which is at present bedevilling Mr. Bolte's attempt to get supply and carry on administration of the State.