DON EDUARDO IS SLEEPING

A return to New Australia, Paraguay

CLERMONT, QUEENSLAND, 1891: Following a drop in the wool price, the United Pastoralists Association demands new contracts for shearsers—cutting wages by one third, and insisting upon ‘freedom of contract’. In response, an Amalgamated Shearers’ Union strike camp is formed at Clermont. By February strike camps have formed throughout rural Queensland, to defend the right to collective bargaining won in the wool sheds in 1890. The colonial government of Griffith and McIlwraith responds with repressive measures, deputising 1100 special constables and dispatching military forces to Clermont. Hugh Blackwell, a member of the Barcaldine strike committee writes to Alec Forrester—“Things are quiet at Clermont. First shot fired there may be the cause of the Australian revolution”. By March, much of the country between Emerald and Clermont is on fire, as woolsheds are torched on the stations. ‘Shear Blade’ Martin is arrested for advocating resistance to the soldiers, and fourteen unionists are taken into custody after the riot act is read at Augathella. On the twenty-third, ten men are arrested at Capella, and taken in chains to Clermont. An assembly of unionists confronts the train. Before he is arrested and cuffed, George Taylor throws some papers into the angry crowd. Mounted policemen charge with drawn swords and seize the leaflets. Over the next week, eight members of the Barcaldine strike committee are arrested. Seven of them are among the twelve convicted under mediæval statutes in the infamous Rockhampton conspiracy trial. William Lane, editor of the Worker commences writing The Workingman’s Paradise as a fundraiser for the ‘union prisoners’, who quickly enter labour folklore. The eighth man arrested at Barcaldine, too young to be considered a leader, escapes the indictment before trial.

CORONEL OVIEDOS, PARAGUAY, 2001: It’s a warm, sticky day in central Paraguay. I wait by the dusty intersection just south of a highway town called Coronel Oviedos, and hail a taxi. Here, the two major national thoroughfares—the East-West ruta one and the North-South ruta two—meet in a cacaphony of buses, ticket touts and Guarani women selling refreshments. It is Paraguay’s major crossroads, and there is no shortage of cheap public transport. But I am close to my destination, so I negotiate a taxi fare and head west along the ruta one. Five miles from the main intersection of the nation, we turn north. The rusty cab bundles along a dirt road to Nueva Londres (New London). Dry grasslands roll away for miles, either side of the road. In the distance, patches of forest monte, like small islands, rise from the plain. The driver tells me this whole area was New Australia. Unlike many locals from Coronel Oviedos, he knows of the Australian connection. I nod, discussing with a feigned air of detachment those facts about the original settlement I can express in Spanish. But in truth, like other Australian historians and journalists before me, this is more homage than research trip. And I have read too much to truly witness the present. Already, I am seeing the ghosts of utopia . . .

. . . their bullocks straining under the weight of the carretas, eighty families, many of them refugees from the great strikes and the depression trudge forward, they believe, into history. An Australian
This is New Australia. In September 1893 and early 1894, four hundred Australian socialists, single-taxers and fellow travelers arrived here as members of the New Australia Cooperative Settlement Association. Led by the charismatic labour journalist William Lane, a key agitator in the great strikes and founder of the Queensland Worker, the settlers aimed to found a communist utopia in which “every man will be a mate and in which no man would dream of taking advantage of another”. Despite his early role in the formation of the Labor Party, recent scholarship suggests that Lane had been planning a utopian settlement for some years. Throughout late 1891 Lane had written The Workingman’s Paradise, a novel which portrayed a modern vision of urban decay and racial decline, and envisaged a socialist future of cooperation, rural communism, and manly independence. The promised sequel to The Workingman’s Paradise was to be set in New Australia, where a ‘happier life’ would be found.

For Lane and many other socialists of the early 1890s, collective land settlement on cooperative principles offered solutions for a range of social problems, and a guiding light for those frustrated by the parliamentary road. Following the failure of the great strikes, and in the context of economic depression and rising unemployment, some thousands of Australians were briefly drawn to cooperative land settlement schemes. Lane’s proposal for New Australia, an ‘experiment in practical communism’, promised a settlement based upon the principles of cooperation, racial purity, gender equality and teetotalism. ‘The men of New Australia’, an anthem published in the cooperative society’s journal, highlighted the centrality of ‘mateship’ to Lane’s utopianism:

