

**‘PUTTING SOUL INTO THE CEMETERY WITH
LIGHTS’:
THE CANBERRA RAIDERS PHENOMENON**

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In October 1992, *60 Minutes* reporter Richard Carleton did what could only be called a ‘hatchet-job’ on Canberra. He referred to the nation’s capital as ‘Fat Cat City’, a place where everyone lived on ‘easy street’ at the taxpayer’s expense. Now while some would say that the particular journalist in question would struggle, these days, to report accurately a minute’s silence, I am interested less in the veracity of Mr Carleton’s remarks than the peculiar national practice they represent - and the furore in Canberra that the program provoked.

Locals were outraged. Canberra Toyota dealers wrote to the program after being inundated with abusive calls condemning their sponsorship of *60 Minutes*; Canberra ABC radio’s Matt Abraham spent about two weeks of his popular morning program conjuring up ways to retaliate; Young Liberal President Stephen Forshaw wrote to the Australian Broadcasting Tribunal about Carleton’s ‘gutter Press assassination’, demanding he be censured; ACT Chief Minister Rosemary Follett called it ‘totally biased ... selective reporting’; while one citizen, Sharyn Medwin, of the suburb of Macgregor, one of a host of infuriated letter writers to the *Canberra Times* newspaper, suggested that Canberra should ‘ban Richard or, at the very least send him a roach bomb, as it is an appropriate way to be rid of a pest’.²

The *60 Minutes* hierarchy could not possibly have anticipated this outraged response. Welcome to the new Canberra: proud of its community, unapologetic about its advantages, replete with Raider

faithful and ever ready to tell publicity- seeking Canberra-bashers like Richard Carleton and Professor Geoffrey Blainey to 'bugger off' and check their facts. Ten years ago there was no such assertiveness, no pride, no real soul to speak of. Ten years ago, in 1982, the Canberra Raiders rugby league team came to town.

First, let me provide a little background to the Carleton 'hatchet-job'. Attacks on Canberra are as old as the laying of the foundation stone on March 12, 1913. In fact, older. Decades of apathy and, at times, embarrassment had Canberra at the beginning of the 1980s crying out for someone, something, to provide the community with inspiration. A coalescing force was needed to transform the place, give it some meaning, substance and status beyond the image of being a sterile city full of useless politicians and faceless public servants biding their time until their return to homes interstate replete with superannuated dollars.

As the *60 Minutes* mob found to their surprise, the nation's capital has altered irrevocably. There have been a number of reasons for this, yet even hardened sport-haters have had to acknowledge the unique contribution of the Canberra Raiders: the team's infectious camaraderie, range of 'mother's milk' personality players and out-and-out champions, and its astonishing success for such a young club. The Raiders are now an institution within and without the Australian Capital Territory. In the second half of this paper I will reflect on this 'Canberra Raiders phenomenon' as Canberran and close observer of the 'Green Machine' since the tough formative years of the early and mid- 1980s.

A place of exile

For the best part of a century, from Constitution days to the gross excesses of Richard Carleton, Canberra has generally had a very bad press from the rest of Australia. The Australian Prime Minister at the time of the laying of the foundation stone in 1913, Andrew Fisher, was

in no doubt, then, about the extent of the controversy when he said, somewhat defensively: 'The wrangle about the home of the Government of Australia is over. The city is to be built, and the Commonwealth will build it.'³ On the same podium, the Governor-General's wife, Lady Gertrude Denman, in her aristocratic English tones, launched the new nation's home of government with the words: 'I name the capital of Australian, Can'bra',⁴ With the accent on the first syllable, many Australians thought the place had been correctly if inadvertently characterised as an outhouse.

