

We The People  
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We the People 276 Selling Australia and Megaphobia



Good Day to you. In my opinion Pauline Hanson was and is right. We are losing our culture and land to overseas investment and people and huge immigration. She's not on her own as people like Dick Smith and Cory Bernardi and many others will testify. However the moment we even approach these subjects we are called racists or xenophobes, homophobes, Islamophobes, gamophobes or theophobes, just for speaking our mind in this country where freedom of speech and expression is valued so highly. In fact the politically correct, left leaning ideologues have become so powerful we dare not speak and the ABC and the Greens think that's just fine. Well I don't and it's all gone too far and so, because most of us are accused of having a phobia just because we have a view, I've coined a new word which conveniently takes in all the phobias and that is **Megaphobe**. I am pleased to share with you I am a **Megaphobe** because I appear to have phobias I'm not even aware of yet. Now one of my phobias is selling off this country to international companies that don't even pay their fair share of tax. Can anyone tell me why on earth 44% of the total land mass of the Northern Territory is fully or partly foreign owned, not including New Zealand. So we must invent a new phobia and I call it **Interterraphobia** or a fear of land sales internationally. Yes you guessed it, that is now covered in my own all encompassing **Megaphobia**. During the week Amy Glade, a regular Brisbane listener to 4CRB sent me a poem which I have modified to suit as it hits the nail on the head and really says it all. Now in the spirit of Dorothea Mackella and Banjo Patterson let's begin. sfx Music under

*When the shearing sheds are silent and the stock camps fallen quiet,  
When the gidgee coals no longer glow across the outback night,  
And the bush is forced to hang a sign, 'gone broke and won't be back'  
And spirits fear to find a way beyond the beaten track.*

*When harvesters stand derelict upon the windswept plains,  
And brave hearts pin their hopes no more on chance of loving rains,  
When a hundred outback settlements are ghost towns overnight,  
When we've lost the drive and heart we had, to once more see us right.*

*When 'Pioneer' means a stereo and 'Digger' some backhoe,  
And the 'Outback' is behind the house, there's nowhere else to go,  
And 'Anzac' is a biscuit brand and likely foreign owned,  
While education really means brainwashed and neatly cloned.*

*When you have to bake a loaf of bread to make a decent crust,  
Our heritage once enshrined in gold, is now just crumbling dust,  
Now old folk pay their camping fees on land for which they fought,  
And fishing is a great escape, that is until you're caught.*

*We see our kids with Chinese caps and resentment in their eyes,  
And the soaring crime and hopeless hearts are no longer a surprise,  
When the name of RM Williams is a yuppie clothing brand,  
Not a product of our heritage that grew from this fair land.*

*It's the land of political correctness where none may raise their voice  
Where phobias rule the way we live and rob us of our choice,  
Where common sense has gone astray and the drovers dog's no more,  
They sell our land for diddly squat and just dig up all the ore.*

*Yes, one day you might find yourself an outcast in this land,  
Perhaps your heart will tell you then, '**I should have made a stand**',  
Just go and ask the farmers, that should remove all doubt,  
Then join the swelling ranks who say, '**don't sell Australia out**'.*

**Until next time this Kent Bayley**