Shoulder to shoulder, mates, 
Shoulders together, 
Hand clasped in hand, my mates, 
Fair and foul weather, 
Hearts beating close, my mates, 
Each man a brother, 
Building a home, my mates, 
All for each other

While emphasising the cooperative value of mateship, Lane also appealed to contemporary visions of ‘manly independence’ on the land. Indeed, one of the great significances of William Lane lay in his attempt to wed a socialist ethic of cooperation to some key values of the ‘yeoman dream’: a pre-existing radical vision of a society comprised of ‘independent’ small holding farmers. This distinctive hybrid discourse of mateship and independence characterised Lane’s utopianism, and symbolically reflected the political alliance in the early 1890s between socialists and single-taxers around the issue of land reform. Inspired by the land tax proposals of Henry George, the single-tax leagues advocated taxes on unimproved land to break up the big estates, and became an influential progressive force in the early 1890s. To some extent, the single-taxers were supported by moral agrarian philosophies of the Anglican Church. These philosophies emphasised independence, based on the symbolic figure of the self-sufficient man on the land, providing for his family. For the single-taxers and agrarian thinkers, this social structure formed the most solid basis for an enduring moral and social order, away from the corruption and degradation of urban life. This ideal of the ‘yeoman farmer’ lived on well into the twentieth century in the form of soldier settlement schemes.

Though he eschewed individual land settlement, Lane shared the anti-urban ideals of single-taxers. In The Workingman’s Paradise, images of Sydney slums replete with “thin dwarved children” and “unkempt vile-tongued women” form the background to Lane’s analysis of the social problem throughout. Lane contrasted the strength, manliness, and independence of spirit of his idealised Australian bushman with the degeneration of ‘enervated’ town dwellers. Civilisation, he wrote, and particularly the urban slums of the great cities were ‘slaying’ all that was ‘manly and true’ in the Australian worker. The great towns were ‘sterile’, and no place for society or ‘the race’ to fulfil their historical destinies. In his appeal for single women to join the New Australia venture, Lane boasted that the settlement would have many bushmen, “strong and straight and manly with a manliness that town life destroys”.

Lane embraced the pre-existing ideal of manly independence, but sought to redefine it along socialist lines. He maintained that independence could only be found in the escape from the degradation of wage slavery—most poignantly expressed as the indignity of having to beg another man for “the right to work and live”. For the majority of workers, Lane argued, the right to independence would have to be
secured collectively in the joint ownership of land. In this sense, two separate visions inspired the cooperative land settlement movement, with a rhetorical commitment to both ‘manly independence’ and cooperation; it attracted a wide range of followers with little more in common than a desire for land.

Lane and the first batch of arrivals laid out the wide streets of a communist utopia at a place then known as Las Ovejas, on the generous land grant offered by a Paraguayan government desperate to repopulate after the War of the Triple Alliance. Here, in the heart of Paraguay, some descendants of those who followed Lane away from the depression of the early 1890s remain.

I arrive to find a quiet Paraguayan village, built around a well-treed town square, and surrounded by farms. Yet there is something different about the houses here, a few of them anyway.

I grab a softdrink, and ask the storeman at the sleepy tienda for news of the Australian descendants. Ask the policeman he says. Across the road, the police building is an empty shell, a façade without rooms or a back wall. Inside, the policeman is shirtless in the courtyard, barbecuing meat for his lunch. He seems embarrassed, and hurriedly dons his shirt. I ask him about descendants of the Australians. He is friendly, and directs me to the house of ‘Don Moo-rye’, assuring me that the Don speaks English ‘muy bien’. Moo-rye? I can’t work out the name . . . and it doesn’t sound Anglo to me. I run through my Spanish vowels: ah, eh, ee, oh, oo. Could be ‘u’. Mu-rye?


I set off in search of his house. Walking by the main square, I am struck with the oddities of this village. A memorial to the socialist colonial founders in 1893 also commemorates the ex-dictator’s father, Hugo Stroessner, after whom the town was named during his son Alfredo’s regime. Calle Juan Kennedy remembers one of the town’s most famous sons, a successful businessman of English descent.

The wide streets are peppered with gums—not entirely unusual in South America—but also, more distinctively, with silky oaks (native to Queensland).