Contemporary cartoonists had a field day. The *Bulletin's* legendary 'Hop' had the equally legendary Minister for Home Affairs, the American-born King O'Malley, laying a suspicious egg, while Norman Lindsay satirised the site of the capital in a cartoon design which revolved around a 'Lake Arid' in the centre of his picture, fed not by the actual Molongolo River, but the 'River Drylong Ago'.⁵ Numerous buildings decorate Lindsay's rich pageant, but the largest one, in the foreground, is Parliament House itself. On the front steps a policeman is ejecting a politician. In effect cartoonists like Hop and Norman Lindsay were manufacturing an image destined to thrive for many a long decade. Percival Deane, secretary shortly after to Prime Minister Billy Hughes, added to the mythology when he described the most advantageous view of Canberra as 'from the back of a departing train'.⁶ Indeed, when the government put on a number of special trains for the opening of Parliament House in 1927, most of them ran empty because the day had not been declared a public holiday.⁷ Poor old Sargents Pies had to subtly inter some 10 000 of the pride-of-the-fleet, best German spies because of the sparse crowd and non-existent refrigeration. Australians still were not warming to the Canberra concept, not even with the odd pie thrown in to tempt them.

Throughout his long term in politics, Robert Menzies characterised Canberra as a place of exile. This attitude was confirmed by the 1954 Senate Select Committee in no uncertain terms when it reported that:

After forty years of city development the important planned areas stand out not as monumental regions symbolising the character of the national capital, but more as graveyards where departed spirits await a resurrection of national pride.⁸

This Report probably stimulated the most enduring one-liner ever about Canberra: a cemetery with lights (closely followed by that old favourite: Canberra as a waste of a good sheep run). Little wonder that, through the middle decades of the century, Canberra attracted a pathetically small number of long-term residents. And this trend continued right up into the 1970s when a recession, which began about 1976, dramatically reduced the population rate of increase, undermined Canberra's fragile construction industry and sent youth unemployment in the ACT rocketing to about 40 per cent, the highest in the nation.⁹

Typically, despite the chronic hardships endured by many permanent Canberra residents at this time, the national press refused either to sympathise or provide succour. Rather, when the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of Parliament House was celebrated in 1977, the country's fourth estate took yet another opportunity to get off a few good ones. The *Daily Telegraph* referred to the rows of Canberra trees which 'camouflage lives of despair and misery'. *The Australian* denigrated Canberra's very climate as 'un-Australian', and the city nothing but a 'sterile miniature town' with 'no visible connection with real life'. The *Sydney Morning Herald* said simply that 'none of Canberra connects'. Disgraced ex-Premier of Queensland, Joh Bjelke Petersen, at least provided a bit of variation on the century-year old theme when, completely in character, he called Canberra 'a little Moscow'¹⁰

But perhaps the most penetrating and provocative comments in this era 'BMR' - Before the Mighty Raiders - belong to former South Australian Premier Don Dunstan. He maintained that:

Canberra has such great potential beauty. But something is lacking. The city is like a woman expensively coiffured, dressed,

and made-up, well-educated, courteous but frigid ... what is really missing is any feeling of Australia.¹¹

Here at last was the essence of the thoughtful (and sexy) case against the natural capital, circa 1978. Canberra was beautiful, sculpted, smart - but, in no meaningful or curvaceous way, Australian. Worst of all, it had no soul. No representative national fibre.

When my wife and I were thinking of coming to Canberra in 1984, numerous friends and acquaintances advised against it: 'Live in the cemetery with lights? You're joking!' 'You'll hate it down there'. 'No-one goes to Canberra by choice'. 'You poor bastards ...' The critics might once have been right, but no longer. Strange and wonderful things began to happen in Canberra in the 1980s. A sense of community developed, a feeling of belonging. Some of Australia's best young writers arrived, and stayed, especially young women. Theatre was re-invigorated. Dorothy Green and Manning Clark raged and created and reformed into their twilight years. Judith Wright moved to Mongarlowe, close by, and stayed. Humphrey McQueen kept up the hectic pace while 'Nugget' Coombes used Canberra as his home base. St Edmunds and Daramalan began their utter domination of the prestigious NSW schoolboys rugby Waratah Shield. Frank Cleary and John Morissey horses began winning Sydney and Melbourne races on a regular basis. Clan O'Sullivan decimated the country's best two year old gallopers last season. Communal Sunday markets sprang up everywhere.

