

SENIOR ANNUAL DINNER OF THE HULLBORNE
CRICKET CLUB - XXII CLUB - HELD AT
HULLBORNE ON 28TH JULY, 1962.

Speech by the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. R.G. Menzies

Sir, (that's the most polite remark I'll make tonight) (Laughter) I have, on a former occasion, attended a Dinner of the XXII Club and I made a speech, but I had been told that I was to make one, and everybody laughed like mad. Hypocrites. (Laughter) But tonight, I said to my Secretary, "This is rather a night off" because, you know, looking at your programme here, what I had in mind after the last fortyeight hours was (Laughter) "If 'twere done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly (Laughter) If the assassination could trammel up the consequence, And catch with his surcease success" - You mustn't think I'm clever - I learnt Macbeth when I was at school. (Laughter) But, anyway, I said, "Any speeches tonight?" "Oh, yes, yes" I was told. "Mr. Richie Bernard will be making a speech" and I could go a long way to hear Richie make a speech, and I have been waiting now for a helluva long time (Laughter) and he hasn't given tongue yet.

But on the way up the steps, I said to young McDonald here, who has flabbergasted you with a certain amount of spurious knowledge (Laughter), I said first of all to him, "How is Colin?" because I am one of Colin's fans, you see, and he said, "He's here tonight." "Oh," I said, "that's very good, very good." "How is the knee" (or whatever it was) and he explained this in medical terms which, naturally, I didn't understand, and then I said to him, "This is going to be a wonderful night. I have been discussing the Common Market all the afternoon with Jack Newson and Westerman and I've come here for a quiet, pleasant evening." I didn't realise at that time that Sam Lorton would be here. (Laughter). But still, you know what I mean.

And then this creature, this other McDonald, this god-distant doctor, this man who took Sam Lorton's team away as medical adviser and gave them all the wog (Laughter), this deplorable creature said to me, on the second-last step, so that I wouldn't stumble, he said, "No, oh no." I said, "I've no speech-making?" He said, Oh, no. All you have to do is to induct Keith Rigg." And I said, "How on earth do you induct him. I'm a Non-conformist," I said. (Laughter) "I'm a Presbyterian. How can I do this? Do I put a spot of something on his bald cranium? Do I pronounce the benediction over him?" (Laughter) And this man who knows everything about anatomy, but nothing about a human being (Laughter), he said to me, "I can't know, but anyway, you have to do it." So my job is to induct Keith Rigg, but before I do that and I don't want to stand too long between you and this great cricketer, Richie Bernard, who is here tonight (Applause), I just want to say two things about two people.

Speech by the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. R.G. Menzies

Sir, (that's the most polite remark I'll make tonight) (Laughter) I have, on a former occasion, attended a Dinner of the ACLA Club and I made a speech, but I had been told that I was to make one, and everybody laughed like mad. Hypocrites. (Laughter) But tonight, I said to my Secretary, "This is rather a night off" because, you know, looking at your programme here, what I had in mind after the last fortyeight hours was (Laughter) "If 'twere done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly (Laughter) If the assassination could trammel up the consequence, And catch with his surcease success" - You mustn't think I'm clever - I learnt Macbeth when I was at school. (Laughter) But, anyhow, I said, "Any speeches tonight?" "Oh, yes, yes" I was told. "Mr. Richie Donaud will be making a speech" and I would go a long way to hear Richie make a speech, and I have been waiting now for a helluva long time (Laughter) and he hasn't given tongue yet.

But on the way up the steps, I said to young McDonald here, who has flabbergasted you with a certain amount of spurious knowledge (Laughter), I said first of all to him, "How is Colin?" because I am one of Colin's fans, you see, and he said, "He's here tonight." "Oh," I said, "that's very good, very good." "How is the knee" (or whatever it was) and he explained this in medical terms which, naturally, I didn't understand, and then I said to him, "This is going to be a wonderful night. I have been discussing the Common Market all the afternoon with Jack McEwen and Westerman and I've come here for a quiet, pleasant evening." I didn't realise at that time that Sam Loxton would be here. (Laughter). But still, you know what I mean.