It was here that the colonists split after a few short, hard months. The New Australians split over a variety of issues, but the core problem appears to have been Lane’s latent authoritarianism, which became manifest under the stress of difficult living conditions. Other factors included the distance from running water and transport, compounded by the lack of single women in the colony and the strictures of the colony’s teetotal rule. The undemocratic expulsion of three colonists for breaching the temperance pledge became the spark which motivated the departure of eighty dissatisfied members in December 1893. The tensions continued after the arrival of the ‘second batch’ of two hundred colonists from Adelaide in March 1894, leading to a major and permanent split in the colony. In May 1894 sixty of Lane’s followers withdrew from New Australia to form a new colony further south. Cosme was run on communal principles until 1906. By 1896, New Australia had reverted to individual freehold.

So who is here at New Australia? Aside from those who left for Cosme, many New Australians departed for Patagonia, and many returned home. Anne Whitehead admirably traced the descendants of those at Cosme in her Paradise Mislaid: In Search of the Australian Tribe of Paraguay.12 At least 217 colonists remained at New Australia after the split.13 Led by the socialist firebrand Gilbert Casey after Lane’s departure, another seventy-five arrivals came before 1896, partially replacing the slow trickle of departures. When Gavin Souter visited in 1965, two hundred Australian-Paraguayan descendants lived in and around Nueva Londres.14

Unable to find Don Murray’s house, I stroll by a farmhouse, double story yet modest, with an open

Above: The McCreen family at Nueva Londres

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The police building is an empty shell, a façade without rooms or a back wall. Inside, the policeman is shirtless in the courtyard, barbecuing meat for his lunch.

yard, shaded by old trees. It looks like something you might see in North Queensland. I talk to a woman in her late thirties, and ask her about Don Murray’s house, telling her I am from Australia. “Ah, my husband is a descendant of the Australians as well,” she says, calling him over. His name is McCreen, Ernesto McCreen. Ernesto and his wife, Yris, invite me to have lunch with them. She herself is a descendant of English settlers, the Kennedys. According to Ernesto, his great-grandfather Syd McCreen arrived after the split, sometime between 1902 and 1904.

Syd McCreen was an Australian seaman, who, according to his own account, had bored holes in the hulls of blackleg ships during the maritime strikes of the 1890s.15

The McCreens are very hospitable. Ernesto politely approaches the home of Don Murray to enquire after him. His Paraguayan wife tells us that ‘Don Eduardo’ is sleeping, that he has not been well, and it would be unwise to wake him. Come back at 2 p.m., she says.

So I sit down for lunch with the McCreens. They speak only Spanish and the indigenous language Guarani, though Ernesto tells me he spoke English at home as a child. They certainly look Anglo-Australian. Were Ernesto and his son Malcolm to walk down Queen Street in Brisbane few people would blink. Despite all I’ve read, I can’t help but find this scene extraordinary—lunching with the Spanish-speaking descendants of 1890s Australian socialists. They are, as Whitehead comments, the only Australian diaspora. The McCreens run Paraguayan cattle on their land, employ a couple of farmhands and seem to be modestly well off by the standards of the township. After a delicious beef and mandioca lunch at their farmhouse, the McCreens serve up the local tea mate and debate where the other two settlements on New Australia were. The McCreens talk among themselves in Spanish, but perhaps only because I am there. Ernesto, 52, speaks Guarani with the farmhands who join us for lunch. He tells me that some locals think the township was always called New London, but this is because it changed so long ago only a few recall its original name. The district, however, is still known as New Australia.

According to Yris, Ernesto’s wife, a nearby village called Capilan was another of the three original Australian settlements on the land grant.

Yris is one of the many descendants of James Craig Kennedy, who arrived from London in 1899. Kennedy was active in labour politics in London and came to new Australia apparently unaware of the disintegration of the original ideals.16 Kennedy brought a huge library with him, and 2000 pounds capital. He succeeded Gilbert Casey as president of the New Australia industrial co-partnership in 1900. His sons, Nigel and Alan are now major landholders in the area.

After lunch, Ernesto approaches the Murrays’ house again. Don Eduardo is still sleeping. So instead, Ernesto takes me to the house of his uncle, Harold Smith, 64, telling me that he can speak English quite well. Like McCreen, Harold is the descendant of later arrivals to New Australia. And like the Kennedys, the Smiths were English, not Australian. Harold sits on the tiled patio of his small, neat cottage. It’s an idyllic warm day in Paraguay. He rocks slightly, looking like a sun-weathered Englishman, with graying blond hair. I am unsure as to whether he really speaks English, but I try, moving from Spanish. “If I speak in English, Harold, would you understand me?” Harold laughs uncertainly “hoho . . . yes, yes”, and slowly begins to speak in his parents’ language. Harold has a heavy Spanish accent, but I quickly learn that his English is fairly good. “I . . . have forgotten lots of my English . . . But when I was a boy, we always spoke it at home with my parents.” Hearing Harold speak seems to give Ernesto courage, and he offers a word or two. “Have . . .”, Ernesto pauses and thinks, “. . . a chair!” He laughs as he offers me a seat, remembering something from long ago.