Canberra itself has been reshaped, renewed. Residents now not only take their town seriously, as Richard Carleton is aware, they're mad as hell when they cop the cheap shots that non-Canberrans have been allowed to get away with for decades. When the then Liberal ACT Government of Trevor Kaine a couple of years ago revealed plans to close a number of Canberra schools, it was assailed by a citizenry conscious of schools as the heart-beats of suburbs. Kaine capitulated. Canberrans now defend their turf, call the place 'home'.

I like the small but radiant signs of community. The ugly road overpasses humanised by creative and resourceful Canberrans: 'Happy Birthday Dad'; 'Poor old Bill, the big 4-0 today'. Every year in Belconnen Way, one of Canberra's main roads, for all the really intrepid punters on the north side, the semiotically loaded little signs placed at intersections, reading simply: 'Trots Sat Nite'. The 'red-hotters' on again this weekend.

But perhaps most luminous of all, within the hitherto intimidating confines of the Australian National University, some wag merging the geographical and cultural landscapes, in a memorable week in September, 1989, in one inspired gesture: above the 'Daley' in 'Daley Road', on the campus, the crude addition of the word 'Laurie'. Laurie Daley Road. It was, after all, Grand Final week and Daley was set to play a leading role. Confronted by so many marked improvements in the social, cultural and, yes, spiritual landscapes in Canberra in the 1980s, if I had to single out the most important galvanising influence in the last decade or so, in the new-look national capital, it would undoubtedly be the emergence of the Canberra Raiders Rugby League team.

The Raiders' Phenomenon

In this assessment I am not alone. I could go on and on about the contribution of the team to the social fabric of the nation's capital, but for the moment let me focus the remainder of my paper on four main points. First, the impact of the Raiders on some of Canberra's most prominent citizens; secondly, the team's extraordinary public profile, seen in the number of TV and radio advertisements, and newspaper and magazine articles, which have enhanced the mythology of certain 'personality' players; thirdly, the undeniable effect the Raiders have had on the collective psyche of Canberra, turning a town of whingers and wimps into a city of winners; and, finally, the way the team's character and talent have revitalised rugby league as a sport. Not now the biffers and bargers of yesteryear, but rather league players as lean, fit and highly

gifted professional athletes who provide the public with a quality product.

For years now, Raider fever has been raging, and many of the rich and famous have caught it. For example, when the bid to have the Raiders accepted by the NSW Rugby League was being prepared in 1981, two of the strongest supporters were Federal parliamentarians Fred Daly and Ros Kelly. Both worked long and hard to sell the concept of the Raiders and both have been stalwart supporters ever since. In Fred Daly's case, it was fitting reward for patience and loyalty. The former Labor Cabinet Minister followed poor old Newtown - the Bluebags - from the 1940s until their sad demise from the Sydney premiership in 1983. At that point he adopted the Raiders, and has never regretted it.

Ros Kelly has continued to turn up week in, week out at home games despite her rise to Cabinet Minister some years ago. And, of course, it didn't take Robert J Hawke, Prime Minister of Australia from 1982 to 1991, sport enthusiast and keen student of the turf, long to recognise the potential of the Raiders. Made the Club's No.1 supporter in 1985, he quickly got a return on his investment as the Raiders made the Grand Final in 1987 - only to lose to Manly - and then won successive premierships in 1989 and 1990. Hawke, a 'tyro' in Rugby League because of his background in Australian Rules football (we all have our crosses to bear), spoke for many people when he welcomed the Raiders team home to Canberra after the 1989 Grand Final victory over Balmain. Keen observers declared that game the best Grand Final in memory, and the PM was not lost for words. Never is. Nothing, he said, had given him 'greater pride' than welcoming the Raiders home:

In less than a decade the Raiders have become one of the great rugby league teams in the world ... Canberra is an easy knocking horse for people around Australia who say 'well it's just a place where a bunch of public servants live and perhaps it is not a place with a soul, it is not a real community'. Well if there were any lingering thoughts of that they were smashed on Sunday and

