

We The People

Program 73

The Good Old Days



People speak of progress as though all change is good. It's not and when you don't move forward in change it regresses not progress. Surely to "progress" must mean change for the better where that change brings benefit to society, the community, business, individuals or this beautiful blue planet on which we live. Let's focus on society though and take a look at where we are and where we've come from and reminisce for a moment to set the scene about the good old days.

I remember when milk was delivered to our home in bottles and the paper boy chucked the daily rag from his bike onto the front lawn. Film stars kissed with their mouths shut and public profanity and blasphemy were not tolerated. The car's headlight dimmer switch was next to the clutch pedal on the floor and a turning indicator was an outstretched arm. Remember the TV test pattern when the station closed for the night or 78 records and Mum's copper and blue bags. There were flash bulbs and news reels or cartoons before the main feature. Cracker night was a favourite with bangers and Catherine wheels and you had to get your parents to introduce you to the bank manager while the humble Malvern Star took you around the block. Billy carts were made from pram wheels and palings while our front door key was stuck in the lock and the neighbour looked after the place when we were away camping in a marquee. Our handkerchiefs held fleas and lived in our pocket and doctors made house calls while we kids collected the eggs from the chook run behind sweet pea laden lattice. Mum would tell us to be home when the street lights came on and we ate real butter and drank fizzy drink but never put on weight because we were outside playing and making cubbies. We played in the mud and ran in the rain, we drank from puddles and a tank, we fell out of trees and broke bones and our imagination took us to faraway places. But we seldom got sick.

Today we do enjoy better lives but not a better society. We enjoy amazing communications but we don't speak to our neighbours. We are bombarded with noise and overwhelmed with political correctness. So what's different and you have to come to the conclusion that all those minority groups over many years have slowly taken a bit at a time. The aggregated loss is great as we allowed our rights and freedom to be diluted and taken from us. The epitome of stupidity is the latest federal government initiative to effectively ban the group birthday cake from pre schools and day care because the blowing out of the candles will spread germs. The Federal Minister for Health Tania Plibersek says it really just makes common sense not to spread germs but she is wrong according to The Australian Medical Association who says that this is just another step in keeping kids bubble wrapped. Tiny tots need their immune systems tested to build the body's natural ability to fend off disease and that's common sense too. What I find alarming though is that government bit by bit is trying to conduct social engineering over time by over governing society. I resent that.

So what happens now is that the preschools public liability insurance will demand these new guide lines be adopted thus entrenching them in this nonsense in over 300 facilities on the Gold Coast. Again you see this is how this how the social engineering takes place and in the end our young people develop weak immune systems and avoidable asthma and allergies and on and on it goes. There are so many rules and regulations and bureaucracies and governments love to try and control us because that's how they enjoy the good life and the real meaning of freedom and democracy is lost.

We desperately need a need a political party in Australia perhaps called the Grey Power Party, so we can transfer our hard won wisdom and common sense to future generations and stop all this over governance and social constriction. The federal government should get on with their core role of providing services and forget about dictating to society. The good old days indeed.....they were the smart old days.

Until next time this is Kent Bayley