Henry Alfred Smith, a retired British naval captain, arrived in 1909. He sympathised with the socialists, and had been a subscriber to the New
Australia movement in earlier days. While many new arrivals came in pursuit of commercial opportunities, Smith was one of the last to arrive because of an attachment to the colony’s original socialist objectives.17

After another round of mate with Harold, Ernesto and I make our way back to the house of Don Murray. This time we are ushered in by his wife, and seated in the small but well-appointed dining room. Señora Murray maintains a very formal tone with guests, and I never discover her name. She tells me Don Eduardo is waiting out on the patio. The Don is far less formal, and after initial greetings in Spanish, his wife leaves and he breaks immediately into English.

“Bruce Murray. Pleased to meet you.”

Before I can respond he says “1893!” and shakes my hand, laughing. We sit on the patio, in the shade, by the grove of orange trees that adjoins the Murrays’ house. Bruce is 72, strong looking and fit, but otherwise looks much like any number of Anglo-Australian grandfathers. He has bright blue eyes, chews tobacco and spits constantly. It is an incredible experience to talk to Bruce. It quickly becomes apparent that he, unlike Harold, speaks fluent English without a hint of a Spanish accent. Bruce is talking to me in his rusty, but entirely functional first language. His accent is one of the English-speaking world, but just unplaceable. The only way to describe it is colonial. It has elements of antipodean long vowels, shorter southern African intonations, and a Scottish ‘r’. At times, Bruce sounds Australian, at others English. Bruce is the grandson of Ted Murray, one of the original New Australians, a ‘second batcher’, who left on the Royal Tar from Adelaide in December 1893. It is extraordinary to hear the voice of Eduardo Bruce Murray, speaking an isolated English remnant, the last of an aging few who speak nineteenth-century English in central South America.

Bruce is aware that he is the only English speaker at Nueva Londres who can trace lineage to the first Australians. “I don’t get to speak English very often nowadays,” he tells me, “only Alan and Nigel Kennedy speak English with me. And they aren’t long for it!” he adds with a wry smile.

Bruce was born in 1929, and Harold in 1937. It suggests that the 1930s were the end of English speaking as a significant force. Ernesto McCreen, born in the late 1940s, speaks virtually none.

Bruce forgets only one or two nouns in the hour or so we talk in English. Otherwise, he is perfectly fluent. He doesn’t know or use much Australian slang, but does use general English slang, like ‘kicked the bucket’. He tells me he can read a little in English too, but only slowly. Bruce is reading the Spanish-language daily as I arrive.

I ask Bruce where his grandfather came from. “I’m not sure, I think it might have been . . .”, Bruce reflects, “Queensland.” Bruce doesn’t know a lot of the political story, though he remembers his grandfather mentioning William Lane as the original leader of the colony. Bruce tells me that the Australians “initially lived together, then spread out . . . some went to Cosme, others to other parts”. Bruce is aware that eighty families came around 1893. “I believe there were going to be one or two more batches of arrivals, but they never came,” he adds.

I ask Bruce where the original settlers lived. He has a good story about this one, and smiles as he recounts it. “Someone came here, years ago, a film . . . from Australia, and they went ten miles off course . . . to another settlement. But I can tell you it was here. They were either right here, in the present township, or up on the island, I’m not sure which.” The ‘island’ is about one hundred metres away, an area of raised land. The term puzzles me until I remember that the New Australians used to talk of ‘islands’ of Monte, or Paraguayan forest, rising from the plain.

How did the original Australians get here? This is family and local legend to Bruce. “They came to

Above: Harold Smith
Buenos Aires, up river to Asunción, took the train to Villa Rica and walked from there . . . forty miles.”

When discussing the land around Nueva Londres, Bruce uses yards and leagues to describe distance.

What do you remember of your grandfather?