[Monday] when the people all over Australia saw that here in Canberra we have a very real live community with a soul and spirit, a community which took the Raiders to their heart.¹²

For an at best sometime Canberra resident, *and* a Prime Minister, *and* an Australia Rules lad of old, these were extremely intelligent, accurate and insightful words. Despite them, and perhaps understandably, some Canberrans have questioned those politicians who have been a part of the Raider bandwagon. Principal among these critics is Ian Warden, well-known *Canberra Times* columnist and political commentator. Writing in his 'Paspalum Place' column in 1989, Warden said that:

In the event of my becoming a media mogul I will tell my journalists that the presence of those lime-light-seeking missiles, the Prime Minister, and the Minister for Sport, Mrs Kelly, at a Raiders match is not to be mentioned in their reports of the match because to do so only encourages them in their parasitism.¹³

Calling the polities parasites was a bit rough but Warden's remarks are interesting, both for their provocative nature and the hint they give of the Raiders being his own soft under-belly. Persistently cynical on just about every subject, Ian Warden has been a dyed-in-the-wool Raider supporter for many years now - and his ruthless approach has on occasion collapsed in the face of Raider misfortune. For example, when the Raiders strung together a number of losses in the recent 1992 season, Warden went looking for scapegoats. Now, for a couple of years he has declared the city of Canberra cursed, on the basis that Australian National Gallery Director Betty Churcher, and the Gallery Council, foolishly decided to bring the much-f-ted 'Civilisation' exhibition to the national capital complete with, in Warden's opinion, 'cursed' Egyptian mummies:

The Mummy's Curse lingers on . . . and is evident, for example, in the otherwise inexplicable fortunes of the Canberra Raiders ...

[with] its normally robust players subject to an eerie array of injuries.¹⁴

Well, right he might be about the ‘Mummy’s Curse’ last year wreaking havoc, but I think he does ex-PM Hawke and Ros Kelly an injustice. When the Raiders Club suddenly looked financially vulnerable in 1991 (definitely a subject for another *Sporting Traditions* article) Hawke and Kelly really got stuck in to the fund-raising activities, along with the Governor of the Reserve Bank, Bernie Fraser, political lobbyist Richard Farmer, high-profile citizens such as Ron Murray and David Farmer, and just about every Canberra TV personality. Geoff Izzard, of the Royal Australian Mint, even managed to persuade his colleagues to issue a limited edition of Raider medallions.

Recently, historian Humphrey McQueen, not a rugby league aficionado himself by any stretch of the imagination, had to grudgingly admit in an essay in the ABC’s *24 Hours* magazine that the Raiders are ‘the city’s pride and joy’.¹⁵ This has become obvious to just about everyone in recent years. Cars have the distinctive Raider streamers now, in footy season and in summer, while an increasing number of vehicles parade the ‘Special Edition’ Raider number plates, obtainable at \$75 a throw. Raider guernseys, socks and logos are everywhere. There aren’t too many local TV ads these days without a Raider player featured: Mal Meninga selling just about anything, Laurie Daley munching Jackos pizzas, Bradley Clyde flogging cars, Steve Walters imitating ‘Fatty’ Vautin ... at Lowes!! The list goes on.

In an editorial shortly before the Raiders’ second premiership success in 1990, the *Canberra Times* waxed fervently and patriotically about the Green Machine. Under the heading ‘Raiding Sydney’, the editorial began:

The Canberra Raiders deserve the support of the entire ACT as they prepare to play their second successive rugby league grand final. Theirs is a magnificent achievement, which has done much not only for sport but for Canberra as a society. It is too easy for

those living outside the national capital to view Canberra as simply a public-service bastion - the haunt of grey people in grey suits. Those of us who live and work here know better, and the Raiders' successes have ensured that a lot more people both in Australia and overseas now also know better ... When the Raiders do well, Canberra does well.¹⁶