And then this creature, this other McDonald, this soi-disant doctor, this man who took Sam Loxton's team away as medical adviser and gave them all the wog (Laughter), this deplorable creature said to me, on the second-last step, so that I couldn't stumble, he said, "No, oh no." I said, "I've no speech-making?" He said, "Oh, no. All you have to do is to induct Keith Rigg." And I said, "How on earth do you induct him. I'm a Non-conformist," said. (Laughter) "I'm a Presbyterian. How can I do this? Do I put a spot of something on his bald cranium? Do I pronounce the benediction over him?" (Laughter) And this man who knows everything about anatomy, but nothing about a human being (Laughter), he said to me, "I don't know, but anyhow, you have to do it." So my job is to induct Keith Rigg, but before I do that and I don't want to stand too long between you and this great cricketer, Richie Donaud, who is here tonight (Applause), I just want to say two things about two people.

First of all, I listened tonight with rapt attention to Tony Street whose late father was a great friend of mine and a very great Australian (Applause), and I think that Tony probably finds, somewhere in his library today, a book called "Strutt's Games and Pastimes" because it has always been my practice, when engaged in a political crisis - you don't know as much about that as I do - but these things do occur (Laughter) and in the old days whenever a political crisis came on, the late Geoff Street and I would find ourselves - this was fortunately before the days of jet aircraft and things - sitting in a train, going from Canberra to Melbourne and we always talked about cricket. This is something, Sir, and you, Sir, which you must remember - the civilising influence of cricket. It lifts a man above the level of political controversy. Sam, you might make a note of that (Laughter) (Applause).

And therefore you can understand perfectly how delighted I was tonight to sit here and look at young Tony and listen to him and realise that if ever there was a man who ought to be in the Senate, he's the man. (Laughter) Now, of course, Sam doesn't agree with this (Laughter) or he would not have agreed with it a fortnight ago, but Sam, having looked at the redistribution of seats Kooyong is a little choosy but Sam having looked at the redistribution of seats, has now decided that Prahran, that hot contestant with Pakistan in the cricket world, is a blue ribbon seat. (Laughter). I hope it is because, really, I am tired of going down to Prahran to make a speech (Laughter) (Applause). That's one thing before I come to my subject, but I know you are here, Sam; this proves that the age of miracles is not past. Anyhow, I hope you won't be under any misapprehension. I'm all for Sam, and if I have to go to the Prahran Town Hall again and make a speech for Sam, I'll do it, so I'll know exactly what the remarks will be from the citizenry of Prahran at the back of the hall. I am familiar with them.

But the other thing that I wanted to say was this. Our distinguished visitor tonight, Richie Benaud, one of the great captains in the entire history of cricket (hear, hear) (applause) has in his other, and less reputable capacity as a journalist (Laughter) said agreeable things about the appointment of Ted Dexter and about the appointment of the Duke as the Manager. Now I say nothing about Ted Dexter, except I think he's a jolly good player and he'll do frightfully well. Yes, indeed, I've read the papers. (Laughter) I know that I am supposed to have nominated the Captain in England, which I didn't. I know there's a popular superstition in Australia that when I go to England, I look at cricket matches. I didn't. Didn't see a ball bowled, had no opportunity to nominate a Captain or to nominate a Manager, but when I saw that the Duke of Norfolk was nominated as Captain, I must say that I thought that this was introducing a new era of discipline because it was my duty and perhaps my fortune to be in London when the Coronation was on and to have to attend one or two rehearsals, because I was Prime Minister and therefore I got in, as you might say (Laughter) with Winston and, you know, the other lesser breeds. (Laughter).

I attended one or two of these rehearsals and Bernard Norfolk is one of those fellows who looks a little deadpan-faced. He's tremendously interested in cricket and he's very good, but he's the Earl Marshal. His family, for many, many centuries, have had to run the Coronations and, therefore, he ran this one and I went along to a rehearsal. Well, it's quite simple for me, because all I had to do was to walk up the aisle and sit down, (Laughter) and that is not a task that exceeds my modest abilities (Laughter). I could walk up the aisle, turn to the left and sit

down, but he was standing in the middle of what they call the theatre of the Abbey at the Coronation, with a sort of travelling microphone - you know, with one of those long cords - I don't know what happens in them, but still, if a fellow holds this bit, what he says comes out - you know what I mean. I am not a scientific fellow.