Ted Murray, trade unionist and Barcaldine strike committee member, sailed for New Australia as one of the 199 ‘second batchers’ who left Adelaide in December 1893. Among the passengers were four of the recently released union prisoners Ted had been arrested with in 1891: Hugh Blackwell, Alec Forrester, William Fothergill and Henry Smith-Barry. Ted Murray met Maggie Dow, a Scottish nanny working at the other Australian settlement, Cosme, while on a social visit from New Australia. Ted Murray died in 1940, when Bruce was eleven. Bruce’s father was Mitchell Murray.

“My grandfather smoked a pipe. He was always smoking that pipe. He also drank tea, a lot of tea, whenever he could. I don’t know whether that’s an Australian habit.” I tell Bruce it was certainly an Australian habit, and that pipe smoking in particular was typical of men in the 1890s—especially those in radical circles. It was iconic of the ‘lone hand’ image popularised in The Bulletin and other radical nationalist magazines.

“His trousers were always burnt from the pipe. Whenever he was cleaning it out, he would knock it on his trousers, and bits would fall and burn,” he laughs. “His trousers had no . . .”, Bruce forgets the English word he is searching for, and says the Spanish ‘bolsillos’. I remind him of the English term. “Yes, his trousers had no pockets. I thought that was strange when I was a boy.”

“My grandfather could sit [ride] anything—horses, cattle . . . anything at all. He could also shear, very quickly. He was famous around here for it.” I mention the great shearsers’ strike of 1891, and Bruce says that his father told him something about that. Following up on this, I ask Bruce why they had come here, why his grandfather and the rest had come to Paraguay. Bruce just shrugged, “I think the unemployment was bad in Queensland, and in Australia.” I push a little further—“But of course, they were socialists weren’t they, here to found a utopia?” Bruce nodded, “Yes, dreamers . . .”

Unlike many Paraguayans who are only familiar with the town San Cosme near Encarnación, Bruce is well aware of the old Australian Colony Cosme, near Caazapa. His grandmother had worked there, he reminds me. “Some of the people left here and went to Cosme. I don’t know if they ever paid for it . . . maybe half.”

Bruce goes on to tell me that everyone took Paraguayan wives, as “there was no option”. He clearly has no issue with this himself, but is well aware it had once been an issue for the older generation of Australians. Lane, of course, had been particularly obsessed with maintaining the ‘colour-line’. Bruce’s wife returns, and we speak in Spanish whenever she and their daughter, who has an intellectual disability, are present. Bruce tells me he has two other children, including a son in the army. They speak only ‘bits’ of English. Señora Murray asks if I could help her son to get to Australia. I offer to try, but am privately uncertain of the Howard government’s likely response (“Er, Mr Ruddock, here’s a non-English-speaking Paraguayan descendant of Australian socialists”). I leave my address, in case they want
Señora Murray asks if I could help her son to get to Australia. I offer to try, but am privately uncertain (“Er, Mr Ruddock, here’s a non-English-speaking Paraguayan descendant of Australian socialists”).

to follow up. Bruce also has two brothers who speak English, but they do not live at New Australia.

After an hour or so, Bruce says “cheerio” as I leave his house to take a walk around New Australia. According to Souter, about 50 per cent of the land was still held by families of Australian-English heritage in 1965.18 The town is pleasant, calm, with silky oaks and wide streets. It looks like Australian pasture land, though noticeably greener. There are clearly poorer subsistence farmers in town, compared to those like Bruce and Ernesto who own larger holdings. Some of these farmers are also Australian-Paraguayans, but with English surnames—such as Jones, Drakeford, and Butterworth—as the only marker of their mixed heritage. A declining few have remnant English and consciousness of their ancestry which separates them from others. Bruce is among the last of these.

There is a 1965 photo of Bruce in Gavin Souter’s *A Peculiar People*, but both Souter and Anne Whitehead’s excellent *Paradise Mislaid* largely miss Bruce Murray. Of course, for Souter, there were still original settlers to speak with, including Bruce’s grandmother. And for Whitehead, researching through the 1980s, it was no doubt more fruitful to focus on the surviving children of original settlers: the Kennedys and the Woods from Cosme. Whatever the reason, I am more than happy to correct the omission of Bruce Murray. At 72, he is nearly a generation younger than the other two remaining English speakers, Nigel and Alan Kennedy, who are in their 90s. Bruce Murray may well become the last English-speaking Paraguayan from either settlement. He is already the last one of Australian descent at Nueva Londres, a grandson of the socialist pioneers of 1893 and 1894.