The editorial went further, suggesting that the Raiders' success had significantly boosted Canberra's economy, leading to upgraded sporting venues and more jobs. Mike Crowe, ACT Chief Executive of the Housing Industry Association has consistently endorsed this argument in his regular columns in the *Canberra Times*.¹⁷

Why this enormous interest, bordering on adulation, from the locals? Why the constant paeans of praise? To live in Canberra is to know that the Raider phenomenon is more than simply a cumulative product of their Grand Final appearances. The players themselves have created a community aura these last few years that seems to grow in strength season by season. Canberra - and for years now Australian - captain Mal Meninga just might be a contemporary icon. For example, his appearances with Tina Turner in the astonishingly successful NSW Rugby League TV advertisements are legendary; his Hell's Angel centrefold on the Rugby League beef cake calendar; and, the fact that he has been courted these last few years by any number of special interest groups, such as the timber workers, to boost their cause.

When the Sydney press gleefully (and, as usual, incorrectly) suggested a couple of years ago that Meninga was likely to finish off his illustrious career in England, the story assumed almost 'death of Santa Claus' status in Canberra. Meninga stayed. We all celebrated. 'Indigofera', the writer of the column for gardeners in the *Canberra Times*, declared that Meninga, 'breathtakingly famous in his own lifetime', should have a local plant named after him - and settled on the very sturdy *Eucalyptus Melliodora*, the yellow box, which might be renamed 'Eucalyptus Meningaoides'.¹⁸

The Canberra Cannons basketball team has for many years built a franchise around the balding, normal-sized Aussie workaholic Phil Smythe and the charismatic African-American Herb McEachern. By contrast, the Raiders have a team of such individuals, and have had since at least 1987. They are a team for and of the people: family men; good stamps of lads; triers; goers; stars. What father wouldn't let Bradley Clyde take out his daughter? The lad visits schools, hospitals, homes for the aged, does miscellaneous community service on a regular basis. Potential lairs like Laurie Daley soon assume dignity. He goes to another club and in no time he's a hoon. He stays in the lime green jersey, he becomes an international, one of the very best, and a role model for all young Canberrans. And then there's another local, St Edmunds school's Ricky Stuart. When Stuart was wooed so forcefully by the voracious Sydney clubs, before he signed to a long-term contract with the Raiders, he gave as his principal reason for staying that he wanted to remain in his home town and continue to eat the world's best cooking - his mum's.

'Save the Raiders' campaign

In June and July, 1991, the Raiders confronted the darkest few months in the history of the club, after a salary-cap debacle and culpable financial management within the club. Raider coach Tim Sheens, with his players, rallied to the cause. So serious was the mismanagement that the club was literally close to collapse. Rags to riches, seemingly to rags again. The Sydney press was so tough that one well-known Sydney journalist, Peter Frilingos, declared in mid-1991 that 'Raider-bashing is challenging league itself as the most popular sport on the eastern seaboard of Australia'.¹⁹ As the secretaries of all the other clubs sat, vulture-like, ready to pounce on the Raiders' host of international players, the miracles began to occur in August. A 'Save the Raiders' campaign was launched by the irrepressible Fred Daly and immediately grew in momentum. Tim Sheens signed a new contract, followed in succession by Meninga, Clyde, Daley, Steve Walters and Ricky Stuart.

In this era of aggressive professionalism in sport, of unashamed club-hopping, lawyer involvement and management consultants, why? Why did the players sign for much less than they were offered elsewhere? When asked this question by hardened, incredulous Sydney journos, Sheens, Meninga and company kept returning to unfashionable notions like loyalty, friendship and enjoyment. Mateship. Meninga, the Baron of Bruce Stadium, said: 'I love Canberra and the people in it too much to want to play against them'.²⁰ Laurie Daley was just as specific: 'The final kick in the guts was the continuing attacks on Canberra ... I just couldn't turn my back. The blokes I play with are probably my best mates'.²¹ Steve Walters re-signed with the comment: 'It's a tremendous club with so much talent and camaraderie'.²² When Alan Jones, Balmain coach, ex-Prime Ministerial speech writer and No.1 Sydney talkback radio host, came to Canberra to speak at a Raider fund-raising evening, he put it simply and well: 'The Raiders have young men who, when push came to shove, weren't prepared to swap the guernsey'.²³