And all the young lordlings of England, fresh up from Eton or the first-year men at Winchester or Christchurch, they were there, rehearsing. And I thought, "Well, this will be very interesting - the Premier Earl and all these young sprigs of the nobility, sitting around. And he got out in the middle and said, "Now, when so and so happens, all you boys know what you have to do. You have to go across and stand behind the peer to whom you are attached for this purpose. Go." And they got up and slouched across, because slouching, I am happy to tell you, is not an utter prerogative of Australians - they slouched across, and he had a watch in his hands and then he would address them in terms that would do your heart good. "You, young So-and-so (naming the bearer of a famous name), you took thirtyfive seconds for that movement. Fifteen is the time allowed. Now, go back. We'll do this again. And if you can't do it in fifteen seconds, you go straight back to Eton (Laughter)". I tell you, this man's a disciplinarian. I wonder what's going to happen, Richie. I do indeed. I think, you know, if some of your opponents, worn down by your superb tactical ability, become a little weary at third slip, His Grace the Duke will come out and say, "Go back to Eton" (Laughter). Though, of course, it would be quite useless to say that to Freddie Trueman (Laughter). And that's why I hope Freddie will be here.

Now that just reminds me of one thing - what do I do with this fellow, Ian? Anyhow, it reminds me of just one thing. The last time that the M.C.C. were out here, there was a test match in Adelaide and the Australian Board of Cricket Control (I hope I have the name right) they loosened up - they gave a Dinner. (Laughter) They gave a dinner at the Adelaide cricket ground and I took one of my non-cricketing Cabinet colleagues with me because there are times when one almost must insist on being at an advantage, you see. (Laughter) I took a non-cricketing colleague with me and there they were --- yes, thank you so much, on behalf of my grandchild, yes --- and we had this Dinner and oddly enough, although this was an unexampled piece of generosity, the Englishmen wanted to go somewhere else and even the Australians wanted to do something else, I don't know, and I had to make a speech. I am always Silly Jack. I always have to sing for my supper. But I did make one remark that night which I think, Keith, in your Presidency you should not forget because this is an immortal observation.

It had been a long, long, hot day on the Adelaide ground, and Freddie Trueman was bowling from the Lake Torrens end, walking back fifty yards and running up fortyfive yards; you know the sort of thing I mean. And as he beat back towards the Torrens, even the eminently courteous Adelaide spectators who are the most courteous in the world (except to me) (Laughter) even they were calling out in rather alcoholic voices, "Would you like a pint, Fred?" That's a leading question in the strict sense of the word (Laughter) because of course he would. And he would walk back against the breeze, muttering, mumbling, looking, showing his teeth occasionally. I thought this ought to be put on record that night, so I said, "A lot of you people have misunderstood Freddie. You think that when he was beating up against the

wind, walking back to his mark, muttering, mumbling, showing his teeth, that he was using bad language, perhaps obscene language. Forget about it. Forget about it. I can assure you that all he was doing was reciting Greek iambs. (Laughter) And for the rest of the tour, whenever I saw Freddie - you know, he's a rough, tough, delightful creature - he'd look at me and say, "Ma. You m m m (Laughter).

Anyhow, you've gone through your trial period. You've had to put up with young McDonald, this fellow who conspicuously failed to understand the Karachi tummy, and all these things from which I have suffered myself, and you have now turned aside to Keith Rigg. Whether it's up or down, Keith, I wouldn't know, except that you are now a species of tycoon. All I know about Keith apart from many other things that I know about him, is that when Keith went out to bat, he had a habit of lifting the left foot - you know, like that - as if he were an old horse, stamping in the stall. And whenever I saw him do that three times, I knew that he would hit the ball for four next stroke - and he always did. Always did.

Well, here's Keith. He's one of the curses of my life. He represents, and is an eminent person, in an overseas corporation and whenever I'm feeling dreadful at Canberra, feeling that I can't stand it any longer, he arrives and walks in with a few tycoons and I have to get up and say, "Hello, Keith. How nice to see you, dear boy." And that builds him up. (Laughter) Builds him up with these wretched creatures who are taking money out of Australia, though I am bound to admit, as a comparatively honest man, they also put a good deal of money into it.

But, Keith, you're a famous cricketer, a great cricketer. It's a great pleasure to me - what do I do to induct you? Give me a piece of butter, will you? (Laughter) Look at it! (Laughter) You know, Keith Folkurst went to Melbourne Grammar School - a great classical school - and as he would say - *clarum et venerabile nomen*.

And so, Sir, I induct you - is that right? - and I invite you to take your chair (Laughter) (Applause).