Unlike the Woods who always felt a little like ‘gringos’, and somewhat ill at ease with their mixed Australian and Paraguayan identifications, Bruce, a grandchild, always considered himself Paraguayan. “Did you consider yourselves different?” I asked Bruce before I left. “No, Paraguayos,” Bruce replied, emphasising his feelings by lapsing into Spanish. Yet, identity is more than self-identification. It is also about recognition. Everyone in town recognises Don Murray as an Australian, or at least, as a descendant. Equally, he speaks English, and is clearly proud of the mixed Australian and Scottish heritage reflected in his accent. And even the McCreens, who speak no English at all, have chosen to maintain something of their cultural heritage by naming their sons Malcolm and David.

*New Australia* is often considered nothing more than a curious footnote to Australian labour history. But it has something more substantial to say, particularly given the recent obsession with the 1890s. New Australia and Cosme appear to have maintained fragments of 1890s Australian culture for a considerable period of time. Architecture, cultural forms, language and slang all seem to have been preserved and treasured, especially by the first and second generations. In particular, Henry Lawson remained central to the culture of the two colonies well into the second and even third generation. Lawson had, of course, been part of the original New Australians’ radical milieu. He wrote poems for *New Australia* journal, and was rumored to have considered following Mary Gilmore to Paraguay in 1895. Indeed, one of the Cosme settlers, Billy Wood, was a character in one of his poems. The enduring nature of these cultural attachments is especially captured by Whitehead, and in the image of the Wood family singing ‘Waltzing Matilda’ in the early 1970s, and reciting Lawson’s poetry. And again, Ted Murray chose to call his son Mitchell. Was Bruce Murray’s father named after Henry Lawson’s renowned ‘Mitchell stories’? I wouldn’t be surprised. Equally, Bruce refers to his grandfather constantly smoking his pipe, and drinking tea, bringing to mind iconic images of 1890s masculine and national identity.

In a more direct way, it is arguable that the cooperative land settlement movements of the early 1890s had a disproportionate impact on some influential understandings of Australian national identity.
For Russel Ward, in his *The Australian Legend* the ‘typical’ Australian was held to be both collectivist in nature yet strongly self-reliant: “He is a fiercely independent person . . . Yet he is very hospitable and, above all, will stick to his mates through thick and thin. No epithet in his vocabulary is more damning than ‘scab’”.20 This seemingly awkward combination of independence and mateship probably owes much to the cooperative land settlement movement, and Lane’s particular attempt to marry the ‘yeoman dream’ to a collectivist ethic of cooperation. Certainly, this distinctive sort of rhetoric was never as prevalent in the radical nationalist press, or in mainstream labour journalism after Lane’s departure in 1893. Lane’s ‘hybrid’ discourse probably represented an attempts to resolve tensions in the radical alliance between socialists and single-taxers in the early 1890s—a specific conjuncture in Australian history which Ward declared to be ‘typical’ of the pre-federation era. McQueen, for example, found Ward’s frontier thesis, in which independence was secured through solidarity and mateship, to be a logic “hard to follow”, and one which neglected abundant evidence of “petit-bourgeois individualism” among land reform radicals.21 For all its brief popularity, the conflicting values of cooperative socialism were difficult to reconcile. Indeed, these tensions within the socialist vision of “collectively secured independence” directly reflected those within the radical alliance, which had collapsed by 1895. While there were many factors involved in the splits among the New Australians, Lane’s successor as editor of the *Worker*, W.G. Higgs, attributed the rift to the inevitable conflict between socialists and single-taxers, who could no more agree “than water with oil”.22

As I leave Nueva Londres, I encounter the policeman again. This time he is in full uniform, with polished boots, evidently embarrassed by his earlier performance and keen to make an impression. He is friendly, and interested in what I earn as an Australian university lecturer. Talking with him, it becomes apparent that Bruce Murray and Ernesto McCreen are significantly better off than many of their neighbours. Lane’s collectivist experiment had foundered by 1906, yet many of the Paraguayan-Australian settlers who stayed became relatively well-to-do, and a few became large landholders. Perhaps there is an irony here, for the descendants of those who escaped the squatters, but I do not care to dwell on it. Instead, I raise my glass for old Bruce Murray, the last English-speaking Paraguayan-Australian, and hope that for some at New Australia, a sort of independence was found after all.

ENDNOTES

4. *Worker*, Union Trustees, Brisbane, 31 October 1891, p.3.
10. *Worker*, 22 October 1892, p.3.
19. See Whitehead, p.520.

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