The city of Canberra responded to this loyalty and has derived the benefits. A town of grey-suited public servants has been transformed. Yet there have been a few interesting exceptions. After one of my fervent articles in the *Canberra Times* appeared during the 'Save the Raiders' campaign a woman, Mrs Marcia Puhl, Canberra resident but proud ex-Victorian - the worst imaginable combination - wrote to *Times* editor Crispin Hull in a most indignant tone. She found my article 'very boring' and declared that Canberra also had a 'large AFL following'. 'You have to be early to buy Monday's Melbourne *Sun-Herald* in the Tuggeranong Valley'. Proof positive, it seems. Mrs Puhl went on:

My husband and I, like many Canberrans, are ex-Victorians, all our friends in the Tuggeranong have come to Canberra in the last 10 years from Victoria, and all follow AFL not rugby.²⁴

Ah, Victoria, Victorians. Never have known the difference between Rugby and Rugby League; indeed, most are unaware that there is a difference. Mrs Puhl continued:

If your journalists think that everyone becomes converted to rugby 'the minute' they move to Canberra, think again. We have friends in Weston, Hawthorn supporters, who came to the ACT to live 25 years ago, with 3 children, one born here. The 4 children all support Hawthorn ... the 2 year old grandson is wearing a Hawthorn sweater.

If Canberra is a so-called rugby city, how come on NSW Rugby grand final day last year, when Canberra was playing, thousands of Canberrans were looking at flowers (at floriade) none with transistors!

The Tuggeranong Valley, for those of you who don't know Canberra's geography, is, according to Ian Warden, Canberra's Moonee Ponds equivalent.

The Raiders transform Rugby League

My final point concerns the manner in which the Raiders have transformed the way Rugby League has been played in the late 1980s and early '90s. John McDonald, with Peter Frilingos one of Sydney's better League journos, wrote in 1991 that the Raiders 'have redefined the nature of football'.²⁵ A year or so ago I was asked by Ironbark Press if they could use my first piece on the Raiders, written just before the '87 Grand Final, for a book they were putting together on the history of the game, entitled *The Greatest Game of All*.²⁶ Ian Heads said they wanted it for a section on the 'contemporary game' because Canberra was regarded, in knowledgeable circles, as the epitome of the revitalised code - fast, tough, spontaneous, often brilliant. The NSW Rugby League in the last few years have chosen a Raider game to showcase the code in Perth. In 1993 there will be two showcase games - in Melbourne and Perth - the Raiders are in both.

Rugby League, of course, has historically been associated with violence. In 1928, Banjo Paterson began an editorial in *The Sydney*

Sportsman this way: 'There appears to be an epidemic of stoush and roughhouse tactics creeping into the league game of football ... In the argot of the football fans the boys are making it a bit too willing.'²⁷ The philosophy of players for many decades under the old unlimited tackle rule was similar to that of celebrated Canadian ice-hockey guru Con Smythe: 'If you can't beat 'em in the alley, you can't beat 'em on the ice'. Raiders teams, since the club's inception, have adopted a different approach. Their speed and teamwork, combined with individual talent, have reshaped the game that now thrills so many people. They score absolutely breathtaking, even poetic tries. John 'Chicka' Ferguson's remarkable host of 'meat pies'²⁸ - especially that godlike step into history as Balmain led 14-8 in 1989 - are already a part of League mythology. Chicka, 'Old Man River', the thirty-something year old who caught on at the Raiders when many had written him off as an old man, is a living legend.

Our sport history colleague Bill Mandle was up to his old possum-stirring tricks a year or so ago in his *Canberra Times* column when he referred to Australian Rules as 'our country's most splendid achievement ... No other football code manifests, or calls upon, so great a range of physical and mental skills.' This, compared to the 'rough cider and lump-fish roe of rugby league ... that predictable, over-physical, intellectually limited code.'²⁹ I suspect when Bill last saw a League game Rex Mossop was running around feuding with Harry Bath. Maybe Keith Holman and Frank Stanmore were Wests' halves. His comments are about as accurate and informed on this issue as his recent Lang Hancockesque assessment of Aboriginal spirituality and hopelessly outdated assessment of Canberra as a 'mausoleum'.³⁰

The reality, of course, is that in this Era of the Raiders, Rugby League has such a quality product, with its on-field excitement and Tina Turner razzamatazz, that it now rates well in Rules states, especially South Australia. Why, they're even watching the 'Big League' in unprecedented numbers in the Shaky Isles. An Auckland side will be in the competition in 1995, along with a Perth team. Is no code safe?

Canberra, in 1993, is a totally changed town. The late Professor Manning Clark was right when he said a few years ago that ‘those who say Canberra has no soul are talking about themselves’.³¹ Even Manning, who breathed the navy blue of Australian Rules team Carlton, admitted to me that the Raiders had worked some magic in Canberra. For an ex-Victorian and a Rules man to admit this, albeit one with very special gifts, is to agree with former American President Bush, that ... verily ... we live in a New World Order.

NOTES

- 1 See, for example, *Canberra Times*, 20 Oct.1992 [Canberra] *Community Times*, 22 Oct. 1992.
- 2 *Canberra Times*, 20 Oct. 1992.
- 3 Alan Fitzgerald, *Canberra in Two Centuries - A Pictorial History* , Clareville Press, Torrens, Canberra, 1987, p.109.
- 4 Fitzgerald, *Canberra*, p. 107.
- 5 Fitzgerald, *Canberra*, p. 106.
- 6 Stephen Murray-Smith, ed., *The Dictionary of Australian Quotations* , Heinemann, Richmond, Victoria, 1984, p. 63.
- 7 Fitzgerald, *Canberra*, pp. 136-7.
- 8 Fitzgerald, *Canberra*, pp. 153-6.
- 9 Fitzgerald, *Canberra* , p. 163.
- 10 Fitzgerald, *Canberra*, p. 169.
- 11 Murray-Smith, *Dictionary of Australian Quotations* , p.70.
- 12 *Canberra Times*, 27 Sept. 1989.
- 13 *Canberra Times*, 19 Sept. 1991.
- 14 *Canberra Times*, 14 June 1992.
- 15 ‘Canberra - Now We’re Stuck With It’, *24 Hours*, Jan. 1992.
- 16 *Canberra Times*, 21 Sept. 1990.
- 17 See, for example, *Canberra Times*, 21 Sept. 1992.
- 18 *Canberra Times*, 28 Aug. 1991.
- 19 *Telegraph Mirror*, 6 Sept. 991.
- 20 *Telegraph Minor*, 8 Aug.1991.
- 21 *Canberra Times*, 22 Aug. 1991.
- 22 *Telegraph Mirror*, 16 Sept. 1991.
- 23 Speech given by Jones at ‘Rescue a Raider Dinner’, 16 Sept. 1991, Lakeside International Hotel, Canberra.
- 24 Letter, dated 28 July 1991, in the possession of the author.

- 25 See David Headon, *Sully - Eleven Years with the Green Machine 1982-1992*, Canberra Typesetters/ *Wagga Daily Advertiser*, Canberra, 1992, p. 30.
- 26 Geoff Armstrong comp., *Wayne Pearce Presents the Greatest Game -A Celebration of Rugby League*, Ironbark Press, Sydney, 1991.
- 27 Reprinted in Armstrong, *Wayne Pearce*, p. 45.
- 28 Rhyming slang for tries.
- 29 David Headon, 'Glimpses of Heaven', *Canberra Times*, 28 July 1991.
- 30 *Canberra Times*, 1 Nov. 1992.
- 31 Quoted by ACT Chief Minister Rosemary Follett, *Canberra Times*, 5 July 1992.